

THE  
COSMIC-MINDED  
FANZINE

*kipple* 16

—AUGUST 1961—

EDITED BY TED PAULS

—CONTENTS—

INSIDE:

PARAPSYCHOLOGY  
ECOLOGY  
ZOOLOGY  
JAZZ  
PET CATS  
THE NEW TREND  
POLITICS  
FREE VERSE  
PROSTITUTION  
CENSORSHIP  
MOTION PICTURES

and other highly  
Serious Discussions

QUOTES AND NOTES.....	3
by Ted Pauls	
CRYIN IN THE SINK.....	9
by Marion Bradley	
A FAN'S LIBRARY:	
TWO REVIEWS IN CONTRAST.....	12
by Ted Pauls	
EXPERIMENTS IN ESP.....	15
by Jeff Wanshel	
A SONG OF SIXPENCE.....	18
by Boggs, Stewart, Gerber, Stiles, Lichtman, Becker, Warner, Willick, Kujawa, Donaho and Others	

KIPPLE is published on the tenth of every month by Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland. It is available in exchange for letters of comment, your fanzine in trade, contributions, or 15¢ per issue, 2/25¢. Copies are free to young, attractive girls, provided they call for them in person. This offer expires August 23rd, 2047.







BY TED PAULS

QUOTES

AND

NOTES

#### THE LONG LOUD WAIT

In #15 I requested that anyone who wished to comment on that issue do so immediately, instead of waiting for the letter-supplement which I had planned. I hope everyone followed this advice, for anyone who may have decided to wait for the supplement will find themselves in for a long winter. I had seven pages of letters stencilled for that issue (the first seven pages of this issue's Song of Sixpence, as it now turns out) when I woke up one morning and, lo and behold, it was July 26th. I was never quite sure what happened to those two weeks of my life, but I have a theory: I am essentially a lazy person, and (as I've previously mentioned) I usually begin typing an issue of Kipple a week or so before the previous issue is mailed out. This is a pleasant arrangement, since it is incredibly easy to type 24 stencils in five weeks, and everytime it occurred to me that I ought to type more letters, a little voice whispered, "Ah, it's a couple of weeks until the 22nd." Original plans called for the issuance of the supplement on the 22nd or so, if you recall, but since I am used to having three, four or five weeks until the deadline, I didn't bother to Get Things Done.

When it finally dawned on me that I was running well behind schedule, I decided not to publish a letter supplement after all. With the amount to be done after July 26th, I couldn't possibly have finished it before the 1st or 2nd of August, and this issue was due out only a bit more than a week after that. I scanned the seven-page segment of letters and assured myself that none of them would be dated if held over until this issue. After all, I said to myself in a typically egotistical manner, I pride myself on the interest of the letter column. Another week or two won't hurt them.

I think, strictly seriously, that this is true. Most of the letters don't comment on specific articles or columns, but rather on subjects (like censorship or sex) which appear more or less regu-



larly in every issue.

I've said it before, but you know, I really shouldn't try to forecast what the next issue will be like...

#### DEPARTMENT OF YELLER JOURNALISM

For quite a number of years I've known of the existence of the so-called "expose" magazines, and from time to time I've skimmed through them to appease my desire to Read Everything Published. I can honestly say, however, that never, even under extreme stress, have I even considered actually reading a copy of True Confessions or Hollywood Poop or whatever the current top-selling one is called. I'd worked on the assumption that if I ignored them long enough, these sickening examples of yellow journalism would go away. Unfortunately, as long as there is a demand for slander, for blatant sensationalism, there will always be a supply. The fact that there is such a demand for what is patently trash shows only the serious sickness of our society.

I used to think that these magazines were supported by an audience of freckle-faced young girls, but lately I've become interested and have done some inquiring into the matter. I asked a number of friends who they knew who read "expose" magazines; and I asked a couple of friendly news dealers if they'd ever taken notice of the average age and sex of the person who buys these magazines. The answers from the two sources are contradictory: without exceptions, the news dealers gave an answer which supported my "freckle-faced young girl" theory; however, the general consensus of opinion among my friends was that the readership consisted of unmarried young women (21-30) and on many occasions the parents of teenagers.

This last sounded unbelievable when compared to the news-dealers' impressions, but it isn't really. They said only that young girls bought the magazines; who eventually read them is another question. The theory that mothers (moreso than fathers) of youngsters read confession magazines rather than the youngsters themselves is a questionable point, but I can give you two isolated examples from my own experience. Miss A, a 17-year-old girl, occasionally buys copies of True Confessions and the like, which she glances through and finds perhaps one or two articles a month of interest; Mrs. A, her mother, reads the same magazine from cover to cover every chance she gets. And my own mother, unfortunately, reads Top Secret occasionally. I could probably launch into a long diatribe directed against this piece of trash, but the best indication by far of its offensiveness is to quote several article headings from the contents page: "Abortion in Hollywood," "The Snake Pit That Became a Passion Pit," "All About That Sex Binge at the Olympics," "The China Doll Who Played House With Princess Meg's Hubby," "Who Put the Zippers on Manhattan's Strippers?" (by Hal Clement...), and "The Killer Who Struck After Seeing 'Psycho'." And here I leave a space for interjections which are frowned on by Mr. Day: \_\_\_\_\_.

#### FORMULA FOR A COLUMN (With apologies to Redd Boggs.)

Last issue I mentioned that this column was composed of clippings and notes which I periodically place in a file folder. I should have enlarged on just what comprised the "notes" because this is probably in its way the most interesting facet in the production of this column. These notes fall into two categories: typed notes which bear some resemblance to the finished product; and handwritten notes which are more or less reminders to discuss various subjects. These last are normally brief to the point of being incoherent, since I consider handwriting a



tiring chore, and sometimes I don't understand them when I'm ready to stencil this column. One such rests on my desk at the moment. It is an unevenly torn strip of paper from some magazine or other, and penned on it in my inimitable and scrawly script are four names: Nashua, Citation, Sea Biscuit, and Man O' War. I know, of course, that these are famous race horses, but I haven't the slightest idea what I intended to say about them.

I'm not quite so confused about another esoteric scrap of paper from the file, a small block of paper with "Gina Gillespie" written on it. Gine Gillespie is a child actress who appears from time to time on television, and I vaguely recall that I wanted to mention her similarity to the fictional Josephine Leonides, and that if Agatha Christie's "Crooked House" was ever filmed, she would be perfect for that part.

A third note completely befuddles me. Not only don't I know what I wanted to say, but I haven't the slightest idea what the subject was to have been. On the back of a piece of silver-foil from a cigarette pack is penned the cryptic, abbreviated message: "chk. lmj Pars. fr mat q&n--chk lttr rspns i. 13." Some of this I can figure out: "lttr rspns i. 13" probably refers to "letter response issue #13", and the issue #13 in question is probably Kipple. Also, "q&n" almost positively refers to this column. However, I've tried placing vowels in the abbreviation "lmj" without result, and "Pars." (with underline) means nothing to me.

Maybe if I wasn't too lazy to use a typewriter when a brilliant idea struck, I wouldn't have this problem...

#### THE TRIBULATIONS OF CITRONELLA CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Some time ago I read an article in the Catholic magazine, The Lamp, entitled "Catholics in Public Schools", which is so full of stupidities that it deserves to be printed verbatim. Unfortunately, the article runs four pages of small type, so this is out of the question. I do want to print two typical paragraphs, however. Here the author, William J. Grace, is outlining the disadvantage of a child going to Catholic school and then switching to public school:

"Another psychological wound, beside the weakening of family unity, may result when the parochial school graduate cannot continue his Catholic education in a Catholic high school. Generally he has been convinced that Catholic education is superior; therefore, he feels let down when he has no alternative but to accept public education."

Later in the article comes this gem: "In all prudence, it may be asked, can the parent expose his child to a secular, non-denominational, neutralist atmosphere? Conceivably it is possible if the child has strong home resources with careful parental indoctrination and provided that the school attended has a reasonably serious curriculum and at least normal decency."

I am frankly appalled at the careless bandying of the term "indoctrination" and the high-handed attitude shown by this author. The term "indoctrination" is appropriate, if the Catholic families I know are typical, but I would hardly boast about it. Indoctrination, in the sense this context seems to indicate, means "to impregnate with doctrine". The Communist countries do it, but try not to make it so obvious; the Catholics do it and boast about their success!

Another interesting thing about the two paragraphs I quoted is that Grace never said one way or the other whether



Catholic schools were better; he said only that the students usually ended up believing that they were better. I don't think I'd care to boast about that either...

If Redd Boggs had written this section of Quotes & Notes, he would have treated the article and its conclusions humorously. I thought of doing that and even drafted a half-page squib along those lines, but I just can't seem to laugh at something like this; it's too pitifully fuggheaded to laugh at. Perhaps when I've been around as long as Redd, I, too, will be able to Ridicule instead of Violently Blast. For now, I prefer to Blast.

#### FROM "THE MEANING OF EVOLUTION" BY G.G. SIMPSON:

"The sabertooth is one of the most famous of animals just because it is often innocently supposed to be an indisputable example of an inadap-tive trend. In fields far remote from paleontology the poor sabertooth has come to figure as a horrible example, a pathetic case history of evolution gone wrong. Its supposed evidence is thus characteristically summarized in a book on (human) personality: 'The long canine tooth of the sabertooth tiger grew more and more into an impossible occlusion. Finally, it was so long that the tiger could not bite effectively, and the animal became extinct.' Now, like so many things that everyone seems to know, this is not true. Sabertooths appear in the record in the early Oligocene, more or less 40,000,000 years ago, and they became extinct only yesterday, around the end of the Pleistocene, 20,000 or 30,000 years ago. The fact is that during this long span the sabertooths did not show a trend toward increase in relative size of the canine tooth. It happens that the earliest sabertooth known (Eusmilus) had relatively one of the largest canines known in the group. Throughout their history the size of sabertooth canines varied considerably from one group to another but varied about a fairly constant average size, which is exactly what would be expected if the size were adaptive at all times and there were no secular trend in adaptive advantage but only local and temporary differences in its details. The biting mechanism in the last sabertooths was still perfectly effective, no less and probably no more so than in the Oligocene. To characterize as finally ineffective a mechanism that persisted without essential change in a group abundant and obviously highly successful for some 40,000,000 years seems quaintly illogical! In short, the 'inadaptive' trend of the sabertooth is a mere fairy tale, or more fairly, it was an error based on too facile conclusion from imperfect information and it has since been perpetuated as a scientific legend."

#### EXTRAVAGANCE UNLIMITED

I'm not really being so extravagant by having a "cover" with a blank inside page. I have an uneven number of stencils, so that won't be missed, paper is only an incidental cost compared to postage and stencils, and I just couldn't resist this cover. It is dedicated to Terry Carr, and is intended to show that not all of us Serious Constructive Fans need be so deadly serious about ourselves. Next issue will have a 18-page article (illustrated with photographs) on Project Mercury, and a fold-out cover depicting four Astronauts, two missiles, and Little Egypt of belly-dancing fame. Send for your copy NOW!

#### SO I WAS SCRATCHING BOGGS BEHIND THE EAR WHEN...

My first intention upon typing that heading was to tell you that I owned a cat named Dean W. Boggs. However, while this would be true it would be true only to a degree. I 'owned' this cat because it came up



on our porch one afternoon, but it only remained here about six hours. Within seconds of first laying eyes on the creature, my agile but somewhat twisted mind christened it Dean W. Boggs. (You will probably be happy to know, Redd, that the cat didn't seem to appreciate "Dean" either...) Unfortunately, this family already own an incredibly loud German Schnauzer, two canaries, and a neurotic parakeet. The cat was plainly incompatible with the other household pets.

Redd Boggs will probably be most concerned about the fact that I just referred to his namesake in the pastense. Let me assure you that nothing vile or evil befell the creature; he was merely given to a cat-loving friend.

Only one more thing needs to be said about Dean W. Boggs (the furry one, that is): he showed the fine critical sensitivities of his Godfather; he slept on a pile of Amazing Stories and wet on a copy of The National Fantasy Fan.

#### SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS

According to a clipping from the Sunday Sun Paper, "The reason mankind is around today may well be that early man was not a tasty meal for the wild animals that lived in his day." This is the theory of Dr. L.S.B. Leakey, of the Coryndon Memorial Museum, Nairobi, Kenya. No doubt this news will annoy some of the paleontologists and anthropologists who have claimed that the survival of man was due entirely to his capacity to reason. This clears up something I'd always wondered about: no matter how many teachers preached the superiority of mankind's mind, I was never convinced that a 220-pound man with a modicum of intelligence would be a match for a 600-pound sabertooth with pure animal cunning.

// Comedy on the diamond: If Oriole manager Paul Richards ever gets fired from his present position, he should have little difficulty making a living as a television/nightclub comedian. Recently he was heard to say: "We (Orioles) don't need a convertible to bring in a new pitcher, we just need an ambulance to take out the old one." // For the benefit of newer readers, I suppose I ought to explain that "Experiments in Esp" is a recurring column in this fanzine. The first "EinEsp" was a half-letter-size (i.e.,  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ ) fanzine which I wrote and published in January, 1960. The first time that title was used for a column was in Kipple #6, and it was written jointly by Ted Pauls and Bob Pavlat. The following issue, number seven, contained the second installment, this time written entirely by me. I then tried without success to round up further installments, finally decided the column was defunct, and now it is revived to accomodate Jeff Wanshel's experience.

// I can think of at least three ways to thank Donald Franson for reviewing Kipple in an NFFF fanzine, all excessively rude and at least one of which is quite unprintable. // "Who's on first? No wonder visitors to Baltimore are confused by the local government. We've got a mayor who wants to be a judge; a council president who wants to be mayor; and a comptroller who just wants to be boss." From The Maryland Labor Press, July 3, 1961. Comments, Owings or Chalker?

#### RETURN OF THE FLY-FOOT MONSTER

I don't suppose anyone is too terribly interested, but reading Harry Warner's article in Void #25 reminded me of my physical quirks. They may not be as interesting as Al Ashley's, but like Al, I have three: I have green eyes, which is rather unusual from my experience; the ability to fall almost anywhere without being hurt; and fly-feet. The latter is probably the most interesting. I can put my heels together and turn



my feet around so that the outsides meet. I need help for the last inch or so, which is usually disconcerting to the person involved: he or she waits for the sickening cra-a-ck as the bone breaks, all the while asking in a terrified voice, "Are you sure it doesn't hurt? You sure?" This is rather chucklesome, since I feel no discomfort. Unfortunately, for all the fun it may be, this quirk carries its own built-in disadvantage. Since my feet are pointing east and west while I'm walking north, I have a habit of kicking chairs and tables...and people. Also, I can only stand with my feet together in the normal fashion if I hold onto something, since I can't balance otherwise. Once, when I was being fitted for a pair of pants, the tailor asked me to stand with my feet together so he could take accurate measurements. This I did, but since there was nothing handy to hold onto, I fell like a pine tree struck by lightning.

Since the floor was tiled, I suppose my second quirk was a fortunate one: I have never been hurt falling. I've tumbled down steps, down a sheer rock surface and into a creek, off a fire escape, out of a window (head-first), and numerous other places. I did an article a few years ago on my desire to do pratt-falls, which appeared in Quixotic, to which I refer you for further details.

The green eyes probably aren't too amazing, but as I said it seems rather unusual. I have only met one other person with green eyes, a girl who also had red hair. This was a most striking combination. But a number of years ago my father told me that I did not have green eyes at all, but rather grey eyes which look green when I wear a specific color. This didn't strike me as being at all improbable, since I do know people who have grey eyes which become green-tinged when they wear green. However, in my case this isn't the explanation, because after that conversation I began to look into the mirror at odd frequent intervals--explaining at all times that it wasn't vanity, but healthy scientific curiosity--and the result is that I decided that I did indeed have green eyes. If I wear green, red, yellow, blue, white, black...my eyes are still green. Why, even when wearing my orange-red satin sportcoat with the purple velvet lapels, my eyes look green!

#### SON OF SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS

To carry on a fannish tradition, this column is being typed to the tune of "Long Gone Blues" as sung by Billy Holiday. // Les Nirenberg, a Good Man, needs material for Vahana #2, and though I don't usually run requests for material for other fanzines, Les specifically requested this plug. The only material he has at the moment is "a funny little piece" by Les Gerber, and a two-page cartoon essay by Ray Nelson. According to Les (who should know), Vahana is supposed to be a happy little zine containing mostly satire and humor, but the contributions to number one were unavoidably of a serious nature, more or less. The second issue will make up for the lack of humor in #1--if some of you people contribute. Do so at once, if you please. // Come to think of it, I need material, too. It may be bad policy to run my own request right after Vahana's, but I'm not really as desperate for material as Les. My tame Mezbian, and my half-domesticated TEW, will keep me fairly well supplied, and Bill Bowers will appear next issue as well. // And now number 37 on the Top Fifty songs today, "Walking in the Park One Day," by Newbold Morris. The preceeding was an Inside Joke meant for New York area fans, folk-singers, and the Villiage riot squad.

--Ted Pauls



## a fanzine review column

Yandro (Buck and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana) steadily disproved all generalizations about fanzines and fanzine editors. First they disproved the long-believed notion that a monthly fanzine could not keep up the grind; now they have disproven the theory (which had, after all, much objective evidence to support it) that enormous anniversary issues usually cause fan-editors to lapse into apathy. Number 101 arrived a scant month on the heels of the monster #100, and is much as usual--certainly with no signs of decay. The Bergeron cover looks like one of the "figure-ground" sketches from a textbook on Gestalt Therapy, for--looking at it from different angles--it presents two separate and very distinct figures. Ed Gorman talks about literature, learnedly no doubt, and there is a story or something by Ricky Ertl. But the major virtues of the zine still reside in the editorial talents of the Coulsons, in the small and silly features and interlineations scattered through the magazine, and in the lively and well-edited letter section. For which evaluation, no doubt, Buck will hate me.

It is difficult to review Bill Donaho's Habakkuk #6 (1441 8th Street, Berkeley 10, Calif.) in any way which will not degenerate into mere physical description and listing of contents, or else tempt me to take personal issue with the general theme and thesis of the magazine, or--a third alternative--stand in quite sincere and silent admiration at the stupendous scope of his concept and the competence with which, on the whole, he puts his concepts into objective existence. Reviewing this zine, in general, is either an impertinence or a monstrosity. It is not, strictly speaking, a fanzine but a sort of superfanzine, or a small literary--no, not literary--a small special-interest magazine in the format of a fanzine. In fact, Bill emphatically states in this issue that henceforth, material relating to science fiction and fandom will be put into his apazine Viper, and Habakkuk "will concern itself with the flotsam and jetsam and ephemera of our times." I could, of course, shunt this whole weighty question aside by saying that by this distinction, Bill has removed Habakkuk from the fanzine ranks and thus from the scope of this column.

But firmly squashing said temptation...  
Ray Nelson's "How To Be A Beatnik" tells exactly how to get into that

*cryin in*  
*the sink*

BY  
MARION  
BRADLEY

(INSTALLMENT ELEVEN)



elite society (elsewhere in the issue he speaks of a "public library card" as an essential; I modestly propound the question of who would subsidize these public libraries if the system he deplores were abandoned wholesale--and please don't all speak at once, Art, Bill, Walter and Ray, I'm only asking.) Poul Anderson presents a long and serious study on "Art and Communication," and there are various letters, discussions and commentary based on what Bloch suggested as the problem of "how can I live in this kookie world?" I don't know if Bill has presented any ultimate solutions to the problem; and since he is not posing anywhere as a Messiah, I don't believe he claims to have done so. But certainly Habakkuk contains a sizable proportion of the existing thought, in our particular corner of society, on that and other subjects. Physically the zine is imposing, running to 75 pages, and unless you have a contribution or letter of comment therein, it costs fifty cents. It ought to be more.

Don Fitch (3908 Frijo, Covina, California) presents HalFANthol...Volume 1, Fascile A. I don't know whether this is half a fan or half-anthology, but since he probably doesn't either, I doubt if it matters. Whatever it is, it is something rather new in the way of fanzines. There are two articles, one by Bob Lichtman and one by Ron Haydock, which are probably the ultimate of something or other; Bob gives a history of his fan publishing, including the kind of paper and ink used in every issue, and Ron Haydock does the same thing for West Coast Zines. And to dispel any lurking notion that this is a spoof on the statistical article, Fitch actually asks for more of the same! Fitch is evidently passionately interested in the mechanics and biblio aspects of publishing. This zine, however, is not as dull as this might sound, for the editorials are interesting, and it's chock full of interlineations and quotes from amusing conversations among the LASFS. I sort of liked it, but it's not everybody's dish of spaghetti.

FANTasmagorique (Scotty Neilson, 731 Brookridge Drive, Webster Groves 19, Missouri--no subs over 50¢, please) turns up for a second issue as full of bounce as the first, and considerably less naively constructed. The format is still precise, reminiscent of instructions on How To Publish an Amateur Journal, but that is to the good--at least one knows where to look for contents and colophon. The editorials are funny; Hugo Gernsback rebuts David Keller's "Senility of Science Fiction"; there are book reviews by Michael Padgett and some very excellent movie reviews and analyses by Richmond Wannen--excellent, that is, if one admits that an intelligent youngster can enjoy movies and treat them as the late Vernon McCain did in his running feature "Movies Are To Go See"; that is, take them on their own terms as entertainment, and enjoy them, rather than picking them to pieces to demonstrate one's own superiority to such a "low art form" in the Boggs and Blish manner. In short, FANTasmagorique is a fanzine devoted to the fields of stf and fantasy, for readers and collectors. There is little about it that is fannish; and, like Wannen reviewing movies, the reviewer should take it on its own terms and either enjoy what it is--excellent--or stay away. Incidentally, the artwork is excellent by any standards. I like it.

At the other end of the scale comes a comparable zine--comparable because Neilson and Bruce Henstell are about the same age, and with about the same amount of experience, all things considered, in publishing. Bruce Henstell's Esoterique (815 Tigertail Road, Los Angeles 49, Calif.) is also equally good of its kind, but the kind is uncompromisingly fannish. The editorial is no informal that unless one is "in" on all the



little jokes, one is inclined to wonder what in heck Bruce is talking about. Naturally enough, he chatters a lot about radio programs, then presents the second half of the radio program which featured Bloch, Beaumont and Clifton. However, this issue is less lopsided than the last, for Redd Boggs (in red ink yet!) presents Seven Ways to Avoid Editor Fatigue, an excellent analysis of why fanzines fold and how to keep your fanzine from developing Creeping Paralysis of the Readers. On second thought, it's not so fannish after all; so one wonders why it gives, on first reading, that overwhelming impression? The cult of "personality," maybe?

Vic Ryan's Bane (2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois) presents, via editorial, one of the best ideas put forth in a fanzine this year, of considerably more merit than all the Willis Funds put together: the nomination of Bob Tucker for Guest of Honor at the next convention. Who, he justly asks, could be said to have done more, both as fan and pro writer, for the entire microcosm? We give immediate and vociferous agreement, and wonder in shame why fandom has neglected this prophet without honor in his own small country. However, the star item of this issue is Buck Coulson's monumental presentation of the stf paperback trends--and how, we wonder, does he get around so much while producing a Yandro a month with the regularity of a prize hen producing cackleberries? Buck did what no other fan yet had thought of, or bothered to do; instead of merely conjecturing what the paperback publishers were going to do for stf, he wrote and asked 'em--an answer marvelous in its simplicity--then analyzed and abstracted the results. This single article probably contributes more to the excessive trend-analyzing of science fiction, of late, than the whole issue of Kemp, Willick and the younger fanzine hash-makers. (And the end is not yet; just yesterday I received an announcement of a new fanzine, asking among other things for articles on why science fiction is in such a state. Beware!)

First Venture (Randy Scott, Route 2, Watts, Oklahoma). As shown by the cover, in spite of the purple ditto ink, Randy Scott is a notable artist--or, to ward off criticism, I shall say illustrator--and we wish to goodness he had produced more of his drawings and fewer statements such as, "Surprise, surprise, another new fanzine!". He is also a youngster of wit and ingenuity--shown by a genuinely funny story about Mr. Dean and His Wondrous Drive, also by Randy Scott. But we would have known that anyhow, by his persistence on publishing a fanzine on "two separate mimeo machines and a ditto". He also does some chatty fanzine reviews. But since he lives in the Great Fannish Desert and is writing all the material himself, we suggest that if you don't know what to do with that fanzine article, toss it his way. We guarantee he'll do it up in an inventive format, anyway!

Inside the most beautiful cover of the month, a lithographed Cat Goddess by Dave Prosser, comes Obelisk #1, from Lenny Kaye (418 Hobart Road, Sutton Terrace, No. Brunswick, New Jersey). Unfortunately the interior does not live up to the promise of the cover. The mimeographing is the result of the worst-cut stencils since Astra's Tower #2, and the material is a batch of scrappily-arranged short pieces by the ubiquitous John Berry and Mike Deckinger, a good story by David Keller and a passable but too short one by Scott Neilson, and a rather fine David Travis article on the myth of the Devil's Feast. Some better-cut stencils, and a little better editorial arrangement and presentation would have made this one of the year's best first issues; as it is, the effort to decipher the illegible pages consigns it, with Ad Astra, to the pile of wasted oppor-



# A FAN'S LIBRARY:

## TWO REVIEWS IN CONTRAST

TED  
PAULS

Lately I've been on something of a zoology binge, re-reading most of the material I already have, and buying some new books on the subject. Among the latter are two books roughly concerning the same subject which couldn't have been less alike if the two authors had tried: "The Web of Life," by John H. Storer, and Frank W. Lane's "Nature Parade". The latter is a pleasure to read, and I highly recommend it to anyone interested in zoology. It has several minor faults, primarily in the writing technique and presentation as opposed to the facts it chronicles, but there is little doubt of its superiority when compared to "The Web of Life".

On the title page, Mr. Storer's book is blurbbed as "A First Book of Ecology," but this is doubtful to the extreme. If someone asked me to recommend a book to read before reading a "First Book" of ecology, then I might recommend this one, but under no circumstances would I consider it even an introduction to the science of ecology. Ecology, as many learned men have pointed out, is so complex that a man might not be expected to fully comprehend all of its secrets in even a lifetime of study. This referred to all the aspects of ecology rather than just an introduction, true, but in a science so complex, even the introduction, to be meaningful, must be relatively thorough. This one isn't, and therefore it isn't particularly worthwhile as an introduction. The blurb on the back cover gives a clue to this fault, one of the major faults of the volume: it claims that Storer does for all of nature what Rachel Carson, in "The Sea Around Us," did for marine life. A comparison of the size of Mrs. Carson's book and this one makes one doubt it very much, especially since so much of the first few chapters of "Web" is excess verbiage. It reads like a travel folder inviting us to Go Outdoors and See The Wonders Of Nature.

In a mere 126 pages of large, spread-out type, John Storer attempts to cover all of the wonders of nature. Better men have failed this task with many more pages, but even most of the previous failures come closer to the mark than this volume.

Paperback or hardcover books aren't supposed to have an "editorial personality" as in magazines or newspapers, but "The Web of Life" has such a personality and it is quite clear-cut:



pompous. I haven't met Mr. Storer, but from the tone of his book I might be willing to wager that he is also pompous, and with the superior air of a school-teacher explaining zoology to a class of morons. This attitude isn't justifiable at all, especially since the information he prints, for the most part, would probably be old-hat to this same class of morons. This goes back to the first fault I outlined, that of trying to accomplish so ambitious a purpose in such a small book. There is little misinformation in this volume, to my knowledge, but so much of it is vague generalization that the effect is the same.

In pointing out what I feel is the great fault of the book, I've tried to look at it from the viewpoint of a novice to the field of ecology. This is difficult, but otherwise my criticisms could always be dismissed on the grounds that "Web" is, after all, only a First Book of Ecology. This is a genuinely reasonable defense of the volume if you have never read it. Obviously, I couldn't forget that most of the facts were elementary to me, and it is understandable that a novice might find the book different. However, this holds true to a lesser degree with "Nature Parade" as well, which, as you will see in a moment, I enjoyed immensely.

Why then did I not enjoy "The Web of Life"? Why should the fact that most of "Web" was elementary to me preclude any enjoyment of that volume, while the fact that the same could be said for "Nature Parade" made no difference?

One of the reasons for this is the style of John Storer, and another is the aforementioned pomposity. Not only did he point out zoological facts which were obvious to me, but he quite seriously pointed out facts (not necessarily having to do with zoology) that would be obvious to anyone who could read. I give you the following sentence, quoted from the foreword, as an example: "The illustrations in the middle of this book complement the text; they, and their captions, may be studied as a separate section, either before or after reading the text." I don't quite know whether Storer is pointing out the obvious here, or, mirroring the pomp I mentioned previously, giving us permission to cheat and look at the pictures first. In either case, it's a rather useless comment and gives the whole tone of the book. Some writers revel in page upon page of useless detail; Storer enjoys page upon page of useless generalization. If the former is tiring, the latter is a prime bore.

"Nature Parade", on the other hand, is never boring. I speak as a person interested in zoology and related sciences, but at least one friend of mine who isn't the least interested in seriously studying zoology bought the volume on my recommendation, and at last report he has spent a very enjoyable time on the first 150 pages. That's the kind of book it is. It presents a seemingly infinite series of facts about nature, written in a pleasant if not exactly beautiful manner. The fact that the book reads smoothly is almost a contradiction to its basic nature, but Lane has succeeded in putting this rapid-fire series of statistics and anecdotes into a style which is a perfect vehicle for it. If you buy this book expecting to find a bunch of stodgy, herky-jerky facts as might be found in a Ripley collection, you will be disappointed. Throughout the 240-odd pages, the volume rolls along, page after page, like a quiet mountain stream. Gone are the pages of Lovecraft-like description of John Storer; gone are the complaints to See The Outdoors, and the hurt griping at people whose carelessness causes forest fire; and, most important and most thankfully, gone is the laborious explanation of every unimportant point and the snubbing of the



important ones.

And yet, "Nature Parade" too could, by stretching a point, be called an introductory book. Anyone of reasonable intelligence would largely understand this text, except possibly for a few trips to the dictionary when unfamiliar terms like "stroboscope" are used sans explanation. But this shouldn't be an inconvenience, and it is more than compensated for by the quality of the book.

Frank Lane is not only a good writer, but also a good story-teller. The quality of the writing is inhibited somewhat by the way that facts are presented in different categories so that interesting facts about the same animal might be found in four different chapters, and the qualities of the story-telling are likewise impaired by the nature of the book. All in all, though, the former comes out remarkably well, and the categorization is useful for finding specific information in a hurry; and the latter is excellently done, considering the rather humorless general impression of the book as a whole. An example of the story-telling might be a fitting end to this review:

"The Peruvian llama is never likely to be a fashionable mount. And for this reason: it occasionally objects to its passenger, and when it does, it stops in its tracks, twists its head and ejects, with considerable force, a portion of its acrid saliva.

"In the early years of this century there was a llama at the London zoo which developed a dislike for the fashionable top hats of the day. As soon as one of these aristocratic hats arrived within spitting distance, the unfortunate owner received a charge of malodorous saliva, delivered with the force of a garden hose, full on his offending headgear."

--Ted Pauls

/NATURE PARADE is a Premier Book, #dl22, 50¢; THE WEB OF LIFE, if you heed my criticism in an inverse manner, is a Mentor Book, #MD288, also 50¢./

- \_\_\_ If this space is checked, it means that this is the last issue you will receive unless you respond in some manner.
- \_\_\_ A check here indicates that we are trading fanzines.
- \_\_\_ If this space is marked, you have a contribution or a letter of comment in this issue.
- \_\_\_ This is a sample copy. Do you want to continue receiving it?
- \_\_\_ How about writing an article or column for us? We don't pay as much as Playboy, unfortunately, but prompt publication is absolutely guaranteed.
- \_\_\_ If this space is marked, you have been cut from the list and are not receiving this issue.

As things now stand, number 19 will be your last issue.



## EXPERIMENTS

## IN

esp

(INSTALLMENT THREE)

Experiment? I wouldn't call it an experiment; an occurrence, perhaps--a happenstance--but not an experiment. It's the type of thing that happens too often to be coincidence, yet defies any attempt to be pigeonholed as reliable. You can't conduct a controlled experiment with no constant.

Perhaps this latent talent, if it be such, has been hanging around for quite a while, manifesting itself at such odd intervals that I never noticed it. At any rate, it all started with a simple game of baseball.

We, the faceless multitude, were engrossed in an unusually interesting game. Suddenly, one of our company asked the time. As are we all, he was subject to strict censorship--in this case, parental censorship. He had to be home at a certain hour, or suffer the consequences.

Of course, it was rather bugging. I threw a disgusted look at him, and said, looking at the non-existent watch on my wrist, "At the sound of the gong, the time will be exactly thirty-seven minutes after five," using the first figure that popped into my head.

This, as I had expected, didn't satisfy him. "Go look, will you?" he asked me. Sighing the sigh of one who is old before his time, I trotted to my house (the closest) and peered at the wall-clock.

It read thirty-seven minutes, thirty-five seconds after five o'clock.

What happens when the unexplainable occurs? You laugh, shrug it off, attribute it to the minor deity Coincidence. Everything can be explained once one has sufficient knowledge. I ignored it.

Then it happened again.

I was talking to a girl over the telephone. She cut herself off in the middle of a sentence. "Say--how long have we been talking? I still have to do my homework."

I was upstairs, the clock nowhere in sight. "Oh, about eighteen minutes," I estimated.

She told me to hold on, and was back a short while later. "How did you know?" she asked, giving me a very queer verbal glance. I'd been right--exactly right.

The third time set me to thinking. The family was riding back from New York City in the car. It has no clock. My father asked if I knew the time. "I don't know," I answered truthfully. Or...almost. "About nine-fifty-five."



"You have a watch, don't you?"

"Mighod, yes!" I replied, slapping my palm to my forehead. It was dark, so I waited until we hit a bright series of lights, and looked at the watch.

Nine-fifty-six, of course.

It hit me like a crate of old pulpzines. Once is coincidence; twice is very odd, but not beyond the bounds of probability; but when you hit the jackpot three times running, something is very definitely wrong.

I told my parents. They laughed, and urged me to predict the time we'd arrive home. Just for the hell of it, I did.

The guess was twenty-eight minutes off. I'm quite sure I slept a little more soundly that night because of it.

This time, though, I didn't forget it. I tried to figure out a way to experiment with this latent talent, bring it out in the open--or exile it to the world of the improbable.

I had various people ask me the time whenever they remembered. It was a dismal failure; I was way off every time. Gradually, after defeat became the norm, the problem faded from the foreground of my mind.

Then...it was the same place; another baseball game, the same character. The same sarcastic popped-off reply, the same quick check. Deja vu, if you like. It happened. This time, though, I remembered, and looked at the clock with...anticipation.

Exactly right. Again.

It stirred me to new heights of activity. I experimented, tried every conceivable angle, and came up with no conclusion whatsoever. I did come up with some observations; worth little, perhaps, merely a report on an unusual phenomenon. After examining these, I tried the various card tests for latent psi talent. Alas, John Campbell, they proved duds. I was normal.

These are the observations.

It's a haphazard talent, at best. It is definitely more than coincidence, less than established fact. One observation, unfortunately, seems to indicate that further experimentation is useless: whatever the talent may be, it is a function of the subconscious mind. If I concentrate on what I am doing, I throw myself off. If I snap off the answer without thinking, I am usually close to the current time.

Inconclusive results, to be sure. I possess a useless talent. I am irregular in the accuracy of my observations (and out goes the first character who says, "Use ex-lax!"); I can't predict anything; I can't be put in a circus sideshow, for concentration on what I'm doing ends in negative results. But I've got a talent, for what it may be worth; that is certain.

While typing the first draft of this article, I am listening to the radio. About five minutes ago, just for the hell of it, I ventured a guess at the time. I was accurate to one minute on the kitchen clock.

We're little, useless espers who have lost our way. Bah, bah, bah. Humbug.

--Jeff Wanshel



# CRYIN IN THE SINK

## CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11

tunities. I still say that people like Art Hayes, who have expert reproduction but no editorial talent, and people like Lenny Kaye--who has some talent but little experience--should get together and produce one bang-up fanzine instead of two poor tries.

There are the usual oddments in the pile. An announcement of a forthcoming fanzine, Blastoff, from Paul Zimmer, RFD #1, East Greenbush, New York, asking for material of a more serious type--i.e., no fan-fiction--arrived recently; two issues of Fanac, from Walter Breen, basement, 163 West 10th, New York 14, N. Y., giving all the news and lowdown on the fannish scene. The Fantasy Puritan is an odd little item from somebody in Eugene, Oregon--try as I might I could locate only a list of contributors and no editor. (This is probably Scotty Tapscott. -ed.) This is a spoof on censorship in fanzines and elsewhere, and purports to tell of the organization of the PAPA--the Puritan APA--and that's not what it meant LAST time, kids! It's mostly a funny collection of interlineations in the Rotsler Quote-book manner, with bits of quasi-censorship ala Bowdler, made ridiculous. A sample follows: "dedicated to the ~~prppssxxlph~~ idea that fandom must be ~~xxpx~~ maintained free from sin...the official ~~prpph~~ publication..." and so forth. What with all the very real trouble which fans have been having with the P.O. lately, it strikes us as being about as funny as a crutch.

Daphne Buckmaster's Random is an OMPAazine but contains the best--i.e., most beautifully drawn and stencilled--nude ever to appear in a non-lithographed fanzine; Rich Bergeron's Warhoon is a SAPSazine but is available to outsiders and very much worth availing; and Jerry Burge's The Southern Fan (1707 Piper Circle, Atlanta 16, Ga.) Tell All about that organization, with a multiplicity of organizational details and a scramble of letters from various southern fans, mostly splitting tendrils about who is eligible to join their select circle.

And that's that. Fandom is in a summer slump, or something.

--Marion Z. Bradley  
(Box 158, Rochester, Texas)

-----  
"Ruth Williams still carried her dead baby. Its insides had come through its back, slowly, as she walked, and finally they'd jiggled so loose that she stepped on them now and again. Jim came along behind her, his face clotted up in the cold, his hands on her back--because he couldn't see. Behind Jim, holding onto a length of clothesline, came the rest of the family. People who saw Ruth leading, walking, tripping a little, slipping now and again--for visibility was good in the torchy light--said things and were sick or they screamed, and Ruth always smiled a little at their discomfiture.

"Finally, Ruth threw it away."

--Philip Wylie, in "Tomorrow," page 229, Popular Giant, #PC1005, 50¢.

I recommend this book without reservation to everyone within range of these words. -TPP



A

SONG

OF

CIVIL

Joe Phann  
914 Putrid Road  
Crapply, Nevada

Dear Mr. Pauls:

You are of course aware that your 14th issue was one of the worst fanzines ever pubbed, an insult to fandom. Now my mag, "UFO COMMENTARY" contains excellent material by noted authors, latest news on sightings, and many pages of personal experiences. For just \$4.50, you receive two BIG is-

REDD BOGGS  
2209 HIGHLAND PLACE, NE  
MINNEAPOLIS 21, MINN.

Either you slipped up at last and posted Kipple late, or else my copy of #14 came by way of Hong Kong. I'm readier to suspect the latter theory is correct because of the fact that

the magazine arrived in slightly battered condition, hanging loosely to its staples. At any rate, Kipple #14 arrived here just yesterday (June 28), later than any issue previous to this, and late enough to waken some concern about Kipple's possible fate. (Gee, Uncle Redd, it's nice to know I'd be missed. ## Becoming serious for the moment ("ha! he's serious all the time!")), I don't recall that yours was one of the copies returned to me. Of course, it may have been one of the ones the postman had forwarded; he didn't make a note of the addresses for me.)

The argument that TV is what it is because "it's designed for the majority" strikes me as familiar. That's what they used to say about the paperback book industry: most of it was trash, but the majority of people like trash. So a couple of enterprising publishers decided to publish a line of highbrow books in paperback, and suddenly discovered that there was a big market for good books too. Currently the campus bookstores and other stores catering to the intelligentsia are crammed with quality books that no publisher would have dared put in paperback a decade ago. And I suspect that the same thing would happen in the TV industry if some enterprising producers dared put out something of real highbrow interest. The relative success of lower middle-brow shows like "The Play of the Week" and "Omnibus" ought to convince somebody, but one suspects that nobody in the TV industry has any vision or any guts, let alone any talent outside of a well-developed avarice and cunning. (I'm not so sure I agree, but then I'm equally unsure what you mean by "highbrow interest". I wonder, though, if the average reader isn't more intelligent than the average viewer? While there is of course a great difference between reading, say, Ed McBain or Ellery Queen, and reading Orwell, Dostoyevski, or Homer (or any of a multitude of others), there is probably even more difference between watching "Shotgun Slade" and Macbeth. I doubt if enough of the viewing public would support a really "highbrow" show. The success of the Plays of the Week is no indication



that more of the same type would be met with much response. Also, most of the Plays presented aren't that good. There have been some worth raving about, but considering that the show has been on the air for about two years, the percentage of really worthwhile plays is small. As for Omnibus, I don't watch it and so can't comment on it.)

I enjoyed Ted White's letter, but that's the last issue of Discord I'll send to him. Future issues sent to 107 Christopher will be sent to Sylvia. Of course she may not read them either, but I'm sure she doesn't in addition wear a beard. I feel that Ted has done what I warned against: taking too seriously my remarks about working out a "rigid formula of presentation," as he calls it. Insofar as I can judge my own work, I'd honestly say that I think that there's more spontaneity in Discord than in any other fanzine I've published (aside from a one-shot like the Fond du Lac Qahal). Maybe that's not very spontaneous, but I disbelieve that spontaneity and liveliness is 100% lacking.

As far all the "little gimmicks" he sees in Discord, I can't think what he refers to. Indeed, I'm not just sure what he means by a "gimmick," but gropingly I'd suspect that Ellison's SF Bulletin might be the archetype of the "gimmicked" fanzine. If so, Void strikes me as far more gimmicked than any other current fanzine I can think of, at least far more gimmicked than Discord. The only gimmick Ted refers to, that of underlining editorial replies in the letter section, was adopted for a good reason. He thinks that I underscore editorial comments "because in type this would be italicized," though why I should care about this is more than I can determine. The only reason I underline my comments is to differentiate between what the letter writer says and what I say. One of my pet peeves is a letter department like Void's where it's often difficult to figure out who is speaking unless you backtrack and check to be sure you didn't miss a double-parenthesis somewhere along the line. Ted may be right that it becomes "a mass of shouting lines crammed together" when I underline my comments, but at least you know damn well that it is editorial comment. I'm aware that too many such lines crammed together are hard to read, and that's one reason why I keep my comments at a minimum. Glancing through the file, I find a total of only 31 lines or parts of lines of editorial comment in the 11 issues that had a letter section, and only twice does such underscored material run more than three lines in one place. Is that too much shouting?

BHOB STEWART

237 W. 10th, #17

NEW YORK 14, N.Y.

I see myself credited with a bit of misinformation in Kipple 14 so I moughts well straighten it out. Betty Kujawa is wrong when she says the motion picture Rebel Without A Cause was taken from Robert Lindner's book. The title may have been bought from Lindner as Ted White claims; other than the title there is no relation between the two works.

The screen credits read: "SCREENPLAY BY STEWART STERN...ADAPTED BY IRVING SCHULMAN...FROM A STORY BY NICHOLAS RAY". The story behind all of that goes as follows: Nick Ray, who directed Rebel, gave all of his ideas on the picture to Irving Schulman, who set to work on the screenplay. Halfway through, Schulman became so entranced with his characters he abandoned the screenplay and began to rewrite the story as a novel. Ray turned the incomplete screenplay over to Stern, a psychologist, who finished it. Schulman's novel eventually came out under the title, "Children of the Darkness," and is good reading for anyone who remembers the Rebel characters with fondness. Judy turns out to be



much more of a bitch than she was on the screen; in one chapter she is seducing a stranger so her boyfriends can sneak up behind, clobber, and rob him. The opening chapter seems to be conceived in visual terms and would have been a gas if filmed (as might have been planned by Schulman): the teenagers are having a party in the home of one of their wealthy friends and wreck the place by throwing frozen food all over the house. But most important: a major flaw of the movie story is dealt with more realistically. In the book the impact of Buzz's death is a matter of grave concern and the teenagers become frightened children instead of riding around making adult decisions as they did in the film.

Betty also makes the same mistake I did in talking to you about Gorman's article. If I remember right, Ed did not say that "'Rebel' was based on The Amboy Dukes." He said it was written by "Irving 'Amboy Dukes' Schulman". Score two minuses for Betty.

Next, I am sure Betty will agree that the picture had many distinctive elements that set it apart from any picture made about teenagers before it. She mentions the Dead End Kids. I can't see the comparison. The Dead End Kids, besides being comedy and often unrealistic, were the popularly conceived notion of Product of the Slums; what Rebel explored was delinquent children of parents with some degree of social and financial standing. Prior to Rebel these type of teenagers had only been shown on the screen in the Andy Hardy/Jane Powell Let's-All-Go-Jump-In-The-Car-And-Go-Have-A-Coke-Gang-Type pictures.

Also, Rebel did not just show kids out for kicks as did some of its predecessors and all of its imitators. It tried to find out why. And, I think, it was mainly this reason, and not just Dean, that sent teenagers back to see the picture over and over. It certainly was a picture to identify with, and I did so myself, very strongly, at the time it was released (1955). Each character was written and acted with separate psychological motivations: Plato, whose parental contact has been reduced to receiving regular checks by mail from his dad, finds as much security in an abandoned house as he does at home. The arrival of Judy and Jim at the house overjoys him; when they act protectively towards him, he accepts them as parent-substitutes. He is so friendless that when Jim shows friendship toward him his reactions to this bear overtones of latent homosexuality. Buzz gets tremendous satisfaction in playing the role of leader. He has no great desire to badger Jim until it becomes obvious that the others in the group want him to and he must to keep prestige. It is noteworthy that Buzz was not a stereotyped young hood, but was imitating one...specifically, Brando in Wild One. (His manner of dress was the same, and at one point on the soundtrack, very faintly, one of the girls can be heard off-camera, saying, "Steady, Marlon." to Buzz.) Judy, stifling her sexual desires for her father, feels unloved in comparison with her little brother, and finds the importance she needs by being the gang-leader's girl. She delights in the struggle between Buzz and Jim, feeling that Jim must prove himself in battle before he is worthy of her. Jim finds his father's weaknesses distasteful and is frustrated continually by his mother's inability to understand him. When he needs help, he finds his father inadequate and runs instead to the police psychologist who be-friended him.

With all these things cooking, character-relationships came forth that hit closer to home (broken or otherwise) than anything the movie-going teenagers of the fifties had ever seen before. No picture before had ever gotten beneath the adolescent shell. Traffaut in



Arts (26-9-56): "In James Dean, today's youth discovers itself. Less for the reasons usually advanced: violence, sadism, hysteria, pessimism, cruelty, and filth, than for others infinitely more simple and commonplace: modesty of feeling, continual fantasy life, moral purity without relation to everyday morality but all the more rigorous, eternal adolescent love of tests and trials, intoxication, pride, and regret at feeling oneself 'outside' society, refusal and desire to become integrated and, finally, acceptance--or refusal--of the world as it is." (Underlining mine.) (There was more--much more--about Rebel, and I may print it in a later issue, but for now there are others to hear from. For example...))

ED BRYANT

ROUTE #2

WHEATLAND, WYOMING

Len Moffatt: Here's another method of cutting out sex crimes by putting sex in the open light (literally). Within a space of several generations--or possibly just one, depending on how public opinion goes--it might be possible to adopt the custom of public nudity. After all, the primary purpose of clothing--except in such climes as the arctic--is to provide sex appeal. Among the beneficial aspects of universal nudism would be a great drop in the cost of living (just think--no more unwanted neckties at Christmas) and the probable upsweep in public health as people become self-conscious and attempted to get in shape so they wouldn't look like the slobs they were when they had clothes to hide their faults. (Would anyone care to comment on the sterling gem of a proposal? Somehow I don't quite feel up to it.)

LES GERBER

732 ATWATER AVE.

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

Articles on censorship have little interest for me in general; it's been a long time since I found anything new in an anti-censorship article, and I've never found a pro-censorship article which was the least bit convincing. There is one point, though, which I think should be brought out in relation to something Len Moffatt says. Len seems to consider people who look at "dirty" pictures, especially for sexual satisfaction, not "normal". The truth is that they could hardly be more normal. Among adolescents, the only ones who don't use photographs are those abnormally inhibited, those unable to obtain them, and those who find complete sexual satisfaction in heterosexual (or homosexual) activity. The others are normal, in that they are indulging in a common activity. The word is unhealthy. Anyone who is forced to resort exclusively or largely to monosexual activities for his satisfaction is not having a healthy sex life. (Pardon me for interrupting, Les, but don't you think you should refrain from discussing sex until you have more than one pubic hair?) But exclusive monosexuality is forced on many adolescents (in the same way that homosexuality is forced on a lesser number) by our society's unhealthy attitude against premarital sex relations, which presents boys in particular with the strongest taboos against heterosexual relations at a time when their sex drive is at its strongest. It is damn well impossible to legislate against a sex drive, which doesn't bother worrying about society's attitudes, or the attitudes of the individual it drives. What society has done, effectively, is drive those adolescents who do not have the aggressive personality required to get a willing girl into forms of release which it considers more abhorrent by far; and as long as a situation like that exists, pornography, prostitution, and homosexuality are going to be widely prevalent, as they are now. You can feel sorry for pornography users (as opposed to porno enjoyers, who can be either perfectly normal people or badly warped), but you can't



condemn them anymore than you can blame someone who picks up a cough from polluted air. (You seem to consider "pornography, prostitution, and homosexuality" about equal as Evils of our Society. I'm afraid I don't agree. Sex with a prostitute at least offers a heterosexual outlet, more healthy than a homosexual or monosexual outlet, which are the two alternatives offered. Sex-with-love is of course more enjoyable, but love isn't necessary, and under certain circumstances it may not even be particularly desirable, to a healthy sex relationship. Prostitution, per se, is not necessarily evil; it may have 'evil' (I prefer to say 'unhealthy') results, but then almost anything can have unhealthy effects.))

I think Marion is over-rating Wells' "Encounter" somewhat. I was as pleased as she to discover an honest attempt at serious fiction written about fans, and I thought the story was skillful; but the characterization, particularly of the prostitute, didn't hold together as well or convincingly as Moomaw's "The Adversaries," which I still think is the best piece of fan fiction I've read. I've seen somewhere Charles' explanation that the prostitute's statement that she had become a prostitute because she liked sex was presented as her rationalization, not his intended motivation, and as such it is a good deal more easily acceptable; but while reading the story I got the impression that he meant it to be her actual motivation. I may just be insensitive, but that's the way the story struck me. I did enjoy it, though. (You reminded me that I wanted to comment on Marion's original list of what she considered the best fan (more accurately, "faan") fiction, but somehow it slipped my mind. So here, for what it is worth, is a list of what I consider the best, in no particular order: Stark's "The Fanatics" from Stellar; Bradley's "Fantasy Blues" from Stellar; Warner's "Jason and the Convention Fan" from Syzygy; Spencer's "Incident" from Stellar; Carr's "The Fan Who Hated Quotecards" from Weekend Shack-Up; Moomaw's "The Adversaries" from Void; Bradley's "The Feud of the Century" from Spectre; and Wells' "Encounter" from Cadenza.)

DON FRANSON  
6543 BABCOCK AVE.  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

It's croggling to think that Marion Bradley got only nine fanzines in any month. This is near-gafia. Maybe she doesn't advertise the fact widely that she is a reviewer--I've noticed that the ones she reviews don't really represent the mainstream of fanzine fandom, but are mostly neozines. (Aside from Cry and Shaggy, which she doesn't get, and Warhoon, which she refuses to review, Marion reviews most of the worthwhile fanzines being published.) Maybe she reviews neozines because she can more easily pick on them (that ought to get a rise!). Seriously, Marion might send for zines rather than wait for them to come as review copies, as many faneds don't realize that this is a worthwhile review column, instead of just a gimmick to get fanzines, and doubtless many of them don't even know about Kipple. A squib in Fanac might be a good idea. (Listening, Walt...?)

STEVE STILES  
1809 SECOND AVE.  
NEW YORK 28, N.Y.

Someday I must read a Ruark novel; the man is particularly amusing and worthwhile whenever I want to get indignant over something. His "Something of Value", if one can safely base their assumptions on the Humbug version, sounds like Mickey Spillane set against an African background. (While I haven't read "Something of Value" (and for all I know it may be pure crud), I don't recommend basing an opinion of anything on a Humbug satire.))

Generally, however, Ruark reaches a pinna-



cle of offensiveness in his editorials for the World Telegram. His usual attacks against youthful law offenders can usually be summed up as: "They ought to be strung up!" He also spear-headed an anti-tractors for freedom movement, based on the presumption that it would be humiliating for Uncle Sam to bend over that far, and that these "dumb" private citizens had no right to meddle in something that was no affair of theirs. Ruark would've probably been yelling for the Spanish-American war if he had been living in that era.

Somehow I can't get excited over the cases of censorship you cited, Ted; for the most part censorship has dealt with only sexual and moral questions, which are more or less connected with the senses and not of the mind. I would start worrying about the 1984 bit if censorship spread over political and scientific areas. (It hasn't, you mean? What about the case of George Rockwell for the former, and the Catholic Church's sound trouncing of oral contraceptives for the latter?) Of course, we have rarely seen fascists or communists portrayed in a good light, but probably only because of a self-imposed censor of the movie people themselves; i.e., the public doesn't want to see communists or fascists winning out. Even if this wasn't the case, and the government imposed the censor, both schools of thought don't have enough merits to justify any concern over their elimination. (What I meant in the original comment about thought control was this: untranslated dialogue in foreign films is not cut because it is, per se, obscene; non-obscene dialogue is cut because one who didn't understand it might possibly give it an obscene meaning. If this isn't thought-control, it's the closest thing to it I hope to see in some time.)

BOB LICHTMAN  
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LOS ANGELES 56, CALIF.

Department of Censorship, fit the first, is interesting in that I saw the so-called report on censorship myself, and was, aside from being depressed at the stupidities of the self-appointed guardians of our Morals, very turned off by the fact that CBS did not, as I hoped against hope, make some kind of definitive statement one way or the other themselves. I was sitting there with (figuratively) my fingers crossed waiting for them to say, "Yes, we're for censorship," or "No, we're against censorship," and then tell why. They didn't and the whole thing sort of fell apart from my viewpoint.

Department of Censorship, fit the second, hit home a bit more, since this is and has been, to one degree or another, the situation around this house for 10! these many many years. I don't remember too many incidents early in life, since I was a naive little kid who didn't bring home his Dirty Pictures and stuff like that. But later on, about the time the Peyton Place craze was at about its height (when half the people at old Inglewood High were carrying around well-dogearred pbs of Mrs. Metalious' book), I bought, read, and then set aside a copy of the book. Naturally my mother came across it, presumably went, "Oh my stars, what stuff my son is reading!" and purloined it. I never saw it again. (I've been extraordinarily fortunate in matters of this sort, as my parents have never confiscated a book or magazine of mine. From my experience this is rather unusual. But I've had some experience with school teachers confiscating books and magazines. When I was going to the Baltimore Institute for a half-semester (having moved to a neighborhood with no school yet built) I bought a copy of On The Road and was sitting in Mt. Vernon Square eating a sandwich (barbequed pork on roll, if you must know) and skimming idly. The principal, a Mr. Brown,



happened to stroll by at the moment, and he had evidently heard some derogatory comments about it. "I don't like to see my students reading junk like that " he said. I explained, quite reasonably, that what I read on my own time on city property was no particular concern of his; he didn't see it this way. He very politely pried my fingers off the book, stuck it into his pocket, and told me I could pick it up at his office after school, if I ever wanted to see it again. To shorten an otherwise long story, I did pick the book up after school and I didn't ever read anything less innocent than "The Pickwick Papers" during lunch again. I suppose I should have stood up for my rights, but I just didn't consider it important enough. A few weeks later, however, I did realize what course of action I should have taken: I should have refused to give up the book, and then informed Brown that any attempt to take it would be frowned on by my parents and the police department, the latter considering it assault and battery. It's a real pity I neglected to think of this at the time--Ah what wondrous schemes doth hindsight provide!))

A more recent episode occurred just about a week and a half ago. I've taken in recent months to keeping my non-stf "library" (such as it is) in the place formerly occupied by my set of Galaxy. This is an improvement to the former chaos, in which my books were scattered in drawers (of chests, not my underwear), atop my phonograph, and on the floor. However, not to digress further, my brother borrowed for his own reading pleasure my paperback copy of On The Road, a most unusual book which I read just after it came out in paperback. My mother was making my brother's bed one morning and noticed the book on top of his nightstand. So she took it, probably read a few parts of it, and stashed it away somewhere. I don't know how many days it was before I noticed it was gone, but one evening I wanted to check out a reference between it and the Brandonization in Innuendo, so I went in looking for it. When it wasn't there, I asked my brother. He said he didn't know where it was either, so I asked my mother, who said, "I don't want John reading that sort of thing." "What sort of thing?" I asked, and she answered, "Filthy stuff like that On The Road." "Well," I said, "how about giving it back to me?" "No," she said, very bluntly. "Damn it," I went on, piqued, "I've already read it so any harm you might be thinking of has already been done." "I'll give it back to you later," she said. "When," I asked with my mouth. "When I get out of the hospital," she concluded, as I strained to listen with my ears. The next day she went into the hospital for her operation. She's still there. Tune in next month to see if Lichtman gets his book back, and if not what he does about it. (Maybe I just don't have respect for my parents, but didn't it ever occur to you that while she's in the hospital, you could simply find your book and take it? Your home situation differs widely and wildly from mine, though, and this situation will never arise here, so I don't know if this is what I would do or if it is merely empty talk. //Come to think of it, a lot of teenaged fans have talked about their Parent Troubles, so I suppose I'm luckier than most. John Koning once mentioned that his mother might purposely tip stacks of fanzines onto the floor so she could throw them out; and Les Sample is a most pathetic case, if his letters in Bane are totally true. (His is another problem I'll never have to face--hick cops from burghs like Columbia, S.C. might pick up a teenager because he happened to be visiting a girl his father didn't like, but never Baltimore police officers. Most likely it was a personal favor to Mr. Sample, who probably played poker with the police chief at the general store on Saturday nights, or once took the mayor's daughter to the square dance



at the Town Hall. I admit this might be slightly exaggerated, and Columbia, S.C. might have a population of more than 689, but...))

MIKE BECKER  
5828 CONWAY ROAD  
BETHESDA 14, MD.

Calvin Demmon: "so what?" that "Communism is Treason". Mostly, that you will find a large, intelligent, and articulate number of Americans who will willingly argue against what you call "an unassailable statement". The theoretical doctrine, I would say, obviously isn't; equally obviously, Russian-dominated Communism is treason. For various and sundry reasons, the theoretical doctrine today is mostly Russian-dominated, and thus today--but not all of yesterday, viz. the 1920's, and not necessarily all of tomorrow--"Communism is treason," but the statement is not unassailable. (In case anyone plans to send fanzines or letters to Mike, don't expect an answer for a while. The above address is good for mail, but Mike isn't there--he's in Paris, from where this letter was written. A new address will appear when I am notified of one. Until then, only we Inner Circle Fans will be able to contact Mr. Becker.))

People generally--at least, the people I know--don't turn the set on in case something comes on; rather they turn it on to see what is on. It's usually too much trouble to turn to the daily program in the paper, so...turn the thing on and see if you like what's showing. This is somewhat similar to the usual method of buying (or reading) books: you don't always read reviews, you skim the blurbs or a couple of pages and see if you like the book. The difference lies only in that first, you have more information before you skim a book: you know the author, probably, you may well know the type of story; and second, that it is easier to skim a book for an idea of whether or not it will be liked, and takes much, much less time. One often watches a tv program for several minutes before being able to decide whether it is worth watching, while experience with books allows one to judge books far more quickly--especially paperbacks, which are far more easily identified than hardcover books.

VIC RYAN  
2160 SYLVAN ROAD  
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

I was surprised to see George Spencer so violently opposed to the baseball-statistics sort of fellow--and only because that person is wasting his "intellectual talents". I'll skip over the obvious remark that most people have no intellectual talents, and go a little deeper. What, pray tell, is a worthwhile outlet for one's brain-power? Surely only a few things could be considered almost universally worthwhile: something like disarmament, total and irrevocable, might be one. But how many of us have been named delegates to the Geneva conferences? It therefore remains that the only "worthwhile" pursuits are those which are worthwhile to us as individuals. I might say that in publishing a fanzine you are not fully using your mental aptitudes, but you would reply that it's as good a thing to be doing for personal satisfaction as any other, if not more so.

HARRY WARNER  
423 SUMMIT AVE.  
HAGERSTOWN, MD.

In the August issue, I think you would do better to squander a half-page or so on a review of a book you have recently read, instead of using the same space on a slightly annotated listing of all your recent reading fare. I don't quite see the point of the latter procedure: it would be simpler to jot down the titles in a diary if you needed the information for a future autobiography, the books aren't quite esoteric enough to impress your readers, and the mere titles tell little about



Ted Pauls and what causes the wheels to go around in his psyche. ((I don't think the Library section of this issue is quite what you had in mind, but perhaps it will do?))

I've never seen any statistics to show whether sex education assists the young person to grow up to a crime-free, unneurotic adulthood. The proportion of perversions of character and sexual appetites seem to be at least as higher in the upper crust where families pride themselves on treating children as small adults as it is in the fundamentalist countryside. Instead of sex education, I think we might need a more honest approach to the question of sex: legalized and controlled prostitution, an attitude that considers marriage as a civil rather than a religious contract, annihilation of the double standard or morality, and so on.

It's a welcome change to see someone else get squashed for making blithe remarks about the all-out jazz enthusiasts. For a while I was doing it in statements I didn't really mean, just because it was so much fun to see how the major jazz lovers in fandom blew up. But in this case, I don't see how anyone can reasonably claim that jazz and strong drink don't go together. The associations are unfortunate and undesirable in both cases, but jazz and drink go together just as high society and grand opera go together. There's no use for either jazz fans or serious music fans to deny that these associations exist. I know that some people listen to jazz without getting thirsty just as some individuals go to the opera because they want to see and hear the production instead of its social usefulness. But they are in the minority in both instances. ((You know, Harry, I think you're still playing the Devil's advocate in order to start something. Politely, I will allow Mr. White, Mr. Donaho, and Mr. Willick to take the first shot at you, if they care to. I'm certain I'll have some comments to add to theirs; for the nonce, let me say only that this strikes me as one of the most staggeringly foolish things you've ever said.))

GEORGE WILICK I have waited patiently for the far-chance opportunity of grabbing a banner and waddling into a fray that  
856 EAST STREET  
MADISON, INDIANA contains both Ted White and Ted Pauls and is on my home ground; jazz. ((And just think, Harry Warner as an extra added attraction!)) Sigh, the moment is at hand.

To establish my firm base of attack (they tell you to do that in debating class) I must admit to being a snob. I am both an "only-my-kind-of-jazz" snob and a "jazz-is-the-only-kind-of-music" snob. However, and here is a point in my favor, I am not a "Daphne-jazz-is-out-Buckmaster" type snob.

Thus far established I must say that I prefer Classic Jazz. Ted White may now cringe and mutter something appropriate pertaining to diseases.

If Daphne's mention of drink and jazz in one breath irritated Ted White, your mention of "obvious" jazz of Bud Freeman and Buddy Bolden put me on the floor. I mean, like, it would take a couple volumes to get across the gulf between them. But we'll let that pass. ((Admittedly, they aren't twin brothers (musically or otherwise) but they do both play what is commonly called "traditional jazz". Would you triple-crogle if I equated Buddy Bolden/Guy Lombardo? Bolden and Freeman play a different sub-type of jazz, but it's in the same general class--and here I use class as it is used in zoology, not to denote quality or as a measuring-stick. Aside from that, I wanted to use names in that arti-



cle that most of my readers would recognize.))

Snobbery may often be justified, I fear. For example, Modern Jazz (sorry Ted...Progressive Jazz) affects me much as fingernails drawn over a blackboard affect a school child. Three minutes of this exposure might send me away to the nut hatch. Have you ever considered that this friend you speak of might be nuts and his exposure to Jamal holds him quiet? No. Anyway this explains my first snobbery.

The second snobbery is easy. I am mentally incapable of liking any other sort of music. (I pity you for what you miss in other fields.) This becomes thick. Mentally retarded people can and often do create great musical compositions. I am sure that this phenomenon exists in all forms of music. I sheer idiot might possess the ability to compose symphonies (I think this may be the rule rather than the exception) while very intelligent people are tone deaf. Is it then a case of snobbery or rather mental capacity? I feel the latter. Therefore I cannot put any faith in Ted's alluding to his high IQ friend as being something of a musical capable. (I got a chuckle from the "Over 200 IQ" statement. I mean, White might as well have said 10,000, as both aren't measurable. Poor Einstein...he only had 180.) (I sincerely hope I'm wrong, but it seems to me that you are saying that people with high IQ's should not, as a rule, be able to appreciate good music. Why do you doubt that Ted's friend is a "musical capable" merely because he has a high IQ? And what is the significance of the fact that very intelligent people may be tone deaf? They may be tone deaf; they may be Negroes; they may be grandfathers, bootleggers, taxi drivers, college professors; they may be fond of ice cream; they may be afraid of baked beans, or make love to a bathtub full of jello. These are all separate character traits or physical traits, but none of them has much connection with the fact that intelligence is present in large quantities.))

So to sum up this small phase: snobbery may be intellectual and may be limited by capacity of the individual. Snobs may be unavoidable.

BETTY KUJAWA  
2819 CAROLINE  
SOUTH BEND 14, IND.

It's funny, but somehow I never pictured you as a jazz buff. The picture of Mr. Pauls snapping his fingers, tapping his foot and grinning widely while listening to Scobey kind of croggles me. But then maybe you can't see me sitting there flipping over old Fats Waller material, Mel Torme singing jazz, Anita O'Day belting it out, or the wails of Jimmy Witherspoon--and Barnet or Herman in their better days.

The remarks about snobbery in some jazz fans were excellent, and hanging my head in shame, I must admit to doing a bit of that myself from time to time myself. However, I think there is one time of music buff much, MUCH more snobbish: the folk-song lovers. I think they even top we jazz fans. (Mighod, I envision the letter column of the next issue. Do you suppose Kipple will grow as fat as Habakkuk because of the music discussions?))

I don't know if you're serious or kidding here where you mention Gerald L.K.Smith, obviously without being too aware just who he is. Since time immemorial (it seems that long) he has been the spokesman for the far far right facist scum of America. I'm surprised you haven't run across him in biographies, histories and the like before this. He and his ilk spew out hatred of Jews, Negroes, Catholics, anyone foreign-born. All are suspect and 'traitorous' who



are not white, protestant, anglo-saxon Americans with at least American ancestry back to the third or fourth generation. His publications, speeches and rallies have been infecting us now for a good thirty or more years; he is backed and financed by a few despicable Texas millionaires who share his hatred towards anyone 'not like us'. I could go on and on about this subject, but I suspect a few older fellows will also have clued you as to Smith's identity. Suffice it to say I detest this creature in every way.

STEVE STILES  
1809 SECOND AVE.  
NEW YORK 28, N.Y. Snobs inhabit the art world too--that goes without saying; every field has its snobbery--and I've seen an aspect of it while at Music & Art. The most popular belief among the art student body was that art must not tell a story, and anyone whose canvas does is just not with it, and--horror of horrors--is an illustrator. (As was Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Ingres, etc, etc, right up to Picasso.) For example, a girl I know, Janet Seale--watch for her in the future, she's as good as Rockwell now!--painted a woman and a child in the subway, a piece with cubistic overtones in the background. Quoth the art teacher: "It's good Janet, but why bother painting it when you could have written it? It Tells A Story." Personally, I prefer modern art to graphic / illustrative stuff, but I see no reason why there's not room for both groups in the world; there are enough people to like everything. Charles Sheeler is the kind of artist of whom clods say "Land o' goshen! My little Fred could paint like that!", and perhaps to dispell this weird idea he painted a picture called "Rolling Power", a painting so realistic as to be photographic. You should've heard the screams of outrage from some quarters.

For a magazine that is presumably Christian, as the title indicates ("The Cross And The Flag"--gah! National Christianity; ugh!), the thing has some remarkably unChrist-like aspects, aside from those you mentioned: the delight the editor took in gloating over the fact the poor guy lost all means of livelihood. The spirit of Simple J. Malarkey goes marching on.

DON FITCH  
3908 FRIJO  
COVINA, CALIF. You say "My tastes in music run to good music of all types..." (Your underlining.) Does this mean that you like only music which is "good", or that only the music that you like is good? If the former, whose standards do you accept as the criterion? If the latter, aren't you coming perilously close to snobism? I don't know you well enough to be sure, but the rest of Quotes & Notes indicates that this statement was merely phrased so as to leave itself open for misinterpretation. (By "good" music, I mean exactly that: good music. I am well enough acquainted with most music forms to be able to tell if a certain instrument is being played well, or if a certain composition is being played technically correct. When I say good, I mean "technically correct"; therefore, when I claim to like most "good music", I mean that I enjoy most music which is performed competently. My personal tastes are something else again--as I've mentioned, I don't particularly care for progressive jazz even when it is played properly. Most people have come to equate "good" with "enjoyable", but in my mind the statements "It was good" and "I enjoyed it" can be and frequently are two entirely unrelated things. One doesn't necessarily follow the other.)

My own interest in the jazz field is not particularly impassioned: I enjoy traditional jazz to the extent of having a score of records (and some tapes made



from un-reissued early 78s) which I play from time to time, but modern jazz leaves me cold and I avoid listening to it whenever possible. Most modern players of traditional type jazz seem rather pale in comparison with the original, even though they may be more accomplished instrumentalists. But when it comes to making a choice between listening to Louis Armstrong or Baby Dodds or Django Reinhardt on the one hand or Mozart, Bach, or (particularly) Haydn on the other, I'll usually take the classical works. But then, I know nothing about music, save that I enjoy some much more than other pieces. I must confess that I'm completely unable to understand the "cool" types who make a point of not expressing emotion--I think of music as being, in origin and essence, an accompaniment for dancing, and find that all music is best experienced when accompanied by some movement of the body which expresses a vestige of this. There is a certain intellectual pleasure in following the elaborate embroidery of the interwoven themes and sounds, be it in traditional jazz or a Bach fugue, but this remote, analytical approach is not enough for me; physical involvement is needed as well for fullest enjoyment.

EARL NOE  
3304 E. BELKNAP  
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Harry Warner's statement in Kipple #12 (41), "I can't imagine any other reason (than unfamiliarity with mainstream writers) why (Deckinger) would try to find similarities between the styles of Bradbury and Hemingway" struck a familiar chord of memory, and it only took a moment to determine why: I had just recently read a squib in L.S. de Camp's "Handbook" which said, "...Bradbury's inspiration comes more from the leading realistic fiction writers: Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Ernest Hemingway, Katherine Anne Porter, and most of all from John Steinbeck," and later, attributed Bradbury with "...a highly refined narrative technique embodying the persistent use of the short-sentence dialogue and the description purely in terms of eternal action as in Hemingway." (In case some of you youngsters don't recall, this refers to an article of Deckinger's in Kipple #10.)

BIG BILL DONAHO  
1441 EIGHTH ST.  
BERKELEY 10, CALIF.

Marion certainly deserves praise for typing and getting in her column in spite of her burned hand. I still think she is one of the most perceptive reviewers around, but I must admit that I was surprised by her implication in her review of Cry that she reads all of the fanzines that she reviews. I had certainly had the impression before that if something didn't interest her it wasn't read; I still think it's most often slid over very hastily. For instance, in her review of that same Cry she refers to Terry's fannish fiction. Now, I suppose it's possible to call a Socratic-type dialogue "fannish fiction", but I think it strains the term to do so. (Pardon me, but I fail to see why anyone should be surprised that a reviewer reads the material he or she reviews. I'd always had the strange notion that this was standard practice. It's a pity you didn't mention this earlier, because the time I spent reading "The Web of Life" and "Nature Parade" could certainly have been used for a more important purpose, if only I had realized that reviewing the books without reading them was not only acceptable but expected...)

In your "Quotes & Notes" you refer to Tom Seidman and say that Bob Lichtman introduced him to fandom. Not so. Tom has been a fringe-fan in both Chicago and New York and was an active club-fan in the GGFS before he moved down to LA and Lichtman met him. (Fans have a tendency to assume that anyone they haven't heard of is



an 'unknown'. Clay Hamlin recently mentioned the talent of the "unknown George Spencer" in a fanzine review, which rather croggled me.))

You are mostly right when you say that the interest in conventions is fading quickly. Probably just as many active fans as ever are interested in conventions, but one thing that used to characterize conventions was a large attendance of readers of stf who lived in the convention city. They usually outnumbered the fans, but no longer. Conventions are now composed of over 90% active fans who have at least heard of each other.

CHARLES WELLS  
679 WILSON ROAD, NW  
ATLANTA 18, GEORGIA

Ted's comments on the low status of jazz in many people's opinions are somewhat overdrawn. It may give him some comfort to note that the appreciation of jazz has become something of a status symbol, not only in intellectual circles, where it has been in for some time, but in what might be called (for lack of a better term) Square circles. I mean, grey-flannel-suit circles. But it hasn't displaced classical music yet, for which I am grateful for a rather selfish reason. You see, there are many in the upper classes who don't really like classical music but who go to concerts and buy classical records because it's the Thing. These people are in what Vance Packard calls the semi-upper classes--one step above his limited success class, which other investigators call upper-middle. They are well off, financially. Because of their support, poor suffering college students like me get a free ride, as it were: the number of concerts and records in the classical music field would be rather fewer and their prices higher if the only people who supported them were the people who really appreciated them.

But jazz is in a different situation. It doesn't need the support of the upper-status people the way classical music does. For one thing, bands are smaller than orchestras. For another thing, jazz has far wider support amongst the lower classes, especially Negroes. (Also amongst poor intellectuals, but they are too few numerically to count for much, of course.)

I don't know whether jazz will anytime soon replace classical music as a status symbol amongst the upper classes, but I rather doubt it, because of the greater formality involved in classical music, formality of dress in the orchestra, and formality of the music itself.

JOHN KONING  
318 S. BELLE VISTA  
YOUNGSTOWN 9, OHIO

The major piece that stirred me to comment this time was Ted White's column. The introduction was a bit startling, even humorous (but we all know serious Ted White can't write humor), but I was really amazed/amused by the concept of an idea hitting Ted White, Boom! I can see bitter old TEW sitting apathetically in his apartment reading Kipling when suddenly, in the middle of Buckmaster's article, a loud report is heard and Ted is now seen lying in his overturned chair staring at the ceiling with brightly lit eyes, chuckling menacingly. Almost as if he'd taken first place in the Fugghead of the Year Poll.

I won't add my own support to Ted is his opinions of jazz and snobbery. As usual, he covers his points exhaustingly, and I cannot but find myself in agreement with all of them. I am, however, a bit croggled by some of Ted's methods of supporting his points, since some of them are not logically sound and Ted usually tries to be logical (but then, he has been hit close to home this time). Actually, the only really croggling thing was Ted ringing in Big Names, intellectuals, or authorities on us to make



jazz "respectable". Jazz is already respectable, it needs no testimonials. Yet we have Gunther Schuller, and someone with an IQ of 200 to make it so. Yeah. And Spring Byington reads F&SF, as the back cover has assured me for years.

Hmmm...come to think of it, I remember a quote by Lee Hoffman in a Ted White publication satirizing the backcover of F&SF with all its testimonials. Is this another Ted White ploy, like the Rich Brown farce?

Strangely enough, even several years ago jokes about jazz and sportscars were still going around. Viz, Bloch in Excelsior: "At first I was going to give up fandom--or at least the most important aspects of fanning (viz: hot-rods, rock-and-roll, progressive jazz, and boycotting Infinity). I was even seriously thinking of giving up conventions; after all, a man can make a damned fool of himself at home too." (But Bloch was being facetious--Daphne wasn't.)

Why, if Daphne Buckmaster had had this quote, she could have proved her case against jazz, by equating it with other frivolous activities, like stf...

RUTH BERMAN  
5620 EDGEWATER BLVD.  
MINNEAPOLIS 17, MINN.

The problem of "who has the accent" (or "which twin speaks like Tony") can be a little like the island-lake problem. That, if you've read any number of math-for-the-laymen books, is the paradox of the world in which the northern hemisphere is all land and the southern hemisphere is all water; a lake is water surrounded by land, and an island is land surrounded by water, so does the given world have an island or a lake? In my class in summer school we have a girl from Virginia who is kidded a lot about her accent. She doesn't mind (or is a very good sport who refrains from showing her annoyance), but she did blow up once when a person with a pronounced Swedish accent remarked on her "funny" way of talking.

## AND I ALSO HEARD FROM

Since this letter section must accomodate two months of letters this time, there were even more interesting people than usual squeezed out. JINX McCOMBS was amazed that I had a set date for publication, and said that I must either be an organizational genius or a complete optimist. Actually, I suspect it's my inherent desire for egoboo. CAL DEMMON sent an article which will appear in either #17 or #18, notes that \*Skoan\* #1:2 is out, and signs off Fribbishly, Cal. K. ANDERSON is not the Anderson you may have heard of; I assure you that you've never heard of this Anderson. Anyway, Ken notes that if, bighod, I'm going to continue running material about jazz, he'll start reading Life instead. KEN HEDBERG subscribes, as does GERALD JOHNSON, MARK OWINGS, ED BRYANT, BILL BOWERS, HARRY FITCH, MATT BOYSEN, DICK SCHULTZ, BOB LARKER, and BEN JASON. Ye ghods and little fishes! The aforementioned Bowers also sent a letter of comment and two short contributions. I wish I knew where all these subscribers came from. I know some, of course--Jason saw the reviews in Parsection, Bowers in Yandro, Schultz is an old enemy of mine--but what of the others? LENNY KAYE writes a short letter on censorship, and ends with: "MZB is a pretty damn good reviewer." Can I not but agree with Mr. Kaye's infinite wisdom? LES NIRENBERG wrote about jazz snobs and Vahana. Hmmm...this letter must have been misplaced, or I would have printed it. Next issue, perhaps. Les also sends along a copy of Macleans ("Canada's National Magazine") with articles on esp



and the Canadian communist party. JOHN KONING wrote a letter before the one above, commenting on Kipple #13 and revealing that Dafos is not going to fold after all--the next issue is due in August. Hooray! BUCK COULSON had to send me two copies of Vandro #100, thanks to the studious idiocy of the post office, and I received a card from him about this addressed to Ted ~~Watts~~ Pauls. Buck claims it was an accident, but it looks like a Certified Clever Ploy to me. JEFF WANSHEL sent a short note along with his article in this issue. "Good grief!" he shouts, in his best Charlie Brown manner. "Kipple late? The sky is falling..." No, Kipple wasn't late; the post office was. CHET DAVIS didn't write a letter at all; his comments (on this issue, actually) were verbal. Reading the colophon on my working copy, Chet quoted, "Free to young, attractive girls...does that include me?" VIC RYAN commented on #13, primarily on the Baltimore Orioles and Daphne's article. This should actually have appeared in #14, but the letter didn't arrive until June 9th. TED WHITE commented on layouts, says he'll maybe write another Uffish Thots. Get it in by August 28th if possible, Ted. JACK CHALKER, only one member of Baltimore's large and active Fannish Clique, notes that he's been sick, and that Miraga will be out as soon as he can finance the ink and paper. He also asks, "How can you afford Kipple on a schedule like that?" Sometimes I wonder myself. I once figured out that I was spending 126% of all my money on fanac... LARRY & MOREEN SHAW, and MARION BRADLEY sent postcards, bless their souls. ROSEMARY HICKEY borrowed a copy of #13 from Earl Kemp and would like to see more. And MARK OWINGS, still another member of Baltimore fandom (fanzines: 319 East North Avenue, Baltimore 2, Md.), wrote a short letter of comment on the last issue. Whew! We, too, get letters, Perry Como...

++ ++ + ++ ++



FROM

TED PAULS  
1448 MERIDENE DRIVE  
BALTIMORE 12, MARYLAND  
U. S. A.

printed matter only  
return postage guaranteed  
may be opened for postal inspection

A CLERIHEW

by Ruth Berman

Redd Boggs  
 Is fond of Dhogs  
 Should all Boggsiana disappear  
 (which Ghus forbid),  
 He'll be remembered for inspiring  
 that Ted Pauls kid.

SEND TO

LEN MOFFATT  
 10202 Belcher  
 Downy, California

ENEY FOR TAFF!!

Washington in '63