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QUOTES and NOTES

BY TED PAULS

JAZZ SNOBS, ANYONE? While I certainly don't consider Ted White a jazz snob, reading his column did bring the breed to mind, and from my experience with them, I certainly consider them far more fuggheaded than intellectual snobs. The snob who thinks he or she is better than everyone else because of superior intelligence might have some reason, however vague and doubtful, for thinking so; the snob who thinks he or she is superior merely because he/she prefers jazz to other music, or worse one type of jazz to another, is a far more hopeless case. I assure you that many examples of this type of snob exist. My tastes in music run to good music of all types, but particularly traditional jazz, and some of the most obnoxious individuals I have ever met fall into both categories of jazz snob: the "only-my-kind-is-jazz" type; and the "jazz-is-the-only-true-Music" type. The latter are rare and, I admit, exaggerated. The former, quite unfortunately, are abundant and already so warped that exaggeration is impossible.

One "only-my-kind-is-jazz" snob of my acquaintance sits for hours at a time in front of a mounstrous stereo set-up, frozen in one position, with a far-away look on his dull face, and listens to Ahmad Jamal plink-plink-plink. The criterion for enjoyment among these people seems only to be that they never show any outward signs of it. An attitude of this sort isn't necessarily bad, but these people continue to try and change the attitude of everyone else to mirror their own. The particular specimen I had in mind finds himself disgusted at the fact that I enjoy Bob Scohey or Red Allen or many others while tapping my foot, snapping my fingers, or grinning widely.

Others, because I cannot appreciate modern or semi-modern jazz (save Brubeck, who I dig most of the time) have claimed that I am merely too unperceptive, or insensitive, or even stupid, to understand the subtleties inherent (they say) in such music. I prefer the "obvious" jazz of Bud Freeman or Buddy Bolden, they claim. They may even be

right. Take Ahmad Jamal for an example, since I mentioned him above. I have listened to a number of his recorded pieces, and though he has occasionally been enjoyable, I found most of the interest in these recordings was trying to discover what stock tune he was hiding under the plink-plank-plonk that is supposed to be his style. Or take Charles Mingus. I have listened to Mingus three or four times--mostly on late-night radio shows, and once at Ted White's--and I have no particular desire to listen to him again. I found nothing wrong with his jazz; it simply didn't interest me.

Perhaps, as I said, I am not perceptive enough to dig this sort of jazz. What I resent is the implication that traditional jazz is a lower form, and that it's just something like waste-can-bottom-pounding that any clod can understand and enjoy without taking his mind off cutting his toenails or applying polish to his shoes.

Traditional jazz, in my opinion, requires as much if not more concentration and thought to dig than modern jazz. The only difference is that in modern jazz, the players have thoughtfully set each solo sharply apart and underlined every subtlety lest you miss one; in traditional jazz, you have to look for these things.

THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION was a fairly important subject a year or so ago, and a number of fans predicted (as fans have predicted for as long as I can remember) that when magazine science fiction died, fandom would die for lack of new blood. These same fans are probably a little red-faced today, for though science fiction magazines are rare these days, there are as many neofans as ever. It's sometimes doubtful as to how these fans came into contact with fandom, but most of the cases are clear-cut: Bob Lichtman introduced Cal Demmon and Tom Seidman, who would seem to be valuable assets; others entered through fans in New York (Bob Margolin, for example); still others were brought in via the NFFF, which still exists after all. (I was a bit doubtful on this point, since they seem to be entirely out of the mainstream of fan-activity, but a number of kind souls have assured me that the club continues to exist.)

Obviously, then, what we call active fandom (but what could best be termed ayjay fandom) still exists and is getting the 'new-blood' it needs. I'm not so sure about convention fandom, however. Of course, we in ayjay fandom have always been hard-pressed to keep posted on the doings of that group of fans who don't participate too often in ayjay activities, but one proof of their existence and enviable activity has always existed: conventions and conclaves. Now that proof seems to be fading. Look, for example, at the Worldcons. Oh, the last few Worldcons have, by all reports, been excellent affairs, but the enthusiasm and shouting that used to accompany a Worldcon in the fan press has waned. No one even seems interested in bidding for a convention anymore: Seattle had no competition for 1961, Chicago obviously has none for 1962. And so far as I know, no one has given much thought to 1963. Sure, it's early yet, but Washington announced its bid for the 1960 affair in early 1958, and it's already the middle of 1961 without so much as a hint from WSFA. (I assume there will be a D.C. bid, though I point out that this is only an assumption. And if the fans in that fair city show as much enthusiasm as they did last time, perhaps it would be better not to bid.)

And look at regional conclaves. There are still Disclaves, Midwescons, and Westercons. But what happened to the Illwiscon, or the Oklacon, or the SouthWescon? I haven't too much know-

ledge of so-called convention-fandom, but from where I sit it looks as if interest in that particular phase of fandom is fading quickly. The time may even come when no city will bid for the Worldcon. As absurd as this may sound, I ask you to consider it in view of the fact that there has been no competition for the last two sites. If only one city wanted the convention this year, and only one city wants it next year, it is entirely conceivable that the time will eventually come when no city desires the Worldcon.

SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS--a continuing feature in this column, it would seem. Paragraphing will be done like this "//" once again, to conserve as much space as possible. // A reader asked how I decided what would appear in this column. In case any others are interested in this facet of Kipple, here is the explanation. I am continually collecting notes on various subjects, clippings from magazines and newspapers, quotes from books, and other tidbits, and placing them in a file folder labeled "Q&N--Future Issues". When I'm ready to write this column, I go through this file and pick out the items I think will be of interest to the readers. At a rough guess, I would say that one out of every five clippings and notes put into that file are ever used, and I usually have an immense number to draw upon. I could actually write a twelve page column quite easily every issue. The clippings and notes themselves actually come from many sources. If you've been reading this fanzine for any length of time, you must be aware that I read dozens of magazines every month, an equal number of books, and I thoroughly read all three important Baltimore newspapers. Furthermore, a number of fans send clippings to me specifically for use in this column. Add to this the things that happen to me personally, and you have an imposing amount of material. // About this latter, a few otherwise kind fans have stated their frank disbelief at some of the incidents I have related. Hal Shapiro quipped "I wonder why it is that everything that happens to someone else happens to Ted Pauls, only moreso?" It is my firm opinion that odd or humorous things happen to everyone at least once a day. My father once said I had a talent for finding oddballs and a talent for walking into humorous situations. I disagree. As far as I'm concerned, my only talent is recognizing these incidents and realizing that they are odd or humorous. No doubt Hal Shapiro meets as many interesting people as I do, but he hasn't the inclination to set his experiences down in print. Perhaps one of these issues I'll relate the story of the two teenage girls who came to this house at 2:00 AM and asked to use the bathroom; perhaps I'll tell about trying to find sf magazines in a bookstore on the notorious Block and having to dig through piles of incredibly pornographic material in order to find a dog-eared copy of The Weapon Shops of Isher; I may even relate the incident where I was ejected from a meeting of the neighborhood Civic League for protesting a fuggheaded proposal too loudly, and the ensuing conversation with the Vice President of the League where he admonished me about being not Anti-American, but Anti-Baltimorian! All of these and many more would probably be of interest to at least a portion of the readership. The only thing that prevents me from relating some of these incidents is that most of them would take a lot of space to relate properly. // In regard to Dick Bergeron's method of shortening fanzine titles--by typing them sans vowels--I would not advise this when referring to "Void". // The Maryland Labor Press reports in the June 19th issue: "The Food and Drug Administration has ordered seizure

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UFFISH

THOTS

A COLUMN

by TED E.
WHITE

"Somehow I've always pictured Ted White as a tall, thin quibble with a ragged black beard, wearing a bullet-proof vest and spikes." --Anonymous

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I READ IN KIPPLE DEPARTMENT:

After the recent Disclave, our carload of fans dropped without warning into the Baltimore domicile of Ted Pauls, and he showed me the just-mailed Kipple #13. "Well," I said. "That certainly is a wonderful thing." Then Ted asked me when I planned to do another column for him. I told him that I hadn't had any outstanding ideas recently. "Actually," I told him, "I did write a column for you. It was quite long, and it rehashed a rather interesting dispute which repurcussed out of a FAPA article I wrote. But I showed it to a couple of the people involved, and thought about it a bit, and I decided not to send it to you after all. I decided the whole thing was best buried. So all seven or nine pages or however many it was are now in my Never Publish files, along with a few other ripping items that I may end up using in my memoirs when I'm old and tired."

"That's just as well," Pauls replied. "Now that Kipple is twenty-four pages long, your column will have to be shorter. Say, about two paragraphs."

"Well, I can't write you anything unless I get an idea," I said. "Suggest me an idea..."

"What kind of idea do you need for two paragraphs?" Ted said. He had me there.

It was pretty easy, wasn't it?

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Actually, though, while it would be good, dirty fun to end this column right here, I must admit that I finally Had An Idea. Actually, as the department heading above indicates, my Idea came to me from reading Kipple, the 13th issue of which arrived today. My Idea didn't just hit me, Boom!, like that, though. I was quietly reading through this

article by Daphne Buckmaster, see, and...

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE SNOBS...

I can't claim Daphne Buckmaster as one of my best friends, although as far as I know there's no enmity between us either, but I fear she qualifies easily for the "snob" category. Now my skin is reasonably tender in regards to certain subjects, but knowing this, I tend to guard against it, and for that reason I skipped right on over the first manifestation of her snobbishness, when I read, "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," I assumed that the rising of my hackles at the inclusion of one subject among those denigrated (by inference, at least) was strictly a paranoid reaction due to my proclivity for that subject. "Ahhh," I sneered to myself, "she's not talking about that anyway; she just threw it in without thinking."

Then, as I continued to read "The Place of the Science Fiction Fan in Society," I came to another reference, which I quote in its entirety:

"Fans/ 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. She then digresses for a moment about photography, and continues: The last three 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."

By inference, then, the first four named activities ("drinking, jazz collecting, snogging, and photography," the latter in a strictly fan-snapshot context) are not a fit field for the active, intellectual mind which Daphne insists we fans all have. There is some ambiguity, here, about the possibilities of "satisfaction," but we'll overlook the probability of satisfaction in, say, snogging, and return to my pet peeve.

Notice, please, that twice Mrs. Buckmaster has referred to "drinking, jazz" or "drinking, jazz collecting" in the same breath. It would appear that her mind runs in cliches (a good deal are noticeable in this article, a fact which frankly saddens me when I reflect upon the fact that it purports to be written by an intellectual), one of which is "drinking and jazz", a kind of multiple sin equally evial in both its parts.

And this, humble readers, annoys the hell out of me. I feel like Terry Carr must've when he read Dick Lupoff's editorial in Xero #3.

I happen to make my professional living (in case you are in doubt) writing about jazz. I have been collecting jazz for about ten years--the same period, almost exactly, that I have been reading and collecting magazine stf. My library of jazz records totals over a 1,000 lps, and grows daily, now that I receive gratis reviewers' copies from most companies. The first professional piece I ever sold to a national magazine was a jazz critique which was quite well received in the jazz field. Since that time I've met and become a close friend of a number of jazz musicians, and respected and earned the respect of a lot of others. This year I was

honored in being polled by Down Beat magazine's International Critics' Poll. Due to my standing as a jazz critic, I was able to land a fairly steady series of assignments from Rogue magazine, and my piece on the Newport Jazz Festival riots in the January 1961 issue was the most popular piece in their best-selling issue to date. I've written columns for other magazines, have accepted an Assistant Editorship of 33Guide, a general record-reviewing publication, and have been requested to supply more material for the jazz press than I've actually felt like turning out. To top this, I've been asked to give a talk at Columbia University this coming fall, on any phase of jazz I might choose to speak about.

Every bit of success I've gained in the world of professional writing and editing I've earned through the jazz field.

And I'm damned well afraid that I can't join Daphne in her castigation of "jazz" or "jazz collecting" as something "frothy", or allied with getting stoned on alcohol, however pleasant that may be for the hunger-ups among us intelligentsia.

Frankly, this snobbish attitude towards jazz is a thing I encounter often among those beneath-cur-notice/IQ 100/men-in-the-street (don't they even know enough to come in out of the traffic?), but I'm a little surprised to hear Daphne echoing it. The smartest man I know (with an unmeasurable IQ which exceeds 200; I suppose one might consider him "smart"), a man with an encyclopedic memory and appreciation of the "classics", digs jazz greatly, and often when he is at my place spends his time going through my collection. Those of us who are not snobs are well aware that jazz is something more than a "popular" music performed by mediocre or uninspired musicians. Why, among the real "insiders" (like Gunther Schuller, who recently acknowledged this in the Saturday Review), it's a well-known fact that jazz musicians play circles around their classical counterparts. As for the music itself, anyone who approaches it with an open mind is easily able to find intellectual stimulation as well as strong emotional communication--the two essentials, as far as I'm concerned, for Art.

I have the feeling that Daphne Buckmaster, when she thinks of jazz--if she ever thinks of jazz--thinks of it as akin to rock 'n' roll, or, to get more British, skiffle music. And "jazz-collecting" must equal "comicbook collecting" from her somewhat biased point of view.

The current attitude in fandom that jazz talk in fanzines is ephemeral and on a plane with drinking-bouts is a strange attitude indeed if you try to trace down what jazz writing has appeared in fanzines in the last decade or more.

In the mid-forties jazz was a favorite topic of conversation for Burbee, Laney and Purdue, among others, but their writings (largely confined to FAPA) were usually quite literate and similar to the talk of classical music being carried on in that same apa by Harry Warner and others. In the late and very literate Vernon McCain, jazz found another spokesman in FAPA, and he, along with Bill Evans, and, later, myself carried on the tradition of quiet conversation and occasional dispute which was part of FAPA's general interest in music.

Outside FAPA the earliest interest in jazz I ever encountered was in A Bas, which with its fourth issue began a column about current releases and local concerts. I don't recall that column lasting very long, but it was symptomatic of the Dereglect Insurgents' attitude towards jazz, and was expressed as well in

one fan's outlook

BY STAN WOOLSTON

I was looking through the December 1958 issue of Holiday last night (the one with that sentimental Christmas poetry on the cover--"Backward, turn backward, O time, you old ghoul, Make me a child again just for one yule..." by Ogden Nash). Arthur C. Clarke had something on the Fatigue Disperser, a device for digesting a whole night's sleep into an hour or two by the use of a device for stimulating the particular wave-pattern of slumber. Apparently a Russian research project was working on the gizmo. How this would cause the living conditions of future people to change was hinted at (with the bedroom and sleeping devices being outmoded, he said). A 24-hour day to permit the use of the extra hours was suggested.

I've been reading elsewhere about another possible change--that of a rise in temperature of the whole world, with the tree-line creeping more and more northward. Apparently the temperature has been rising about a degree a year for some time (4!!--ed.)--if the last article I read is correct. This seems a remarkable rate, and if there IS such a trend our weather may soon be mainly tropical all over the United States and into Canada, with similar effects elsewhere. Floods from melted ice--from the far north and from glaciers on mountains--would cut the amount of arable land, just when population growth would require every available acre.

If I were Arthur Clarke (or getting paid for it like him) I could speculate on floating islands (maybe hydroponics using water de-salted by processes now being developed; maybe tanks for growing sea-life from plankton to fish, crabs and shellfish).

Another "seen" trend is the continuation of the follow-the-leader attitude in society. Perhaps this could be investigated much deeper than it has been. If there is a reaction against individual initiative in the U.S.A. as contrasted with other countries in the world, the reason should be found and some remedy sought. Of course if censorship and other tactics are so ingrained in us that most of the people won't recognize it as a vice to be purged, then we'll have a hard time getting rid of it for ourselves.

But that wouldn't make it impossible for a change of view to develop. Doing the hard thing can be done; it has been done in the past. While I do not know what the real mood of the "beatnik" group is, and while I doubt that they are representative of a big percentage of the youths in this country, I think that their attitude of "nothing is worthwhile; everyone is rotten" is a useless attitude to have. Of course I have denied knowledge of the

group and then given them certain characteristics they may not have-- but I believe the idea is clear that some "youths" profess this belief, and I believe it can poison their initiative and deny them any desire to do anything constructive.

I'm not very flippant in talking about the mentally downtrodden, you'll notice. Perhaps they seem closer to me than any melting ice or expanding population. The difference may be that the other problems mentioned are further in the future. We can speculate about tomorrow much more freely than today.

Today we have people who fear today, and when they do speculate about tomorrow it is with the feeling that they will be involved in it. Whether fear is a deterrent to war, or a stimulation to peace planning, would depend on whether a person can think sensibly with fear goading him.

As the world stands today, every nation is dedicated to itself. The human race has no organization that I know about. We have patriotism--which is a nationalistic sentiment that excused the making of wars throughout history. Nazis excused themselves from their savagery, just as the armored invaders of Montezuma's land had their excuses. Russia, before and after the "revolution", had and have their excuses for the policies that keep much of the world stirred up nowadays... Every country has "diplomats" who are trained to lie for their countries, and so forth.

Apparently survival is the main reason a people gather together in a nation. That at least is one apparent thing. However, in the end is it survival of the group in power that seems important--the country, the political power or whatever is identified as the most basic force of the nation.

Whatever the group that is to be protected may be, it seems to demand and usually receives allegiance that sometimes borders on worship. As such, someone not "in" the group may find its reasoning unreal and unsound, and that therefore the people involved are unfit to survive. Therefore other groups (or nations) seek to find ways to destroy the group IF NECESSARY...and so set up the machinery for an action that as often as not will be seen to be necessary soon.

I wonder if there is any nation in the world that looks at the world in a different light than this? It seems to be a pattern that has been adopted sometime in prehistory, and which survives in countries of any size at all.

--Stan Woolston

QUOTES & NOTES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

of 2,700 pounds of Swiss cheese in which the manufacturers had drilled holes, or 'eyes' in order to make it appear as a top-grade product. Holes should develop in Swiss cheese naturally during the curing process, the FDA said, explaining that 'blind cheese' without 'eyes' sells at a lower price." If you can't trust cheese, what can you trust...?

A FAN'S LIBRARY: A while back in Kipple this column, under the sub-heading of "The Top Shelf", was a book review column. Later, it became part of this column, and at one time it consumed the entire column. Now I have come to the final boiling-down of this material: a list of ac-

quisitions, with only a few words to denote what I thought of the volume at hand. Once again, I will try to conserve space by paragraphing with slant-bars and a hyphen. // I never thought the time would come when I, as a science fiction reader, would be ashamed to call a book "stf" because it was a good book. I was wrong. Philip Wylie's "Tomorrow" is definitely science fiction, but it is so good in every respect that I found myself hesitant in calling it "stf". Of course, most of the books labelled "science fiction" that I've read lately have been on the order of "Spacehive" or "The Mind Thing"; that may explain it. At any rate, I recommend this book highly to everyone in range of these printed words. // I must admit, Mr. Wollheim, sir, that I don't usually think much of your anthologies, but "More Macabre" is definitely worth reading. It contains a variety of "terror tales" (according to the front cover) ranging from classics ("The Wheel," by H. Warner Munn) through some good, solid stories (by Matheson and Dick) to some heavy-handed, padded nothings ("The Spider" and "Fungus Isle"). Worth reading for the first two categories, certainly. // Bloch's "The Dead Beat" I will dismiss without further comment, only to say that it compares with Psycho like vinegar compares with wine. // "More of My Favorites in Suspense" (Hitchcock) and "Never Trust a Naked Bus Driver" (Douglas) were good, but inspired no specific comments, and Alex King's "May This House Be Safe From Tigers" inspired too many comments for this brief space. "The Metal Monster", "City of Glass", and "The Legion of Space", all of which I recently re-read, inspire a variety of comments. All three were good for their type--Merritt is Merritt, quite naturally, and Loomis is a good solid writer--but "Legion" strikes me as being one of the true classics of modern science fiction. // To finish off this column, Rod Serling's "More Stories From The Twilight Zone" has some outstanding faults, but is readable, and "He Owned The World," by Charles Eric Maine is an astonishingly enjoyable novel. It is vague in some places, but mostly this adds to the enjoyment.

STRICTLY SIC DEPARTMENT: The following bit of commentary is quoted from The Cross and the Flag (which I assume is some sort of religious, 102% American newspaper) and was written by its editor, Gerald L. K. Smith. Thanks to Dick Bergeron and Scotty Tapscott for bringing this to my attention:

"Unscrupulous newspapers have been having a 'picnic' with a perverted problem that has developed in the California School System. A matter that should have been treated in the strictest of confidence and in favor of the innocent has been brazenly emblazoned on Page One of the sensation-hungry commercial press. In fact, I might as well say the conscienceless press. A high school teacher by the name of Cecil Cook has been overtaken in a disgraceful practice, the evil of which should be considered beyond argument.

"It seems that Mr. Cook has a strange mental quirk which makes him curious concerning the sex habits and sex practices of his pupils. Consequently, he sprung on his class a questionnaire so indecent and in such complete violation of the traditions of self-respect that he should have been summarily removed from the California school system with no argument or fuss. Under some thought of red tape rule, he was haled before a state board of authority to defend himself, and like all such practitioners of vicarious perversion, he recruited from his class and the parents of members of his class those who were simple-minded enough and silly enough and evil enough to defend him. The questionnaire was so suggestive and evil that I would not reproduce it in this column. It inquired into the habits of the members

of the class, even to the point of asking 16 and 17 year old girls if they had ever had sex experiences involving either perversion or association with the opposite sex.

"As any decent citizen knows, there were students in the class that were completely innocent of the whole matter, even so innocent that they did not understand the questions that were asked. On the other hand there were students in the class who were completely devoid of innocence and who relished the conversation introduced by teacher Cook.

"An investigation into the matter revealed that Cook had been dismissed from one or two other schools for having been "hep" on the subject of sex. I don't know much about the background of Cook but his picture appeared in the press, and if he is not a Jew, he looks more like a Jew than any Gentile whose picture has appeared in print recently. Suffice it to say, all the Jewish commentators were praising and defending Mr. Cook in his disgraceful behavior.

"It is satisfying to know that the school dismissed him and that there is some likelihood that he will lose his licence to teach in the State of California. His earlier trouble developed in Arizona." (October, 1959 is typed next to Tapscott's reproduction of this editorial, which I noticed belatedly. However dated, I still feel it is of interest to the readership of this fanzine.)

After the sterling example of bigotry, stupidity, and idiocy, any comments I might add would only be anti-climatic. Suffice it to say that I voiced my distaste of the matter with one loud and distinct syllable, which can be rendered best in print as "fugg".

SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS, PART LXIX: "The Maryland Court of Appeals recently ruled that 'Disbelief in a Supreme Being renders a person incompetent.'" Let's rebuild the Ark and the Dove, boys... // As flagrant an example of stark stupidity as I have seen in quite a while came to light on a film-clip of a New York tourist in Williamsburg. This tourist quite seriously complained, "Although I speak standard English, everybody around here seems to think that I have the accent." // In one of my lighter moments, I discovered that TAWF stands for Third Annual Weiner Festival, Turgid Armenian's Whittling Forum, The Artic Wiregrass Federation, Temperance Association of West Florida, Texas Ancestral Wagon Feast, and True Acolytes of Weird Fantasy, as well as Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund. Isn't that just thrilling? // Someone has finally conceived the idea of competing against NBC's Jack Paar Show with a high-powered show instead of old movie reruns. "PM East--PM West" featuring Mike Wallace and a number of others is now appearing on ABC, and I find myself in the position of recommending a television show. I'd not thought such a thing possible. But seriously, the show is a rather interesting one so far. Every show is devoted to a different "theme"--one night the show was devoted to dissenters, and featured the editor of The Petal Paper; another night's theme was rock 'n' roll, and featured Buddy "we-aren't-proud-of-him" Deane, Baltimore's own television disc jockey; still another show featured Red Nichols, and anyone of you whose musical tastes mirror my own should be sad indeed if you missed that particular show. // To end this column, I feel I ought to comment once again on Marion Bradley, Dedicated Columnist. (You now have the right, Marion, to sign your name MZB, DC...) Even though her hand was badly burned, she managed to type her column and get it in on time. Anything I might say would sound trite, but thanks. --Ted Pauls

MARION BRADLEY

CRYIN IN THE SINK

It's come to be the style in fandom, recently, to look superciliously at general fanzines, as opposed to fannish zines or idea-zines. Out of a desperate desire to be in the vanguard of the New Look in Fandom, or something, fans have been jumping right and left on the new bandwagons, and one of the steady zines generally overlooked in the fannish rush is Yandro, published as usual by Buck & Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana.

Even those who read Yandro regularly have been a little inclined, of late, to take it for granted, and to say "Oh yes, another issue" without doing flipflops over it. Now I don't know if the Coulsons set out, this month, to make damn sure nobody could ignore their Hundredth Issue; knowing their vast indifference to the bulk of fannish opinion, I'm inclined to think not. But with or without trying, they succeeded. The hundredth issue of Yandro is a notable thing in any line-up, and may very well be the best of its kind for many a long year.

The editors have combined practicality with whimsy, as well as satisfying the curiosity of non-conventioning readers, by putting their own photographs on the cover--with a photo of the mimeograph which achieved those hundred issues. Unfortunately, the litho-photo cover is just about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch smaller all round than the paper of the zine; which isn't their fault, but which inspires a great desire to murder the printer who trimmed the cover to the wrong size. Juanita, via editorial, and with almost unparalleled valor, refrains from detailing the vicissitudes of a hundred issues of publishing; a self-restraint I admire, with an admiration tempered with wistfulness, for such an article might have been fun to read. Buck also glosses over the Implications of the Hundredth issue and chatters about irrelevancies in the usual entertaining manner. Alan Burns contributes a hilarious article bemoaning the shortage of collective nouns (such as the overworked "pride of lions") for scientificfictional uses, and showing us what we have been spared by confecting a delicious excerpt from a supposed tale of science fiction in such rich language: "a warp of spaceships, an orbit of planets, a strangeness of aliens..." Dean Grennell, who appears all too infrequently in fanzines these days, writes nostalgically of the vanished pulp, Flying Aces. And somebody called Marion Bradley told about the difference in stories in manuscript and stories after the editor got through using hatchet, cleaver and surgical sutures.



FANZINE
REVIEWS

There was also some fine poetry by Rog Ebert, some not-so-good and heavy-handed social-satire folk song by Joe Lee Sanders, Alan Dodd's column and the usual assortment of letters and reviews. A special bonus was an eleven-page folio of artwork by Juanita and her cohorts who have made Yandro almost unique among mimeo fanzines for artwork; ranging from the superb (Barr, Prosser) to the mildly decorative (Bryer, Barbi) to the others. I have a feeling that liking for her collaborators and valiant pencilsmen was the motivating force behind these choices, rather than any artistic purpose. But then, to coin a phrase, I don't know anything about art and sometimes I don't even know what I like--and if Juanita does, more power to her.

Cry seems to be the only surviving specimen of a fast vanishing type; the fannish fanzine. Or at least this issue would so indicate; it's edited by somebody, or a group of somebodies from Seattle, Box 92, 507 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Wash. In addition to a long column by Elinor Busby, reading like an escaped page from a FAPAazine, there are two fine specimens of fannish fiction by Steve Stiles and Terry Carr; minutes of the Nameless Ones, which were probably more fun for Wally Weber to write than they are for non-members to read; and a column or something by John Berry. A monotonous format and elite type make it eyestraining, unless the reader is passionately interested in local fan-doings or a conscientious reviewer.

Bane is out again from Vic Ryan (2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Ill.) with Bergeron cover looking like hentacks (for Pete's sake, Vic, buy a drawing plate or something), a comedy-routine dialogue by Bob Tucker, and some excellent book reviews by Buck Coulson--with whom I seldom agree, but who at least has the power to make me stop and think why I disagree. There's a long column by George Locke, who says nothing for five pages and says it so fascinatingly that I didn't even stop to think what he was talking about until I found myself, regretfully, at the end. And there are some exceptionally good letters, due to Vic's habit of clipping out the "pure egoboo" (which says nothing of general interest), and sending it to the writer of the article in question; thus endearing Vic to his contributors, who enjoy getting their egoboo uncut, and to his readers, who do not have to wade through letters which simply repeat "I liked so-and-so..." In short, there is little to criticize about Bane, and much to admire. Vic is playing it safe until he has mastered the art of publishing a fanzine which everyone will approve at least moderately, and no one can find much to dislike. This may not produce any outstanding masterpieces, but it produces very pleasing fanzines.

No such statement can be made about Dave Locke's HEP-tagon (PO Box 207, Indian Lake, N.Y.) whose second issue is, if anything fuller of flailing broadswords, hurled adjectives and vehement tirades than the first. Clay Hamlin and Buck Coulson are still slugging it out; there is some poetry, as disturbing as usual, from Rog Ebert, and the bulk of the issue is made up of vehement letters in all shades of literacy and all colors of ditto masters, some too dim to read. Dave also commits the fannish sin of editorializing an attack of another's zine--in this case launching into a vicious and presumably unprovoked attack on an innocuous thing called FANTasmagorique (reviewed below) which is a little like using a high-powered rifle to swat a fly. Lighting on the fact that the editor of FANTasmagorique had (like many other fans, including Ted White) copied illustrations rather than inventing them, he uses such things as "deserves to be read by every fan so that action can be taken to pulverize this garbage-born (word illegible)"

back into the grime he came from...get FANTasmagorique for an antidote to poison-swallowing" and other phrases which make me wonder what is behind this disgusting exhibition of childish temper. I am rather personally annoyed at this because Locke took it on himself to state (commenting on the fact that I had appeared in this first issue of FANTasmagorique) "Want to bet MZB doesn't appear there again?"

FANTasmagorique itself deserves no such attack. A first issue, from teen-age Scotty Neilson, 731 Brookridge Drive, Webster Groves, Missouri, it is neatly mimeographed, with drawings which owe much to advertisements for the various monster movies which Scotty reviews in the course of the pages; there are also reviews by Mike Padgett and Rich Wannan, David Keller writes about the senility of s-f, and Bernard Deitchman contributes a rather naive "solution" to the s-f crisis. (The extent of my appearance in the zine was a letter I had written to Scotty, several months ago, which, with my permission, he retouched and printed as an article, since I was too busy to write anything else.) Why Dave Locke should pounce on this zine for his vendetta is a mystery to me, but the reasons must be personal--for, in general, FANTasmagorique is a good first issue. It contains much that is naive due to the editor's youth, and a few things--like his chattering about the attempt to find a suitable title--which seem childish to the blase older fan. Some jaded old-fan reviewer might be pardoned for looking at FANTasmagorique with a degree of indulgence or boredom, for it contains little that is new or unusual; on the other hand, nothing in the issue is really bad. Locke may simply be jealous. FANTasmagorique can, at least, be read without the aid of a magnifying glass.

Speculative Review: Dick Eney (417 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia) with some incidental assistance from Bill Evans, reviews books, magazines and paperbacks. Dick devotes much of the editorial page to an answer to my query about this zine, and ends by admitting that reviewers do, indeed, develop a taste for blood. Not so strangely, perhaps, this issue is a little less dedicated to the proposition that what Eney loveth, he chasteneth. The reviews are literate, readable and sincere, and if the sword of the reviewer drips green this is hardly strange. If you like reading reviews (and who doesn't?), this is for you.

From E.W. Bryant, Route 2, Wheatland, Wyoming, comes a second issue of Ad Astra, hiding behind a smeary four-color ditto or hecto cover which could be a pair of spaceships landing, a pair of alien BEMs copulating, or a pair of fried eggs coagulating on a plate. Ed Bryant calls this zine "The Voice of 27th Fandom" and would like to see more action s-f and less depth psychology; he dips into reviewing some famous old chestnuts--er--classics of science fiction, most entertainingly, and adds reviews and chatter, all mimeographed quite neatly on eye-hurting yellow paper and mixed up with so many ads that on flipping through the pages the first time, I thought I had somehow gotten hold of the Kay-Mar Trader or some such swapzine. Recommended so far, but it could be a lot neater.

Les Nirenberg (1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada) finally got around to publishing Vahana, the genzine companion to his think-zine, Que Pasado. Nirenberg has acquired the reputation for being the liberal/far out voice of fandom, but this issue delves into no such weighty problem as his last symposium on homosexuality, though he does comment on the Eichmann trial. Ray Nelson contributes an article on the theory of humor--as a cartoonist, he should know--Art Rapp writes about his archaeological

digging in the desert around El Paso, and Harry Warner on the civil war revisited, from his viewpoint as a newspaper man covering various centennials. There is also a great deal of poetry, which in general I don't dig, and some excellent Baron artwork, which I do; and a variety of obscure cartoons whose point passed somewhere above and to the left of my shoulderbone. It's too soon to tell what direction this one may take, but either way, it would be worth following. It belongs to the subspecies of Habakkuk; a variety of thoughts, tied together by a general discontent with things as they are, and a general sense that something should be done about them, with--so far--no very clear idea of what should be done except to write bitter articles and poems...in short, an attempt to inspire fanzines with Social Purpose. Which is, I say regretfully, a little like going into a ballpark and trying to recruit orderlies for a leper colony from among the Dodger fans; the fact that science fiction often explores themes of social significance has caused many very intelligent, serious and concerned people to look in organized fandom for recruits for their Purposes...and to be furious when fandom collectively says "Yes, yes," and does little. Art Castillo called attention to this with his now-famous card to Xero, castigating them for discussing comic books while the world was going to hell.

There should be a point to all this, but meanwhile, what's left in the stack of fanzines this month?

Well, there's Fanac (Walter Breen, 1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, Calif.), the same as ever only more so; there's Axe, from Larry & Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, N.Y., dedicated to pushing the Willis Fund; there's a letter-substitute from Don Thompson (Room 36, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio), free for letters and trades; there is Discord from Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota, which I am enjoined from reviewing by my status as associate editor, but which contains reviews, discussions and letters, and is given for letters of comment, trades or, as a last resort, cash; and there are two slim little announcements of the revival of Utopian from R.J. Banks, 111 S. 15th Street, Corsicana, Texas--"At present a wider subscription is not sought, and no new subs will be solicited or accepted until further notice." Since R.J.'s idea of giving us advance notice of the goodies in store is to print the saccharine verse of Isabelle Dinwiddie, I don't imagine anyone much cares.

--Marion Z. Bradley

/Fanzines for review should be sent to Marion at Box 158, Rochester, Texas. Listening Lyn/Steve/Larry? Listening Buz?_/

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If the choice is Kipple or Willis, take Willis! If the choice is a new jazz lp or Willis, take Willis! If the choice is a hamburger or Willis, take Willis! If the choice is the cover of the Fannish II sans Fancylopedia, don't be a damned fool--take the cover...

various publications put out by Gerald Steward, Ron Kidder and Boyd Raeburn, as well as, from time to time, other Canadian fans such as Norman Clarke. As a rule the jazz-talk was genuinely hip and not at all juvenile. Since another topic of conversation in the same group was sports-cars, fandom in the middle fifties made some jokes about "jazz and sports-cars" taking over fandom. But there was never that much of jazz in fandom, since as I mentioned A Bas dropped its column, and only with its last issue (in 1959) ran another serious jazz piece, this time by yhos.

As to myself, I admit to championing jazz in FAPA (often in reaction to the concentration purely upon classical music by various semi-snobs on the subject; often merely out of enthusiasm), and I did a column called "The New Sounds" for three issues of Stellar/Gambit, and A Bas #11, which I later sold to Metronome as "Reviews in Context".

A lot has been made of Fandom As A Stepping Stone (to quote Bob Silverberg's title for his article in Aberration #2) for would-be pro stf writers. Has anyone else noticed that it can serve equally easily as a stepping stone for some other aspect of professional journalism? A number of fans (Elsberry, McCauly, Hopkins) have become newspaper men, Bob Tucker gained his first professional fame for an exceptional mystery novel, and I've managed to turn my acquired skills in writing (such as they are) to the jazz field and that of general journalism.

Now, what alcoholic ever made that boast?

Maybe I've been getting too serious here. Maybe I should be more careful to avoid Pulling A Terry Carr in reaction to my bruised ego. But ghoddamnit, I'm sick and tired of would-be intellectuals, proud of their neat IQ-test labels, attempting to glorify a narrow range of interests (their narrow range of interests) as the criteria of Intellectual Superiority.

Jazz is as much a "field for the active mind to work and play in and, as such, supply a continuous stream of satisfaction" as any of Daphne's Approved Three. I suspect a damned good case could be made, by anyone bold enough to try, for snogging as well. And as for those other fandoms Daphne so airily dismisses in her first paragraph, many are characterized by superior intellects--Walter Breen has told me of many of the high-intelligence kids he's heard of through Coin Fandom, for instance--and I suspect that in addition to her Intellectual Snobbery, Daphne is guilty of another kind, neatly dealt with by Bob Lichtman in this same issue of Kipple: a sercon FIAWOLism which makes her a SFandom Snob.

I think I could do without either variety of snobbery.

--Ted E. White

"The ship, sir, is yours," coughed the Admiral. Then his official manner broke down. "But if turning on the fire extinguisher sprinklers, the fumigation system, the leak-detector smoke-system, and directing the sewers into the deck-flushing system isn't a dirty way to fight, I'd like to know what is."

--Poul Anderson & Gordon Dickson, "In Hoka Signo Vinces"

A FEW

TED PAULS

AFTERTHOTS

"So what the hell happened to the letter column?"

Well, that's a rather long story, and I've only got about 25 lines, sooo... When designing the mailing wrapper for the last issue, I forgot that one should always point out the obvious to the Post Office workers. It isn't as if they were intelligent; you must make sure your wrapper is clear enough for an idiot to understand, and then you just might get through without any trouble. Last issue, I made the fatal mistake: I forgot to put "FROM" above my name on the wrapper. Of course, "TO" was there in very large letters, but nevertheless I began to get copies of Kipple after a week or so. The Post Office Officials were very kindly sending my own fanzines to me at an average rate of three per day. At first, they were being delivered to me, and I'd put another stamp on and circle the correct address. This began to become expensive, so the postman said he'd cross out my address and re-mail them before they left the post office. That helped, but unfortunately about 50% of the copies ended up leaving this city 10-14 days later than they ordinarily would have. Obviously, letters of comment were going to be equally late. At this writing (July 2nd) I have only one letter of comment of any length (thank you, Bob Stewart), and even if more were to come in immediately I wouldn't have time to stencil and duplicate them.

What I am going to do, then, is to mail this sixteen pages out on my regular date so as not to break my schedule, and then when sufficient letters arrive, I will publish and mail out the lettercolumn of this issue. (This will all be one issue, and subscribers will not be charged for this letter-supplement). I hope to get this out about the 22nd or so, but one request: if you intend to write a letter to this issue, do not wait until the letters arrive. This would necessitate another letter supplement for #16, and I have no intention of doubling postage costs every month. So, please, don't wait for the letters if you want to write to this issue; they wouldn't arrive in time for #16 and I'd just lose more money.

--Ted Pauls

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