

THE MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL CONSERVATISM

QUOTES AND NOTES by Ted Pauls.....	1
THE THEORY OF AMOEBA IMMORTALITY by Ted Pauls.....	8
UFFISH THOTS by Ted White.....	11
A SONG OF SIXPENCE by The Illustrious Readers.....	15

KIPPLE is published by Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12 Maryland, and is available for letters, trades, or 15¢ per issue. W

-QUOTES & NOTES-

by ted pauls

A DIVERGENT OPINION: THE WORTH OF FAN-FEUDS

George Willick seems to have a penchant for holding opinions unpopular in the fan circle. This in itself is not bad, of course, but when these opinions are not only unpopular but also patently ridiculous, it becomes slightly depressing. In Parsection #9, the editorial is devoted to an article by Willick on the value of fan-feuds, and in one of my less friendly moments, I might nominate it for the Foolish Article of the Year Award. George's points are these: (1) that it is a healthy sign if, when you are attacked by another fan, you "back off and hit him with everything you have"; (2) that feuds are what make fandom interesting and lively; (3) that they are entertaining to the audience; and (4) that anyone who finds such feuds revolting is merely one of the "sheep".

Of these, points one and three deserve little consideration. Anyone who retaliates to a criticism or opinion in such an over-enthusiastic way as to "hit him with everything you have" is merely showing signs of a tissue-thin skin and childishness they should have out-grown long ago. And as for the entertainment value--well, a feud may draw a few vultures, but for every vulture who comes, many owls will leave in disgust. Feuds are destructive, and here I speak from sad experience. A feud destroyed a fanzine of mine (Dissecta Membra) which may have had a promising future. (In retrospect, I am of course glad. It gave me a chance to publish Kipple, an infinitely more satisfying venture.) Feuds also destroy reputations. There is nothing quite so stupid as a page written in anger, and anyone utilizing this form of retaliation is going to harm himself more than his opponent. Shouting does not win arguments.

Points two and four deserve only slightly more of an answer. Feuds are, as outlined in point two, lively and interesting...for a while. The novelty soon wears off, however; then the audience is exposed to the fact that there are merely two (or more) fans making fools

of themselves. Oftimes it is impossible to see what the argument concerns; any original valid points are soon lost in the bitter stream of invective which follows.

And as for being one of the sheep because I dislike feuds, I very much doubt it. I have never shirked the defense of an opinion of mine, I have never failed to say what I think; yet, in 13 issues of this fanzine, I have never gotten angry in print, never taken an unfair swipe at an opponent, never been reduced to the name-calling belligerence of which George would like to see more. It is possible to say anything you want, and to say it in a friendly manner. (And even if you don't care to make or keep friends, keep in mind the practical aspects: a subtle comment has a far sharper edge than a shouted curse.) It isn't at all difficult to be nice to someone while arguing with them, and it is fully worth the trouble. If I wanted to descend to the brand of comment usually seen in a fan-feud, I could end this articlette with this line: "Willick, you're a damned fool!" Instead, I prefer to leave this as my ending: I think that advocating the comeback of the rough-and-tumble feud is one of the most unintelligent proposals I've ever seen in a fanzine.

WAIT 'TIL THE FALLOUT STOPS, NELLIE

Last issue I said that most people absolutely refuse to consider the possibility that they will die in the event of a nuclear war, and as if by magic, some proof of this statement appeared in the Baltimore News-Post. This paper runs a feature called "Inquiring Reporter," where the reactions of people to a currently newsworthy event are tested by asking relevant questions. On Monday, October 16th, the question was "Do figures on daily radiation fallout worry you?" Kipple, acting in its capacity as public servant, here presents several of the answers:

"No. I think this daily recording of fallout is part of a promotional push to encourage people to build fallout shelters. I consider all this information about nuclear weapons and their effects a big scare and don't believe anything devastating will ever happen."

"No, not a bit. I think this business of radioactive fallout in the air is part and parcel of the whole Russian scare."

"It has put fear in me, but I'm not really too concerned. I don't think anything destructive as nuclear war will ever happen."

Only one person asked was genuinely worried about the possibility of nuclear war, and the only constructive suggestion he had to offer was a vague comment about "building more shelters." Of course, the possibility exists that the newspaper printed only comments which might help to cheer up the readers, but in view of the News-Post's past record, I doubt it.

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T WRITE

I suppose that the realization comes to all fans in time that many of our non-fan acquaintances aren't able to plop down before breakfast and knock off a three-page article. The realization sometimes takes quite a while, as it has in my case, because to most fans, writing is second-nature. What we write may not be deathless prose; it may not even be

saleable. But the average fan is able to organize his thoughts well on paper, and he can generally stay within the bounds of proper grammar, at least on the second attempt. The average non-fan can do neither very well. Other fans have discovered this, but I don't recall seeing the reasons discussed at any length. Of course, one of the reasons why Johnny can't write is obvious enough: he can't read either. That is, most of the Johnnies don't read any more than is absolutely necessary. Then too, Johnny hasn't had the practice that we've had. But I think an even more important reason should be pointed out, and that is that Johnny simply isn't taught to write.

I'd like to cite a ninth-grade grammar textbook, which was issued in 1956. In it are models of what the authors consider "splendid" writing, and one of the examples is this incredible sentence: "Were you to awaken on a particularly chilly morning to find your heating system failing to function, thereby causing your aquatic applications to be of a most icy nature, I am afraid you would indulge in a rather shocking dissertation upon the instability of modern conveniences." Yes, that's all one sentence. The most pretentious writer in the world would blush at this 19th century example of "splendid" writing. By the criteria of this textbook, the only "splendid" writer in fandom is William Deeck, and to that preposterous suggestion, I mutter a typically non-splendid reply: horsefruit! I'm always willing to listen to suggestions to improve my writing, but frankly, I wouldn't be caught dead writing in the manner outlined above.

FROM "GENERATION OF VIPERS" BY PHILIP WYLIE

"The iconoclasm with which this book commenced, together with the subsequent sampling of a myth, an attitude (and, presently, an institution) may seem to the reader random and extremely arbitrary. But to bash all the phony ikons of Americans, and to examine all the myths, attitudes, and institutions which need overhaul, would take more books than have ever been written. Since, however, I purpose to suggest the entire galaxy is wrongly apperceived and idiotically revered, my method is like that of the Gallup poll--a cross sectioning. And my literary technique is to invade the reader's feelings (his values) as much as his reason, which will be explained in due course--as to explain it beforehand would be to reduce the efficacy of another stratagem of mine."

I HAD ONE LETTER BUT THE EGOBOO OVER THERE

Recently it ocured to me that egoboo, like beauty, lieth in the eye of the beholder. Among my numerous inconsistencies, I find that my conception of what constitutes egoboo is somewhat different than the norm. To most fans, egoboo--in its purest form--seems to mean praise of their writings, fanzines, or conversational prowess. This is indeed egoboo, but it is generally an ephemeral sort of limited charm to me. Far more important to me as egoboo is the lengthy and reasoned critique of an opinion. Whether this critique is pro or con is of little import; the fact that the writer cared enough to do it is the major factor in its importance as egoboo.

I receive three or four letters a month which purport to be letters of comment. They are generally one full page in length, contain eleven paragraphs, and inevitably begin "By damn this was a great issue!" This, supposedly, is egoboo; I believe some fans would consider such a letter the absolute epitome of egoboo. But my un-failing reaction to such a letter is to mumble, "If it was such a damn good issue, why couldn't you think of something intelligent to say a-

bout it?" This is actually non-egoboosting in a way, because I have the impression that these writers are dismissing everything with a "good" merely because they have nothing else to say. Fortunately, these letters are few and far between.

Unfortunately, there is another type of letter of comment which is equally rare. George Spencer writes them. So do Harry Warner, Redd Boggs, Walter Breen, Dick Bergeron, Ted White, and Gary Deindorfer. Spencer's especially are gems. George's letters are generally two pages in length, composed of six or seven paragraphs, covering thoroughly a half-dozen subjects in what appears to be third-draft writing.

Egoboo? Well, I doubt if George has actually said "I like Kipple" more than once in the last year; I don't think Ted White ever has. Yet, to me, these letters contain far more genuine "egoboo" than any twenty letters of pure praise. Possibly the reason for this lies in my own attitude toward this fanzine. I don't particularly care whether or not you like Kipple; I care only that you may find some of the discussions therein interesting enough to comment upon. You may think my ideas and opinions are among the most fuggheaded ever conceived. Fine. If you care enough to tell me that and to give your reasons--though I may not agree with them--then the purpose of this fanzine is achieved.

Damon Knight summed up my feelings in regard to ego-boo, when he said (in a nameless VAPazine and again in Retrograde #1): "The appearance of this magazine may evoke cries of ecstasy, indignation, and/or revulsion in divers quarters, but one reaction I'm sure of: The gleaming eye, the index finger rigidly pinning down chapter and verse, and the cackle which begins, 'What was that you were saying about--?'" That reaction, and only that reaction, do I desire for Kipple.

A PLEASANT DRIVE ALONG SCENIC ROUTE 40

Maryland Route #40, one of the major highways between Washington and New York, has an interesting segregation problem: most of the eateries along this route discriminate against Negroes. That isn't unusual, but what has made this particular group of restaurants newsworthy is the fact that Route 40 is used by diplomats from African or Asian nations in their travels between Washington D.C. and United Nations headquarters in New York. This whole matter began in a quiet enough way a month or so ago, with one diplomat being refused service; however, it quickly mushroomed into a genuine controversy, replete with newspaper editorials, letters-to-the-editor, investigations, and edicts from Annapolis. (An edict from Annapolis is something like a letter from Bob Tucker in order of importance, only moreso if you live in Maryland.)

I realize full well the uselessness of arguing with bigots, but one might reasonably expect even the most vehement anti-Negro to realize that refusing to serve diplomats from neutral nations is harming the prestige of our country. With one hand, we extoll the virtues of the American Way, where all men are created equal, to these neutral countries; with the other, we refuse to let some of their most respected citizens even eat in the same room with Americans. Prejudice must be a strong emotion indeed, if it will allow Americans who consider themselves patriots to make a farce out of everything this country stands for, and, not content at that, allow them to actively assist the Communists in acquiring new allies. I have known an incredible assortment of sub-intelligent people, but I am completely amazed that there could be people so

abysmally ignorant. One non-entity wrote to the Baltimore News-Post wondering why American people should be asked to eat in the same building with "suspected cannibals". It seems that he had read recently that there were still incidents of cannibalism in Ghana and a few of the other new countries. If my letter on the subject is printed, this gentleman will receive his comeupence, because I asked him why, since there were still murders in this country, I should be asked to eat in the same building with suspected murderers.

If I were a diplomat from a neutral African country, and happened to travel on Maryland Route 40, I would be sick of the American Way of Life inside of an hour.

I WAS A BOY ENTOMOLOGIST OF SORTS FOR THE F.B.I.

Relatively little of what I write in personal letters is coherent or remotely interesting to anyone other than the party I happen to be addressing. I have always envied fans who write such sparkingly beautiful letters that anyone, addressee or not, will be able to understand and enjoy them. However, I do occasionally include comments in letters which are of a more general interest, and if you will forgive my egotistical presumption, I believe this excerpt fits into that category. It is lifted bodily (kicking and screaming) from a letter to Buck and Juanita Coulson, dated August 31st:

"I'd think myself an unmentionable fool if I went around handling spiders I knew nothing about, too. The only species of poisonous spider that one is likely to run across locally is the black widow. The tarantula, which I believe is the only other poisonous spider found in this country, is native to the south and southwest. But I could identify one of those, too, so I'm not taking any risk handling spiders. Of course, on another continent I would probably be unable to identify the poisonous and non-poisonous varieties. If Juanita and I ever happen to run off to South American (an interesting if unlikely possibility), I'll be careful not to handle any spiders. Actually, identifying the two native species is relatively simple, and perhaps I can help a bit there. The tarantula is fairly large, brownish, and hairy; the black widow is black, smooth and shiny, and with a bright red hourglass-figure on the underside of the abdomen. /Only the female has this marking, a fact I neglected to mention to the Coulsons; but only the female is poisonous, so I'm not too worried about misdirecting Buck or Juanita./ Both are, like most spiders, exceptionally fast. I don't know where the tarantula makes its home, but the black widow prefers damp places under rocks and rotten logs. Black widows are fairly common, but they keep out of sight and so a lot of people consider them rare.

"I'm glad someone else realizes the importance and desirability of preying manti in the garden. Not only are they valuable for help in controlling various garden pests, but fascinating to watch as they prepare to pounce on an approaching tidbit. I think the movement of their forelegs when seizing prey is as fast as the chameleon's tongue. Another valuable helper in controlling pests is the dragonfly, especially if you're plagued with mosquitoes or gnats. Dragonflies eat hundreds of these little pests in a single day. And like the preying mantis, they are fascinating to watch. Dragonflies normally glide along at a low rate of speed, hovering here and there, but they can accelerate instantly and are capable of speeds of 55 miles per hour. (Incidentally, Frank Lane points out, with regard to this matter of speed, that these figures are obtained under laboratory conditions, and in time of peril the speed may be considerably higher.)

But any way you slice it, 55 miles per hour is damned fast for a fragile, lacey-winged insect."

A FAN'S LIBRARY

The mass of printed matter which I've eye-tracked lately would compare favorably to Mount Whitney in height, but for the edification of any interested readers, I suppose I ought to mention some of the more notable items. Garrett Hardin's "Nature and Man's Fate" (Mentor Books, #MT338, 75¢) is an interesting study of evolution and genetics, from Darwin to the present. This volume doesn't suffer from most of the faults in writing style usually found in textbook-like tomes, and Hardin manages to make his subject-matter comprehensible to the layman without over-simplifying. I would recommend it very highly to anyone interested in genetics or evolution.

John Knowles' "A Separate Peace" (Dell, #F104, 50¢) is blurbed as the best since "Catcher in the Rye". Unfortunately, the cover neglects to mention what it is the best of since CitR: best quality paper, best typeface, best distribution and display...? The blurb conceivably means that it is the best book of this type since Salinger's brilliant novel. This is true, to the best of my knowledge, but it is also true that being the "best since" is no great achievement. It's the best since CitR, but it compares with it quite unfavorably--if at all. John Knowles is simply not the writer Salinger is, and the difference is obvious to anyone acquainted with both these books.

As a matter of fact, George Orwell's "Coming Up For Air" (Hillman Books, #50-106, 50¢) would compare more favorably with Salinger's gem, even though only a small portion of Orwell's book deals with the type of thing about which Salinger wrote. Certainly Orwell's writing is far superior to most of Salinger's imitators. "Coming Up For Air" isn't an "Animal Farm," or even a "1984," but it is an excellent book in its own right. I think it represents the small town life of pre-World War One England better than anything else I have read, and Orwell's exploration of attitude and motivation is typically Orwell--that is to say, magnificent.

It is difficult to comment on James Blish's "Vor" (Avon, #T-238, 35¢), which I re-read a few weeks ago. Blish--at least the Blish of "Vor"--isn't a particularly outstanding writer, but he is an outstanding science fiction writer. Indeed, he is possibly second only to Heinlein as a pure science fiction writer. (I use the term "pure science fiction writer" to distinguish between the science fiction writer /Blish, Heinlein, Van Vogt/ and the writer who occasionally turns out stf /Orwell, Wylie, etc./.) If I wanted to lapse into baseball terminology, I could say that Blish had a "sneaky-fast" style: you read along for a few chapters, then suddenly the realization sneaks up on you that, by George, you're enjoying the book. This particular novel probably isn't Blish's best, but it gave me two hours of genuine enjoyment when I first read it, and it repeated that performance the second time. What more could I ask?

My penchant for long-windedness forces me to condense several other reviews intended for this section, saying only that for one reason or another, I recommend: Ayn Rand's "The Fountainhead" (Signet, #Q1995, 95¢), "Enjoy, Enjoy!" by Harry Golden (Perma Books, #M5035, 50¢), "Hemingway--Life and Death of a Giant," by Kurt Singer (Holloway House, #HH-102, 60¢), "The Story of Jazz," by Marshall Stearns (Mentor Books, #MD240), "The Haunted Mind," by Nandor Fodor (Helix Press, \$5.00), and "The Ghoul Keepers," edited

by Leo Margulies (Pyramid, #G-665, 35¢).

A BRIEF VOYAGE TO THE WORLD OF 93.2 MEGACYCLES

People lately have been telling me how fortunate I am to have access to an FM radio set. "How fortunate you are, having access to an FM radio set," was about the way they put it. And of course I'd nod my head in agreement, because I hadn't bothered to turn on our old Philco for years. But a few nights ago, I happened to see a listening-guide to FM programs in the evening newspaper, and one of the shows interested me-- "Dixieland Corner," on from 9:00-10:00 PM. Goshwow, I enthused to myself, a whole hour of Classic Jazz.

That night, at the appointed time, I tuned in to station WYOU (at 92.3 megacycles). The reception on the twenty-year-old, half-as-tall-as-I-am radio was magnificent. It was magnificent, that is, except for the spot designated as 92.3 megacycles. From that spot on the dial I received a static which sounded like someone eating dry soup-crackers while simultaneously whistling Mozart's 15th piano concerto. Oh well. I was philosophical. If I can't hear some traditional jazz, at least I can tune in on some classical music or some modern jazz. (You're gradually winning me over, Ted White; I can now even listen to Ahmad Jamal without experiencing attacks of violent nausea and vomiting.)

Our overgrown monstrosity of a radio receives approximately 35 stations with reasonable clarity, plus a half-dozen or so from Europe and South America when switched to short wave. Of these stations, nearly one-half were playing background music for motion pictures or Broadway shows; six were stationing popular music; seven or eight had listener-participation discussion shows or religious sermons; four had hillbilly music; and the British Broadcasting Company was in the middle of a news broadcast. Finally, at the very end of the dial, I heard the strains of a vaguely recognized composition. "Classical music," I thought. "Good." The William Tell Overture blasted out at me, gaining in power as it surged toward a magnificent pinnacle. The crash of cymbals and kettle-drums echoed throughout the room, the brass section washed over me in a beautifully inspiring wave, the woodwinds reached my spirit and drove in upward, ever upward, to ecstatic heights. I nearly wept. Suddenly, in the middle of my reverie, a voice rang forth: "With his faithful Indian companion, Tonto, the masked rider of the plains..."

I barely managed to turn the switch with my trembling hands, and caught just the beginning of the "Hiyo, Siilver, Awaaaaaaay...!" I think I'll stick to my records from now on...

SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS

Honesty-The-Best-Policy Department: Ted White visited here one day last month, and I took the opportunity to comment on his column this issue. "If Marion's reviews have generally irked you," I began plonkingly, "one might wonder why you waited twelve installments to make the fact known. Tell me that, Ted White. Howcome? Hah?" Ted casually flicked a beetle out of his beard and answered, "Because this is the first time she's stepped on my toes." Now I ask you, what kind of comeback could be made to that...?

The following, with apologies to Pete Graham, is a portion of a letter to the Baltimore News-Post on 'revolting movies': "Never in my life have I seen such a collection of junk, trivia, and perversion as our local screens are showing these days. If it isn't an Italian film displaying the talents of some so-called 'sex-pot' it is bound to be a

BY TED PAULS

THE THEORY OF AMOEBIA IMMORTALITY

The question of whether or not amoebae, individually, are immortal is a difficult one. It is one of the few purely scientific questions which, like many questions of philosophy, can be argued for hour upon hour without reaching a clearcut, valid conclusion (or, in fact, even scratching the surface of the question in its many facets). On the one side, there are those who claim that because an individual amoeba is one-half of its immediate ancestor, and that because succeeding generations retain a fraction (albeit a constantly diminishing one) of the "parent," every amoeba today in existence has or is a small part of the first such creature on this planet. The obvious object to this point, often raised by the opposing faction, is that new materials--food consumed by the creatures--is always being added, and used materials--waste--is always being discarded. Therefore, while a certain amoeba may indeed constitute equal parts of its "parent," succeeding generations, through the addition of the new and the disposal of the old, become less and less so, until after, say, thirty generations, there is nothing of the "parent" remaining.

Arguing along these lines gives rise to vagaries, however. After all, would it not be equally possible to argue that since the human body is constantly taking on nourishment and releasing waste, that we are not really the "flesh and blood" of our parents? A person bleeds, and new blood is formed in the body; scratches off a segment of skin, and new skin grows to take its place; breaks a bone, and (in time) the bone grows together again. Of course, the body is never completely replaced, but the principle remains.

Another interesting point presents itself when one endeavors to use a human comparison: when a human baby is born, the parents do not merely cease to exist. They will die, of course, in time, but it is not the same. With the amoebae, each succeeding generation actually replaces the preceeding one, because the "parent" divides into two parts, thus forming the new generation. To succumb to the use of human terms once again, the parent ceases to exist the instant the children are created in this division (called "fission"); or rather, the parent becomes the

the children. In at least this respect, the amoeba is certainly immortal.

A number of rather odd arguments have been presented by those who wish to lightly dismiss the problem of amoeba immortality. The indefatigable George Gamow, for example, wrote (in "One Two Three...Infinity") that the question of amoeba immortality was akin to the paradox of "Grandfather's axe". The head has been replaced twice, the handle five times; yet, does it still remain Grandfather's axe? Arguing by analogy usually puts one on thin ice, and the ice is particularly thin when the analogy is as improper as this one. Equating an inanimate object with a living organism must rank as one of the most blatant scientific lapses of the year, and one can only suppose, in view of the overall excellence of Prof. Gamow's volume, that it was done in a moment of absent-mindedness.

The axe, of course, is an entirely different story. I see no "paradox" at all existing here. But a living organism--even one so lowly as the amoeba--is more than pieces of wood and steel held together by a spike. Certainly, an amoeba has no "brain" as we know it, and many scientists claim that it has no awareness. However, this latter point is very much in doubt. As Dr. George Gaylord Simpson has pointed out, the amoeba seems to have an awareness, and there is really no concrete proof either for or against it. ("The Meaning of Evolution" by G. G. Simpson.) It certainly must be considered more than an axe-head, even though homo sapien in his infinite egotism has chosen to relegate almost every creature "below" him to the ranks of the non-conscious. As Bertrand Russell remarked, "A process which led from amoeba to man appeared to philosophers to be obviously progress--though whether the amoeba would agree with this opinion is not known." Undeniably, the amoeba is as efficient in its environment as man is in his own--and quite conceivably moreso. Man is one of the less adaptable creatures in the macrocosm and must employ a wealth of artificial aids in order to survive in his particular niche. (Man, having invented a large number of "work-savers", now finds himself absolutely dependant upon them.) In at least this respect, every animal on this earth is more fit to survive--in its own environment--than man is within his, without the use of any artificial assistances.

Another argument against the immortality of the amoeba is that the creature obviously isn't immortal, since many of the species can be and are destroyed. On the surface, this seems an irrefutable answer and many have mistakenly assumed that it is. However, if every presently-existing amoeba can be traced back to an original colony (or, better still, an original individual), there still remains a direct line to the origin. A human bloodline can be broken by destroying a generation of a family, leaving a gap between, say, grandparents and children, the parents having been removed. The existence of the parents is attested to by the existence of the children, but otherwise you must either assume the existence of parents or else hire some grave-robbers to disinter the remains. Besides, there is no real comparison between human and amoebic reproduction. A human child may resemble his parents, or he may not; and amoeba "child" is composed of every atom of the parent body, or rather two amoebae are composed of every atom of the parent body, and are exactly the same as the parent in every respect. Every amoeba in existence today should contain one-half of the substance of the parent body, which in turn should contain one-half the substance of its parent's body, and so on back to the original amoeba. True, the amount of one generation in the bodies of succeeding generations decreases, but even though it eventually becomes

incredibly small, no number is too small to further divide by two. Perhaps every amoeba in existence today contains one quadrillionth of its ancestor of 1000 generations past, but that is still some amount, even though it is an infinitely small one.

Therefore, in the amoebae, where each succeeding generation systematically replaces the preceeding, the line can be traced. If there is even one amoeba in existence today, then it must in theory contain part of the original creature. This assumes, of course, that there was an "original" amoeba. No evidence to the contrary exists, and the only alternative is that the creatures simultaneously sprang up everywhere on the globe. That theory belongs to the leagues of the anti-Darwinists, and I won't lend value to it by bothering to refute it.

Every amoeba, in a sense, "dies" in fission. But on the other hand, no amoeba ever dies in this manner, because two offspring rise, Phoenix-like, from it. So at least in one respect, every single member of the first amoeba colony still exists, through its component parts, to this day. (This first colony probably appeared during the mid-Archeozoic era--we don't really know, because they naturally left no fossil-record.) If this isn't immortality, then it is at least an incredibly potent form of longevity. The only possible human comparison would be the theory of reincarnation. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that at the moment of his death, every human being were able to transfer his mind, ego--in general, his consciousness--to an infant being born at that precise moment. The bodies would change, but it would be immortality just the same.

The only questionable point is whether or not the amoeba has any sort of consciousness which to pass on to its descendant. It probably has none by our definition of the word; it probably has, on the other hand, by another definition. The creature lives; it must then have some quality to distinguish it from a rock or a grain of sand. Even if this quality is barely a spark of awareness, then it has something which to pass on to its offspring. The method of reproduction used by the creatures is infinitely more efficient than our own, in the respect that if an amoeba has any spark of consciousness at all, this can be passed on to the succeeding generation quite easily. Fission, after all, means only that one becomes two.

At least it furnishes an interesting possibility for conjecture...

--Ted Pauls

- 21 The number in the space to the left is the number of the last issue you will receive unless I hear from you.. If that number is 19, you will not receive the next issue.
- ____ You have a letter or contribution in this issue. Congratulations!
- ____ We trade fanzines ____ but yours hasn't arrived lately.
- ____ This is a sample copy; DO something to deserve another issue.
- ____ You are a reasonably young, very beautiful girl, and I am proud--proud, I tell you!--to continue sending you this fanzine.

uffish thots

I feel rather strongly uffish today, and I'm afraid it's because I've been reading Kipple again. Nothing personal, Ted Pauls, but this marvelous fanzine in which I feel privileged to appear contains some of the most invidious irritants of any of the higher-priced spreads.

What

I mean is, Marion Bradley's fanzine reviews. In general they irk me, and this time they provide two specific points of reference. While I believe steadfastly in the subjective reaction, and, as I once said elsewhere, under another name, I am dogmatically certain that almost all critics of repute arrive at their value judgements subjectively, it is important to remember that in communicating their subjective impressions good critics find an objective set of criteria in which to frame them. That's all one sentence, yes.

Now Marion Bradley is one hell of a fine writer of fiction because she has this subjective approach to her craft. Her stories are stories she'd like to be able to read by others; stories that please her. And they succeed (in pleasing me at least; I don't know how well Marion measures up to herself) because this subjective approach to fiction immediately grabs the reader and plunks him down square in the middle of the story. He identifies; he is no on-looker, he participates.

That is all well and good when it comes to fiction. Marion has joined the ranks of Heinlein, Budrys, and a surprisingly small group of others in the ranks of the sf writers who are storytellers.

But criticism is something else. It requires a separate talent, and it moves in other directions. I grieve, friends, when I tell you that Marion as a critic is a good storyteller. Her reviews stink.

First, she doesn't get her facts straight, even when they are set before her. "The Lupoffs," she writes, "discovering that Blish's review had been extensively cut by F&SF, where it originally appeared, secured permission to reprint it here..." As a matter of fact, the review was written for the Lupoffs, and then begged for F&SF. When Dick discovered it had been cut, he went ahead and ran his version (already stencilled) because he felt it was different enough to be called a new article. Not quite the same order of events, you see. That's a minor point, though. What really lodges itself in my craw is this following bit of genuine blather:

"The next issue /of Xero/ is being restricted to those who contribute a dollar to the Willis Fund; having already

TED E. WHITE

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."

This, Gentle Readers, moves me. Mostly it moves me because it is one of a continuing series of gratuitous slams at the Willis Fund, in a manner not unfamiliar to those who remember Marion's criticism of the Berry Fund. (Her criticism then, as now: Why have such a fund?) It not only was unnecessary and not in the least germane to her fanzine review column, but it was also in bad taste and poorly advised.

First: Marion's contribution to the Fund was as backhanded as her slap; she ransomed the surplus stock copies of Why is a Fan? from FAPA (of which she was OE) for the Shaws and the Fund. She paid FAPA the going amount for the three copies, and paid postage on them to the Shaws, without being asked to do either.* This is her contribution to the Willis Fund, beyond which she will not go.

Second: Nobody is blackmailing Marion Bradley, nor grafting. As Dick Lupoff has said, almost all those asked to pay \$1.00 for Xero #6 got the previous five fat issues 100% free. Those issues cost the Lupoffs well over a dollar for each recipient, all told. Further, no one is pressuring anybody into buying the dollar issue--just as no one is pressuring you to go out and buy a new Chevie for whatever its going price may be. Blackmail this is not.

Third: The idea that the Willis Fund is somehow an unworthy object for the collection of monies, while the financing of a personal project for private gain is not is a staggering one to me. However, the Willis Fund is nobody's "self-styled Worthy Cause." I personally started the Fund for purely selfish motives: I had never met Walt Willis, and I wanted to. It seemed unlikely I'd get to Belfast in the near future, but the possibility of Willis coming here was both more tangible and more compelling. I suspect a great many others had motives not untinged by this consideration. I'm sure that a certain degree of selfishness motivates the Willises; Madeline has never been to the States, and Walt has many friends he'd like to meet or revisit. Perhaps, put in these gross terms the Fund might carry more appeal for Mrs. Bradley.

But I, for one, don't care. I would like to think that the idea of financing a trip such as this one, ever since Forry Ackerman first thought of it in 1947, is a basically altruistic one--that indeed the funds which culminated in TAFF and the subsequent special funds are quite worthy causes. I'm reminded of Ron Bennett's short speech at South Gate in which he said he felt TAFF and the ideas it represented were perhaps the greatest of all the fruits of fandom.

A spiel for Willis at this late date is unnecessary, and it should've been unnecessary for me to

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Since at the time Marion's column was written the Shaws were twisting the collective arm of fandom and enthusiastically soliciting all manner of contributions, your "without being asked to do either" is out of order. Surely the founder of TAWF isn't actively discouraging contributions...? --TPP

even feel impelled to point out that without Willis there would be no TAFF, and that we all owe him a great debt.

Marion Bradley may not feel this debt. Marion Bradley is perfectly within her rights to kick and scream. But I trust she won't take exception to our disgust at such a childish reaction.

COMING ON THE HEELS OF THE ABOVE, my other specific gripe is going to sound picyune, and maybe sour grapes. Well, it probably is, but whathell; I may as well sweep up the crumbs of gingerbread while I'm at it.

I'm grotched at Marion's review of Void #25. There; I've said it. I'm grotched because again Marion is reviewing from her biases and prejudices, and her criticisms have not a shred of objective criteria upon which to stand.

"Void..." she says, "with a three page cover by Bob Stewart /she can't spell his name right/ 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 /sic/ seems to be the self of a kid who has ingenuity and too little patience to learn to draw."

This is a nicely pretentious bit of nonsense. What Marion omits from her explanation of taste is the fact that she carries with her some curious phobia about comic-magazine art and comic books, which has been evident since 1953, when she refused to subscribe to my fanzine of the time until I omitted mention of comic books. Her "slicker, prettier" style of art? I refer you to the school-girl meanderings by Juanita Coulson and Kerry Dame which she normally publishes: drawings of girls wearing various exotic forms of pseudo-futuristic clothing; drawings only shallowly removed from those of the average high-school girl's fashion doodlings.

Bhob's three-page cover "says nothing" to Marion? Apparently she failed to notice the Printed Words accompanying his cluttered amateur-comic-strip technique. These words Said Something. They really did. Indeed, those who bothered to read them usually found them funny. It's a shame Marion hung back from reading them.

Her analysis of Bhob is decidedly subjective--which is to say, it's a person reaction highly influenced by her personal blind spots, one of which, as I said, is art done in the strip form. (I wonder what she'd think of Jules Feiffer. "Can't draw slick, pretty stuff," I bet she'd say. Good grief.) Anyway, Bhob's stuff for Void is not just hacked out. Bjo was amazed when I told her this, since she felt it was highly spontaneous in nature, but Bhob first does a rough, then a pencilling, which I go over and either approve or suggest changes for. Then he inks it, and from this inked drawing he stencils the final version. I say "final version" because the drawings evolve in the process, and it is not until Bhob has added the shading on the stencil that he has created the final, thoroughly thought-out product. This is why he was forced to reject Bjo's invitation to exhibit his inkings; they're still preliminary work.

Bhob is not an amateur. He has sold posters and commercial advertising drawings for years, and this year he began selling as a cartoonist. Bhob's style is a highly evolved style of personal caricature; a stylized form of cartooning which I

think is probably far "slicker" than the work of any other artist in fandom excepting Bergeron and possibly Rotsler.

Okay, so Marion doesn't agree. Again, she is entitled to her opinion. But in this case her opinion is so ill-informed, so obviously tangential to the real world, that it goes not at all well set down on paper for others to read. Fandom as a whole is one of the most unknowledgable groups of intelligentia in this country when it comes to art and illustration (and the difference between those two fields), so for the most part the opinion of a Buck Coulson, Seth Johnson, or Marion Bradley does not stand out. But in recent months these three have poked their unshielded necks far too far out, and I can no longer resist chopping.

Personal opinions are one thing, and expressed as such they do no great harm. Personal opinions unfounded by any base of fact, but foisted off upon an unsuspecting fandom by a self-styled Critic are something else.

Like I said, as a fanzine reviewer, Marion Bradley is a good science fiction writer.

--Ted E. White

QUOTES & NOTES _____ CONCLUDED

Hollywood extravaganza devoted to a Communist inspired theme of racial brotherhood or world government. It is time for parents to revolt." This is an excellent beginning of the "revolt"; it's the most revolting letter I've seen in some time...

Somebody Up There Likes Us Department: Bob Lichtman, having returned from a recent spell of enforced absense, would like to get copies of Kipple #16 and #17. This alone is enough to soothe my ego, but Bob is also willing to pay \$1.00 for the pair. He must take pleasure in flashing his money. But I am unable to supply any extra copies of any issue, so I turn the matter over to my many readers. If you can bear to part with your precious copies for mere monetary gain, send them to Bob at 1441 Eighth Street, Berkeley 10, Calif.

Speaking of fanzines, there are a few items I'd like to purchase. I don't generally lower myself to the vice of completism, but on the other hand I do like to possess a complete file of the fanzines I consider special items. Blushingly I admit that I keep individzines and semi-individzines neatly filed on shelves, while my other fanzines are not so neatly stacked in every available corner. The reason for this, aside from the mere fact that I consider these individzines vastly more worthwhile material than the ephemeral "faanish" items, is that I have occasion to refer to them fairly often. Therefore, I keep them in one place and in alphabetical and chronological order. But all that foreword aside, I would like to acquire copies of Cadenza #1, Neolithic #1-#6, and the first issue of Tesseract. I would prefer some equitable trade agreement, such as extending your subscription to this fanzine, but I will pay cash if you insist.

Closing With A Smile Department: "Did someone mention Beethoven sweatshirts?" "I'm living in a stacked deck." "I don't feel as if life had passed me by. I feel as if it had knocked me down and walked all over me." The preceeding quotations come to us courtesy of Charles Schulz.

--Ted Pauls

letters

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

GARY DEINDORFER
11 DE COU DRIVE
MORRISVILLE, PA.

There's a definite hysteria in the air about the Bomb, isn't there? You can measure it like the humidity. Naturally this hysteria is being used by the money-eager to foist shelters off upon the fearful people--people who think that a shelter built to protect them against a Hiroshima-power bomb will preserve them through the explosion and after-effects of a 25 megaton nuclear monstrosity. If ignorance were only bliss, I could allow the Believers their complacency in the face of a nuclear attack. Unfortunately, ignorance in this case is danger, too. Those who believe that they will live through the holocaust in their sub-terranean sardine cans are the ones who are insisting that we wreck nuclear vengeance upon the USSR, that we wipe the Red bastards out, so to speak. What does a nuclear war mean to them? They have their shelters; in their own eyes they are safe.

To me, the most tragic thing about the whole fallout shelter phenomenon/syndrome/whathaveyou is the emergence of a man-made corollary, endorsed by members of the clergy, to the Ten Commandments; and that is, Thou May Kill Thy Neighbor If He Attempts To Enter Thy Shelter. This is a fantastic development, going against everything which is Christian, negating the doctrine of charity and of all other decency. The shelter-dwellers consider themselves to be latter-day Noahs, secure in their shelters while their lazy bastard, infidel neighbors scurry about unprotected. And if their neighbor asks for succor, they believe they have the right not only to close their door (or hatch) on him, but to kill him if he attempts to enter, and with the endorsement of a few high officials of the organized churches. My God, this is a development I never dreamt of--me, with my science-fictionally expanded imagination and all. (It isn't too surprising that such a thing would happen. In times of stress, man generally abandons all charity for the sake of survival. A sinking ship where only 50% of the people would fit into the lifeboats might produce the same effect, albeit on a much smaller scale. "Women and children first" may be a wonderful thought in theory, but in practice most of those concerned would negate charity to a lesser position in favor of survival.)

I wish I could laugh at the humorous aspects of the shelter helter-skelter, but I can't, in view of this horrible distortion of morality. Money-back guarantees, reports on the opulent shelters ("three color television," sample quote) of the Hollywood stars--they all should make me laugh, but the laughter won't come; the whole thing is too tragic.

George Willick is a jazz expert; self-styled, that is. I am carrying on a private war with Willick at this time in personal correspondence on jazz. He seems to think I am strictly a post-1935 man, and a musically blind type, and that he is the Teacher and only jazz authority. (He even said in one of his letters, "I am a jazz authority, you know.")

I would like nothing better than to get into a public feud with George Willick, as I consider him a hopeless fugghead. I sort of hope you will print this portion of my letter, because I want to tell George Willick just what I think he is, and in his own unequivocally stated, Willickian terms: You, George Willick, of Madison, Indiana, are a hopeless fugghead. So there.

In formal debate we always support our statements, don't we? Of course. So, to do so, and with more than a bit of vengeance:

First, only a hopeless fugghead would have the kind of mind which admits to no such thing as an alternative possibility. (Since I'm feeling nasty today, may I ask you if you will consider the alternative possibility that George is not a hopeless fugghead?) Willick states that hopelessly hackneyed observation on Buddy Bolden's horn being capable of carrying twelve city blocks ("historians are agreed"--agreed on a matter of heresay). He deduces from this that the power of Bolden's horn "would simply knock the stylus off the master with the first blast." See what I mean about being blind to alternative possibilities? Granting the doubtful fact that Bolden's horn could have carried so far, and hence have been so powerful--why should he play with the same power in recording? Surely Bolden was capable of controlling his power like any good trumpeter? Surely Willick doesn't think Bolden went around blowing his legendary guts through his mouth every time he played? Gadzooks.

Second, only a hopeless fugghead would admit that rock and roll is a form of jazz. I think I see the basis for poor H.F. George's confusion, however: much of jazz is blues and so is almost all rock and roll; as a result, Willick has to consider them the same music. I would never be so nasty to jazz as that. It should be obvious that blues is a formal structure, and as such can belong to any kind of music. The fact that both jazz and rock and roll use this structure doesn't make them the same, however.

Third, only a hopeless fugghead would challenge your challenging his statement "jazz appeals to everyone" by attempting to make it a more general field of music than it should be considered. You effectively quashed Willick in your editorial reply.

And I doubt the very sanity of a person who tells people that they might try a junket to good old hell simply because he thinks they are hopelessly "off the track." I gather from the implications of Willick's reply to John Koning that people who are "off the track" must be abolished--a dangerously fascist-oriented statement in its associations, to say the least. (When you began to stray from arguing Willick's opinions, and instead quibble about the use of "go to hell" as a figure of speech, your comments lose validity. We can both strongly criticise George's opinions without dropping to the level epitomized by the preceeding paragraph. Telling Koning he was too far off the track to be told to go to hell was a stupid comment, undeniably; but we needn't lower ourselves to the same level of stupidity in commenting on it. Else who is to say which side is in the right?)

PETE GRAHAM
APT. 8, 635 E. 5th ST.
NEW YORK 2, N.Y.

Got Kipple today, and thanks. Unfortunately for you I also got Warhoon, which I read first, and your zine suffers a good deal in comparison. I don't believe there's much you can do about it;

you lack the age and the sophistication to publish a "discussionzine" of the calibre of Bergeron's. In time, perhaps, you'll be able to do

it, but frankly I'd suggest you knock off until then. (The suggestion is appreciated, but since I seem to be doing a fairly adequate job of pleasing myself and 95% of the readers, I believe Kipple will continue. As a reader, you have the option of reading or not reading it.) Discussion in and of itself is pointless; in Warhoon it manages to get somewhere by being well-edited and often well-written by knowledgeable people who use extensive resources as background. By and large your audience, as displayed in the letter section, betrays you.

I used to write editorials like yours in a letter-substitute called This, three years ago. ("Quotes and Notes" is not an editorial, it is a column.) I'm glad I stopped; they were of no earthly use to anyone, nor are your notes on long subjects. Stuff like this we all run across in the paper every day; as fans we're more interested in finding out about you than about what's appearing in the Baltimore News-Post. (Long ago, I discovered that I was just not a very interesting person. The most interesting things about Ted Pauls are his opinions, and these are what appear in my column. I sometimes use newspaper clippings as take-off points for these opinions, but seldom do I quote clippings without offering comment of some sort.)

GEORGE WILLOCK
856 EAST STREET
MADISON, INDIANA

Breen: My first impression is open scorn of this overblown ego. Searching for an idea of merit amongst his verbous chatter is a hard job; it does, in fact, turn up contradictions rather than any worthwhile ideas. For example, he wants to know how many exceptions my rule (ha!) can stand. If the readers will note, Breen thinks one exception is sufficient. He says: "What in fact happens is altogether opposite, as Beethoven's notebooks showing the evolution of his ideas prove..." So Breen thinks one man's example makes his ideas so. Isn't that amusing. Beethoven was an alcoholic, Mr. Breen, and died of alcoholic cirrhosis. A well-balanced man.

I can't play around with all the research to come up with ten examples for dear old Walter, but offhand Liszt, Chopin, and Schubert all suffered from pathological melancholy. Others had such wholesome things as suicide mania, paranoia, arteriosclerotic idiocy, various drug addictions, schizophrenia, etc. Oh yes, Mozart suffered from a poisoning mania. I could write a book about it, but Breen probably wouldn't read it.

Ted Pauls: Did you ever tell your grandmother that jazz is "ballroom music"? (My grandmother would laugh in my face, and I wouldn't blame her. I applied the term "ballroom" music to the type of waltz she enjoys. My use of the term in this manner may not be precisely proper, but "ballroom" music in its more specific definition refers to Strauss waltzes and minuet music. This is not jazz, a fact one might reasonably have expected a jazz authority to realize.) Who was on a debating team? (In Kipple #16, you mentioned a "debating class". From this, I assumed you might have been on a debating team at one time. A highly logical assumption, it seems to me.) As to your remarks about dismissing an opponent's comments does not win arguments... this is true. I did not dismiss Koning's comments, nor did I bother to consider them. I simply made a statement.

I want to go on record right now that Kipple has the best letter column in fandom and has had for a year. I would say that second place is divided between three fanzines: Warhoon, Yandro, and Cry. Kipple's success seems to be that you incorporate the best of the three into a whole and make it live. I usually

get damn mad when the 13th of the month comes and Kipple doesn't arrive. It's the only fanzine I like to receive...if Yandro had a more regular schedule I'd have to adjust that remark. (Quite aside from the purely egotistical consideration, I printed this paragraph as an interesting tie-in to my article on egoboo elsewhere in this issue. Although I denied any liking for what is normally termed 'egoboo,' I do have a certain fondness for comments of this sort. This is an innovation--I am usually more careful than to write an article and contradict it within the space of a dozen pages or so...))

I caught my mistake in #18 where I attributed Goodman playing with Pollack. It ain't so. Goodman did his Dixieland bit with the corn band of Red Nichols. The mistake came about when I considered adding Muggsy Spanier to the list for his work with the Pollack band which was an extension of good Chicago style rather than Dixieland. So after dismissing his name I went ahead and typed in "Ben Pollack".

JINX McCOMBS
652 POPLAR AVE.
WASCO, CALIF.

I would like to take issue with your quote from The Liberal on page two of Kipple #17. It's not too surprising to find you disagreeing with "organized religion", but I am a little surprised that you would choose this aspect of it to argue. (By what criteria does quoting a paragraph constitute agreement with it? I do disagree with organized religion, as it happens, but this doesn't necessarily follow from the fact that I quoted a paragraph on the subject. I realize this is quibbling, but if I should quote a paragraph favoring segregation I would not like to be thought of as a segregationist.) I realize that it is rather dirty politics to accuse you of actually reading the stuff, but there have been so many science fiction stories written about the pure horror of a society in which man is protected from the results of his own mistakes that you surely must have come into contact with a few of them. I suppose that it is possible that you disagree with this idea, but I at least prefer to make my own mistakes. I think that there are not many religions today which will tell you that it is safe to do anything you wish so long as you are a believer. It is no smarter to leave seven small children home alone while going to an Easter sunrise service than it would be if the parents were going out to a bar. (The situation quoted from The Liberal was somewhat ironic, however. The presumption was that if the parents had decided not to attend church, the fire would not have started (or, if started, would have claimed no lives). The fact that they were going to church as opposed to a saloon was, as you say, irrelevant. And too, it could be argued that if the parents had slept instead of attending church, they would have been killed as well.)

My time-sense is similar that that of Redd Boggs; as long as I rely on it and don't get worried, I can wake up at almost any time I choose. There are a few difficulties, however; I have to really convince myself that I want to. I'm naturally a late sleeper, and if I'm not really convinced that it's a good idea to get up at six in the morning I'm quite liable to subconsciously decide not to wake up, and I don't. This gets a bit awkward to explain at times, when I don't come early like I said I would. "Well, I thought I'd convinced myself that I wanted to, but I hadn't. So I didn't wake up." And then a silence settles over the crowd, and I depart amid a throng of you-are-a-booby-and-you-belong-in-a-booby-hatch looks. The other main difficulty is that occasionally my stupid subconscious gets the idea that I want to wake up early when I don't at all. Lately I've gotten the idea

that I want to awaken at six in the morning, and try as I will to ignore it, six ayem always finds me awake and snarling.

I have noticed in some fanzines (not yours particularly) a bit of grotching about editorial cutting of letters. Personally, I disagree with this attitude. To my point of view, the editor knows more about the interests of his readers than anyone else. He is therefore the best judge of the material which belongs in the letter column. I can't agree with the "'tis better to have spoken and bored than never to have spoken at all" crowd; too self-conscious, perhaps. (Just thinking--the ideal twist would be for you to cut this paragraph as uninteresting!) (My policy for editing letters is simplicity itself: print every part of every letter which is interesting until I run out of space. In theory, I religiously observe this dictum; however, in practice it doesn't always work out this way. If a certain discussion receives a lot of attention from the readers, and if my letter column is confined to eight or ten pages (as it has been in the past), I find myself cutting interesting paragraphs on other subjects in order to print all of the comments on the one subject. This is no problem when I have fourteen or fifteen pages of letters, however.))

EARL NOE
PARKHILL HOUSE, AVE. J
HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS

I'm about the last person to become involved in a discussion on jazz, but nonetheless Kipple #17 was still fresh in my mind when I came across this quote from Oscar Brown Jr.: "Jazz

has been victimized by the conditions under which it grew up. It was mood music for prostitution and flowered in the gin mills and at house rent parties. (...) Now some jazz critics say it should be confined to the saloons where it was born. I think that's nonsense. Jazz could be the foundation for a new classic tradition in music."

BHOB STEWART
237 W. 10th, #17
NEW YORK 14, N.Y.

Benford's experiences with high school censorship remind me of my own. My last year of high school in Kirbyville, Texas, I conceived the idea of a Mad-inspired satire on my high school newspaper. I collected over eighty dimes in advance of publication while typing and mimeoing the satire in the paper's offices; this was accomplished right under the nostrils of principal and teachers, including my mother who taught English and supervised the school paper. She discovered by cache the day before distribution and every single copy was burned. So was I. All dimes were returned, I stopped writing my column ("Much Ado About Anything") for the paper I had attempted to satirize, I walked out of Senior Play rehearsals never to return, and sat in the back row of classrooms and spoke to no one unless asked a direct question.

But...

yahaheh...unbeknownst to anyone, I had saved the stencils.

Later that year I gave the stencils to the son of the mayor of Kirbyville who had them mimeoed out of town. The pages were brought back to Kirbyville by his sister and she and I stapled them in the mayor's house one night. Giving out advance copies in the study hall, I was stopped by the principal. "Give me those, Bob." (In those days, you old-timers remember, I was known as Bob.) "They belong to me," I said. "Well, then get out of here and don't come back."

I took the copies I had left and spent the rest of the day in the town's sole drug store where I sold the remaining copies at a quarter each to townspeople--many I didn't know--who

who came in looking for the kid who had this magazine somebody had told them to read. I was amazed! I thought the satire would have no appeal to anyone but the students, but the few advertisements I had done on local merchants, a brief article on the principal, and the fact that I had been kicked out a few weeks before graduation gave it a wider appeal.

I became a cause celebre in a town of three thousand. During the week I was out of school (my mother talked the principal into letting me back if I would apologize and I lied an apology), copies began selling on the black market at \$1.50, until the entire population of the town had read the satire. Since everyone in town thought it was funny, they all sided with me rather than the principal.

There were some exceptions. Like Ole Man Taylor, who sold groceries and monuments. I had said something to the effect that he poisoned the food to up the sales on his monuments. Ole Man Taylor wrote me an almost illiterate letter saying that this wasn't true.

And Brenda Watson's father. Copying the style of the column entitled "Elementary News" I had produced something called "Very Elementary News". One item read: "EIGHTH GRADE...We are sure Spring is here. The birds are singing, the buds are opening, the grass is coming up, and Brenda is pregnant." That didn't sit too well with Brenda Watson's father and he came out of his jewelry shop to tell me so.

Hugoes: To me they are just another illustration of the fact that fans lack taste. It may prove something when Serling himself says that he hoped "Time Machine" would win. And Bester's "Murder and the Android" was virtually ignored the year before in favor of Twilight Zone. (Bester's work in both fields, sf and tv, enabled him to pull off a real coup in "Android": it was genuine sf--far-future, highly developed technological setting, and a concentration on ideas rather than gadgets, gimmicks, punch-ending, etc.) "Android" was rebroadcast during the Pittcon. No more than a handful of people there knew this. The only people who took time out to watch it to see why it got a Hugo nomination and to see if it should have won were Harness, Ackerman, Gerber, T. White, myself and a few others. (And we might discount Gerber; he sat on the floor drinking and plunking his guitar at inappropriate moments.)

HARRY WARNER
423 SUMMIT AVE.
HAGERSTOWN, MD. The thing that impresses me about this recent fallout shelter propaganda is the way in which the United States always prepares for war in exactly the correct way except for one slight difficulty: it's always a preparation for the last war, not the coming one. During World War Two we had all sorts of blackouts and air raid spotting posts, which would have been ideal for World War One when there were no such things as radar and heat detecting devices and bombers that fly faster than interceptors can be sent up to attack them. Now we are finally getting around to constructing shelters that will be stocked with food and other necessities for several day's survival, the very thing that we should have had in World War Two in case this country suffered bombing. I think that the best civil defense preparation for me will be acquisition of a shotgun and plenty of ammunition. If Baltimore or Washington should be bombed with a nuclear weapon, a half million residents will head for the Western Maryland hills and they'll start to run out of gas and get hungry and decide to pick up whatever valuables may be lying around after they've gone about 75 miles in that direction.

I think that Walter Breen and Gary Deindorfer say the most sensible things about music in the letter column this time. Why do you keep on dreaming up fans' musical tastes out of your imagination? First you think that Bill Donaho is a jazz lover, then you decide that it doesn't appeal to me. I enjoy jazz when there is no more important music to be heard, I have a few jazz records and a couple of books on the topic, and I read the reviews of new jazz releases in the record magazines. What gets me into trouble with some fans is my belief that jazz is only a minor part of the universe of good music, just as I think that science fiction is an entertaining but sharply limited subdivision of the world of literature. Whenever someone tries to call jazz a kind of music equal in intrinsic worth or cultural significance to classical music, I immediately think that Bob Leman's definition of jazz applies: "A practical joke carried out to insane extremes." (To be uttered, no doubt, to the accompaniment of a superior smirk. I would never think of applying that definition to classical music, but in many ways my attitude toward classical material parallels your attitude toward jazz: I enjoy it where there is no traditional jazz or American folk-music to be heard. But I must take my classical music in small doses, else it becomes boring. (To this I except Beethoven or Mozart; I doubt if I'd ever become tired of their music.) Jazz and folk-music appeal to something simple in me--possibly my taste...)

I'll take your word for the fact that I needn't worry about meeting a dinosaur today. But I still haven't found any simple definition of what a dinosaur is. All the brief encyclopedia and dictionary definitions seem perfectly applicable to some of the larger lizards that still exist today. I suspect that a dinosaur is something that died out during the Cretaceous period, rather than the Cretaceous being the age in which a certain sharply defined type of reptile vanished from the earth. (Correct. The term "dinosaur" denotes no particular genera or species, but is a term we use to denote a whole group of different types, ranging from the ceratopsians (of which Triceratops is a well-known example) to the sauropods (Brontosaurus) and the ornithopods (duck-billed dinosaurs). And Stegosaurus belongs to still another group, as does that most famous of all reptiles, Tyrannosaurus Rex.)

BUCK COULSON
ROUTE 3
WABASH, INDIANA

I really should protest your remarks about "Nightmares and Geezenstacks". So Brown had the last dinosaur dying approximately 70 million years after science says the dinosaurs existed--that was the point of the story. He was an old dinosaur, and tired.

Rock and roll is a form of jazz? I'm going to keep an eye on Willick; at this rate he'll be saying that Guy Lombardo plays jazz by the time the next Kipple comes out.

Lupoff is exhibiting a rather violent form of Faned's Disease, characterized by epistolatory outbursts, occasionally followed by a red face. We all succumb, now and then.

CHESTER DAVIS
ADDRESS WITHELD
BY REQUEST

While I'm pleased that you think of me as one of the most intelligent persons you've met, I'm afraid I can take no pleasure in your fatalistic attitude toward civil defense. You seem to think that everyone will be killed, bang!, in a flash of light, when and if the attack comes. This is foolish. The loss will be substantial, but many of those persons who take shelter in the city, and most people on the fringes of the city,

will be spared. And what of people living hundreds of miles from a target area? The fallout from the bombs is another problem to be considered, and many will probably die of radiation sickness; but surely you don't expect everyone to fall victim. The type of radioactive substances we're likely to get have very short half-lives. Even if the toll reaches an ultra-liberal 80%, something will be left and we must continue to live. Isn't it better to take shelter and HOPE than to stand in the open and do nothing? If the shelters offer only the slimmest of chances, is this not better than no chance at all? (Well, you may think so if you wish, but as for me, I don't believe the shelter offers any chance. Why prolong your life for two weeks, then die slowly in unbearable pain? And if someone should happen to live through the light and heat of the blast; through the fire-storm which follows; through the mobs of crazed people; through the fallout; through the terrific mental strain; through the days and nights of hunger--if someone should live through all of that, what would be gained? The genetic damage would be irreparable. The race would die out within a few generations, through the process of inadaptive mutation.)

George Willick:

How can you possibly be so naive as to believe that "everyone likes jazz in some phase"? As painful as it may be for you to admit, there are countless individuals who despise jazz in any form. Ted mentioned his grandmother; I have a cousin who is the strictest type of classical music buff. But if you don't believe us, then here is an argument which even you must admit to: the person stone deaf from birth obviously cannot appreciate jazz...or any other music.

MARION BRADLEY
BOX 158
ROCHESTER, TEXAS

Look, kids. When people disagree with what I say, that's their privilege. When they start tossing around random words about libel suits and such, it ceases to be funny, if it ever was. "Blackmail" is the word which Dick Lupoff, himself, applied to the policy of charging \$1.00 for Xero #6, even to contributors. "Do you want Xero 6 or don't you?" Blackmail; to coerce to a course of action. No, I am not going to retract the phrase I used about it. Charging a dollar for the Willis issue of Xero was obviously the Lupoffs' privilege; but this course violated several of the unwritten ethics of fannish good manners. First of all, contributors have a right to expect, by long-standing fannish custom, to receive a free copy of their item in print. Why, simply because their piece had the singular luck to be chosen for this elite collector's item, should they have to pay to see their own work in print? Were the contributors asked if they wished their work to be part of this Willis issue? Maybe some of those contributors couldn't care less about Willis coming to Chicago. And, finally and perhaps foremost, what about those people who were being--not blackmailed, perhaps, but gently coerced--to contribute more to the Willis fund than they felt they could afford, simply to complete their files of Xero? What about those who had already given as much to the Willis fund as they felt they could? Why should they be pressured to give again--and again--and again, with the insistence of a war-bond drive?

When fandom becomes a fund-raising campaign, for whatever Good Cause, I will kick and scream in print. When an otherwise good fanzine can so blatantly violate all the unwritten ethics of fan-publishing, simply because they feel the End Justifies the Means, and come-on-fellas-after-all-we-gotta-give-till-it-hurts-for-good-old-Walt, then I will kick and scream, and turn negativistic. All right, Dick, sue me. (Since Marion's column arrived

too late for inclusion in this issue, I decided to print this editorial section of it as a letter. Otherwise, it would have become dated.))

BETTY KUJAWA
2819 CAROLINE ST.
SOUTH BEND 14, IND.

Did you see the Twilight Zone episode dealing with bomb shelters? (Yes.) Or last Monday's Jack Paar show? (No.) Jack was gone, but Orson Bean and Henry Morgan went into bomb shelters and shoot-thy-neighbor to a fare thee well. I still haven't formed completely my philosophy on this matter. As of now, I would rather die pronto, surely not spend two weeks in a little room and THEN come out and die a lingering death. The point with me is that I need medicine to live (thyroid extract); without a steady good supply I am a goner--in times of chaos or enemy occupation I shall die without it. So my own personal outlook is nil.

Personally, I think Benford (or Gerber) got what they deserved with such capers--in Greg's case, at least, his parents' money didn't go for naught, as it may when such stuff is pulled in college. Do such 'funnies' on your own time with your own equipment in your own home to begin with, I say. Being a student at a school or college does not grant you the right to do it otherwise, in my book. Try that jazz when an employee for some business someday and see what results you get, hmmmm? (Aside from the difference between a place of business which pays you, and a college which you pay, I don't think either Les Gerber or Greg Benford did anything so horrid. Both merely spoke out against fuggheadedness and excess red-tape; neither did anything I might not have done under similar circumstances. (This doesn't make it right, of course, except in my own mind.) One of these issues I may tell you of my trouble with a school newspaper.))

BOB LICHTMAN
1510-A HEARST ST.
BERKELEY 3, CALIF.

Your "review" of the book on the John Birch Society reminds me of the Freedom Forum now taking place in Berkeley, and on which the entire community is split. The School Board, under pressure from various groups of civic-minded citizens who want to present an American Berkeley Image, to counteract the Liberal University Image that usually hits the newspapers, reluctantly signed up a six-week lecture series by well-known anti-communists, some of them professional and notorious, others not so noxious. Mind you, this was against the better judgment of the majority of the members of the Berkeley School Board, but I suppose they're out to save their jobs, so two of these speeches have appeared so far.

At the first one, things went as expected. The liberal elements managed to fill at least 25% of the Berkeley High School auditorium and created a considerable disturbance on the point of free speech. You see, it was required that in order to ask a question of the speaker that you write out the question on a form--which was provided--and submit it to the front of the auditorium. Naturally, most questions (the more provoking ones) got thrown out, unanswered and unacknowledged. Several people stood up to protest, aloud, to this sort of treatment, and tried to ask questions (mostly asking the speaker, a fellow named Tichinin, to state where he obtained his "facts"). They were not answered. In fact, when things got just the slightest bit sticky, the meeting was adjourned and people were asked to leave. This was during an "unlimited" question period following Tichinin's speech.

A number of Berkeley liberals and radicals got the idea, I understand, of giving the school board an excuse to cancel the rest of the series. That is,

they would create such a disturbance at the second speech that the school board would be forced to cancel, which is what the board would like to have done before the series even began. However, from all indications, nothing happened. Perhaps one note in the newspaper reports will indicate why: it said that the Berkeley police were there in quantity to maintain Law And Order.

Though for some clerical reason I seem to have been kicked off the mailing list of George Willick's fanzine, I've been able to skim the pertinent sections of recent issues, and I notice in the current one that Mr. Willick states that he intends to create feuds. Therefore we discount Mr. Willick's comments in Kipple as sheer balderdash and feudbait. He is succeeding in making something, anyway; an ass of himself.

Steve Stiles: There is nothing really morally wrong with smoking, but there is the increased chance of getting a lung cancer if you smoke regularly. However, lung cancer seems a relatively mild complaint on top of Strontium 90 poisoning and the like, so let's leave that out of it. Personally, I haven't smoked since I was 14, and for a very good reason. Namely, I can't inhale without having extremely adverse effects. That is, I get Sick. And just holding the smoke in your mouth, which I have done since 14, though not often, to get the prestige of having a cig there isn't worth the expense and bother to me.

I am properly appalled by Greg Benford's problems in high school, which were not unlike my own. I was never editor of the school paper, but I remember one time, when the paper had gone away that a small group didn't much care for, we were rather seriously talking about putting out a scab edition of some 100 copies, mimeoed, and circulating it anonymously. But it would have been me who would have had to run it off, and I was already in enough trouble for various deeds which shall pass unmentioned for the nonce, so I backed out of the idea.

DON FITCH

3908 FRIJO

COVINA, CALIF.

The WSTA attitude towards the bidding on the WorldCon appears to be an outgrowth of the idea expressed some time ago (by you, I believe) that maybe the day would come when no one bid for the next Con. This would be interesting, and it is not at all impossible; Cons have become Big Projects, requiring a great deal of work and they are no longer as much fun. One danger, I think, comes from the present behind-the-scenes machinations--it is well known that Los Angeles intends to bid for the '64 Con, and maybe there will be no other bids, but the intentions of the LASFS or some of its members now are not certain to be the intentions of those individuals at the '63 Con. People gaffate and feud and tire of fandom and of organizing things. It might be interesting to see what happens if there is no Worldcon some year; all those "fans" whose only activity and interest is centered around con-going will be unhappy, but the result might well be an increase in the value or the estimation of the value of fan publications, which, to my mind, would be a Good Thing.

Lenny Kaye brings up an interesting point in saying that "Rockwell...might have been assassinated for his views..." since this ties in with the whole HUAC problem. The unfortunate thing is not that the HUAC smears its "victims" with "guilt by association" but rather that it can do this; that people accept and even welcome this sort of thinking. In connection with the JBS you quoted Andy Main's "this country will probably go fascist before it goes Communist," which reminds me of something once said by the late (and uncommonly astute, though

disreputable) Huey Long when asked if he thought this country would ever become fascist. His reply was "Sure, only we'll call it anti-fascism."

In connection with the discussion of technique versus inspiration, I was thinking of classical musicians, rather than jazz ones, as Gary Deindorfer infers. Presumably the "art straight from the soul" as opposed to technical competence is a burning issue in the jazz world, but something similar is encountered in classical music. Standards of perfection are higher since the advent of recording, with its repeated takes, but even so some great and highly-acclaimed performers do hit wrong notes, and still are acclaimed as great musicians. This is because, perhaps, many composers wrote music which is on or just beyond the borderline of possibility to perform. I didn't mean to attempt to excuse the second-rate musicians, but I did intend to express an admiration for the excellent technicians who attempt, sometimes, things which are beyond even their great skill. This seems to happen sometimes in early jazz (I do not enjoy nor often listen to modern jazz) where a soloist, in improvising, is carried beyond his powers of execution in an attempt to express something. The greater his technical ability, the closer he comes to conveying his emotions to the listener, and if he's a half-way decent musician, I'd rather he tried and failed than played it safe.

LARRY CRILLY Your comments on keeping the science in science fiction are interesting, but everyone has his own opinion
951 ANNA STREET on things. Until you can definitely state, with first-
ELIZABETH, N.J. hand knowledge, that the last dinosaur did not die in the Eocene, someone else's idea is just as valid as yours. (Since it was Brown who digressed from commonly agreed theory, it was his duty to furnish the proof, not mine. If all science depended on merely "first-hand knowledge," there would be no science. We make deductions based on available information and following the laws of logic and reason. As somewhat more than a newcomer to the field of paleontology, I can state without equivocation that no dinosaur existed into the Eocene period. As I said last issue, the concept approaches the impossible.)

Your editorial insertation on Benford's letter reminded me painfully of the experience I had last May. While in the school cafeteria during my lunch shift, I got clobbered on my ear with a thrown spoon aimed at someone behind me, and got a dandy little slash in my ear which proceeded to drip blood down my neck. I got permission from the teacher in charge and went to the nurse. Naturally, the nurse wasn't there--she was still eating lunch. I waited about ten minutes before she came; then she told me I needed a blue medical-slip from a teacher before she could do anything. There I was, dripping blood, and she wanted a blue sheet of paper. I told her I was bleeding to death (rather an exaggeration, I admit, but I'm a ham), but she insisted I get the slip. I got it; by this time--at least 20-25 minutes later--the cut was clotted, so she naturally wiped off all the caked blood with antiseptic, started it bleeding again, and sent me back to my class...

LOFTUS BECKER JR. It's a little late for comments on #16, but I do
STRAUS A 12, HARVARD have a few words to say about Ted White's column
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASS. on jazz snobs and the comments which have appeared. One can find some sort of snobbery in almost any field that has any pretense towards intelligence: there are jazz snobs, classical music snobs, recorder music snobs, science fic-

tion snobs, historical novel snobs...and so on. As a rule, as far as I'm concerned, there is comparatively little reason for any of the types. For example, Ted White's claim on the superiority of the jazz musician over his classical counterpart is rather ridiculous: few classical instrumentalists can master the style of playing that jazz (most forms) requires, and vice versa. And, of course, there are instruments in both forms that rarely appear in the other: most strings (i.e., violin, viola, 'cello, and string bass played with the bow) are absent from a jazz orchestra, and many instruments of the average jazz combo are absent from most orchestras playing anything written before the mid-20th century.

But for Ted White to assert the general superiority of jazz musicians over classical ones is ridiculous: jazz has no singers like Flagstad, Melchior, Lehmann; no pianists like Horowitz, Schnabel, Serkin; no "band leaders" like Furtwangler, Walter, Toscanini; jazz musicians cannot play with the unison that some 130 members of the Vienna Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic, old NBC Symphony, or New York Philharmonic can. On the other hand, classical music cannot compare its singers with Fitzgerald; its drummers with half a dozen in jazz; and classical players cannot improvise with the skill of a good jazz combo. But I hope I've made my point: the two styles require different manners of playing, writing, singing, and only very rarely is someone successful in both--Benny Goodman is not as impressive as a first-desk clarinetist from any of a dozen orchestras when it comes to clarinet concertos, and anyone who has heard Helen Traubel singing with what she fondly hopes is "proper jazz style" hardly should need convincing that she ain't worth listening to.

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

I can't see myself worrying too much about fallout shelters: I live in Manhattan, man, and that's just about as near to an atomic bullseye as one can get. We've had a delightful little article about the 50-megaton bomb, and what it can do to this little island, running in one yellow rag here. There has been a lot of talk about using the subway systems as shelters. I somehow can't imagine a few feet of concrete--two feet in some places--as stopping anything. (Also, I have a difficult time surviving in the subway during peacetime...) Then there is the little matter of food, or to be specific, the lack thereof. In the case of the 50-megaton bomb, the crater would effectively slice Manhattan Island in half, thus letting in the ocean, thus flooding the underground.

I can see that bomb shelters might be of use some fifty miles away from the target center, so I don't sneer at them. However, there seems to be a dog-eat-dog philosophy developing amongst the pro-shelter crowd; like stocking guns against desperate neighbors, for instance. I read that some kind gent even took the trouble to mount a machine gun in the front of his shelter. I can imagine him merrily plugging people, and then not having time enough to get in. Or killing a few dozen, and then hearing on his little portable: "This has been a test! Repeat, this has been..."

I have been embarrassed lately, Ted Pauls, and it's all your fault. A few months ago, I asked you to give me some advice on starting on music; had you done so I would have been spared all the anguish of... Last week our design teacher, for some obscure reason, brought in some records, featuring "Strange Fruit," Betsy Smith, Don Cherry, and many others. Each time something was played our teacher would ask who hadn't heard of this piece, artist, or whatever. Either

there were a lot of jazz buffs, or a lot of hypocrites, because each time, my hand was the only one to shoot up. After a while, the class grew quite amused, and breathlessly waited for my sweaty palm to flutter upward; I was feeling rather bitter and defiant about the whole thing. Finally our instructor asked just what music I knew about. I remained mute. "Well, name a record!" he asked desperately. "Der Fuehlers Face," I groaned in reply. I still can't think of anything. It's not as if I'm not interested--or stupid, although that might be a factor--it's just that I've been so darned busy with art, fandom, and studies, that I never had the time to get into it. And I sure didn't have the money for a private collection.

Len Moffatt: Somehow, whether or not I'm going to be allowed to see a piece of Glutinous Maximus does not overly bug me to the point where my life and creative processes are going to be warped. Sure, I'd resent it, but it wouldn't keep me worrying nights. But I must admit that you have a point: if, for example, some clod would tell me that I couldn't have intercourse on Sundays or holy days I'd begin to really sweat. (In fact, one church actually did: they said that the offenders, in hell, would be forced to "Walk up and down a red-hot ladder of iron, into a kettle of brimstone"; from "Man and His Gods.")

ROSEMARY HICKEY Most modern jazz is played to communicate just one
2020 MOHAWK feeling on the part of the performer...What A Great
CHICAGO 14, ILL. Boy Am I. Rarely, a unit enjoys playing together, enjoys making music, and then we have the opportunity of sharing that enjoyment with them and call it good music. (I am just about convinced that modern jazz is an honest attempt to make music, but I must still look askance of a rhythm section which considers itself capable of performing a piece of music written for a band. The height of idiocy came a few months ago when a mediocre vocalist sang "Basin Street Blues" to the accompaniment of a modern jazz trio on television. A trio consisting of piano, bass, and drums is quite capable of playing excellent music, but surely not that type of music.)

Blues?
I enjoy it sometimes. The shouting type from the fields doesn't thrill me, though. Perhaps the label for what I like is "mood" blues? The introspective lyrics, the sad and lonely melody lines; this I like wherever it's sung.

I was curious to see if and what reactions or comments you would get to my letter. From some of the letters earlier printed, I had thought there were some musicians in the crowd who would pick up the musicology. (George Willick is a jazz authority, you know.) The only one seems to have been Mr. Deindorfer.

At first, my heated reaction would have led to unthinking violence, but now I've calmed down. Apparently, he speaks from a lot of book learning. And he has a delightful time altering meanings of words. Improvising is not premeditated, since the very choice of harmony and fingering will depend upon the mood and feelings of the player. Certainly an instrumentalist is limited to what tones or combination of tones his instrument can produce; that's predetermined, I agree. And he will use most frequently the sounds which give him the greater pleasure; that is a form of pre-determination, if you want to get religious about it. And we're all using a particular system of music, and that, I suppose, is also pre-meditation. But when I sit down at the piano and start to play, I don't know what melody line is going to show up nor which combination of

of notes. The more training I get, the freer I'll be to create music by translating feeling to musical tones. There is nothing premeditated about it.

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Vic Ryan postcards that he has been cultivating a potential fan named Ron Harris by loaning him stf, taking him to a Chicago club-meeting, and asking "certain editors of the better fanzines" to send copies. You see, Pete Graham, someone up there likes us. +++ Dick Schultz sends money, which is the easy way out; I don't encourage it. +++ Steve Schultheis also subscribes, and would like to acquire back issues from #7-#17. +++ C.M. Moorhead sends 25¢, and would like to know the names of the "religious quacks and clods" which Jack Chalker edited out of my letter in Mirage. I cannot tell a lie, Father; I did it with my little typewriter. The names originally inserted were those of C.M. Moorhead and Johnny Holleman. I'm afraid that Rev. Moorhead's letters in Yandro easily foster the thought that he is a quack, at least a quack by my standards. Of course, my standards may be faulty... +++ Pete Graham sends a postcard with one word in the middle: Touche! Rather than devote time to explaining it at length, I will leave it as a puzzle to future fan historians. +++ Bob Lichtman postcards his complaint for those two issues of Kipple mentioned in Q&N. Incidentally, his address as printed in the letter section is the correct one, though the other will reach him in the event of an emergency. +++ Lenny Kaye wonders where the old typeface done went, and also sends money. I'm not sure, but I rather imagine that typeface (and accompanying typewriter) is at 107 Christopher Street, or at Metropolitan Mimeo. +++ Jinx McCombs comments on the fickle post office, the churches, and the Trials and Tribulations of Publishing Her Letterzine. +++ George Willick subscribes for Dr. Antonio Dupla. George (a jazz authority, you know) also comments on Rog Ebert's trip abroad. +++ Marion Bradley comments on deadlines. +++ And Larry McCombs writes a superlative letter which will lead off next issue's lettercolumn.

Happy Thanksgiving!

FROM:

Ted Pauls
1448 Meridene Dr.
Baltimore 12, Md.



SEND TO

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED
MAY BE OPENED FOR INSPECTION
--without tearing the cover!

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downy, Calif.

Toronto in '63!
It Can Be Done in 1961