

kipple

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QUOTES

&

NOTES

BY TED PAULS

DEPARTMENT OF APPLIED IDIOCY

The Evening Sun, Baltimore's pseudo-liberal newspaper, calls Robert Brown, Topeka county attorney, a "new champion in the crusade against tobacco." This was done rather with tongue in cheek, we suspect. Brown has promised to prosecute anyone giving or selling cigarettes to minors (meaning, in this case, anyone not yet 21 years old), since he recently discovered a Kansas law dealing with the matter. The law in question provides for a fine up to \$500 or a jail sentence up to six months for anyone found committing this sinful crime, and Robert Brown says he'll enforce the law if anyone will sign a complaint. The reaction of the teenagers of the state was sampled, most running to wisecracks like: "What are they going to do about the cigarette machine in the City Hall, put it in jail for six months?" or "I roll my own--I can't be bothered."

I think that Mr. Brown and any like-thinking crusaders would do well to consider these important points: first, the law is completely useless, affecting as it does only retailers and not the smokers themselves; and second, it is unenforcable beyond a few token fines. However, I don't for a minute suggest that Robert Brown abandon his efforts along this line. After all, as long as he and his ilk are concerned with this fools task, they won't be free to meddle in something of importance. In fact, I might even suggest a special committee to dig up antiquated laws such as this one, and present these to the Crusading element of our society to keep them occupied and out of our hair.

OGRES OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

There has been some bitching of late in the local papers about automobile drivers who run over dogs or cats rather than try to swerve out of the way, and I must say the reaction to this amazes me. On the one side, there are the dog-owning people who make asses of themselves in print by claiming that they'd drive their cars onto the sidewalk before hitting a dog, and on the other side there are the people (drivers and non-drivers alike) who rationalize that they'd rather hit a dog than

endanger the lives of themselves and their passengers by making a sudden turn or coming to a halt. I suppose I could be thought cold-hearted in matters like this, but it never occurred to me that there were two sides to this question. I like animals as much as anyone, I imagine, but where a human life is endangered, there is no question in my mind but that killing the animal is the lesser of the two evils. And even if life and limb are not at stake, there is the financial end: a wrecked car costs money, doubly so if you have a job which requires a car, and I just don't think the life of a dog or cat balances out the loss. My grandfather swerved to avoid a cat and rammed into another car about a year ago. He was fortunate, in that the damage was relatively light and he wasn't hurt; he might not be so fortunate again, if there is a next time. I just don't think the chance is worth taking.

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

Since so much of the material in this fanzine is departmentalized, the inception of a new column in these pages isn't too unusual. I'm sure that you will find the column itself--"The Lion and the Mouse"--rather unusual. It grew out of a piece of creative writing originally done for an English 1A class, a re-telling of the fairy tale "The Lion and the Mouse" in four different styles. I had planned to print all of Bill's examples in the same issue, but space limitations and the dawning of an idea intervened. Bill shouldn't mind terribly; he'll get four contributor's copies instead of just one, since his original pieces will probably appear in different issues. What I would like is some further material along this line, a re-telling of the fable in the manner of your favorite writer. There should be some rather interesting variations, if enough people contribute them. If I can get enough, they will henceforth appear two or three an issue. There are three things to consider if you intend to contribute to this feature: your version must be short (one page should be enough for a sampling of any style), it must not be satire, but an honest attempt to write the fable in a well-known style, and it must be good.

The writer is up to you, if you contribute. On hand at the moment are Shakespeare and King James Bible versions (by Bowers), and a Salinger version in the works (by Pauls). The number of possible writers and poets who could be used are almost numberless, but I would especially like to see someone tackle Poe. Any volunteers?

WHERE WAS GOD?

"Christians say that God is everywhere and that He knows everything and that He rules and directs everything. He is omnipresent, and omniscient, and omnipotent. He knows, says the Bible, how many hairs are on each person's head and knows when every sparrow falls. He knew about the Chicago school fire and saw nearly a hundred children die in the flames. More recently, he saw seven children, aged from 2 years to 11 years, die in the flames in their home in a Virginia village, while their mother and father were absent, attending an Easter Sunrise Service. It surely must puzzle the minds of that sadly bereaved father and mother why God, in whose honor they had arisen early, took advantage of their absence to destroy every one of their kids. Perhaps they are asking whether, if He couldn't have spared all of them, couldn't He have left at least one? Religionists will say we are unfair in blaming God for the holocaust. Well, if we admit that He did not cause it, we can still say He did nothing to stop it. Surely He could if He is omnipotent. This is merely one of the inconsistencies of the superstitious nonsense that is called religion." --Quoted from The Liberal

THE DAY OF THE JACKPOT (A Pauls Factual Article)

Sunday, August 20, 1961...a day like any other. Well, not precisely like any other: I was winning my weekly cigarette money in a friendly game of pitch with my parents, my head was undecided whether to blow off or merely to throb at frequent intervals, as a result of the lack of sleep I'd enjoyed in the past few days, and Bitching Old Ted White knocked on the door. Ted makes quite a point of never coming alone--it must be a compulsion of his to have an audience when he quibbles at me --and this time he hit the jackpot: Terry Carr. Oh, there was another fellow there--Graham, I think his name was--and a girl named Sylvia something-or-other, but I had the feeling from the way Ted benevolently patted him on the head that Terry was the Feature Attraction.

We talked for about forty-five minutes, saying, as I perceptively though accidentally put it, "absolutely nothing." Terry, Ted, and Pete were sprawled on the bed, Sylvia was typing, and I was marvelling at Terry, who doesn't look at all like his photographs. The impression I'd formerly had of the Clean Shaven, College Keed Carr was quite shaken. Terry has a beard, not as flourishing as Ted's but considerably more noticeable than my own blonde fuzz, and he looks more like a Kerouac hero.

Terry and I were talking when suddenly there was an explosive cra-a-ck, and the room seemed to spin. When the smoke and dust cleared away, Ted was hanging by one hand from the curtain rod, one of his legs wrapped around Terry's neck; Terry was laying on the floor with his right arm in a desk drawer, a dazed expression on his face; Pete was jammed into the knee-hole of the desk; Sylvia was hanging limply over the closet door, her arms and legs swinging free; and I had one leg out the window and my head in the trashcan. The goddamn bed had collapsed.

"Ted," I said to Ted White as he lowered himself down from the curtain rod, "what are we gonna do for an encore, Ted?"

THE CRYPTOGRAPHER'S CORNER

"Poor George; what'd he do?" asks Buz Busby, after translating my cryptic note in last issue to read "loudmouthed jackass Parsection." Well, Buz, it was a good try, but... A few days before receiving this card from Busby, I had occasion to glance over my file of Parsection and I ran accross the section to which the note referred. The first section of my abbreviated comment, if you recall, read "chk. lmj Pars. fr mat. q&n." (In the event that there are any new readers who hadn't seen the last issue, let me mention that I write little abbreviated notes to myself as reminders to write about something or other in this column. This note was part of one such.) This does seem to refer to either George Willick or someone else writing in his fanzine as an LMJ, but it isn't what I had in mind. "Lmj" was a typographical error, evidently, for "ljm"--Len J. Moffatt. The note was an unsuccessful attempt to remind me to check Len's letter in Parsection wherein he mentioned my comments (see Kipple #13) on the value of editing, and to check the letters of comment on issue #13, for material for this column. Unfortunately, now that I have finally discovered this, the material in question is too dated to use...

FROM "THE SHRUNKEN HEAD"

"One of the world's most nagging modern worries is the problem of Bigness. Yet few recognize it and fewer still talk about it. It has become the fashion to say that the 'younger generation' is growing up in

the shadow of nuclear bombs, and that the constant threat of destruction makes them restless and rebellious. I think it is important to recognize that the threat of nuclear war is only one aspect of a greater fear--the individual's fear of being dwarfed by mankind as a whole. People everywhere, both young and old, are being reduced to cogs in giant corporation machines, single insignificant cells in the organisms of growing cities. The fear of what is big is the fear of being insignificant, the fear of losing one's individuality in a teeming mass of humanity that stretches from coast to coast, tier upon tier. Big wars, big business, big government, all make us feel small. Having to fight wars like that in Korea, in which no decisive victory is possible, simply underscores the fact of our helplessness and the futility of individual existence. One answer to this problem, I'm sure, is the future of man in the conquest of space. If there is anything that can cure man of claustrophobia, it's interstellar space...a space of unimaginable emptiness, a vast wonderland where men can never feel cramped. There, too, men will feel insignificant, but theirs will be the insignificance of men who stand at the threshold of a great new frontier." --George Spencer, in Griffin #2, OMPA

SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS

Due to the general unattractiveness of "/" as a subject-divider, the short notes will be paragraphed this issue. My frugal side, however, balks at the idea of skipping a line in between, so...

Recently, a new classification of baseball fugghead inflicted himself upon me for some absurd time like seven minutes, and quite seriously explained to me that the Los Angeles Angels, being a new American League baseball team, just had no damned right to win games from the Orioles--something they are amazingly adept at doing.

"Marblehead, Mass., Aug. 10 (AP)--Printing the American flag on men's shorts is 'definitely disrespectful,' Peter E. Pappas, American Legion State adjutant, said today in response to a complaint from a Marblehead housewife."

Ted Pauls, Mean Bastard: Contrary to popular belief, I do send copies of Kipple to those fan-editors reviewed therein. Unfortunately, the Post Office isn't even as reliable as Ted Pauls, MB, and they are prone to do foolish things with copies of Kipple. A copy of #11 sent to Otto Pfeifer, for example, was returned with the mailing wrapper ripped in such a way that the address was gone, and half the pages were either missing or ripped in half. Furthermore, this was returned to me almost two months after it was sent. I assumed that by that time Otto or Wally would have seen the Busbies' copy anyway. Issue #9, which also reviewed WRR, I know nothing about: it was not returned to me, and I did not until reading the latest WRR know that Pfeifer never received it.

Since I've been talking about jazz the last couple issues, several readers have assumed that this is the only type of music I enjoy. This is not so. I am, in fact, a great admirer of classical compositions. One of the most listened-to records in my collection is a recording of the entire New York Philharmonic Orchestra (with Leonard Bernstein) tuning their instruments...

Speaking of music, any of you who have led sheltered lives will probably coggle at the news that currently on the Top Twenty Hit Records there is a piece of questionable music with the improbable title, "Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?"

"A man feels love primarily as a violent desire to be loved, whereas for a woman the primary experience is to feel love itself, the war flow which radiates from her being toward her beloved, and the im-

pulse toward him. The need to be loved is felt by her only consequently and secondarily. The normal woman is the opposite of the beast, who pounces on his prey. She is the prey who pounces on the beast." Ortega y Gasset, in "On Love: Aspects of a Single Theme"

Have you ever wondered what you could do if you just happened to have one billion dollars? The Dubuque, Iowa Bank and Trust Company noted in a report: "If you started in business in the year One with a billion dollars, and you lost a thousand dollars everyday until today, you would still have enough money left to go on losing a thousand dollars a day for another 800 years."

A casual perusal of the Baltimore telephone directory shows that there are more fans in this city than you might have thought. Besides Chalker, Owings, and Pauls, we have five Bob Stewarts, seven Don Thompsons, five Robert Bradleys, two Ted Whites, two Ed Bryants, five Bill Bowers', four Charles Wells', four Harry Warners, a pair of Ruth Bermans, and one each of: R.P.Coulson, J.L.Coulson, L.J.Moffatt, Richard Hickey, J.Page, S.O.Coleman, Gerald Johnson, Betty McCarthy, William Donahoe, and L.S.Gerber. And there is a Frank Bem listed as well. He sounds like he ought to be a fan, at least.

Brigham Young was a piker, having as he did only 27 wives and 56 children. Emperor Chin Shi Huang-Ti of China died in 210 BC leaving behind 13,410 wives and 2,800 children, according to a filler item in the Baltimore News Post.

An article by Richard Match in Western World reports on the American Type Culture Collection, a germ bank in Washington, DC. It is more or less the Sears-Robuck of the bacteria world, having as it does a mail-order catalogue for germs. "There are close to a quarter of a million known microbial varieties. Small as they are, these creatures constitute nearly as much living matter, by weight, as all the visible plants and animals put together. Fortunately, at least 99 percent are indifferent or friendly to man. In the pages of the collection's mail-order catalogue you can find microbes that unplug oil wells and rot begonias, living yeasts that change grain into lager beer or Japanese sake, or grapes into French champagne. There are gas-forming bacteria that put holes in Swiss cheese, gas-suppressing bacteria that keep the holes from getting too big. The fungus of athlete's foot shares shelf space with Pasteurella pestis, the bacillus of bubonic plague. For virulence, both take a back seat to psittacosis (parrot fever) virus, half a cup of which could theoretically eradicate all mankind."

With all due apologies to Harry Warner, I wish to mention that recent additions to my library include: "Nightmares and Geezenstacks," by Fredric Brown, a collection of the vignettes Brown is so fond of; "The Asphalt Jungle," by W.R.Burnett, an excellent book which inspired me to watch the not-so-excellent television show of the same name; "The Edge of Tomorrow," by Howard Fast, some competent science fiction, but (I thought) of too recent vintage to be published as a collection; "The Silent World," Captain J.Y.Cousteau's story of undersea exploration; an Ace doubleback featuring a novel ("Shooting Star") and short stories by Bob Bloch; "Canadian Stamps," by Patrick Hamilton, a fairly reliable guide to Canadian postage stamps, 1851-1939; "Die Kunterbunten Pudel," a children's picture book with text in German; and two booklets on Canadian stamps, "Canadian Flag Cancellations," by A.L.McCready, and "The Squared Circle Postmark of Canada," by Alfred Whitehead.

For over ten years, scientists at Johns Hopkins University have been studying the firefly, with the help of Baltimore children who have collected 8,100,000 of them in twelve years. Something finally seems to have come of it, because Dr. William McElroy reports that the

substance which creates the glow, lucifern, has been synthesized in the JHU laboratories. In case you are slightly interested in such trivia, the firefly converts 95% of its energy into light, as compared to the electric lightbulb, which converts only 3% of its energy into light.

Editorial Department: This is a terribly serious title, but the only other alternative which suggested itself to me--"In Times To Come"--seems to have a vaguely familiar ring to it. Come to think of it, the department itself is Terribly Serious, but there are always a few things I want to mention in regard to the issue and future issues.

First, because there isn't room on the bottom of any of the stencils this time, here is why you are receiving this issue: ___you subscribed; ___you trade; ___you have a letter in this issue; ___this is a sample copy--want more?; ___you contributed; ___you are reviewed/mentioned unflatteringly herein; 20 is your last issue. This grammatically incorrect and esthetically displeasing method of keeping tabs on the mailing list is quite necessary, if not to you than at least to me. It saves the time and trouble of writing postcards saying "Yes, I'll trade my magnificent publication for your crudsheet" or "Your subscription is expiring."

Quite unnecessary, but one of my eccentricities, is a comment on the material upcoming in future issues. Cal Demmon, as mentioned last issue, will appear in #18, along with Q&N, CITS, ASOS, and (I refuse to abbreviate in this case) several installments of "The Lion and the Mouse". After that, things are somewhat more indefinite. Terry Carr has promised an article, but of course since he made the promise in 1959 I wouldn't consider it at all definite; Harry Warner does an article for me every year, and 1961 is fast drawing to a close; Gary Deindorfer offered an 896,000 word, ten volume biography of Chubby Jackson, but I shrugged this off with a comment about goddamn jazz fans taking over fandom. Otherwise, nothing is lined up for the future. I think that by this time you all know what kind of material I want (and what kind I definitely do not want), so I won't cover that again. But try us--the worst we can do is say "No!"

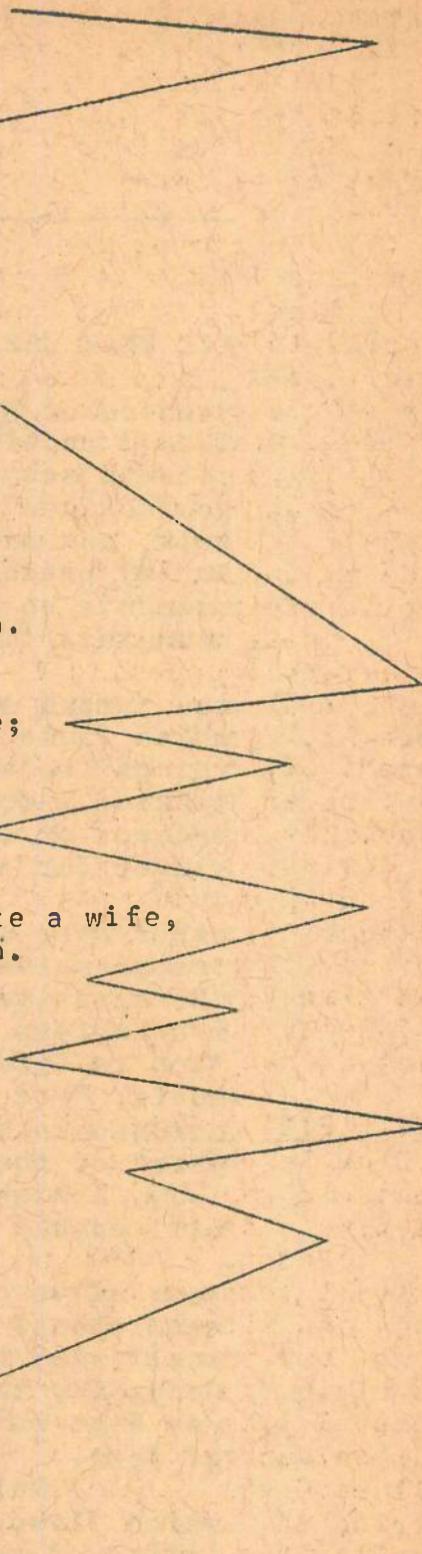
HOW TO FILL A PAGE IN ONE EASY LESSON

If Dick Bergeron can reprint portions of his letters in Warhoon, I suppose I can fall back on the same device in this column, rather than creating something new and wonderful for you dear people.

From a letter to Chet Davis, for example, this comment which has at least token appropriety in this magazine: "Your comments as re folk songs and singers were interesting as a One Person's Opinion sort of thing, but you are guilty of one outstanding omission: 'folk-songs,' you claim, 'are quite understandable if you care to listen.' Now of course I greatly enjoy most folk-singing (and wasn't attacking it, as your enthusiastic over-reaction seems to imply you felt), but if you will read the first paragraph of my letter, you will see that I was referring to Irish folk-singing in this comment. These are not generally intelligible, not at least to me--and I don't think that I'm greatly different from the majority in this respect. Of course, this was simply an observation, and has nothing to do with my enjoyment of the songs. I don't understand Yiddish folk music, either, but I enjoy much of it. You know my feelings about appreciating music without understanding the words from our discussions on opera--I don't feel it's necessary, and I'd had the impression you agreed. In an unintelligible folk-song, I enjoy the feeling, the tonal qualities, the rythm, just as similarly I enjoy an operetta." Davis, I should mention, is a non-fan friend and correspondent of mine.

--Ted Pauls

THE LION AND THE MOUSE. PART ONE



AS DONE BY

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

The mouse awoke the lion,
And angry did he become;
Because he was disturbed while lyn'
And disliked the mouse's idea of fun.

The lion opened his great jaws,
After putting his paw upon the mouse;
Prepared to break the nation's laws,
And kill and eat the mouse.

The mouse did beg for his life,
And the lion finally gave in--
Upon the condition he was not to take a wife,
And help him if trouble he got in.

The lion is tied to a tree--
Tied there by hunters of the king;
And how he did wish to be free,
And give life another fling.

Then came his friend the mouse,
Who did gnaw through the ropes
To prove he was not a louse--
And to exceed his fondest hopes.

BY BILL BOWERS

TED

WHITE

uffish—thots

ALL THAT JAZZ: My column, Ted Pauls wrote me, finally stirred up a reaction among the Gentle Readers of Kipple. Whoopee, I calmly thought to myself. Then I received Kipple 16 (my main inspiration for Kipple columns seems to be the previous issue of the zine--or had you noticed?), and sure enough, here is all this jazz talk, and almost all of it directed at Pauls' little editorial prefix to my column. Oh well. I still have some comments on it, before we get into the Annual Serious Dis-sion this time.

Harry Warner is baiting me, of course, in the remark about jazz and alcohol being forever linked which Pauls terms one of the "most staggeringly foolish things" he's ever said. Jazz and alcohol are not greatly linked; I doubt many jazz fans when playing their favorite records or listening to jazz on fm begin immediately to slaver for a highball or whatever...

George Willick is another case entirely. He seems to think I prefer the term "progressive jazz" to that of "modern jazz," while in fact the opposite is true. "Progressive jazz" is an essentially meaningless phrase which has been most often used in relation to Stan Kenton's pompous and essentially meaningless music. "Modern jazz" simply means the music of today, as opposed to older forms--which now include Bop, a "modern jazz" of the middle forties. While we're talking terminology, I might as well supply a few other handy terms which will enable you to take part in this burning issue.

Modern jazz we've covered. A few other terms: Mainstream jazz; traditional jazz; dixieland jazz; swing-era jazz; bop; cool jazz; hard-bop; soul-jazz; and experimental jazz. Generally these refer to eras and styles of playing; they may also refer to the major characteristics of that type of jazz.

Mainstream jazz is just that: the mainstream which flows from era to era, incorporating the characteristics of each which prove of lasting value. Right now, for example, Count Basie is playing mainstream. So, unfortunately, is Duke Ellington. Traditional jazz is just that: the original or traditional era which is pretty damn big (we'll get to that in a minute) and generally speaking covers jazz from its origins up to the advent of the big bands and the swing-era. Dixieland jazz is an ambiguous term, often used synonymously with traditional jazz; I use it to refer to the attempts by white musicians beginning in the early forties to recreate traditional jazz. Swing-

era jazz does not necessarily refer to the pap called "swing," but rather the generally riffing jazz played during the thirties. I suppose it incorporates Kansas City style jazz, which includes early Basie. Bop is the jazz created by Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. Although it freed jazz of many harmonic shackles, it was in itself harmonically limited. The leaders of bop were undoubtedly giants: Parker, Gillespie and Thelonious Monk are musicians of great stature; their contributions have colored every era of jazz since, and have been absorbed into the mainstream. Cool jazz was a product of the, largely of emotionally disinvolved musicians who were afraid of their audiences. At its best it produced Miles Davis and Stan Getz. It also produced caricatures like Chet Baker, and much of the so-called West Coast Jazz. Hard bop was a reaction to this, a return to hard, swinging, up-tempo jazz exemplified by the Jazz Messengers and Horace Silver. Soul-jazz is the recent infusion of jazz with gospel music and pseudo-gospel music. These days, as a fad, soul-jazz isn't particularly Deep. Experimental jazz is the jazz produced at any given time which is too far ahead of its time. Often the experimental jazz of one era rings hollow in the retrospective eyes of the next. That's life.

There you are: a Handy Guide. Now you can Talk Intelligently with Ted Pauls.

Pauls' comment to Willick that Buddy Bolden and Bud Freeman "both play what is commonly called 'traditional jazz'" in reply to George's statement that the two are volumes apart is true only in the broadest sense...after all, we have no recordings of Bolden and there are only vague reports of what his playing was like. He stopped playing, after all, around 1908. From a reasonably accurate knowledge of the jazz playing at that time, I doubt if Bolden's stuff would impress modern ears. However, dropping Bolden's name probably impressed a few "hip" Kipple readers.

Willick's notion that "very intelligent people are tone deaf" is new to me. To cite a few random examples, Les Gerber, who knows and appreciates classical music of all eras and a lot of jazz quite a good deal (good grief, he practically lives music at times), has an IQ of 180. Mine is supposed to be between 150 and 160, and I don't think I'm tone deaf. The guy with the 200+ IQ I mentioned last column is a genius who can usually one-up Gerber in identifying obscure music within a minute of hearing its first bars. Good grief, George Willick. Most of the serious music enthusiasts I know qualify as "very intelligent." Is Willick simply crying sour grapes? (As to the measurability or not of a 200+ IQ, this is nit-picking. There are tests which measure quite high, one of them is the Cattell test used by Mensa. This individual scored all the way over the top of that test. It is known that his IQ hovers about or over 200; how much over is immaterial, since it is immeasurable. Maybe it is 10,000--which Willick suggests as an equal possibility. Who knows? Who cares?)

Charles Wells is right about jazz becoming a status-symbol--largely among college-student intelligentsia. It's a shame; these "hippies" have destroyed a lot of fine jazz by worshipping it into a caricature of itself--viz, Errol Garner.

John Koning is wrong that I was "ringing in big names, intellectuals, or authorities on us to make jazz 'respectable.'" Ghod knows this doesn't bother me. I "rung in" Gunther Schuller to make the specific point of the modern jazz musician's playing ability (since he had recently devoted an article in Saturday Review to the subject, and since I figured his word might

be taken where mine would not--i.e., in Kirkcudbright), and the "intellectual" I cited since I was combating the notion that somehow jazz listening was not fit for intellectual minds. I may have been unsuccessful at this, John Koning, but there was, as usual, somewhere buried in the morass of purple wordage, a thin thread of logic.

Well now; enough of all that jazz.

THE FAN AWARDS are a big topic now, as various faneditors and fanwriters and fanartists scramble to see if they can't redesign the categories and win a prize themselves. What the hell; I have the solution. At the next world con we have a wheel of fortune, like at any carny or amusement park. You plunk down a nickle, and put it on the category you want to win in. With a little luck, the wheel will stop on your number! For prizes, well, we have a choice: either a giant, life-size, inflatable rubber replica of Jenny Lee; or a free year's sub to Science Fiction Times. You can't lose; it's only a nickle, folks, and besides--the surplus profits (that's the profits over and above the profits swallowed quietly by the con committee) will go to a favorite charity like TAFF, TAWF, or First Fandom's old folks' home.

How about that?

Seriously, for a moment, we poked fun at Prosser's plagiarized statuette in Void, and it strikes me as a peculiar monument to the fuggheadedness rampant in the whole affair, but the idea of fan awards does seem to me to have some merit.

Obviously, the award for best fanzine on the Hugo list is meaningless. It is a fan-based award among pro-based awards. It usually sticks out like a sore thumb, and its presentation has been in the past a farce. Science Fiction Times (nee Fantasy Times) has won more Hugoes than any other fanzine. The reason: voting is conducted among a group of people of whom a heavy percentage don't read fanzines, or read only one or two. SF Times, with a circulation comfortably larger than any other fanzine, won consistently. Fanzines still being voted for today (although the slate has improved each year until this year we have some real contenders) are voted for on the basis of frequency and circulation, not on actual excellence. The best fanzines (Innuendo, Hyphen among others in past years) weren't even considered, while Cry, Yandro, JD-Arcassy, and Fanac battled it out. These fanzines have personality--they do not have top material and never have. One of them--JD-Arcassy--had such a low average of material (often consisting only of badly edited letters) that its appearance in the race was an insult to the others. Why was it there? Because it has many readers (I'd estimate well over a hundred, but I could be wrong) who don't read--or get--any other fanzines, and Hickman made sure they got a nomination ballot. (He didn't this year, just to see what would happen, and sure enough, despite a big Annish, JD-A wasn't nominated.) Most of the fanzines most frequently considered on fanzine polls have a low average of material when you get right down to it. Fanac has only a rare PLINTH from Willis to put it in the category of "good material" at all--the rest is reporting. Yandro and Cry often have only one or two gems in an otherwise plodding issue, and I suspect most of their votes are garnered by their lettercols. But good grief, a hot discussion doesn't make a fanzine good. It just makes it topically interesting. Nothing is deader than yesterday's Cry or Yandro. Except yesterday's Fanac and JD-A.

Habakkuk will probably win this year. It's not at all

bad, as fanzines go, but I wonder how many votes will be because of its bigness and the long discussions in it. How many fans voting for Hab can tell me two outstanding contributions in any one issue published in 1960--the year they are supposedly voting on? On the other hand, despite my remarks about Discord's prefabricated personality, who can deny its caliber of material has been much higher (particularly in proportion to the crud) either issue or issue or for the entire year of 1960?

Fans aren't voting for "best;" it's a misnomer to call the category that. They are voting for "I liked it most for my own esoteric reasons"--which may include a friendship with the editor, or the fact that it was the first fanzine they subbed to, or somesuch equally ungermane. They are voting for fanzines with popularity--which is quite another thing from quality.

Maybe the awards should be called Fan Popularity Awards. Anyway, I agree with George Willick that they should be separate from the Hugo awards. And I personally think the balloting should be conducted from entirely within fanzine fandom. Now, I don't think I'm being cloddish or snobbish about that. Who is better qualified to judge than the fan who gets and reads fanzines regularly? What right has a fan who has seen only a few zines, most likely the poorer ones, to vote? What makes his vote knowledgeable or worthwhile?

I'm not sure where you'd have to draw the line if you wanted to get serious about limiting votes to those who Get Them All, Every One... Maybe even I wouldn't qualify. I don't get a lot of zines.

But surely we can eliminate those who've received only a small handful of unrepresentative titles?

Okay, then, that problem aside, how to ballot? Quite obviously, as an extension of the Fanac Poll, without using one fanzine's name, and by circulating ballots through all the generally acknowledged better fanzines. This should be done quite soon after the year voted on--and even then those fanzines published in the last two or three months will garner the most votes. Fans have short memories.

The award itself? I leave categories to others, but I do have a name and a couple of designs. I think the name should not be of a real person, and I think "Jophan" is well nigh perfect. He symbolizes (as Joe Fan, or any similar permutation of letters) the Fan in us. As Jophan he discovered the Enchanted Duplicator and became a True Fan. There is no partisanship in the name; it is a good and fitting one.

The design, of course, must be kept simple. The Prosser swipe would be hell to cast, aside from the other objections to it. (Like sending it through the mails.) A stylized mimeo or beanie might be the thing. I dunno. I think it should be just ridiculous enough to an outsider to keep our heads from swelling too much over it. It represents, after all, the none-too-well-informed opinion of one or two hundred nuts.

And me? What's my payola for this? Well, I don't really give a damn. I haven't won an award and neither has Void, and from our last placing in the Fanac Poll, I doubt we will. I'd just like to see things set up right, if they're going to be done at all.

Take that as Uffishly as you will.

--Ted White

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

ROSEMARY HICKEY
2020 MOHAWK
CHICAGO 14, ILL.

It's too bad that everyone is so mature and didn't send you reams of dissertations and sermons on which jazz is Good Jazz. "Jazz" is used on so many levels and with so many values that reading first sentences --or even the first portion of paragraphs -- it still isn't always clear. I tested Richard on this and he responded as an honorable Dixieland buff should--There Is No Other Jazz But Dixieland Jazz. And it came out quite that firmly. "The word 'jazz' was adopted by the pop tune writers to refer to any music /not concert style/ written to be sung and danced to." Me? I like a kind of jazz but don't know its label or category--piano alone or with a combo where the music comes from within the player (improvisation) and not from the sheet music. (I think that most really good music (not just jazz) must "come from within the player". But the combo music you seem to be thinking of is identified with modern jazz, generally. I don't enjoy most of it, as it happens, which I suppose gets us off on the wrong key already.) Feeling expressed by/with music--that's what I like. (Again, almost all good music (but particularly jazz) is just that. Blues is certainly feeling expressed by music. Do you like any (or most) blues?) The stuff that's either written or well-rehearsed 'freehand--adlib', that emphasizes beat and rhythm is intriguing, interesting, but isn't real music to me.

Didn't Mike Becker rather get his left elbow in the way of his writing fist and his right foot in his mouth? "Experience...allows one to judge books far more quickly--especially paperbacks"? The countless books I never bought because to see the cover they were on a level with True Romance or Love Story type novels. Even stf novels were loused up with misleading,

Letters

OF COMMENT ON ISSUE 16

highly sexual cover drawings. I wonder how many lovers of dirty stories have returned stf novels and demanded their money back?

GEORGE WILLYCK Warner is right. Ted White is right. Daphne is confused. They are all talking about three different things. White deplores the association of jazz as a vice with drinking as a vice. I agree, for there isn't any actual association. Warner seems to think Ted is denying that drinking is connected to jazz...something Ted didn't say. (I will, then, if it will make you happy: jazz is not connected with drinking. It is connected with drinking establishments, but there is a difference here. Jazz was also played in brothels; do I hear either you or Harry claiming that jazz is connected with prostitution?) But Harry is right in that jazz as entertainment and drinking as entertainment are often associated together. This is unavoidable for business purposes. Harry is also correct in the assumption that true music lovers are in the minority at any gathering, be it opera or jazz. (Agreed.)

Now I did not mean that high intellects were necessarily musical idiots. I meant that a simple high intellect was no sure sign of musical ability. Therefore by Ted's recommendation of his friend's high IQ I could not see that this was pertinent to the matter at hand. I think that my jibe at Ted's friend having an excess of 200IQ was wrongly taken...judging from your mistaken comments on what you thought I said.

I am simply saying that normal everyday IQ is not the same thing as musical IQ. I don't think there's any doubt about it. (There is no doubt that "IQ" and "musical IQ" are "not the same thing," but I do think that the two are closely connected to each other. Specific examples of persons with high 'normal IQs' and low 'musical IQs' could be given (or vice versa), but I think as a general rule persons with higher IQs are able to appreciate music more than those with lower IQs.)

Betty Kujawa's separation of jazz and folk-song fans is nice, but unfortunately not applicable. Donaho will bear me out in that jazz and folk music go hand in hand and often, even to experts, are inseparable.

Nor can anyone say jazz is or is not high or low on the status board. This matter is opinionated and a matter of sheer exposure. Maybe lad #1 gets his indoctrination at Indiana University where the professors are jazz-minded and thus feels that the music is very respectable, while lad #2 gets his learning at a three-for-a-quarter-guaranteed-virgin dive and seems to feel a lack of respectability. It isn't relevant.

What we do know is that jazz appeals to everyone in some phase (a questionable statement, at best) and that it is played in whore houses and in concerts before the Queen of England. I don't much care what they call it...I'll like it as much.

HARRY WARNER Logic is not a very trustworthy guide to the reasons
423 SUMMIT AVE. for man's survival. There is every logical reason to
HAGERSTOWN, MD. assume that mankind is the least likely form of life to thrive and multiply, because of the extraordinary helplessness of the young of the species for the first few years after birth, the habit of giving birth to one child at a time as a rule, and the lack of any really first-rate specialized means of defence like a shell or good scent or extreme speed. (I think man is also victim to more diseases, generally speaking, than most animals.) I wonder if the

ability of humankind to breed all through the year, not just at specified times, might have been the reason that we're here today. If nature starts to decimate the ranks of this or that type of animal, the type might be doomed as soon as its numbers fall below a certain level, because of the difficulty of males finding females at just the right time.

My parents never tried to stop me from reading or looking at the things that interested me, so I probably don't feel the proper amount of burning concern with the censorship question as other persons in your readership. The only incident that I can recall involved an aunt, not my parents. I was about ten years old, someone had given me a collection of Edgar Allan Poe for Christmas, and she tried to talk my parents out of letting me read it on the grounds that it was too advanced for me. Even this didn't set off any particular anxiety to read the book in me. I tried a few stories and thought they were rather dull and didn't read any more Poe for another ten years. Whoops, memory has just dredged up a genuine parental censorship example. It must have been even before the Poe book. I'd gone to the Hagerstown Fair with them, they took me into a tent where there were dozens of those peep-show gadgets, and you were permitted to look into all of them for the admission price to the tent. My folks insisted on looking first at each of them, and advising me that this one or that one wasn't interesting enough to be worth inspection by me.

Some of your comments in the letter section this time were baffling. Aren't you aware that Columbia is the largest city in South Carolina? ({"Largest" of course is relative. I don't have the 1960 figures, but the 1950 census shows that Columbia had 86,914 population. I'd hardly consider it a metropolis, under those circumstances. Even a town I'd never heard of (Somerville, Mass.--population 102,351) had considerably more residents, and Toledo (which I'd never thought of as a "large" city) has nearly five times the population of Columbia. But of course, I was exaggerating about the general store, though in the latest Bane Sample does prove part of my theory--the Chief of Police was a friend of Mr. Sample.}) And why do you think that Bill Donaho would want to do something violent because of my remarks about jazz? He has complained in print frequently about his own inability to get enthusiastic, and seems to have the same attitude toward it that I possess--pleasant to hear when there's nothing more interesting to hear. ({"But I don't believe Bill shares your attitude that one can't listen to jazz without getting thirsty..."})

BUCK COULSON

ROUTE 3

WABASH, INDIANA

I'm happy to see someone else recommending "Tomorrow". When the book first came out there were loud fannish wails that it wasn't really science fiction, it was mere propaganda for civil defense. Of course, it is civil defense propaganda, but why that should bar it from being science fiction is a line of reasoning that I never quite followed. There have also been comments that advances in rockets and H-bombs had made the technical parts of the book obsolete. Quite possibly, but it still contains the finest description of an atomic attack that I have yet read. Technically accurate or not, it "feels" right; this is what an attack on an American city would be like if you were there. ({"The technology may be obsolete or rapidly becoming obsolete, but the book itself will never be. Wylie writes about people; no matter what theme or idea he may be advocating, his books are about people.})

I can see the point of view of your Catholic writer. Catholics are convinced that their

FANZINE REVIEWS



QRYIN IN THE SINK

BY
MARION
BRADLEY

If I had a Special Award in my gift, I'd probably award it this month to Xero (Dick & Pat Lupoff, 215 East 73rd Street, New York 21, N.Y.) for perhaps the most striking cover I've seen in a year of reviewing fanzines; drawn by Larry Ivie, portraying a cloaked and masked figure in black against a golden background. The effect is just a little spoiled by the lattering below, proclaiming "The Fanzine of Relative Dadaism"--spoiled for framing purposes, that is--but against this particular background, the motto (for an explanation of this private joke between the Lupoffs and Castillo, see the issue in question) is remarkably apposite.

And, unlike most fanzines which splurge on lithographed covers, the inside matter lives up to the cover. Possibly the best item included this time is Eric Bentcliffe's "Fourpence Each and All in Writing," about the paperback "thrillers" of his schooldays. It left us with a reminiscent lump in the throat for the days when such things could break the spell of everyday life and bring the sweep of enchantment--not for the books themselves, for reading them in adulthood, almost everyone finds that, like fairy gold, the daylight of critical insight has turned them into a handful of withered leaves.

Critical insight--in this case by James Blish--has also been turned on Rogue Moon, in an article/review called "The Hard Way." The Lupoffs, discovering that Blish's review had been extensively cut by F&SF, where it originally appeared, secured permission to reprint it here; and a comparison of the two is instructive, and rather cynically educational about the freedom which commercial magazines give to their reviewers, even reviewers of the skill and status of James Blish. Otherwise, a single dose of Blish--in most cases--proves astringent, and a double dose caustic; and curiously moreso when he is approving than when he is blasting with all barrels. There are some free-verse poems or prose-lyrics or somesuch by Rog Ebert, which the Lupoffs suggest reading allowed--maybe because they are so atrocious when eye-skimmed--and Larry Harris continues his fine analysis of Sturgeon; and Pat Lupoff has finally found a usable and readable format for the letter column. The next issue is being restricted to those who contribute a dollar to the Willis Fund; having already contributed once, it will be a long, cold day in August before I pay another dollar for any fanzine, of whatever excellence. Grievously I administer a backhand slap for this blackmail method of graft. Had

they charged a straight dollar for some worthy cause like paying for their new mimeo, I'd pay it; but when fans attempt to extract money for some self-styled Worthy Cause, I, a born negativist, dig in my heels, kick and scream. So look elsewhere for a review of the Special Issue; you won't find it here.

Next in the stack is Void, with a three-page cover by Bob Stewart which says less than nothing to me, being the cluttered amateur-comic-strip technique popular in fandom these days. My taste, lamentably, goes to a slicker, prettier technique; and for those who say that the function of art is self-expression, I must regrettably admit that the self expressed by Bob seems to be the self of a kid who has ingenuity and too little patience to learn to draw. Dave English, unfortunately, hits me in the same manner, which leaves me little to comment on in this issue; the majority of said issue being taken up with one of my own fan-fiction pieces, given a beautiful Gestafax dress by Sylvia White. There is also a Walt Willis parody-piece, and a long stack of letters, which puts me in the post of the Ultimate Reviewer: "Everything stinks except what you and I write, and I could even make a few disparaging remarks about your work."

Vorpall Glass

(Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California) belongs to a class described by the useful phrase "belles-lettres". Artily done (blue ink on blue paper) in reprints a speech by Ed Clinton about the interaction between science fiction and science, more interesting than the description sounds; there is a clever parody of a Wordsworth sonnet (reworking the old stf-is-going-to-hell thesis) and Karen herself has a clever, cute little story which shoots to hades all my diatribes against amateur fiction in fanzines. The rest of the fanzine is taken up with Karen chattering entertainingly. A girly fanzine of the Ruth Berman type, but rather cute. (And had I never met Karen in person, this cuteness would cause me to postulate a chirpy little critter. Inconsistency, anyone?)

Si-Fan (Jerry Page, 193 Battery Place, NE, Atlanta 7, Georgia) hides, behind a deceptively pretty Prosser cover, a lot of sloppy mimeography, narrow-margins and close-jammed type, some fairly interesting sercon material. Calvin Thomas Beck analyzes the death of stf for the umpteenth time, and despite editor Page's pronouncement that this is NOT the usual Who Killed type of thing, I found it exactly that--in the first few paragraphs which were all I could plow through. Possibly he got in a few new adjectives toward the end, but his style did not exactly entice me to forge onward. As near as I can figure out, HIS culprit was the general death of all fiction/pulp magazines, but don't take my word for it, struggle through it for yourself if you can. Sture Sedolin tells All About Scandinavian Fandom, than which nothing could be more boring, and Bernie Wermers contributes "Notes of a Pulp Collector". Ed Wood writes about a visit to the home of Sam Moskowitz. There seems little point to Si-Fan except a sort of nostalgic backward glance to the forgotten glories of the pulps; it's a magazine for collectors, completists and other escapist types, and as such, provokes a wistful nostalgia and little else. Maybe when editor Page works out this vein--as he's bound to, eventually--he'll present something of more imminent value.

Sort of a standing joke, among the Iconoclasts of fandom, is the general fugghead nature of Dallas fandom. Evidently this creeping infection stops short of the Fort Worth city limits, for there is no trace of fuggheadedness in Karma (Earl Noe, 3304 E. Belknap, Fort Worth 11, Texas). An overly sercon contents page (complete

with blurbs reminiscent of the old pulp mags) is nevertheless beautifully laid out; there is an article on Jules Verne type inventor Nicola Tesla, a fairly interesting story by Dan Martin, and another by Mike Deckinger. Earl falls into the trap of printing the analytical comments which other readers made on the Martin story, but in the main the magazine is well conceived and better executed. The major virtues, of course, reside in the artwork by Tim Dumont, and the dynamic color work; I'd be interested to know where Earl will go from here, but since Karma is published ad lib, and the first two issues were a year apart, it's unlikely.

Fanfaronade (Jeff Wanshel, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, N.Y.) hides itself this time behind a Bob Stewart cover which looks like nothing in particular and is probably intended to look that way. There is, of course, plenty to hide, or display. I regret mostly that in this issue Jeff has discarded his fanzine reviews, which were among the finest fandom has seen, in favor of loudly proclaiming his zine a "discussionzine". Fortunately, even a cursory glance at the content will show you that he doesn't mean it. Walt Willis back-blasts (all in fun) at John Berry, and if there is anything funnier than one Irish fan, it's one Irish fan writing about another Irish fan; Ted White natters about his Image, and I landed Clunk at the other end, carried along on a storm of giggles, before I realized he had said nothing in particular--which indicates a talent for something-or-other, I guess--and Harry Warner, in his own quiet-smile fashion, tells how to recover from a spell of fafia. The lettercolumn is illustrated--for heaven's sake--by the long-absent Lee Hoffman li'l peepul. And Steve Stiles and Jeff himself, together, turn out a conreport which might even get by Buck Coulson without being demolished. In short, Fanfaronade is living up to its early promise--but where do we go from here? Jeff might well feel that the only way from here is down!

Speculative Review (Dick Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia) has a somewhat different "feel" this time, possibly due to the absence of the Bill Evans prozine reviews; Martin Levine writes about a Russian stf piece or three, and David Keller reviews Mervyn Peake's TITUS GROAN--the only review which has ever tempted me to read that much-adulated work; and Tom Haughey reviews Doyle's MARACOT DEEP. Strangely, all this back-glancing at old books long-since reviewed does not rouse the same impatience as Jerry Page's maundering about vanished glories; perhaps because Eney and his reviewers work from a firm perspective of today's readers, as opposed to the thesis that today's fans and fiction are a crummy lot unwilling to go back to those Good Old Days. In any case, SpecReview is highly readable, every blurry little word of it. The Atom cover is indescribable, but damn cute--and I mean it nicely.

HKLPLODI

(don't ask ME what it means!) from Mike McInerney, 81 Ivy Drive, Meriden, Connecticut, is a first issue; the unpronounceable title means that it Must Not Be Spoken, or something, and there are several clever plays on this. Lenny Kaye does some fanzine reviews complete with number ratings on artwork, material, etc.--with a shudder, we pass on to a story by Bobby Gene Warner which, despite the Bradleyian Indictment of amateur stf in fanzines, held my interest until the last line; and there is also (shudder) a crossword puzzle. It's like a jar of mixed pickles; you hardly know whether to smack the lips or make a wry face. But it's too good to discard without a few more issues.

Wonders will never cease: Yandro (R&J Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind.) showed up this

month with a blue cover. The regulars are present: Juanita and Buck Coulson, Alan Dodd, and some unusually good artwork by George Barr. Ted Pauls writes interestingly about spiders, and Rog Ebert proves he can be as disturbing in fiction as in poetry. Making people uncomfortable is a doubtful claim to fame, but such as it is, he's got it.

Dynatron (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley, NW, Albuquerque, N.M.) evidently took my past review very badly to heart; they even state on the contents page "Caustic comments by MZB will be found in Kipple." In spite of Ray's snarling to the contrary, this issue IS better arranged, better thought out, and even better reproduced than the last--which I diagnosed as "somebody's on-hand file of manuscripts." If Tackett chooses to take offense at this, too, I give up.

HEP-tagon (Dave Locke, POB 207, Indian Lake, N.Y.) shows signs of being fandom's newest monthly, appearing with alarming regularity; and much to the relief of my eyes, Dave has decided to stick with the faithful purple and blue ditto--maybe not as pretty as multi-color, but they don't give out and produce dim copies so quickly. Most of the issue is taken up with some haphazard fanzine reviews, of interest to no one except the editors of the zines in question, and a lot of letters all madly grotching about something or other. If Locke is going to keep up a Yandro schedule, he needs some tame reliable columnists or something.

SKOAN by Cal Demmon, 1002 East 66th Street, Inglewood, California, is jam-full of some "Biffables"--miniature story/satire/humor which are about the funniest reading of the year. Run, do not walk, to your typewriter and bang him out a letter of comment to get on the permanent list for this zine--if you like funny-crazy stuff. I do; I like to bust a rib laughing. This sort of thing is impossible to describe, or review, any other way. But I wish Demmon would beg, borrow or steal a lettering guide. I love his slipshod titles, but they're hard to read...this is fandom in the Joe Kenneday, Lee Hoffman tradition, and it's wonderful.

At the far end of the scales lies Cadenza (Charles Wells, 679 Wilson Rd., Atlanta, Ga.). This time there is nothing startlingly commentable like the "Encounter" story; Jerry Page has a play or something, and there are heaps of fanzine reviews and a plethora of letters, all entertainingly impeccable but giving the sensation that Wells is marking time until he gets another Inspiration.

And the LAST THING I need (are you listening, Walter Breen?) is a plea for publishers to send me their fanzines for review. I can handle the ones I get now, but Ghod forbid I should be deluged with NFFF first issues and egoboo-seeking fugghead zines...whose name is legion but fortunately don't know I exist yet. Let's keep it thus.

--Marion Bradley

Fanzines for review should go to:

Marion Z. Bradley
Box 158
Rochester, Texas

schools are better; whether this is correct or not (and actually I rather suspect that it is, considering the standards of the public schools) the student is going to feel he's "lowering himself" by changing over to a public school. To a Catholic, the difference between Communist and Catholic indoctrination is that the Catholic indoctrination is Right. (Probably the best line of the issue...)

I think you misread Willick in the letter section. He wasn't saying that people with high IQ's shouldn't be able to appreciate good music; he was saying that there was no relation at all between music appreciation and IQ and so Ted White's comments on IQ were inappropriate. I agree with him, up to a point; the fact that one jazz lover has a 200 IQ is completely irrelevant to the discussion of whether jazz and drink go together. Ted was using the high IQ as an illustration of the intellectual quality of jazz. Well, I happen to know a man with a 150-plus IQ who drinks like a fish, but that doesn't mean that drinking is an intellectual occupation.

On the other hand, I'll go along with Bill Donaho's statement in Habakkuk that modern jazz is very intellectual music; whether a majority of its fans are true or pseudo intellectuals is a question I'll leave open for your readers to fight over.

(To get my position clear; I basically agree with White that jazz is intellectual, but I think he was extremely sloppy in the method he used to prove his case and I'm not surprised people jumped on him for it.)

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

"Dept. of Yeller Journalism" confuses between two types of magazines, or at least does not differentiate between them. Though the "confessions" magazine may occasionally print articles of a sensational bent which they can blazon on the front cover, such magazines are quite innocent stuff compared to the "scandal" magazine. I don't believe "confessions" are particularly reprehensible, being largely soap opera disguised as true stories, whereas "scandal" magazines attempt to tarnish or even destroy reputations by artfully contrived rumors, falsehoods, and innuendoes.

I'm flattered, I guess, that you named a cat even so briefly after me. I suppose your cat-loving friend who fell heir to the animal promptly named the beast Felix or whatever name's popular with cat lovers these days. Just don't name any hounds after me. I don't want to read Kipple with an item headed "Dean W. Boggs took a bite out of my leg when..."

I suspect the superiority of dawn man over the sabertooth lay in his ability to plan operations ahead of time and to carry out these operations effectively. While some of the lower animals hunt in packs and show amazing ability to manuever the pack, man with even the rudiments of a language would have a clear advantage over any other animal. Man's ability to communicate by means of a primitive language showed up by the Late Pliocene; these prehumans were capable of planned behavior and social relationships. And your authority says your poor doomed sabertooth persisted till "around the end of the Pleistocene," at which time homo sapiens was on the scene, using stone tools and weapons.

Jeff Wanshel's "Psi" article was a highly amusing piece, but I'm not convinced that whatever ability it is, is ESP. It's merely a good sense of time. Apparently his ability to predict, as in his guess as to the time they would arrive home, is nonexistent. I myself have a similar ability to Jeff's: I'm able to wake without an alarm clock at almost any time I choose, early or late. If I relax and rely on this ability, I usually wake up as promptly as if I'd set an alarm; however, sometimes I lose confidence in it and when I have to awaken at a certain time for something important, I often find myself wakening prematurely once or twice, and this makes for a restless night. I don't consider this ability a psi talent; it's merely a half-conscious ability to estimate duration.

These arguments as to whether or not jazz and drinking go together remind me of my correspondence with F. Towner Laney ten or a dozen years ago. I told him one of my objections to the idea of taking jazz seriously as an art-form was that it was associated with drinking, narcotics, delinquent behavior of various sorts, brothels, low life, sub-humanity and mindlessness in general. His reply was, "So what?" and he appeared to feel that jazz gave expression to life in the lower depths. He had little patience with jazz concerts, so-called, and god knows what he thought, in later years, of the crew-cut type of stuff played by Dave Brubeck and his ilk. He seemed to think real jazz lurks only in the backrooms of Idaho roadhouses or equivalent. The point is, Towner didn't waste any type-ribbon arguing that jazz was not associated with drink, narcotics, etc. Maybe the whole jazz milieu has changed in the past decade?

CHESTER DAVIS
ADDRESS WITHHELD
BY REQUEST

Jazz and folk-music admirers have no more reason for their snobbery than classical buffs, but perhaps the reasons for that snobbery are a little easier to comprehend. Since the birth of jazz--and since the "popularization" of folk tunes--adherents of the respective forms have been told time and again that both are "lower" forms. Thus, they over-react by smugly asserting that, no indeed, both are "higher" forms. The sides of this argument are equally foolish; jazz isn't "higher" or "lower" than classical compositions (or show-tunes, or folk-music, or any other music form); it's just different.

Mrs. Kujawa, in your latest Kipple, fails to specify what branch of folk-song "fandom" she was referring to. This isn't by any means her mistake alone; most people fail to differentiate between the varying types of folk-songs. Are the admirers of southern Negro folk music the "much, MUCH more snobbish" ones, or is that anemic little man who collects Comanche ceremonial chants? Both are folk-song fans, but otherwise they couldn't be any less alike.

But this is of course quibbling. People habitually think of the "traditional American folk song" (whatever THAT is) when folk-songs are mentioned, and they give no thought to the folk-songs of other nations--or even to the different varieties of our own country.

BETTY KUJAWA
2819 CAROLINE STREET
SOUTH BEND, 14, INDIANA

I have already blasted off too much about my opinions of parochial schools and schooling. Gene's and my personal experiences with them have been far too grotching to go into once again, but let me say I am in sympathy with your impressions of them--if not more so. I am against federal tax money being used for parochial schools--the Roman Catholic attitude of wanting to protect their kids

from the rest of us is okay, as long as they don't expect me to pay my tax money for that aim. That would be a bit much. It's an insult to the rest of us--they don't want their children exposed to the likes of us, yet they want us to help foot the bills. I say if you want a private education, you pay for it yourself. True, Catholics have to pay for public schools, but so do we childless couples and unmarried taxpayers, and we all benefit in some way by doing so. This is a very touchy subject around town--a militant bully-boy Catholic group has been formed here (unfortunately, say many of our Catholic friends) and they have been making much noise and trouble and causing more bad feelings and animosity than any good they possibly could bring to pass by their capers.

Steve may hate me but I say--"good for Robert Ruark!" So sue me. I say this both on jd's and the Cuban mess. I still want to trade the prisoners for Eleanor Roosevelt, Spellman and Reuther. Anytime anyone wants them I'll be glad to exchange them for almost anyone. (Well, in view of my attitude regarding the hoods who pestered the picnicing fans last year (Kipple #3, #4, #5, Xero #1), I can't take offense at either you or Ruark wanting to "string up" the teenage hoods. There were extenuating circumstances in the case I spoke about, but I refuse to be a "Do as I say, not as I do" type of clod. ## On the tractors-for-prisoners campaign, I was very definitely in favor of the transaction and I'm sorry it couldn't come about. There were certain valid objections to agreeing to Castro's proposal, but none of them were as important as the human beings involved.))

JOHN KONING
10912 CARNEGIE, APT. 28
CLEVELAND 6, OHIO

Your "chk. lmj Pars. fr mat q&n--chk lttr rspns i. 13" very possibly refers to (a) Par-section, and (b) Loud-Mouthed Jackass. In other words, the lmj in Parsection. This becomes even more plausible after reading Willick's letter this issue. George should be applauded for admitting he is a snob, and therefore somewhat narrow-minded on some subjects (progressive jazz, obviously), but I am unsure as to what our reaction should be to his statements that are clearly intended to mean that only the unintelligent can appreciate music. Speak for yourself, George. I am not well acquainted with the history of classical music, and of its composers, but I feel sure that not a few of them must have been intelligent, while a bare minority might possibly have been sheer idiots. In is incongruous that Willick, who admits to having studied debate (in an earlier paragraph) and mutters (in that earlier paragraph) about establishing a firm basis of attack, should then make these wild and entirely unsupported statements. Controversy at any price, Mr. Willick?

I am also amused (oh, hadn't you heard me laughing as I wrote the last paragraph?) at George's summary, or rather at the three qualifying "may's", implying, as they do, that snobbery also may not be intellectual and may not be limited by individual capacity, and that snobs may not be unavoidable. But then I couldn't say...I'm just a snob looking for something to be snobbish about.

GEORGE SPENCER
1731 SPRUCE ST., APT. B
BERKELEY 9, CALIF.

Your quote from The Lamp on Catholic education sounds familiar. The argument that Catholic children are being exposed to a "neutralist atmosphere" is the stock argument, among others, used to convince Catholic parents to keep their children in parochial schools. It sounds fuggheaded to us outsiders because we already

reject the Catholic system, particularly the indoctrination part. But the complaint is entirely justified--there IS a non-denominational, though mildly Protestant, religious atmosphere in the public schools. Catholics are perfectly right in saying that the result of educating, in an "integrated" fashion, all sorts of religious groups together, is that religiously there will be a sort of lowest-common-denominator religious teaching present. Ming you, I said "sort of" l-c-d teaching, because whatever it is, it's nevertheless Christian, so that the Jewish students often get the theological shaft, so to speak. None of this is in dispute from this quarter, because I desire precisely that secular atmosphere which the Catholic priests fear. There are few greater guarantees of freedom of thought than the presence in the school system of a great many different religious groups.

I was MOST interested in your quotation from Simpson. Indeed, I felt somewhat abashed at reading it, because I have had a copy of that book for years without reading it. The debunking of the "inadaptive" trend of the sabertooth tiger has considerable relevance for me, because it considerably weakens one of my father's arguments about evolution. My father, who earned his Ph.D. in botany, studied some genetics and a smattering of evolution in graduate school, and has expounded at length on the ideas of one of his professors. As I understand it, he used just such examples as the sabertooth tiger to show that evolution, contrary to popular belief, does not occur in response to environmental needs. The giraffe did not develop a long neck so that he "could eat out of the tops of trees," for example. Frankly, I don't know what the current ideas on evolution are, and how they would be precisely distinguished from everyday teleological assumptions or Lysenkoism, but my curiosity has been aroused.

In your comments to Stiles, you mention Rockwell and the Catholic Church on oral contraceptives as cases of "censorship," which seems a bit strange to me. Maybe you've read something I haven't, but I'm not aware that anyone has actually succeeded in "censoring" Rockwell, though many people in Arlington would like to. Secondly, I regret as much as you do the RC stand on contraceptives, oral or otherwise. But do you regard a doctrinal pronouncement as a matter of "censorship"? (George Rockwell was refused the privilege of speaking in New York's Union Square some time ago, on the basis that what he said would be illegal. I believe this qualifies as "censorship"; no such assumption of illegality had a right to be made, no matter what Rockwell's past record may have been. I dislike his ideas as much as anyone, but the freedom of speech doesn't only apply to people I happen to like. As for the RC stand on contraceptives, you're probably right that this isn't an example of censorship. I suppose I could split semantic hairs and claim that any pronouncement accompanied by threats or implied threats of punishment ("You won't go to heaven, my son") is just as much censorship as is, "Junior, if I catch you reading Playboy again, I'll tan your hide!") Your quoting of your experience in regard to your school principle and On The Road is only slightly less fantastic than Les Sample's experiences. Both lead me to believe I've been leading a sheltered life, or something.

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I agree with Len Moffatt's idea of cutting down on sex crimes by putting sex in the open light. However, I don't think Ed Bryant's idea is practiceable just yet, or perhaps it won't be for a few centuries. In the first place, I don't think the primary pur-

pose of clothing is to provide sex appeal. The primary reason today is modesty, though provision of sex appeal is a side effect, a by-product so to speak, and a heavily-accented by-product at that. In the beginning...the primary purpose (at least for part of the year) was protection from the elements. And from wearing clothing part of the year, a certain reluctance to show one's body in public showed up, until clothing was worn the whole year round. In other words, the beginning of modesty of one's body. The modesty is now ingrained into human nature; I'm not saying that it is permanently ingrained, but you just can't legislate thousands of years of human experience out of existence. And that brings up another point: just how in heaven's name do you intend to put this plan of public nudity into effect? As I said, laws cannot legislate thousands of years of custom out of existence, and I doubt if the government would go along with a proposal of this sort willingly anyway. In fact, I doubt if people would. What you've got to do is take it gradually. Fashions are constantly changing, and seem to be changing toward less or more revealing clothing. If the trend keeps up like it has been going (though fashion experts say that hemlines will go down this fall), pretty soon--within a century or so--we might be reduced to the type of stuff that is worn around swimming pools today. And it's surprising what even swimming suits will reveal about what a girl has or hasn't. From this point, we might go on to complete nudity, but with the background of humans, I seriously doubt it.

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I have the distinct impression that the products of Roman Catholic (as opposed to Anglo-Catholic, which is quite another kettle of fish) education do give evidence of better training. Particularly the graduates of Jesuit schools; there appears to be an emphasis on logic and rhetoric which makes them good conversationalists and debaters/arguers, though this is often a superficial facility which obscures a lack of belief in the subject they are expounding, and a lack of feeling. I have known several non-Catholics who sent their children to parish schools because they were convinced that the public schools were inadequate.

The problem of editorial comments in/on letters is a stickler. I find your system of double-parentheses somewhat confusing at times, yet Boggs' underlining is a trifle distracting too. I'm thinking of trying numerical footnote references in Halfanthol #2. (That would be considerably more distracting than Redd's method, as one's eyes would have to continually leave the text and glance at the bottom of the page. I've always favored my system because (1) it doesn't consume much space, (2) it's fairly obvious, and (3) parentheses are directional. Regarding point three: I used "/" as a bracket for editorial comment at one time, but someone pointed out that it could be taken to mean that a comment was either beginning or ending, whereas with this system, "(" must be the start of a comment and ")" the end of one. There are other possibilities, such as /these/, ((these)), MtheseM, or even #these#, but practically anything would be better than numerical footnotes.)

I'm tempted to try to argue with you about equating "good" with "technical correctness" but I don't know enough about the subject to engage you...maybe someone who does will bring up the examples of musicians who rather often hit wrong notes, yet produce works of art, while others' technical perfection produces so-so performances. Anyway, I'm glad you don't equate "good" with "enjoyable" as most people do, although "good" still seems too general a word to apply to situations where one could be more specific,

and I'm still not quite happy about setting up any absolute standards.

You don't seem to be very happy about Don Franson's review of Kipple in an NFFF fanzine, but consider a moment: every year at least a dozen people join the NFFF and drop out after a year or so because they haven't found what they wanted in that organization. They may quite probably drop out of fandom also, since it has, until recently, been the policy of the NFFF to ignore general fandom, giving new members the impression that the federation is fandom. Some, if not many, of these people of a type which is overcome by revulsion at the NFFF might be Kipple or Void types, and their loss is a loss to fandom, which can't stand too many losses. I can't quite imagine Ted White or yourself sending a copy of K or V to every new member of the NFFF, and I would not suggest it if the loss were yours alone, but it is mine as well, because, for better or worse, I've become part of fandom.

CLOSING NOTES

The general consensus of opinion on #16 was remarkably similar: Quotes & Notes was interesting, the book review was well-done but the subject wasn't of interest to most readers, the time-sense Jeff wrote about is more or less part of us all, Marion was her normally superlative self, the letter column was comment-provoking, and thank ghod you decided against the letter-supplement. As usual, one-third of the letter response devoted to Q&N, one-third to the letter column, and the remainder to the "outside" contributions. An amazingly typical letter response, all in all. For one reason or another, the following letters and cards were left unprinted: Mark Owings, Calvin Demmon, Jeff Wanshel, Jack Chalker, C.L. Barrett, Gary Deindorfer, Jim Knotts, Len Moffatt, Vic Ryan, Buck Coulson, Jonio Quadros, and Larry & Noreen Shaw. Some will probably be printed in #18. Until then... ENEY FOR TAFF!

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