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## QUOTES AND NOTES

TED  
PAULS

### MY LIFE AS A SCIENCE FICTION FAN

Just recently, I learned that contrary to my belief, I am not a true fan. This startling revelation came to me through a series of articles in Yandro written by Mr. Ed Wood, who is, evidently, a true fan. Mr. Wood (as I respectfully like to refer to him) appears to feel that a person may only earn the appellation "true fan" if he is a sincere acolyte of science fiction, which of course excludes your beloved editor. I made the statement (in print!) that science fiction was only a minor part of the world of literature. By this unfortunate statement, I not only sealed my doom as a "true fan," but probably severely limited my chances of being mentioned in any possible future edition of "The Immortal Storm". I could, of course, plead temporary insanity, but falsehood is utterly foreign to my nature. The fact of the matter is, I don't actually consider science fiction more than an entertaining but microscopic segment of literature. And I don't think that fandom would seriously suffer should the remaining pitiful few science fiction magazines fold tomorrow.

Of course, I am probably not qualified to argue this subject. I've only read science fiction for ten years, and I've only published a monthly fanzine for slightly less than two years. I very likely don't know enough about science fiction or fandom to form a valid opinion on either of these subjects, but in my typically blustering manner, I shall nevertheless blunder ahead.

Specifically, I would like to comment on a few of Mr. Wood's more laughable points as set down in his article, "The Destiny of Fandom: II" in Yandro #106. I have no intention of authoring a lengthy rebuttal; this has already been done quite adequately by others, among them John Trimble. I would, instead, like to pick out a few specific comments and (using my normally brilliant talent for sneering in print) comment upon them. I have already rebutted, in part, Mr. Wood's claim that without the professional science fiction magazines, fandom would be unable to secure new recruits. In a letter to Yandro, I listed a number of fans who have entered fandom within the last two years or so, most of whom, I believe,



entered without the aid of those august publications. But Mr. Wood brought up a few other debatable points which ought to be considered, prime among them this gem: "Who," he asks, "pays for the World Conventions and publicizes them to an extent not possible by the entire brood of fan magazines?" I'll not debate the statement that the professional magazines furnish publicity (though in view of the localities who occasionally turn up at these affairs, I'm not certain that such publicity is entirely beneficial), but I hope Mr. Wood isn't trying to convince anyone that they pay for them? The attendees pay for the affairs through their membership fees; there are various money-raising gimmicks, such as donation-auctions; and a certain amount of cash is taken in through advertisements in the program or progress reports. True, some of the ads are purchased by non-fans--but book dealers and an occasional publisher, not magazine publishers. The only way in which the prozines assist is by donating original illustrations for auction, and judging by the amount of money left over from the last few World Conventions, this minor contribution would be missed little, if at all.

Mr. Wood isn't content in this article to show his ignorance of matters in the realm of conventions; he then proceeds to discourse on current fanzines, an area in which he is, if possible, even less knowledgeable. In regard to current fanzines, he comments that "Mr. Boggs tells me how wonderful the present crop is. Yes, yes, they are wonderful; wonderfully empty of material of lasting worth. One can pick up any issue of Fantasy Commentator, dead these many years, and find articles of interest to any true fan of today." I can't really argue with the latter part of the statement, because we have already seen just how narrow Mr. Wood's definition of "true fan" happens to be. I suggest, however, that if he believes that today's fanzines are empty of material of lasting worth, he stop writing articles for them thereby contributing to this vast bulk of largely worthless material. And I offer a statement of the worth of today's fanzines which need not depend upon narrow definitions: "One can pick up any issue of Warhoon and find articles of interest to any intelligent person of today--or tomorrow." The titles of any one of a half-dozen fanzines may be substituted for that of Warhoon. And some of this material, shock of all shocks, is even about science fiction. You needn't be a "true fan" to enjoy this material; you need only be an intelligent being.

Actually, of course, Mr. Wood isn't overly concerned about the lack of "true fan" material in today's fanzines. What gripes him is that no one else particularly cares that this material is absent. No current fanzines are publishing comparative reviews of Astounding and Galaxy for Mr. Wood's personal enjoyment, and the rest of those insensitive brutes, those fake fans, don't even care! It makes me sad, so let us pass on to another of Mr. Wood's sparkling comments before my tears soak through this paper and ruin the platen.

Says Mr. Wood, "...as its (fandom's) unity towards topics of science fiction is weakened and dispersed so proportionally shall its rate of dissolution be that much faster." I never fully realized the ramifications of my foolhardy actions; by discussing topics outside the realm of science fiction, I am evidently assisting in the destruction of fandom. That burdensome worry would keep me awake nights but for one thing: that unity hasn't existed for years, if indeed it ever has. Ten years ago fans were complaining about fandom "turning away" from science fiction, and Marion Bradley, among others, criticized fans for ignoring science fiction in favor of jazz and sports cars. The same thing



is occurring at present, with only the names (Joe Gibson is now the prime complainer) and subjects (which are now HUAC, peyote, censorship, Communism, etc.) changed.

The destiny of fandom is now, as it has always been, to provide enjoyment for its participants. If or when science fiction magazines completely die off, fandom will shrink slightly, but recruits will continue to be introduced through methods even now in use: personal friendships, correspondence, and conventions. I hope Mr. Wood and I are both alive to witness that.

#### DEPARTMENT OF FANTASTIC WHACKS

Like many other fans, I collect whacks, and I'm very proud of my modest but growing collection. In this hobby, as with many others, the devoted collector is constantly searching for rarities as cornerstones of his collection, and I am proud to say that recently I discovered a gem. The letter I am about to quote was discovered during a routine scanning of the Baltimore Morning Sun, and my joy upon discovering it can only be likened to that of the philatelist who discovers an 1851 twelve-pence black Victoria while browsing through a carton of old correspondence. My heart began to palpitate and my fingers trembled as I reached for the scissors to snip out and preserve for posterity this wonderous example of idiocy, incompetence, and damnfoolishness. Here, in all its pristine, unedited glory is that letter:

"Let us have censors. They are necessary because today there are too many books that are easily bought that can corrupt people, especially youth.

"Many books must be banned as: 'Animal Farm,' for its song, 'Beasts of England,' sung for the overthrowing of man in a resolution by animals; 'A Farewell to Arms,' for having Frederick Henry lose Katherine in childbirth and them not even married; 'Hawaii,' for the pagans' orgy before they sailed on Wait for the West Wind; 'The Scarlet Letter,' because Pearl, through the earth-spirit later used by Henry James, is a bastard and her mother, Hester, a loose woman; 'Moby Dick,' because it tells of the inhumane manner of killing leviathans; 'The Bhagavad Gita,' because it is just not Christian; 'The Boy Scout Handbook,' for the statement: 'If you want to have an agile, supple body...you must bend it, twist it.'

"These and many more need censoring. Censor these and the others in the stacks; protect us from them, someone! They menace our lives."

#### THE EDJIKASHUN OF MORTIMER SNERD

Last issue I outlined what I consider a superior educational system for public and private schools in an editorial comment to Larry McCombs. Several people have questioned me about certain aspects of this system, and upon re-reading my original comments I find that I failed to elaborate as fully as I should have. What I suggested, basically, was the organization of classes by the criterion of intelligence rather than age. There are some private schools operating under a similar system, but I feel that it should be extended to all schools whether public or private (or, for that matter, parochial). The fact that the system is in limited use shows that it is workable, although there are certain problems. One of them is financial: the system is workable in a private school, where parents pay substantial sums for the education of their children, but in public schools supported by taxes it presents a problem. For this system to bear the best results, classes must be smaller, equipment (particularly textbooks) must be more abundant, and intelli-



gence must be measured at any early age by extensive and expensive testing. Smaller classes mean, of course, more teachers, and good teachers are already seriously difficult to find.

Another problem is the psychological one: children may be seriously affected by being informed at any early age that they are too stupid to "keep up" with the other children of their own age; and, conversely, children who are repeatedly reminded of their superiority to the other children of their own age may become unbearably egocentric.

But these are not insoluble, and they are fully worth the trouble of solving in order to reap the advantages of this system. In the average class in a public school, there are between 25 and 35 students (though of course some are more crowded and some less so). In a class of 35, there may be 30 children of what we would term "average" intelligence; all the studies, all the lessons, all the questions are aimed at these "average students". Of the remaining students, let us say that two are "slow" children, unable to learn as fast as the rest of the class, and the other three are very fast, almost brilliant students. In the normal class, the two rather stupid children will be frustrated in their attempts to learn as fast as the normal student, and since the teacher doesn't have time to spare for any sort of individual attention, they will simply remain as burdens to the remainder of the class. On the other hand, the three very bright pupils will be consistently bored with the lessons. They will be given no challenge, no goal; they will simply languish at what to them is an elementary level and become more and more bored every day. Again, of course, there is no facility for personal attention. The teacher is already working twelve hours a day; he or she simply cannot devote any more time to the job.

I must point out now that when I advocate a system of grading by intelligence, I don't mean anything so superficial as the current little-used "flunking"/"skipping-a-grade" system. First of all, this system is not the answer simply because it attaches too great an honor to "skipping" and too great a dishonor to "flunking" a grade. The student who fails to pass is made to feel as if he had feigned illness in order to stay at the fort when Custer went to fight the Sioux; he is dishonored in the eyes of his fellow students. This is not particularly important, but the child feels that it is important at the time.

The second reason that this system is not the answer is simply because it is only superficial. The very bright students skip a grade and the very stupid fail to advance, but there is considerable variance of potential and ability even within the so-called "average". (Passing or flunking evidently entails a great deal of trouble on the part of the school authorities, so it isn't practiced to any great extent.)

If the system I have suggested were to be adopted, the first two years of school (the first and second grades--there would be no kindergarten) would be retained almost exactly as they are currently. During this period, extensive testing would take place to determine the ability of all the students. Then, beginning with the third grade, they would be arranged in relatively small classes (of ten or twelve) on the basis of their intelligence. Thus, very intelligent children would comprise the more advanced classes, and the less intelligent the more elementary classes. After this point, a student would advance as quickly or as slowly as his ability permitted.

Ideally, other advances would follow



this one of grading. In the ideal school, as I picture it, religion would be completely absent; classes on sex education (preferably mixed classes) would begin as soon as the students could reasonably be expected to understand the proceedings; "Physical education," "Home economics" and similar classes would be dropped--the non-college student attends school six hours per day, leaving 18 hours out of school, which presents ample time for the boys to develop their muscles to the potency of Charles Atlas', or for the girls to learn to cook like Betty Crocker. These incidental vocations shouldn't infringe on time purportedly devoted to education. Of course, I don't expect my ideal of a school to exist in the near future; perhaps it never shall. But there is at least the possibility that such schools will exist sometime in the foreseeable future. We need them.

#### HUXLEY ON RELIGION

"I do not believe in the existence of a god or gods. The conception of divinity seems to me, though built up out of a number of real elements, to be a false one, based on the quite unjustifiable postulate that there must be some more or less personal power in control of the world. We are confronted with forces beyond our control, with incomprehensible disasters, with death, and also with ecstasy, with a mystical sense of union with something greater than our ordinary selves, with sudden conversion to a new way of life, with the burden of guilt and sin. In theistic religions all these elements of actual experience have been woven into a unified body of belief and practice in relation to the fundamental postulate of the existence of a god or gods.

"I believe this fundamental postulate to be nothing more than the result of asking a wrong question: 'Who or what rules the universe?' So far as we can see, it rules itself, and indeed the whole analogy with a country and its ruler is false. Even if a god does exist behind or above the universe as we experience it, we can have no knowledge of such a power; the actual gods of historical religions are only the personifications of impersonal facts of nature and of facts of our inner mental life." Julian Huxley, in "Man in the Modern World," Mentor Book #MD148, 50¢.

#### THROUGH WASHINGTON FANDOM WITH HAMMER AND TONGS

George Scithers sent me a card asking, among other things, why I had not sent copies of my earlier comments on what I have come to refer to as the Washington Situation to the DisCon committee. The following comments are from my answering letter, which I believe may be of interest to many of the fans from outside the area who have commented on this affair:

"Perhaps I owe you an apology. Copies of my comments in Kipple (which I am enclosing for your information) were sent to Dick Eney, because at the time I had no idea who was on the DisCon committee. I assumed that Eney would show them to all interested parties at a WSFA meeting or somesuch. Of course, he has ignored direct questions from me, but I thought he might be more considerate to his friends. Evidently, he was not.

"My only actual complaint has been the lack of information on the DisCon which has appeared in the fan press. This includes the names and addresses of committee members. Whatever else might be said about the publicity for the 1960 bid, a list of committee members was circulated as early as the summer of 1958. I did not know that you were the chairman at the time my comments were originally written; I still do not know who the other committee members may



be. I sent my comments only to Eney because I did not know where else to send them. From now on, any and all comments will be sent to you or to anyone else you might wish. (I'm sending, under separate cover, Kipple #21, which has a few lettercolumn-comments on the subject.)

"So far," you say, "we've done a lot of preparation for a con--hotel pick--ed, printing arrangements made, program under discussion. What more do you want? Free beer?" I admit that the idea is appealing, but no, that isn't what I want. I desire only that news of these plans be circulated throughout the rest of fandom. Do you realize that when I print the paragraph quoted above, it will be the most publicity your plans have received in print?

"At any rate, my offer to circulate any flyers you might publish still holds. Or, barring that, I will be most happy to simply print any news of your plans in 'Quotes & Notes' in Kipple."

### ROCK AROUND THE PICKLE TREE

Elsewhere in this issue there is an article by Dave Locke which purports to be a rebuttal to "The Top Forty," Bob Leman's earlier article on currently popular music. Locke's "Rock 'n' Roll Rebuttal" richly deserves a rebuttal in its own right, and I hope that when one is written it will be as devastating as Leman's original indictment of "popular" music. For the moment, however, a brief and incomplete rebuttal by your beloved editor will have to fill this void. At this point, it might be wise to skip ahead and read Dave Locke's article (if you can honestly bear to tear yourself away from this page), and then to return to the following comments. A bite of lunch and a tall, frosty glass of Hires root beer might not be bad in the interim, either.

Locke debates, early in his article, the premise that a teenager who did not listen to rock & roll would be considered a "square" by his contemporaries. "Character and personality," he claims, "are the key to being accepted anywhere in society..." This presumably includes teenage society. I don't want to quibble, but in many of the dominant groups of our modern society (including the teenage group), conformism is the key to acceptance, not personality or character--if you like the same things as the majority, dress the same way, think the same way, you are likely to be accepted; if not, you are likely to be rejected, regardless of your sparkling personality or impeccable character. This isn't only true of the teenagers, by any means; it is an occupational hazard among homo sapiens. Practically any suburban "housing development" will show more conformism than a high school, but this does not indicate that such conformism does not exist in teenage society.

Judging people by their personality and character is an admirable philosophy, but a trifle unrealistic in this modern world. You are more likely to be judged by the clothes you wear, your efficiency in housekeeping, the company you keep--in general, by your conformity or lack of conformity. In teenage circles, this conformity most often manifests itself in the "popular" music of the group. If a teenager confesses a dislike for Elvis Presley, he probably won't immediately be branded as a creep, but a suspicious eye is likely to be kept on him in the future for further deviations.

"We take music or we leave it," continues Dave Locke, "the same as the average person." Linus has made similar statements on occasion regarding his famous blanket, with the same conviction and undoubtedly the same results. If all of these teenagers can so blandly dismiss rock & roll,



I wonder who supports the field and places millions of dollars into the pockets of alleged "singers"? There are undoubtedly adults who enjoy rock & roll, just as there are adults who play old maids, but these are by far the minority in both cases. The teenagers spend millions of dollars on records, and countless thousands more on gimmicks designed for this market by slick promoters, like "cuddle-pets". They cause the riot squad to be called out every time an "idol" with a cracked voice and a mane like a baboon deigns to honor a city with his presence. They pour even more money than ever before into motion pictures, now that some minor executive in Hollywood has realized the lucrative possibilities inherent in giving current big-name performers of rock & roll parts in motion pictures. This doesn't sound very much like a group who can take music or leave it alone.

Another point is--but hell, I have to leave something for the readers to argue in the letter column next issue. Besides, there is really no point to trying to convince Dave Locke or anyone else that rock & roll is 99 44/100ths percent trash. Tastes in music are too subjective for logical argument to affect them.

#### THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF CRANSTON CURRYCOMB

The sit-in demonstrations which began in Maryland on November 11, 1961 to protest segregated restaurants are still continuing to be staged every Saturday, with a few minor and largely unorganized protests occurring occasionally during the week. As evidence of the dogged persistence of the demonstrators mounts, so to does the effectiveness of the demonstrations. On Saturday, January 13th, for example, 61 persons were arrested, to date the record number of arrests for a single day. Small numbers of restaurants in various locations throughout the state are revamping their discriminating policies under this regular pressure, although the numbers are small enough so that if the rate remains constant, every restaurant, tavern, and night club in the state will be integrated by March 31, 1973. This is progress of a sort, but it is not what I had hoped for when this drive began.

William Hansen, a demonstrator from Cincinnati, said the attitude of the segregationists in Cambridge (Md.), where his group tried to enter restaurants, was "more hostile than in Mississippi." Mr. Hansen may have a point, considering what happened to him on January 13th. The group he was with was assigned to the Choptank Inn, in Cambridge on U. S. Route #50, and the demonstration was carried out in spite of the large groups of angry natives surrounding the establishment. Hansen attempted to enter the inn, and he was shoved to the ground. He rose, attempted a second time to enter the restaurant, and was again shoved to the ground by the same bystander. Hansen again rose, dusted himself off, and attempted for the third time to enter, whereupon he was immediately placed under arrest on charges of disorderly conduct. This strikes me as slightly fantastic, and I think I ought to warn all of my readers about Maryland's laws, particularly those under which you are arrested for something done to you, instead of something you have done. Do not, under any circumstances, allow yourself to get killed in this fair state; you may be arrested for murder...

In this incident we come face to face with the one aspect of the official policy of CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) with which I strongly disagree: the non-violent resistance credo. Non-violence is wonderful in theory, but it isn't very practical compared to self-defense, particularly not to the extremes to which the CORE groups carry it. Non-violence, as it applies to a CORE-sponsored



sit-in demonstration, means not only that the demonstrators do not hit back when they are struck, but also that they fail to utilize the laws to which they have recourse. The former is a practical matter--it would be foolish to fight when your group is so vastly outnumbered. (This does not mean that I, for one, might not do the foolish thing, even while realizing that it is foolish. If I had been a rider on one of the "Freedom Buses," for example, I guarantee that I would have at least tried to fight back.) But for the second means of striking back, there is no practical disadvantage. Assuming I have the sense to refrain from fighting, a person who attacks me is damn well going to spend a little time in jail for that privilege.

So it appears that the only reason for the non-violent action policy of CORE are the principles of the organization, principles which are admirable, envious, but dreadfully unrealistic. I admire these principles, but at a distance, and it is because of them that I could never consider the possibility of joining the group. It takes a person with more courage than I possess to remain still while someone spits in his face.

#### DEPARTMENT OF CONSIDERATE FLEAS

If any of my fawning acolytes are waiting with bated breath for my rebuttal to Dick Lupoff's (quote) "review" (unquote) of Kipple in Axe #19, I am afraid they must be disappointed. When an elephant is violated by a wayward flea, the elephant needn't complain too heartily. Actually, it's rather a shame that I won't comment at length on this alleged review, because Dick Lupoff appears to have gone out of his way to make rebuttal easy. Why, in just six lines he managed to miscount the number of paragraphs in my comments on Washington, misquote one of them, and misrepresent my attitude. Aside from those minor points (which come, evidently, of reading too fast), the worst thing Lupoff can find to say about me is that I am not as good a writer as Redd Boggs, hardly an original observation.

#### FLOGGING THE DEAD RATTLESNAKE

There has been a wealth of comment on the House Un-American Activities Committee, and on "Operation Abolition," lately, running the gamut from the clumsily moronic to the brilliantly inane. Much of it has appeared in fandom, which is unfortunate in that it shatters any illusions of mass superiority we may have developed. But take heart, in one fell swoop we have been vindicated, our illusions have been repaired, by that paragon of conservative fumbling, the Baltimore News-Post. The editorial which recently appeared in that haven of yellow journalism makes Bob Leman's comments seem, in comparison, liberal and intelligent. (They are, in reality, reactionary and slightly foolish, and since they are devastated quite nicely in Warhoon #13, I won't bother to go into them at this point.) This editorial writer is, to use a term currently popular with the young sociables of Baltimore, a nickle-plated jackass, and he hasn't even the courage to sign his name to this piece of idiocy.

Headlined "Exposing the Communists," this short article is so stupid and insulting to the intelligence of the reader that it would probably make Barry Goldwater resign from the Republican party. After insulting liberals (which, to this newspaper, includes practically anyone to the left of Robert Welch...) for a few lines, the article begins to move closer to the point. "This film," it says, referring to "Operation Abolition", "as most people know, pictures American youth-supported Communist demonstrations against the House Un-American



Activities Committee in San Francisco. It is, to say the least, a revealing picture." The first section of this paragraph is an exercise in what is known in the courtroom as assuming a fact not in evidence. It continually amazes me that so many people are so positive that the demonstrations were sponsored by, incited by, or otherwise assisted by Communists. Even more amazing to me is the fact that when these people are cornered and proof is demanded, they inevitably give one of two replies: "The government said so in 'Operation Abolition'," or "Who else would cause a riot against an agency of the United States government?" Since the government itself furnishes as "proof" only variations of Handy-Dandy Reply #2, this reduces the replies to only one, namely "Who else..." etc.

The only persons who actually know whether or not any sort of subversive organization was behind the demonstrations are the participants, and no one has thought of polling all of them for an answer. (And, of course, if the answer happened to be negative, as I'm certain it would, they would merely be dismissed as liars.) The entire argumentative system of the HUAC depends on just this sort of vagueness: no one can prove beyond doubt that Communists did not organize the demonstrations. Under the McCarthy/Welch; HUAC system, a person is guilty until proven innocent, and the masses of people are all too ready to believe this guilt until (and sometimes even after) innocence has been proven.

So I cannot, of course, entirely refute the proposition that the demonstrations were incited by Communists, or that the persons taking part were Communists or 'ccmsymp' (Robert Welch's term for "communist sympathizers"). I can only point out that no proof of this accusation exists, and in this democratic society, a person is innocent until proven guilty, not the opposite. As for who else would hold such a demonstration, I can only say that anyone who stood against persecution, guilt-by-association, and muck-raking might support such action.

But this article with which I am dealing has much more easily refutable comments to make on the subject: "The Communists have not been able to deny the truth of the outbreak, for the pictures tell their own story. So the Commies have aimed their attacks upon the commentary which accompanies the film. Their position was demolished last week in a government publication which supported, in detail, every statement in the commentary." Well, I don't know what the official Communist position may be, but if it has anything to do with the truthfulness of the commentary, it could hardly have been effectively "demolished". I refer you to Warhoon #13 for a comparison of the pictures and accompanying commentary, and the extensive discrepancies between them. For further comparison, bear in mind the HUAC accusations of an "attack" by the demonstrators and violent advances on their part, and read this report of the events by Bill Donaho, from Habakkuk #4: "The second day started out much as the first. The sheriff again promised that he would try to make things different at the afternoon session as regards the spectators gaining entrance and again they were not. This time the people refused to leave. They sat down in the hall and started to sing: 'Abolish the committee; they shall be removed' to the tune of 'Just like a tree that's planted by the water, I shall not be moved.' Undoubtedly the uproar was disturbing the normal operation of City Hall but no real effort was made to quiet it peacefully. There was certainly no danger of violence or riot as all but eight or ten people were sitting down. In spite of what the Chief of Police testified under oath, there was not even a hint or indication of violence until the cops turned the



fire hoses on.

"The cops dragged up the fire hoses and shouted, 'So you want water do you?' It is doubtful if more than twenty or thirty people heard them or saw the hoses. A few of those yelled back, 'Yes!' The hoses were turned on full strength and washed everyone down the stairs to the first landing where the pressure was too weak to push them farther. One of the news photos was of Einstein's granddaughter receiving the hose blast full in the face. Everyone then began to sing, 'We Shall Not Be Moved.' The cops turned the hoses off and waded in with billy clubs and blackjacks. A large majority of the people didn't resist at, just passively allowed the cops to do what they would. They stuck their hands in their pockets to emphasize this. A few fought back.

"Non-resisting teenage girls and middle-aged women were beaten also. The cops were dragging one unconscious middle-aged woman along by her feet. A young woman protested to them about this. One of the cops hit her in the face with a billy club. She staggered off bleeding. Another woman was dragged through broken glass. One policeman held a teenage youth while another hit him repeatedly in the stomach. Another youth was held by two policemen while a third hit him over the head until he fell unconscious."

Things like this don't make you terribly proud of our American Way of Life, do they...?

#### SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS

Accept No Substitutes Department: Kipple #21, in the event that there is still some doubt, was a 50-page magazine printed on green paper; the 14-page magazine printed on tan paper was a forgery, published by Pete Graham and Terry Carr. The bogus issue was a rather brilliant parody, in that it pointed out some of the faults in Kipple, particularly those of the writing style of Serious Ol' Ted Pauls. Unfortunately, where no faults existed Pete Graham and Company invented a few. It is also unfortunate that they chose to reprint from Kipple #20 "The Lost Treasure of Whitebeard," the only piece of material in the forgery actually written by me, and a piece which I personally consider to be the worst few paragraphs I wrote during the year 1961. After this bit of ephemera was patterned the rest of the material in the "Quotes & Notes" column of the bogus #21, which creates a rather one-sided impression of the column. The ephemera, I think you will agree, is generally in the minority in this column (which consistently draws more comment than any other single feature in the magazine). Oh well, I try to look at it philosophically--as Larry McCombs said, "It's nice to know that you're important enough to somebody to justify all this work."

Monster Fanzine Sale: The notice in this column last issue that I wanted to sell a number of fanzines has received fair response, particularly from Steve Schultheis (who sent a long list of fanzines he needed) and Redd Boggs (who relieved me of most of my older issues of Fanac). There are still many fanzines available, however. There are even issues of Fanac available as yet: #13, #36, #39-to-#52, #54-to-#71 (the final issue edited by Terry Carr). I will sell any or all outright, or trade them for the items I need, which still include Tesseract #1, Cadenza #1, Lighthouse #3, and Neolithic #2.

Winner of the Booby Prize: A letter in the Baltimore News-Post for January 18th is headed "Librarians Please Copy" and reads: "I have just read 'Franny and Zooey,' a best seller. It is plain unintelligible trash. I think anyone who would write such drivel should not be the



press secretary for the president. "Are you croggled, Terry?

Department of Material Department: One of these issues I will learn not to make predictions as to the nature of the following issue. Last issue I mentioned an article on sex which I was writing but which was not completed in time for that issue. As a matter of fact, it wasn't completed in time for this issue either. I have a presentable beginning, a brilliant middle, and no ending--which means the article is in precisely the same state as it was one month ago. When this issue is consigned to the mails, I'll attempt once more to write an ending, and then chuck the whole bloody mess into the waste can.

Speaking of material, Terry Carr reports that the article he has been writing for me to these many months is approaching completion with the speed of a snail on waxed glass. "The censorship article is all in my head, Meyer," he notes, "and is beginning to get digested. I like this phase of the writing, where I feel the ideas jelling and condensing and the article getting shorter and shorter. In fact, I like it so much I may continue this phase for just ages. Eventually I will send you the article, when I have got it down to reasonable size. The title will be 'Some Thoughts Which Will Completely Clarify All Of The Aspects Of Censorship Which Will Have Greatly Puzzled You If You Have Had The Perspicacity To See The Problems In The First Place,' and the entire text of the article will be a single word: Crocatan." You know, Terry, if you ever do write an article for me it will merely be anticlimactic.

Is-Stf-Literature? Department: "Steel you can be rid of. Easily. You just lay it by. Metal is a fine thing to leave stacked in corners or along ditches of roads. Or melt it down. When you're THROUGH. Our new-metal alloy 'replacements'--what a fine deal...to live forever, ho!!!" The opening paragraph of "The Final Decision," a short story by David R. Bunch in the February 1961 issue of Amazing Stories. Now what was this about science fiction being literature...?

"I have one final complaint about television: the audience. Although many people write me about the poor quality of television fare, the majority go right on looking at the worst things on TV. I hear and read endless complaints about westerns and crime shows and soap operas, yet they keep going merrily along because they draw large audiences. The majority apparently would rather watch Lawrence Welk than Laurence Olivier. In television, as in government, the people usually get what they deserve. The worst fault of television, it seems to me, is giving the people what they want. The high-quality programs rarely fare as well with audiences as the trite and shoddy. Fred Astaire's program, which was months in the making, and which was hailed as one of the TV highlights of the year, drew a smaller audience than 'Gunsmoke,' which was on opposite it. The filmed program of Leonard Bernstein's widely acclaimed musical mission of friendship to Moscow attracted fewer viewers than the opposing 'Lone Ranger.' And the 'Lone Ranger' was a repeat of an old episode!

"I have never seen a bad TV show. I have knees that bend and wrists that turn, and if I see a show that doesn't interest me I quickly turn it off. The secret word in television viewing is selectivity. Too many viewers seem to use the glue invented by George S. Kaufman for gluing people to their TV sets. 'It's awkward for showering and getting in and out of cabs,' he admits, 'but the set is always with the user and he needn't miss a thing.' Viewers should miss more in my opinion, and they would appreciate more the really fine things available on television through discriminating viewing." --Jack Paar, in "I Kid You Not," Cardinal Book #GC-103, 50¢.

--Ted Pauls



# ripples

## — OF A NEW WAVE —

"The New Wave" (La Nouvelle Vague) is a term that has been tossed around quite a bit during the past few years, in an effort to adequately categorize the new trend in motion pictures. While there is little reason to doubt the fact that motion pictures, most notably foreign films, have been undergoing a transition, the causes of this change are not as apparent. Even though there are still numerous examples of the typical mass-produced Hollywood film, written by a hired hack according to a standard formula script and featuring incompetent stars whose sole asset is their box-office appeal, they are being matched by a large number of imported foreign films, which are head and shoulders above the American flicks. It might be wise to mention here that by foreign films, I do not mean the numerous italian-made beefcake epics, which are as worthless, esthetically speaking, and a half-hour television western. Equally valueless are the lurid "sex films" which keep the cheap exploitation houses packed with indiscriminating movie-goers who are willing to sit through hours of abominable amateur scenes in order to view the specified (and most likely censored) sexy scenes which liven the theatre marquee and provide the only entrance inducement for the casual browser. No more space shall be taken up in this article to point out the pitiful inadequacies of both the foreign "sex films" and the italian muscle-man epics.

"Private Property," directed by Leslie Stevens, was one of the first American films to be classed as an example of "la nouvelle vague". This film, produced on a limited budget, relates in lurid (and sexy) details the planned seduction of a young housewife which culminates in violence and death. Produced independently by Young Stevens (who cast his wife, Kate Manx, in the lead) the movie alternates between scenes that go from the pitifully unshocking to the daringly original. Stevens may have intended "Private Property" to be released as strictly a quality "art film," perhaps realizing that several foreign producers have done the same thing to oversexed tales with favorable results (as example, the italian "From a Roman Balcony" and the french "The Green Mare"). However, the type of exploitational promoting it received, coupled with almost unanimous critical panning, proved that "Private Property" was not the American film to pave the way for "la nouvelle vague".

Shortly after "Private Property" appeared on the scene, a film that could be described as its french counterpart, "Breathless" (released



in France under the title "Au Bout de Souffle") was released with American actress Jean Seberg starring with sexily masculine Jean-Paul Belmondo in an almost plotless gangster story that suffered from poor editing and several unnecessary sexy scenes that were almost comical at times. There were some sparks of originality and newness in the film, but they were overshadowed by its faults, carefully pointed out by the critics who were again almost unanimously opposed to it. The analogy between "Private Property" and "Breathless" can further be expanded by the fact that the directors of both films are idealistic, ambitious young men, who could, foreseeably, lend much to the advancement of motion pictures if they didn't waste their time on over-sensationalized, low budget thrillers.

War has always been a popular theme of both foreign and domestic films, from the typical "headline" angle ("Battle-ground," "Halls of Montezuma," "A Walk in the Sun," etc.) to the more unusual treatments ("All Quiet on the Western Front," "Paths of Glory"), so it is not surprising that many of the more popular foreign films of today have war as an integral part of their background. However, instead of the frantic kill-or-be-killed glory of combat, "the new wave" looks at war coldly and cynically, expertly pointing out that sometimes the after effects, both mental and physical, can be more horrible than the actual combat itself.

One of the finest Italian films of the day, and without a doubt the best to come from showman Joseph E. Levine, is the adaptation by director Vittorio de Sica of Alberto Moravia's novel "Two Women," in which Sophia Loren demonstrates that she is more concerned with her acting than her cleavage. One of the most horrifying aspects of war is that the young and innocent are frequently involuntarily swept along in the terror and the slaughter. This idea is admirably played out in "Two Women," when a mature woman and her young adolescent daughter are subjected to the monstrous forces unleashed by a country in the grip of the last stages of World War II, when utter degradation and despair has permeated the minds of the people, turning loyal partisan soldiers into lusty, sex-mad beasts and heartbroken mothers into sorrowing, perverted beings. The true horror of "Two Women" is not the rape scene itself, which shows in graphic the mother and daughter being mercilessly violated, but the concept that such an abhorrent act could take place, that thinking, reasoning, rational human beings could be reduced to beasts by the scourges of war. After the rape scene, the young, formally virginal girl begins to change subtly, her personality shifting from deep shame to clever, calculating cynicism and hate. It is made perfectly clear that the girl will never be the sweet, innocent, trusting child that she was at the picture's beginning. This is not the glamorous, nor the glory-grabbing side to war and combat; this is the more realistic, more repulsive side that exists as well.

The plight of the young in war is depicted equally well in the German film "The Bridge," which tells of the agonizing and senseless defense of a useless town bridge by a group of German boys, recently inducted into the army. The turnabout performed in this story, picturing the Americans as the invading enemy, is unimportant; the story brilliantly details how the cold, merciless forces regulating the military operate, how seven boys are assigned to the meaningless task of guarding a valueless bridge so the rest of the army won't be hindered by their presence. The accusation is concealed, but there's no mistaking the pointing finger declaring that this total disregard for human life could take place anywhere, in any overworked, overtired army that



would consider newer recruits as expendable.

In the Yugoslavian film "The Ninth Circle," a variation on the Anne Frank theme, a "marriage of convenience" is arranged to protect a young Jewish girl from extermination, by being wed to an unwilling native-born boy, who is unconcerned with her welfare, and, at first, unable to grasp the seriousness of the situation, as war sweeps across the land and the Nazi occupation forces tighten their grip. Gradually a new sense of maturity sweeps over the boy and with this maturity is the realization that he loves the girl and hates the inhuman invasion forces. This film ends on an exquisite note of tragedy when both the boy and girl are killed while clinging to an electrified fence outside a concentration camp. "Romeo, Juliet, and Darkness," a Czechoslovakian film, unreleased in the U.S. (except for a showing at the 1960 San Francisco film festival) borders on a similar theme. The four previously mentioned films all convey the madness and futility of war, chiefly through the skillful insertion of shock and horror into the story.

But there are other ways to show a tremendous distaste for armed conflict without going into detail over the direct shock and suffering it brings. In Alan Resnais' remarkably unusual "Hiroshima Mon Amour," the director deviates between a tender and unearthly love story to actual footage taken directly after the bombing of Hiroshima. While many viewers had the urge to view the latter scenes with almost disgusted detachment, they were not totally incongruous to the body of the film, and were, in fact, vital to the picture's continuity. Rather than relying on horror and shock alone, Resnais combined the qualities with tenderness and love, to create a truly unforgettable film.

Just as tenderness and shock can be successfully combined, a war film can be produced with little emphasis on violence alone, and instead concentrate more closely on the personality of some main character. Russian director Grigori Chukhrai (noted for "The Forty-First") has expertly done this in the recent "Ballad of a Soldier" (winner of the best picture award at the 1960 San Francisco film festival). Coming from an aggressive nation like Soviet Russia, "Ballad of a Soldier" is a paradoxical film, because through subtlety, coupled with brilliant direction and acting, it conveys the true despair and futility of war, while passing quickly over any scenes of actual combat. There is no juvenile idolization of war here. Instead, to the young soldier Aloysha (played with astonishing warmth and feeling) it is an inescapable force which he is compelled to accept. "Ballad of a Soldier" is not a war story, with Aloysha's life presented as an incidental sub-plot, but rather is the story of Aloysha immersed in the war, covering in the short span of less than a week the first premature stirrings of maturity and love to his untimely and depressingly futile death.

And finally, from Poland comes director Andrzej Wajda, who is responsible for an excellent trilogy of films depicting Poland caught up in the turmoil of war: "Kanal," "Ashes and Diamonds," and "A Generation" (the latter film unreleased in the U.S. as yet). Wajda too forsakes the early Hollywood concepts of war being nothing more than a glorified (if slightly dangerous) game for the always victorious Americans, and in skillful detail reconstructs the grim reality that war and devastation delivered.

By quickly skimming over the previously mentioned films, one can readily determine that one similarity of the "new wave" war films is that they are from countries which at some time or another have experienced



the type of conflict so brilliantly depicted on the screen. The North American continent, in which most of us live has never been attacked by a foreign power. For many people the concept of a kill-or-be-killed existence in a barbarous conflict is almost unheard of. The thought that our own native soil could be invaded by foreigners whose only intent would be to methodically exterminate us is an equally unlikely possibility. I would not come right out and state that it would take a third World War, with invaders reaching the U.S., to jar Hollywood into producing some plausible war epics (at least above the level of infantile releases like "Marines Let's Go") but it's obvious the past wars were beneficial at least to some foreign movie makers.

Perhaps one requirement of the "new wave" films is that, in addition to unusual camera shots and editing techniques, they must examine subjects from new angles, or at least probe one particular facet of a topic. While it's acceptable and profitable (though hardly encouraged) for Hollywood to re-run practically the same plot in dozens of near-identical films, it is not acceptable for the "new wave" directors to do the same.

One step away from the degradation and inhumanity brought upon by war is the degradation and inhumanity brought upon man by himself; perhaps even more hideous when he is unaware of the change taking place. In the past year, two Italian films both centering on moral and social decay have risen to great heights of popularity in the film world. These films: "La Dolce Vita" from Frederico Fellini, and Michaelangelo Antonioni's "L'avventura" do a memorable job of depicting a bored, thrill-seeking, almost hedonistic society. While "L'avventura" occasionally lapses into inactivity, "La Dolce Vita" is constantly at a high pitch, combining symbolism with cynicism. The main character of the film, a reporter named Marcello, gradually finds himself merging with the gay, sweet, corrupted life he has discovered, sinking into the degradation that at first he is prone to look upon with distaste when he recognizes it. In a series of well integrated scenes Marcello observes religion debased to a sham and a mockery, sees his father descend to an unbearable level of shame, and finds the one man who seemed to represent a transitory oasis has unexplainably murdered his own children and then taken his own life. By the film's end Marcello's whole outlook has been altered. He engages in an orgy that is bold, brassy, shocking, and yet at the same time viewed only as a pleasant diversion by the participants. As the film closes a young girl, a symbol for decency and goodness, beckons to him on a noisy beach. Unable to understand her, and perhaps unconsciously unwilling to leave the new life he is experiencing, Marcello walks away with the other revelers.

Another "nouvelle vague" film that explores the theme of decadence and societal decay, but is less widely known, is the Japanese "The Sun's Burial". The film, unreleased in the U.S., was shown as the initial annual engagement of the Cinema 16 film society in New York, of which I am a member. The director of "The Sun's Burial" is twenty-nine year old Nagisa Oshima, one of the foremost of the Japanese "new wave" directors. Despite his age, Oshima has compounded a film that sparks new visual vitality in the cinema. Through the usage of camera experimentation and shock sequences (at times outranking Luis Bunel) Oshima tells of the gangsters and racketeers and peasants and prostitutes who live and operate in the slums and wastelands of Tokyo. While the direct story-line becomes confused and disjointed at times, this is only secondary to the overpowering, awesome, and at times almost sickening sequences displayed in the film.



The corruption and degradation is described with such vividness and reality that at times one forgets it's merely a story. The part that shock and sheer realism play in the film cannot be over-emphasized. A young hoodlum, Yasu (Yasuke Kawazu) is stabbed to death, and as he writhes and contorts his body in the agonies of approaching death, the camera observes him with a thorough and almost voyeuristic fascination. One boy plays another with animal innards. The pain-wracked face of a man who has hung himself revolves slowly on the screen. At the conclusion of the film a fire races out of control and destroys several unbelievably squalid shacks, while the heroine looks on unemotionally. There is no final hope, no chance that perhaps things will change, nothing to convey the feeling that all this filth and squalor is temporary and soon to be transformed into something more pleasant. Instead, something whispers that life like this will go on, as it was always destined to go on. Unless man can make sure this deplorable condition never comes about, he will be powerless to alter it once it does. This is not the typical, outrageous, sugar-coated ending that Hollywood uses (see "Breakfast at Tiffany's" as an example) but this is grim, loathsome, diseased, unchangeable reality.

Therefore, another requirement of "new wave" films is that the endings are not cheap, contrived images, designed solely to tack a happy ending on the film, irregardless of the content. The popular "Never on Sunday," for instance, has the type of ending that Hollywood would never dare use. An ambitious but meddlesome American tourist learns that perhaps a greek prostitute can be entirely satisfied and happy the way she is, with no desire for "rehabilitation".

The "new wave" sweeping the country may now be in its infancy, but there are unmistakable indications that it is expanding in scope and range. Avant-garde film making and revolutionary camera techniques are being combined by talented directors to produce works that have quality, as well as a sense of newness to them. Those leading the "new wave" are pioneers, experimentally dabbling their toes in the water, bringing with them new ideas and styles that will enhance motion picture entertainment. With the proper audience and critical receptivity the "new wave" can be transformed from a minor drizzle into a roaring flood.

--Mike Deckinger

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2 The number in the space to the left is the number of the last issue you will receive unless you respond in some manner before that magic number corresponds to the number on the cover.

\_\_\_\_\_ A check in this space indicates that through some incredible stroke of good fortune, you have a letter or contribution herein.

\_\_\_\_\_ If this space is marked, we are trading fanzines. Since I trade on a one-for-one basis, and since there are few monthly fanzines, you will probably have to supplement this arrangement from time to time.

\_\_\_\_\_ A mark in this space indicates that you are on my permanent mailing list, due undoubtedly to your sterling qualities.

\_\_\_\_\_ And a mark here means that this is the last issue you will receive, unless you respond in some way. Sending money is a practice distinctly frowned upon; copies are also available for letters of comment, fanzines, noble virgins, or used glockenspiel.



## rock 'n' roll rebuttal

I've never written an article before, and in the letter column of Kipple #20 I said I wouldn't defend rock & roll. I now find myself doing two things for the first time--one of them even, in a sense, against my word. This must mean something, but unfortunately I don't know what.

Bob Leman does three things in his article: (1) He tries to tell the Kipple readership a few things about rock & roll and teenagers, (2) he tells us his opinion of rock & roll, and (3) he attacks rock & roll and its listeners. I can't say anything in rebuttal to someone's personal taste, so I shall concern this article with Bob's misinformed facts and his condemnation of subject and audience.

In case you don't know me, I am a rock & roll fan and a teenager. I'm an authority on neither and will state as early as possible in this article that I realize that my opinions are my own and that I cannot speak for every teenager and rock & roll enthusiast. When I'm not stating facts that I know are true, I'm advancing opinions--my opinions.

Bob Leman asks: How are the top tunes judged? He then implies that they are judged by the disc jockeys who play them. No, the disc jockeys judge them not. Obviously Bob hasn't listened to rock & roll radio as much as he would have us believe. The popularity is determined in three different ways, none of which call for the judgement of the disc jockey. System One: One of the most popular local record-selling establishments is asked by the radio station to keep track of which records sell the most copies. However, many stations use one of two other methods. Stations will set aside time each week for requests. The popularity of a tune is judged by the number of requests it has received over the week, and thus the top tunes of that particular radio station can actually be called "tops" for that locality only (to answer Leman's question of "where are they top?"). A station I listen to sets aside only one special night for requests, but other stations have other variations of this method.

Then Leman claims that a teenager who doesn't listen to rock & roll is called a square, or a creep. Oh, God. Teenagers don't label people creeps and squares



because they have different interests. Creeps and squares are outcasts of teenage society simply because they are creeps and squares--regardless of whether or not their interests are normal teenage interests. Personality is the factor that determines a teenager's acceptance (by other teenagers)--not likes and dislikes. I hope this gives some people a little bit of knowledge as to the workings of teenage society. Character and personality are the key to being accepted anywhere in society (including, but not only, in the schools). But, to return to my main point: Some adults believe that we teenagers place a great amount of emphasis on rock & roll--they exaggerate this emphasis about 100 times. We take music or we leave it, the same as the average person.

It is clear to me that the 'intellectual' (for want of a better word) types of literature and music are judged by their best efforts, while the 'mediocre' (and fields supposedly below that level) is judged by its worst or, at very best, its average efforts. This strikes me as being very unfair, particularly in two things that I myself am interested in (rock & roll and stf). Leman mentioned only one record in his article, "Bird Dog," which is a terrible rock & roll song. David Brinkley, on his television show, also gave examples of only the worst. (The fact that some of those tunes achieved a degree of popularity means nothing, since public taste and opinion don't always determine what is good and what isn't.) Let's be realistic, Bob; Sturgeon's law that says that 90% of everything is crud applies here as well. Rock & roll has its top ten percent too. Long-hair music is different only in that it is the 10%--the good part which has managed to survive only a relatively long period of time. Rock & roll is fairly new, and thus the 90% of crud is still around.

"If these unspeakable noises are truly popular," Leman says, "then God help the American people." I think he quite expertly got across the fact that he didn't like rock & roll, but the comment I just quoted is too severe a knock--at the fans of the music--to be called just bad taste. If Bob had been writing a different article, and had ended it with: "If Fascism spreads much further in our country, then God help the American people," I would have no objections, but his attack on the rock & roll fan is pretty far out of proportion to the topic. I don't even think the fan should be attacked; the music, perhaps, but not its listener.

When you come right down to it, these arguments over the quality of various kinds of music only turn magazines such as Kipple into battlefields where people are trying to impose their own musical tastes upon others while at the same time knocking music that they don't like. Constructive arguments are worthwhile, but they should be heavily edited when the factor of personal taste creeps too far into the discussion and seriously deteriorates it. The personal-opinion type of article is no good if pulled into a discussion to be lost in a flurry of defenses from people whose toes have been stepped on. Bob's article is well-written, but shouldn't have been reprinted in view of what has been going on in the Kipple letter column. I also think the letter column needs the impartial hand of someone who can keep this discussion of music on the impersonal and objective level which is necessary when dealing with outward facts rather than with thoughts or feelings.

--Dave Locke



Anyone who thinks I don't have a sense of humor should have been hiding in the back seat of my car when I finally tumbled to the fact that Kipple #21, which I had thought was a real genuine issue, was a hoax. While reading the parody version of my own Cryin In The Sink--concocted, I think, by Terry Carr--I literally leaned back and howled until my sides hurt.

But afterward, it made me think a little. Buried in the letter column, Pete Graham acknowledged that it was a hoax. But the humor and the imitation was just a little too deadpan. Someone who was reading fast, skimming through the fanzine, might well think this was an actual issue of Kipple--even the return address is Ted's. And using the names of actual fans for the parody letter column is dangerous. George Willick, for instance, never struck me as having enough of a sense of humor to take this sort of joke kindly.

As for the criticism of "Cryin" implicit in Terry's parody, I plead ruefully guilty to the irrelevant parenthesis, the use of occasional stock phrases and cliches, and to a certain bluntness or blindness toward New York fandom's favorite cherished Idols. Just as, I am sure, Ted Pauls is a little ruefully aware that a few of his mannerisms lend themselves to parody. (The only thing I resented was the implication that I am an egotist. I am not conceited, though God knows I have every right to be...)

Any fanzine working on a tight schedule of deadlines

CRYIN

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and maintaining high regularity will be uneven in quality. Some issues will be better than others. The editor alone can decide whether he wishes to maintain regularity--even if it means using last-minute space-fillers--or sacrifice his hard-won reputation for reliability by waiting until just the right material comes in.

It is easier to parody a monthly fanzine, or column, than to write one. And if Terry (who managed to get out, sometimes, as many as two issues of Innuendo in a year) would like to verify this fact, I will let him take over the writing of fanzine reviews for Kipple for three or four months, not only at first while the level of enthusiasm is high and the supply of fanzines new and exciting, but after the first flush of novelty wears off and solid conscientious work must



replace the backlog of long-held opinions which at first it was an ever-delightful task to be able to get off the chest.

This is not to say that I get tired of writing a monthly column, any more than Ted gets tired of publishing the most reliable of the regular fanzines. If we were tired of our respective jobs in fandom, he would probably slack off and go back to firebuff fandom, and I'd relax and use the time working on a novel or an extra FAPazine. By and large, the benefits of writing a regular and always timely column outweigh the benefits of writing only when the fit strikes me. I ask no indulgence on this account; I only say that the spontaneous "fun" writing of the person who writes and publishes when he feels like it, has at times a different tenor from that of the regular who must do the best he can at any given moment, come good or bad fanzines, good or bad weather, good or bad internal climate, good or bad conditions for writing.

As I say, it's easier to parody something than it is to do it.

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Some people have asked me why I so seldom review two of the top fanzines, Cry and Shaggy. The answer is simple: I don't ever receive them unless I buy an issue (and frankly speaking, I can't afford to buy fanzines) and I never review a fanzine which I have purchased, unless the editor asks me to. I review only fanzines which I receive regularly in trade, or which are sent by editors who want them reviewed. How do I know that the editor who sends me a copy in return for a dime wants to extend his coverage?

I received this issue of Cry by virtue of having a brief article therein, a report on the "Anatomy and Physiology of Homo Elvis" which Tolkien fans might find mildly interesting or mildly exasperating, according to how they react to having fantasy "explained scientifically." This, the twelfth annish, is notable, however, for rich brown's "To Leave a Little World". As everyone probably knows by now, I labor under the severe handicap of disliking loose, unrhymed poetry, so when I glance over it and suddenly find myself reading and reacting to every word, it means more than--for instance--for Terry Carr or Jean Young to do so. Their initial reactions to such things is favorable, and need not struggle against a prejudice. The idea that serious poetry could be written about fandom is new to me. And it would probably be the ultimate joke on me if rich brown meant this as a spoof of serious fanfiction and the formless poetry of some fans, because I dug it all the way.

But why, oh why, must fans spell their names with small letters?

People are probably tired about hearing me shout about Amra (George Scithers, Box 9005, Rosslyn, Arlington, Va.) but this issue contains, in addition to their usual contingent of beautiful artwork, a four-color map of Fritz Leiber's LANKHMAR, suitable for framing (or for carefully pasting on the inside back cover of a cherished copy of "Night's Black Agents," as I did with mine), and an article by Bob Briney, who does all too little for fandom these days, on the rare and beautiful Jack Vance paperback "The Dying Earth"--that book which gave so much extra weight to the theory in fandom for so many years that Vance and Kuttner were one writer rather than two. (Come to think of it, has there been a Vance novel since the death of Kuttner?)

\*Shoan\*



(Calvin Demmon, 1002 East 66th, Inglewood, Calif.) is filled with varied and nonsensical irrelevances, fascinating and funny. From the front cover (a green dinosaur with a camera hung round its neck) to the back cover, which seems to be a dissertation on how to fill up a fanzine with fillers, there is a laugh per paragraph--high comedy, not slapstick. Biff seems mostly groused about the people who have been sending him imitation Biffables; we agree that they're pretty inimitable.

Se-  
thanas, from Dick Schultz (19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich.) made a bad impression on me when it fell out of the mailbox, because the entire back page is given over to the checkmarked "reason why you got this zine" including such things as "Please write, I'm lonely...please send me your wife...you qualify as the above so I'll check the 'I like you' column..." Dick didn't bother checking any of them for me, which is peobably a Good Thing. This sort of listing ceased to be funny about four years ago, I think, at a conservative estimate--and if it ever was funny to start with, which I am personally inclined to doubt.

The inside, though blotchily mimeographed, is better than it promises. Ray Nelson contributes some notes on the sex life of the Abnormal American Fan, whose point is nebulous (but the True Confessions angle should interest some people) and a parody of Fu Manchu stories by Terry Jeeves. In general, one of the brighter bits on the fanzine horizon--far better than its presentation would lead one to expect, and certainly not dull. If the humor were a little less self-conscious, it would be one of the best efforts around--maybe he needs some lessons from Biff, or maybe they should combine their talents?

Some of the nasty things I've said about the NFFF manuscript bureau, in the past, could be re-examined: In Maelstrom (Bill Plott, Box 4719, University, Alabama) there is a Ray Nelson story which--though not fantastic, stfnal, or fannish--is a minor marvel. Words can't describe it; it's called Fireside Gathering and makes me wonder if after all, fandom's contribution to the world might turn out to be, not any of our pro writers, not any of our Fannish Hyperfen or funny Irishmen, but a guy called Nelson. The cover of Maelstrom this month is a pattern of diamonds and squares which, as they say inside, was a four-color painting and beautiful--"Unfortunately, the change from water-color to mimeo stencil ruined it." Well, I should think so. That's the understatement of the month, or something. Les Gerber has some poems which I disqualify myself from reviewing, and the letter column suffers from an acute lack of editorial cutting--Bill, I will personally send you a big bright-blue pencil if you'll use it on some of your letters.

Bedlam #2 from Mike Deckinger (31 Carr Place, Fords, N.J.) is purely fascinating. It contains various lithographed (?) cartoons, a review of the Canadian "Justice Weekly" (which you won't believe until you see a copy anyhow), a fascinating "Ode to the Four Letter Word" which is regrettably anonymous, and--look out, Nirenberg!--Mike presents, deadpan, an "Interview With a Heterosexual" which is about the damndest thing fandom has seen this year, unless it's the parody of Asimov's "A Woman's Heart." Now if Mike would only discover sex, or something...

Fanzines come and fanzines go, but Yandro goes on forever; and as Terry Carr pointed out caustically, I'm running out of synonyms for "a typical issue". This one comes complete with their annual fantasy-art calender, which seems a little short on inspiration this year; maybe Juanita didn't want to hurt the feelings of her ar-



tists by rejecting their contributions, or maybe it's too cold for careful stencilling in those Wabash winters, but this doesn't seem quite up to the level of last year's. High point of Yandro #107 are the Bob Tucker "Doric Column" and the editorials by the various Coulsons--when will Bruce write his first?

FANTasmagorique (Scotty Neilsen, 731 Brookridge Drive, Webster Groves 17, Mo.) is composed, as usual, of an inordinate number of reviews--they've be reviewing the reviewers next! --and Scotty devotes almost a full page editorial to defining in detail what kind of material he'd like. Overly solemn, a little too weighty with one kind of material--book, magazine, and movie reviews--this fanzine seems at the turning point; it can settle down into a pedestrian review-zine, or it can branch out a little into a diversified fanzine. We'd hate to see it go all fannish, but just at present it's a little too, too sercon for words.

Lcki (Dave Hulan, 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama) contains an article on Ox books by Ruth Berman, an item on children's fantasy by Lady Barbara Hutchins (no less!) and other first-issue inanities such as listing the staff solemnly (Editor; Lt. David G. Hulan; Art Editor; Katherine W. Hulan (Katya); Staff Fiction Writer; Richard H. Hulan) and a solemn warning that this mag will be devoted to fantasy and contain "nothing whatever" of a fannish nature. The mimeo work is horrible, but that doesn't mean much. Definitely for reading-type fans.

Phoenix (Dave Locke, Box 207, Indian Lake, N.Y.) is now mimeographed by Ted White, which is a great improvement--but the faults of the zine, illegible before, are now all too obvious: such as continuing an article from page 13 to the bottom of the title page. Floyd Zwicky philosophizes, if that's what you call it, on various subjects such as world unity, human rights, and justice; a story by Clay Hamlin is continued from page 12 to page 17 back to page 2 (!); and Paul Zimmer has a few nostalgic nothings to say about Ray Palmer's otherwise unlamented Other Worlds. All in all, not much to write about, but perhaps having a legible format will attract some interesting material.

Fanac is out--as late as ever, the November 28th issue having reached me over the Christmas holidays--and contains some dope on the Philcon, as interesting as it was belated, and various news notes. (Walter Breen; 2402 Grove Street, Berkeley, Calif.) It's hardly a newszine any more, being more devoted to announcements, reviews and various opinions, but it's always good reading.

Bane (Vic Ryan, Box 92, 2305 Sheridan Rd., Evanston, Ill.) contains a larger dose of Breen, a long and thoughtful article entitled "Censorship: The Real Issues". Since he dedicated this article to me, it hardly becomes me to criticize it, but I'd say it suffers from the Habakkuk nemesis; namely, the people who could most profit by it aren't apt to read it. However, it's certainly the most comprehensive and thoughtful approach to that much-mooted subject to come out in a fanzine, now or probably ever. And what are his ideas on censorship in a nutshell? Briefly, he's agin it, but unlike most people he can explain why with clarity and logic, and without the occasional over-shrillness which writings of such deep conviction sometimes display. There isn't much room left for anything else but a brief Bob Tucker column--always good--a few well-edited letters, and Vic's excellent editorial column--column really being the operative word, for it has none of the drawbacks of the fannish "editorial". Bane is always a high spot in any fannish month, and this month being shorter



than usual on fully-readable fanzines, this was especially so. It's fast becoming THE fanzine of the year--Hugos, anyone?

And then there is Warhoon (Rich Bergeron, 110 Bank Street, NYC 10, N.Y.), a big fat fascinating zine, free to contributors or to writers of printable letters of comment. This contains the Willis column, "The Harp That Once or Twice," which to Willis fans should make this an absolute necessity; and letters, short articles and so forth on every subject under the sun, from classical music to the War of the Austrian Succession; but unfortunately this fanzine also contains mailing comments for the current mailing of the SAPS, which means I can't possibly review it here. Sad, isn't it? Don't you wish I'd reviewed it. After all, it's the Habakkuk of the apazines.

Xero #7 turns up with an eye-hurting bright yellow cover and a scribbly cartoon; since I have been told in such loud language that I am Not Fit to Appreciate the Delicate Subtleties of such Great Art, I will simply say "It's a scribbly cartoon cover" and leave the appreciations, or depreciations, to your personal biases. In the editorial, the Lupoff's state a curiosity about whether fandom is so universally liberal and anti-rightist as they seem to be, and circulate a poll to find out. Lin Carter presents the first in a series of "Notes on Tolkien" displaying a scholarly and somewhat pedantic and professorish approach to what is, I suppose, a somewhat pedantic work in essence. For those who remember Lin Carter in the days of his fanzine Spaceteer (which Merwin adeptly christened "Spaceteen"), this is startling indeed, but also a delight to read. Donald Westlake explains why he quit writing science fiction, after first painstakingly explaining, for those who didn't know he ever started, that he wrote several stf stories "none of which were any damn good." It's refreshing to find such honesty, but there is nothing new in his conclusion: professional writers can't be supported by stf, and as a field it is limited to amateurs, beginners, dilettantes and those who do it for the sheer love of it. The only startling thing in the article is the apologetic tone taken by the author.

Lin Carter handles the book reviews, and he may--just may--be the best book reviewer east of Minneapolis. In fact, Xero is probably the best all-purpose fanzine east of Los Angeles. I refuse to mention again the current running feature, "All In Color for a Dime," since comics fans in the audience have probably read it already and anti-comics fans have probably glimpsed through it, come to sneer and remained to drool. This one deals with somebody called The Spectre. There are also a few letters, but why not?

Cinder #6 (Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass.) appears in three colors of ditto, elite type, short stories, articles, and so forth. Jack Cascio feuds with George Willick (hardly a distinction these days), Buck Coulson writes about the "Oregon Vortex"--or at least a commercialized imitation thereof--but about the best thing in this issue is Joe Pilati's article on "How to succeed in fannish correspondence" in which, satirically I hope, he tips you off on how to become a Big Name Letterhack, including a list of "in" and "out" topics, and how to Drop Names cleverly. The letter section was in bleary black ditto, but long letters from Bob Jennings and Redd Boggs make this one of the more interesting letter columns. Now if he could only bring the rest of his material up to this...

--Marion Z. Bradley



LETTERS OF COMMENT

TERRY CARR  
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NEW YORK 14, N.Y.

Kipple #21 arrived a day  
 or so ago, and I'd like  
 to make a few comments on  
 Dick Bergeron's article.

I greatly admire and respect Bergeron, both as a thinker and as a writer, but unfortunately this particular article shows little of the perspicacity and insight that I'm used to from him, and little of the care he usually takes to stick to the point. I'm amazed.

To begin with, Bergeron entirely misses Gibson's point that what he was arguing against was the indiscriminate, starry-eyed tradition of the Brotherhood of Fans and the mythos in fandom that A Fan Can Do Know Wrong (capitalized slogans courtesy Gibson himself), not simply against the lunatic fringe per se which Bergeron seems to think was his target. Gibson was saying that the danger is not so much the moochers as this Brotherhood of Fans tradition which gives the occasional leech pretty free reign.

Now, it's bad form to throw over one's group tradition without announcing your intentions beforehand. Bergeron says Gibson should have named names then and there; my impression is that Gibson was simply serving notice that he would name names where called for by future incidents, and calling upon other fans to do the same--in the future. The Brotherhood of Fans tradition, by this method, would remain in effect for incidents prior to the publication of the article, as fairness seems to dictate (a tradition like this, which amounts to a code of conduct, may be changed, but the change should be no more retroactive than any new law). (But by not naming names, Gibson left the way open for the casual reader to insert his own choices. Bergeron mentions the neo-fan who read the article and immediately began selecting people who might have been meant. This is what Dick meant by a John Birch Society type of attack: the Nameless Menace, or Hidden Enemy, is defined so loosely that practically everyone is suspect. The accusations can never be refuted, since no one is ever quite sure just who is



accused.))

One can argue exceptions to this tradition in the past (Tucker's well-known care to keep his home address secret from most fans, Laney's "I'm Afraid They Might Come To My Home," etc. etc.), but the fact remains that the tradition has existed for the most part, and it seems only fair to acknowledge it before overthrowing it. A clear example of how widespread it has been and probably still is can be found in Earl Kemp's Why Is A Fan?, which is packed from end to end with platitudes about what wonderful people fans are and the glories of knowing that if a fan travels cross-country he can meet many unmet friends all along the way. And incidentally, that same publication was probably the genesis of Gibson's article: the letter from Bjo in particular. She blasted rudeness and inconsiderateness on the part of fans, specifically in the context of the Brotherhood of Fans tradition; in the N3F she echoed and amplified her remarks, and in the very same issue of Shaggy in which Gibson's article appeared one can see her husband making sarcastic remarks about the quality of fan-courtesy.

With this interpretation of Gibson's article in mind, Bergeron's charges of Birchlike innuendo on his part become questionable. Obviously, if he was to respect the tradition until due notice, Gibson could not name names in that article--but equally obviously, he had to cite at least a few examples to show that he knew what he was talking about.

When Bergeron starts drawing parallels with the John Birch Society he treads dangerously close to the kind of fuggheadedness which led Chris Moskowitz to sue Ted White for libel over a fan-argument. Both, it seems to me, involve taking the matters out of their appropriate context: fandom, and its traditions.

Bergeron also claims Gibson mentioned only E. E. Evans by name among the supposedly unsavory characters. I suggest that the exception was made in this case precisely because Evans is dead and therefore immune from character-assassination or anything which may be interpreted as such. ((Is it not equally possible that the exception was made precisely because Evans is dead and therefore unable to refute Gibson?)) In any case, Gibson defended Evans in the passage in question--a fact which Bergeron neglects to mention. (The necessity for bringing up the Evans case at all is questionable, of course--but judging from the rambling and poorly-organized nature of Gibson's article I suspect it would be more to the point to charge him with bad writing here than bad intentions. Though it's true that one can only argue effectively with what one's opponent has actually said, still it is another indication of the peculiar tradition and attitude of fandom that seldom do we see a fan give an opponent the benefit of the doubt on the basis of incomplete thinking or muddy writing--presumably it is automatically considered a worse insult to charge bad intentions than lack of intellectual or literary ability.)

Bergeron does catch Gibson fairly well with his discussion of radical politics within fandom and the possibility of a Birchite "expose".

But for the most part I'm afraid he's descended to the level of nit-picking and has been unable to read the article clearly because of all the words on the pages. Well, nit-picking calls for nit-picking in return--Bergeron quotes Gibson as saying, "...you certainly don't catch them /the "neurotics" who discuss student "riots" and the HCUA, capitalism and communism, peyote and marijuana, etc./ talking about science fiction." Then



he points out that in Warhoon he, Bergeron, has published material on the HCUA and "riots" as well as material on science fiction. Well, so what? Gibson said talking (which, in the context of a discussion of fanzines, means writing), not just publishing. Offhand, I can't recall anything Bergeron has written about s-f prior to his reminiscences about Burroughs in the current Warhoon, which is too recent to be considered in this discussion.

You see how ridiculous nit-picking is? Then maybe it will give you some idea of how disappointing I find Bergeron's article, "Mr. Gibson, Meet Mr. Gibson".

LARRY & NOREEN SHAW  
16 GRANT PLACE  
STATEN ISLAND 6, N.Y. By the way, we have decided to run Ted Pauls out of fandom. Want to leave quietly, Ted, or stick around and see how rough two relics can make it for a petulant, egocentric, pre-adolescent pip-squeak? (This paragraph was reprinted from Axe #20 to enable me to deal with it without fearing the red pencil of another editor. A startling number of New York fans seem to have a mental bloc against writing to me with their objections and complaints, and have consequently chosen more circuituous methods of voicing them. When are you people going to learn that comments like the one quoted above roll off my back like water off a healthy duck? I can only assume that the comment was at least in part facetious, since no intelligent person would be foolish enough to announce such intentions beforehand. But facetious or not, the Shaws have in one swell poep practically invalidated any criticism they might make of Kipple or of me in the future. If they should, in 1964, comment that the latest Kipple stunk, anyone who remembers the two lines quoted above will suspect an ulterior motive. That comment, you see, was a boomerang with a stick of dynamite attached to it. ## But the question remains, why are the Shaws evidently so suddenly angered at Ted Pauls. Since they referred to themselves here as "two relics," as I did in Kipple #21, perhaps we can assume that it was that comment by me which peeved them. Well, I noted that my vote for Fuggh-head of the Year would be cast for "a duo...whose names are not to be mentioned without consultation with those relics of fandom past, Larry and Noreen Shaw." That duo, as I'm sure everyone realized, was Sam and Christine Moskowitz. Larry and Noreen had requested (in Axe #18) that no mention of them appear in any fanzine without consulting Larry or Noreen first. How that, my friends, has been my sole mention of either Shaw for many issues, and I hardly see any reason for anger from it. ## As I recently attempted to explain to George Willick, my philosophy in regard to arguments is this: Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will make my opponent look like a jackass.))

REDD BOGGS  
2209 HIGHLAND PL., NE  
MINNEAPOLIS 21, MINN. While I agree with Ted White in Uffish Thots that sf illustrations today are abominable, I disagree with him in many other respects and I end up very happy that he isn't art editor of any sf magazine in the field today. I'm not so sure Ted is right that "The fiction magazine, most particularly the pulp magazine, developed the commercial illustrator." The newspapers developed the commercial illustrator in the days before photographs were reproduced in the papers as a routine thing. In the old days newspapers had one or more "artists" on the staff to illustrate conventions, weddings, funerals, sports events, etc. On the other hand, early pulp magazines were illustrated only with a cover drawing. As I remember the copies I've seen of the early Munsey Argosy it was not illustrated at all, though I may be



wrong. I'm sure that I've seldom seen any pulp magazines other than sf magazines that were illustrated effectively or "good".

Ted's theory that illustrations are necessary to satisfy the impulse buyer of a magazine seems to fail to take into account the magazines that have no illustrations. Reader's Digest built a circulation of millions without using any illustrations till recent times, and there are numerous other magazines without illustrators on their staffs: The Nation, The New Republic, The Sewanee Review, for example. How do these magazines survive? And if impulse buyers of non-fiction magazines differ from those who buy fiction magazines, what about F&SF and similar magazines: ECMM, Alfred Hitchcock, and others, which contain popcorn pix, if any at all. It would seem that a good many editors and publishers disagree with Ted's theory.

I'm not sure what Ted means by "mainstream pulps"--the ones in the 1930s and '40s that were "superior to stf" in "fiction values." Most pulps were specialized in those times and were no more "mainstream" than sf magazines were. Maybe he means Argosy and Adventure and two or three others. They harbored some good writers and most of the writers who contributed were more conversant with the technique of writing an action story than the average Amazing or Wonder dullard. But the occasional brilliant story in the sf magazines was seldom or never matched elsewhere, and the superiority of Argosy in the 1930s was only in relation to a hack-story standard. If most early sf was incompetent trash, Argosy fiction was merely competent trash. Some superiority.

But mainly I'd not want Ted for a prozine art editor because he apparently fails to recognize that the pleasure of reading a magazine, or of merely looking at it, comes as much from other physical qualities as from the illustrations. I quite agree with him that If, when it was a Quinn publication, was worth buying merely "because it was so damned attractive," but not much of its attraction for me lay in the pix. I liked If because it was well printed on good paper and came in a tasteful format. If certainly wasn't the best-illustrated pulp of all time, but it was one of the most attractive. I wouldn't miss the illustrations in the current If if it still had an attractive format, fine printing, and good paper. It doesn't, and I think If's use of stock cuts as decoration is one of the most ungepotech practices I've ever seen in the field.

In Ted's other item this time, he asks whether we remember Walt Disney's "Fantasia," where the musicians in the orchestra begin to "jam." As a matter of fact, that interlude had been almost erased from my memory till Ted mentioned it. But I could have reconstructed the scene from induction alone. It stands to reason that Walt Disney wouldn't have passed up that cliché; he never passed up any other. In the period of 1942-5 I saw every movie that was released, some of them twice or three times, and it all comes back to me now. The movies would sign up some second-rate but popular concert star and give him or her a small part in a movie, usually one depicting the delightful and chucklesome antics of the high school set. In this movie there was always this scene: the concert star sat down at the piano (or whatever instrument) and swept into a bastardized version of some familiar concert favorite: Chopin's "Fantasy Impromptu," perhaps. Meanwhile, the camera panned the faces of the rest of the cast, all expressing awed reverence at this astonishing virtuoso performance.

Finishing this little "classic," the concert star would smirk at the camera--and, wham,



laugh into a boogie-woogie selection! The camera panned the faces of the rest of the cast again as they all exhibited signs of dawning frenzy and delight. Soon they are all out on the dance floor doing the Twist (or equivalent), with the concert star in the middle, prancing more wildly than anybody. The first selection, the great "classical" piece, had proved that the concert star was a Great Artist; the second selection, the boogie-woogie, proved that he (or she) was a Good Joe, i.e., somebody who really had as bad tastes in music as you or I but just happened to have musical talent too. (You gotta make a living.)

I estimate that I saw variations of this scene not fewer than 5,863 times, and the mere fading memory of it makes me cringe down in my chair and grope blindly for my steel helmet which I used for a basin.

Of course there's the other side of the coin, too: In this one, a popular singer or instrumentalist in a movie is given a chance to prove, as Ted puts it, that he is "technically superior to his classical counterpart." I have a nightmarish recollection of dozens of musical incompetents or semi-incompetents savagely attacking operatic arias and such. One of the reasons I would never get to see an Elvis Presley movie is that I'm afraid I'd have to suffer through a solemn Presley rendition of, say, "O Du Mein Holder Abendstern."

Somebody "finds the jazz orchestras by far the better," according to Ted. Better in what way? Better as jazz orchestras than symphony orchestras are as symphony orchestras? This is quite possible since as Ted points out, jazz orchestras are small and composed of virtuoso performers whereas symphonies with 80 or 100 musicians obviously would have to rely on a lot of performers who are "simply competent musicians." But I haven't heard of any jazz musicians turning the musical world upside down as "serious" musicians, with the doubtful exception of Benny Goodman, who seems to be a mizzen-good man when tootling a piccolo with a symphony orchestra. Really now, does anybody honestly believe that, for example, Thelonius Monk could come within miles of equalling Sviatoslav Richter in performing, say, Saint-Saens' fifth piano concerto? It seems pretty obvious that Monk, whatever talent he owns, doesn't have the training to meet the demands of a brilliant, explosive classical work like that. I have no doubt he might be able to do an adequate job, or better, had he applied himself from childhood to serious piano work. But surely a jazz career doesn't require the sort of discipline and application that a serious artist needs.

The controversy in the Letter column over how long a person must stay in his fallout shelter after an attack to be perfectly safe is rather pointless. That all depends, of course, on the circumstances, the principal ones being (a) where the shelter was in reference to the nearest strike; and (b) how much radiation the person absorbed before he went into the shelter. Naturally it depends also on the size of the bomb. A 20-megaton bomb gives out around 20,000 roentgens per hour within a 25-mile radius, whereas a dose of only 700 to 900 roentgens is enough to be fatal. (A mere 300 to 500 roentgens is fatal half the time.)

A person who is just outside the 25-mile area but who isn't actually in his shelter when the bomb falls will be absorbing 225 to 300 r. per minute while he rounds up the kids and dives into the shelter. Thus if he picks up 500 to 600 r. before he enters the shelter he's lost most of his safety, and he will probably pick up another 22 r. through the walls of even the tightest shelter over a six month period.



Remember, too, if he's like most of us, he had some dosage in his body from dental x-rays or the like. In any case, when the person leaves his shelter he'll have to take care he doesn't pick up enough additional radiation to be fatal. Even though a dosage received over a period of time would be more tolerable than the same dosage received all at once, the radiation level of an attack of 550 megatons five years afterwards would be enough to give him another 800 r. in a year, which would be too much of course. That fellow would be doomed to stay in his shelter forever, and even then there would probably be enough leakage through the shelter walls to kill him in a few years.

It's obvious that in any case the situation cited by Dave Locke in that "You and Civil Defense" booklet is much too optimistic. Any talk about "resuming normal life" in a week "or at the most two weeks" must originate from somebody who is basing his estimates on bombs from the Hiroshima era. I see no chance of ever resuming "normal life" after an atomic attack even if I survive. Not in a world where all vegetation and animal life is destroyed, most food and water is contaminated or vaporized, arable land is useless until 40 inedible crops are raised from it, all cities, transportation systems, etc., are utterly destroyed, and an enemy may well saturate an area a second or third time if he thinks too many people survived in underground shelters.

BUCK COULSON I see that Donaho says the Kingstons took "Tom Dooley"  
ROUTE 3 from Frank Warner; I won't argue. Maybe they are the Tar-  
WABASH, IND. riers both swiped the same version. The Tarriers were out on record first, but they stuck it in the middle of an lp and thereby muffed their chances. (Either way, it's a lousy version, compared to Paul Clayton's arrangement.)

Contrary to McCombs' opinion, the Kingstons have not "learned most of their music by research in books and collections"; if they had, I'd have a higher opinion of them. They've learned most of their music by listening to lp records of other contemporary folksingers. Even that might be admissable if they'd made any improvements on the original, but they haven't.

I see you still came out a bit early on your editorial, what with the central government of the Congo cracking down on Gizenga recently. Theoretically, your idea that Africans like Tshombe have more right to decide the size of their nations than do the minions of the old colonial powers is a good point. There is no particular reason for (and a good many against) using the old colonial boundaries as the boundaries of the new nations. But on the other hand, there is a maximum number of nations that you can have in Africa. No doubt every different tribe would like to be independent, with a nation of its own, but every tribe doesn't have the administrative ability to make their independence work. Let Tshombe go with Katanga and you've have no moral right to keep Gizenga from carving out his own empire (which he evidently started to do), leaving Adoula the remainder. And there is considerable doubt that the Congo contains enough total administrative ability to handle one nation; it certainly doesn't have enough for three. Kept together now, the nation may stay together. (I doubt it, but it's possible.) Let Tshombe go and you'll definitely have intermittent warfare for the next 100 years--if we all last that long. Africa is going to resemble the Balkans closely enough without creating more bad-tempered little countries.

I'm surprised that Fitch didn't think out his comments on inte-



grating the restaurants a bit more. The government isn't telling him who he must associate with; he doesn't have to eat at the restaurants. By taking out a license, the restaurant owners have announced that they are willing to serve the public. They aren't running private clubs, they're operating public restaurants and that means that they're obligated to serve anyone who walks in the door, as long as that person has the price of a meal and does not create a disturbance. (And if a riot develops during a Freedom Ride, the Riders do not "cause" the riot, as certain southerners would have us believe. The cause lies with the people doing the rioting--nobody else.)

The restaurant owners aren't being "forced" to associate with anybody; they're merely being forced to live up to obligations which they accepted voluntarily when they took out their licenses. If they get a few windows smashed in the process, it's no more than they deserve for defaulting on their agreement with the public.

Loftus Becker has the same error in his reasoning. If a man wants the right to select his clientele, he can open a private club, for members only. Nobody is forcing him to serve the public, but once he has agreed to do so, then he has given up his right to refuse service according to his whims. He can't have it both ways. Too many people can't seem to see the difference between a home and a business.

JOE GIBSON  
5380 SOBRANTE AVE.  
EL SOBRANTE, CALIF.

My immediate reaction to Kipple #21 is a feeling of deep appreciation for this "Joseph Gibson Appreciation Issue"; in short, I think it's wonderful! I was both pleased and flattered that Rich Bergeron was the one to write that article. He's almost the only one of the avant garde group of young fans who publishes a fanzine which I consider both readable and interesting. (I could not get that much out of Kipple, Ted--but then, I couldn't enjoy the Lupoffs' zine or even Habakkuk. The reason you find 25¢ enclosed is simply because I can't ever, under any circumstances, ignore this much egoboo.) And Rich has used his talents admirably in this article to reveal in sharp detail exactly how his group feels and thinks.

I won't argue with a bit of it. Frankly, I'll have far more enjoyment watching you and Rich and several other young fans during the next ten years, as all of you grow older in fandom and see more of it. ((But Joe, haven't you heard the news--I'm being run out of fandom...)) Not that I expect you're going to change much, but that I see pretty damned well how you'll contribute a lot. Sometimes, in spite of yourselves...((People are funny. A person I'd expected a fuggheaded reaction from writes a friendly letter, while on the other hand fans I had considered friends take pot-shots at me.))

DAVE LOCKE  
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INDIAN LAKE, N.Y.

Nix it, Fitch and McCombs. To the average person, there really is no such thing as conformity. What would there be to conform to--each other? ((Yes, and the practice is occasionally termed "keeping up with the Joneses".)) No, there are only two types of people who speak of conformity: those who aren't average and want to be, and want to conform very badly; and the jerks who knock average intelligence and speak degradingly and misinformedly about something called "conforming" because they've tried to be accepted in society and have been rejected because of serious personality defects. As far as teenagers go--they don't give a damn what anybody believes in. They'll like a person if he's got a good personality. As for Scotty Neilsen and his little let-



ter, he's misinformed about teenage society for the simple reason that he isn't really a part of it (by his own admission). He doesn't know what he's talking about, and I'll leave it at that despite a strong urge to go into personalities at this point. Everything boils down to the fact that teenage society is no different socially than adult society. The average adult doesn't "conform," nor does the average teenager. The only people to whom the word conform has any possible meaning as far as society in general goes, are the below normal, the above normal, and such queers who don't exactly fit into either category.

Believe you me, if I didn't like rock & roll I wouldn't listen to it. I know none of my classmates who don't like it yet think they have to. Some of those people who yak about conformity and who have kooky (4?) ideas about teenagers bug me. They were teenagers once, and unless they've forgotten how teenage social life used to be back then, they themselves might possibly have been jerks/outcasts of teenage society. (But the question is this: what made them "outcasts"? Relatively few, I would imagine, were thieves or compulsive liars or otherwise burdened with repulsive characteristics. Most were probably introverts (as many fans seem to be), or individualists. Non-conformity would have made them outcasts of teenage society, just as it presently makes a few who didn't adjust outcasts of adult society. "Beatniks," they are called. Thirty years ago the term was "bohemian," but in any event the terms refer to the same characteristic: non-conformity.) Every group has a right to a certain number of oddballs, but fandom abuses the privilege.

I've got to go along with Willick: some people you've got a right to tell to go to hell. (That was never in doubt, but my argument has always been that it is better to disagree in a friendly manner than to rant and rave.) I'm not an African mongoloid idiot--I'm fully as intelligent as some of these people who make your letter column. When somebody tells me that what he likes is great stuff and what I like is enough to gag a maggot, his IQ better be at least twice mine or he can, indeed, go to hell. That means you Leman, Fitch, etc. If you insist on stating your personal opinions as facts, and insulting rock & rollers, then compared to you I'm using the utmost tact even when naming names as I did above.

The effects of radiation are not cumulative. This I can quote more than one authority on. What proof in rebuttal do you have? (Radiation damage and dosage is accumulative over a more or less short period of time (depending upon the half-life of the substance) when taken directly into the body, as for example with radioactive iodine. A dose of 400 roentgens today and 400 roentgens tomorrow is every bit as deadly as 800 r. next Tuesday.)

Well, Ted old boy, we can quote authorities and argue for any length of time. Everything hinges on whether or not you think a shelter provides any chance of survival at all. I think it does--a great deal so. You don't think it does. I can't find anything more to argue about and still stick to the main point. If you're right, neither of us will survive a nuclear war. If I'm right, I'll have a good chance of survival provided I can make it to a shelter. You aren't going to seek a shelter, so you're probably dead no matter who's right. (Considering my unfortunate location, a shelter probably wouldn't even protect me from the blast and fire-storm, much less the radiation.)

All this stuff about the psychological effects of being in a shelter for a long time (how about frontiersmen in a storm-



shelter?), somebody plugging up your airpump, and the attitude of the shelter-builders, is not pertinent to the main point. Either fallout shelters serve a useful purpose or they don't. Cost nor anything else matters until this point is settled beyond a reasonable doubt. (But the subject simply isn't that cut-and-dried, and these other issues are germane to the discussion. For example, we can be sure beyond a reasonable doubt that a fallout shelter isn't going to help someone three or four miles from ground zero. Yet, urban dwellers in just this position are being admonished to set aside space in their basements and stock food and buy a radiation detecting device, or to have a shelter constructed under their rose-beds. The purpose of this is merely to pour more money into the greedy gullets of shelter-builders. I think this is quite pertinent to the discussion, as proof of the inhumanity of at least some of the shelter constructors, and as an example of the dreadful lack of knowledge the people possess on the extent of the awesome devastation of just one large hydrogen bomb. (One woman I know felt that she was completely safe during working hours, since the hospital where she works has underground corridors connecting the buildings and all personnel are advised to take shelter there in the event of an attack. Well, University Hospital (her place of employment) is only a few blocks from the center of the city, and assuming the Russians are good shots, it will be vaporized immediately, underground corridors and the rest of it alike.))

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I have done some checking up on this FM situation, and find that we are both right in a sense. There were a few radios made just before Pearl Harbor on which the FM bands went up to 96 megacycles. Your family apparently got one of them. This means that you can hear a little less than half the band now used for FM reception, but you're unable to listen to two of the best FM stations in Baltimore, WCAO-FM and WITH-FM, although memory may place me false on the call letters for the latter, because it's quite close on the dial to a loud Hagerstown station and doesn't provide very satisfying listening in this city for that reason. You should get a modern set so that you have a better choice of listening materials. With a fairly good indoor antenna, you should be able to pick up the Washington FM stations quite well in Baltimore, or you could couple an FM set to your television antenna for local-type reception on the Washington stations.

Your article on censorship seems to imply that this is a series of new circumstances or a worsening of existing circumstances. I wonder if you've thought out the whole question of censorship? Have you tried to compare present examples with the situation a half-century or century ago in this country, and do you feel that the situations that occur today are more numerous or more severe than those of the past? (It is difficult to compare the present situation with that of 50 years ago for obvious reasons, but I think that the progress we have made in other fields far outstrips the progress (if any) in the field of censorship. At that, I doubt if a book telling of the marriage between a white rabbit and a black rabbit would have been censored in 1912.) Do you feel that censorship is never justified, or only when it seeks to censor alleged obscenity or unpopular religious opinions? (This, as you are aware, is a loaded question. I feel that censorship is never morally "right", but that it is occasionally necessary, particularly when it applies to the security of the nation.) If you believe that everyone has the right to practice his own religion, would you fight for the rights of a sect that based its reli-



gion on the operation of public sexual relations in the most conspicuous spot of the town where the message would be spread most effectively of the value of loving one another? (You must have stayed awake all night to think of these questions, dammit. This is an example of a case where censorship is necessary, even though it is technically speaking unjust. There must be some limit beyond which a person/sect/society/organization can not go. However, this hypothetical question really isn't important, since to my knowledge no comparable religious sect exists, and so the situation will never arise. The only remotely analogous example is that of the illegality of polygamy, particularly among the Mormons. My feeling is that if the men are happy with the system, and the women are likewise happy, then why should anyone else complain?) Should the press be allowed to stampede the nation into a war, as the Hearst newspapers did when the Maine went down, and should it be allowed to advocate obviously fake cancer cures because some reporter or editor is being slipped some cash under the table? (The people get the press they deserve, just as they get the government they deserve. If there is any reasonably intelligent person who believes what he reads in a Hearst newspaper, I have yet to meet him. There are good newspapers, and anyone who would believe one of William Randolph's sheets in preference to a reputable newspaper probably has formed his opinions previously anyway. As for the cancer-cure advertisements, there are two violations of the law involved: bribery and false representation. Enforcing these laws constitutes censorship only in the widest definition.) When the government cracks down on a television advertisement which shows soap softening sandpaper, is that censorship? (I suppose it is, but again it is probably necessary. There are two conflicting ideas here: censorship is evil, and it should be used in extreme moderation, if at all; but falsely representing a product is reprehensible also. Ideally, someone ought to demonstrate on television a couple of times a week that soap will not soften sandpaper. But since this is improbable (and a little silly), I suppose the advertiser must be prevented from using this gimmick. It is a matter of necessity--I don't like it, but there is no alternative if the television-viewing public is to be treated fairly.) The whole question is too deep to be settled by quoting a few newspaper articles that show isolated instances of stupidities and timidities by individuals with some authority. You should also define censorship when you write about it. To me, there is a difference between a school supervisor banning a book from a school library and a government that makes it illegal to distribute or import a book throughout a nation.

Ted White's column overlooks only one important thing: lots of readers aren't art- and layout-oriented. The pictures and make-up mean almost nothing to me when I'm at a newsstand. The crucial factor that determines whether I buy or don't buy is how I react to glancing through the text, reading a snatch here and there, and trying to determine from the blurbs whether the subject matter or treatment interests me. I know that some individuals are influenced by the pictures and the way the page is laid out, but obviously there are many persons like me, or there would be a closer correlation between the appearance and the sales of the prozines. Of course, there is also the point that the type of illustration may be more important than the technique. The crudest photograph or drawing of a bound woman and a leering man holding some kind of weapon will sell an enormous number of copies of a detective magazine, I assume; I'm sure that art directors would have found another cover topic by now if possible, for they must be awfully tired of looking at the same basic situation. And I think



that Ted overestimates the difficulty of playing the notes in both jazz and symphony orchestras. Any musically gifted person who gets good instruction can learn within a few years to play the notes that are played by the best performers in either groups, and I have no doubt that any jazzman could play difficult symphonic scores and any musical conservatory graduate could learn to imitate the jazzman's notes if they are written down for him. But every musician who tries to live in both worlds fails to gain much respect in serious music because he doesn't show the subtleties which are essential to bring alive works in which there is little or no improvisation, and the serious musicians who try their hand at jazz are almost always disdained by jazz lovers because of inability to swing. I think that Gunther Schuller will hold a generation from now the place that George Gershwin holds in the affection of jazz fans today. It's the style, not technical facility, that is the difference between the hack and the expert in both musical worlds, and I don't think that interbreeding of the two types of material is possible.

There has been at least one year in which the convention situation was much like the hypothetical one Don Thompson describes. At the Torcon, there was no satisfactory bid for the next convention. The only two cities that showed any interest at all didn't win favor with the fans: Detroit was too close (even though this was before the rotation system began) and New York was considered too close to civil warfare. So at a caucus, someone put through a call to Charlie Tanner, and he said sure, come on down to Cincy next September, and that's how Cincinnati got the convention. I think that this is much better than the endless arguments and ill will over competition for the right to hold conventions, and I object above all to the practice of cluttering up fanzines with large reminders that it's such and such a city in this or that year. Fans use Madison Avenue techniques too consistently, for a bunch of people who claim they scorn modern advertising methods. We are probably destined to a few future upheavals over the site of the next convention, but I hope that the big ones are as scarce as they've been in the past. If you'll check back, in most years the decision has come with no particular turmoil. (I suppose this is a good time and place to apologize more fully to Washington fandom in general and to George Scithers in particular. Since my latest comments on this matter were written, news of their plans has appeared in several fanzines and I suppose it may be expected to continue in the future. The fact that a portion of this action is directly as a result of my comments isn't important--I was wrong when I implied that the fans of Washington didn't care about the convention since they had no competition to spur them on. I trust that it will be realized that the sole purpose of my comments was to inspire some sort of progress report of a more substantial nature than a micro-elite sentence on the back page of Fanac. (One extremely minor point, however: copies of Kipple #18 and #20 were sent to Richard Eney, contrary to Axe #20.))

ROSEMARY HICKEY  
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On fallout shelters: Isn't this a sweet waste of time? You're absolutely right. The little construction businesses are having a ball. They'll sell you whatever you're willing to pay for, and guarantee that it will meet your specifications (of course within the limits of what you are to pay for). The upper upper-classes have probably already built their \$400,000 bomb-proof, radioactivity-proof, blast-proof, fire-proof, etc-proof shelters, or at least all those who don't have the proper connections through their internationally shared companies



to be notified of what and when something is going to happen. Anyone lower than the in-group of the international set is going to have to wait for the government to create sufficient shelter areas for the population at large, or die.

It seems so pathetic. It's a little like the kid who is first learning how to play tag and is "it". He hovers near the goal, afraid to leave it for fear the other kids will sneak in and tag goal and be free, and yet he knows he ought to go out and chase them, and tag at least one onto whom he can bequeath the "it" crown.

Say we have a \$200,000 shelter in the backyard. It's been properly designed and adequately supplied with food and such to last and protect Richard and me at least five years. Even my home gym is there so that we can stay physically fit. Now that perfect shelter is in the backyard here where we live. Richard works a little over a mile away. He might be able to get to the shelter in ten minutes, if the adrenalin which he will probably charge through his arteries shows up in adequate amounts. It takes me a minimum of five minutes to get to my car, and, given a normal traffic pattern, fifteen minutes to drive home. (I think you can disregard the theoretical "normal traffic pattern," since a great number of people are going to panic and try to drive their Jaguar up a tree or somesuch. I suppose 25% of the people in the downtown area will utterly disregard the handy ~~exits~~ shelters and try to get out of town immediately, which means pedestrians stopping and confiscating automobiles, cars stalled and consequently abandoned, etc.)

The only safe use of the shelter would be for us to revise our lives, such as acquiring some sort of mail-order business so that we would be just seconds away from the shelter. Anyone who is at work 15 minutes from a shelter will remain there, most likely. That goes for the presidents of large and small companies, the postmen, the farmers, the clerks and the journalists. Maybe we could erect these structures with secondary uses, like sinking the amphitheatre down 200 feet, covering it with dirt, and maybe even building an office building on top of it. Of course, a number of tunnel entrances/exits would be provided. We have a currently useful building which would also serve to protect in time of need, Soldier's Field. With all the facilities it provides, think of a structure like that 200 feet underground. First of all, we'd have to have it closer to the loop so that we wouldn't have to walk from distant parking spots to get there and so that it would be more accessible in time of need. It doesn't do us any good now, though, sitting out there with bare field facing the sky.

Of course, these are just good ideas, which means they will never come to pass. So just join us hedonists, Ted. Eventually, we shall die. (Eat, drink, publish, and be merry, for tomorrow we may all be part of a classic hecatomb.)

I've been in the middle of many arguments, debates, and battles royale on the subject of education, and it's been rough. The traditionalists are afraid of change. The conformists who were real happy getting top grades with no sweat see no reason for changing the "system". The dummies don't see why the excitement, nor see what ought to be changed--school's just "dumb" and to be endured for as little time as possible and so what? This lovely generalization I apply to any student body, to the teachers and the hierarchy above them. Any attempt at intelligent lesson planning and class arrangements is easily sabotaged by such as are included in this generalization. That has happened in the Chicago schools where



"progressive education" was being incorporated. Fortunately, I was lucky enough to have had several years in the Detroit school system where the classes were segregated by the use of learning-speed tests. These tests were given every year. The "fast" learners were given more to cover and the areas of study had greater depth for them. The "average" learners covered the standard program. The "slow" learners had two teachers in the classroom and sufficient personal attention so that they did learn, did go through learning experiences in the classroom. And that is as important as "how-much-did-they-learn?" for the earliest indication of classroom delinquency shows up in the "slow" and the "fast" student, when, one way or the other, the feeling is expressed, "Ah, we didn't learn anything." A teaching experience in a school where so-called "progressive" methods were used, but where the classrooms were over-crowded and ungraded insofar as individual needs, is a most frustrating experience. It isn't as bad in a small classroom with orthodox methods because there is still some time available to work with those few who don't grasp a concept as quickly. But the largest frustration exists within the teacher who likes to teach, who wants to share the fun of learning, the pleasure that comes with understanding and the practice of good study habits, or of just the excitement of investigating an unknown area. The frustration comes about especially in grammar and high schools because of the structure of the school, as exemplified by the sub-heads, heads of departments, super-heads of various grades, the specialists, the assistant principals, the under-principals, the principals, and the red-tape rules and regulations which become so ornate and inter-dependent that the very purpose for which they all exist--the good of the student--is lost. I've been there. And phooey!

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Since Kipple #16--August, 1961; a very long time ago for me--I've come to regard censorship in a more serious light, particularly when I discovered the John Birch Society. So--let me try to communicate to you that I believe there is censorship in the U.S., by George. (You'll never know what a tremendous emotional struggle I had to go through to admit that...) Six months ago I very naively thought of censorship in terms of whether or not to ban "Tropic of Cancer," a book which I find quite boring. This was the extent to which I considered literary censorship unimportant. Even with my broad mental horizons, however, I am not blind to book-burning. "Book banning," you say, "is not a disease; it is a symptom of a disease." This is what I failed to recognize. As to whether it's true or not, I can only say "Maybe." We have only your word for this. This makes me wonder whether or not Dade County (a place I've never heard of, and which probably has quite a small population) is important as a symptom, or unimportant as a disease. Banning these two books was wrong and bad, but does this represent the decline of democracy in the entire U.S.? (Brushing aside for a moment the fact that Dade County is Miami, I would say that I answered this question adequately in the original article. Considered singly, these examples of book-banning aren't very important; but collectively, and considering other atrocities such as "Operation Abolition," they show a definite trend away from democracy.)

I wasn't at all irritated by your attempt to prove that "Brave New World" was censored by Wilson for scientific reasons, rather than being "filthy". Allow me to quote: "In a little grassy bay between tall clumps of Mediterranean heather, two children, a boy about seven and a little girl who might have been a year older,



were playing, very gravely and with all the focussed attention of scientists intent on a labour of discovery, a rudimentary sexual game. 'Charming, charming!' the D.H.C. repeated sentimentally." (Page 20) "And after all, Fanny's voice was coaching, 'it's not as though there were anything painful or disagreeable about having one or two men besides Henry. And seeing that you ought to be a little more promiscuous...' (Page 28) "And round her waist she wore a silver-mounted green morocco-surrogate cartridge belt with the regulation supply of contraceptives." (Page 34) I'm getting rather bored at qucting passages. Those that I've quoted are quite harmless, but insomuch as the sexual practices expounded by Huxley are opposite those of our present society, Wilson, perhaps a rah-rah-rah southern Baptist type, could have very easily--and wrongly--concluded that "Brave New World" was unfit for high school students. (But as I pointed out in the article, none of the officials connected with the banning of "Brave New World" or "1984" bothered to read either novel. In "scanning" (which Wilson indulged in before ordering the removal of these books from the libraries of all Miami high schools), it would be an astonishing coincidence to run across any of these brief passages. More likely, it seems to me, Wilson read the first few pages and perhaps a page or two elsewhere in the novel, in which case he would have immediately discovered the section (Chapter One) devoted to a tour of a "hatchery" by a group of high-caste students. ## But that is no excuse for not remembering the passages you quoted, a charge to which I plead guilty. Had I any recollection of those comments, I would have made a note of it in the original comments. You must have a mind like an IBM machine.))

Uffish  
Thots: Ted's conclusions, in his section of stf illustrations, are for the most part my own. Illustrations shouldn't detract from the story, and shouldn't be non-representational and thus independent. I think Dillion is on the borderline, and if I were king I'd let him stay on it--but then, I'm an extremely merciful individual. There is only one short paragraph which makes me want to take issue: "Stf illustration was made 'slick' and the mystery and style and reality was removed from it. Artists became convinced of their own superiority, and designed their works as one might hang in a gallery." Ted goes on to say that art worth being framed is not worth being printed as stf illustration. I think there must be poor wording at fault here: Ted says that reality has fled, that our artists "designed their works as one might hang in a gallery"--is this in reference to abstract expressionism? If so, I can think of only one artist who ever threw himself completely in that direction: Powers, who had some sort of ink-blot for one early issue of Galaxy. A lot of his present stuff has surrealist and abstract expressionism influence, but I think it is good cover work; if anything exudes an aura of mystery, excitement, plus reality it's a Powers cover. (The art of Richard Powers has always reminded me of the sort of nightmare a biologist might have after staring into a microscope at amoebae all day. But then, my tastes in art are rather stodgy; I consider Walter Keane about as abstract as I care to get, thank you, although I understand that Keane is not, of course, an abstractionist.))

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I was most interested in your comments on Africa and their politics, but I suspect that Campbell hit the nail on the head in a recent editorial when he said that the big countries would have to gobble up the little ones until there was one big one left with which we could negotiate. Personally, I feel that we should keep out of Africa altogether



with the exception of the Peace Corps, which seems to be doing wonderful work there helping them exploit and find their natural resources, and applying modern scientific methods to their agriculture and sanitation. In Africa they will vote with guns before they have much faith in the ballot box. And in South Africa, after the massacres and brutality at Leopoldville and the savage suppression of native peoples, I suspect that there will be a revolution that will make Haiti look like a Sunday school picnic by comparison. In most cases in history, the more brutal and heartless the suppression, the more brutal and savage the revolution and reprisals. I would not care to be in South Africa when the day of reckoning comes, and come it soon will.

Over-population can only occur through public and civic apathy toward the danger until it's too late to do anything about it. I wonder if you read "People," by William Vogt, on this subject? (No.) He has a lot to say about the exploding population and some of it sounds pretty grim. But before going into that I'd like to call your attention to some of Ellison's shockers about juvenile delinquency, particularly "Memo From Purgatory" and "The Juvies". Ellison tries to do a Mickey Spillane on slum child-delinquents, but nevertheless he places his finger on a real and menacing problem: that in our slums there are many children of broken families. Where one parent supports the children by working eight to sixteen hours a day and has to literally let the children grow up by themselves, there is no home life or environment to breed intelligence and ethics into the kid, and certainly a feeling of rejection, loneliness, and exclusion from society.

So he forms his own kid gang in defense against other juvenile delinquent gangs of nearby neighborhoods, and also for a feeling of belonging and being accepted and wanted somewhere. The result is kid-gang wars, employing guns, zap guns, potatoes embedded with razor blades; and dozens of kids are sent to the hospital disfigured or maimed for life, or to the cemetery. There are also vicious sex-habits and initiations, stealing to obtain money for their firearms and the like, addiction to sneaky petes, narcotics, alcohol, and the other things Ellison mentions as part of the picture of these kids.

Well, that's Ellison's picture. I don't doubt that he has exaggerated to some extent, but at the same time I suspect there is a great deal of truth in the sordid picture he draws of slum kids and their environment producing criminals. This is the first part of the picture.

Now we come back to William Vogt's "People". One of the things he said in this book that stuck in my mind was that by 1970, only eight short years from now, over half the children born in New York city will be born in slums (if the population explosion continues), of indigent or unemployable parents, born on charity, raised on relief; and they will grow up into criminals or unemployables simply because of the deadly environment that doesn't permit their minds and characters to mature as civilized human beings.

Well, Ted, this is the generation that is going to grow up with your children. By 1970 you will probably be married and have at least one child, or at least be expecting one. Do you want him to grow up in a society where over half the adults will be criminals and sadists? I'll be dead and buried by that time if the atomageddon doesn't finish me off first, but stop and think for a minute: What sort of a society are your children going to fall heir to if the present apathy and indifference continue?



Ellison's answer is to tear down the slums and give these kids a chance to grow up in a decent environment. This is a step in the right direction if you're willing to forget that these kids will still have the same broken homes and still grow up on streets in spite of living in housing projects.

Vogt's answer is birth control--highly publicized and promoted contraceptives, especially in slum areas.

Another answer, now that we are on the point of having oral contraceptives, would be to simply feed such contraceptives into the watermains serving slum areas. (You know, I think I'd prefer my children to grow up in a world of criminals than in a world that would produce an idea like this one...) Thus no kids would be conceived until the parents had the guts to go out and raise their income to the point where they could live in a better-class neighborhood. This would raise a furor on the part of the Roman Catholic church, but it might possibly be pushed through in spite of them. (Let me make it clear that I advocate contraceptives first on a voluntary basis; and if that doesn't reduce the birth-rate sufficiently, on a mandatory basis, with a system of fines and short prison terms as punishment for those who refuse. The latter is a measure which ought to be used only as a last resort, and I actually suspect that it would never become necessary. If only the contraceptives were made easily available at a non-prohibitive price, the birth-rate would probably decline sufficiently without necessitating laws and enforcement of laws pertaining to birth control.)

I was interested in Warner's letter on the possibility of a nuclear war. I just read a government pamphlet on the subject which seemed to have the idea that any little protection would be sufficient as long as you're weren't on ground zero. I wish you and Warner would read Wright Mills' "Causes of World War III," published by the Prometheus Book Club, 100 West 23rd Street, New York 11, New York. Mills claims that one of the hell-bombs we and the USSR are stockpiling now would leave an area of volcanic slag fifteen feet deep over a third mile in diameter area. Around this would be an area 100 miles in diameter exploding into firestorm and consuming all the oxygen in the air within its radius. Furthermore, the fallout from such a bomb would leave a swathe 500 miles wide for a thousand or more miles downwind where no blade of grass, no insect, no life of any kind would survive. On top of this, in a recent speech Kennedy announced he will have over 1300 such missiles and bombs ready to launch within a year. I can only presume that the USSR will have a like amount, since they are slightly ahead of us in missiles if not in atomic hardware. That makes a total of 2600 such bombs falling during the first three hours of the war. Can you imagine a part of the world that won't be rendered sterile by the fallout if not the fission?

It seems to me that the only practical fallout shelters would be the ones we would move into now and live our normal lives in. The fact of the matter is, most people are pretty far away from their homes during the time the bomb is likely to fall. The old man is at shop or office, the kids are in school, and mama is out shopping--and all more than fifteen minutes from their shelter. For the shelter-plan to be practical, the entire urban population must practically live in them. This means underground cities (at least 1000 feet under the surface), said cities to have self-sustaining ecology for years to come. Also, there would have to be a literal Noah's ark of plant, animal, insect, and worm life necessary to re-establish the ecology when they come out and to support



and feed themselves while they are reforesting, etc. A long hard struggle, indeed.

CHESTER DAVIS  
ADDRESS WITHHELD  
BY REQUEST

I wonder if Loftus Becker wasn't writing before he gave the matter any thought in his comments on segregation? He appears to be suffering from an extremely advanced case of foot-in-mouth disease. My dictionary defines "Restaurant" as "A public eating house." There are no qualifying parenthetical remarks such as "(except Negroes)" and this definition leaves absolutely no vagaries open to misinterpretation. A restaurant is a public eating house, period; it is therefore open to anyone who can afford the price of a meal, and who does not disrupt the demeanor of the bearery. Racial segregation in such a public establishment is de facto unconstitutional and should be abolished. It isn't entirely a matter of choice on the part of the restaurant owner, as Mr. Warner pointed out, but his comments contain within themselves the solution. If, in a predominately white section, a restaurant previously segregated decides to integrate, it will lose customers, perhaps enough so that it will no longer be a profitable business. It is assumed that these lost customers will eat at other nearby restaurants. Therefore, if all of the restaurants integrate the loss of patronage will be slight. There aren't many pro-segregationists dedicated enough to give up eating as an alternative to eating in the same room with Negroes...

These recent comments in your letter department on the worth of "rock 'n' roll" appear to fall into two categories, had you noticed? First there are the teenagers who enthusiastically defend their right to be mediocre, and secondly there are adults who compare this "music" unfavorably with whatever was popular during their adolescence. Dave Locke appears to be a prime example of the former group, and Bob Leman is of course the epitome of the latter group. What's more, the first group seems to have the preconceived notion that the second is made up of ancient fogies, while the second group appears to believe the first to be largely composed of illiterate children. This is all rather amusing to an outsider, but it's hardly a true picture of either group.

The vast majority of rock & roll is terrible, particularly the lyrics and the voices of the alleged vocalists. But insofar as most "popular" music is appreciated only for the instrumentation and rhythm, rock & roll is a rather successful and intriguing form. Note that I do not claim it is "good", nor that I like it; but it is interesting. But does anyone really believe that it is worth defending? I wonder if it was enjoyment of the music or simply a defensive reaction that filled Scotty Nielsen and Dave Locke so full of hellfire and brimstone on the subject. Their reaction may simply have been caused by a nagging suspicion in their minds that Mr. Leman was right, and that he would be proven right if they didn't immediately stomp him into the ground. Actually, of course, he didn't say anything startlingly new, and moreover a lot of his implications showed an ignorance of teenage society that is not at all atypical of persons who have no close contact with it. But my only real objection to his original article was the comparison with the music of his own youth, Glenn Miller and the Dorseys having been given as examples. Ah, what wonders doth nostalgia weave... I'll bet if Mr. Leman were to grit his teeth and try, he could remember some of the second- and third-rate orchestras which played in dance halls, the syrup-laden trash that appeared on minor recording labels, the 642 incompetent imitations of Sarah Vaughan and other top vocalists of the day.

40



The trouble is, you see, that the corner of the mind devoted to fond remembrances of the past retains only the very enjoyable memories, while discarding the unpleasant ones. Is it any wonder that rock & roll looks so terrible in comparison with the very best music of the last twenty years? People tend to forget that there is poor music in any period you care to name, but that the poor music of this particular era hasn't had time to be forgotten as yet. Who will remember, twenty years from now, "Her Royal Majesty"? (Who remembers, as a matter of fact, "Shake, Rattle and Roll," a singularly tasteless piece that was popular just about ten years ago?) That brilliantly incompetent example of mediocrity will be forgotten in 1970 (thank God!), but perhaps the beautiful music of this period will still be fondly remembered in that year: "Follow Me," "Make Someone Happy," etc., as will some of the so-called "contemporary folk-music."

The very same persons criticize the "Twist" while looking through the same dark-glasses. If it is sexual symbolism, then what do we call "The Shimmy"? If it is graceless, then what of the "Turkey Trot," undoubtedly the least graceful dance I've ever seen. If it is criticized merely on the basis of being silly, then what excuses a "Conga line"?

You see, rather different results are obtained if one compares the worst of this era with the worst of other periods. I'd advise it. (I see your point, and it is a good one, but does the fact that their parents acted silly furnish an excuse for today's teenagers to act likewise? I agree with you in the sense that Bob Leman ought not to criticize the current "younger generation" for acts his own contemporaries were guilty of, but that is merely his own forgetfulness and ignorance, and it is not a license allowing current teenagers to make the same mistakes. If my father committed a murder twenty years ago, does that excuse a murder I might commit?))

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That comment by Alexander King was both humorous and interesting. It brings up the question of the aliens' reaction to seeing their first Terrans. In the sf movies, the Terrans are invariably repelled by the unusual appearance of the inhabitants of other planets, and generally set out to destroy them. Will this happen when we land on another planet, or when some aliens unfortunately happen upon Earth? Upon seeing some horrible looking creatures step from their vehicle, will we immediately cut them down like flies and think nothing of it, since "God, but they looked awful. They must have been intending to kill us all."? (If Heinlein's theory is correct, then we shall, for he has built quite an impressive case on the matter. In that we are an essentially warlike and suspicious people, Heinlein feels that your hypothetical situation is the inevitable result of any meeting with an alien race. I can well believe it, particularly considering that militarily-oriented minds will probably be handling the first contact from both sides.) But when we land on another planet, being goddamn optimists, we will expect the aliens to us with arms filled with gifts and mouths shouting friendly greetings. Unfortunately, if the aliens harbor the same tendencies as ourselves, there is a strong chance we'll be transformed into pseudo-Swiss cheese before we have a chance to speak. Or we may kill all of them before they have chance to speak, if they appear frightening. This is certainly a strong point, and one so often ignored when thinking about space travel.

Adults (which perhaps I should place within quotation marks) seem to feel that if a child is educated in



matters of politics, government and sex, he will follow the wrong path. So naturally they attempt to suppress anything that tells the child what's what. "Don't let him know about it," is the feeling, "and everything will be all right. Instead, these things are gradually taught to the child indirectly, which could be worse. He finds out about sex by lifting a sex magazine off the stands, and in this way gets the wrong point of view. He finds out about communism and foreign countries which oppose us by hearing our blasts against them. This seems to me to be entirely the wrong way for a child to discover such things. It would be better to simply let him know about them and let him decide for himself. I feel that most children would go the right way towards our way of government if they knew all about the horrible conditions that arise from communism, as outlined in "1984". Surely "1984" and "Animal Farm" should be required reading. (You are right, but unfortunately most parents and teachers don't see the situation in that way. Both of Orwell's brilliant novels propound the theory that we Good Guys are becoming more and more like the Communists, and the "adults" in authority don't think the children (or anyone else, for that matter) ought to know of such a horrid theory. Oddly, by banning the books they are helping to make come about precisely what Orwell feared.)

I'm not violently pro- or con-fallot shelters at all. For those who want to go to the trouble to pay for or build something which almost invariably won't help them, that's their business. The system in "Level 7" was a good one, even if it didn't work. If that system won't work, I'm sure I don't know what will. But if a fallout shelter in a person's back yard will come him down and keep him from running around shouting that the world is coming to an end, I won't complain.

However, I do find myself disagreeing with Buck Coulson on insurance companies. Buck has made at least one incorrect statement: insurance companies do not make a profit from premiums paid by the policy-holders; they make their profit from investments. Without investments, insurance companies wouldn't exist. The policy-holder receives far more if he is in an accident than he pays in premiums. If the same money is placed in a bank, it won't get nearly as much in interest as the gain from an insurance policy in the event of accident or death. Insurance companies are about the best thing that ever happened to the American family, money-wise. Without them, how many families would be completely lost if the husband died suddenly leaving a wife and three kids?

GREG BENFORD  
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NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

I think the "I wouldn't want to go on living" attitude, as reflected in some of the press by the half-hearted excuses for intellectuals who currently write most of the commentary today, is basically an affection. Few people really care that little about whether they live. Do they imagine life in, say, 1800 was really that bad?

Loftus Becker's letter seemed quite good. He makes his points well, and seems most reasonable. Your statement of two issues ago in reply to my letter on fallout is well made, but wrong. The long-lifetime isotopes which are produced by the usual reactions are in very small amounts. It is of course possible to devise bombs which throw out a lot of long-half-life stuff, but there is little to be said for this from a military standpoint (who wants this stuff five years after the war?). Most of the scientifically-based objections to shelters have similar holes in them; even so, they are trivial objections. It must be admitted that shelters



will do some good, and as many have said, a small chance is better than none.

Although I have little background in this area, I believe as far as killing you without gene alteration, the effects of radiation are NOT cumulative. Of course, for altering your genes, the more radiation you get the more likely is a birth defect. You say Brown and Real estimate the effects of such a nuclear device would last 60 days, but fail to say whether lengthy exposure after two weeks in a shelter would be fatal to the majority--hell, "the effects" could mean anything.

Why doesn't an individual have the right to refuse service to anyone he pleases? (Because, as Coulson and Davis have previously pointed out, the restaurant is licensed as a "public eating house" and is therefore bound to serve the public--all of it.) I agree with your stand on integration, but the legal devices used by the Negro groups to force acceptance do not employ this concept precisely because our laws do not give a person the right to eat in any non-public-owned place--this must be granted by the owner. Your question, "to whom is it more tolerable to be unjust, restaurant owners or Negroes?" is based upon your personal concept of justice, not the justice embodied in the laws. Okay; change the laws. I don't mind your propagandizing for integration, which I support, but I seem to detect a note of thinking which says you are merely reinterpreting the laws, not changing them.

JINX McCOMBS  
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WASCO, CALIF.

I've been wondering lately what the reaction of a visiting Martian might be, should he chance to observe an air-raid drill. The report back home might go something like so: "The earthmen are apparently highly insecure. This is especially apparent in the younger members of the species, who are just beginning to learn the facts of their environment. After extended periods of 'educational activities' in groups, a sudden signal is given and all communication is stopped. The subjects completely ignore one another, and all drop to the floor, where they assume a foetal position and remain silent for a time. At another signal, the young earthmen resume their activities, apparently having gained strength from their period of withdrawal, and able for a time to resume communications. One can only conclude that earthmen as a species are very poorly adjusted to their environment, and highly unsuitable for civilized contact..." (Have any worthwhile science fiction stories been written around this theme, I wonder? The visitors needn't necessarily be confused by our air-raid drills, but the only stories I've read with the theme of aliens visiting this planet and misinterpreting everything they see have been a few miserable little short stories, the titles of which I have thankfully forgotten. It seems to me that such a theme could make a very fine novel, but if one has been written, I certainly haven't read it. (Now I suppose Ed Wood will send a list of 47 such novels just to prove my ignorance of the field...))

I was feeling very smug for awhile there--all those stupid Eastern schools making a big fuss about girls wearing slacks to school. Then last week a very funny thing happened. It snowed. For the first time in 32 years, the snow didn't melt the minute it hit the ground. It stayed around and got to be four or five inches deep, and cold of course. And there was my school's opportunity to show how sensible and intelligent they were. And what did they do? But of course, they sent home any girl who wore slacks or capris to school...

I've been trying to figure out whether



Scotty Neilsen was actually serious there... I am reminded of some of the arguments I get myself into--I get off a perfectly brilliant bit of sarcasm, and somebody always has to go and take me seriously... But I was griping about the miseries of being neutral in this sort of argument. Like the other day I came in and turned on the record player to play Clyde McCoy's "Golden Era of the Sugar Blues". And my mom turns to me with a look of long-suffering patience and says, "Now isn't that a lot better than that music you always want to listen to?" But--but--I'm the one who turned it on, Mom, I mean geewhiz... ((Any comment one might make is open to misinterpretation, and this is particularly true in fandom where dozens of people are hanging onto every statement and examining all its facets in order to see if you had any hidden meaning within it. Recently, for a minor example, Buck Coulson reviewed Kipple above Hypphen, Discord and Void, and I wrote to him saying that Kipple didn't deserve that high rating. I have never had much faith in Buck's ratings, a fact that has been a matter of record for years. But of course there had to be some noise in the peanut gallery, and it turned out to be Terry Carr, who accused me of fishing for compliments. I was not; I am far too conceited to admit even temporarily that my fanzine is inferior to another unless I actually believe it to be so. Incidentally, Terry ended his comments with: "Anyhow, Void is a lot better than Kipple, so foosh." I agree, but don't you think this comment should have come from someone other than an editor of Void...?))

You

quoted Brown and Real as saying that in our unprepared state an attack "would result in the death from fallout within sixty days after the attack of virtually everyone who had survived the initial effects of blast and heat." But I think this is not intended as a figure for the life of the radiation danger. I don't have any specific figures on the normal length of time involved in death from radiation; I assume it would depend on the size of the dose. But this quote could apply to a case in which no shelters were provided, and radiation doses received at the time of the blast (or within two weeks) were sufficient to cause death within sixty days. ((You're correct, of course; the next time I quote something to prove a point, I suppose I had better read it more slowly...)) This would not necessarily imply that the danger would continue for the entire sixty days--it might, of course. It might also infer that after sixty days there would be no one left; the danger could continue for another six months or six years, but there would be no more deaths because there would be no one left to die. You see my point, I think; the statement which you quoted doesn't seem to be a report on the time required for radiation levels to be reduced to a safe level.

I looked up Libby in our encyclopedia. He was appointed to the Atomic Energy Commission in December of 1954 as a radiation expert. He resigned in 1959, "to return to teaching at the University of California at Los Angeles." No further information is given. He was not the head of the commission, but he was a committee member for that length of time.

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Many people think that the deciding factor which made the dinosaurs become extinct was their size. Contrary to this belief, the dinosaur's two main advantages were his size and strength. These two combined helped him last about one thousand and a half years, probably longer than man will exist from this date on, what with all the atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs, and lately the neutron bomb, from which there is no escape. The



bomb bursts about a mile over the target, and the neutrons are spread over the target area (which is vast from that height) and penetrate any and all "protection"--meaning fallout shelters, cellars, caves, etc. The strategic importance of this bomb is that the bomb destroys all life, but leaves all construction unharmed. This means that the enemy could move right in after the bomb goes off, because there are no after effects. The perfect weapon? Yes, if one wants racial suicide. (You know, if Jinx McCombs hadn't mentioned your name in her letter, I might have thought that New York fandom was pulling my leg again. Dinosaurs existed for a period considerably exceeding "one thousand and a half years". The creatures rose during the Triassic period (205,000,000 years ago) and became extinct during the Cretaceous (135,000,000 years ago, reigning supreme during the entire Jurassic (165,000,000 years ago). This means that they existed for a minimum of 30,000,000 years and a maximum of 70,000,000 years--the figure was probably closer to fifty-five or sixty million. Also, not all dinosaurs were very large at all; some were only a few inches in length or height. The great size and weight of the larger ones was a definite disadvantage and a contributing factor in their extinction. They were too large to migrate when their environment changed sufficiently to destroy their food supply or natural habitat. (Most of the larger ones were either swamp-dwellers or at least lived near some body of water. When the seas receded, they were stranded, the food supply--lush vegetation or aquatic life--destroyed.) When the vegetarians died off, the food supply of the carnivorous ones was depleted. The mammals which were rising at the time were too small and swift for Tyrannosaurus and his kind to capture. So again, you see, size and strength were not advantageous.)

JUANITA COULSON So Jean Ritchie is the finest female vocalist in the  
ROUTE 3 field. Fine. I'm not in the field. I'm sitting here in  
WABASH, IND. a nice comfortable living room and I'd like to hear some entertainment if I'm going to be paying for the privilege, not just sitting down in the midst of weeding onions and listening to a fellow weeder hum a little tune. Who have you heard? (Well, aside from the two dozen second-rate "folk-singers" one hears on Baltimore and Wheeling, West Virginia radio, I have heard and rather enjoyed Odetta, Barbara Dane (country blues, but I think that ought to qualify as folk-music), Cynthia Gooding, Charlene Wills (strictly a local--West Va.--phenomenon, who has sung on a live radio show occasionally in the last year or so), Bessie Smith (blues, again), and probably one or two whose names I've forgotten. As you can see, my acquaintance with the field is not tremendously wide, and I suppose I shouldn't have stated unequivocally that Ritchie was the best in the field. I should have said, "Jean Ritchie is the best female folk-singer I have heard." But are such qualifying statements really necessary? My opinions are obviously based on my knowledge of the situation; stating the obvious is merely redundant.) I'd like to know your process of elimination. I'm not doubting for a moment that you consider Jean Ritchie the finest in the field, and I'm not saying that it wasn't after much due consideration and much listening, you have settled on Jean Ritchie as your favorite. That's entirely your privilege. And it's entirely ours to disagree, I'm sure you will agree.

Actually, in the field of judgment of voices, entertainment value, and ethnic purity in the field of folk-music, you will rapidly get in over your head. There are approximately the same amount of splinter groups and definitions that exist in science fiction...to the seventh power, at least.



We've gone around this partridge-filled pear tree with Bill Donaho and agreed on a difference in taste and everything's fine.

Of course, the same privilege of opinion occurs in all fields of music. I must confess that personally I find sneering at "pop" music on the part of fans, intellectuals, and whatnot irritating. I fondly imagine that my irritation stems from the fact that I like all types of music, or at least 99% of it. In other words, on a scale a very minute part of what I hear falls below the indifferent level of zero, and a very great majority of it falls well above into the plus category. This is the way I was raised. I was brought up in a household where music was preferable to non-music, and there were extremely few judgments offered on what qualified as "music".

Under this sort of conditioning, the personal quirk becomes the only factor. I cannot explain why Jean Ritchie leaves me indifferent (not anti-, just not positive) and someone like the Reverend Gary Davis can send me into finger snapping and feet shuffling and a really emotional response. I like classical music, rhythm and blues, and all categories in between and shot off to one side. Despite the humorous remarks to Buck, I even enjoy some hillbilly music--I prefer hearing it to hearing nothing at all. (I always fancied my tastes in music rather broad, but I don't think I'd care to listen to a music which is preferable merely to "nothing at all". If I can't listen to music I actually enjoy, then I'd turn off the radio and find something else to do.)

A loud, flat singer such as Paul Anka, or a soft, flat singer such as Fabian--neither of them seeming to know what's going on musically around them--will make me turn off the radio. Nauseous half-narrated bits of dripping patriotic bilge such as that thing by Jimmy Dean will make me turn off the radio. A teenage group that is moderately on tune but still doesn't know what it's doing will make me cut the volume. A group that is deliberately flat at precalculated points for a particular effect and quite emphatically know what it is doing--such as the Coasters--will make me turn up the volume and go.

Good rock & roll is not new by any stretch of the imagination; it's been around since long before I was born, and I'm practically 29. It wasn't called rock & roll; it was called rhythm and blues, gut bucket, race music, stompin', any number of slang terms in any number of sections of the country, and it's basics were practiced by white musicians as well as Negro. It wasn't exactly identified, then; it was a branch of jazz. Sometimes when you're prowling the 78 archives, give a listen to a thing done by Ray McKinley and the combo back in the late forties or early fifties called "You Came a Long Way From Saint Louis". Not rock & roll? What is rock & roll? (A louder form of rhythm and blues...) A dance? (A graceless 'jitterbug,' it always seemed to me.) A four beat with certain accents? Or a generic term currently applied to a certain type of music? Damn few people really know, and it usually means, favorably or unfavorably, whatever the user wants it to mean. A lot of people who like certain types of the genre will insist on the term rhythm and blues and put down rock & roll as anything in the genre they don't like.

"This isn't science fiction; science fiction is good like the Golden Era of..." (and here insert whatever period the speaker cares to choose, probably the era during which he entered science fiction).

Of course, as in all art, the work should be judged in terms of



what it's trying to do. Sometimes, this is extremely difficult--occasionally impossible. In the case of some modern poetry, much modern art, large amounts of modern music--both serious and popular--it demands that the consumer must study, must learn new attitudes, must get inside the medium and make a genuine effort to understand what's going on. This is extremely wearing if one comes in late. I had an unfair advantage in music, because I was raised from infancy to get inside the music first, then make judgment. Thus, I can now stack on a record player some Kabuki works, Dvorak, Shostakovich, Jewish religious music, the native music of Afghanistan, folk-music of the Hebrides, Afro-cuban hits, Ray Charles or Sil Austin or other big beat stuff, plus Chuck Berry or the Coasters, and enjoy equally all of them. ((Gaagh! That is almost like ordering for lunch in a restaurant a ham, cheese, salami, tomato, chicken, lettuce, veal, cantaloupe, lemon sandwich, with milk, coffee, tea, wine, orange juice, beer as a beverage. I suppose it is simply a difference in tastes, but I prefer to concentrate on one form of music at a time.))

Generally, I feel terribly sorry for people who can't enjoy all types of music. I can pat my foot and hum along with Leman's favored Miller area, and I can clap my hands and move with Bes-sie Smith, or soar to strange heights with Stravinsky, or explore strange little musical corridors with Poulenc, or chant yes, indeed. I wish I could pass out the ear, the feeling, or the something way down inside that makes it possible. It makes life so much richer. ((As I said before, it's a matter of taste, but the more I think about this the more disgusting it becomes. It is analogous to liking all of the people you meet equally; there are no special friends, not even any enemies, just the same carbon-copy over and over again. Speaking from my admittedly biased point of view, I must say I'm glad that there are entire genera I despise.))

DICK SCHULTZ

19159 HELEN

DETROIT 34, MICH.

After running through the last few installments of "A Song of Sixpence" (in my bare feet, yet!) I've come to the conclusion that a lot of fans of supposedly superior intelligence have acquired an amazing tonnage of pigeon-droppings about fallout shelters, radiation, etc. I am frankly astounded. Perhaps a little wordage on my part will help clear the air a bit. First off, regardless of whether one believes (as Kris Neville evidently does) that war is impossible, or that it is inevitable, one does believe that the danger is now from the Bomb.

The Bomb. What a wonderful term. It includes aerial explosions, surface explosions, underground and underwater explosions, explosions ranging from quarter-megaton tactical to fifty-megaton geewhizgolly bombs. The force of these varying bombs is in direct ratio to its power, but its resulting devastation is not. ((I should certainly hope that the "force is in direct ratio to the power," since they both refer to the same property. And will you please explain to me how we are going to be endangered by an "underground" explosion? I know that the CIA is blind in one eye, but I hardly think the Russians could smuggle a nuclear device into the sewage drains.)) A fifty-megaton bomb is not fifty times as destructive as a Nagasaki bomb. It is merely fifty times more powerful. ((As a matter of fact, it is not, since the Nagasaki bomb is considerably less than one megaton. It was, I believe, ten or twenty kilotons, which makes the fifty megaton device several thousand times as powerful.))

We all agree, I assume, that no one in ground zero will sur-



vive. But after that we come up against an awful lot of misconceptions. The facts are plain enough: Immediately after the bomb detonates, waves of power, heat and radiation radiate out from the center. They have a very fancy name for the area hit by the shock and heat waves, but not obliterated: the area of intense, medium-light destruction. In plain english, it ranges from even blades of grass being blasted like they were cut, to areas where you can find part of a wall or two still standing. There's damned little chance of surviving there. It would take the skin right off your back if you were in a gutter. But you still might survive. The first thing to do is to duck. If the blast doesn't turn your brain to jelly and you don't turn well-done before the heat (a wall helps a lot), you can still get clobbered by all the junk flying through the air.

Let's say that our man survives the bomb itself. And since the heat and blast waves radiate further from ground zero than the radiation, radiation from the bomb itself will have to be a worry to stick in the back of the mind until the time comes to think about it. The next danger is fallout. This is where a lot of ill-conceived information comes in. An aerial bomb creates the most destruction, therefore it will be the most widely used type. It throws an awful lot of fallout into the air, but not nearly as much as a ground-level or underwater explosion. An underground explosion will throw varying amounts of fallout into the air, but if it is too deep it will throw up the least fallout of any of them. (I admit this is a semantic quibble, but isn't it logical to assume that fallout is only that which "falls out," and therefore what is throw up into the air is only "particles"?)

The enemy will be using all of these bombs, of course, with particular emphasis on aerial detonations. But there is something you should know--the underwater and underground explosions to only a few hundred yards will ultimately be the most dangerous. For the fallout is not the bomb itself, but those particles of matter which have come into contact with the radiation of the bomb and are then projected into the atmosphere. You can see that an underwater or underground explosion would be tossing a hell of a lot more of this junk than an aerial bomb. A bomb exploded in the Holland Tunnel would make a strip of land extending to Boston unlivable, just from immediate fallout.

After detonation a number of types of fallout come into being. There is the immediate precipitation from the explosion cloud itself. These are the largest particles and the largest concentration of them. This is the strip that would reach Boston from the Holland Tunnel (assuming a ten-megaton bomb or better, of course). But another layer could be projected into the stratospheric prevailing wind currents. This is the cloud that has been running around the globe lately, the residue from the 50-megaton bomb Russia exploded a few months ago. It's been steadily leaking radioactivity on us all this time, and will continue to do so for some time to come. A third level, in the ionosphere, would drift the radioactivity all over the globe and make sure everyone got a little of it.

Obviously, the less powerful the bomb, the less gunk there would be blown into the higher and higher levels of the atmosphere. But gunk there would be, even from a Nagasaki bomb. And Bakersfield, California, or Nashville, Tennessee, or Fargo, North Dakota, are worth a Nagasaki bomb. Also obviously, when one realizes that we are still getting radio-isotopes rained on us from an explosion of some months ago, one wonders just how much good it is going to be to have a fallout shelter



that will keep us partially protected for a number of weeks. The answer, of course, is that it will be of limited use. It will put a little bit on your side of the scales of survival, but it will hardly guarantee it.

Most of the tonnage, the sheer weight of fallout, will come out in the immediate fallout from the mushroom cloud itself. Most of these products will be very short-lived elements. The cesium and barium and strontium elements will last hundreds to thousands of years, and obviously there is nothing to be done about them so all we can do is forget them and hope for the best. But the nature of the shorter-lived elements is such that a few feet of earth will absorb most of their radioactivity (and also create minute amounts of secondary radioisotopes, by the way). Given a few days to a few weeks, a majority of these elements will be below the danger level.

Given a shelter in which we could live for a few years, I'd be much happier about living in one. By that time, all but the radioactive elements which will outlive us at any rate will have died down. But the fact remains that a shelter will improve ones chances. This was the original idea behind fallout shelters: not to guarantee survival after the blasts, but to improve the chances of more people having a better chance to survive. A percentage, a chance, an extra roll with the dice...use whatever term you wish.

One point you forgot: Not all mutations are sterile. If some three-headed animal offspring proves able to withstand the radiation... Homo sapiens is dead, long live...Superman? (If some three-headed creature survives it won't effect my prediction that the human race is doomed, since three-headed creatures aren't part of the human race.)

No one seems willing to bring up the subject of misses and aborts in bomber and missile shoots. If the pilots can't make it to their target, you can bet your bottom dollar they'll explode it somewhere. And I can see Mr. Suburban musing over his Big City comrades being in the ground zero with himself safe and secure in his shelter. Then a tear in a tape sends Ivanokov IV homing in on Hicksville instead of Big City. Our Mr. Suburban will finally go around the world--a little of him will fall out over Africa, a little over India, a little over the Andes...

GARY DEINDORFER My mundane pal Dick Kunnas thought highly of Kipple  
11 DE COU DRIVE and tells me he will make all sorts of effort to  
MORRISVILLE, PA. write you a letter of comment. He tells me that upon  
reading his copy of #21 he lent it to a friend of his  
on campus, and that now it is being passed all the hell around Clarkson  
College, like unto a piece of incredible pornography. It seems that all  
these mundane types, these freshmen college students just learning to  
give expression to second-hand ideas, about on the level of articulate-  
ness of a twelve-year-old neofan, are amazed, dumbfounded, croggled and  
pants-wetted at the idea--the very hint of a concept--of an amateur  
magazine produced not by a school or similar organization, but by an  
individual, solely for the entertainment and/or edification of other  
individuals. (It certainly is a wonderful thing, isn't it...?)

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM THESE FOUR THOUSAND PEOPLE  
Don Wollheim subscribed to Kipple as a result of Dick Lupoff's review  
in Axe, if you can conceive of such a thing. Redd Boggs notes that his  
replacement copy of #20 arrived in good condition, and that Virginia



Blish used to live near Baltimore. Seth Johnson commented on the fake #21 before the real one, and claims that he will review the small, tan one in Miafan. Richard Ambrose subscribed because of a review in Fanac, which is a lot more understandable. Mike Deckinger hasn't received Kipple for some time, but submitted his article in this issue as a result of the parody issue. Lenny Kaye commented on Graham's #21; ha, ha, I suppose. Rosemary Hickey received pages 49/50 of her copy; the PO lost the rest. Les Nirenberg reports that Panic Button #7 will be out this month, and that material is badly needed. Steve Schultheis purchased some of my old fanzines. Redd Boggs postcards: "Kipple #22, I mean #21, came. I think. It is on green paper, which makes it possible that the 14-page issue #21 which came a few days ago is really the legitimate Kipple." Don Dohler notes that Wild #6 "will contain 40-46 pages of riotous material, profusely illustrated, as usual." Goshwow. He also notes that Kipple #21 appeared to be a rushed issue--the staples were in crooked.... Gary Deindorfer notes that I shouldn't have listed Morrisville as a possible convention city. "The best hotel in town is a two-story affair constructed out of paper mache--cheap paper mache." Vic Ryan says that he enjoyed the tan Kipple "if for no other reason than the exotic (NYC) postmark." Incidentally, this is a good time to mention that copies of the parody issue are available, free for the asking, from Pete Graham, Apt. #8, 635 East 5th Street, New York 9, N.Y. Betty Kujawa sent along a clipping which will appear in Q&N next issue. She also noted "I knew the one #21 for a hoax immediately. They had my sub running out--and I know conscientious ol' Pauls is the last fanned to goof on that." Quickly, now: Boggs wrote two letters and a card, other than those already mentioned; Kevin Langdon, Frank Wilimczyk, Ed Bryant, and Chip Fossa subscribed; Larry McCombs was too busy to write more than a four-page letter and two postcards; Walt Breen wrote a long letter which will appear in part next issue; Dick Bergeron sent a letter and a card; Dave Locke sent a letter and two cards; Roy Tackett, Lenny Kaye (twice), George Scithers, and Jim Caughran sent cards; Cal Demmon wrote a long letter, Larry Williams wrote another one, and Edmond Meskys subscribed. The letter carrier on my street is threatening suicide unless an assistant is hired.

FROM  
TED PAULS  
1448 MERIDENE DRIVE  
BALTIMORE 12, MD.

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