

kipple 20

DEC. 1961

QUOTES AND NOTES by Ted Pauls.....	1
THE TOP FORTY by Bob Leman.....	7
CRYIN IN THE SINK by Marion Bradley.....	10
MACROCOSMIC GOD by Harry Warner Jr.....	15
A SONG OF SIXPENCE by The Intelligentsia.....	20

KIPPLE is published on the tenth day of every month by Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland. It is available for letters of comment, contributions, trades (by mutual agreement), or 15¢ per copy, 2/25¢. This magnificent publication which you feel privileged to read comes to you through the courtesy of WCKLpress and Postmaster Day. WOKL

QUOTES AND NOTES BY TED PAULS

WASHINGTON DC: LAND OF ENTHUSIASM

In Kipple #18, I wrote a piece in this column decrying the lack of enthusiasm for the 1963 World Convention bid which was placed by the fans of Washington, D.C. This article was written in the caustic manner I generally employ when writing about something I dislike--in fact, it was more than normally severe--in order that there might be some reaction from the fans of that fair city. Even if the reaction was only "Pauls, you don't know what the hell you're talking about," this would have been evidence of some interest on the part of those fans. I regret to say that such was not the case. Three or four fans did make a token gesture of defending Washington, but they weren't by any stretch of the imagination Washington fans; they hailed from California and New York.

When I first wrote my impressions of the D.C. Convention bid, I thought Washington fandom might be in a trance. My friends, Washington fandom is not in a trance; it is stone dead. Washington fandom doesn't even say "Ouch!" when I stick pins into their collective backsides. Under these circumstances, one might reasonably ask if the fans of Washington have no enthusiasm for supporting a bid, can they have very much more enthusiasm for actually staging the convention?

At this writing, no one in fandom can be quite sure whether or not Washington seriously intends to bid for the 1963 World Convention. News of their plans in the fan press has been conspicuous by its absence. Repeated offers on my part to circulate publicity have been soundly ignored by Dick Eney. The only

people who seem interested in the proposed Convention bid are from out-of-town. In view of this apathetic attitude, I hereby offer to support any city, without qualification, which might be willing to bid against Washington. I have no intention of supporting a Convention bid from a group of fans who not only fail to request support, but ignore support when it is offered. I'm too much afraid of what Labor Day 1963 may be like--the tone of this Convention bid is such that they may relegate lining up the hotel to someone who will promptly forget it, or assign the post of Publicity Director to a fan who conceives of publicity only as signing every third letter written on alternate Fridays with the "Washington in '63!" slogan.

Philadelphia in '63, anyone?

DEPARTMENT OF THE LEFT HAND NOT KNOWING WHAT THE RIGHT ONE IS DOING

The average Baltimorean must have been terribly confused while reading the November 6th issue of The Baltimore News-Post, because that newspaper manages to print two contradictory articles on radiation danger on two different pages. Page one carries an article by Professor Willard F. Libby, refuting the supposition that civil defense is hopeless. No, says Prof. Libby in rebuttle; 90 to 95 percent of us can survive, with proper protection. But hold on there, right here on page 13 is an article quoting Dr. H. Bently Glass, professor of biology at Johns Hopkins University. He says that "in an all-out nuclear war, 80% of Americans would be killed...despite shelters." It is obvious just which of these scientists my Average Baltimorean would believe, of course; Prof. Libby is obviously Right because he offers hope that we will be able to live through the war, if it comes. Dr. Glass is a crackpot, of course. (One ignoramus told me that Dr. Glass was probably trying to scare everyone because he owned a company which builds shelters. "Those Jews would do anything for money, you know..." If the human race produces idiots of this calibre very often, perhaps it deserves to be wiped out.)

Prof. Libby brought up a number of other points which deserve attention, primarily for their assininity. For example, he first points up, in a section labeled "Facts And Fallacies," this fallacy: "A bomb is bound to explode right over MY head." Then the eminent Prof. devastates this supposition by quoting the population figures for the country, thereby cleverly proving that there aren't enough bombs to explode over everyone's head. A more flagrant straw-man never existed. First of all, no one ever said that a bomb would explode over the head of every American; Prof. Libby is merely refuting his own weak argument. And secondly, the area of total destruction in a nuclear blast is several miles; one needn't be standing directly under it to be killed. Libby is a Nobel Prize winner, and is described as "America's best known authority on fallout and radiation." If he actually believes what he has written on this subject, I don't think much of Prof. Libby as a scientist. If he has opinions comparable to those of Dr. Glass, but prefers to lie to the public, then I don't think much of him as a human being.

MARYLAND, THE FREE STATE

The situation of racial discrimination in Maryland restaurants has snowballed since the last installment of this column was written, and Maryland may now be known the country over for its segregated beaneries. Shortly before Kipple #19 was published (and inconveniently just too late for a mention in that issue), the Congress On Racial Equality (CORE) announced that a mass "freedom-ride" would be held on U.S. Route

#40 in Maryland. Route 40, as I pointed out last issue, is one of the main highways between Washington and New York. It was here that the policies of segregated eating facilities first came to the public attention, because several diplomats from neutral African nations were refused service, thus beginning a chain of events which eventually led to sit-in demonstrations and arrests.

The freedom-ride was announced to take place on November 11th, but it was called off at the last moment because 35 of the restaurants on Route 40 promised to integrate. I was (and am) sorry that CORE was willing to settle for such a token response, but at least there is the possibility that the ride will occur at a later date. And not everyone was satisfied with a weak, token integration of restaurants: several independent groups staged sit-ins at various establishments in and around Baltimore city, with the blessings (if not assistance) of CORE. (However, I intend no indictment of the organization; they promised that the freedom-ride would be cancelled if half the restaurants on Route 40 integrated. This was done, and CORE had no choice but to abide by its word. I do think that they were unwise to make such a promise in the first place.)

The Sunday papers for November 12th were full of stories and photographs on the demonstrations, all carefully objective and non-committal. Demonstrators carried signs proclaiming "LET FREEDOM RIDE ALL OVER THE FREE STATE"--the motto of Maryland is "The Free State"--and allowed themselves to be carried/dragged to waiting paddy-wagons. At Hoopers Restaurant nine demonstrators entered, and while a judge was being sought to issue warrants for their arrest as trespassers, the doors of the building were locked so no one else could enter. One of them phoned the fire department and complained that the doors were locked in violation of the Public Safety law. A fire engine was dispatched, siren blaring, to add to the confusion.

Others were arrested--33 in all--during the day and night at locations throughout the city, and further sit-ins are planned in the weeks ahead.

Yeah--Maryland, the Free State.

PROBLEM OF OUR TIMES DEPARTMENT

"I would recommend that we straighten out a few things before we contemplate an interplanetary transportation system. Suppose a man from Mars should suddenly appear on Earth? I think it would be terribly embarrassing if he learned that a second-rate singer in a night club makes four thousand dollars a week, and a high school teacher makes three thousand and eight hundred and ninety dollars a year. This and many other things should be straightened out first if we intend to maintain our dignity when planet folks start visiting us." --Harry Golden

THE LOST TREASURE OF WHITEBEARD

Someone once said that a fan's desk resembles a writer's desk, only moreso. Fans are notorious for the way in which their desks (and places of residence in general) are cluttered with all manner of fantastic trivia. This is not, I hasten to add, an indictment of the housekeeping habits of fans; the average fan simply owns too much printed material of various sorts to keep it in strict orderly fashion. And most fans have other hobbies such as record-collecting or photography or fire-buffing, which add to the general chaos. But when you discover that your desk top is being turned into a housing project for paper lice, silverfish, or black-eyed groin-stompers, it is time to do something.

Cleaning off a desk--especially my desk--is a task to make a strong man weep, but every year or so it simply must be done. (There was a perfectly usable portable radio in there somewhere...) The most interesting aspect of this task is the material which turns up during the project. Things like:

--A souvenir booklet (copyright 1916) for the motion picture "Birth of a Nation" containing photographs of the cast and several pages of introduction and plot synopsis.

--A ticket for the fourth game of the 1960 World Series.

--A postcard to Bill Donaho, written at the 1960 Disclave on Dick Eney's typewriter, which I neglected to mail.

--The first letter I ever received from a fan, Bob Pavlat's answer to a request for his fanzine Contour, dated March 27, 1958.

--The October 1923 issue of "The Fire Engineer," a magazine circulated at the time to firefighters all over the country.

--A few unseparated sheets of gum-cards, sent some time ago by Dick Lupoff.

--And six pencils, a tin of cigarette loads, two ballpoint pens (out of ink), one pair of scissors, one Little Gem pen-knife, one five-shilling coin from the Union of South Africa, one fold-out Playmate, a pair of socks, one empty cigarette pack, two photographs of Sylvia White, one white bishop from my chess set, nine paper clips (one bent), and twenty-two pounds of assorted miscellany. And some people have the nerve to call my desk-top sloppy!

OTHER FANDOMS: CALL OF THE SIREN

I once considered writing an article on fire-buff fandom for Void, which was at the time running a series entitled "Other Fandoms". After several false starts, I gave it up, because I found it nearly impossible to thoroughly cover my subject without consuming seven or eight pages. In attempting to write an article about the hobby of fire-watching (the most common activity of the fire-buff, of course), I encountered many of the same problems which befall fans when attempting to explain our hobby to outsiders. What to me was a perfectly comprehensible comment was to the reader an esoteric allusion, and I found myself devouring page upon page in explanations of such esoteria as "6-6 2-10-6 515" or what happened on February 7, 1904.

Since then, the Void series has been discontinued, and my notes for that article have been stored away against possible future use. Last week I once again discovered those notes, and it occurred to me that I might write an article outlining the hobby for this column. No effort will be made to explain incomprehensible references should they creep into the piece, and this is by no means a complete article. It probably won't even be a particularly well arranged article. My only purpose is to outline some of the similarities and dissimilarities existing between science fiction fandom and fire-buff fandom. (On the credit side, however, I can be reasonably certain that it will be a better article than the one I had planned to do for Void. Reading those notes and seeing page upon page of my circa-1959 writing style rather horrified me.)

Fire-buff fandom is generally unlike our own field, though of course there are elements which are probably found in all "other fandoms". The bulk of activity in fire-buff fandom is chasing fire engines and collecting clippings or photographs. True, there are conventions and amateur magazines, but these are strictly sidelines to the major activity. In one respect, both fields are very much alike: advocates of both are consid-

ered slightly 'round the bend by those outside the field. If you are a fan, then you are a "nut" because you read science fiction, because you publish a magazine on which you constantly lose money, because you travel 500 miles just to talk to other ~~nut~~ fans. If you are a fire-buff, you are a "nut" because you will get out of a warm bed at 4:00 AM in the morning, drive ten miles, and stand for hours in sub-freezing temperatures to observe a building burning down. Fire-buff fandom is also similar in regard to the persecution it has endured from the newspapers and mundane press in general: while fans are called radicals and beatniks, fire-buffs are termed "fire bugs". (All buffs hate this term like a plague, but the newspapers rarely miss an opportunity to employ it.)

Other than this, however, both fandoms are very dissimilar. Fire-buff fandom has a convention-going segment, which I know little about, and a fanzine-publishing segment. I'm afraid that fire-buff fanzines aren't wells of new talent for the field of professional writing, however. By our standards, they are often overly serious, and many are even poorer as writers than the newest of reofans. Jokes are rare in these publications; those which exist are juvenile in nature. Editors of fire-buff publications show an unhealthy dislike for economy, printing their magazines on one side of the page or stopping for a sandwich halfway down the page and beginning a new page upon returning. Their publications are generally professionally printed; those that aren't are sloppy in appearance as well as composition.

Like fans, fire-buffs are convivial, though unlike fans their conversations are nearly always confined to their hobby. Interestingly enough, fire-buff fandom is amazingly free from fuggheads and crackpots. One might think that such a group would attract repressed pyromaniacs and otherwise sick minds, but this doesn't seem to be the case. I have never met or heard of the fire-buff's equivalent of a Claude Degler or George Wetzel. Actual cases of fire-buffs being proven to be pyromaniacs are extremely rare; in fact, more often fire-fighters are shown to be arsonists.

The fire-buff parallel to TAFF might be the coffee wagons. Every city of reasonable size has an organization of fire-buffs, and this organization generally owns one or more "coffee wagons". These are specially designed medium-size trucks which carry food and drink for fire-fighters on duty, cigarettes (in case the firemen haven't already inhaled enough smoke), seltzer water, and other assorted goodies. Baltimore's coffee wagon is owned and operated by the Box 414 Association, the largest and most important organization of fire-buffs in the city. It is comparable to the LASFS in importance and the NFFF in size (and sometimes in quality of writing in "General Alarm," the official organ of the club).

These have been just a few of many possible comments on my "other fandom". Perhaps at a later date, I'll delve into the comparisons more thoroughly, but for now...

KNOW YOUR NEAREST FIRE ALARM BOX!
The house you save may be your own.

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT SHELTERS

At the risk of turning Pete Graham completely away from Kipple, I would like to quote a few recent comments regarding the fallout shelter mania. All of these comments are quoted from newspapers. An editorial in The Baltimore Sunday Sun, for example, contains the first sensible comment on the subject which has appeared in that paper: "Our opponents in

Russia are not so much amused as pleased. Obviously, the sight of an individual American's buying electrical exercising devices for fallout shelters is fine propaganda stuff. If all the energies of America could be turned into that kind of consumer production and buying, Mr. Khrushchev might shorten by some years his two-decade plan for outstripping us economically. And when Pravda or Izvestia can publish a photograph of someone in America posed with shotgun, to keep neighbors out of his shelter, all the propaganda stops are out, as why wouldn't they be?"

America's pet Socialist, Norman Thomas, also had a few well-chosen words to say recently on the subject: "If we get a lot of fallout shelters, the American people will think we can tell the Russians to go to hell. That will make war inevitable. Even if we survive nuclear war, we will have to live under the worst form of dictatorship afterwards. If America and Russia destroy each other, Red China will fill the power vacuum." This last was evidently in partial rebuttle to the Patriots who go around spouting the slogan "Better Dead Than Red!" I have been meaning for some time to say a few thousand words about this particular type of jackass, several of which have recently come to light in the letter columns of the local newspapers. These people seem not to realize that they haven't the right to condemn the human race to death simply because they wouldn't care to live under the Communist system. I dare say that I, a fan, would have a more difficult time than the normal person under a Communist government, but I certainly wouldn't accept racial suicide as an equitable alternative. If these flag-wavers want to indulge in mass suicide, then let them quietly open a vein or walk off a building. They haven't the right to kill future generations of homo sap because of their fanaticism.

Gerard Piel, the publisher of Scientific American, voiced his opinions of fallout shelters in a lecture. "The Government-sponsored fallout shelter program is a hoax and illusion and psychologically dangerous because it brings the third world war closer. The program gives the sanction of action to the delusion that a thermonuclear war can be fought and survived."

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN JACOB NILES

It seems to have become the vogue among admirers of folk-music to sneer at the so-called "commercialized" folk-singers, as exemplified by the Kingston Trio or the Limelighters. These enthusiasts who continually sing the praises of "original" and "enthic" folk-material are the same type as those traditional jazz buffs who seriously advocate the proposal that no "real" jazz has been written since 1935. There is one difference, and it is one of motive: the jazz enthusiast is merely clinging to a foolish notion in defense against the other and equally foolish hobbyists who dismiss traditional jazz as they would rock-and-roll or any other puerile trash. The motivation of the "enthic" folk-music admirer is more insidious: he or she has somewhere run across the fantastic notion that anything as esoteric as a hog-call must obviously be avant garde and intellectual, and so in an effort to appear intellectual, champions the cause of the "enthic" folk-song. It is no coincidence that those most loudly defending this type of music and sneering at "commercialized" material are the pseudo-beatnik and the frequenter of the tourist-attraction coffee house. They are certainly the one type of person on earth who make such a tremendous effort to appear sophisticated and very much "in".

John Jacob Niles (whose name is typed up there in big letters so that any admirers of "enthic" folk-music in the

BOB LEMAN PRESENTS HIS VIEW OF

the top forty

I have, in the course of a long and largely misspent life, made many egregious errors of judgement, most of which I have had ample opportunity to regret. My latest blunder, however, is of such magnitude that its consequences may yet see me incarcerated in the laughing academy. But the fact is that right now the prospect of a nice quiet padded cell is strangely appealing.

My 9½d went into my mouth shortly before Christmas, when I said "Yes" to a suggestion that we buy our elder daughter, who is ten, the radio for which she'd been hinting. And this initial blunder was hideously magnified when I was daft enough to buy a tiny transistor radio instead of a heavy piece of equipment which would perforce remain in her room. This little radio is exceptionally portable; and somehow it is always being ported into the room in which I am seeking a moment's peace and quiet. It seems to me that every waking hour I have spent at home since Christmas has been drenched with "popular music"--a torture calculated to make the ancient Chinese sit up and open their eyes. Only one who has lived intimately with the "Top Forty" can know the full seductive powers of the death-wish. In fact, it took me only a single playing of a Jerry Lee Lewis record to bring to me for the first time a full comprehension of Beddoes' lines:

"Sweet and sweet is their poisoned note,
The little snakes of silver throat,
In mossy skulls who nest and lie,
Ever singing, 'Die, oh die.'"

In case you are lucky enough not to know what the "Top Forty" is, let me explain. One of our local stations does nothing but play records. Oh, there's a five-minute news broadcast every few hours, but apart from that they present only records and commercials. And, if my understanding of the thing is correct, they play only forty records; when they've played them all, they start the whole cycle over. These forty records are styled "The Top Forty."

I have been at some pains to determine just what is meant by "top" in this context. I was at first persuaded, by the quality of the music, that it meant that somebody had grabbed the top forty records off a random stack; but the laws of chance would have inserted at least one decent record into such a selection, so that couldn't have been it. "Top" certainly cannot mean "best in quality", since these retched bleat-

ings and rattlings are dignified beyond their desserts by even being called "music". How, then, "Top"?

Well, according to my advisor in such matters--an adolescent boy in our block--these are the forty most popular tunes. He's not sure whether they're the most popular in the whole country, or only in Denver County, or simply in the radio studio, but By George, they're the top tunes. And it appears that their top position makes it obligatory that all adolescents worthy of their salt listen to them for as many hours a day as possible.

Now it is my belief that these records are popular--if they are so in fact--simply by virtue of the frequency with which they are played. Then question then arises, why are they played so much? Why, your adolescent will tell you, because they're the most popular. They're played because they're popular; they're popular because they're played. Circular reasoning with a vengeance!

Of course, somebody has to start the cycle; and these innovators are, I assume, the men who play the records and read the commercials--the "disc jockeys", to use their own jargon. They select records and play them all day; by playing them all day, they make them "top". And we are thus misled into believing that the natural taste of our young people--and, indeed, of the many adults who listen to this sort of thing--is for these "top tunes".

I submit that this is not the case. I put it to you that these "top tunes" represent initially nobody's taste but the disc jockeys'. And perhaps not even that: surely some of these men must possess enough taste to realize what dreadful trash they're purveying. And such men are, it seems to me, unbelievably cynical and arrogant. They're saying, "Here, you slobs, this is about your speed."

I am particularly exercised about this matter at this time for a purely selfish reason, of course: I have a pre-adolescent daughter who has already learned from friends with older brothers and sisters that one listens to this stuff if one is not "square". (Or whatever the word for it is now.) There is a fierce pressure upon adolescents from their contemporaries to conform. (If you doubt this, take a look at the kids at the local high school; the way they dress amounts to uniform.) And of course the adolescents themselves have a powerful desire to conform to the folkways of their peers. It is not correct, therefore, to say, as some do, that a child's taste will remain uncorrupted if he has been exposed to and instructed in real music at home from an early age. The pressure is such that a youngster who expressed an honest revulsion to the caterwaulings of Ricky Nelson, say, would be branded a "creep"--or whatever the current equivalent of that word is. But in most cases the youngster simply does not feel this revulsion; the normal herd-instinct of the adolescent has effected a very real corruption of taste, and he comes actually to like the stuff. One hopes that there is an especially ferocious sub-circle in hell reserved for the disc-jockeys who are responsible for this.

I am not speaking here of genuine jazz. I loathe jazz, as it happens, but I am just about persuaded that much of it is an honest attempt to make honest music. No, my quarrel is with "popular music"--rock-and-roll and its relatives, hillbilly anthems pretentiously hoked up, lovesongs and laments which ooze like a sock full of sorghum, and the like. A good part of it defies labelling: what is one to call a record which, from first groove to last, features a noise much like that of a small boy dragging a limber stick along a

picket fence; has a largish band doing its dead-level best to drown out the stick-and-fence; and a chorus which tries valiantly, if unmusically, to drown out the band? There is such a record, called "Bird Dog". It is one of those things that you still can't quite believe after you've heard it. And a substantial number of the "Top Forty" are much like it.

The love songs are quite as bad, in a different way. For the most part they lament the pangs of unrequited love, and to listen to two or three of them can only be likened to being drowned in a mixture of Karo and chicken manure. Semi-literate words of tedious similarity are set to tunes of the most aching banality, and the whole thing given a rococo but unimaginative arrangement. It is then played in a saccharine manner by a band, and sung with sublime ignorance of the principles of vocal music by a "vocalist". The singer in most cases employs some grotesque mannerism; this is called a "style".

I am, I suppose, something of a Rip van Winkle; when last I paid attention to musical prolefeed, Glenn Miller and the Dorseys were the bellwethers. Perhaps if I had followed the degeneration step by step it wouldn't shock me as much as it does. But if these unspeakable noises are truly popular, then God help the American people.

--Bob Leman

"During the 1790's, political conservatives increased their power by a ruse not unknown to us today: the asserted the blood kinship of liberal thought with godlessness. Whether the connection is necessary, or even true, we need not here inquire. We need only note that it was easy to argue convincingly at the close of the eighteenth century. A large proportion of the intellectual godfathers of the French Revolution had unquestionably been skeptical men (remember Voltaire!), and the French Revolution, like all revolutions, early began to devour its own children. Cannibalism is a grisly sight. One can hardly blame bystanders for seeking to eliminate the crime by stamping out the seditious thoughts held to be responsible. As Elie Halevy was later to remark, 'The French Revolution had opened the eyes of the gentry and the wealthy traders to the risks to which their light attitude toward religion was exposing the social order of which they were the principal beneficiaries.' Evidently religious beliefs were useful, these men thought. Perhaps not useful for themselves, but for other people. Particularly for the 'lower orders,' who needed controlling."

--Garrett Hardin, in "Nature and Man's Fate," a Mentor Book, #MT338

"Many years ago I landed in a southern port of the United States of America, and wanted to sit down and wait for a ferry. Before me was a huge building of timber, neatly painted white, with a large notice: WHITE WAITING-ROOM. New to the ways of Americans I thought innocently for a moment how naive was this stressing of the obvious; then I went around the other side and saw another notice: COLOURED WAITING-ROOM. Coming from New Zealand, where the Maori people sit in the same waiting rooms and railway carriages and eat in the same restaurants as the white people, I had honestly failed to recognize this first intimation of the 'colour bar.'"

--Raymond Firth, in "Human Types," a Mentor Book, #MT227

GOOD LORD!
IT'S BACK!

CRYIN IN THE SINK

FANZINE REVIEWS

BY
MARION BRADLEY

Complacency is the root of all evils. My column last month missed the deadline because, as usual, I airmailed it on the 23rd--a procedure which had always, previously, resulted in the column arriving well within Ted's deadline. This time I airmailed it on the 23rd from the sub-station at Hardin-Simmons. Presumably the student mail service played tackle football with the sacks for a couple of days before condescending to put it on a plane for Baltimore, and thus my reputation, already shaky because of my previous illness, vanished beyond recall--and while I was away, a certain mad dog kneed me in the groin...oops. Nope, it was only my good friend Ted White.

You know, this is wonderful. Ted thinks that as a fanzine reviewer I'm a pretty good science fiction writer. There are others, editors perhaps pre-eminent among them, who feel that as a science fiction writer I am a middlingly competent fanzine reviewer. It's been said that one cannot please everybody, but with this versatility of opinion, I seem to be making a fair start. I feel good.

Anyhow, the motto of this column is, we calls 'em as we sees 'em. Ted, or anyone else, is invited--nay, URGED--to adopt the attitude of "Marion liked it, I'd better pass it up," or to add "Marion hated it; I'll dash right down and buy it for the cornerstone of my collection."

About half these reviews are kept over from last month's column--actually due to my illness a two month accumulation--and I have added only the cream of the November crop. To anyone who is neglected or overlooked, I offer only abject apologies, and a promise to get back on schedule immediately following. This particular combination of circumstances wouldn't happen twice in twenty years.

Policy--and

modesty--forbid reviewing Discord, the only serious challenge to Les Nirenberg for Heavy Public Thinking; but it's available from Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota; every six weeks or so, with reviews and think-pieces and conventional iconoclasm. I'm there, too, so beware.

A couple of miles across town in Minneapolis, and googolparsecs distant in perspective and time, Ruth Berman has issued #17 and #18 of Neolithic (5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minn.), with the usual squirmy covers in black and white irregular lines, and badly-cut stencils. There are stories by Eleanor Arnason, letters on various subjects, and a charming Ruths-eye view of the Season. Subscriptions, 2/25¢, but she'd rather have letters, and judging by her lettercolumn, she knows what to do with them.

The Banish of Bane (Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Ill.) editorializes in the manner of all yearling editors; it seems to be a fault which only a hundred issues, or thereabouts, will cure. Or maybe it isn't a fault; but I find Vic more readable when he quits sighing and beaming about his past, and starts commenting on books he likes--in this case, Sarban's Ringstones. I had a chance to be partial and unfair--as I try NOT to be in this column--in an article about my own pet peeves in fanzines; Bob Tucker mumbles in his beard about the old fanzines and their subscription systems--you know, I once said, at random, that Bob Tucker could even make an article on old fanzine subscriptions readable, and by Snaggletooth, he's done it!--and there are some excellent book reviews by Buck Coulson. I sort of glow over this fanzine; it's one of the few I've seen in the very act of carrying out their early promise.

Here's another fanzine that's carried out its early promise, but I'm not doing any glowing over it, believe me. Probe (Wm. E. Neumann, 2537 S. 94th St., West Allis 19, Wisc.) has carried out all the promises of the William E. Neumann SF Reader. Adding insult to injury, Mr. Neumann has written in green ink on the titlepage "I would like a short article from you on the topic 'Why I like Science Fiction' for my next fanzine. Thanks." --for which I paid first-class postage on the whole damn dumb thing.

The content, as usual, is a curious mixture of immature naivete and old-fool misconceptions. It contains a good deal of fiction by somebody called William E. Neumann. It also contains impassioned editorials bemoaning that today's youth isn't reading science fiction, and pleading WHY?

Well, for one thing, they might grow up to be like William E. Neumann.

On second thought, why waste space on a review like this? Or a fanzine like this? Maybe if we all ignore him, he'll go away. But maybe he's valuable for proof that though Degler is gone, his soul goes marching on. As if we needed proof. The format is impossibly pretentious, the style is just barely literate, and the editor shows abysmal ignorance of science fiction, literature or fandom. Notice is hereby delivered that further copies will be refused and returned to sender AT HIS EXPENSE.

Vorpall Glass (in blue ink on blue paper--Karen, Karen, I'm getting the fantasy blues!) from Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palmas, Orinda, California, turns up this time as the official voice, more or less, of the OTHER San Francisco area fandom. Fritz Leiber recounts his Love Affair with Witchcraft, Margaret St. Clair gloomily discusses the end of love and society, Paul Anderson mutters into his beer, and

some less stellar names like Miriam Allen de Ford and Avram Davidson cluster in casual namedroppings around the letter column. This issue, less fluttery and feminine than the last, is growing up to the status of a major contender in the zines which rank as a serious attempt to examine the microcosm of fantasy and the way in which it illuminates the macrocosm of reality. Focal points, anyone?

Gaul, from Apt. 405, 605 E. Denny Way, Seattle 22, Washington, proves mildly confusing. It's gorgeously lithographed (no, mimeographed) with all manner of queer beasties, unexpected poetry, and the like; paeans to such nonexistent, I hope, creatures as the Cudgy, the Giragote, and several unicorns. I could personally do without the cuteness of Bowlinggreen Noodlewhip, who edits the letter section, but Jon Ravin makes up for this with a clever little "Manuscript found in the computing machine"--fiction, I hope. If you like whimsy with a capital Whim, this is your zine; otherwise, you'd better pass it up before you pass out. My own verdict: a raised eyebrow and a loud "Huh?" I guess it's too subtle for me, or something.

Most of the noteworthy fantasy art around the mimeo these days seems to emanate from the delicate stylus of George Barr; and, blue on blue, with scrollwork and dragons, the Barr cover for Opsla #30 and final issue (Gregg Calkins, 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah) wins this month's Big Delighted Eye. Most of the issue, however, seems taken up with various bibliographies of sundry writers--complete listings of the work of Heinlein and Bloch are dull reading for non-collectors. Walt Willis writes "My Life With Robert Bloch" in such a manner that I am still unsure whether he's being serious or facetious; there is also a Bloch ~~appreciation~~ ~~depreciation~~ oh hell, a bloch ARTICLE by Dean Grennell. Bob Tucker defines various types of fans and, I think, tries to explain why the NFFF Neofan's Guide never got off the ground; but all this funny stuff strikes me a little strangely when running in double harness with all those biblio listings. It reads like a boy scout hike, half-running, half-walking, and unfortunately it's too late to suggest that in future issues Calkins practice a mild and legal form of segregation. He even tops it off with a complete biblio of thirty issues of Opsla. Good, I say prayerfully, grief.

Blue paper must have been on sale this month: Fantasmagorique (Scott Neilson, 731 Brookridge Drive, Webster Groves 19, Missouri) turns up with a blue cover too, but black ink--oh, my achin' eyeballs! Avram Davidson does one of his unclassifiable bits of fancy-free chatting; Ed Bryant and Seth Johnson have some ho-hummish pieces, Ed Bryant yelling at Ed Gorman's yelling about something or other, Seth Johnson blithering on about the imminent demise or something of science fiction (isn't this about where we came in?) and there are a lot of ill-tempered letters. Judging by Scotty's list of calamities in his editorial, he's hard up for material, but anyone who can get Avram Davidson to write for him should have more on the ball than this issue would indicate.

For a fanzine so set in its ways, and evidently proud of it, Yandro #105 presents some rather stunning surprises, the most interesting being a lithographed Dan Adkins cover in scarlet and black on cherry-red background. The effect is startling, not to say blinding. Having been Put Down so thoroughly by Ted White, I hardly dare to comment pro or con on the artwork, but it was better looking than that description of the color scheme might indicate. Whatever the changes may be in the skin, so to speak, it's the same old Yandro inside. Gene Deweese, in his "Silver Seconds", reviews

a variety of non-fiction books, most fascinatingly; he is doing well what I tried, and failed, to sustain in the old Null-F column.

Those who tend to stereotype their reactions to the Coulson magazines (Buck writes; Juanita draws) will be surprised, and pleased, as I was, to read the article "Star Mistress," in which Juanita--whose talent for verbal self-expression is by no means inferior to that of her husband--does a lengthy and extremely serious analysis of Andre Norton. This matter of reviewing an author's entire body of work, rather than an individual novel, is a technique to which fanzines lend themselves so admirably that I've always wondered why so few reviewers attempt it; off-hand, I can think only of Amra and a few of the special-interest zines which discuss an author as a corpus of work rather than in relation to a specific book. It is a moot point whether or not Andre Norton is weighty enough to sustain such an analysis, but I would say that Juanita has gone far to establish her contention that Mrs. Norton deserves more notice than she has received so far--and has taken a good step to do something about it. This reviewer would like to see more of this type of thing, and in general more of Juanita, if she can do this sort of thing so well.

In addition, this issue contains a good article by John Trimble and the usual contingent of funny/silly fillers and letters, as well as the type of parody without which we can all survive, by "Isaac Lassitude". Please, Buck--Peghoot is/was bad enough.

Phoenix (Dave Locke, PO Box 207, Indian Lake, N.Y.) is supposedly the successor to Hep-tagon, but the difference, if any, is microscopic. John Koning has a piece of fan-fiction reminiscent, for some reason, of that written by the late Kent Moomaw; not in subject, but in vague emotional presence. It's a thousand pities that the dim ditto presentation will inhibit all but a miniscule of fandom from ever looking at it. There are the usual ill-contrived (I think the word they would prefer is "spontaneous") editorials, some short takes in illegible ditto--Dave says he's getting a mimeo; oh, rapture! Over half the issue is taken up with the letter column, which appeared to be much the same as last time, and so pale and blurry that I confess to reading only about half of it. If I've done injustice to the other half, Dave, send me a clearer copy next issue.

Neolithic (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minn.) devotes most of its space this time to a column by Redd Boggs, a sort of history of Minneapolis fandom containing references to all sorts of names who were considerably before my time and a good long way, I should suppose, before Ruth's. For people who get some obscure kick out of reading about people they never heard of, doing things whose context wasn't particularly important even then, this ought to be strawberry jam; but it looks to me, rather, as if Ruth had succumbed to big-name-itis. I dunno...I'd rather go back to the Ruth-type vignettes and nonsense. Which, considering how vigorously I have entreated her in the past to become more serious, seems a little unfair. Where's that knee of yours, Ted White?

The two issues of New Frontiers sent to me were dated, respectively, May 1959 and August 1960. Since I assume these were in settlement of an old subscription, reviewing them might be a little futile, but they contain serious quasi-professional discussions and artwork and are available at 30¢ from Norm Metcalf, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida. Such names as August Derleth, Damon Knight and Anthony Boucher stud the pages, and they are de-

finitely un-missable for those seriously interested in the microcosm. But why Norm should print letters as dated as those in the letter-section, I cannot imagine; a fanzine which comes out annually might well decide to print only letters which are actually informal articlettes, rather than commenting on a previous issue which is now fannish ancient history.

Mirage (Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore 7, Maryland) is still foaming at the mouth about the Mike Deckinger story in Yandro, though Jack admits that his near-libellous phrases were meant to annoy. The Dave Prosser cover is another in the Satanist series Dave has drawn especially for this zine, and the contents feature a variety of short stories which, with a little better luck, might have scraped somehow into the bottom ranks of the poorer $\frac{1}{4}$ -a-word prozines of the weird type, had not these zines all died off from inanition. I think perhaps the fanzines are the appropriate haven for this sort of thing anyhow. Of its type, Mirage is a good zine, but I wish Chalker wouldn't spoil it by his shrill I-write-what-I-please editorials. (And in the interests of keeping out of libel suits, he might well censor a couple of his shriller letter-writers; one Paul Shingleton sounds as if he might be another incarnation of Wetzel.)

Amra, the voice of the Hyborian Legion (George Scithers, Box 9006, Rosslyn, Arlington, Va.) is a little less diverse and scrappy this times; the usual number of exquisite Barr illustrations, with an article on Dunsany by Sprague de Camp, and shorter pieces by the Amra in-group--Poul Anderson, Glenn Lord, Fritz Leiber. John Boardman does a fascinating piece on Hamlet's father, and Leiber's piece about flagellation in fantasy would be major--if not that somebody, author or editor, has involved it in a veritable jungle of parenthesis within parenthesis. On the editorial page, George lists his editorial staff and says that the proofreaders prefer to remain anonymous. We don't blame them--I personally would like to order them chained up with the girl in the illustration across the page. Come on, George, even an author of Leiber's status wouldn't mind having his paragraphs and parenthesis straightened out a LITTLE bit, in the interests of coherence. Or would he?

Janey's Journal, by Marijane Johnson out of Clay Hamlin (address unlisted; free to NFFF members), presents about a dozen short stories, sketches and vignettes by the now well-known "Sparkle-Janey", mostly amusing fantasy sketches about her mechanical lifter, "Clancy". With a good cover by Tim Dumont, and some introductory material by Clay Hamlin, the material, though no work of fannish genius, is amusing and well-done on its own level. NFFF members who know and love Janey will enjoy it; others might find it mildly confusing.

Space is running short, and an almost undiminished stack of fanzines yawns at me from the desk-top; it's a temptation to yawn back. Two other issues of Yandro (#103 and 104) from Buck and Juanita Coulson nip the yawn in the bud. The Coulsons with their usual haphazard editorials, lavish artwork, Dodd columns, and scrapheap accumulations of fillers and letters, may not be world-shaking, but they postpone the yawn for a while. They are still marking time after their monumental centennial until someone brings up a new subject for discussion. There should be an issue of Void here; I think Kerry borrowed it. As I remember, it was damn good. And Bill Bowers presents a first issue, slim and sloppy, of Abanico. It's no worse than most neofannish first issues, but no better, either.

--Marion Z. Bradley

MACROCOSMIC GOD

BY HARRY WARNER

This year's Philcon formed a partial review of the 1962 World Convention at Chicago. It did not have Tucker as a master of ceremonies or IQ tests from Wilson Junior College. But the Trichicon's guest of honor, Ted Sturgeon, was a speaker. I haven't the remotest idea about his topic for his Chicago talk next September. Nor do I know how any report on the Philcon will translate into ink on paper the flavor of the talk he delivered at Philadelphia in November, a flavor compounded of inflections and speech rhythms that would defy even the finest Gestetner reproduction.

But it occurred to me that there might be some interest in some of the things that Sturgeon said during a question and answer session preceding his talk at the Philcon. He requested this quiz session as a prelude rather than a postlude to his talk, because of the specialized sort of ending which he had prepared for his formal speech.

Damon Knight has defined Theodore Sturgeon as "a yellow-eyed thing with a goatee, a mortician's voice, and Pan's original smile." I'd go along with the part about the goatee and the smile. The voice has either mellowed or been softened by the public address system, because it did not impress me as any voice at all. When he speaks in public, Sturgeon's words reach the mind without any apparent intervention of his vocal cords, the air between him and you, and your ears. He remained seated during his entire time at the microphone, fondling alternately his pipe and lighter. He later borrowed someone's wristwatch, to keep track of the time, and deserted the smoking apparatus in favor of that, turning it over and over in his fingers, occasionally stretching the band as if reassuring himself that he could put it on if he really wanted to do so. Occasionally he dropped everything to make a gesture with his hands as underlining for a statement. But there was no indication that these motions were the result of nervousness. The manipulations of the hands and the three objects were like the rise and fall of the chest when a person is sleeping, not the tapping of the foot or the drumming with the fingers when someone is impatient or preoccupied.

I didn't risk shorthand notes on his remarks, for fear of inability to translate some important word or other. So please consider the following direct quotations as quasi-quotes, reconstructions from the skeletonized longhand notes that I jotted down for the sake of posterity. I think that Ed Meskys' tape recorder took care of posterity much better than I did, but he was having a bit of trouble with it, and I didn't want the remarks to run the danger of permanent oblivion.

Ted insisted that he was never a fan in the active sense during the years when he read stf but

had not begun to write it. A low proportion of gregariousness in his makeup might be the reason that he didn't go through the active fan stage of development, he indicated. But he apparently pays attention to some fanzines these days, for he knew immediately what was in the mind of one member of the audience who asked for his reactions to Larry Harris' article on the Sturgeon books in Xero.

"He was right part of the time," Ted said. "Things that he said were true but they were not always true for all of my stories." But Ted confirmed the Larry Harris supposition about the speed with which he sometimes writes. The speaker said that about 95% of his published science fiction stories are first drafts. He wrote one 20,000 word novelette, which he didn't identify, in a single day. A short story, whose title I may have heard incorrectly as "The Saucer of Loneliness," was written in four hours.

I thought of the parallel with Mozart, another writer who has been blamed occasionally for hasty writing, by critics who don't realize that what may appear to be lavishness with first thoughts may actually be haste to get onto paper material that has been thoroughly worked out and revised mentally beforehand. Ted didn't claim any preliminary process, as such. But he emphasized that he doesn't just press a button and let stories gush forth.

"It helps to base stories on your own experience," he said. "Then I have an extensive library, and I do a great deal of research in it." He added a description of another type of research which is somewhat less orthodox but sounds like fun. "Find two scientists who disagree with each other. Get them together and buy them beer." He has learned a lot by listening to the ensuing flow of conversation, he said.

Someone wanted to know which of his novels was best. "It's 'More Than Human'," Ted answered, "unless it's 'Some of Your Blood'. 'Venus Plus X' is a fable, not a novel. I suppose that 'Bianca's Hands' is best among the shorter stories."

As I listened to his immediate, non-evasive answers to the questions, I realized whom Sturgeon reminds me of: Lester del Rey. There is only the most superficial kind of facial resemblance, and they aren't exactly the same size. But in both men, there is a similar hint of mental reserves that they haven't begun to draw on yet, both give the impression that they could talk with authority and say something important about any topic that anyone might suggest, and each radiates a most comforting aura of calmness and sanity that gives the listener the belief that he too might someday attain this state of superiority over the petty trivialities that cause most of us to be distracted over a sudden thought about paying the fuel bill or the noises emanating from the next room. But Sturgeon presents one attribute that I haven't noticed in del Rey. I have the firm impression that there is a tiny imp in Ted's body who likes to crouch within the skull and peer out in mirth and sheer love of living over the things surrounding him. I believe that no matter how fine it is to see the physical, obvious Sturgeon, it would be even more wonderful if we could catch a glimpse of this miraculous little sprite inside.

Ted thinks that his mother had some influence on his writing. "She was a poet," he said. "She had a very resonant contralto voice and an English accent."

The biographical note in one of Sturgeon's paperbacks referred to an opera as one of his current projects. Ted was asked

about it. "It's still in my files," he said. "BMI talked to me about an opera for high school use. But they never got around to talking contract with me." Along similar lines, he said that his interest in the stage is quite intense just now, mostly because he wrote a play last summer and got it produced.

If my notes are authentic, there was a near-contradiction between two answers to questions. Earlier in the afternoon, Jim Blish had told the Philcon that he feels uncomfortable or uneasy if he doesn't sit down and write each evening after completing his day's work at his regular job. Ted disavowed any such sensation at one point. "I feel no sense of pressure of wanting to write," he seems to have said. However, when he was asked about his motives for writing, he replied: "There are times when I have something to say, and then I want very much to say it." Previously, he had answered a question about the prevalence of communication as a theme of his stories in something like these words: "Of course, communication is a theme. I write fiction and that's exactly what fiction is."

Sturgeon gave some details about the seldom publicized special edition of "Without Sorcery" in its hard-cover version. Fewer than 100 copies were published in a maroon binding with gold stamping. This limited edition was to be distributed in boxed form, he recalled, but the boxes were so late arriving that quite a few copies were sent out naked, and "I had empty boxes around the house for years, after they finally came." Another misadventure was blamed on the late Jim Williams, semi-pro Philadelphia publisher. Through a misunderstanding, Williams has caused Sturgeon's real last name to be Waldo for all eternity in the catalogues of major public libraries.

Question and answer sessions are a pleasant custom, but they suffer one inherent fault. Every time a topic arises that is suited for further related queries, someone in the audience interrupts with a question of a completely alien matter and the pregnant topic is shoved aside permanently. Ted Sturgeon restricted the question session at Philadelphia to ten minutes, and this made it all the easier for promising revelations to fail to materialize. Don't let him impose any such time limit, if you have any influence over his public appearance at Chicago next year.

--Harry Warner Jr.

- _____ The number in the space to the left is the number of the last issue you will receive unless you respond in some manner. If that number is "20", you will not receive the next issue.
- _____ A check here indicates that you have either a contribution or letter of comment in this issue. I trust you realize the full significance of that honor.
- _____ A mark in this space means that we trade, _____ here that I would like to trade. Kipple trades with other fanzines on a one-for-one basis, in most cases, and unless you publish very frequently you will have to supplement our trade with other forms of response from time to time.
- _____ If this space is checked, it means that due to some past favor of tremendous proportion, you now find yourself on my permanent mailing list.
- _____ And a check here means simply that your name is Ruth Berman or Jinx McCombs, and that I am quite overwhelmed by your charm.

audience will read this section) is perhaps one of the foremost purveyors of "original" folk-music. Unfortunately, he can't sing. Oh, he can hit high notes without his voice cracking, but that, I'm afraid, is as close as he ever gets to "singing". If someone should be picked to best represent the enthic folk field, I could think of at least a dozen names better suited to the position than Niles. (Jean Ritchie comes to mind immediately. And in spite of my complaints on the enthic trend, I consider Jean Ritchie one of the three best single folk-singers currently working--Oscar Brand and Richard Dyer-Bennett are the others.) Niles appeared a few months ago on a late-night television show, and his singing (if it can be called that) had much the same effect upon my nerves as a piece of tin being scratched with a nail.

What many people seem not to realize is that every era has its own particular style of folk-music (just as with any other kind of music) and that the type of folk-songs and singers which are currently termed "commercialized" are the type of our era. The major difference is the existence in this era of television, radio, and phonograph records; never before has it been possible to put music before so many people so often. But just think, in the year 2136, "Tom Dooley" will be considered enthic and original by the folk-music enthusiasts of the time, and whatever the active folk-singers happen to be doing in that year will be scorned by the pseudo-intellectuals as "commercialized".

SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS

The article by Bob Leman which appears on page seven this issue is reprinted from Nematode, Bob's SAPSzine. Kipple doesn't generally reprint material from other fanzines, but I have on occasion done so when the original appearance of an item was in a restricted-circulation fanzine. In this case, only 35 people received that fanzine, and no more than a dozen of those are currently on the Kipple mailing list. If any rock and roll fan in the audience would care to write an article in rebuttle, I will be more than glad to consider publishing it.

Cum Grano Salis Department: The following is the text of a letter to the Baltimore News-Post on the recent sit-in demonstrations in Maryland. It is quoted without comment; I feel none is needed. "It is nothing less than a disgraceful procedure that students from Goucher College and Johns Hopkins University are joining the unruly, lawless Freedom Riders and sit-in demonstrators, under the auspices of CORE, to force restaurants to serve Negroes regardless of how the owners and clientele of the restaurants may feel about the matter. Such a condition can only be attributed to the youth of the students and their lack of intelligence regarding racial matters. Their punishment should be a good spanking for each and their prompt return to their mamas and papas."

A Suggestion for Enterprising Comic Fans Department: "I once thought of a system which, if put into operation, would have probably put me on good terms with Walt Kelly: Writing him a postcard every day, with comment on the daily strip. No attempt to get him to write you...just a continuous reaction to what is happening--to the strip, your opinions on it and inspired by it, and on the world as of that day. When I thought of it, it would only have cost about \$6.00 a year." (Rick Sneary, in a letter dated November 19, 1959.)

Department of Travelling Fans: About a month ago, Al Lewis (the friendly Al Lewis) was in town, and he utilized Mr. Bell's wonderful device to let me know of his existence. It's rather a shock to pick up the phone and hear, "Hello. I'm Al Lewis." The last time I heard from Al was when he was editing the NFFF letterzine and I was on the NFFF Welcommittee, writing goshwow letters to new members and welcoming them to fandom. Then on November 19, Harry Warner phoned between buses on his way back from the Philcon. (For those of you unfamiliar with the vagaries of this part of the country, I ought to explain that in order to travel by bus between Hagerstown and Philadelphia, one must pass through Baltimore. Glance at a map if the full stupidity of this idea doesn't immediately come to you.) Harry described his article in this issue, said that he enjoyed the Philcon, and reported that in all likelihood he will attend the Trichicon next year. Fake hermit!

"The distinguishing mark of anthropology among the social sciences is that it includes for serious study other societies than our own. For its purposes any social regulation of mating and reproduction is as significant as our own, though it may be that of the Sea Dyaks, and have no possible historical relation to that of our civilization. To the anthropologist, our customs and those of a New Guinea tribe are two possible social schemes for dealing with a common problem, and in so far as he remains an anthropologist he is bound to avoid any weighting of one in favour of the other. He is interested in human behaviour, not as it is shaped by one tradition, our own, but as it has been shaped by any tradition whatsoever. He is interested in the great gamut of custom that is found in various cultures, and his object is to understand the way in which these cultures change and differentiate, the different forms through which they express themselves, and the manner in which the customs of any peoples function in the lives of the individuals who compose them." --Ruth Benedict, in "Patterns of Culture".

A Fan's Library in a Nutshell: Space limitations prohibit any sort of comprehensive listing of my recent reading, but one book in particular deserves attention. This is Ayn Rand's "Anthem," Signet Book #D1985, 50¢. It is a small book for the price (123 pages of large, spread-out type), but it is an excellent novel and it is--pregnant pause--science fiction. And yet, "Anthem" seems to have been virtually ignored by fans. That same fate seems to befall any important work of science fiction which is published as mainstream literature: fans, for all of their broad mental horizons, discuss Blish and Heinlein while ignoring such important works as "Tomorrow" and "Anthem". If fans simply refused to pay any attention to mainstream literature, then it could be attributed to narrow interests. But this is not the case. Fans enjoy science fiction and mainstream writing with equal passion, yet seem incapable of enjoying a combination of both in the same volume, even when that volume is as excellent as Wylie's "Tomorrow". In any event, I recommend "Anthem" highly; if nothing else, you may be amused by given names and surnames which look like telephone numbers.

Somebody-Up-There-Likes-Us: Bob Lichtman has those issues of Kipple he wanted to buy, reports Walt Breen. But Bill Bowers reports in the same mail that he needs #18. There is no mention of payment. And while Ruth Berman very kindly sent Neolithic #1, #3, #4, and #5, I am still in need of the second and sixth issues of that fanzine, Cadenza #1, and Tesseract #1.

In closing, the staff of Kipple would like to wish a sincere Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all its many readers in the far-flung corners of the world. "I don't give a damn WHO you are, old man. Get them reindeer off my roof!"

--Ted Pauls

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

BY THE READERS

LARRY McCOMBS
147 BRADLEY ST.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

I completely agree with your remarks on fallout shelters. I'm in accord with Ike's remarks on the subject--if the people I love weren't around, I'd just as soon walk outside and get it over with quickly. And if they were there, I can't see condemning them and myself to a lingering death by suffocation, starvation or thirst in a fallout shelter while waiting for the radiation level to go down, or wondering what to do about six tons of dirt and bricks on top of the door. The high point of the shelter hysteria for me was watching happy contractors getting rich selling fallout shelters in downtown Los Angeles. They were careful not to point out to these poor suckers the difference between fallout and blast shelters, and to tell them nothing about what would happen to their measly little \$2000 shelter when the bomb went off a half-mile away.

The one argument in favor of a good CD system which made any sense to me was the strategic one. That is simply this: the Russians have a CD system which makes ours look sick (which it is). They can move 80% of their population out of the cities and into the country, and feed and house them. And they can perform this evacuation within 24 hours. This gives them a great strategic advantage if they decide to attack (and they, as well as we, are assuming that we aren't going to attack first)--namely, they move everybody out into the country the day before and issue an ultimatum. If we attack we can kill maybe 25% of their population and destroy their cities. The latter will be no more of a blow than the German invasion was--they can survive a little destruction. Meantime, even with a whole day's notice, some 80% of our population will still be concentrated in target areas. Which makes our decision as to what to do a really tough one. This little problem was pointed out in a course on public affairs at Caltech. The lecturer was a physicist who was serving as an advisor to the government on problems of nuclear warfare. He pointed out some of the nasty little problems which give strategic planners nightmares. For instance, suppose someday Khrushchev calls up the White House and says to Kennedy, "Gee, Jack, I'm awful sorry but one of our missiles just got launched by mistake, and it's aimed right for Chicago. We can't do a thing about it; there's no recall system and we haven't got an anti-missile missile that can touch it. Sorry, old bean, and if there's anything we can do to

help clean up the mess, let me know." What do we do? Do we launch World War III? Do we fire a similar missile at a similar city? Or do we just say, "That's okay. Try to be more careful in the future."? Obviously, all three solutions have their disadvantages. Thinking about such things makes me glad that I'm just a poor ignorant citizen who can ignore these things and hope that the government will muddle through!

In Q&N you express shock about regimented students at Miami, but it isn't limited to students. Teachers have their share too, as for example this quote from Larry Anderson's N'APAZine, The Seven Eyes of Niggle: "This year the school board of trustees has gone ghung ho on policies and is turning them out by the ream. The latest I heard, none of the teachers were allowed to speak to any of the janitorial or cooking staff about anything pertaining to the school. Isn't that ducky? We may all be trapped in a burning building because the janitor can't mention to us that the boiler is about to explode. Real cogitation must have gone into that policy. So far we have been told what clothes to wear, to whom we may speak and about what, and next I anticipate a directive on the proper pastel shade of toilet paper to be used."

I'm really getting disgusted about this nuclear testing squabble. First, I have large amounts of disgust at the Russians for flinging such huge amounts of radioactivity around without even telling their people what they're doing (if our news accounts are to be believed). But even more (because it's closer to home) I have a great disgust for the Americans who are screaming hate at the neutrals for not cursing the Russians and praising us. In the first place, when one goes around crowing over one's own virtues and damning one's enemy, it is not too surprising to be greeted with a cold shoulder. In the second place, the rapidity with which we resumed our underground testing showed that we were all ready to do some testing anyhow (preparations for some of these tests took a couple of years) which leads to the conclusion that if the Russians hadn't gone first, we probably would have. And finally, the threat that we will resume atmospheric testing if the Russians don't stop removes all justification for claims of moral superiority to the nasty Russkis. It all seems about as logical to me as if two farmers living on opposite sides of a lake got into a squabble because one farmer was piping his sewage into the lake from which they both drew their drinking water. Says the second, "If you don't stop dumping your garbage into our drinking water, I'll throw mine in too!" Of course, the analogy isn't quite good, since nuclear testing supposedly does some good for the side that's doing it...but I have my doubts!

CHESTER DAVIS
ADDRESS WITHELD
BY REQUEST

Your comments on Route 40 segregation interested me. My father knows one of the ignorant sots who owns a restaurant on that infamous highway, and I took the opportunity a few days ago to amuse myself by verbally fencing with him. After a long spiel about how the Negro people ought to be grateful to us for allowing them to live in this great country of ours, he pointed out in all seriousness that he as an individual was guaranteed the right to operate his restaurant as he pleased. "This is a Free Country, and I should be free to serve who I wish." This argument has been used extremely often by pro-segregationists, and it is a wonder to me that in their narrowness, they have overlooked the obvious parallel: viz., "This is a Free Country, and I should be free to eat where I wish."

I failed to point up this parallel to this particular

individual, simply because I knew what the response would be. I have argued along this line before, and inevitably receive the same reply: "Then I ought to be free to eat with whom I wish." But of course one isn't free to be quite so picky when eating in a public restaurant. From personal experience, I have found that obnoxious individuals of all races are to be found in eateries. (Whenever I enter a restaurant, one of several types of character is almost bound to sit down next to me: a matronly old lady who simply must tell me about her sixteen grandchildren, a small child (usually female) who delights in thoroughly nauseating me by retrieving the chewing gum from under the counter or table and re-using it, or a truck driver who hasn't had a bath in two weeks and whose cigar is a badly-dampened factory-reject.) If you desire complete control as to the identity of your dinner-mates, then eat at home.

Another oft-heard comment is that Negroes have their own restaurants, and that they ought to confine themselves to those specially designated establishments. I seldom attempt to refute a comment of this sort, since it would take an incredibly stupid person to suggest it in the first place and such a person wouldn't in all likelihood understand my reply.

I don't share your dislike of modern jazz, but you are certainly correct in saying that a modern jazz trio shouldn't attempt "Basin Street Blues" or a comparable piece. Actually, modern jazz to me is more a form of communication than traditional material. Improvisation is part of it, but there's more to it than that. The performer seems more genuinely interested in communicating with the audience, whereas the average traditional group of thirty years ago was playing for a few dollars a night and all they could drink. The effect of the latter is noticable particularly in their less disciplined manner of performing. I don't care to be interrupted during a recording by a shout or yodel from the drummer... ((They enjoyed themselves while playing, that's all. I miss this in most modern groups; the Modern Jazz Quartet, in particular, seems to be waiting for the shrouds to be handed out.))

And as for your comment that you are "just about convinced that modern jazz is an honest attempt to make music," I must say that is goddamn decent of you. Pretty soon we'll have you admitting that Ahmad Jamal is a human being. This is the most snobbish thing I've ever heard you say, and I hope some actual jazz authority (not Mr. Willick) jumps on you for it. I don't pretend to be an expert, but I do know what I like. Criticize modern jazz if you wish; I do it myself. But don't sneer at it without reason. ((This comment was paraphrased from the Bob Leman article in this issue, and was used primarily to raise a fuss among the progressive jazz buffs in the audience. As for Jamal, that he is human was never in doubt; that he is a musician is somewhat less certain. (I'm being facetious again, if you hadn't noticed.))

GEORGE WILICK I would assume that it is quite possible that I am a
856 EAST STREET fool. Certainly I would not be a judge of such a mat-
MADISON, IND. ter. ((Thanks, but that isn't what I said. I said that
I would call you a fool were I to argue in the manner
you advocated. There is a difference, you see.)) Most of your comments
concerning my editorial are pertinent and contain value. I would like
to offer this one thought and maybe it will help some of you to see
what I'm talking about: Fandom must be a hobby. If it isn't, then I
submit that something must be wrong with the too involved person who

takes all this as though his very life and reputation (your use and your meaning) depended on it. (Perhaps I should have specified "fanish reputation," but I didn't suspect that anyone reading it would be literal-minded enough to misunderstand.) Therefore, as a hobby, fandom must be taken with a grain of salt and the ability to laugh must be used at all times. I'd be a liar if I said I hated Gary Deindorfer so consequently I will smear him in print. That's a little silly and a little stupid. (Fandom is not a hobby; it is a hobby-plus. But disregarding that arguable point, you are in error in dismissing my comments about "reputation" by claiming that what happens in fandom isn't important enough to matter. Statements made in fanzines aren't important to the outside world, but within it's own frame of reference, such a statement may carry considerable importance. I will repeat my original statement (with certain modifications) and hope that this time you understand what I am trying to say: Fan feuds of the type which degenerate into name-calling contests make all participants appear foolish and may damage their reputations in the eyes of other fans. I can hardly be more clear than that.)

What I meant by Point One, as you listed it, was that if a person slams you with no evident reason then by all means fight back. (This is indisputable, but our point of disagreement is on the best method of "fighting back". You advocated name-calling and petty bickering (which is really all a "feud" turns out to be), while I prefer friendly argument. I think one of the reasons that Kipple is an interesting magazine is that we can argue quite strenuously without becoming unbearably nasty.) This is my opinion and if it doesn't fit you or anyone else then this is fine. Now, let me give you an example: the Void cover that poked fun at the Prosser drawing circulated with the Awards Poll. A too-involved fan (a type I think you identify me as) would have charged forth and engaged in bitter battle... which would have been silly. (Precisely. But then why did you write an article advocating this sort of rebuttle?) It was a great cover and very funny. Now an example of a fight-back type of attack would be Walter Breen and Fanac. I don't think any of you know why Walter has given the Fan Awards and myself bad press or why he sneaks around with snide little comments...I'll tell you. It happens to be because Breen wanted the Fan Awards aligned with the Fanac Poll, something I could not grant. So Walter plays his hurt-feelings game and I am certainly not going to play "sheep" in order that he can nurse his wounded ego in print. (Now that you have explained Walter Breen's aversion to the Fan Awards Poll, please delve into the reasons behind the derogatory comments of Ted White, Sid Coleman, Larry Crilly, Les Gerber, Peggy Sexton, Joe Gibson, and many others. Surely all those people must have some ulterior motive; they couldn't criticize your plan merely on the basis of its inherent stupidity.)

Now when I say being slammed with no apparent reason, I might one that hasn't been given to fandom as a whole. Why should I have bothered to tell anyone about the initial disagreement? I wouldn't now, except as an example. The letter column of Parsection #10 will deal with the matter more fully and there isn't too much to be gained by wasting Kipple space on it.

Gary Deindorfer asked me to disregard his Kipple letter since it was written in anger, and this I shall do. I might add that the comment made to Gary of my being a jazz expert was facetiously used. I'm sure Gary understood this, and I think you should have too, Mr. Pauls.

Also, you can believe this or

not but it's true. My remark about jazz being Ballroom music was made entirely so that you could bust into the middle of the letter with one of your cute 'TED PAULS DISAGREES' bits. (I never for a moment doubted it. I realized that no one could be stupid enough to seriously advance such a proposal.)

Chet Davis: Your point is well-taken. It is one of my shortcomings that I will express in whole numbers rather than qualified numbers. I assure you that I do not believe 'everyone' likes jazz in some form or another. Let's say 'almost everyone'.

I'd like to mildly disagree with Ted White...unilaterally. It's about the Lupoff \$1.00 issue. I see nothing wrong with the idea behind such an issue, but there is an unidentifiable something wrong with the way in which it was carried out. I wish I could put my finger on it, but I can't. Let me say that the fact that the Lupoffs announced they were going to pay a buck for their own copy is part of it. This strikes me as being unpleasant. (It merely struck me as hilarious...) It also strikes me as being unpleasant (my main bitch) that trade copies were denied. If Marion didn't pay a buck then how did she get an issue to review? (To the best of my knowledge, she did not receive Xero #6. The issue reviewed in the column which has caused so much ruckus was #5.) Maybe someone sent her one...that's okay.

At any rate, the Lupoffs didn't receive Parsection #9. If I'm going to have a hole, then they can have a hole too. Parsection has long since become a financial burden and one hell of a task, so I take it rather unkindly that I would be denied a trade copy. (I find your attitude rather childish on the whole. "If I'm going to have a hole, then they can have a hole too" rather smacks of revenge.) I'm all for the Willis fund. I wouldn't say I've forked over my share but I have come across with \$6.00 and I hope to make that more. So it wasn't the idea of giving another dollar that bothered me.

ROSEMARY HICKEY On egoboo: You deserve/merit any positive comment you
2020 MOHAWK receive, even though the comment be badly phrased or
CHICAGO 14, ILL. unimaginatively worded. Some of those who write are just learning to express personal feelings, or maybe they belong in the category you identify in your "Johnny" paragraph. In a few instances, the writer may want to maintain contact with you, to let you know that said reader is alive and found pleasure in Kipple, but doesn't have a free mind to write of reactions and thoughts. That is about the most stultifying state in which to attempt creative writing of any variety. The result is usually corn--pure tripe--with one trite phrase following another. It would probably be far more satisfactory if the reader had bought one of those silly cards in the stationery shop that said almost anything from "Congratulations on your recent experience in bed with the doctor" to "Bon Voyage from The Gang." The card would have met the need without wasting writing time (and your reading time). (Knowing what fertile minds my readers possess, I suppose I can expect two or three such cards next issue...)

Has anyone ever commented to you on the subtle difference in the writing that's done to be seen in print and the writing that results from the desire to express specific thoughts? That lovely example you quoted (in "Why Johnny Can't Write") belongs in the first category. And occasionally that style has appeared in some fanzines. Has this area been explored before now? It would be most interesting to read fan reactions.

That

example-sentence of yours in the "Johnny" bit reminded me of a hassle I had with a high school teacher over a writing assignment. Someone had just given me a Roget's Thesaurus and the opportunity to choose just the right word was an exciting challenge. Almost every noun and adjective in that paper was researched in Roget's. It must have taken hours to write; certainly no words contained less than three syllables. It was so erudite that the teacher accused me of copying it--she said she recognized the style, but couldn't name it. It took quite a bit of arguing to prove my authorship. Those papers are gone now, but I'll bet some few sentences were not too far from your example.

GARY DEINDORFER You are oh-so-right about the examples of "great"
11 DE COU DRIVE writing printed in grammar textbooks (and writer's
MORRISVILLE, PA. manuals, too). Clean, crisp writing is never represented, presumably because it is grammatically too simple to be considered illustrative of good writing. Instead, one gets pages of fruity, muddled quotations from the Victorian era. You can almost see the gargoyles hanging on that thing you quoted in your column. My thoughts on good writing are best illustrated by a quote from Hemingway: "Good writing is communication, not interior decoration."

Ted White mentioned to me with an evil gleam in his eye his latest Kipple column, snickering when he mentioned how he had slashed Marion Bradley ten ways to hell. I think he was altogether too rough on the old girl. I still think that Marion's comments on TAWF and Xero were meant with tongue in cheek. So she doesn't particularly dig fan funds; so she isn't afraid to say so? So good for her. As for Ted's comment on Marion's criticisms of Void-type art, so she doesn't like that sort of art? So, again, she doesn't mind saying so? Why bother trying to defend Void-type art against her? Will Ted's statements make other people who don't like Void-type art suddenly cordial to it? Will it turn Void-type art fans against it? I wish that Ted had decided to write about the significance of the navel hair of Atom characters, or the mind of George C. Willick, jazz authority. It would have been a much better column, then.

Willick replies to Walter Breen with characteristic savoir faire, shifting gears without telling anybody--namely, replying to Breen's challenge of his earlier statement that many classical composers were mental defectives by gleefully backing up his statement by citing composers who were mentally troubled to some degree. Obviously, to Willick, the terms "mentally defective" and "mentally ill" are interchangeable. Willick inadvertently adds strength to Walt's argument, instead of refuting it as he no doubt thought he was doing so brilliantly.

Earl Noe reminds me that the push to make jazz respectable has been extended to euphemisms on the origin of the word "jazz" itself. You have read, no doubt, all the myriad, impossibly strained explanations of the word "jazz" (that there was this fellow in New Orleans named Dr. Chasse and the name of the music comes from his last name because he used to be seen frequently around musicianly hangouts--all that sort of thing). By far the most plausible explanation, however (and one that I've only seen mentioned in a very few places), is that "jazz" as a name for a kind of music comes from the old Negro slang-word "to jazz," meaning "to have sexual intercourse with." Because jazz was associated in the early years with whore-houses, and whore-houses are associated with sexual intercourse, this process is obvious. Besides, to "jazz" a song was somehow comparable in spirit to "jazzing" a girl. You can see why

this very likely origin has been buried under worked-up explanations for the origin of "jazz". I'm not afraid to lay it bare, though; it appeals to me very much as an explanation.

Aha! It comes out that more than one fan has had troubles with the Authorities in school days regarding pranks with the school paper. Fans are indeed essentially rebellious people; the profusion of school-paper anecdotes substantiates that. While I thought Benford's trick bold, it pales besides Bob Stewart's ploy. "Brenda is pregnant"--wild stuff. Notice how when fans rebel they do it in print, while mundane types write dirty words on stop signs or kick friendly old women in the stomach?

I don't want to disagree with Chet Davis, but, as a minor point, I've heard of stone deaf people digging the piano by putting their fingers on the cabinet while it is being played. So, if Horace Silver was soloing madly, and some stone deaf person ambled up and put his fingers on the piano... (I get this wild--but sick--scene of this combo playing along, with all these deaf people standing around touching their fingertips to the floor and the piano and the bass and the tenor sax and the bass drum...)

Rosemary Hickey: Actually, I spoke less from book-learning than from my own feelings when discussing improvising. And I am glad to see you agreeing with me that improvisation is not, after all, premeditated. Actually, only the first two sentences of that paragraph of mine in Kipple #18's letter column are a direct comment on what Rosemary had to say. The rest is a general explanation of the actual process of improvisation from the viewpoint of an amateur jazz musician (me).

As I said, improvisation is not premeditated. It is, however, pretty well predetermined in the mind of the good soloist. Rosemary Hickey may sit down at the piano and ad-lib things and not know what is coming next, but she is, I assume, not a jazz musician. A jazz musician knows what he is going to play for at least the next eight bars--or at least he should. The very good jazz musician can think even further ahead, and then play what he is thinking of. If he couldn't do this, his solos would be fumbling things with no sense of direction. Listen to a Charlie Parker solo; notice how it exists as a complete shimmering entity. This is because Bird knew very far ahead what he was going to do while improvising, and he had the technique to carry out his plans. A musician who can't think ahead like this can't solo well, either.

That's one kind of predetermination, coexisting with the external predetermination of rhythm and (most importantly) harmony. Thus I say to Rosemary Hickey: no, jazz improvisation is not premeditated, but to be successful it must be almost completely predetermined. I hope she appreciates the distinction between the two words.

MARION BRADLEY
BOX 158
ROCHESTER, TEXAS

This will be just a brief note about your discussion, editorially, of school regulations in dress and the like. I agree that schools tend to go overboard in Authoritarianism, at times. For instance, in our twenty-below New England winters, our high school tried to Issue and Edict that girls must not attend classes in slacks. Our age must have been more intransigent than this current one; the next day, by common consent, every damned girl out of 900 or so turned up in nice warm woolen slacks. The parents, you see, felt that warm slacks were necessary; this was during gas rationing in World War II, when most of us

had to walk one, two, or even three miles, or stand around on windy corners in 20-below weather. We never heard another word about the edict forbidding slacks.

On the other hand, I would like to put in a mild word for the schools. In some schools--not all--the entire schoolastic program can be disintegrated by too much faddism in dress. In some climates, for instance, girls might logically turn up in shorts. Fine...but what about the extremely sexy young Brigitte Bardot, with highly permissive parents, who turns up virtually nude, not from any sense of freedom, but from an immature desire to collect stares? How are the boys supposed to concentrate on their algebra when everyone is staring at Brigitte junior, the boys with their society-repressed hungers, and the girls with the envious wish that they had thought of it first.

Here in Rochester, blue jeans are a common costume, which is nice for the girls who can't afford expensive tailored slacks, and nice and warm on cold days. Unfortunately, the habit of a small group of girls, of jamming themselves into slacks so tight as to outline buttock cleavages, etc., is distracting to the boys; and thus, by the abuse of a few, the privilege of wearing blue jeans to school is being withdrawn. Granted--the school might think of a better way to curb this habit, or even adopt a program of permissive education so that the sight of a plump young girl in pants so tight that her panty elastic is clearly visible would not prove disrupting to the young pubescent males. But I think the kids might have some responsibility, too.

Also, any extreme fad--mascara, bleached hair-streaks, beehive or Jackie Kennedy hairdos, etc.--becomes so absorbing that the girls tend to concentrate on this fashion-competitiveness to the damage of the study process. Ninety percent of the school population are average or dull-normal intellects; the teachers have a tough enough time teaching them anything, and when school days deteriorate into endless competitions of dress and fashion, with every girl striving to out-dress and out-do the next, and the girls who can't or won't suffering emotional damage from the nonconformity to the ideal--well, the teachers can't be blamed for some attempt to get school emphasis away from competitions in dress and back to math, biology, algebra and basic skills in speech, writing and reading.

Maybe they could think of a better way than simply saying "Don't wear THIS." But they are only human; and sometimes teenagers DO act as if they weren't.

DAVE LOCKE
P.O. BOX 207
INDIAN LAKE, N.Y.

That first quote in your column about fallout shelters being built in order to place bread in the hands of shelter-builders... Walt Breen and Gary Deindorfer (and Ted Pauls) seem to have that idea. So whathell? There is still just as likely a chance of there being a nuclear war, and it's still a good idea to have a shelter. I agree with Chet Davis that blast and/or fallout shelters will allow you to survive blast-fallout, by keeping you healthy and happy until the blast is over and the radiation level is low enough to permit you to live outside the shelter. (Of course, a blast shelter is no good if the bomb lands on top of it or too nearby.) The radiation will disperse, and within a short enough period of time to allow people to remain in their shelters until it does. (First of all, not all radioactive by-products have short enough half-lives to allow us to remain in shelters until they are harmless. Cesium 237, for example, has a half-life of several

thousand years. And secondly, just how much protection do fallout shelters actually provide? I believe that most reputable scientists admit that some radioactive particles may enter through the air filters, and while this may not be enough to cause any immediate damage, very small concentrations of radioactivity do cause genetic damage. But all of this is theoretical. The point which really annoys me is that people in metropolitan areas are buying fallout shelters in the belief that they are blast shelters.))

It is peachy to knock fallout shelters because they're being pushed for somebody's profit or because it is beneath the dignity of the United States citizen to crawl beneath the ground like an animal, or even because the idea of a nuclear war is as unbelievable to some as the thought of their own death. But we've got to face the reality of the times and admit that shelters may be needed for defense and personal safety. That is, we have to if more people are to survive in case there is a war. ((I'm afraid it isn't a matter of "in case." It may happen tomorrow or in the next century, but sadly enough there will be a war. The reason for my dogmatic sureness may best be shown by quoting the Exclusion Principle. (No, this has nothing to do with the fans of New York.) Though this principle as a scientific observation is applied to ecology, it also has a very real application to the present socio-economic state of the world: Strict coexistence is impossible. No ecological niche is large enough for two occupants.))

The urge to survive is too damn strong. Shelters are being fought against now, but I'm fairly sure that people would use them, if they had them, when there came a war. But a lot of them won't have shelters, and they'll fight to get into somebody else's. That "Twilight Zone" show about the bomb shelter wasn't as far off as you might think. But no, we're too busy to be bother with building shelters.

Rock 'n' Roll seems to have been given a subtle axe in the last few issues of Kipple. ((And in this issue, the axe is no longer quite so subtle...)) It's hard to make a defense for liking any type of music; I won't defend it. All I can say is that I like some of it (some is too much even for me), and that should be all that matters to me. Every field has its crud, and I don't think Rock 'n' Roll abuses that privilege. It gets tiresome hearing it get knocked, and often I'd like to tell some people that if they dislike it they can quit talking about it. However, few people practice ignoring what they dislike, and it's always fun to knock something once or twice, so I have to let the subject drop. I like it, and that's about all I can say. But though you criticize what I like, don't criticize me for liking it.

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

"Wait 'Till The Fallout Stops, Nellie": I believe I mentioned in my last letter that public opinion here in New York on the coming atomic war is the opposite, it seems, of that of the average Marylander. Of course, they may have edited out every negative comment they got. We are more pessimistic here in Target #1. Perhaps these people believe that nothing will ever happen to Baltimore; perhaps they'll be right. I sincerely hope so.

I was quite disgusted at a recent "Dobie Gillis" episode. The two clods of the show, Maynard Krebs and Chatsworth Osbourne Jr., who are always being proved wrong, were of the opinion that atomic warfare was dangerous! This turned me off. I would have turned "Dobie" off, but I like Osbourne. Dobie summed up the entire theme with

a reverse premise: "There will be no atomic war, because life goes on." The original, corrector, axiom is: "Life goes on because there will be no atomic war." Dobie also pointed out that fifty years ago people were convinced that civilization was coming to an end, and, by George!, it hasn't. (A debatable statement, to say the least!) Mother pointedly pointed out that fifty years ago people didn't have the atomic bomb. An effective put down, if I ever heard one.

Some self-styled critic of education remarked that while Johnny is reading "See Bill run; run, run, Bill," Ivan is reading Tolstoy novels. It is the kind of comparison that is obviously b.s.; Tolstoy was not writing for ten year olds, and I find it awfully hard to believe that an educational system would shove Tolstoy novels at elementary grade kids. However, I, for one, do believe that our books at that age level are painfully inadequate. I was quite bored with them, and generally goofed off during group recitations, with the result that I was placed in a low reading group. At this time I was digesting every form of literature I could get my hands on, and when this fact was made known to our teacher I got the reader that sixth year kids get, and my work and interest shot up. I understand that classics are edited; some guy edited all the grime off a pirate in "Treasure Island". I just can't understand, or try to understand, the thinking that would go into a move like this. (I didn't experience your problem to any great extent, simply because I never bothered to read the "readers" we were given. I propped the book up on my desk, flipped the pages at decent intervals, and utterly disregarded the text. My problem came a little later in life: I have always been interested in the various branches of science (which is why I write articles on the amoeba which no one bothers to read...), and I was quite interested in astronomy when in my fourth year of school. I bought and read twenty or thirty books on the subject during that period, ranging from elementary introductory volumes to "The Harvard Book of Galaxies." Then in junior high school, the teaching of astronomy was begun, and I was appalled at the elementary nature of the information being taught to teenagers, and the ignorance of one of the instructors. I, too, "goofed off" in class; it was pretty frightening to realize that I had learned more at age-nine than my classmates were being taught at age-thirteen.))

I wish you'd stop writing about spiders. I doubt if there are more than two people on your mailing list who give a damn about the subject. You say, in one part of Quotes & Notes, that you like letters of comment that are controversial in character. How do you expect anyone to be inspired by such an insipid subject? Do spiders, or--God!--amoebas play an important part in politics, art, science, religion, fandom, etc.? (They certainly do in the field of science. Kipple is published so that I can discuss with intelligent people subjects which interest me. Politics, religion, and fandom do indeed interest me, but so do zoology, ecology, genetics, anthropology, entomology, biology, paleontology, and evolution. Kipple isn't a textbook, you know; anything which doesn't interest you may be skipped.))

Chet Davis has views very much like my own on atomic survival. Atomic war could cripple civilization--could permanently wipe out Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Einstein, Mozart, as if they had never existed; thousands of lives, people who had sweated towards ideals, would be erased. And then of course, millions of people in the present, who had never hurt anyone, would be killed. This is the real horror of atomic war, and is one of the blackest horrors ever to face us. But civilization would get up off its

knees to march again, and perhaps fall again too. However, I believe that mankind itself will not be exterminated when World War III finally comes--as it must, whether tomorrow, or a thousand years from now. What is a bomb with a mere fifty-mile radius to this earth? (And we have reason to believe that survival within this radius is possible, and might even depend on a mere wall--as was the case with the first atomic war in Japan.) (Unfortunately, the era of the Hiroshima-power nuclear device is long past. Don't expect a wall to be adequate protection against a fifteen or twenty megaton device.)

As for fallout, I have read that the half-life of fallout diminishes at a tremendous rate, and two weeks might be more than adequate. The stf concept of cities being "hot" for generations has always struck me as being highly improbable. (One of my comments to Dave Locke adequately covers your point.) The Shute vision of radioactivity being spread by the wind cannot be accepted as gospel; isn't it possible that radioactivity might be diluted by weather conditions?

LARRY McCOMBS
147 BRADLEY ST.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

This fallout shelter business is still bothering me. It seems simple enough to decide for myself that I'd rather go in the first flash or take my chances outside, but what my decision will be once I've got a family to consider is hard to say. It does bother me exceedingly though to hear the chief argument advanced as to why we'll never have an atomic war: "Nobody would unleash such destruction and murder on the world and on themselves," and then see us busy building shelters and undermining the validity of the argument. But I never put much faith in that sort of arguing anyhow. You could have said the same thing about Hitler--no one could possibly have been so cruel or heartless as to have done the things he did--but they happened. Dr. Libby has been running a series of front-page articles on fallout shelters in the local paper (I presume the series has national distribution) and he made the statement that 90 to 95 percent of the American population "could" survive an atomic attack. I think he meant this to be true if they had adequate shelters--but I don't see how this could be valid except for the unlikely case of everyone outside blast radius being in an adequate fallout shelter. But I've never heard anybody--even a rather pessimistic person like Dr. Pauling--predict greater than about 80% fatality for an all-out atomic attack. So I don't think your pessimism about survival chances is quite justified, Ted. Of course, in Baltimore you can take the same attitude I did while living in Pasadena and Los Angeles--if it comes, I go; why worry? Now that I'm a fair distance from a major target area, I suppose I'd better start rethinking things. But, like most Americans, I put it off because deep down inside I can't really believe that our sacred shores will ever come under enemy attack--it's a concept firmly drilled into those of us who've never fought in a war; if you don't believe it, ask anyone who's tried to drum up interest in civil defense lately.

As a prospective high school teacher I am struck by your comments on writing ability. This problem is well-recognized among the teaching profession, and there are several plans afoot to correct it. Unfortunately, with our decentralized school system, it takes one hell of a long time for any reform to penetrate to a significant number of schools. One thing that is being done is to encourage teachers of all kinds of classes to ask for more essays, term papers, etc., and to grade them on English skills as well as on subject matter. Being a science major myself, I don't know much more than that

about what the English teachers are doing, but I do know that they recognize the problem and are concerned with it. One interesting fact I've noticed--most fans seem to have had some sort of journalistic experience (either in high school, church publications, town weeklies, etc.). Whether this is merely the result of the same interest and skill in writing that leads them into fandom, or whether the journalism led to the fannish talents, I don't know.

The horrible example of verbosity which you cite could well be (except for subject matter) a typical sentence taken out of a scientific paper in any trade journal. This verbosity and translation into technical jargon is the bane of any intelligent layman who tries to get something useful out of professional scientific publications. It seems to be used for no other purpose than to exaggerate the importance and esoteric quality of the work being done. For instance, instead of saying "We didn't have time to carry out these additional experiments," the average paper would say something like: "Due to unavoidable temporal limitations upon the nature of the experimental work herein described, it was not found to be feasible to extend the work into the many byways and side-chains which suggested themselves during the course of the extensive research which was carried out." And since professors give better grades for student papers containing the latter sentence than they do the former, the situation is perpetuated.

I'm in complete agreement with you on the subject of feuds. I'm inclined to think they drive many would-be fans away if they happen to enter fandom via a zine or club that is in the midst of a feud. I first became acquainted with fandom in 1958 when John Champion lent me a few copies of Hyphen. But my initial interest soon faded when my further reading of his fanzine collection led me to apply for Cult membership and I got involved in the bitter feuds which were then sweeping that area. So I lost almost all contact with fandom until Steve Tolliver brought me in as co-editor of Gaul early this year. Feuds leave a nasty taste in my mouth--and nothing distresses me more than to see some person whom I like and respect involved in such a battle. I should think that those with a taste for feuds could thoroughly satisfy their bloodthirsty urges with the daily newspaper. With most of the world wrapped up in one feud or another, I particularly relish the friendly atmosphere generated in the parts of fandom which I frequent.

Los Angeles seems to be a bit more fortunate than your area in having several FM stations which play classical or semi-classical music for a reasonable percentage of the time, and worthwhile items such as good jazz at other times. I'm spoiled, though. In my little home town of 6500 people is an AM station which broadcasts classical music from noon to dark. The morning seems to be filled with an assortment of Western music (dawn to 8:00 am for the farm workers on their way to the fields), religious programs from 8 to 10 (for those mystics who arise at such hours), and housewife programs from 10 to 12 (for the dear ladies who like to compete for a \$5 dollar pen and pencil set instead of washing the dishes. (Actually, the situation isn't nearly as bad as my squib may have led you to believe. As luck would have it, there was nothing to my liking on at the particular time I chose to turn the set on for the first time in several years. However, I have since listened to excellent classical music and traditional jazz two or three nights per week.)) But after lunch there is opera or good symphonic music till the station goes off the air at dark. It is a rather delightful little station, owned by a Mennonite farmer (who also owns a few potato-proces-

sing sheds, a few cotton gins, a grain elevator, thousands of acres of farmland, the local Ford tractor agency, and a large sprawling ranch house, across the street from the little suburban community composed of the homes of his board of directors). When he established the station, he decided it would play nothing but "good music"--no rock and roll, no suggestive lyrics, no cigarette or beer commercials, etc. And after five years of operating the station at a loss, he has gained quite a listenership for it throughout the southern San Joaquin valley and turned it into a paying enterprise.

One thing I forgot to mention in talking about fallout shelters back on page one of this letter is brought to mind by Deindorfer's letter. I wonder if this attitude that "I will kill to protect my shelter" is really so strange. If a man has spent more money than he can afford to give himself and his family just barely possibly adequate protection, why should he let less-foresighted people take up room, food and water, thereby reducing sharply the probability that any of them will survive. He is in the position of a man in a lifeboat who feels that the addition of one more person will sink the boat and thus chooses to club a swimmer over the head with an oar rather than let him climb into the boat and kill them all. This may seem cruel, but I think most people would agree that it was justified. The thing that seems to upset Gary is that people are considering this thing in advance. They are aware that there won't be enough lifeboats and they're sharpening their oars, so to speak. Now if the man who is building his shelter could afford to build a bigger one and let the neighborhood in, he should by all means do so. But if he can't, then is it not more Christian to warn them in advance that there is no room for them and that he will be forced to kill them--thus preventing them from counting on his shelter and perhaps getting them to make some preparations on their own?

In regard to time-sense as an alarm clock. Like my sibling, I can usually depend on this inner sense to wake me if I really want to go somewhere (though an eight o'clock boring class is not sufficient reason), and it seems to be accurate to the minute, though I've never tried setting myself for odd times such as 6:38 to see if that could be done too. The interesting variation I have discovered is that along with the admonition to wake at a certain hour, repeated a few times as I fall asleep, I add an admonition that I will awaken completely happy and alert. And it seems to work. Instead of the usual grumbly slow awakening produced by an alarm clock, I pop instantly awake and have no desire to go back to sleep.

Lichtman's remarks on Freedom Forums remind me of the time I got hooked into being master of ceremonies when Cleon Skousen (author of "The Naked Communist") spoke at Caltech. I had been interested in MRA, a somewhat right-wing group, and was known around campus as a conservative, though on specific issues I seem to wind up agreeing with both sides about equally frequently. So I was asked to MC this particular program. I had never heard of Skousen and knew nothing about him, but the brief biographical sketch they showed to me sounded good (ex-FBI agent, etc.) so I agreed. Skousen had promised to talk for an hour or so about Congressional Investigating Committees, following his talk by answering questions from the floor. The reason for the program was that the YMCA had sponsored an anti-HUAC speaker shortly before, and now wanted to give the other side a chance to speak. Skousen started off on his version of world history and the story of the Communist movement. Two hours later, he still hadn't mentioned the Congressional Committees and was going strong with

no signs of slacking off. From my front-row seat I began to look conspicuously at my watch and make more-and-more obvious gestures. Each time he would respond with "And before I close I would like to point out that..." and would be off for another 15 minutes. Finally he came to an end and I told people that they could go home if they wanted to, but that a question session would be held for those who stayed. Most of the audience stayed--which may indicate that Skousen is a good speaker. The audience was about equally divided into an ultra-leftwing crowd of Techmen who had come to scoff and an ultra-rightwing of Pasadena little old ladies who had come to hear the gospel. Shortly after the questions got under way, one Techman inquired whether Skousen could name three prominent contemporary historians who would support his version of world history. Skousen replied with a series of evasions and the Tech section began shouting "Answer him! Answer him!" Finally Skousen got as close to a direct answer as he ever came, "Would you believe me if I could give you three such names?" And when the Tech student continued to press for an answer to his question, the Pasadenans began chanting "Answer him! Answer him!" in regard to Skousen's question. As you can see, it had aspects of a quiet riot, but it was fun. Skousen wound up talking to about 15 of us in the coffee shop till midnight or after. He's not a bad guy, but tends to spout off various theories and half-truths with solemn assurances that they are fact--I think he believes it.

During the recent Anti-Communist "school" in the Hollywood Bowl, the editor of the Caltech newspaper printed an editorial rather hostile to the whole show. For a while he was sweating blood when the Anti-Communist Crusade threatened to reprint his editorial as an example of Communist influence at Caltech and circulate it to interested Pasadenans and members of the Caltech Board of Trustees. He wasn't worried about what the school might do--they'd be on his side--but such controversies have been known to have very negative effects upon security clearances. However, the whole thing seems to have blown over without any action being taken.

REDD BOGGS

2209 HIGHLAND PL., NE
MINNEAPOLIS 21, MINN.

By damn this was a great issue! Were I to awaken on a particularly chilly morning to find my heating system failing to function, thereby causing my aquatic applications to be of a most icy nature, I am afraid I would indulge in a rather shocking dissertation upon the instability of modern conveniences--unless I examined my mail and discovered that a trusted courier on his appointed rounds had delivered another issue of Kipple containing more material such as this, i.e., of a most volcanic nature. That ought to thaw me fast. God bless Ted Pauls, I'll cry, with frozen tears crackling in my eyes.

That example of "splendid" writing you cite is probably typical of the tastes of compilers of high school grammar texts. Such people affix Dr. Flesch and his precepts with a glare of a most icy nature. The writer--and the admirer--of such "splendid" writing at least understands that a professional style is based on what Alfred Kazin calls "the writer's inimitable sassiness" and "sense of gesture." But the performance certainly leaves something wanting; it resembles the clumsy prancing of a two-year-old imitating a ballet dancer seen on TV. Give me a straight shot of H. L. Mencken.

I find the reaction of Dick Lupoff and Ted White to Marion's remarks about the Xero Willish rather odd and irritating. Indeed, I even contemplated the notion of challenging them both to a

duel, and was deterred only by these considerations: (1) The chances are that one of them is a better shot than I (even though I am a graduate of the BDSA), and (2) I regard both Dick and Ted--both of whom I met only recently--as very nice chaps, with whom I would prefer to meet by some old ancient inn and sit down to wet right many a nipperkin.

I think Marion was partly wrong in her opinion, but she certainly did not deserve such loud and vehement rebuttles as Lupoff and White have delivered in the last two Kipples. As Ted says, nobody was forced to buy the Xero Willish. So far as I can see, any fanzine editor has the right to set any price he chooses, from nothing at all to \$1000 a copy. And it's certainly nobody's business what he does with the money after receiving it. If he wants to turn it over to the Willis Fund instead of buying beer with it, fine. But on the other hand, from the way Lupoff and White reacted, you'd suspect that Marion really poked a sore spot and despite their denials, they're a little afraid that she's right.

Apparently they realize that, after all, the Willis Fund is not the Augsburg Confession, though they thought maybe it was, and they're a little chagrined that Marion cannot be hauled in to answer heresay charges. I think this is what "moves" Ted White, but instead of grudgingly recounting the reasons that he thinks the fund is a "worthy cause," I'd prefer that he'd come right out and admit that, what the hell, it's all for the hell of it, and if anybody is not interested, what the hell, the hell with it.

The notion of such a fund being a "worthy cause" gripped me in 1952, and still does. I think Walt's trip was a happy affair, and TAFF has been a wonderful thing; I hope the Willis and Ethel Lindsay arrive for Chicom III, as planned. But the idea that such funds represent "perhaps the greatest of all the fruits of fandom," well, this leaves me cold. Let's not go overboard for a thing that's for the sheer pleasure of meeting far-away friends. Almost any charity you can name is a "worthier cause" than the Willis Fund or TAFF. These fan funds are something else altogether and more closely resemble something like chipping in to buy beer for a party--a damn fine idea, but hardly a "worthy cause."

If I read Marion's remarks correctly, her gripe is basically that fandom, once a haven of rest far away from fund drives and office collections, is becoming overrun with such things. One of the nice things about fandom used to be that it was operated on a purely fraternal basis; the bonds of friendship rather than what your "splendid" writer would call monetary considerations held fandom together. Maybe that well-known fan pushed this to an extreme when he allowed his girlfriend to sleep around if she chose, as long as it was with a "sincere fan." But I still think this spirit is preferable to a fandom where contributing to "worthy causes" decides whether or not somebody is acceptable company or stands outside the pale.

Ted even criticizes the manner in which Marion contributed to the Willis Fund! Marion is sometimes wrong--thank heaven; can you imagine anything more annoying than a female who is always right? She is sometimes petty and, occasionally when her feelings are hurt, bitter and cruel. But she hasn't got an ounce of hate or malice in her makeup, and to impute backhandedness to her motives is surely damnfoolishness. She is so incapable of double dealing and chicanery that she put her career in limbo for a decade while I raged and bellowed at her. Her contribution to the Willis Fund, I feel sure, was dictated by her basic gener-

osity and innate softheartedness that often triumphs over her convictions, and I think it unfair of Ted to sneer at her in this fashion.

Turning hastily to the letter department: I am afraid I agree with Betty Kujawa in regards to this matter of the Benford "capers" and (this issue) those of Bhob Stewart. Speaking out against "fuggheadedness and excess red-tape" is fine, and I certainly approve. But it seems to me that these kids got off pretty easy, not having yet learned the dangers of libel and therefore libeling everybody right and left. An item like "Brenda is pregnant" is dynamite. It is also crude and foolish; it could hurt a lot of people without doing any good--supposing that it is a Good Thing to call attention to a girl's promiscuity and thus, perhaps, deterring her. At any rate, unlike everybody in Kirbyville, I don't find it funny. I freely admit that a newspaper which actually did cleverly satirize fuggheadedness and red-tape would probably have set as badly as the one Bhob actually produced, but I'm sure that he didn't prove anything with his gesture except that he was young, foolish, and full of pigheaded resentment against Authority. He could probably do a better job of needling now, but alas, still seems to find this escapade a proud moment in his life.

And I agree with Harry Warner in regards jazz and your "dreaming up fans' musical tastes out of your imagination." I sometimes enjoy jazz in the New Orleans style--spare me the arguments, please, over nomenclature--or something like Old Satchmo (as as jazz buffs call him affectionately) playing "High Society Blues." But when some idiot solemnly assures me that jazz is a great cultural contribution to the world, I start squirming and blushing for America. "Snag It" as played by Bunk Johnson is fine stuff. For all I know, some of the stuff my Thelonius (did I get it right this time, Walter Breen, god damn it?) Monk is fine stuff too. But to imply that one can compare it in any respect with, to pick a masterpiece at random, Bach's B Minor Mass, merely makes me snicker. You might as well assure me that Skylark of Valeron is a great novel to be compared with "Moby Dick". "Snag It" and Skylark of Valeron give me great joy; I'm glad they exist; they make my world just a little more pleasant. But jazz and science fiction are alike in being small and limited genres in the backwaters of culture, and it behooves us not to take them too seriously. It behooves us, further, not to devote all our attentions to such small-scale ripples when mainstream roars beyond.

DICK LUPOFF
215 E. 73rd ST.
NEW YORK 21, N.Y.

This certainly does run on and on, doesn't it? Okay, let's get a few things straight. First of all, let's try and determine who has his tongue in whose cheek? I tell you, first of all, that my tongue was in my cheek when I made that "blackmail" remark in Flyer #2. This you can accept or reject on the strength of my word alone (Consider it accepted), or you can try rereading the Flyer and see for yourself whether or not the publication was written largely with tongue in cheek.

Marion comes on like Phillip H. Lord in Kipple with all this blackmail/graft bit. You tell me that he has her tongue in her cheek, when I react not without violence. But she comes on in Kipple a second time, as strong as ever. Maybe stronger. I think that without a doubt, Marion has now made it clear that she is not kidding about this, that she accuses Pat and me of blackmail/graft. (Also, let me point out that even if I had not been kidding in Flyer--hypothetical--that to say that the sale was blackmail does not make it blackmail.) The Willish of Xero was sim-

ply offered for sale. Period. The product was described, the price was announced, the ordering procedure was publicized.

Would-be buyers were urged to order in advance of publication because only pre-publication orders were guaranteed. Seventy-four advance orders were received and all were filled. A total of 118 copies were sold, although several more orders were received, and TAWF is worrying about what to do with them. NOTE: Nobody is going to abscond with the money. And, to lay Marion's fears to rest, contributors were not forced to buy copies or never see their work. Contributors received the customary complimentary copies, publishers of fanzines received tearsheets of the review column, and authors of letters received tearsheets of the letter section.

Now, where does this leave us all with regard to blackmail? Right back where we were before the absurd charge was brought: the magazine was for sale, for an announced price, to anyone who wanted a copy and would pay the tariff.

The blackmail bit is absurd. But at least it is a subject for interpretation, and by stretching my already broad mental horizons, I can see MZB's point, wrong though it is. The "graft" bit is worse than absurd. It is vicious, vile, and utterly inexcusable.

Xero #6 cost Pat and myself somewhere between \$60 and \$75 (depending on whether or not we count such incidentals as carfare between Manhattan and Staten Island--not just a nickle ferry fare, mind you; the complete round trip can run over five bucks). We did not ask and did not receive a penny in reimbursement. The entire 118 bucks raised by the Willish went to TAWF. Not even if we had taken back expenses would it constitute graft; only by taking a profit on a promised non-profit project, or by faking expenses and making dough that way, would it have been graft. But we did not take even expenses. We thus literally and actually spent, in real cash out of our pockets, and entirely aside from creative and/or other labor, the better part of \$100 in behalf of TAWF and the Willish. This is graft?

WALTER BREEN
2402 GROVE ST.
BERKELEY 4, CALIF.

Somehow, I doubt that you'll find too many fans to disagree with you on fallout shelters, once they've given the matter any thought. (Of course, there will always be a few fans who won't give the matter any thought since they made up their minds first--"fuggheads" describes this sort better than any mundane term I know of.) The thing that unceasingly amazes me is the speed with which the public has been brainwashed on this matter. I have long been aware of the Case Against Shelters--logical outgrowth of knowing some biology and knowing equally well that the pro-shelter propaganda invariably grossly underestimates the number and size of bombs likely to be dropped in any given period, with the effect of soothing the reader/hearer--but publicity for this side is almost non-existent. Surely, this isn't only because of Doctor Teller; commercial motives are probably involved, and the only thing missing right now is the names of the shelter manufacturers, who should be just about ready to cash in on all this public anxiety. About the best-reasoned-out presentation of the whole fallout/radiation-burns/shelters issue I've seen so far is that in a pamphlet, "Community of Fear", by Harrison Brown and James Real, available free from the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Box 4068, Santa Barbara, California. (This is not a Communist front, despite the name; it's something set up by the Fund for the Republic.) (I'd like to add my recom-

mendation of this pamphlet. A portion of it was reprinted in Kipple #9, but only an exceedingly small section.))

As much as I respect Ruth Berman, I am forced to conclude that she is sometimes satisfied with illogical explanations where logical ones exist. She recommends C. S. Lewis' "The Problem of Pain". I read it years ago and my criticism then and now is, briefly, that Lewis is trying a hopeless task: the construction of a logical theodicy, a reconciliation of a supposedly simultaneously infinitely benevolent, omnipotent and omniscient god with the reality of evil. Epicurus disposed of that 2000 years ago and he has never been refuted. A much simpler approach than Lewis' and one that seems to evade the paradoxes implicit in his, is to assume an indifferent universe and the facts of ecology, and (because of Occam's Razor) to refrain from assuming unproved a benevolent etc. god. Why must one assume that man is meant to be exempt from attacks by parasites and predators, from the consequences of his own actions, from the physical decay which is the fate of all other animals? Without some such assumptions, consequent to the assumption of a god, the problem of explaining suffering and death disappears. I do not see that this ecological approach involves one in more paradoxes than does the assumption of a god. I suppose Ruth is referring to the alleged order and design in the universe, the usual goshwow "proof" by which some borderline religionists are persuaded to accept somecult. She should read the analysis of this notion in Walter Kaufmann's "Critique of Religion and Philosophy", recently put out in paperback; far from being a mere atheist tract, it is one of the most important philosophic works to come out since Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason". It is a Socratic gadfly of a book, death alike on superficial believers and superficial unbelievers. (One oft-suggested "paradox" of ecology and evolution is that which asks why, if man is merely going to decay and die out like any common animal, should he be endowed with such superior intelligence? But of course, this is only a variation of the run-of-the-mill teleological assumptions, and it isn't valid as a genuine paradox because the question contains within itself the assumption that man developed intelligence for some undefined purpose.)

Amoebas vs. human beings: But Ted, you've weakened your own argument; barring occasional mutations, any amoeba is histologically/chemically identical to the rest of the amoebas with which it is related by fission; the responses to stimuli are therefore going to remain the same (assuming no drastic environmental changes). The argument that a present-day amoeba contains one quadrillionth (or whatever) of its "ancestor" of 1000 generations past is weak; the amoeba, by being able to duplicate its own DNA and NRA, creates more of the same substance. But are you more concerned about selfduplication or about continuous transmission of consciousness? (The latter, actually, although that section of the article wasn't developed as fully as I would have liked. If there is any noticeable "consciousness," then it must obviously be transmitted; and if this is true, then would this not be a form of immortality?) The big question, then, is how "conscious" is any living organism? Your answer is going to hinge on your definition of consciousness. (I suppose I would define a "conscious" creature as one which had an awareness of environment. However, I'm sure I don't know whether or not the amoeba has such an awareness. Reaction to outside stimuli is, as you imply, a different sort of thing. Even some plants react to outside stimuli; the venus fly-trap, for example, as its mechanism is triggered by a tidbit, or any of those flowers which move in order to receive as much sunlight as

possible during the day.))

LENNY KAYE
418 HOBART RD.
N. BRUNSWICK, N.J.

I personally am against shelters. To me they are useless. In Philly at the convention, I had some time so I took a walk. People were passing out a little booklet entitled "The Farce of Fallout Shelters," distributed by the Socialist Labor Party. Here are a few choice bits:

"THE LIVING WOULD ENVY THE DEAD...Rural populations, of course, especially if they were far enough away from the target areas to escape the fire-storms that would spread with jet-plane speeds, might survive for a time. What kind of world would they come into? What would they use for food? What would they use for water? There is no plan to put livestock in shelters. And no one has yet designed shelters for reservoirs.

"Fact is, the "survivors" would have reason to envy the dead. Radiation is the subtlest of all poisons. Radiation sickness begins with violent nausea and vomiting. It might cause mass hysteria...severe damage to living tissue comes later. No one would know if the food he ate or the liquids he drank were poisoned with radiation. Yet no one could long reject the food and drink available, even if he did know." Need I say more?

GREG BENFORD
204 FOREMAN AVE.
NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

Your article on amoeba immortality was interesting, if a little overwritten (I think you belabor your points and illustrate a little too much--but then, so do most science writers). Also, I couldn't help but think "So what?" to the whole thing, for whether or not some unthinking being can live forever makes little difference to me or any major philosophy, I should think. I thought your wording of the problem--particularly the word "consciousness"--was a little sloppy (perhaps unavoidably), because you gave no indication of just what one would have proven had he demonstrated that certain forms of life are immortal. What does the continual existence of something which does not think in the way I do (or communicate these thoughts) mean to me? (The publication of that article certainly shattered any illusions I may have had about the cliché "fans-are-interested-in-everything" being true. Larry McCombs spent two pages commenting on it, but other than that, and a few brief comments from Greg Benford and Walt Breen, most readers expressed disinterest and several admitted that they didn't read the article. Oh well, I've written an article for #21 on censorship and government, subjects which should be of more interest to the fan mind.))

I must say I regard the recent comments in Kipple on fallout shelters as either uninformed or a bit irrational. Chester Davis takes the best attitude, I think, while your own idea of wholesale genetic damage seems strange. I would hardly dare to hazard a guess as to the background level of radiation after an atomic war, but I hardly think it would be such as to destroy the race through inadaptive mutation. Remember, most people who survive (assuming they were in fallout shelters, which seems logical--very few will make it without them) will have very little contact with the high level of surface radiation immediately after the bombs fall. If this wave is avoided it might well be possible to save a good portion of the race by abandoning high-level areas. The later fallout (such as we'll be getting this spring) will of course be dangerous, but I doubt that everyone will be mutated in a non-survival manner. (But if the radioactive particles are the

type which remain potent over long periods (as say Cesium 137), or if the background radiation is largely composed of the emanations of these particles, everyone needn't be mutated. If 51% or more of the babies are mutated in a "non-survival manner" (which is nearly redundant, since nearly all mutation is non-survival), the extinction of homo sapien will be effected, albeit over a longer span of time.) It takes a hell of a lot of radiation to destroy the racial gene bank.

The whole question of shelters revolves around whether one really cares to live in a world of primitive conditions or die. I prefer the former, partly because there's a fair chance that through some bit of luck the two powers will not be evenly matched and one's bases will be practically destroyed in the first wave or so. Even without this luck I'll still try my hand at building rather than dying.

Admittedly, there is something to be said (as Gary Deindorfer does) for the fact that building shelters and feeling secure is apt to make one rabidly nationalistic and war-prone. But his opinion that these shelters, hundreds of miles from the targets, are futile is unsupported by a vast body of information. How will they die? Radiation? Three feet of dirt will do a fair job, and six feet will stop just about everything. Air? Most gravity intakes will clear the dust particles, and quite a few shelters have filtering systems (personal mouth and nose filters are easy to make, too). Heat? Only if you're close to a target. In short, if you're, say, 100 miles from a secondary target or 200 from a major one, survival will be a matter of sitting still. Gun Thy Neighbor might not be necessary either, because quite a few shelters are being built which are almost impossible to enter. If they start fooling around with the air filters, I would shoot without qualm (and I'm a good shot).

I wonder why Gary is so shocked to see those Fine Christian Ideals fall by the wayside. Few have been paying more than lip service to them for a long time. Then too, shooting those who would kill both you and themselves by crowding into your shelter is a pretty rational thing to do. Women and children first? Who is going to take care of them if all the fine, noble Christian men are dead of radiation poisoning?

I think the basic difficulty in many of these public arguments (shelters is only one of them) stems from the fact that people in general just don't believe in physical laws. They think that by one way or another, Men of Good Will can avoid inevitable consequences. Much like the moral of Goodwin's "Cold Equations," people are as yet unadapted to the sink or swim nature of the universe. I think at least part of the reaction to Gun Thy Neighbor comes from people who somehow think that, no matter what, you can still squeeze a few more people into your four-man shelter and come out alive. This is one of the best reasons for more science education I have ever encountered.

DON THOMPSON
RM. 27, 3518 PROSPECT AVE.
CLEVELAND 15, OHIO

Deindorfer is the one you must thank or blame for this letter, because his comments on fallout shelters reminded me of a clipping I want to quote. I was saving it to quote in Harbinger, but I can't find the clipping now, so I'll quasi-quote:

"Jane Powell has built and stocked a fallout shelter for her family and has this to say about survival after an atomic war: 'I really am curious as to what the world will be like after an atomic war and

would want to survive to see what it is like!

"Miss Powell then went on to explain how the fallout shelter had been stocked and how they had regular family drills to get into it. Then, like a proud mother, she smiled and said: "The children are really eager for a chance to use the shelter and can hardly wait for the war to start."

This isn't too accurate a quasi-quote except for Miss Powell's remarks. The interviewer was the Hedda Hopper-Louella Parsons type who apparently thought Miss Powell's statements were very clever and that fallout shelters were just ducky. My comments are unprintable in a family-type fanzine such as Kipple.

TWENTY PAGES OF LETTERS; THAT'S NOT TOO MANY... The letter response to this issue was very satisfying, to understate my feelings, and there are still some interesting letters which space prohibits publishing. DON DOHLER comments on fan feuds, segregation, and preying manti. FRED GALVIN didn't have time to write a letter of comment, but says that if I have read any of his published letters, "you will realize that you have not missed a goddamn thing." HARRY WARNER claims that I am the only fan in the country that Ella Parker didn't meet; I knew I must be unique somehow! LEN MOFFATT says that Kipple is numbered among his "top ten" of fanzines. MIKE BECKER is still at Harvard and sends a short note from there. REV. C.M. MOORHEAD says "Well, now I know, but you just might be wrong, eh?" I certainly might. I must confess that I had expected a lengthy and bitter reply to my comment last issue to Rev. Moorhead, but I received only a friendly postcard. LES NIRENBERG screams, "Are you out of your mind? Toronto in '63? But...but...we're all so weary!" Thanks also to Bob Lichtman (whose letter will appear next issue), Redd Boggs, Larry McCombs, George Willick, Al Lewis, Oscar Pirsissewa, and Bill Bowers.

FROM:

Ted Pauls
1448 Meridene Drive
Baltimore 12, Maryland

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED
MAY BE OPENED FOR INSPECTION

SEND TO

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downy, California



World's Only 40 Page Christmas Card!

~~Hagerstown Toronto Philadelphia~~
~~West Orange New York Norfolk~~
Oh hell, BALTIMORE IN '63!