

THE *Wippnipp* REMINISCENCES #11

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APA* E # 22



APA*E #22 - The AE (or OO) lists 2 "contents" that I don't have: Gretchen Schwenn and Redd Boggs. On the otherhand it lists some pages which I did get (Black and Red) but didn't see him listed under "contributing but not attending". .tsk ts!

I now have three mailings accumulated so rather than tackle them systematically, I'm just going to rifle through them and pick on anything that happens to catch my eye. As well as interpolating any irrelevancy that comes to mind. Like:

VENUS RECOVERED: The NYTimes for Dec. 13 has a brief article which is of topical stnic interest. In part it says: "Most scientists have written off Venus as a planet on which life in any form could exist . . . A few optimists argued that the "sizzling" emissions might be coming from the upper part of the atmosphere [but Mariner 2 indicated that] the "sizzles" appeared to come from the surface, and it is suggested that Venus was too hot for life as we know it.

"Last week, however, a group at the Johns Hopkins University reaffirmed its belief that life on Venus is still a possibility. It was proposed that the faint radio emissions may be produced by lightning. Doubt was expressed that the surface could really be as hot as indicated by the radio waves -- some 800 degrees, Fahrenheit.

"Furthermore the Johns Hopkins scientist, led by Dr. John Strong, had found, through spectroscopic observations from an unmanned balloon, that the clouds covering Venus are formed of tiny ice crystals, just like the high clouds on earth. Earlier in the year they reported evidence of water vapor in the air above the clouds.

"Thus, they said, Venus has abundant water. Some of it must be split, by ultraviolet light from the sun, into oxygen and hydrogen. With water and oxygen, life could exist -- if the temperature were right."

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JOHN BOARDMAN: I liked your little parody Nig of 99 St. # I haven't taken in The Addams Family yet, but I watch The Munsters pretty regularly, and get kick out of it. I imagine that part of its appeal lies in the visual references to the Frankenstein movies, as well as the verbal ones. The Thanksgiving episode, for instance, begins with a shot of Herman Munster strapped to a tilted board, straining to escape. Finally, the bonds snap, he pulls away, stomps up the basement stairs, crashes through the door, pushes over a huge brick wall, and goes lurching down the street. Bewitched, however, doesn't send me. Elizabeth Montgomery is cute, but beyond that, I can't work up any interest at all. The situations are about on a level with My Favorite Martian, which is to say they've pretty childish. I disagree with your statement "No producer would think of putting on the screen a series based upon a Christian-Jewish ... marriage". It wouldn't at all surprise me to learn that some producer has acquired the rights to "Abie's Irish Rose", and is trying to peddle it to some network. Besides being a spectacularly long-run Broadway play, for some years in the thirties it was a popular radio series. And now that I think about it, the only surprising thing about it is that it hasn't been adapted for television. I will agree that a series about a Negro-caucasian couple is not only unlikely but virtually unbelievable. There have been, though, quite a few "discussion" shows devoted to mixed-marriage, notably on David Susskind's Open End, and on several Channel 13 specials. Admittedly, these are not network programs, but I imagine Susskind's show, which is syndicated, is seen in the South. It would be interesting to know if any of these have been shown there. # And speaking of TV, last week I watched Bad Day At Black Rock, a movie which I saw when it first came out, about a dozen years ago. It's a picture in the tradition of Shane and Quiet Man, in that it's about a guy who refuses to fight -- and a good part of the suspense is based on your knowing that there's going to be a fight, -- but when? Spencer Tracy plays a one-armed ex-GI, so when the fight is finally fought, it's pretty spectacular. Obliquely, this is an anti-discrimination film: Tracy has stopped off at Black Rock to look up a Japanese farmer. As it turns out he'd served with the farmer's son in Italy. But the farmer has been lynched, and the entire community is involved. It doesn't hammer in the "message", but it does make its point quietly and implicitly.

rich brown: As I mentioned to you Friday, I picked up a copy of Fountainhead about a week ago, mainly because I couldn't resist it at 30¢. So, I'll pick up on Ayn Rand at some time in the future when I get around to reading the thing, and possibly her For The New Intellectual if I can find a second-hand copy of the paperback.

DIAL 440-1234 -- is the heading of an editorial from (I think --I tore it out without identifying it, but it looks like the Trib) and it will be better to start it at the top of the next page, for obvious reasons.

DIAL 440-1234: "Now New York has one city wide police telephone number for the public's use in emergencies. The new number is 440-1234. Dial it from anywhere and the call goes directly to the local borough police communications bureau for faster response of both radio cars and ambulances. That's a great advance in this complex city. The police and the telephone people worked a year on the elaborate technical changes that made this possible. And it should be added that the New York Telephone Co. spent \$250,000 for the improvement. For this increased efficiency, all concerned are to be congratulated."

BILL BLACKBEARD: I wonder if you've read JWC's editorial in the current (January '65) issue of Analog? In it he presents a Randian argument, in which he puts down "environmentalists" in typically Campbellian fashion. Stated most simply, all of the conservatives' arguments amount to "You Can't Keep a Good Man Down". That's a false Premise, and if you accept it, then the Randians are right. It's currently fashionable to say that it's a lack of educational opportunities, et cetera, that keeps the poor man poor and hopeless. This is utter nonsense, as history proves in any number of instances you want." And he gives examples: Lincoln, Faraday, Steinmetz. Actually that's irrefutable -- because what Campbell is saying: Show me a guy who had the potentiality of a Lincoln, Faraday or Steinmetz who didn't make it. What am I supposed to do? Bring around some 10-year old from Harlem, and say, "Here's a boy who is a problem student, comes from a problem home, won't even learn to read, and is already hanging around with the junkies and delinquents. But I know that given a chance, he'll grow up to be a scientist and discover the cure for cancer." Best I could do, I suppose, is to point to Konstantin Tsiolkovsky who led a grubby little life in the provinces. The counter to this is, I suppose, that, though he didn't achieve fame and fortune, he did realize his potential. He did work out the principles of rocketry, and that's what really counts. Just as van Gogh, Cezanne (well, he came from a bourgeois background, so he doesn't really rate), and the other impressionists accomplished a body of work. But I think it would have been nice if they could have led more comfortable lives. It would have been nice if, even if they weren't valuable citizens, they should have been entitled to happier existences so far as environment goes. Because in their time they were just as worthless members of their society as the juvenile delinquents welfare clients of ours. What can be demonstrated, and what has been demonstrated, is that many problem students, who were considered retarded by their teachers, were being retarded by their environments, and proper care enabled them to bring up their IQs and competence. It's fortunate that the Campbellian ruthlessness with unrealized potential isn't the dominant factor in ~~the~~ government-administration. Hmmm - a final thought. What if Lincoln, a poor man's son, if he had like FDR been stricken with polio early in his career, have been able to become President, and achieve greatness? Campbell avoids mentioning it, but it does help to be a rich man's son.

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TOO CLOSE to the bottom on page 3, but maybe I can compensate for that while running the page. While I think of it, I have:

PROLEPTIC QUOTES #L - "Let us conquer space." (John C. Calhoun, in a speech, February 4, 1817).

dgv: A while back you said -- wrote, that is -- "I wonder if I would've voted for Goldwater if I thought he had any chance of winning?" I assume then that you think you were voting not for Goldwater, but against Johnson. But, in a very important sense, you were voting for Goldwater. Not for the Presidency, but for renomination in '68. Anyway, at the recent Republican hassle, Barry has been using your vote, dgv, to retain the leadership of the Republican party. Your vote, dgv, does count for something, after all. It wasn't wasted.

It's interesting to note that almost all of maLaise #6 is taken up with some sort of quibble that sounds parliamentary in essence. As is a section of one of Bill Blackbeard's pages. I suppose this sort of thing is inevitable when people with neat, orderly minds get together there's bound to be friction. I'm glad I don't have one (neat, orderly mind, that is).

Lupoffs: As I remember, DARKNESS AND DAWN was republished in the '40's in FFM or Fantastic Novels, with Victor Mature and Carol Landis on the cover. ## I imagine that the 14th to 23rd street area must be pretty different in 1912 than it is today, except for a few outstanding buildings. Or did England manage to avoid too many specifics? I remember in one of Jim Blish's Okie stories a reference to the Public Bath house on 41st street, which at the time I was reading the book was in the process of being torn down. That was about five or six years ago, and there's just a parking lot where the Bath used to be. Well, you know what Uncle Hugo always says on the back cover of F&SF. ## I wonder if Belmont will publish The Shadow Unmasks? It's sort of a basic Shadow novel, in that it makes startling disclosure about the Shadow's real identity. Does anybody know who the Shadow really is? Heheheh! I knows!

GOLLYGEE -- If I can keep going, this will become the first five-page REMEMBRANCER! Or even six pages? The mind reels.

dgv AGAIN: Shuffling around, I've run into First Draft #3 -- which contains a little stuff on the Congo (you have more somewhere else, but I didn't react while skimming it). I guess it was your hortatory anger with Liberals that sort of irked me. Your reference to "animals like that" reminded me of a couple of lines in Vachel Lindsay's The Congo:

Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost,
Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed host.

I'd say, personally, that the post hoc ergo propter hoc argument re Liberals and the Congo rebellion, works better if you go farther back. I'd say that earlier Belgian Colonialism was pretty animalistic, and it could hardly be labelled Liberal.

ANDY PORTER: Degler #25 - I, for one, won't shed any tears over the demise of Outer Limits: there was some talk this fall that the program had been juiced up this season, but I fail to see any improvement. The stories I've seen have been uniformly silly and at times downright stupid. When special effects were used they had all of the competence of home movies. As a matter of fact, I'll probably feel a vengeful satisfaction when Outer Limits gets the axe. I don't know whether there is any connection or not, but Twilight Zone was dropped right after Outer Limits showed up, with better ratings, and Twilight Zone was actually good. Not great, maybe, but compared to Outer Limits -- well, there's just no comparison. And so far as SF writers go, I don't see that anyone but Harlan Ellison is being used, whereas Twilight Zone did quite a few things by "our" people. Like one time they did Damon Knight's To Serve Man, and did it pretty straight and effectively. ## And speak of TV*SF-- did you see the adaptation of Flowers for Algernon a couple or three years ago? It was on a non-SF series like Dick Powell Playhouse or something like that, and was a good job.

LUPOFFS II: No, Pat -- I am the only living reader who has never read THE WIZARD OF OZ.

dgvIII: Poetry? When's the last time you ~~was~~ were at the Museum of Modern Art? Or any other fan besides Steve Stiles? Or even the Whitney?

All of the above was written in a spurt of creativity last Sunday. It is now Friday, 6:45, and I figure I can run this off in not too long a time. The question is: will I deliver? It is bitter cold, and windy, outside, and I imagine alot worse in Brooklyn than it is here. I think . . .

December 18, 1964

