

EDITOR: TED PAULS



QUOTES & NOTES

TED PAULS

DEPARTMENT OF ABJECT APOLOGIES AND WEAK EXCUSES

Though I don't generally utilize this column to plead about my duplication problems, I think you all deserve a brief explanation for the sub-par duplicating and lettering on the cover. Bhob Stewart drew and stencilled the cartoon at my request, though how he managed the latter I shall never know, in view of the sheet-metal stencil he used. I almost had to use a blowtorch for the masthead. If I ever recover from that experience and decide to ask someone else for stencilled artwork, I'll send along one of my soft, blue ABDick's. But cutting the lettering was only the beginning of my troubles: I had neglected to caution Bhob to keep the cartoon between lines 1 and 60 on the page, he cut the illustration with the bottom on line 62, and as a result I had to hand-feed all of the copies. Then, when the copies finally started to fall into the tray, I discovered that for all my energetic gouging, the lettering was too faint--in fact, a lot of it was completely invisible, along with the left-hand strip of shading on Bhob's cartoon. Fuming and cursing helped not a bit, so I removed the stencil from the drum, cleaned it, and went over the lettering again. Unfortunately, I could do nothing about Bhob's shading.

This alone was enough to make a strong man ill, but my troubles weren't yet over. When I tried to return the stencil to the drum, it tore. Masking tape solved that problem with a nominal amount of profanity, but the tape creased the stencil near the word "WOKLpress" causing it to crumple up and not print in places.

But the cover doesn't look bad. It doesn't look bad at all compared to the way I looked when I finally had 110 copies of it stacked in front of me. One of these days you'll find me sitting placidly on the roof cutting my file copies of Kipple into paper dolls...

"HEADS WE BID FOR THE CON, TAILS WE DON'T"

In the June issue of Fanac, on the back page between the Positions Wanted and Obituary columns, there is a meek, micro-elite notice that Washington is bidding for the 1963 World Convention. If you read fast, you probably missed seeing it. The notice proclaims that the Washington Science Fiction Association voted 6 to 5 (with "many abstentions") to place the bid. And, oh yes, Bob Madle is chairman. On the first two pages of this very same issue of Fanac, there is a report of a regional convention (Midwescon) running two pages of pica type and headlined in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch shaded letters. This may have been coincidental, but I tend to

think instead that it is an example of Walt Breen's perceptive insight; in view of the (if you'll pardon the word) "enthusiasm" in the fan press and in the area for this convention bid, this is the most ironic, appropriate thing ever to appear in Fanac. In fact, had I been editing the magazine, I might have been tempted to put the DC-bid notice under the changes of address or in another fanzine altogether.

For obvious reasons, I favor a Worldcon in Washington in 1963. However, I certainly do not favor the sort of bored, unenthusiastic campaigning that the Washington fans managed to muster in 1959. Hogshead, Arizona could probably have shown more desire for a convention. Washington, in fact, has always had difficulties when it came to bidding for a convention. At the CinVention in 1949, three cities bid for the 1950 affair: Portland, New York, and Washington. The WSFA was split three ways with regard to this bid: two members definitely in favor (with two not-so-definitely in favor), two neutral, and two opposed to the bid. True, these were only the well-known fans in the club, but of the others Bob Pavlat says (in Hazing Stories #1): "Of the other WSFans, none that I know of back Portland, but many are along for the ride in backing Washington, several having their doubts as to whether this is the right year." The situation in 1959 was little improved: though none of the DC fans actively opposed the bid, many were in favor in words only. Action speaks louder than words, but in this case there was little action of which to speak.

It is too early to tell at the moment, but the tone seems little different this year. As Fanac noted, only eleven members of the WSFA bothered to vote on the proposed bid at all, and of these, five were against it. I wrote to Eney several months ago asking if a bid were being made; I received no reply. Having found out from Ted White that DC was bidding, I again wrote to Eney asking if there were any publicity flyers I might distribute with Kipple. Naturally, I received no reply.

Hagerstown in '63, anyone?

A BITCH AT BIRCH AND OTHER STORIES BY H.P. LEFTWING

One of the most interesting of the recent additions to my library is "Inside The John Birch Society," by Gene Grove, described in the blurb only as a "New York newsman." The book is composed of lengthy extracts from the published and unpublished comments of Robert Welch, founder and self-styled leader of the JBS, and side comments by Grove pointing out inconsistencies and reversals in the quoted text. Since most of these statements are indictments in themselves, this is a useless function, but I suppose Grove had to justify the appellation "author" some-

QUOTES AND NOTES by Ted Pauls.....	3
THE LION AND THE MOUSE, PART TWO by Bill Bowers.....	8
A GIANT ENIGMA WHICH QUITE POSSIBLY MAY HAVE	
PUZZLED A LOT OF YOU by Calvin Demmon.....	9
A SONG OF SIXPENCE by The Cream of Fandom.....	11
--Cover by Bhob Stewart	

KIPPLE is published and edited by Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland. It is available for letters of comment, contributions, trades, or 15¢ per issue, 2/25¢.

WOKLpress.

how. However, the literary faults of the book (of which there are many) are not my concern at this time; they may be covered in a lengthy review at a later date. My present concern is with the society itself.

The philosophy of The John Birch Society, generally speaking, is much the same as the old McCarthy line: there is no external danger to this country, no possible military threat from Russia; instead, the danger is internal, the Fifth Column of Communists and Communist Sympathizers. This includes, at least according to Robert Welch, anyone to the left of Barry Goldwater. Ex-President Eisenhower is a Communist, because (according to Welch) he stabbed McCarthy in the back; Chief Justice Earl Warren is a Communist because of the Supreme Court ruling on segregated schools; Franklin Delano Roosevelt was evidently so obviously a Communist to Welch that reasons for this accusation were never given; John Foster Dulles, Harry Truman, Dean Acheson, Chester Bowles, Charles Bohlen, Dalton Trumbo, Howard Fast, Allen Dulles, Milton Eisenhower... The list is practically endless.

Robert Welch would probably make an interesting character-study, if it were not for the fact that one Robert Welch is as dangerous to our freedom as five card-carrying Communists. In his eyes, nothing is as it seems; white is black, and black is white; everyone (except, of course, Robert Welch) means the exact opposite of what he says.

This book is recommended if you want to get an insight into the philosophy and policy of the John Birch Society. You will be infuriated, insulted ("Operation Abolition" is trundled in occasionally), and, if you are like me, you will remember Andy Main's words: "This country will probably go fascist before it goes Communist."

VOICE OF THE OSTRICH

There are a fairly large number of sickening things happening in the world today--the JBS, segregation, to name just two--but nothing is quite so nauseating as the shouting and tumult about fallout shelters. The number of otherwise intelligent people who believe that they can protect themselves by sticking their heads in the ground like an ostrich amazes me. Of course, when you're drowning, any old straw will be welcomed...but it would be unnecessary if you hadn't jumped into the water to begin with. I've experienced considerable apathy in convincing even my family and close friends that digging a hovel in the basement or backyard is akin to closing the barn door after the horse has gotten out. People don't want to believe that they're going to die. This is a perfectly human reaction, of course, and even we star-begotten ones are not above such reactions.

In the event of a nuclear attack, I'd probably run as fast as the next fellow, all the while cursing at myself for being so stupid. For what little good it would do, I have two advantages over the Average Joe in this matter: I have at least some idea of what conditions would be like and of where to go; and I would know of an impending attack before most other citizens. The Fire Department moves its apparatus out of the city on Condition Yellow, and the short-wave set would inform me of this long before any sirens began to sound. I even have an idea of where to go--Reisterstown or Owings Mills, Md. if I had time. But of course, it wouldn't do any good. The basic difference between Joe Average and Ted Pauls is that Joe would evacuate or hide because he foolishly believed it would save his life, while Ted Pauls simply has never cared for the idea of dying alone--if

I'm going to die, I think I'd prefer to do it in the company of a few dozen people rather than alone in a "shelter".

Perhaps I'm just a defeatist, as Chet Davis says. (Even Chester, one of the most intelligent people I've ever met, staunchly believes that in the event of an attack, he'll be safe in the basement of the neighborhood elementary school.) Maybe I'm just being cynical. I think not. I'm merely a bit sick of the "authorities" the Civil Defense Agency trundles in to convince everyone that All Will Be Well in the event of an attack. Lately everyone has been waving copies of an article by Dr. Teller claiming that 90% of the populace would survive in the event of a nuclear war. Of course, Teller must feel that way; I suppose the inventor of the pistol consoled himself with the thought that most of the people who got shot received only minor wounds.

LET'S KEEP THE "SCIENCE" IN "SCIENCE FICTION"

It seems that whenever I criticize factual errors in a science fiction story, someone dons the hob-nail boots, takes a running jump, and lands squarely on my premise. When I criticized Damon Knight's ignorance of ecology in "Rule Golden" (Kipple #11), Sid Coleman set out to prove that mankind continued to exist after all carnivorous animals were exterminated by quoting a passage from the novel which said just that. Knight said so; that is indisputable. What actually would have occurred under the circumstances is a different story, however. Then I wrote a review of Fredric Brown's "The Mind Thing" (Yandro #99), and due to my lack of clarification on some points and the typographical errors which crept in, I was soundly trounced again.

But I don't know when I'm well off; I keep coming back for more. In "Nightmares and Geezenstacks," Fredric Brown has a well-done story concerning the death of the last (or one of the last) dinosaurs. This takes place, according to Brown, in the Eocene epoch. In the event that your paleontology is a bit rusty, let me explain that the dinosaurs became extinct in the Cretaceous epoch, lasting from 135 to 75 million years ago; then came the Paleocene; from 75 to 58 million years ago; and finally, 58 million years ago, the Eocene. Seventy-seven million years separate the latest possible date in which the dinosaurs are thought to have existed and the time in which this story takes place. Admittedly, these eras aren't sharply divided right down to the year given on the geological timetable, and also admittedly, the fossil record is fallible. But a margin of three or four million years (liberal, considering the proved accuracy of the science involved) still isn't seventy-seven million, and the fossil record is quite accurate. Nothing, it is said, is impossible (a misstatement in itself), but the chance of a dinosaur existing in even the bare beginning of the Eocene is inconceivably small.

SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS

From Sterling Seagrave's column "Man About Town" (an inferior version of this column which appears daily in The Baltimore News Post), we glean the following bit of trivia: "Agricultural experts at Beltsville /Md./ blushing announced in a technical magazine that they have perfected artificial insemination for bees." I wonder what the Catholic church will have to say about that...?

Cum Grano Salis Department: "Seattle, Sept. 22 (AP)--A crab is a crab, but is it a fish?

"The answer is important to Orlin E. Lawson, who sells crabs at Milton Washington. The State contends Lawson ille-

gally sets his prices by the crab instead of the pound. The law forbids the sale of any fish by the unit. Justice William Lewis ruled yesterday that any creature coming from the sea is a fish."

"There's something symbolic about being run over by a portable tv while reading a book..." --Linus (in "Peanuts")

In "Between the Thunder and the Sun," Chad Oliver claimed that the star Aldebaran was 53 light-years from Earth, and that his spaceship would make the trip in five years. Having nothing in particular to do at the time, I decided to compute the speed in miles-per-hour under those circumstances. (You'd be amazed what sort of things I do for amusement.) The answer: 533,798,621 $\frac{1}{2}$ mph. The fraction at the end is an approximation for 242120/464280ths, but the number is otherwise accurate to the best of my knowledge.

I did a double-take when I ran across this headline from The Evening Sun: "A-TEST BLASTS TO BE SECRET". This is secrecy...?

Department of Gun Jumping: According to a printed announcement mailed to my grandfather (who couldn't care less), "we are beginning renovation of the building at 1006 North Morton Street in Baltimore." This, supposedly, is going to be the Baltimore Playboy Club, but if I were Hugh Hefner, I wouldn't bet on it. The Club is having some difficulties acquiring its liquor license, because of the so-called "51% Rule" of the Liquor Board--which stipulates that if 51% of the residents within 200 feet of the proposed establishment oppose granting the license, the board will not grant one. In this case, there are 26 residents within 200 feet, and 14 have announced their opposition to the Liquor Board. Unless at least two residents change their minds or at least two residents are proved not to own the dwellings, there will not be a Playboy Club at 1006 North Morton Street.

Just like a pronouncement from Moscow, or an edict from Peiping, a new "behavior code" has been issued to the students at the University of Miami, outlawing such things as: "Jackie Kennedy-style hairdos, student parking and necking any place on campus, tee shirts, slacks, men's shorts shorter than two inches above the knee, eye shadow, excessive bouffant and beehive hairdos, and fraternity parties more than twenty miles from campus." This goes nicely with a clipping I've been saving for several months regarding a "fashion code" issued to the students in high schools at Boone, Iowa, which stipulates that "boys may wear tight-fitting blue jeans, but shirttails must be inside the trousers and shirts must be buttoned with the exception of the top button. All boys must wear belts in their proper places." Now just where would a belt be worn but in its proper place (at the waist)? What is it those Radio Free Europe propaganda films say about regimentation?

Department of Book Titles: "American Education: Facts, Fancies, and Folklore". Yes--mostly fancies and folklore.

In Conshohocken, Pennsylvania a few weeks ago, electrical workers accidentally set off the air raid alert sirens, but it had no effect. Says the UPI dispatch: "Police said no one took shelter, traffic flowed smoothly, no Civil Defense volunteers reported for duty, and there wasn't even a telephone inquiry about the sirens." People--evidently including the Civil Defense volunteers--have gotten tired of hearing the boy cry "Wolf!" When the real thing comes along, the sirens sound, and everyone ignores them, I think I'll die laughing...

After five pages, the "Quotes & Notes" file hasn't grown discernably thinner. I still have long sections on sit-in demonstrations, different forms of egoboo, additions to my library, politics, New Trend fanzines, and censorship. Can you hardly wait until next issue?

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

CHAPTER ONE

- 1: Now in the time when lions grew big and mice were small, there dwelt in Forest Land, a certain mouse of the Mice Nation; and he was called Little Mouse.
- 2: And he was the son of Father Little Mouse, who was the son of Grandfather Little Mouse, who was the son of Just Plain Mouse; and the years of Little Mouse were three and none.
- 3: And it came to pass that wondering in a forest of Forest Land he came upon King Lion, and King Lion was asleep.
- 4: And running up and down upon King Lion, Little Mouse awoke him; and King Lion was exceedingly wroth.
- 5: And placing his huge paws upon Little Mouse, King Lion opened great jaws like unto the mouth of doom.
- 6: Pardon, O King, cried the Little Mouse; Forgive me my sin and I shall never forget it; who knows but what I may be able to do unto you a good deed at some future time.
- 7: And the King, Lion being his name, being much amused at the thought of Little Mouse being able to help him, therefore lifted up his paw, and set free his captive.

CHAPTER TWO

- 1: Then, in the following year, as he passed that way, Little Mouse came upon King Lion; and, lo, he was bound to a tree.
- 2: The previous hour the King's enemies had caught and bound him. They had departed from thence to find a carriage.
- 3: And brave Little Mouse gnawed away the King's bounds, freeing him.
- 4: Then an angel of the Lord cometh forth and saith: Little Friends may prove to be great friends.

AS DONE IN THE
KING JAMES BIBLE

A GIANT ENIGMA WHICH
QUITE POSSIBLY MAY HAVE
PUZZLED A LOT OF YOU

A N AWFUL LOT OF FANWRITERS, myself included, have probably wondered to themselves at one time or another, "Why the hell, if I can write stuff for fanzines and have people enjoy it, then why the hell can't I write stuff for newspapers, magazines, and the other Pro Media and get all sorts of money for it and retire at an early age?" (This is a quote.) And why the hell indeed? I'm quite sure that almost every writing fan has wondered this, or something similar, to himself, especially after receiving an egobooful review or letter or phonecall from an admiring reader. And, as you may have guessed, the answer to this question (or at least, my answer) is quite complex. But let's have a "go" at it, as they say, shall we?

Firstly (and perhaps lastly, at this rate), we must consider the sort of audience that Fandom is. Fandom is made up, according to an impersonal opinion of mine, of people much more intelligent and with much more varied interests than the Average. That is to say, Fans are no damn good. And when we finally realize that Fans (or, as they say, "Fen") have more varied interests, we realize that Fans are as a result much more receptive to anything we have to say, no matter how poorly we say it. If there is a nugget or "germ" or a thought hanging out in what we have written, there will always be some Smart Fan around to dig it out of our sloppy syntax and make a Big Deal out of it. For example, if a guy writes a cruddy piece of fanfiction and gets it published in some crudzine, he, as a matter of fact, leaves the realm of this discussion altogether. Forget him! He's just that nut who's "passing through" that you always hear about on television. But if a guy writes a fairly decent article or story and has it published in a Big Name Fanzine, there are bound (is bound?) to be a couple of people who will read it and Enjoy it, just like in the Movies. Well, does this necessarily mean that his article or story was good enough to be published in a prozine? (Even if it does, that's a rhetorical question; don't answer it or you'll foul everything up something Horrible.) The point of this seems to be that if the whole world were made up of fans, almost anybody could sell an article to a prozine, but he wouldn't have time because of all the Chaos.

Secondly, it should be remembered that Fandom is made up of a group of Friends (believe it or not), and when some Fan writes something it is read not only for its content but for what it reveals about him as a person. Everybody in Fandom wants to know everything he can about everybody else in Fandom. Thus, a poorly written article may be well-received because it tells a lot about some Fan (especially if what it tells is plenty dirty, or "obscene"). The point here being that peo-

ple in the Outside World don't really care about each particular Fan, no matter how much we Want them to. It's vicious, but the Outside World doesn't really give a damn about Fandom. (More vicious is the fact that the Outside World doesn't even know about Fandom.) If a person is elected President of the United States, why then he is immediately looked up to with a lot of respect (even if he's just a doddering old man or a SenseOfWonder young kid). But if a person is elected Official Arbiter of the Cult, then nobody really cares. Maybe this is why fans gafiate. Who can say?

Finally, we should keep in mind the fact that, while Fan Writers may have a great lot of talent which might be appreciated by the Outside World, maybe they (these Fan Writers we've been talking about, loosely) don't even care. I mean, except for money, why would anyone want to write anything for the Outside World? Any half-decent letterhack can get more egoboo in six months in Fandom than a starving and little known writer can get in a Lifetime, unless he is discovered by Bennett Cerf or one of those other guys.

So the next time you wake up in the middle of the night with a backache (and it's your own fault, you stupid jackass!) and you catch yourself wondering, "Why the hell can't I write stuff for newspapers, magazines, and the other Pro Media?" just remember this: nobody else around here, least of all me, knows why the hell either. Don't even think about it. Take a couple of aspirin and go back to sleep. Even if you are a BNF you'll feel rotten in the morning when the boss has you flipping hamburgers over a hot stove. He for sure won't know you're a BNF, and I'm not too sure that he'd care if he did know. He'd probably kick you in your BNA.

--Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon

FROM: "THE CHURCHES AND THE PUBLIC"
"To the libertarian, particularly to the libertarian intellectual, few church endeavors are more annoying than the attempt to remove from general accessibility a book, a film, or a play. The intimation that someone knows better than he does what is good or bad, what is morally inoffensive and what is morally offensive, strikes not alone at the principles of the liberal but also at his taste. Efforts at censorship by churches, nevertheless, have been fairly common. While it is true that in the Legion of Decency and the National Office for Decent Literature the Catholic Church has in its service the best organized and most effective groups exercising influence on the distribution of movies and books, it is equally true that Protestant bodies have frequently cooperated enthusiastically in the local censorship of books and newsstand publications. It is worth remembering also that Anthony Comstock, that valiant enemy of obscenity even where it did not exist, was a Protestant. And the organized boycott and picketing of the film Oliver Twist because of its offensive portrayal of Fagan, who was at least as offensive in Dickens' original version, testifies to the willingness of some members of the Jewish group to suppress that which injures." --Robert Lekachman

The Churches and the Public is a pamphlet published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Box 4068, Santa Barbara, Calif. Single copies may be obtained free from the Center.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

"Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye.
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
And when the pie was opened
The birds began to sing..."

WALTER BREEN
1205 PERALTA AVE.
BERKELEY 6, CALIF.

I would say that Les Gerber's remarks on sex sound very much like Ted White, even to the term "monosexuality" for the practice of foresaking or avoiding socio-sexual contact in favor of masturbation; but he said much for which I have only praise. However, Wells' "Encounter" can be justified on other grounds that nobody seems to have mentioned yet in print: There are prostitutes and prostitutes, cruddy 8th Ave. sluts and pigs, and Park Ave. hetairai (more like call-girls of the \$100-per-night class, who provide entertainment of which sex--in highly variable forms--is just a part). The latter might well get into the life because they like sex. The former probably don't. My information is far from complete, but apparently there are at least a few of the call-girl class who are in it to mix business with pleasure. The only unconvincing thing is locating one of that type in Tijuana or wherever the story was taking place.

Willick evidently has no idea how symphonies are constructed, otherwise he would not have made such a preposterously fuggheaded remark as "Mentally retarded people can and often do create great musical compositions...A sheer idiot possess the ability to compose symphonies (I think this may be the rule rather than the exception)..." This is another example of the old-fashioned Romantic line that creation is something done in an abnormal mental state akin to delirium and that intelligent conscious judgements are absent. What in fact happens is altogether opposite, as Beethoven's notebooks showing the evolution of his ideas proved, and as close study of almost any good symphony score will confirm. Considerable ingenuity is required in constructing themes that will not clash with each other, or will not clash with parts of themselves when allowed to overlap as in contrapuntal development, and which themes are at the same time emotionally meaningful; a kind of ingenuity roughly akin to that necessary in writing a sonnet or other poetic form with strict rules of construction. Ingenuity is also necessary in finding non-hackneyed ways of developing those themes, and in showing subtle relationships among them. There is nothing random about a symphony: it is an elaborate design, and the composer has to be able to perceive it as a whole and in its details. If he did not, the result might be quite lame, or even ludicrous. Mozart's "Musical Joke" was a deliberate satire on such hacks of his own day. I have

had to stick to generalities here, because if I were to write in all the necessary detail, the result would be book-length (and Willick probably wouldn't read it anyway) as well as of necessity based on only a few of the outstanding examples--Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms and Gustav Mahler in particular, if we stick to symphonies and the ingenuity involved in composing them--and Willick could always say these were exceptions to his rule correlating intelligence negatively with musical ability. But how many exceptions does it take to destroy a rule? Rather, I would demand that Willick provide the proof by naming even ten composers accepted as great who were demonstrably mental defectives. (He would probably shout "Unfair!" on the grounds that he does not know or like classical music. Exactly; he should at least know what he is talking about before making such remarks. And if he proposes to appear as devil's advocate rather than merely fuggheaded, he should at least have some sound reasons on his side.)

RUTH BERMAN
5620 EDGEWATER BLVD.
MINNEAPOLIS 17, MINN.

I took a course in Beginning Psychology this summer. I got a B in the course. I hated that course. More to the point: the textbook, while tossing little illustrative anecdotes about, said that there are several rhythmical functions in human beings, such as heart-beat, digestions, and so on, and that people who can time themselves to get up at any given hour are (subconsciously) counting off the time on these handy-dandy home-made clocks. I don't know if this sort of time-keeping is accurate to the nearest minute. If it is, then, almost certainly, that is the explanation of Jeff Wanshel's psychic time sense. Contrariwise, I don't see how they could possibly set up an experiment to prove that the people who act as their own alarm-clocks are running on digestion/heart-beat time. Possibly both the human alarm-clocks and Jeff's sense of time are caused by extra-sensory perception, and the idea that the heart counts off the seconds is merely a plausible theory. Still, Occam's Razor and all that, and the theory that ~~they do it with their~~ it's done by the heart seems simpler than the theory that it's done by psi.

Oh, Ted, here you are coming a Deckinger. I recommend C.S.Lewis's "The Problem of Pain" to you (and to Deckinger, if he's listening). Essentially, we believers in an omni-everything, benevolent God, say "Yeah, even after we've put forth all the explanations of pain we can think of, there's a lot of pain we just can't explain under our rules. But we can't find a set of rules that satisfies us more, and we find more paradoxes under no rules than under these rules." (I'm afraid this isn't enough to me. I'm incapable of an "I-can't-explain-it-but-if-you-say-so" attitude; if I can't explain something, then I'll reserve my judgment until it can be explained. In other words, I will believe in the existence of a Supreme Being only when that existence has been proven to me. Until then, I will respect your opinion, but continue to grouch at those naive souls who believe anything they are told without questioning it--whether of a political, theological, or scientific nature.) Certainly religion is superstitious nonsense. Everything else is (or seems so to us) more superstitious and more nonsensical.

GEORGE WILLOCK
856 EAST STREET
MADISON, INDIANA

Ted White: From swing-era on you are in your own field and I see nothing wrong with your type of jazz-name alignment. However, the white musicians' attempt to emulate traditional jazz was simply call either New York or Chicago Style. Dixieland was a later form that gained re-

cognition under the horn of Phil Napoleon. It came from Chicago Style and the Mound City Blue Blowers' fascinating rhythms. Other early exponents of Dixieland were Miff Mole, Jimmy Dorsey, and Benny Goodman when he played with Ben Pollack. Possibly, Ted, you are aware of the calling of the entire field Classic Jazz?

Since Bunk Johnson was second horn to Bolden we can fairly well assume what he played. It is also interesting to note that historians are agreed on the fact that Bolden's horn could be heard twelve city blocks over the noise of horse and carriage traffic... It wouldn't have done much good at that time to have recording apparatus since he would simply knock the stylus off the master with the first blast.

And you, Ted Pauls; what do you mean that my statement of jazz appealing to everyone in some phase is questionable? If you find someone who states he doesn't like jazz, period, then try to take a look at his record collection or do a little quizzing. Chances are he doesn't know what jazz is to begin with. Good God, much as I hate to say it, Rock & Roll is a form of jazz. (Let's begin with Harry Warner, since he's handy. I may be wrong, because I don't know Harry that well, but I believe that only so-called "classical" music appeals to him. Redd Boggs also seems to enjoy only classical music. But for the knockout punch, I'll give you an example of which I am sure: my grandmother likes only "ballroom music". I could conceivably think of further examples with a little thought, but these should suffice for the moment.)

Thanks, Buck Coulson, for understanding what I said for once. As for John Koning, he's too far off the track to even tell to go straight to hell. (If you were on a debating team, you should know that one does not win arguments by dismissing one's opponent's comments as unworthy of attention.)

LENNY KAYE

418 HOBART RD.

NORTH BRUNSWICK, N.J.

I really wanted Rockwell to speak. It might have been funny, in a fashion. Anyway, I think that perhaps New York may have wanted to protect him by banning him; gad, if he spoke, he might have been assassinated for his views... My history project is on those extreme right-wingers, and any information you or your readers might have on the following would be appreciated: John Birch Society, American First, We The People, Order of Cinannatus (post-revolutionary war), Ku Klux Klan, German-American Bund, the various Neo-Nazi groups around, George Rockwell and his bunch, or Senator McCarthy. (For information on the JBS, I recommend the book mentioned in Quotes & Notes, and for McCarthy you might try "Senator Joe McCarthy," by Richard H. Rovere.)

HARRY WARNER

423 SUMMIT AVE.

HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Quotes and Notes interested me without provoking any lengthy comments. You are too young to realize that that song about the chewing gum on the bedpost is an old one, and I am too old to realize that it is again back on the hit parade. I could be wrong, but I believe that originally Wrigley's was in the title rather than chewing gum.

If Christianity is based on reality, there is nothing terrible about the cremation of a whole batch of children, because they would have died anyway, sooner or later, and in this way they enter heavenly bliss much quicker and without risk of leading bad lives that might send them to hell. Of course, such events do not jibe with the religionists who claim that God smites down the wicked and spares the good. (But that "if" is a

very large one. A lot of semantic juggling would be needed to convince me that "religion" and "reality" were compatible. Religion--"faith"--is by its very nature of the unreal, the spiritual. Religion, like a good fantasy novel, requires suspension of logic and fact.))

I wonder if it really is true that man adopted the use of clothing as protection from the elements? That is the general explanation, but it sounds to me like only a partial explanation, even if it's correct as far as it goes. You can run around naked in most parts of the man-inhabited world for nine or ten months of the year without suffering unduly, once you're used to it. But you need clothing of some kind through twelve months of every year if you go hunting through heavily thicketed land and want to avoid a horrible batch of scratches, ticks and biting insects in many areas, and as soon as man learned to fight among himself a hide wrapped around him must have afforded some protection from the full force of blows from dull knives chipped out of stones. I'm sure that I would insist on going around fully clothed even if one of the famous rays from 1929 Amazing Stories wiped out all sexual pruderies and repressions. Just think how unpleasant it would be to walk on city sidewalks on sunshining days from April through September, to sit on the fabrics and metal surfaces of much modern furniture, and to step into the spittle and insects and other nasty things that we tramp on all the time without compunction in shoes.

GARY DEINDORFER
11 DE COU DRIVE
MORRISVILLE, PA.

I feel that more people would come to understand and appreciate jazz and that they would be able to discuss it with more ease if it wasn't constantly being broken into categories like "soul-jazz" or "Chicago Style Jazz"--categories which have always been very arbitrary in many ways, and which have made for a departmentalization of the music which is wholly unjustified. These categories seem to have been created by people writing about jazz, and their validity is limited to simplifying things for the writer so that he can discourse with more ease and, too, so that he can further simplify. And I think that the categories were first used by the first justifiers of jazz; those respectability hounds who, in their nearly psychotic urge to prove jazz as respectable as classical music, found that by breaking into categories which appeared at least speciously justified, they made their music look very important and intellectually justified. (E.g., Andre Hodier, a categorizer of the first rank /and, to be fair, an otherwise excellent critic/ who divides jazz into very strained and pseudo-scholarly Primitive, Oldtime, Pre-Classical, Classical, and Modern Periods.)

Don Fitch: Well, I see the point that he wants brought out, but I don't know if it isn't one belabored by the fierce defenders of jazz. Like, Buddy De Franco, say these people, plays perfect, don't you know, dad? But his music is like bland. And old Thelonius Monk, he's technically limited and all--but he plays art, straight from the soul. The whole thing is an overdone argument started to protect the technically deficient musician. As a rule, those who play with technique in jazz are a hell of a lot more likely to produce works of what might be called "art" than are those who play sloppily. And, of course, there's the differentiation between the musician who is sloppy because he's bad or is learning, and the musician who, in his honest searching, goofs occasionally. It is, after all, hard to pay full attention to the mechanics of getting every intended note perfect when one is improvising in a concerted creative attempt, and not just "riding the chords" or "making the changes." And, of

course, jazz is an improvised art-form (within a defined framework, anyway) and perfection of technique is less necessary--a hell of a lot less necessary, really--than in the written, pre-determined form of most classical music. (And, yes, I know classical music encompasses improvisation, but it is of a different kind.)

As for Rosemary Hickey, hers were the most muddled and generally misinformed comments of the issue concerning jazz. For instance, her "either written or well-rehearsed 'freehand-adlib'" shows that she isn't aware of the demarcation between the completely premeditated parts of a song, and the improvised parts. This is the type thing which jazz writers should make clear to neophytes; they should deal less with classification, and more with aesthetics. To perhaps clean away a few cobwebs for someone on my own: No jazz song is completely improvised, and that goes for a performance of a blues with no slated theme, for even this is played with the rhythm section providing a definite tempo and chordal structure. Even the avant-garde Ornette Coleman, who brags of doing away with the "conventionalities of tempo and harmony" plays with some degree of a predetermined pattern; otherwise, his group would play anything, with complete entropy the result (the effect, admittedly, of most of Coleman's music to most ears, mine included). Indeed, even when a musician improvises, most of what he plays is referential to what he has played before on the certain chord he happens to be over. Thus, we find musicians, especially the imitative ones, playing pet phrases, or building their solos in predictable ways. In short, while jazz is improvisatory and while that is its particular strength, it is actually almost as predetermined as popular music and, to allow for some degree of improvisatory success, harmonically simple compared to classical music. (To those adverse to jazz who are always screaming in glee in discovery of this simplicity, I might indicate that to improvise successfully over some odd time-measure on some sort of angular, contemporarily classical chord structure is well-nigh impossible. Jazz seems to need the steady 4/4 beat, a smooth, flowing background, as its rhythmic basis, and a naturally 32 or 12 bar repeated chord structure as its harmonic basis.)

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

My ghod, I hardly suspected, in all my innocence, that such antiquated specimens like your Mr. Brown still existed. Anti-tobaccoists, I thought, belonged in the same group as those who wanted to return skirts to women's bathing suits. Just what exactly is so evil about tobacco, aside from the miserable television commercials proclaiming it every five minutes? "Anyone not yet 21 years old..." That's a miserable age-limit: old enough to be drafted and shot dead, but, no voting, sometimes no marrying, undoubtedly a lot of other nos, and now this. I would think that a reasonable non-smoking age-limit would be below 16, and not so strictly enforced. "\$500 or a six month sentence"--it croggles me that some few people can say what others can't do, with themselves, yet. As to whether or not Brown is on "a fool's task" (suggesting that he can't get away with his monkeyshines) there can be some doubt; there are plenty of self-righteous jerks, who like to stick their nose in other people's affairs, to support this character. Remember Prohibition? (Surely Prohibition, more than any other reform in the history of the country, was a fool's task? It obviously didn't work, and I personally believe that the Volstead Act was one of the great mistakes of the century. It proved one thing, at least: the American people will not stand for or abide by a largely unpopular

and undemocratic law. This should relieve those people who think the Communists will have an easy time walking in and taking over.))

"Where Was God?"--I saw Deckinger pull the same, identical bit in an issue of Hocus, and remain equally unimpressed. I believe Mike got it from The Liberal too, and it had the same wording, but I believe it was about some old gal getting knifed in church. Religionists, at least the ones I've been around, do blame God for the holocaust, and a lot of other holocausts too, past, present and future. So? Anyway, as an argument against a deity, it's always been pretty shoddy. Since nobody can ever be quite sure of just what constitutes a deity, the whole thing can be easily punched full of holes--for example: "Well, they're only human."

One of the most pointed instances of Catholic indoctrination towards school preference was an experience with my cousin, who is Catholic. It seems that cuz passed the entrance examination to Bronx Science, one of the "big three" in New York (the other two being Brooklyn Tech and Music and Art), which I consider an achievement equal to winning a scholarship. But Bill chucked aside this much sought after triumph and decided in favor of some obscure Catholic school, which must be paid for. I understand his mother is quite happy about this.

One of the arguments pro-parochial schools is that juvenile delinquents are non-existent because of teaching methods, etcetera, but as I understand it, any would-be rebels are dismissed. It would seem that the public schools are at a disadvantage because they don't have anywhere to dismiss their juvenile delinquents to.

I don't hate Betty Kujawa, but I must come back with a hearty braaack! for the nasty Mr. Ruark. His attitude, along with most New York yellow rags, is that any teenager is a potential punk, and should be kept in a cage until at least 27. (If you think I'm kidding about "27," allow me to quote something from the World Telegram: "Forty teenage punks engaged in a drunken riot here today..." and a few lines down "...thirty were over 25 years of age...") Basically, Ruark's trouble is making a fetish over a superior number of years, and of the "We weren't like that when we were kids!" bit--sick, sick, sick.

CHESTER DAVIS
ADDRESS WITHELD
BY REQUEST

Rosemary Hickey's letter puzzles me. Referring to "well-rehearsed 'freehand--adlib'" seems to be a contradiction in terms, unless she doesn't believe that some jazz is really improvised by such groups as the Modern Jazz Quartet. Improvisation is sometimes hard to grasp for the non-jazz-fan, or for the newcomer to the field. "Why," a neophyte jazz-buff might say, "they just can't make that music up on the spot." Well, no, of course they can't just "make up" the music. The basic pattern is as rigid as in any other type of music; only the overtones, the window-dressings on the basic pattern, are improvised. This is why the MJQ might play, say, "True Love" six times, each time differently, but what they are playing each time will still be "True Love". The pianist won't be playing "Silent Night" while the vibraharpist plays a Sousa march, simply because the basic pattern is "True Love" and can be nothing but "True Love," no matter what improvisation goes on on the surface.

I don't quite know whether or not to agree with your comment that "as a general rule persons with higher IQs are able to appreciate music more than those with lower IQs." In one respect, this is perfectly true; however, in another respect, you couldn't be less right if you tried.

Of course, the subtleties of jazz--or, in fact, any other music--would be a total loss on a person of very low intelligence, but on the other hand, jazz is based on rhythm, and rhythm affects even the most illiterate savage. So I would paraphrase your statement thus: As a general rule persons with higher IQs are able to appreciate the intricacies of music more than those with lower IQs. So-called "Rock 'n' Roll" furnishes adequate proof that many people of average or less than average intelligence enjoy music solely for the beat.

VIC RYAN
RM 414, BOBB HALL
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

It's interesting the way in which Harry Warner often lets his hair down in the pages of Kipp, since his newspaperman's role as "public servant" often shows through elsewhere. Statements such as his suggesting the abolition of

the double-standard strike me as probably requiring a bit of mental steeling on his part--checking to assure himself that this 'ere comment won't even get as far as the copy desk. I don't want to be overly ecclesiastical, but I really and truly believe that the double standard serves a purpose. It serves as a constant reminder to women that they are the only ones likely to lose anything (no cracks, please!), and it probably stops a lot of doubtful males from making decisions which would lead to future commitments not willingly undertaken. In itself, it's fundamentally pointless; as a mental reminder--and not a strict rule-of-thumb--it can be reasonably worthwhile.

Boggs neglects a very fine television program when he omits "Naked City" from his partial listing of shows with more "up-slant" material. It certainly must fit the qualifications: no excessive violence, careful, thoughtful production, competent acting, and, above all, emphasis on emotional motivation rather than the crime itself. (I began watching "Naked City" with the installment that starred Theodore Bikel. I watched it only for Bikel--one of my favorite actors--and had no intention of continuing to view the weekly programs. However, I became interested and I now watch the show more or less regularly. As much as I enjoy it, I nevertheless must take exception to your claim of "no excessive violence"; the only difference between "Naked City" and others in this respect is that on the former, every second criminal uses a sub-machinegun. Bikel killed six people with one; last night (Sept. 27) armored-car robbers used a couple sub-machineguns; a month or so ago, in the program featuring Sylvia Sidney, a band of thugs with tommy-guns, managed to kill upward of ten people before being killed themselves.)

GREG BENFORD
204 FOREMAN AVE.
NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

Censorship? I've had my fill of it. When I was in high school I edited, in a somewhat sporadic fashion, the newspaper. I was no great shakes, but I had free hand. I once published an editorial in a pseudo-Geisian manner, but it evoked no reaction. So I tried something else (things were pretty dull that year). One day the school got a new ditto and it was requested that I and the art editor try it out, since we were the only ones who knew how to operate it. I typed a few of the quick-brown-fox exercises, and then launched into a diatribe about the administration and various fuggheaded things it had done. Trusting soul, I left it on the ditto for the art editor to run off.

Two hours later I was summoned into the principal's office, escorted by two teachers. "We found this thing," he said, gesturing with distaste at my carbon, "lying right in my own offices!" The thought that anyone could

write anything like that right on school property seemed to amaze him. He oscillated between hurt feelings and outraged innocence. He even told me that I could be sued for libel (I may have been young, but even I knew he was wrong) and said he might run me right out of school. The conference ended with the ceremonious destruction of the carbon and a statement that henceforth all editorials would be censored by "the administration" (him).

But that was nothing compared to my adventures in what was then Frankfurt Fandom. Jim and I and a few fringe-fans formed a Stf Club which met weekly and goofed off on school time. We decided to put out a magazine and make money for the club, so we got things together and assigned articles. I was editor, and also wrote the lead piece, which I decided to make a satire on the school coach and nurse, who were both incompetents. It was called "Blood in the Halls," and told of the gross treatment an injured student got in the red tape machine which was the administration. ((I can see it now: a student with his arm cut off just above the elbow is slowly bleeding to death, while a fat, disinterested principal adjusts his pince nez and asks, "Why do you think you should be allowed to leave school early?")) I thought it was pretty good; anyway, it would've sold copies, I'm sure. We ran off the complete magazine and were going to assemble it soon when the sponsor sent a routine copy to the offices. Everyone was aghast, especially since the tale included a graphic illo that looked exactly like the coach and nurse. I was browbeaten in classes and given short shrift indeed for a while in the hands of the teachers, until one afternoon I was summoned before a little group including the participants in my little tale and a few other instructors to give the air of impartiality. The usual sordid events ensued, the principal acting as prosecuting officer, calling "witnesses" and getting opinions from the impartial ones. Yes, it was pretty bad. They took all the magazines, of course, and burned them. I was given the usual treatment by the students, for though the minions of officialdom promised to keep it quiet somehow, it leaked to the "student leaders" that I and my "gang" had created a terrible thing and nearly gotten some teachers fired. Shame, shame. I was dumped from any post on the newspaper and removed from contention for a few offices (all on the quiet). The general impression left upon myself and my cohorts was one of disgust from which we never quite recovered; especially disgust at the student stooges who had gone along with the dirty work of the administration.

Ah well. I've kept track of a few of the people involved (one is studying with me) and now happily note that all who were pawns of the officials are now submerged in low income brackets and educational levels, but the horrid crew who helped with the zine are quite successful in their pursuits. That's the only pleasing aspect of the whole thing.

MARION BRADLEY I've lost my Image. I mean Reliable Contributor.
BOX 158 What happened was this: Saturday morning, September
ROCHESTER, TEXAS 23rd, being the date on which I usually sit down with my rough notes and run up a completed "Cryin' In The Sink," I went down town for the mail, after a hard painful week of overwork, came home, and collapsed. No, there was nothing in the mail except an advance on a novel. I collapsed, however, with an ailment whose disgusting details I shall spare you; at 11:30 AM I was taken to a doctor, who diagnosed either intestinal flu or acute ptomaine poisoning, gave me a shot of something or other and I was taken home more dead than alive and spent the rest of the day in delirium. Around 9 PM

I began to rally and by Sunday morning, though weak and shaky, was about myself again. However, I spent the day in bed as a precaution, being unable to lose Monday at school. This morning--Tuesday--I realized that the deadline had come and gone and my Image was gone forever. I weep. But I offer only in excuse that someday YOU might have food poisoning or whatever it was, and then you will understand.

Seriously, Ted, I am almost in tears about this, but I was too sick even to sit up; I was, literally, delirious much of the day, or so I'm told. And Sunday I was still so weak that all thoughts of fanzines went out of my head like nothing.

ED BRYANT

ROUTE 2

WHEATLAND, WYOMING

Here in Wheatland we have no burning issue about whether or not drivers should swerve to miss hitting dogs. Rather, we've got the problem of drivers who go out of their way to run over dogs. I've seen

it myself. I saw a car swerve clear over into the left lane to try and bag a cocker spaniel. It isn't just the teenagers out looking for thrills who do it. There are several "adults" in Wheatland that enjoy the practice. (I must say, Wheatland sounds like a happy community. I don't recall ever seeing anyone deliberately try to run down a dog, but I have seen people who rather enjoy bagging a headlight-blinded squirrel or rabbit.)

I see Scotty Neilson took me seriously on my letter in #16 concerning the advocating of universal nudism. My personal opinion is that I don't think anybody should worry about the issue of public nudism for quite a while yet. Without some special "reason" for nudism (such as the one in Heinlein's The Puppet Masters) a 'nudism-bill' would probably be laughed out of Congress. I do think, however, that by the turn of the century, nudism will be common on the beaches, and bikinis will not seem too far out of place on the street.

There is one basic reason why mankind could never go completely naked: He would need a substitute for pockets. Possibly a belt would do, from which he could hang his credit cards, cigarette case, etc. (There were substitutes for pockets among semi-nude races such as African tribes, some American Indians, and probably Polynesians. Of course, these less civilized races led less complicated lives, and therefore didn't have to carry as much with them as we do.)

JERRY PAGE

193 BATTERY PL., NE

ATLANTA 7, GEORGIA

On the jazz argument, I think the main trouble with jazz is that its proponents are always trying to twist it into something it is not. Repeatedly we hear it compared with the classics, but to me

it seems too geared to today to have very much survival value--no more such value than the pulps had. Today, it's probably evaluated above its proper level and in a few years it'll probably be evaluated below it--thence to taper off at a proper level. I can take it or leave it, but prefer traditional. I prefer concert types of opera, as far as music is concerned, with an unexplainable liking for movie background music (which has little survival value either).

On the subject of awards: no. Oh, I'm not against awarding merit, achievement, artistic quality or whatever. I just want one simple item to guarantee that the awards will go to those fanzines or fans who are of the highest quality. Namely, a good, clear, unarguable definition of what constitutes that quality. It sure isn't popularity, and if you doubt that, check

some magazine sales figures, music popularity charts, or such. The Hugo awards would be greatly improved by the addition of a "No Awards" box in each section, so that if the voter didn't think an award should be made in any given category, he could say so. And let it carry points, which just ignoring a category does not do. As for quality, it takes some time to settle that. We can probably say with some assurance of being right that Shakespeare wrote better plays than Ben Jonson. It is a safe bet that Rembrandt was superior to his contemporaries. But he was also, in most cases, poorer. Van Dongen gets panned consistently despite the fact that he has mastered design, technique, color, texture and a number of other technical skills, as well as expressing a totally individual viewpoint. But the consistent favorites of fans are very photographic, with only a couple exceptions. (I must confess, my tastes in art run to the more photographic. My favorite science fiction covers of the last decade are the following: F&SF, December 1954 (Chesley Bonestell); Fantastic, April 1955 (Valigursky); Fantastic, June 1955 (Valigursky); Astounding, August 1956 (Emsh); If, December 1956 (Mel Hunter); F&SF, February 1960 (Emsh); and F&SF, January 1961 (Emsh). However, my favorite sf/fantasy covers of all time are from Weird Tales, the nether-world creatures Matt Fox used to do. The best fantasy cover I've seen was Fox's for the May 1947 issue of Weird. Now you may all make nasty noises about my taste.))

On occasion, I've spoken to fans who admitted voting against Analog in the Hugoes not because it was of poorer quality than the magazine for which they voted, but because they didn't like Campbell.

DICK LUPOFF
215 E. 73rd ST.
NEW YORK 21, N.Y. I see little point in a publisher arguing with a reviewer on such a point as the latter's evaluation of a given article, story, illustration, or whatnot, but when Marion accuses Pat and me of blackmail and graft, she certainly deserves some reply. Like, maybe a libel suit. Of course, I'm kidding about this, although I seriously think a damned strong case might be made, against Marion and against you as publisher/distributor. But I repeat, I have no such intention.

Marion's opinion of Willishes, TAWF, and similar activities are hers to hold and/or to promulgate in the proper medium. The proper medium would be something on the order of an article called "Fan Funds--Noble Gesture or Maudlin Monkeyshines" or "TAWF Debunked" or "The Sob-Sisters Take Over Fandom" and so on into the night. Such an article would make fascinating reading and would cause great controversy. Most opinions might side with the fund raisers against the attacker, but I for one think that the success of some fan funds has resulted in a glut of them and the whole picture does need a little re-examination.

For instance, one presently active fund seems to be nothing more than a little hobby group that is looking for some angels because their hobby is expensive and they would like to persue it farther and faster than their own money permits. Hell, my hobby is booze, which is expensive. Anybody want to start a Lupoff Bottle Fund?

But all of this, as I say, is legitimate subject for a discussion in its own right. I think it entirely improper for Marion to take a wholly gratuitous passing slam at TAWF--as she has done now twice in a row--in what is supposedly a fanzine review column. (There is nothing wrong with editorializing in ("what is supposed to be") a fanzine review column. I don't agree with much of what Marion said, nor

the way in which she said it; but anything which appears in a fanzine or has to do with a fanzine is fit grain for the reviewer's mill. Marion, like my other columnist Ted White, has a free hand as to the content of the column.))

Further, her absurd accusations against Pat and myself--blackmail and graft, indeed!--are not only (1) libelous in the legal sense of that word, and (2) patently ridiculous, but also (3) quite out of place in what is supposedly a fanzine review column. (You know--or should know--that Marion's comments about blackmail and graft were written rather with tongue in cheek. "They may regard the dollar charge as a form of blackmail. Okay, completists, so it's blackmail..." This isn't Marion Bradley, in Kipple; it's Dick Lupoff, in Flyer. I suppose that we all say "patently ridiculous" things at times, even Fanzine Critics and Fund Raisers.))

I suspect that those words were written in a moment of transitory pique at learning she would not receive her accustomed free copy of Xero for the sixth issue. If this is true, I would appreciate a retraction of them. If, on the other hand, she really meant and still seriously maintains that Pat and I are blackmailers and grafters, I wish she would state her case clearly and completely, so that all of your readers--especially those who do not overlap with Xero's--may see how absurd any such accusation is.

LEN MOFFATT Les Gerber: I do not consider all persons who look at
10202 BELCHER "dirty pictures" as not "normal". There are persons and
DOWNY, CALIF. persons--"dirty pictures" and "dirty pictures". As an
 example, a friend says to you, "Wanna see some dirty
pictures?" "Why not?" say you, and he hands you a photo of a man and
woman, in the nude, making love. Would you consider this a dirty pic-
ture? Many persons would--but what's dirty about it? It may be exciting
or amusing (or even boring) to see, but unless one has guilt-feelings
about sex it shouldn't affect one as being "dirty". Now I do consider
some pornography dirty, or to use a more accurate term, sick. This is
the sadistic or masochistic. Persons who enjoy this type of pornography
are sick, to be sure, and--from my viewpoint if not yours--not "nor-
mal". Note that I put "normal" in quotes, because I don't want to get
into a lengthy argument on what's normal. Normal is as normal does, or
what is normal today may be considered (by society in general) abnormal
tomorrow. And what is normal for you is not necessarily what is normal
for me. It is normal for me to write a letter of comment to Ted Pauls
on Kipple. Others prefer to send money, and it would be "abnormal" for
them to write a letter of comment. I hope you understand me, and I will
say that I'm in agreement with your thoughts on our society's unhealthy
attitude. That's what was article was about--i.e., who needs more laws
when enforcing them is certain to do more harm than good.

I'm a bit surprised at Steve Stiles. He doesn't seem to understand why censorship of "sexual and moral questions" can be dangerous, because it is "more or less connected with the senses and not of the mind." I don't think you can separate the "senses" from the "mind" that easily. Sure, mindless creatures apparently experience sensual activities (such as sex or procreation) but man is not a mindless creature and what he feels and does is controlled by his thoughts--or, as in the case of those who have not the "will power" to resist over-indulgence in sensual pleasures, his thoughts and reactions are affected by what he feels and does. When a law tells me that I can't read a certain book or look at a certain picture because it is sexually or morally "wrong," I know damn

well that my mind is being dictated to, and I do not like it. It's only a wee small step from there to another law telling me what to think politically (or otherwise)...

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Buck Coulson comments on idiotic parents, with particular attention to the recent Lichtman affair. Len Moffatt pootsards on #17, and says that the incredible song-title I mentioned was originally "Does the Spearmint Lose It's Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?". "It was sung years ago on radio's 'National Barn Dance' program, by Lulubelle and Scotty. On the same program, The Hoosier Hotshots used to sing 'From the Indies to the Andies in his Undies'." Mark Owings sends along a quarter and a recommendation to read "The Child Buyer," by John Hershey. Rev. C.M. Moorhead sends 25¢ on the recommendation of George Willick. Bill Bowers claims that Kipple is The Fanzine That He'd Most Like To Imitate. Actually, Bill, I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't; the competition is pretty stiff already... Don Dohler is another member of Baltimore fandom, which seems to be gaining in strength of late. Don, who was here at 1448 just a few minutes ago glomming my fanzine collection, would probably be interested in receiving your fanzine. (His address is 1221 Overbrook Road, Baltimore 12, Md.) Betty Kujawa tells about Ella Parker's visit to South Bend, comments on Ted's column and on George Willick. Larry McCombs has a new address (147 Bradley St., New Haven, Conn.) and has decided to write letters for his copies of Kipple, because the trade copy for Gaul is sent to Seattle. Jinx McCombs is Larry's sister, but writes independantly from 3000 miles away in Wasco, California. Her letter will appear next issue. And Larry Crilly, Don Franson, and Roy Thomas sent cards. Happy Fire Prevention!

FROM

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



SEND TO

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downy, Calif.

printed matter only
return postage guaranteed
may be opened for inspection

SUPPORT TAWF! Send your contribution now! Remember, there is no such thing as "too much" money...