

kipple

21

JAN. 1962

QUOTES AND NOTES by Ted Pauls.....	1
CRYIN IN THE SINK by Marion Bradley.....	4
THE INTERIOR OF THE CELL by Ted Pauls.....	6
UFFISH THOTS by Ted White.....	8
A SONG OF SIXPENCE by my Public.....	10

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EDITOR:

TED

PAULS

QUOTES

AND

NOTES

BY

TED

PAULS

DEPARTMENT OF TELLING YOU WHAT YOU COULD EASILY HAVE FOUND IN TIME

One of the more interesting articles I've found recently was in the December 31 issue of Time magazine (published in New York by Henry R. Luce). It was all about the fluoridization of water. It seems there is a powerful movement in this country to avoid fluoridizing the water in our public reservoirs on the grounds that it inevitably leads to destruction of the teeth through chemical decomposition and also to communism. This may seem a little farfetched to you, but believe me, they are really making headway: they are firmly convinced, and I know it's preposterous, that fluorides in the water can rot teeth. This is an issue which I've been interested in for a long time and one in which I think a lot can be done, so I've started by writing a letter to the Baltimore News-Post asking them to cover the matter thoroughly--from all sides, of course--in their paper, so that we can get informed opinion on all sides of the matter. I believe strongly in acting on behalf of my beliefs.

WHY AREN'T MORE PEOPLE INTERESTED IN OBSCURE IRRELEVANCIES?

"Burmese Buddhist culture is an old one. Not quite in the sense of the millennial antiquity of Indian and Chinese cultures, but in the sense that it has been relatively unchanging for the past thousand years or so. This is the result primarily of Burma's geographical isolation and her small size. Cut off by mountain and jungle from India and Tibet, largely inaccessible from China, or simply too far away across country

districts from the center of Chinese power and culture to be much influenced thereby, Burma has remained a corner apart." Winston L. King, in the Antioch Review for Summer, 1961.

DEPARTMENT OF IDLE WHIMSY

I was walking down Meridene Drive the other morning on my way to the mailbox when I happened to see an old completed cigarette-stub in the gutter. I happen to smoke myself--I'm 18, but I smoke--and I am always rather careful about what I do with my burned-out stubs (I've never liked that word "butt"). It seems to me rather careless of one to simply drop the completed cigarette-stub into a gutter when one could, with very little effort, completely destroy the offensive material and not leave an unsightly waste. As it is, the completed cigarette-stubs dropped along Meridene Drive collect near the drain at the bottom of the hill until occasionally there are often as many as six or seven at once, all blocking each other from flowing into the otherwise easily accessible storm drain. This is very unsightly. I saw just such a thing several days ago.

If one simply tears the remaining paper away from the unused tobacco, the flakes fall away to the ground and are individually lost in the loam. The paper is only a slightly greater problem, but when rolled tightly into a small ball and perhaps spat upon it turns a dirty sort of color and when thrown into the street disappears among the cigarette butts.

Some of you may say to me that my responsibility, given my feeling about completed cigarette-stubs, would have been to pick up and destroy that completed cigarette-stub that I saw in the gutter of Meridene Drive the other morning. This betrays to me a lack in thinking. I perceive my role as being the important one of pointing out the little anachronisms and small failures in our world today. It is the no less important job, but primarily someone else's, to take the appropriate action.

A NEWS NOTE AN ISSUE FROM ALL AROUND MY ROOM

I've added a new lettering guide this issue. Normally I use only three lettering guides, because that's all I have. But now I have four, and this will make possible 31 combinations of lettering now. Since I've been complimented a good deal on my variety of lettering guide styles, I've made it a point to search out many new and interesting combinations for Kipple.

THE LOST TREASURE OF WHITEBEARD?

Someone once said that a fan's desk resembles a writer's desk, only more so. 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!

I HAD SOMETHING SENSIBLE TO SAY BUT ALL THE GRUT AROUND HERE

There's a movement afoot to move the convention date away from the traditional Labor Day weekend. There are an awful lot of good reasons not to do this, and really very few in favor. Most of the matter was covered rather thoroughly in a Gambit issued a few months ago by Ted White, but I just wanted to emphasize the points here. Changing the date would inconvenience many people who could otherwise attend, because of the lack of the extra day due to the holiday. Even if the convention were changed to another holiday, such as the 4th of July, there would be many problems involved in the conflict with local s-f cons and in reserving a hotel in competition with the many other conventions around at that time. Also, many people go on vacation around that time and such a date would conflict. I see no reason to change convention dates.

CUM GRANO CAVEAT DEPARTMENT

ELOQUENT ALIBI EXPECTED "Tampa, Fla., Dec. 16--If a 40-year-old man arrested for investigation of grand larceny ever decides to talk, he may have the words to do it with.

"He is suspected of stealing 15 dictionaries and 19 sets of encyclopedias valued at \$1,075." Baltimore News-Post, Sunday, December 17, 1961.

A FAN'S LIBRARY

Several weeks ago one of my aunts got around to cleaning one of her motel rooms and came up with quite a pile of books, a few of them worth reading. Among the better ones, all in paperback, were two Shell Scott novels, a Nightstand book which I won't go into here, a pot-boiler called "Smudges of the Black Enigma", and a Pocket Larousse of "L'Espagnole pour les Francaises."

I read both of the Shell Scott books; neither one of them is worth wasting any time on, so I'll only comment on one of them here. It's "Dig That Crazy Grave," by Richard S. Prather, and is put out by Gold Medal books. It's the usual semi-sophisticated but surreptitiously sordid sex novel, with the smooth, polished detective with the smashing sense of humor. The plot gimmick isn't worth mentioning, and the remaining qualities of the books are as worthless as in all the other Shell Scott books I've read.

"Smudges of the Black Enigma" is an interesting historical novel of a pseudo-14th-

CRYNIN

BRADLEY

N

MARION

TH

SK

BY

The future of fandom is certainly mirrored in its young fans, and if young Peggy Rae McKnight is a reliable criterion of the future we're in for a spate of small fanzines similar to the ones that came out about three years ago when Ron Ellick and Terry Carr were first publishing Fanac, Ted White was publishing those tiny issues of Stellar, and Dick Eney was first publishing Speculative Review (nicknamed Smug). Peggy's fifth issue of Etwas ("Six Acres," Box 306, Lansdale, Pa.) is a slim, 10-page fanzine with, I'm sorry to say, not much of interest in it. Mike Deckinger has a short piece about raising children, Bill Evans writes an Other Fandoms article about locomotives, and Barry Sperling writes a rather typical fanzine story. Peggy also says she would like to have any information anyone could send her about Dr. Faustus, so perhaps we will have a short article on that subject next issue.

Buck and Juanita Coulson (Route 3, Wabash, Indiana) have published Yandro #106, which is a fairly typical Yandro. Come to think of it, all Yandros are fairly typical Yandros. This one has a weird-fantasy cover by Herbert Beach, apparently dittoed in black; I must say the reproduction is better than it usually is when young fans try dittoing in black. But then experience pays off. Gregg Calkins writes about cabbages and kings, Ed Wood writes about the old Fantasy Commentator, Gene DeWeese writes about folk music, Buck reviews more fanzines than I can read in a month, and Allen Mardis, Jr. writes a rather typical fanzine story. There is also the usual lettercolumn, editorials, and a sparkling little poem by Kerry Dame.

The Void Boys have produced another issue of Void (107 Christopher St., New York 14, N. Y.), with a one-page cover by Atom, who is apparently trying to slant his style to the tastes of the editors by adopting a rather Ratslerish technique. Still, Atom is always good, and the editors apparently thought so too because they took the trouble to have the drawing stencilled by the stenofax process. All the editors (four of them--good heavens, how do they keep track of each other?) chatter about each other and other subjects. Art Rapp writes a fairly typical fanzine story, this one about the Korean War but whimsically ti-

tled "Forever Fandom," someone named Trendeine draws a lot of strange monsters, some of them rather cute, Walt Willis continues his stepped-up output since the beginning of the second Willis Fund by writing another Other Fandoms article (and the editors continue reprinting his memoirs of his last trip to the U. S.), and Avram Davidson starts a book-review column--I wonder if he will be taken on as another Void coeditor soon?

Larry Williams (74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass.) is another new fan, but he doesn't seem to fit the pattern established by Peggy Rae McKnight--his Cinder #6 is a 40-page issue with a cover by Richard Schultz. Jack Cascio is present with more ranting and raving, Buck Coulson writes more book reviews (good heavens, where does he find the time?), this time on commercial fantasy, Len Moffatt writes an autobiography, Seth Johnson writes a column about Sam Moskowitz, Joe Pilati writes a "how to" article which even the editor seems reluctant to call humor, because he puts quotes around that word, Bill Bowers writes a fairly typical fanzine story, Ed Gorman writes a column about fandom, and the editor reviews fanzines, most of them in just a line or two. Come on, Larry--you can say so much more if you give yourself a little more room, and it is your fanzine. Ed Gorman also has an article in which he urges fans to have fun, and there is the usual letter column, dittoed in black. I'm sorry, Larry, but I couldn't read it.

All in all, it was a fairly typical group of fanzines this month.

--Marion Z. Bradley

21

The number in the space to the left is the number of the last issue you will receive unless you respond in some manner. It will be marked "21".

A mark in this space means that we trade; Kipple trades with other fanzines on a one-for-one basis. There is absolutely no way of getting every issue of Kipple save to publish yourself every month. I'm not going to fool around, and I'd like to remind the editors of Hyphen, among others, of that fact.

If this space is checked, it means that I have decided that you are worthwhile enough in my eyes to get this issue. I trust you realize the full significance of that honor.

And a check here means simply that you are a fireman, and I adore you.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CELL

AN ARTICLE ON CELL STRUCTURE

The interior of the cell is one of the most fascinating areas of human life, and interesting to examine as well. Cell structure as a whole is--being more inclusive than simply the interior--even more interesting. On the whole, I would say; cell structure and internal-cell structures offer many interesting avenues for study.

The inside of the cell contains numerous sub-groups of the main cell-structure. The most important is that part with which we are all familiar, the nucleus. But even here, Mother Nature's wondrous ways have created even further sub-groups for us to marvel at. But I'll get to them in a moment.

Outside the nucleus and within the outer limit of the cell--known as the cell wall, interestingly enough--is the cytoplasm, which might be described as the body of the cell. The cytoplasm is a colloid, with both fluid and gel-like properties; for all practical purposes at the moment it can be said to be a gel. Lovingly embedded in the cytoplasm are most of the functioning organisms of the cell which carry on its life: the interesting mitochondria, the complex RNA molecules, the friendly endoplasmic reticulum, the lysosomes. The lysosomes are the first group within the extensive "digestive" system of the cell; they receive, through the workings of the endoplasmic reticulum, the rough "food" of the cell in the solution of the surrounding environment. The lysosomes break this food down into lighter, more assimilable enzymes, still amusing by their presumption but now capable of being more completely digested.

That next step in digestion is taken by another group of organs whose name I do not recall at present, but they may be determined by looking up the relevant article in Scientific Ameri-

can for September, 1961, where I got all the information for this article (Scientific American is published in New York).

The nucleus is the most interesting part of the cell. Within it are the chromosomes (the elements that carry the distinctive character of the cell on to its descendants formed through mitosis), the nucleolus, and lots of RNA and DNA.

RNA is ribonucleic acid, an amino acid; a protein. DNA is deoxyribonucleic acid, also aminic and proteinic as hell. Both of them are very complicated and no one knows quite how they are formed, much less how to recreate them artificially. When this is discovered I'll tell you about it here in Kipple.

Anyway, one of the things I've been thinking about in my spare time as I walk around my room has been the interesting possibilities involved in giving electrical charges to the RNA and DNA molecules. RNA, you'll remember, is found in the cytoplasm as well as in the nucleus, but DNA is found only in the nucleus. What if the cytoplasmic RNA were given a positive electrical charge and the nucleic RNA a negative charge? Or what if the RNA and DNA inside the nucleus were each given opposite charges? The possibilities are numerous.

--Ted Pauls

"The word 'pidgin' is a Cantonese corruption of the English 'business', and the term seems to have originated in the South China trade ports, where a compromise language between the natives and the English-speaking traders was deemed necessary. Broadly speaking, Pidgin is English adapted to native habits of thought, syntax, and pronunciation; but these are far from the same everywhere, and so, correspondingly, is Pidgin." --Mario Pei, in The World's Chief Languages.

"A further circumstance aroused public antagonism against the sophists. This was the fact that they accepted fees and consequently made their services available only to rich young men who were willing to pay lavishly for the privilege of associating with them.... Socrates...insisted that the acceptance of payment for teaching destroyed all possibility of honest and disinterested instruction.

Even before the influx of foreign teachers there was a great deal of critical questioning already to be found in Athens. The institutions of the state, religious traditions, government, and society in general were being subjected to searching scrutiny. To this atmosphere the sophists readily adapted themselves, teaching that laws are but the regulations of an older generation which in a democracy should be modified with the times. From that point they proceeded to argue that conventional morality, honesty and justice need not restrain one when his advantage lies in other directions. Up to a certain point it is possible to agree with the sophists, for there can be little criticism of a teaching that seeks to free men's minds from the unreasoning acceptance of inherited prejudice and superstition."

--H. N. Couch in Classical Civilization--Greece

TED

WHITE

UFFISH

THOTS

I see by the latest Kipple that we're in for another round of arguments about jazz. This irritates me (as previous issues of Kipple usually do), because I am, after all, the only professional jazz writer represented in these pages, and I seriously question the authenticity of any argument which I don't agree with.

The issues at question this time (maybe I mean questions at issue) are raised by George Willick, Gary Deindorfer, and Walter Breen. Willick maintains that Buddy Bolden remains the top jazzman of the day, Dorf seems to think that the stories about him are stories, and Breen claims that Ferdinand ("Mr. Jelly Lord") LeMenthe Morton is creating a new music which pushes Bolden out of the picture.

Let's take these points one at a time, kiddies.

Buddy Bolden has cacked out. There's no arguing this; he's gone off his nut and is now reposing in a bug house. George Willick or no George Willick, Bolden is out of the picture. He has a couple of disciples, but it is still too early to tell about Joe Oliver, and "Dippermouth" Armstrong is far too derivative to be of any consequence.

These stories about Bolden's past powers (and this you can be sure of: his chops are gone) are already growing exaggerated in the retelling. For instance, Willick tells of when Buddy picked up his horn on the Bois de Boulogne and, without leaving the room he was in, blew a blast which shattered his window and was heard by his men seven blocks away on Rampart St. That's a fine story, but it's not true.

First, a trumpet (or cornet) cannot shatter glass. Not unless you swing it at the glass. In order to shatter glass, the glass must begin resonating in sympathetic vibration with the tone vibrations of whatever instrument is being used to make it resonate in sympathetic vibration. If you mean what I know. A trumpet (or a cornet) is constructed to provide all kinds of overtones and harmonics, and it is virtually impossible to produce a pure tone distortion-free on it.

Second, there was entirely too much noise on Rampart Street that day for anything to have been heard from seven blocks away. There was an unusual amount of trucking going on, and the rumble and squeel of the ox-drawn freight wagons was overpowering. If you don't believe me, perhaps the article "Myths and Legends about Buddy Bolden" by Charles Ramsey Lewis in the scholarly French Le Jazz Cool (then edited by a correspondent of mine, Claude Debussy) will prove my point. "There was entirely too much noise on Rampart Street that day for anything to have been heard from seven blocks

away," Lewis states.

Anyway, the men in Bolden's band were all hoisting beers over at Mama Yancey's in Storyville that day.

Breen claims Morton plays the only music worth listening to, but while I must admit that Morton's piano has a touch of far-out ragtime to it, the music his group plays cannot by the wildest stretch of imagination be called jazz. After all, Morton uses a saxophonist, and it self-evident that saxophones cannot swing, and that when you put saxes in it, it's not jazz. If Breen wants to listen to such intellectualized, effeminate, and unappealing forms of music, let him. But please, let's not call it jazz.

--Ted White

QUOTES AND NOTES FROM PAGE 3

century Rumanian warlord. I say it is interesting only for the fake history built up in the first three pages with the masterly complexity that is Bloodworth's forte. However, the remainder of the book has little merit, in that the author, writing his first book in the English language, has forgotten that the syntax of his native Welsh language and its sentence structure are not well fitted for exact adaptation to the idiosyncracies of the English language, and he ends up writing in long, tortured sentences which have been my bane for some time now. Perhaps it would be better if he were known in English only as a well-translated Welshman.

"N. W. I. IN '63!"

In accord with my offer to support any convention which had the sense and foresight to begin really campaigning for the bid, I've gotten some material from the Tuktoyuktuk people which really has me enthused for a change. They seem to have plans well under way for the "YuCon", as they call it, and it seems fairly well organized. The hotel may be a bit odd, but it's hard to tell because it isn't quite built yet. The con committee goes on to urge at great length that you not send bricks to them to aid in its completion, as they say they would melt, but I think they are joking. The objection to the whole convention may be raised on the grounds that it is the Eastern turn in accord with the rotation plan approved at the SFCon, but of course Tuktoyuktuk, being outside the United States, doesn't fall within the limitations of this plan. All in all, it sounds like a good group and a good convention to support. I sure wish I could go.

NEXT ISSUE

Crowded out of Quotes & Notes this issue was a lot of material I've still got on hand, including some from last issue; it's all important but unfortunately a lot of it won't be timely by the time you get Kipple 22. I hope its significance will overcome this gap, however. Please be sure and write me on this facet; in addition, be sure and comment on this issue.

I'd really like to hear about it.

--Ted Pauls

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

LETTERS

BY

THE

READERS

LES GERBER
201 LINDEN BLVD.
BROOKLYN 26, N.Y.

Your note on Don Carlo Gesualdo, the Renaissance madrigal composer, in #20 was interesting, although there wasn't much material in it that was new to me. However, there were a few minor errors I can't quite let pass by, probably because I get a kick out of showing off my knowledge about obscure subjects whenever I get the chance.

Most important was the business about Gesualdo's having killed his wife and her lover and their child. The accounts of this incident which you get from record jackets and short histories of music, one of which was obviously your source, make it sound as though Gesualdo had walked in on his wife and the lover in bed together one day and skewered them both with one thrust of his sword, then rushed outside and chopped the kid's head off. Actually, Gesualdo knew about the relationship for some time before he bothered to do anything about it, and when he was finally mad enough to act he had a hired killer bump off the three of them. In the last years of his life, he became terribly guilt-ridden about the act, and he became quite a devout Catholic; his only religious music dates from this period.

You also said that Gesualdo's extreme chromaticism often produces extremely far-out modulations, sometimes approaching but never reaching atonality. I refer you in particular to the opening of Io pur respiro, which contains as clear an example as I have ever heard of an atonal passage interpolated in a basically tonal work. There are passages in Moro lasso and others which can be interpreted as either tonal or atonal; I incline towards labelling them examples of atonality, since they follow no clear progression and have no underlying tonal feeling.

In-
cidentally, this may seem like nit-picking, but the date of birth generally given for Gesualdo (1560) has recently been questioned, and it

seems there is a strong possibility that it may have been 1561 or even 1562. That would make his total lifespan fifty years or less, not "more than fifty years."

Always glad to be of help. ((Thank you very much. It is comments like these for which I am publishing Kipple. I get comments that say "Gee but it was the greatest thing since the 11th edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica," but I think letters like yours actually contain more egoboo, by my definition of the term.))

GEORGE WILLOCK
856 EAST STREET
MADISON, INDIANA

Well, since everybody who had a letter in the last Kipple has apologized to me privately, it won't be necessary for me to answer them. Your own remarks, while in absolutely terrible taste, have a grain of truth in them. It is possible that I am a fool. However, if you call me a fool for something I said or did that was not foolish, or if you do not call me a fool for something I said or did that was foolish, then just who is the fool? People who want to call others fools have a perfect right to do so, and I will always defend that right, because I love to laugh at them, particularly if they call me a fool. So many of them prove themselves to be fools when they call me a fool that I just have to laugh and laugh. It's a pity that more fans can't look at themselves as they look at others.

As for the discussion about jazz...well, I am certainly not a jazz expert, but I know what I think I know...I mean, I have opinions, and they are just as valid as the next person's, as opinions. You have to remember that even fools (if they are indeed fools--remember, you might be the fool!) are entitled to their opinions, and have them. ((Possession is nine points of the law...)). My opinion happens to be that New Orleans style jazz is defined by what Buddy Bolden and his disciples played--and let's not forget that such early jazz "giants" as Jelly Roll Morton and Sidney Bechet were simply followers of Bolden, and heavily influenced by him. Thus, it is ridiculous for Ted White to say that we don't know how Bolden played, because we can tell by listening to the music of his disciples, who played like him. Buddy Bolden played like Jelly Roll Morton and Sidney Bechet, only he did it earlier. This does not, in case you're wondering, mean that Bolden was influenced by Morton and Bechet--it's just my sentence structure that makes it sound that way. The map is not the territory. ((Carrying your logic a bit further, we see that Louis Armstrong was also influenced by Buddy Bolden, and Roy Eldridge was influenced by Louis Armstrong, and Dizzy Gillespie was influenced by Roy Eldridge...thus, we can tell how Buddy Bolden played just by listening to Dizzy Gillespie...)).

As I've said, this is my opinion, and these are my reasons for having it, and you can call me a fool if you want (though I might remind you that the nineteen other letter-writers in the last issue of Kipple have all apologized privately for calling me a fool and all those other things they called me), but I was only kidding when I said I was a jazz authority. I like to kid people, because then they make fools of themselves by calling me a fool.

The Fan Awards Committee rolls right along. I have taken over complete control of it myself and dropped off the others who were appointed, since they haven't done anything to merit their retention on the committee. I am presently working on a plan to remodel the Award and make it a six-inch high statuette of Buddy Bolden in the nude with his arms upraised with a trumpet in one hand and a bedpan in the other.

BILL SMITH
ADDRESS WITHELD
BY REQUEST

Recently received here was the latest issue of Kipple. Needless to say, I was glad to receive the issue, and hope to keep on receiving the magazine. I must say that your desk sounds like a tremendous mess. I remember back when I was the littlest of neofans, my desk used to be awfully messy. I would clean it off periodically, and discover all sorts of interesting things, like old rubber bands, stamps, chopped-out o's from ditto masters, and the like.

I must say I was glad to see what you wrote about the so-called 'enthic' folk-music and those who profess to enjoy it. I, too, have had the very dubious pleasure of listening to John Jacob Niles in his attempts to "sing" and my opinion of his brand of 'enthic' folk music agrees completely with yours. Compared to the real musical artistry of such groups as The Highwaymen and the Gateway Singers, the tuneless wailing of Mr. Niles and others of his ilk sounds like a badly-integrated group of hogs, calling. As a real fan of good folk music, I strongly resent the grouping of such 'enthic' so-called folk music with the real, artistic variety done by the abovementioned artists and others.

However, I'm afraid I must disagree with you on one point. You say, and I quote, "...in spite of my complaints on the enthic trend, I consider Jean Ritchie one of the three best folk singers currently working--Oscar Brand and Richard Dyer-Bennett are the others." --p. 18, Kipple 20. You seem to imply here that the three folk singers named are of the 'enthic' variety which you so justifiedly attack. In actual fact, Ritchie, Brand, and Dyer-Bennett can not honestly be included in the 'enthic' group of folk-singers. Each of the singers, Oscar Brand in particular, has his/her particular style of singing, and their singing is very stylized, unlike that of the typical 'enthic' folk singer, whose singing is generally 'aunthetic', and as much like the original, just the way it was sung in the 1880's on the Southern plantations, as possible. I can think of much better examples of the 'enthic' sort of folk-singer, but similar to the ones you mention. Leon Bibb and Martha Schlamme come to mind immediately. A quick perusal of some of my folk-music records brings to light two other names, to wit: Theodore Bikel and Bob Gibson. Pete Seeger could also be considered for the dubious honor. Some of these people occasionally do something worthwhile, but on the whole their material is very bad. (In order to forestall the inevitable inquiries as to whether Bill Smith is a pseudonym of mine, perhaps it would be advisable just to say at the outset that he is not.)

CHET DAVIS
ADDRESS WITHELD
BY REQUEST

Your item, "Frozen Foods: An Inquiry" is excellent, but of course in such a short amount of space you could not properly develop the essay without omitting certain details. For instance, I forgot to include the details about the shortening identity of frozen fibres, and the historical precedent for this.

As John Campbell noted in the January Analog, mammoths have been unearthed (or perhaps I mean un-iced) in Siberia in which not only were they perfectly preserved, but the contents of their stomachs was still green. (The grass, I mean.) Obviously this was an extremely fast freeze, and since it was rendered on a live animal which was warm, moving, digesting, when it happened, it tells us a good deal about the interreactions of temperature drops upon fibres.

I hope you sent a copy of this issue of Kipple to Sam Moskowitz. You know he edits Fast Frozen Foods, and he might very well be quite interested in your piece. In fact.

it's so well written that I think you could blow it up into a full-sized article and sell it to him. ((I think you should do the article, Chet. You could call it "Shortening Identity of Frozen Fibres" and if FFF didn't take it you could send it to the Crisco people...))

PETE GRAHAM

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NEW YORK 9, N. Y.

As a matter of fact, this latest issue of Kipple, number 20, wasn't so bad. I've got a few things to say about it, though; among the milder of them is something to the effect of a comment that there is a fair amount of agreement scientifically speaking on the uselessness of fallout shelters. Rather than continuing to print your clippings all of which redundantly testify to this fact you might start using your head instead of your scissors and start writing about what you think are the reasons why there is so much publicity for the shelters. Again, I'm interested in what you, not Scientific American, thinks. This might be a good place to get the formalities out of the way: a colophon, as it were. This issue of Ted's fanzine, in which we are all only columnists, was conceived and edited by me; most of the ideas that were any good came from the co-editor, Terry Carr, who in addition is responsible for Marion's column and the Willick letter. All the local types appearing herein wrote their own material; in addition, Andy Main wrote Bill Smith, Ted White did Chet Davis and the "News Note" section of the editorial, and I did all the remaining Paul's matter. Terry Carr did all the layout, which I claim is derivative, and Bill Rotsler did the art as a matter of policy. ((Sometime you'll have to pull a really big hoax and plunge all fandom into war...)) It's only right to say--- that after we had all but this and another page on stencil, we got a letter from Ted saying perceptive things about his own seriousness and lamenting the fact that he'd put the "Whitebeard" piece, reprinted here, into his original editorial. Knowing that puts a little more acid than I intended into this column. At any rate, the whole issue was never intended as just an axe job, but as a parody in something of the Berkeley tradition. We think Carl would have liked it.

WALT BREEN

2402 GROVE ST.

BERKELEY, CALIF.

Since you earlier admitted to scrutinizing Fanac with such minute and complimentary attention, I am all the more surprised, not to say croggled, that you were seemingly unaware of the story in Fanac 78 revealing that the Philadelphia proposal to bid for the 1963 world con has been dropped in favor of bidding for the 1966 affair. What with all the new growth in Baltimore fandom which you have alluded to in recent issues, perhaps you might give serious consideration to the possibility you jocularly alluded to on the bacover. The Lord Baltimore Hotel is a fine old place which has hosted plenty of conventions for other fandoms. The only difficulty I can see at the moment is that of finding some reasonably well-known and over-21 local fan to act as convention chairman.

But Dr. H. Bently Glass is not a Jew, or at least not a practitioner of Judaism. He is a devout Catholic and of course is echoing the Catholic party line. And after all there is still something to be said for his position on fallout shelters. Prof. Libby is more likely to be the representative of fallout shelter manufacturers, warmongers and other militant defenders of the status quo. If Libby actually said that 90 to 95 per cent of Americans can survive even a thermonuclear war with "proper protection", and the shelter manufacturers quote him on the subject, they will have plenty of customers.

I would guess that the motivation of the "enthic" folkmusic admirers is likely to be twofold: 1)

these songs are easily enough grasped so that even the least talented folknik can sing them; and 2) they are after all a product of the real "grass roots", the poor downtrodden folk rebelling against the unremitting economic exploitation by robber barons of past and present. They also have anthropological interest. A parallel instance: some years ago a certain brand of neckties, I think it was, sold in great quantities after some bright young copywriter conceived the idea of marketing them as "Made by the Mountain People of Arizona" or wherever it was--I don't remember for sure. It might have been New Mexico.

Harry Warner:
The parallel could be more appropriately drawn between Ted Sturgeon and Franz Schubert, who sometimes wrote as many as six songs in a single day; and both Schubert and Sturgeon have beautiful ideas sometimes marred in the final product by diffuse forms and failure to tie up loose ends.

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM:

BOB BLOCH, who sends lots of egoboo in the old definition. CHARLES BUR-BEE, who seems to want to start a discussion about steam cars, would like to see back issues of Kipple or any old piano rolls I might have. MAL ASHWORTH complains about the confusion caused by Kipple's name; "I asked another fan here if he liked Kipple-ing; he said he couldn't stand the Just-So stories and there was some confusion until I realized he wasn't perturbed by your matter-of-fact-ness." And more like that. BOB TUCKER takes issue with some of my comments on movies a while back, but does so humorously, with a consequent lack of substance, so that it was impossible to print any portions of his 3-page letter. Thanks anyway, Bob. BOB LEMAN says that Kipple is numbered among his "top forty" of fanzines. Thanks, Bob! And Thanks also to Lee Hoffman, Dick Schultz, Bob Shaw, Garv Deindorfer, Dave Rike, and Bob Lichtman (whose letter really will appear in the next issue).

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