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RICHARD ENEY FOR TAFF!

QUOTES AND NOTES

Since Kipple is now and will continue to be in the immediate future only 24 pages, I am faced with the problem that Redd Boggs outlined last issue. For my comments in this column, I must adopt a more compact style in order to say what I want without using an undue amount of space. This will be more difficult for me than it was for Redd, probably, because my style isn't as flexible. Certainly, I don't want to carry this conciseness so far that this column will resemble the stunted brevity of a Fanac or an Axe, but I do want to condense my thoughts into about half the space I would ordinarily use. If this very introduction is an example of a concise comment, I will fail miserably, for this very paragraph could be summed up as coherently if hardly as eloquently in one sentence: in the parlance of my less literate acquaintances, I'm gonna cram, man, cram.

Only one word of explanation before I continue: subjects will be divided by non-indented paragraphs with the first few words capitalized, ala Fanac or Axe. Shorter comments, as say the next paragraph, will be divided by the use of "///" to denote paragraphs. And so, onward...

SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS: Partly because of lack of funds, partly because most of the interesting fans have moved to the West Coast, but primarily because of lack of transportation, I didn't attend the Disclave this year. While missing the actual conclave, I managed to catch a bit of rebound, because Sunday afternoon Ted & Sylvia White, Les Gerber, Fred von Berniwitz, and Bhob Stewart stopped by on their way back to New York. If I say more than that I enjoyed the visit, this will become a

fan-visit report, which violates my principles. Come again, people. /// Several fans have asked lately that since Kipple has a reasonable circulation, why don't I take in a bit of extra capital by accepting ads. Admittedly,

A COLUMN
BY TED PAULS

this idea has crossed my mind, but I've always rejected it for the same reason: If I accepted money for ads, I would be morally if not legally compelled to accept an ad from anyone who could pay. As the situation now stands, I plug those projects or ideas which I am in favor of (the Seacon, TAWF, EneyforTaff, etc.) but am under no compulsion to plug projects which I don't favor. This is, to me, preferable. I'm probably passing up a chance to finance a photo-cover or somesuch, but on the other hand I'm saving the readers from having to read lists of Planet Stories. Joe Completafan wants to buy, or ads advising everyone to attend the unveiling of a new Otis Carr spaceship. /// Publishing only 24 pages a month has some disadvantages, but it also has one important advantage: I don't have to work as hard. Since I needn't spend so much time typing or duplicating this issue, I've decided to take greater pains with the layout. I always take pains with my layout, and I think it's noticable, but this issue (and future issues) will, I hope, show even more improvement of this nature. I was rather astonished to discover that I used 9 styles of lettering in #12, 7 styles in #13. To me this shows a depth of laziness which I'd never suspected myself of: I have equipment on hand for doing 20 different types of lettering, yet hadn't used even half that many in either of the last two issues. This issue I've consciously aimed for variety. So far, I've used an even dozen styles of lettering, with several layouts to do yet. The final total will probably be 16, which certainly should give this issue more variety in layout than the last two.

PROBLEM OF OUR TIMES: "From the day your baby is born you must teach him to do without things. Children today love luxury too much. They have execrable manners, flaunt authority, have no respect for their elders. They no longer rise when their parents or teachers enter the room. What kind of awful creatures will they be when they grow up?"

--Socrates, 339 B.C.

A FAN'S LIBRARY: This department is one of the ones in which brevity must be practiced, since it has on occasion consumed two or three pages per issue. It would consume far more this issue if I allowed it, since no mention of recently acquired books appeared last issue. This leaves me with two months' worth for this issue, an imposing stack. If you don't mind terribly, I'll mention only the important ones and those only in greatly condensed comments. Robert Ruark's "Poor No More", for one example, is a book about which I could write several pages and still fail to reach a conclusion regarding its worth. I can only say that anyone reading this huge (832 page) book is bound to find something which inspires thought, even if that thought is merely "Why the hell did I read it in the first place?" For my part, I found it immensely enjoyable, vaguely reminiscent of "Catcher in the Rye" in some places--not as artfully done as CitR, nor as well written, but still interesting in its own right and with incredibly good characterization even for minor characters. /// I've also recently read Orwell's "Animal Farm" for the second time. For some unknown reason, the first reading--back in 1956 when I was only 13 years old--made virtually no impression at all that I can remember. This can be attributed, undoubtedly, to my tender age at the time--I seem to recall that at the time my main interests were (1) finding a safe hiding place for my cigarettes so that my parents wouldn't discover them, and (2) keeping the brass buttons on my motorcycle-jacket shined. My indifference to the subtlety of Orwell's brilliant satire is understandable, I believe, under those circumstances. Having re-read "Animal Farm" recently, however, I find that

I would class it among the best books I've ever read. // To finish off this section, other notable books I've read recently include: "Rebels, Rogues, and Rascals" by Alexander Klein; "I Kid You Not" by Jack Paar; "E Pluribus Unicorn" by Theodore Sturgeon; "Commandant of Auschwitz" by Rudolf Hoess; and "Jazz" by Leonard Feather.

DEPARTMENT OF CENSORSHIP: Recently, I utilized the services of the One-Eyed Monster to watch a CBS Report on movie censorship. This is not a subject on which I have any great interest, since I haven't been to a movie in five years and have no intention of going to one for another five, except that I am normally interested in censorship in any form. I took notes during the program so that I wouldn't need to trust my memory in the event that I decided to write about the show. My new policy with regards to the length of my comments in this column prohibits a thorough critique, but one general observation does emerge from these pages of scrawled notes: There seems to be almost no difference at all in the judgement of obscenity in movies or television. This, I think, is quite wrong. There is such a difference in the two mediums--primarily the general availability of the latter--that different yardsticks should be used to judge them. The impression I have from the comments in this "Report" seem to indicate otherwise, however. The Atlanta Board of Censors (used in this production as an example) has as stringent, if not as foolish regulations as those I mentioned as applying to television last issue: prostitution can never be shown in a favorable light, sin can be shown only if redeemed in the end, divorce must in most cases end in unhappiness, evil must never go unpunished, etc. In fact, at least one rule imposed by the Atlanta board is fully as stupid as anything television has yet devised: untranslated dialogue is objectionable, even though it's meaning may be as harmless as "Pass the bowl of biscuits, please." Presumably this is done because the common, man-on-the-street may, when faced with untranslated dialogue, give it a meaning to fit his attitude at the time, and this may be obscene. And so in 1961, with the perfection of thought control, we move one more step closer to George Orwell's world of 1984...

DEPARTMENT OF CENSORSHIP, SECTION 2: Even more recently than having watched the CBS Report, I found myself slightly involved in another type of censorship--that done by common people without any official sanction, which is to say the normal censoring done by parents of their offspring's reading matter. I normally make it a practice not to loan books to anyone but close friends who I depend upon to return them in good condition, but recently a girl of my acquaintance prevailed upon me to loan her William Graham Sumner's "Folkways". I won't bore you with the sad story she related to me (which, coupled with her charm, was responsible for the loan in the first place); suffice it to say that she had volunteered to write an article about primitive family life for the school newspaper, on which she worked. To shorten the story still more, she had selected some books from the library of the school which told almost nothing about this subject unfortunately, then remembered that I was interested in such things. When she had explained to me just what she wanted covered in this article, I chose Sumner's volume as the one which was most likely to have the information, and she happily departed. // It was a week later when I saw this girl again, and the expression on her face when I inquired as to the progress of the article and the fate of my book was enough to tell me that something had gone wrong. Very slowly, and with much embarrassed stammering

len moffatt

VIEW

FAN'S

ONE

CENSORSHIP:

When I was a child censorship was a word excluded from my vocabulary. One of my favorite "brags" is that I come from a long line of readers. My mother's uncle, who lived next door, collected books, and the walls of his front room were lined with them: Horatio Alger, Zane Grey, O. Henry, Charles Dickens, Jonathan Swift, Jules Verne, H.G. Wells, Harold Bell Wright, Emerson Hough, Emile Zola, Guy de Maupassant, Rudyard Kipling, Dumas (Jr. and Sr.), the Bronte sisters, Shakespeare, Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain, Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, and so on...

So, besides Doc Savage, Wild West Weekly, and the Big Little Books of the day, I had plenty of reading material available. Not once was a book taken from me, not once was I told "You're too young to be reading this book" or "No one should read this book", despite the fact that my family was strictly religious.

One musn't swear--that, use Bad Words or Take the Name of the Lord (Thy God) in Vain. One shouldn't smoke or drink. One shouldn't go to the movies on Sunday. One must go to church and Sunday school each and every week. But never restrictions on the books I read.

I loved to read and it was all quite interesting. Now I suspect that if I had brought home one of those "dirty cartoon books", or some of the pornographic photos that were occasionally passed around in school, I would have been given a lecture on the sinfulness of it all. The offending material would probably have been censored--i.e., taken from me and burned. But I never bothered to collect that material, though I was as curious about it as the next kid. I didn't even know where such stuff came from, or how it got into the hands of my schoolmates. So my family never knew that I had seen these things, and this was probably true of every family in the neighborhood. One of the first things that kids learned (in my day and age, at least) was how to keep the adults out of their private world, be it the world of fantasy (Buck Rogers joining up with Tarzan to fight the Batmen of Clyde Beatty's Darkest Africa) or the world of smut (Wimpy biting the bare bottom of a nympho because it reminded him of a hamburger).

Neither the lack of censorship in our home, nor the occasional availability of what the postal laws term prurient material, served to turn me into a sex-criminal when I grew up, and--as far as I know--my childhood playmates grew up to be fairly "normal" individuals.

However, there are kids and kids, and people and people. I have no doubt that the sight of a naked woman (or man, for that matter) can serve to "inspire" criminal deeds on the part of persons whose minds are already warped a bit. They don't have to obtain such cartoons or photographs from the "smut peddlers" by

answering the obvious ads in the girly magazines. They can look at the magazines themselves.

But then, there are photos and there are photos. Maybe a picture of a bare-breasted "model" isn't exciting enough to get our poor warped villian in the mood to go out and attack, rape, maim, torture, or kill. Perhaps he needs the more blatant "inspiration" derived from a photograph of a completely naked girl, spread-eagled on a rack. On the other hand, maybe he doesn't need any pictorial or written inspiration at all. I'm sure that many sex criminals have been caught with nothing in their pockets but a religious medal, or a pocket New Testament. He may never have seen a "filthy picture" or read a pornographic story in his life. But something in his life caused him to become a rapist, or a slasher, or a marksman who likes to shoot his rifle at women--and it is that "something" which society must discover and control.

I do not believe in censorship. As with prohibition, I think it can do more harm than good. As long as there are persons who want to see obscene pictures and read obscene stories, someone, somewhere, somehow is going to fulfill that want. It is the persons who want to see the material who must be dealt with.

The problem is: how do we make everybody "normal"? The answer: we can't--but we can try a little harder.

How? Education... Not enforced education; that would be as bad as making and enforcing laws of complete censorship. And it would be the hard way. Trying to make people, children or adults, listen to reason--forcing them to take an intelligent and mature approach to sex--just wouldn't work.

First you must convince your fellow citizens that forthright, honest, frank sex education--at home and in the public schools--is a Good Thing. I have argued this point many times with friends and acquaintances, and have even found some who would eventually come around to agreeing with me. Whether they did anything about it, in their own lives, with their own families, I don't know. But I keep hoping--just as I keep hoping that the human race won't well-nigh destroy itself with an all-out atomic war.

The trick is not to appear to be a crusader. Be casual about it; present your case matter-of-factly. If you meet stubborn resistance, don't raise your voice or blow your top; try not to call your opponent a stubborn, unreasoning jerk. Stick to your guns, and if he sticks to his let it go at that. If you've made a strong argument he won't forget it, and perhaps one day he will slowly come around to seeing your point of view.

By the same token, be sure that you are willing to see his point of view. His background, his early years, his religion--all of these will have something to do with why he opposes this method of taking the shame out of sex. If you don't understand this, you should not attempt to discuss the matter with him or with anyone else.

As an individual you can also help by voting for candidates who are likely to create or support legislation to free sex and sex education from the shackles of shame.

Someday, perhaps, a course in sex education will be a standard item in every school, public or private, and no one will think twice about it--anymore than they would worry about the effects of Junior learning math, history, or physical culture. By that time, of course, the child's home-life will be

different too. It would have to be, or the parents wouldn't permit their children to attend a school that taught a subject they considered shameful.

The change, if and when it comes, will be made slowly--not overnight. It will be made first, perhaps, on a local level, then on a national level. And the benefits will not be noticable to society (or in society) for a couple of generations. But it has to come someday, barring racial-suicide and other such major disasters. It's either that or the creation of freedom-killing censorship laws, and their strict enforcement.

In "The Smut Peddlers" (Doubleday 1960; 321 pages; price unknown--we borrowed it from the public library), James J. Kilpatrick tells of how he became concerned over the governmental investigation of obscene materials. As a newspaper man he felt that perhaps freedom of the press might be threatened if the censorship laws became too strict. He conducted his own investigation of the smut racket, using a pseudonym to answer the come-on ads in the girly magazines.

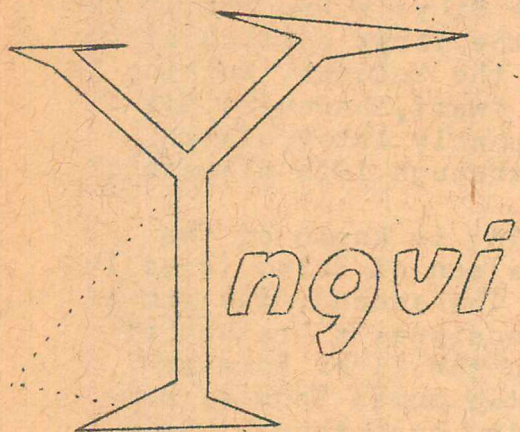
His book, which I recommend, is in three sections. The first section presents the case for censorship, based primarily on the fact that much of the pornography on the undercover market is loathsome to the extreme. Certainly the pictures he describes, and the books he quotes, are disgusting, to say the least, particularly those which cater to sadism, masochism, and other stomach-churning perversions. (The reading matter is bad primarily because it is so poorly written.)

His major point is that this stuff does get into the hands of kids. In some instances it is sent directly to them, as the smut peddlers do not make any real effort to find out whether their customers are eight or eighty years old. He cites cases of outraged parents complaining to the authorities because Junior received a picture of two boys and a girl doing nasty things.

What I wonder about is the parents themselves. By making such a Big Thing out of it, they only serve to heighten Junior's curiosity. I wonder if they take time to explain to Junior just what sex is all about, and why it can be dangerous if not approached sanely. But their first reaction seems to be: Good Lord, Junior is being Led Astray by Filthy Pictures! The government had better Do Something about this! My question is: what are the parents doing about it--other than making sex appear even more shameful to their offspring?

The second section takes up the case against censorship, showing how dangerous it is to ban true works of art and literature. As one might expect, the third section takes a kind of a middle-of-the-road policy. The author is against censorship, but of course there must be some laws to control the smut peddlers. But no more laws than there are now. He feels that the government, particularly the post office department, is doing a pretty fair job of keeping things under control. Still, they have a job on their hands: the smut peddlers are indeed a bunch of artful dodgers, working, for the most part, from POBox to POBox, back and forth between California and New York.

I'm inclined to agree that we do have enough laws now to at least control the smut racket, though as I've said, it will never be wiped out until society itself is capable of making a complete change of attitude regarding sex. The idea that we do not need any more censorship laws is reflected in a recent decision made by California's Assembly



BY MIKE
BECKER

IS A WHAT?

Ever since Harold Shea, in *The Roaring Trumpet*, heard a strange little man in the Fire Giants' prison yell--once an hour--"Yngvi is a louse!" people have been trying to prove or disprove the allegation. Various periodicals have contained ads purporting to certify, affirm, or swear that Yngvi is (or is not) a louse, and a great deal of more interesting if less edifying swearing has been done in informal discussions of the problem. More seriously, Dick Eney (in the *Fancyyclopedia II*) reports on researches by J. Fiske which indicate that "in Scandinavian legend (the background-mythos for *The Roaring Trumpet*) the primordial god...Ve... (was) the progenitor of...the English race, and 'Ing' or 'Yng' means roughly 'the people of--'" and goes on to speculate that some rabid anti-Englishman may have been the original of the twerp in the prison. He does not, however, speculate further as to the identity (if any) of Yngvi.

Logical as Fiske's derivation of Yngvi's name is, however, it is probably not necessary. The great source-books for our information on Scandinavian mythology are two, the Elder and Younger Eddas. The first-named is a collection of Norse poems written from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries and known to us from thirteenth century and later manuscripts. These poems are generally divided into two categories, lays of the gods and lays of the heroes. The Younger Edda, written about 1222 by one Snorri Sturluson, is a "handbook for poets," and draws heavily upon the Elder Edda, from which it often quotes. De Camp and Pratt were certainly familiar with these books, and at several points in *The Roaring Trumpet* they quote from one or the other: for example, when Thjalfi tells Shea that

Care eats the heart if thou canst not speak
To another all thy thought,

he is merely quoting from the 120th stanza of the Havamal, the "Words of the High One," a collection in the Elder Edda of proverbs and maxims.

Now these Eddas mention not one but three separate Yngvis: one is

a dwarf, the other two men. The one the inmate was refering to was probably a dwarf, mentioned in the Voluspa, "The Sibyl's Prophecy," the first poem of the Elder Edda, and mentioned in the first section of the Younger Edda when Snorri quotes that section of the Voluspa. Nothing is known about this Yngvi other than that he was a dwarf, however: his name and nothing else about him appears in a probably interpolated listing of dwarves' names which forms the 13th through 19th stanzas of the Voluspa.

The other two Yngvis are men. Nothing is known of the first beyond his name and the fact that he was a son of Hring (equally unknown) and that he was "ever glad of battle." The second, the son of Halfdan the Old, was an ancestor of Haldi Hundingsbane, a brother of Sigurth (or Siegfried). He is mentioned twice in the Elder Edda and four times in the Younger Edda. Neither of the two human Yngvis, however, is the one referred to by de Camp and Pratt, even though the second, at least, is better know than Yngvi the dwarf, for they are both more often referred to in the Eddas as Yngva. The spelling "Yngvi" (or Ingvi) is usually reserved for the dwarf.

Yngvi, then, is almost certainly not a louse, and in all probability is some species of dwarf. Now if someone could only find that "dwarf" is just a synonym for "Gostak"...

--Mike Becker

QUOTES AND NOTES FROM PAGE 3

(ohboy, I thought, here it comes--the cat chewed it up, baby brother tore it apart...), she explained that her mother had happened to thumb through the book. Undoubtedly, she noticed chapter headings like "Incest", "Cannibalism", "Abortion" and this caused her to confiscate the book. "My daughter," I can picture a large, unattractive woman saying, "isn't going to have any books like that!" The girl explained that if I wanted the book back, I'd have to get it myself, as Mother wasn't going to allow it out of her sight otherwise. // This didn't seem quite fair to me, and I registered my distaste of the whole matter in a few choice words which fortunately were not audible to the delicate female ears in the vicinity. I decided, of course, to call for the book immediately, before some other misfortune struck. The conversation between the mother and I which ensued is slightly hilarious, but unfortunately it would take much too much space to relate. Suffice it to say that Mother made it plain that she didn't think much of a boy who would try to destroy her daughter's morals with "trash" (!), and, as I was not in a particularly friendly mood, I told to just where she could go with her daughter and her morals, and left the house without closing the door. Since then, I have decided to give considerably more thought to the matter the next time somebody asks to borrow a book.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT: Since there was no editorial this issue, I suppose I ought to say a few words about this issue right here. From now on, this column will probably take over the functions of the editorial, which has usually been the worst single feature in any given issue.

Perhaps these necessary but boring comments will be a bit easier to bear now that they are hidden away in the midst of Quotes & Notes. // For one thing, there's the question of material. At the moment, I don't have any on hand for the next issue, though there are a few faint promises hanging in the air. This lack of material isn't really that important, since Kipple's new size will make it easy enough for Marion and I to fill up the first half of the issue, and use the last half for letters. Still, an article or two every issue gives the magazine variety, and good material is always solicited. I am always interested in further articles on censorship, either general views or write-ups of specific incidents. I point this out only as a vague suggestion, since I certainly don't want to limit my writers to any subject or set of subjects. Nearly any subject is worth considering for Kipple, so long as it doesn't get the fanzine confiscated or its editor sued.

CHARLIE WELLS, PERCEPTIVE CRITIC: Recently, Charles Wells has commented (both by letter and in Cadenza) that Kipple has "something wrong". At first, he was unable to determine just what this "something" was, but he finally concluded that Kipple was too formal. In line with my admitted formality and over-seriousness, I had a two-page rebuttle prepared for this space. My new policy of conciseness, plus my recent discovery that I am too formal, has prevented this from seeing print, however. Perhaps it's all just as well. Charles Wells is not the first fan, and he shall certainly not be the last fan, to observe that Kipple is too formal--a bit too formal, at least, even in my opinion. (He is most certainly the first, however, to note that the personality does not come through very well. This formality and seriousness is the personality, for it is my personality. If the personality had not come through, Charles, you would not have noticed the formality. See?) There are a number of reasons why Kipple appears this way. First, as I have already mentioned, it mirrors my personality; however, other less important features contribute to this as well. The layouts are elaborate (this is the primary reason Stellar was called 'stuffy') and more like those in "slick" magazines than most fanzines. And the type of material I normally print contributes to this also, for it is usually of a serious nature. // Incidentally, on reflection I find that there may be one more reason for this over-formality: familiarity. Most of the fans who have, at one time or another, accused Kipple of being overly serious or formal, have been newly placed on the mailing list--like Charles Wells. Probably when one becomes familiar with Kipple, this formality stands out less or even disappears altogether. // Charles Wells brought up a few other points I should cover. For one, the touting of material in the editorial is something a lot of fans have been accused of, and I suppose their reasons were the same as mine: I am not basically a modest person to begin with, and when I know damned well that Boggs' "Formula For A Fanzine" is the best thing that ever appeared in this fanzine, I don't intend to be prevented from saying it by the stupid convention that dictates "A fan editor should never mention the quality of his own material." // As for my defense of editors in this column last issue: the purpose of Quotes & Notes is to give my opinion on the various subjects I cover. Just because one of those opinions happened to be on a subject I was connected with, I don't think it quite fair to accuse me of oozing of "middle-class self-importance". Mr. MacNamara disposed of his stocks before he took a government position, but do I have to fold my fanzine before I can make a comment on editors?

--Serious Ol' Ted Pauls

Fanzines, like everything else, come in cycles. Last month was a scant month; this month so many fanzines have bloated out the walls of Box 158 that I am in serious doubts about my ability to give all of them decent and fair treatment. ((Editor's Note: Marion did a fine job in this respect, but unfortunately the end result was considerably longer than the normal installment of this column, and I was forced to cut a number of reviews. Abject apologies, but after all I did get a lot of interesting letters this issue... -TPP-))

If any defense were needed for my persistent refusal to review certain fanzines, the most notable of which is Warhoon (Dick Bergeron, 110 Bank Street, New York 14, N.Y.) this would be the one. I mention Warhoon in particular because Rich alone has chosen to take exception to his being ignored and to point out that Warhoon is neither a "FAPazine" nor a would-be FAPazine, as the ...editor of that organization should know." I admit that; I was using 'FAPazine' as a generic term. Warhoon, which contains mailing comments

CRYIN IN THE SINK BY MARION BRADLEY

on the SAPS mailing, thus crosses the line from a general fanzine eligible for review, to a fanzine whose primary purpose is distribution to members of a certain group. Granted, that Warhoon is both larger and better than most, of more interest to outsiders than almost any other apazine, and that Rich desires outside circulation, I still defend my policy; if I review Warhoon, I must review any other apazine sent to me, for I do not wish to make my personal choice as to which apazines are deserving of a review, and which are not.

So the policy is clear-cut: any general fanzine, however bad, will be reviewed; I may say that it isn't worth reading, but I will mention it for the sake of those who don't think my opinions are valid, or for those who use them in inverse ratio ("she hates it, so I'm sure to like it"). And no apazine, however good, will be reviewed; this regrettably excludes Warhoon and about half of the many fanzines produced by Daphne Buckmaster, since they are tagged as primarily OMPazines. If I am anywhere in doubt, the inclusion of mailing comments, or any reference to the internal affairs of any apa, will serve to exclude.

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Heading the list this time are a couple of copies of Cry, which I haven't seen since 1953 or thereabouts. Published now by Elinor Bushy, 507 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Wash. (that's the address of Cry, not Elinor's address), it superficially resembles Elinor's FAPazines, being produced in solid or near-solid blocks of elite type, but with heavy-paper lithographed covers. This unattractive--or, more properly, unassuming--format conceals, in the dull but very legible-looking lines, a great deal of fine material. Rob Williams does a nice spoof-piece on "Little Lulu" which ought to stick a pin in some of the more penfervid comic-book fans (I'm referring here to the ones who are very-very serious about the Psychological and Social Significance of Comics, not the ones who are just having a whale of a good time with their beloved comics). Terry Carr completes his Baycon report with the verve and per-

fanzine reviews

sonal involvement of what he is, fandom's young-novelist-manque. Don Wollheim proclaims that we are still in First Fandom and numerical fandoms are silly (an interesting theory, but who, enjoying this craze for numbered fandoms, would listen?) and there are also some minutes of the Seattle fanciub meetings and some letters, than which nothing could be more boring. Elinor Busby writes nice columns which touch on nearly everything. First impressions? I keep feeling as if I'd come into the middle of a good movie; confused. I'll reserve judgment until I see some more.

Cadenza, by Charles Wells (summer address: 681 Wilson Rd. NW, Atlanta, Georgia) has no such effect, though the Bergeron cover looks more like a Rorschach ink-blot, on my copy, than the-moon-rising-over-an-alien-world, which closer inspection proves it to be. This issue of Cadenza contains a story which, knowing fandom, I gloomily predict will stir up a controversy not unlike Mike Deckinger's Yandro story "Miracle". The fuggheads and conventional grannies of both sexes will back away in shock and pretended disgust; the would-be-young-rebels will fall all over themselves piling up adjectives of delight at his "frankness" and "honesty" and "daring". This story is ENCOUNTER: a story on the "shocking" theme of a femme fan who turns out to be a Mexican prostitute. If I say the story does not deserve to be the focal point of such a controversy (which is superficial and typically American, since only in this country does the subject matter of a story make as much ado as the writing style) I am not putting down Charles as a writer. On the contrary, I think that in his careful construction and characterization, Charles has written one of the half-dozen pieces of fan-fiction which deserve to be seen outside the milieu. Fan fiction, in general, is horrendous; but now and again, as in Kent Moomaw's THE ADVERSARIES, or Harry Warner's JASON AND THE CONVENTION FAN--and I venture to mention my own WAY OUT WEST IN TEXAS--something will be written which is actually a short story, not amateur s-f or a fannish satire, but a genuine short story, differing from the quality short story only in the use of fans or fannish types as characters, and a known, taken-for-granted background in fandom as setting. To this handful of not more than a dozen, we may now add, with pride, Charles Wells' ENCOUNTER.

And I wish I could hope that fandom would evaluate it that way, rather than attempting to attack or over-justify the "theme" of the story.

Aside from this piece de resistance, this issue of Cadenza contains some Wellsian thoughts on revising the U.S. Constitution, chatty fanzine reviews which review general fanzines as if they were apazines, in the manner of a personal chat with the editor, and some letters. Very worth reading.

Equally worth reading, but at the other end of the scale, is Skoan from Calvin W "Biff" Demmon (as he writes his name, tendentiously, on every page--for heaven's sake, young master Demmon, loosen up; either sign yourself Calvin, or Cal Demmon, or just plain Biff Demmon, but not all four with quotation marks!). The address is 1002 East 66th St., Inglewood 3, Calif. The cover is an unbelievably phallic Atom cartoon. Unlike most editors, he does NOT want material--he won't "waste time typing...anything I didn't write myself", but would love some artwork. Fortunately he writes with a delightful sort of slaphappy humor, else the procession of Demmon-ologies would get a little tiresome. Layout is sloppy, and reproduction, which is probably ditto, looks a little like hecto; but the whole thing has a bounce which made me read it through, giggling on every page. We might have

another Quandry on our hands, if this keeps up!

Ruth Berman's Neolithic (5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis 17, Minn.) despite some poems and letters, doesn't tell us much this time except that Ruth is still alive and likes us out here in fandom, and is willing to type a few stencils to tell us so. With final exams coming up, that's not surprising; possibly Ruth will recover from her listlessness this summer.

Esprit, by Daphne Buckmaster (8 Buchanan Street, Kirkcudbright, Scotland) is more and more welcome. In this issue John Rackham writes at length about hallucinogens--mescaline particularly--and contributes some thought to the problem which the existence of harmless and non-addictive "drugs" has caused in the necessity for a "moral" reappraisal of the use of mental/emotional stimulants of this kind, which could justly be condemned (or at least condemnation rationalized) on medical grounds when they were limited to the dangerous narcotics. Art Rapp writes about his adventures as an amateur archaeologist-potsherd collector, and Nan Gerding attacks IBM tests, while Julian Parr puts forth the unpopular theory that the much-attacked "rat-race" may be a good thing after all in stimulating mankind. The letters are coherent, and Mrs. Buckmaster, at the head of this symposium, keeps them well in hand.

HEP-tagon, by Dave Locke, Box 207, Indian Lake, N.Y. is a well-produced, well-edited first issue with an above average collection of material. Floyd Zwicky attacks the "world language" thesis by saying that we already have one, namely English; and Clay Hamlin presents an excellent array of ideas contrasting past and present science fiction, under the title of "Maturity, Nuts", which would be one of the year's outstanding pieces if Hamlin were not so hopelessly inept at arranging his sentences and thoughts in any coherent form. He needs a brush-up course in the English language or something, for, although an excellent thinker, he is an utterly incompetent writer of prose. As for the editor, he doesn't even write an editorial. Although, ploughing through the juvenile wails and babblings of many neofan first-issue editors, I am prone to wish they could restrain their wish to editorialize, I discover that a fanzine is like a play. One may resent the applause, and the bows of the newly-dead heroine which break the mood of the grand finale; but when "brave" directors ban applause and curtain calls, the audience goes away vaguely frustrated. Thus I find myself vainly wishing that editor Locke would let down his guard and give us a peak into his editorial sanctum.

Consistency? What the hell is that?

Xero (Dick & Pat Lupoff, 215 East 73rd St., New York 21, N.Y.) comes stapled back-to-back with Xero Comics, thus scotching those who grouch at the emphasis on comic book fandom. Layout still strikes me as being almost confusingly pretentious; despite the lettered titles and illos of a "Triple Tangent" presenting views by Donaho, Busby and Shaw, I could not, on first or even second reading, discover where one left off and the next began, and would have been happier with a less beautiful, perhaps, but more easily detected separation-mechanism. Buck Coulson reviews fanzines, and does it well when he is given space enough; Chris Steinbrunner reminisces about the Phantom, and Larry Harris writes lengthily and well about the novels of Theodore Sturgeon. Xero--this is the fourth issue--has survived the initial dangers of becoming overly involved in local fannish doings, comic book fandom, or disputes about their admitted desire for a "new" fandom; it still portrays these distinct editor-

ial patterns of thought, but it neither rides them to death nor becomes excessively monomaniac about them; and it has become diverse enough that if the reader is not interested in any single aspect of Xero he need not therefore feel himself excluded. It's a notable fanzine; in its own frame of reference it is probably that much-overworked item, a Focal Point.

A focal point of another sort is Axe, produced every five minutes or so by Larry & Noreen Shaw for the Willis Fund. You can get it by contributing, I imagine.

Don Thompson, Room 36, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, sent out a slim but readable little zine called Comic Art. Dick Lupoff explained howcome he and Pat got started in comicbook fandom, and the editor prints the much-attacked "Comics Code" in full. Not being a comics fan myself, I enjoyed it only as an oddity and because it is well-done and well produced; Sincere Acolytes of Captain Marvel, however, please note that this is in YOUR corner and run, do not walk, to your nearest typewriter.

An issue of Dafoe (John Koning 318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio) is always pounced on with pleasure, but this issue seemed, somehow, a mild let-down. There were the usual personalized reviews by Eugene Hyrb, John spends several pages explaining why he isn't more of an actifan, and the rest of the issue is filled up with letters. The "Fandom is just a hobby" crowd are usually the most boisterous; I wonder, then, why this issue of Dafoe seems so listless? One suspects that, despite the technical perfection of this issue, Koning has begun to get a little bored with it; or else he is too badly overworked, by these very exigencies, to feel much spontaneous delight in the zine. Perhaps he needs a long rest, or else a reappraisal of his often-stated views that, to quasi-quote, if you can't be perfect you shouldn't publish. After all, if producing the perfect fanzine ruins one's enthusiasm and joy of publishing, the end has spoilt the means; I would like to see him, and several other publishers, concede that anything worth doing at all is worth doing badly.

At the bottom of the heap are a pile of fanzines which somehow did not attract enough attention, this time, to give me any "hook" for review. Ad Astra, a sloppily mimeographed thing from E.W. Bryant, Route 2, Wheatland, Wyoming, would not have sifted to the bottom if the mimeo work had been a little neater or less cluttered, for on re-paging through it, I discover good material by Mike Deckinger and the editor, and a witty, intelligent manner. This is a prime example of a fanzine which does not sell itself, contrasted with a few which oversell themselves by looks; I certainly like to concentrate on the meat of fanzines, as opposed to their mere physical perfection, but even I tend to pick up the nicer looking ones first. Ad Astra is a formal fanzine, with amateur fiction and poetry, and not very fannish. I liked it but I wish the editor would get some thicker paper, clean his typewriter type, and find some artwork which did not require confused patches of grey squiggly shading and unseeable scratches that look like stencil rips.

And then there is an issue of Yandro, very much as usual, meaning you like it or you don't--I do--with Ted Pauls' review of a Fred Brown novel, fanzine reviews, letters, and as usual, the cheery or bemoaning, but always fascinating Coulson editorials, and a great deal of artwork.

--Marion Z. Bradley

CENSORSHIP.....CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 6-

Criminal Procedure Committee. This committee killed "the major anti-pornography bill of the current legislative session" by a 7-to-5 call vote. To quote a local paper, "sponsors called the bill 'an effective weapon against the multi-million dollar smut-racket in California'. Opponents termed it 'a sturdy vehicle on the road to total censorship'". (The trouble with most of these bills, as well as with the ones that do become laws, is that nobody has come up with an effective definition of what's obscene...)

The fact that this one proposal was killed doesn't mean that it's a dead issue. I'm sure other bills will come up for consideration, both on local and national levels, and sooner or later one just might get passed. What good it will do I do not know. We already have laws against selling obscene material to minors (and to adults, for that matter), just as we have laws against selling tobacco and alcoholic beverages to minors. But kids are still able to obtain cigarettes, whiskey, and "feelthy pictures". And they will still be able to obtain them, no matter how strong the laws become; where the demand is great enough, there will always be someone to furnish the supply.

Un-
less, of course, we become a police state, where nine out of ten offenses are punishable by death, or life imprisonment. And that is what we fear when we hear of some new, stronger law enforcing censorship.

Obviously what we need is not laws against something, but laws for something--such as enlightened sex education. And not only laws but more and more general newspaper, magazine, radio and television "informal" education of the general public, so that the parents, as well as the educators of the nation, are exposed to the idea that sex and sex education need not be shameful after all. Some of them may start accepting it...

--Len J. Moffatt

ISN'T "TAWF" BRITISH FOR "TOUGH", PAL...?

NO,  IS
THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY WILLIS FUND.....!

DONATIONS:

Larry and Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place
Staten Island 6, New York, USA

WALT BREEN
1205 PERALTA
BERKELEY 6, CALIF.

I find it difficult to determine how much of the John Magnus article was a deliberate put-on, how much was seriously intended as what it sounds like --egalitarian, proletarian propaganda. Its author is confusing class with (intellectual) caste, but going into that would lead me far afield indeed. I'll make only a few points here, to avoid having to write a full-length article/manifesto. First, different audiences of the movie "Them" would laugh at the use of the name "formica-dae" for different reasons: some indeed laugh at eggheadism, but others surely because the term was stupidly and emptily used, as Magnus did point out. The "You do and you'll clean it up" reaction to a polysyllable is just as fuggheaded whether it comes from an egghead or a 102% American Legion type. I won't take time to defend polysyllables here save to say that sometimes they are necessary to avoid cumbersome phrases--if you need examples, trying making simpler equivalents (without excursions round Robin Hood's barn) for "propaganda", "ecology", "intellectual". But I must emphatically object to Magnus' imputing guilt equally to the hood types and the sensitive-faced lad and cellulose chemist. Magnus objects to the fan not speaking to the hoods in their own language. What in the name of Lindner could they possibly have in common to talk about? Does he expect the fan to give up his intellectual interests and try to make the jd scene? So the hoods feel at a disadvantage at school, and as a result they take it out on those who are better equipped there. Does this justify their doing so? Part of the trouble is in them, part in the parents who allowed so many of them to be born, part in the culture which encourages the racketeer and the muscleman and the politician and sets them up (implicitly or explicitly) as desirable goals. (And there is no use denying this; these types are publicly seen to have a lot of what the culture does explicitly put a high value on--big-bosomed babes, complete with mink coats, Cadillacs trips to Europe, expensive houses in the suburbs, plenty of \$ and all that comes with it including deference to those not so successful.) The question ultimately is one of values, and if we define human being as "symbol-using creature" (following Cassirer and Langer and others) it follows that skill in handling symbols, partly through innate capacity, partly through training and maturation, is more distinctly human and certainly more beneficial in the long run than is the animal shrewdness of the various types of racketeers mentioned. If there is any meaning whatever to calling eggheads a "higher type" than others, that is it; and I say this in full realization that eggheads (witness Dr. Fidel Castro, Hjalmar Schacht, Caudwell, Nathan Leopold, etc.) occasionally do turn their abilities to harmful ends. "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds." (Shakespeare.) Anyway, Magnus' other argument, that labor-saving devices, automation, etc., produced by egghead scientists and used by their employers to lay off workers, are

LETTERS

A SONG OF

sixpence

likewise automatically Evil, is a fallacy, despite its closeness to what was admitted a few sentences back: the same gun can be used to shoot deer for venison, or burglars, or strikers--and does that make the gun automatically evil? The evil is in the orientation of the employers; where else are scientists going to find employment besides industry and government? They are exploited by both, just as laborers are exploited by unions, management, car dealers and their ilk, and Big Government. If Magnus thinks we should have maximal employment at any price, even that of "made" work and planned obsolescence and deliberate anti-scientific usages, he is preaching the kind of doctrine satirized in "Anthem": "we must not let this newfangled electric light get into use, as it will harm the Candle Makers." No, friends, the answer is not in any of the choices we are offered today; all of those harm someone or other and benefit some vested interest or other. The only answer, so far as I can see, is an anarcho-syndicalist type of society of the sort described in "...And Then There Were None" and the second of the Three Community Paradigms in Goodman's "Communitas": a society not oriented to money, a society not based on exploitation, a society in which intellect is respected as such and need not enter any rat-race to survive, a society in which one is not only free to be uniquely different from the rest, but is encouraged to do so; a society in which the population density is much lower than at present, low enough so that the members can live comfortably on what they produce.

Greg Benford: Is it "reason" (as you say, following Aristotle and the Roman Catholic Church), or the use of language (as the worshipers of Korzybski say), or the extensive use of symbols of all kinds (as Cassirer and others say) that distinguishes man from the lower animals? I am almost ready to believe that the differences are quantitative, not qualitative, between us and them.

As for logical proofs of the existence of God, they exist, but they are all fallacies. Disproofs exist for at least certain concepts of God, notably the one I sketched in my letter in a recent Cry, which consisted of showing that the concept of God as Omnibenevolent Omnipotent Omniscience resulted in contradictions. A disproof of the existence of God must necessarily be contingent on one's description of the properties of God and hardly any two such descriptions are alike. Whether a god or gods might exist with other properties is undeterminable but hardly relevant to the basic problem of formulating an ethic, unless one can provide good evidence (so far lacking) for a direct relationship between such a God and human affairs.

Your article disappointed me in that it barely skimmed over some very important issues. If the most important common denominator is the quest for "happiness", how does one define "happiness"? And how does one know so dogmatically than an ambitious and inquiring mind automatically finds little satisfaction in achieved goals? Is the Faustian concept of man the only one with any validity? Since you use the phrase "the power to discern right", you seem to assume that there is a right and a wrong. How do you know that these terms have any meaning whatever, or that they are not merely labels for particular attitudes of one's particular stratum of society towards particular classes of actions or beliefs? What does one do about situations in which the aims of some individuals can be furthered only at the expense of other individuals? On what basis do some have priority and others not? (I rather imagine Benford will feel, after reading these last few paragraphs (especially this last one) like a duck in a shooting gallery that uses tommy-guns...)

CALVIN DEMMON
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I, too, have been called a Dupe of the Communists, in so many words. We received here a copy of a 4-page pseudo-newspaper called Common Sense, subtitled COMMUNISM IS TREASON! (an unassailable statement, really, but so what?). There was a big black heading on the front page which said "FLUORIDATION FOLLY (Are You Forced To Drink Rat Poison?)" and showed a picture of some guy in a radiation suit pouring fluorides into Our Water and told us that The Communists Are Going To Ruin Our Health With Fluoridation and Everybody Vote Against It Or You Are Anti-American or Maybe Jewish. I bletched audibly (not an inconsiderable feat) and murmured in a controlled voice, "Bulls--t!" This interjection is frowned upon around here, incidentally. Anyway, I was promptly told that "It's people like you who are going to be surprised when the Communists Take Over." I responded that yes, I would be surprised, and went on reading and becoming more agitated. Since then, whenever I have expressed my doubts about the House Committee on You-Know-What or about the John Birch Society or about the American Legion, I'm a communist already, and I hear a chorus of angry whisperings and murmurings against me and I'm afraid for my Life and Reputation. And I betcha the American Dental Association is Communistically Infiltrated because it endorsed Crest toothpaste (with "Fluoristan") as being effective when used in a carefully applied program of Dental Hygiene and I bet they get money from Khrushchev.

GEORGE SPENCER
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CHEVY CHASE 15, MD.

Thanks for Kipple 13, and congratulations on the first anniversary. When a fanzine comes out regularly, like Kipple does, it somehow seems as though it had been going for a longer time than less frequent zines. When I saw that "first anniversary" banner, I thought to myself "is THAT all the longer it's been on the scene?" Incidentally, you're perfectly correct in thinking that the material is far above average--either Kipple's or any other zine's. ({So there, Charles Wells...})

I appreciated your comments on Mrs. Thompson and her misguided enthusiasm. But then I tend to be rather suspicious of anyone's being enthusiastic about anything. Frankly, enthusiasm over baseball strikes me as being evidence of a shallow personality. ({Well, whether or not one likes baseball (or any sport, for that matter) is a personal attitude and usually can't be argued. I happen to like baseball; I have a lot of reasons, but none of them would be valid to one who didn't like baseball. It's purely a subjective matter.}) These characters who go around quoting so-and-so's batting average in 1953, and who was the losing pitcher in such-and-such a game in 1957 strike me as being people who waste their intellectual talents in shallow pursuits. The same people who perform incredible feats of memory when it concerns transitory facts turn into Mongoloid idiots when it comes to remembering facts of history or world affairs. So your Oriole fans, who think that their enthusiasm will enable the team to win the pennant, are really not much worse, in my book, than the Pirates fans, who have some reason for thinking so. ({I'm not a fact-&-figures type of baseball fan, but there is one instance where I might be accused of wasting my intellectual talents: I devote considerable thought to predicting the pennant and Series winners every year. You aren't the only one who thinks this is a waste of time, but the others are silenced quickly by the fact that I haven't been wrong since 1953... This year: the Tigers by a very slim margin gained in the last few weeks of the season, the Dodgers by a landslide; then in the World Series, the Dodgers in five

games.))

I was interested in "What You Can't Do on Television." The fact that a gang of whites can be shown beating up a Mexican or an Indian, but not a Negro or Jew, dovetails with what I've noticed. The "tolerance" preaching, especially on many westerns, is really appalling. I'm becoming Sick, Sick, Sick of the stereotyped let's-not-make-hasty-judgments preaching on "Gunsmoke," for example.

I can't make much comment on the so-called "JD" movies, since most I haven't seen. However, "Rebel Without a Cause" was shown on one of the late movies here recently, and I watched about the first 20 minutes of it. There were a few glaring flaws that I noticed. For example, there was one scene where Dean walks up the steps the first day to his high school. As the students troop up into the building (all of them look like they're about 28 years old!), Dean accidentally violates the Holy of Holies--he steps on the school seal, imbedded in the walk. So a gang of toughs immediately surrounds him and begins to make rumble noises. This is ridiculous. The last thing that a juvie cares about is upholding the honor of his school or anything connected with it--even as an excuse for violence. His aggressions are directed against the school and everything it stands for.

RUTH BERMAN
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"Rational Religion" is interesting, but it seems to me that most of the points Greg Benford brings up are irrelevant. The first point is that "reason is all that effectively separates him (man) from the animal," and "we should emphasize our distinctions," "since our code of conduct, our ethic, is to serve mankind." Well, I think I recall an editorial by Campbell which pointed out that a sense of humor also distinguished man from beast. Even so, I don't see that a thing which is designed for man should necessarily emphasize only those characteristics which separate men from animals. Certainly animals as well as men have emotions, yet emotions are still an important part of man and they cannot be suppressed, ignored, or dismissed. Next, Greg says that the question is whether a religion is needed, not "is it true". He seems to conclude that it is not needed because many men do not need it. True, but, contrariwise, many men do need a religion. I believe in God because I need to; I want to (I also want and need not to believe, but I found out several years ago that the need to believe was stronger). Still, Greg's conclusion is good. I think it boils down to: do unto others as they would want you to do unto them, and that is an ethos worth living by.

HARRY WARNER JR.
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HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Bob Lichtman overlooks one of the most important justifications for the existence of the collecting fan who doesn't read the stuff he obtains. He isn't doing anybody any harm unless he spends money on his hobby that is needed for the necessities of life by a dependent, and he is doing his part to preserve a great deal of reading matter from destruction. There is no philosophical system known to me that makes it worse to collect a magazine without reading it than to collect a postage stamp without using it to send a letter through the mail. There are some collectors who specialize in mint stamps and there are some fans to whom the thrill of the chase is more important than the gratification of absorbing the contents of the captured item, just as some hunters shoot to provide food and others because they like to hunt, then give away their quarry.

I am happy to see you recanting on this infernal practice of dividing up and classifying fans and fandoms and fannish activities and so on. We need a fannish revival of semantics to recall that the object is not the word and that it is quite possible to set up verbal categories that have no correspondence to the realities that they attempt to separate. Although I missed the article in Cry, I understand that Wollheim did a splendid job of demolishing the numbered fandom mania, and I hope that this will be the last we'll hear of that for a while.

I suppose that people form Grand Jurors Associations for the same reason that they form NFFFs and college fraternities: there are always a few organizers among us who sweep all before them. There was a similar grand jury group organized in Hagerstown two or three years ago, and I believe they imported some Baltimore members to assist at the organizational meeting, and there was much fanfare and publicity about it, but since then nobody has heard a word about the organization; apparently all anyone was interested in doing was to form it.

I gather that your lettercolumn policy is to try to devote a fairly large hunk of space to each item in the preceding issue through comments from one individual. This is an interesting contrast to the Buckmaster-Donaho system of publishing as many divergent views as possible on just a few subjects, and I'm not certain which is better--probably yours for a fairly small fanzine, theirs for the giant publications. (Actually, I have no such policy. I simply try to print as many interesting comments from each letter as I have space for. This usually means that everyone in the lettercolumn covers one subject thoroughly, since everyone who writes is usually especially interested in one subject and can therefore contribute some interesting comments on it. Another reason for this apparent policy is this: two or more writers sometimes say practically the same thing about a subject or subjects in the previous issue. For example, where Buckmaster and Warner say nearly the same thing on (say) integration and censorship, I'd print Warner on censorship and Buckmaster on integration (or vice versa). I could, of course, print the Buckmaster comments on both subjects and consign the Warner letter to AIAHF, but my aim is to hear from as many different people as possible in any given lettercolumn.)

DAPHNE BUCKMASTER
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KIRKCUDBRIGHT, SCOTLAND

Good for Betty Kujawa, pointing out that you don't just grab a handful of books willy-nilly when you want to read, so why expect every minute of television to be what you want? Mike Deckinger, apparently, watches TV when the mood takes him rather than because he wants to see something in particular. (One of our arguments against television is that almost everyone seems to watch in the same manner. To steal a quip from Dicky (Dickie?) Henderson, people turn on the set in case something comes on....) Don Fitch speaks sense on this subject when he says it's designed for the majority anyway.

The most interesting piece in Kipple #12 was Greg Benford's "Rational Religion". Far too short, though. I think he is quite right in saying that the formulation of a universal ethic is more important than religion--as the word is usually meant--but I would suggest that on the question of reason versus emotion, the answer is, as always, that a compromise of both is needed. Either reason or emotion, used on their own, can lead to injustice and cruelty, though possibly emotion is the worse offender in that respect, because the natural emotions, for the sake of survi-

val, must necessarily be selfish. What we need is a basis of reason modified by compassion in carrying out what reason dictates. But, as Greg says, reason alone allows us to see principles which are not merely truths of the moment or of one point of view, and I would agree with him that it is superior to emotion because of that. The scientific attitude--a synonym for reason--has brought more justice into society's attitude toward criminals and other unfortunates than there has ever been in the past, when religious--a synonym for emotional--attitudes dominated. And it is interesting--not to mention exasperating--to note here that the very people who try to bring rationality into human relationships are often themselves accused of being emotional by those who only want to satisfy their own desires. For instance, those who wish to keep their "superiority" to colored people accuse the more rational (i.e., less selfish) ones of being "sentimental" about colored people; and those who are annoyed at the thought of being deprived of the satisfaction of revenge against criminals accuse the rational side of being "sentimental" about criminals. The only bright spot in this type of situation is that at least the emotional ones must realize the superiority of reason or they wouldn't pay lip-service to it by trying to pretend that they themselves were being 'reasonable'.

CHARLES WELLS
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ATLANTA 18, GEORGIA

Your anguished desire that the Government "do something" about the John Birch Society is a little peculiar. It seems to me that this is the last thing we need. This is supposed to be a "free" country, as the saying goes; we don't preserve our freedom against Fascist (or Communist) attacks by trying to suppress them. Besides, doing that would make martyrs out of them. (The reaction to this statement of mine has been fantastic. Everyone thought I meant suppression when I said the Government should "do something", presumably because this is the attitude they were used to. I did not. I meant that the Government should "do" this: bring the JBS out into the open so that they can no longer sling their libel from a safe position behind a letterhead. This is how I feel--everyone has a right to know who is hiding behind the name "John Birch Society"; then, perhaps, these persons won't feel so free to babble slander with no fear of reprisal. I trust everyone will be more agreeable with this position than with the one they mistakenly assumed I held.)

Of course, I hold to that only as long as the JBS refrains from an attempt to overthrow the Government by force. As long as they advocate their principles, but do not try to force them on us, they should be allowed to continue. (Of course, they must not be permitted to slander people either, which they have been accused of doing.) It seems to me that the best way to fight them is through laughter. Satires, ridicule, and things like that they will not be able to take. This is already being done, of course, and I hope it continues.

TED WHITE
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NEW YORK 14, NEW YORK

I enjoy "discussion zines" which are able to present their material in a lively fashion, as Habakkuk and Que Pasado have, and indeed I'll dig any fanzine which can maintain an air of liveliness about it. But Esprit turns me off before I begin reading it, your layouts strike me as cold and unappealing (as well as not being all that good, let's face it; you simply shine in comparison with the other 90% of fanzines), and I'll confide in you a horrible secret: I let Discord go unread sometimes for weeks. I don't think I read the last issue at all. (Any judgement of my layouts should be

made with full consideration to the material I have to work with. I respect your opinion of layouts more than anyone else in fandom, but I do wonder what those large issues of Stellar would have been like if you had had no artwork, no color mimeography, no shading plates, and only seven lettering guides...))

All of which is as good as any introduction to my comments on Boggs' "Formula For A Fanzine". My first reaction was to turn green with envy in that you pulled this article from Redd. My second reaction, after reading the article was to wonder what Redd thought he was doing in it. Most of all he seemed to be shamefacedly patting his own back.

My third reaction, which occurred as I typed the paragraph preceeding the last one, was illumination: so that's why Discord doesn't appeal to me! The material in Discord is uniformly fine (well, discounting differences in personal taste--I was analogued to discover that Redd liked The Tomorrow People), but the presentation has all the sparkle of a Detroit auto assembly line. And now I see why: Redd works on a rigid formula of presentation which filters out liveliness and spontaniety with 100% effectiveness. All the little gimmicks, like underlining editorial replies because in type this would be italicized (but which in this case looks unweildy and ugly; a mass of shouting lines crammed together), etc., all combine to give Discord a surprising Pseudo-Campbellian look which is not immediately dispelled by the formality of some of the writing.

I suppose this is the inevitable outcome of turning to Magnus' later fanzines for inspiration. Magnus had an agile mine for fan-publishing tricks, and Varioso was a pretty swinging zine at times, but Magnus was also inclined towards pedantictry and he often worked out elaborate dummies for his fanzines, so pre-planning them as to leave the final product cold and final. Boggs compares Magnus' Smug unfavorably with John's later zines (like Rumble), but I think Smug was far superior to Rumble and, indeed, all of the zines of Magnus' Last Period. (I divide Magnus' fanac into three Periods. His First was the era of SF, Halfshot and Bloodshot: fancy color and dum-mied margins, the work of a painstaking neo. The Second Period was during his college days, and saw a more free-wheeling Magnus, of Vamp and Varioso up through #13 or so, as well as Smug. The zines were beautifully informal, always full of goodies, but never with a crammed feeling. Any faned desiring to publish the Perfect Fanzine could well take a long look at these zines for inspiration. The Third Period is the one I know best, since it began with Magnus' return from gafia in 1956, and most (but not all) of the zines of this period were run off on my mime-o. They include the last three or four issues of Varioso, Rumble, Speculative Review. There doesn't seem to be as much fun going on in the Magnus zines of this period; John had begun to take himself too seriously, and his fanac was filled with grandiose plans, most of which never reached fruition.)

To return to my last statement before the parenthesis, I think Smug was a Fine Zine because in it Magnus mastered the art of informal chattiness to a degree not realized by any fan since then, including Carr and Ellik in Fanac. Magnus' chattiness was Art, in that it was not empty but was filled with lovely turns of phrase, marvelous images of the fandom of the time (1954, I believe), and was informative as well. It was a pleasure to read Smug, and John enjoyed writing it probably more than anything else he ever put into fandom. Going back and rereading Smug is like opening the doors into that period of dying Sixth Fandom, the Days When There Were Giants...

Sic Semper Boggs.

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The example of the mundane attitude toward fans that Daphne Buckmaster quoted, "Books won't get you anywhere in this world," struck home. This probably won't seem too far out to some of the people in the Kipple audience, but my father is extremely fond of saying much the same thing at times--only substitute "publishing those cruddy fanzines" for "reading books". He seems to have some deluded idea that I'm trying to earn my living at this racket. Also, he wonders what it all has to do with stf. Well, to be sure, when I entered this field it was with some vague notion of finding stf discussion there. But I have never been disappointed at the discussion I did find. The first fanzine I got was Oopsla #24, which had very little to do with stf. But it was interesting just for itself. The whole concept of amateur magazines is croggling to the newcomer, and he tends to be quite fascinated at the things. To me, the fascination went further; I started publishing them myself. Naturally, fanzines can't stick to stf discussion. To do so would be equivalent to eating nothing but vegetable soup because you like vegetable soup more than anything else. What other subjects are discussed varies from time to time--it used to be jazz, sportscars, and sex; now it's politics, philosophy, and sex (some things never change...)--but there are always other topics being discussed. The topics vary because after a while one topic gets burned-out as a discussion-point, when no one still has the stomach to add anything to the discussion of it. With fanzines appearing at the rate they do, these topics turn over faster now than they used to, but they still do appear and reappear from time to time. This, I submit, is a Good Thing.

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I must take Ed Gorman to task here about James Dean's "Rebel Without A Cause". I do wish he'd gotten his facts straight. Here are some of the glaring errors that brought me up short: There were many "jd" pictures before this one (from the early days of the thirties)--the "Where Are Your Children" type of films (with someone like Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker), plus the "Wild Boys of the Road" ones (with Frankie Darrow), up through the likes of the Dead-End Kids.

And for Christsakes, "Rebel" was NOT based on The Amboy Dukes. The Dukes came to the screen in a rather good-for-it's-type film called "City Across the River" in which Tony Curtis got his first role of note. Also in the picture someone did a bang-up job as Crazy, the moronic one, and Barbara Whiting played the part of a rape victim.

"Rebel" was taken from the fine psychoanalytical book of the same name by Dr. Robert Lindner (or Lindler) who also wrote The Fifty Minute Hour. No doubt other fans have already told you this by now. (Only Bhub Stewart so far...)

"Rebel" happens to be a great favorite of mine. Dean was, after all, a Hoosier lad who lived just south of me (I knew kids who went through school with him), and the life of the kids in that film, though exaggerated, was somewhat like my life in high school.

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Carl Brandon says I'm not a Serious Minded person, and this astounds me. I haven't said much about Carl since he re-entered fandom recently. The truth is, I haven't wanted to. You know, of course, that the time he spent out of fandom was spent in Rockland--the Truth About

Carl Brandon was published a couple of years ago in The Devil's Motor-boat. It was quite true, what was printed there: we announced that Carl had never existed to cover up the fact that he actually had a Nervous Breakdown and was confined in Rockland. We thought his memory would be better preserved that way.

But now he's back--but very changed. No longer the sharply witty Carl Joshua Brandon that we knew, he even writes in a totally different style. His interests are not those he had before his stint at Rockland, and his opinions have changed drastically.

Carl was a good friend of mine, you may remember. We used to sit around having long conversations about Jazz, Fandom, and Literature. We occasionally delved into Social Questions.

On several occasions Carl said to me or to someone else who was present, "Terry, you are a remarkably serious type person; I mean, you are. You really are." He actually said this, or the equivalent, several times. He said it with his lips. I heard him, with my ears. I remember it all clearly--with my memory.

He said, "What I mean is, I mean you sort of probe beneath the surface of any question, with your thinking." (He said this with his lips, of course.) "You consider all the angles. You really kill me. I mean, you do. You're so goddamn serious."

But he seems to have forgotten all that now. I've heard roundaboutly that they gave him shock therapy there at Rockland. There was something about a lobotomy too, but that isn't varified.

Anyway, Carl's saying that he doesn't consider me a Serious Person distresses me. Not because I feel it necessary to be taken seriously--no. But simply because it shows the extent of his loss of memory, his mental deterioration. I weep for Carl. "Carl Brandon...I'm with you in Rockland..."

It is, of course, a relief to see that he is now out of Rockland. But it is infinitely distressing to see the severity of the therapy which must have been necessary to make him capable of going into the world of men again.

Please don't misunderstand me. As I say, it's not that I have a burning desire, down in the very guts of me, white-hot yearning blazing in my id, gnawing through my super-ego, making it absolutely, totally, completely, lifeanddeathly necessary to be taken seriously. It's not that I can't bear, oh can't bear the thought that people might laugh at me, scorn me, ridicule me, not take me seriously. I am not super-sensitive, or even very sensitive at all. No.

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A N D I A L S O H E A R D F R O M

Phil Harrell didn't like the 12th issue, except for Marion's reviews. +++ Vic Ryan comments on television and the Post Awful Department, and mentions that "Ebert's Clerihews reveal a remarkable insight into fannish motivations." +++ Andy Main hem sends 50¢ for four issues of Kipple and a pencilled note on graph paper which I have forwarded to the Code Division of the FBI in order that I might find out what it says. +++ Craig Cochran pocktsarced; he wanted to know if I'd received his sub renewal. (Yes...) +++ Dick Elsberry wrote a very interesting letter, but unfortunately it was on

the eighth and ninth issues. +++ Lenny Kaya liked Daphne Buckmaster's article, Quotes & Notes, thought "Henry" was "a very biting commentary on today's dog-eat-dog society," and says that Redd's article will help him in the publication of his fanzine-to-be, Obelisk. +++ Buck Coulson says that the average issue of Yandro is planned, stencilled and published in a week's time. And he says "rumor hath it that (William E. Neumann) is Nancy Kemp's father." +++ Felice Rolf is interested in Kipple. That's nice, but why not prove it every six months or so? +++ Mike Domina subscribes. +++ Marion Bradley says the original Tarzan, the man who did all the tree-swinging and acrobatics, was Alfredo Cordona. Which brings us to the quiz: (1) "Beautiful Dreamer" was the theme of Mighty Joe Young; (2) Winston Smith was the central character of "1984"; (3) Boucher's complete werewolf was named Wolfe Wolf; (4) The lead story in the June '51 As-tounding Science Fiction was Eric Frank Russell's "...And Then There Were None"; (5) Elmo Lincoln was, I believe, the original Tarzan; (6) Giant ants are depicted in the (ha!) "science fiction" movie "Them"; (7) James Blish, of course, wrote the excellent novel "VOR". +++ Len Moffatt was left out, but in view of the enormous stack of letters which came in this month, someone had to be. Len commented at length on the Buckmaster article, and echoes the prevalent opinion that Boggs was the star of the issue. +++ Kenneth Anderson is a non-fan cynic who spends several pages of witty invective on the booming metropolis of Ellicott City, Maryland, where he recently had the misfortune of residing for two weeks. (Ken is one of the non-fan recipients of Kipple; he isn't even remotely a fan, but enjoys commentary on mundane subjects like integration, politics, et al.) +++ And Greg Benford just missed being squeezed out of the AIAHF column as well as the lettercolumn proper. Sorry Greg, but as the old song goes "sumpthin's gotta give".

Merry Memorial Day!



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14

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