

# Kipple

NUMBER THREE

If you have bothered to scan the colophon (hidden nicely away down in the corner) you will have noted Kipple's new subscription rate; if not, it will come as a complete surprise to you that I am now charging 10¢ per issue.

Originally, when Kipple was begun, it was intended to appear bi-weekly and contain only six or eight pages per issue. However, it soon became obvious to me that a fanzine revolving around controversy and discussion could not possibly retain that schedule. It is true that bi-weekly publication gets the opinions expressed in Quotes & Notes to the reading public while they are still reasonably current, but this is of small consequence in view of the long string of disadvantages. Of prime importance is the state of the letter column. One of the greatest sources such a magazine as Kipple can have for its controversy is the reader's comments. Two weeks simply isn't long enough for the issue to reach most of the readers, be commented on, and have the letters in my hands. Even if I could create a letter column using letters from readers in a 100 mile radius, this still creates a last-minute rush.

The solution, obviously, is monthly publication; however, coming further apart, individual issues are larger and therefore costlier. So I must charge more, although profit is still unlikely.

While on this subject, I think I'd better clarify my trade/comment policy: I trade fanzines on a one-for-one basis, no matter what the size of your fanzine. It is the most uncomplicated way of keeping tabs, and it should make all bi-weekly publishers ecstatically happy. Letters of comment are also worth one issue, no matter what the length, and postcards are good as long as I'm in a good mood.

Using this system, it is quite possible to get ahead of me. Redd Boggs, for instance, has issues 3-7 coming to him, even if he should fall into gafia immediately: 3 free issues, 1 letter, 3 trade. --TPPauls

KIPPLE is published and edited by Ted Pauls (1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland) for a select group of discerning Terrans called "fans" or "fen", as the case may be. Copies are available for cash (10¢ per issue, 3/25¢), trades, letters of comment, or contributions.

The number to the right of this paragraph is the number of the last issue you will receive unless you respond in some way -- if that number is three, you won't receive #4. --pauls

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# QUOTES AND NOTES

By the time this sees print, the news that a Futurian Society picnic was disrupted by several juvenile delinquents looking for a fight will hardly be news any longer. In "The Rumble", a one-shot published by Dick & Pat Lupoff and Walter Breen, the matter is first discussed in an amusing tone, then, on the back page, a more serious note is added. I shan't bother to quote the whole page, but in essence the writer is trying to convince himself that the fans did the right thing by leaving the area. I don't know who wrote this--it sounds like Ted White, but he is given no credit in the colophon, but the way he presents the pro and con it seems a pretty one-sided question. It is almost as if he were trying to alleviate his own conscience, by having everyone who received the magazine write and say confidentially "You did the proper thing, friend." According to this writer (and I do wish people writing in one-shots would identify themselves in some way), by leaving they (1) wronged themselves morally by giving in to the hoods, and (2) actually encouraged hoodlumism by giving it.

On the other hand, fighting would have (1) been bloody, even if they had won, (2) probably gotten several fans killed, and (3) endangered the lives of several women and one small child. Obviously, this far outweighs the puny points in favor of fighting; how much better to back down to a couple illiterate clods than lose your life. It's as simple as that.

More-  
over, there are not likely to be only three hoodlums if they were really looking for a rumble. The study of juvenile delinquency, its effects, its causes, and its adherents happens to be a hobby with me. If the "Missing Link" was really the leader of a gang (as opposed to the leader of an advance party), and if they were really out after a rumble, you can take my word for the fact that there were many more of the gang within easy shouting distance. Since the leader of a gang is a valuable "catch", he will never lead only one or two of the gang into an area mapped out for a fight, unless several dozen more are close behind. It is only common sense (which you must give at least some teenage hoods credit for) not to place your leader in an overly vulnerable position. The United States Army follows the same tactics with its important generals.

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I rather imagine the news that Sammy Davis Jr. and Mai Britt are to be married has replaced the U-2 incident as a topic of conversation with Joe Averageman. Unlike most of the people I've spoken to, I have nothing against inter-racial marriages. It is true, as some of the more discerning morons in this neighborhood pointed out, that inter-racial marriages, especially if the participants are as well-known as these, breed contempt. However, as I have tried time and again to explain (I keep up a running war with the neighborhood civic league), this is only the immediate effect. Considered collectively, inter-racial marriages may in time lead to further understanding.

It was decidedly unwise of Davis to say that he wanted children "black, white, or polka dot--just so long as they call me 'Daddy'." It is statements such as these which lead to further prejudice. The editor of the Baltimore paper is at least intelligent enough not to start a controversy over the matter. No letters have appeared on the subject, but I know of at least one (anti-) that was written, and if printed it would im-





# THE CHOPPING BLOCK: EXCONN

A FANZINE REVIEW

BY TED PAULS

According to the editor, Robert Lambeck, this is the last issue of Exconn I will receive unless I subscribe, write or contribute--it is also the first issue I have received, by some coincidence. Lambeck must feel he has a really worthwhile item here to use such a short-notice policy. I'm afraid I don't agree.

Exconn is one of those oddly colorless fanzines which are inflicted onto poor, unsuspecting fandom occasionally. It is a crudzine, but one which manages to conceal this fact to anything but a careful persual. There are two types of crud in fandom, of which Exconn is by far the least innocent. The first type crudzine is usually a first or second issue, poorly duplicated neofanisms with brash, all-encompassing editorial policies. It is this type of crud to which fandom has gradually become immune: poor first and second issues are generally ignored altogether by most fans, or perhaps the more hardy actifans will write two or three sentences of sweetly-phrased condolences and suggestions to rid their consciences of the thought that they aren't doing anything to encourage new blood in fandom. The second type of crudzine--shall we call it a Type Two Crudzine?--is far more subtle, and cannot be recognized as crud at all unless one is an especially observant reader, or, like myself, who once published a Type Two crudzine and knows the signs.

Exconn falls into the second category. From all outward appearances, Exconn is merely a slightly below average magazine which serves no specific purpose in fandom. It exists simply for the sake of existing, and no one but its participants care particularly whether it appears or not-- and for all I know, the participants themselves may not even care. Yandro was once such a magazine, and Twig Illustrated began as such a magazine. My very own and considerably newer Disjecta Membra also falls into this category, so I have some small amount of knowledge of what goes into the making of such a zine: It is published solely because the editor has the urge to publish. A Type Two crudzine may take many forms--Exconn is an individzine, Twig a genzine, and Disjecta Membra was a letterzine-- for its aims and policies are never really important, and its form is governed merely by the whim of the editor(s). Such a magazine can never really gain acceptance in fandom because it carries no impact-- other than the petty squabbles of DM-- and is forgotten as soon as read, if, indeed, it is read at all. And even Disjecta Membra contained an occasional memorable moment such as Harry Warner's excellent article on fandom, "So Big", which is more than can be said for Exconn.

This issue, number eight, leads off with a so-called "book review". The Fantastic Universe Omnibus, as untimely as its appearance may have been, certainly deserved more of a "review" than Lambeck's short paragraph of commentary on his opinions of anthologies. The review is sloppily done, both as a review and as a literary work. Lambeck fakes a literary style which is not in evidence in any other of his writings and manages to come

very close to purple prose. This writing is not exactly the polysyllabic pseudo-artiness that Art Castillo has been accused of (it isn't as good, as a matter of fact...) but it comes as close to false-fronting as William Deeck's style, which he publicly admitted was assumed as a gag.

Lambeck's editorial is more natural but unfortunately also rather fuggheaded toward the end. It is what might be expected in a typical first issue -- "This is MY goddamn fanzine and I'll run it the way I want!!" -- only this isn't a first issue. This fanzine has been in existence for eight issues, and yet still comes up with quotes like this: "Now as to the reason that I refuse to cater to the readership: As I said, I never intend to make a profit on this zine. Therefore, there's no reason for me to cater to your tastes. As I see it, eventually Exconn will gather a readership that enjoys the same type of zine I do. If you don't like the way I'm running things, start your own zine!" I don't think Exconn will ever gather a substantial readership which enjoys this sort of fanzine; there aren't that many Exconn-type fans in existence, thank Ghod.

George H. Wagner, a probable pseudonym, has an inconsequential piece of prose-poetry entitled "Archaeology" which really isn't too bad at all, and the accompanying abstract by Rene Donovan is the best piece of artwork in this issue. More work must have gone into stenciling that illustration than typing the remaining 17 pages...

The fanzine review column, aptly named "Butcherings", is by far the worst single feature in the issue. At the beginning, Lambeck admits that these aren't really "reviews" (as if we hadn't known) but are letter-of-comment-substitutes. The first few pages really aren't too bad -- four fanzines reviewed in two pages is really pretty decent reviewing -- but the next six pages review an additional forty-one publications! Although in previous issues of Kipple I have said that I consider all short fanzine reviews Buck-Coulson-Type-Reviews, I certainly wouldn't place these in the same category: Lambeck's reviews carry the idea to its very limit, and at least Coulson knows how to write.

The next and last feature in Exconn #8 is an abortive letter column, which could have used some editing, to say the very least. And this is the sort of dull, lifeless material drawn to a dull, lifeless fanzine.

Furthermore, Exconn contains some of the most sloppy layouts I've seen since Hocus began using lettering guides. Other fanzines (Such as JD-ARGASSY, reviewed last issue) type in all their headings, and I consider this simply laziness. But in Exconn's case, typed-in headings would be an improvement... Lambeck has and uses lettering guides, but he is incredibly inept in planning layouts; this is especially evident in the fanzine review column, wherein fanzine titles are lettered in for about half the column (after which they are typed; Lambeck evidently got tired...).

What more can be said about such a hopelessly dull magazine?

--by Ted Pauls

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"One of the advantages of being disorderly is that one is constantly making exciting discoveries" -----  
-----A. A. Milne

# THE *backdraft*

Text in parentheses such as these: (←is by the editor→) and should not be confused with deathless prose. TPP

## HARRY WARNER

This is most remarkable mimeography for a low-priced mimeo, indeed. I have doubts that you would get those results on really big editions. That was the trouble that caused me to stop using the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph. It would have worked just fine if I could have held my circulation down to forty copies or so, but reinking and splotches and such became a horrible headache when I tried to turn out a hundred copies. If you are producing 100 copies of this, I'm as wrong as I usually am. (←The circulation last issue was 43, and I just barely made it without reinking--some copies were rather light, at that. This issue, I have added a dozen or so, and I'll have to reink; if you have read this far, you'll know better than I the result.→)

You're lucky to get the Marion Bradley column, and I hope you keep on getting it. (←Marion's "column" was edited from several letters over the last few months, and I doubt if there's enough quotable, non-dated material left for another installment. Of course, if Marion should wish to continue it...→) The division of fans into circles, although just a trifle reminiscent of Dante's classification of the people in hell, is one that probably fits most of our mental classifications. But I don't have anyone in the first category, the two extremely closetouch fans; I suppose that the nearest I come to that is a fan with whom I exchange a tape at fortnightly intervals, but we rarely send anything other than the tape and if one is slow in replying the other has faith in his continued wellbeing.

I do dispute Marion's contention that I have a writing style. This is something that I've been arguing about with several other fans. I base my opinion largely on the fact that I have a pretty good eye for distinctive styles, and on re-reading old fanzines I have been completely unable to recognize my own writings when I didn't spot the name of the author before beginning to read, and didn't remember the subject matter. It would be more accurate to say that my writing gives a certain kind of impression, somewhat on the stodgy side, without reliance on the current fannish punchlines, and impersonal. This is quite different from a style. I'd also leave several fans whom Marion includes out of my list of those who normally write in a distinctive style of their own. I can never be sure which Young is writing in a Youngzine except when Jean gets going on one of her accounts of the things she has been doing, and I don't think Elmer Perdue possesses these days the style that he used to have many years ago. There's nothing wrong with the lack of a distinctive style, because many great writers have failed to possess one. And it's easy to mistake a certain kind of writing in which a person indulges occasionally for a real style.

## BILL CONNER

That bit about the Baltimore City Councilman proposing a law to ban short-shorts is amusing. The Fabulous, Progressive City of Chillico-

the, my home-town, is also currently in the throes of a fit of do-goodism. But none of our councilmen have their tongues in their cheeks. The council was serious when they passed an ordinance against "obscene literature", even though they realize it will be hard to enforce. The newsstand operators have been warned to get Playboy, Rogue, and other girlie mags off the racks. Sexology is also on the list. Oh well, these mags are still under the counter for those who really want them. Personally, I feel reading about sex and looking at photographs of nudes is a waste of time. Artistically and esthetically, I think that there is nothing more beautiful than the body of a healthy, well proportioned woman. But nudes should be the subject of ART, not cheap commercialism. Cheap commercialism is one of the greatest plagues of our American society in my humble opinion.

There's one big factor overlooked by the do-gooders. Most of today's young people go steady, or at least go with only one girl at a time. I do this myself, even though I would like to be free to play the field by dating several girls concurrently. Social pressure forces me to go with one girl at a time. And this is true almost everywhere in the U.S. As a result, many boys let their sexual frustration get the best of them and try to get kicks by looking at girlie mags. Well, this is better than promiscuity any day! In the old days, unmarried men could play the field, and if a man wanted to, he could always find a girl who was "willing" sooner or later. Then too, there were always the professionals... But now boys and girls go steady from junior high on, and the girl keeps tabs on her man almost as close as a wife! Gads, it's getting harder and harder to play the field these days. Oh well, since I'm an old man of 25, I suppose I'll be throwing in the towel one of these days.

I'll bet some fans were surprised to read the "Chopping Block" and find that you could actually bring yourself to criticize Ted White's fanzine, even though overall, you rate Void highly. Sometimes I get quite weary of the petty feuds and misunderstandings that certain Anglofans are prone to fall into all too easily. Any fan who talks too much about fans being homo superiors should remember that fandom has its own share of fuggheads. The trouble with most fuggheads is that they are partial thinkers, and "the running conclusion jump" is particularly prevalent among partial thinkers. These people also delight in seizing remarks which are capable of being misunderstood, and then promptly misunderstanding them.

## MIKE GATES

The mimeoing, layout, and general appearance was fairly good. There were no noticeable monotones in it, and it was not badly unbalanced. The content was another matter.

I was not repulsed by anything in it, and I did not notice any fuggheaded statements, but it seems to me that the idea of a zine is to express one's own ideas and those of other people that you have an interest in and have a desire to be made known. Of sixteen typewritten sides twelve were either devoted to Ted Pauls or about Ted Pauls. This may be a wise policy for someone with a large following, but believe me this is no way to acquire one. The fmz reviews were better than anything else in the issue (even Ted White) and reflected a discerning eye. My personal preference would be a zine of no less than twenty-five sides with much more diversified material. This would be far preferable to a monthly with little appeal.

Too, the lettercol should be the essence of a zine. I would prefer a lettercol

that did not dwell so heavily on your own fanzine. While comments from other people concerning your zines are valuable and often interesting, I am sure that other fannish topics come up in your letters that would be worthy of publication.

In summary I will say that you have a mediocre zine that, with some work, can become a good zine. Solicit for more material (Material is always solicited like mad), and use more imagination in the stuff you write yourself. (I could, perhaps, consume the rest of this page pointing out faults in your criticism, but this might give the impression that Kipple, a critical publication, is exceptionally thin-skinned. Instead, I will mention that you are evidently confused as to the nature of the magazine: Kipple is not a generalzine, it is an individzine, sub-type Alpha. (Mike did not receive the first issue with this explanation.) As such, it does not need twenty-five pages, nor does it need "diversified material". It is a small monthly magazine, devoted to criticisms of fandom and the mundane world as well (not to say that humor has no place in Kipple, of course). I welcome criticism of Kipple itself, which is why the letters I print are mostly concerned with Kipple or with a subject covered in Kipple.)

## GEORGE SPENCER

This is just a note to say thanks for Kipple number two. I really don't find much to comment on, but I feel I owe you something for the sundry fanzines which you have kindly dropped into my mail-slot from time to time. Frankly, I wasn't particularly impressed by most of the earlier material you sent me, and was beginning to form a picture of you as a small guy with a big spleen. This latest effort, however, is much more palatable, and your "chopping block" shows that you have a fine talent for criticism that begins to be more in evidence when you cease being preoccupied with polemics. (Frankly, I didn't think much of my earlier efforts either. And the only other fanzine which I can remember sending you was Disjecta Membra #5, probably my worst from a literary standpoint.)

When I was in high school, we had the same smoking vs. regulations problem (with the same results) that you mention. Where Korean and Japanese students rebel by staging demonstrations, students here smoke and fornicate. Personally, I can't help but think that smoking by people in their early teens is too often a rather pathetic attempt to be adult by grasping at the external symbols of adulthood, the way little girls like to walk around the house in their mothers' high heels. (This started me to thinking... why did I begin smoking? After considerable thought, I have come to the conclusion that it may have been for exactly the reasons you outline. I know that many teenagers want to smoke because it's "in"; the rest of the gang smokes, and they don't wish to be the "odd-ball". This is fine for other's reasons but not for mine. I am a staunch individualist, and I can't picture myself doing anything solely to be "in". Incidentally, I haven't acquired a "habit" of smoking; I smoke when I can afford it without damaging my resources too much and stop when I can't. I never noticed a longing for cigarettes any more than I might, say, "long" for a comfortable chair.

(I think it would also be untrue to say that I smoke cigarettes solely for pleasure. I get infinitely more pleasure from a cigarillo, and yet smoke of two or three of these per week. How about the rest of you smokers? Rob, Larry, Chick? What do you think is your reason for smoking?)

## DICK BERGERON

I liked Kipple very much. I applaud this trend to smaller sized fanzines, if only because I hope the editors will be inclined to write the contents of such fanzines themselves. I hope to find at least 10-15 pages of your own work in each issue. I much prefer this to a few pages of the editor's work sandwiched into 40 pages of other peoples' work. For instance, I'd prefer a 10-page monthly Hyphen written entirely by Willis than the larger semi-annual of the second-best humor in fandom led off by a page of the best. In fact, organized into a small publication, with letters added to it and perhaps a reprint or two, "The Harp That Once or Twice" would make a fine example of the Kipple-Retrograde cycle. (Gregg Calkins published one issue of a fanzine devoted to Willis' column and a short editorial, called Interim, but no further issues have appeared. ## I try to write about 50% of each issue of Kipple, but sometimes--like this issue--this is impossible.)

I don't mind if an editor concerns his entire editorial with talk about his fanzine. If he's a good writer he'll be able to make any subject interesting, even that one. Durbee and Willis and yourself can talk entertainingly about your own fanzines. If an editor isn't an interesting writer, it really doesn't make much difference what he talks about, does it?

I share your enthusiasm for Retrograde though I was disappointed in the issue you review. The first and third issues are wonderful but number two impressed me as a small, though tasteful, selection of other fans' material. Of course it's possible to express personality in a fanzine in this way, but it seems rather like smelling a rose through a closed door.

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM: LEE HOFFMAN, who digs Kipple but hasn't any stamps for letters. MARION BRADLEY, who claims that Kipple is the most interesting thing to emanate from East Coast fanzina since Dhog was a puppy, was mildly crooked to see her column, and wishes she could revive her old Opus fanzine review column, CRYIN' IN THE SINK. This column will shortly replace the Chopping Block, if Marion really intends to revive it. LES NIRENBERG writes the following: "I don't think any writer can develop a real style until he's written for at least ten years (though you can't really pin a date on this). As long as a writer has no style, he's learning, usually being influenced by things he's read and mannerisms of other writers that have appealed to him. When a style is fully developed, he stops learning. He's reached the point where he feels he can stand on his own two feet." Quasi's because of editorial cramming, which was quite necessary here on line forty-eight. Les also liked Uffish Thots, Quotes & Notes (though, he says, "people are naturally going to compare it with Boggs' work and here it won't have a chance"), and says he still thinks that my argument with Sanderson is going to turn into a feud. Unlikely, since it takes two to argue as well as communicate... WALTER BREEN asks if WOKLpress means "World's Only Kiplers, Ltd." Write Andrew T. Young for details on meaning, Walt; he's my assistant editor in charge of Varied Details. Walter also comments on Ashley Montagu and brain size, which will probably appear next issue. And he didn't think most of Mez Bradley's column was unusual, let alone controversial. "Probably every faned has a somewhat similar classification ((of fans)) without being so articulate about it. I certainly do" he comments.

fini

# IF DAUGHERTY DARED

The New Yorker ran a little story once about the day when the law of averages suddenly failed. Everyone in New York wanted cube steak for dinner, one of the bridges over the Mississippi got all the traffic from three or four states, and every pregnant woman who was at least seven months gone started to go into labor simultaneously. It was a rough day, but only recently has it occurred to me that fandom could conceivably undergo an even worse terror.

Just suppose that all of a sudden, a wave of energy swept over all fans, active and inactive, and all of the projects that fans have thought up suddenly came into fruition. My friends, that would be the end of fandom as we know it.

At a guess, I'd say that only about half of today's active fans have hearts and minds strong enough to stand the shock, if Walter J. Daugherty suddenly produced the tremendous fanzines he announced, if the four collected sets of volumes containing the works of Walter A. Willis came slithering out of mimeographs simultaneously, and if the former fans who edited prozines carried out their intention to run first-rate stories.

Some fans have already undergone even worse trauma than this presumed one, and might survive the crystallization of the shattered reams of fandom's past. But they wouldn't last long, either. Bankruptcy would get them promptly. Kindly oblivion has enabled me to forget many projects that began grandly and bravely in the mind of this or that fan down through the years, but there have been dillies among them that no fan could resist investing in. And if you think that fans are always broke nowadays, just think how they'd be if things like these came into being:

Microfilmed sets of the rarest fanzines and prozines of past years. (This was once a NFFF project. We got far enough along to obtain some literature from Eastman Kodak and the offer of a loan of a camera. Yeah, we. I was among them, in those days.) A fat and luxurious volume that included the biography and photograph of every person who had written for the prozines in recent years. (I can't recall who was back of this idea, but the individual sounded so sure of his success that I sent him a snapshot and some personal data.) A seriously thought-about fan colony in which everyone would pool incomes, buy and live cooperatively, occupying at the start one or more large apartment buildings, eventually expanding to include an entire city block. (The Battle Creek Colony had this idea during the early 1940's, got far enough along in it to have three fan families living in the same house, but never were able to spread the gospel sufficiently to get enough additional adherents to start a real colony.) Fan cars on railroad passenger trains for convention travel purposes. (This called for hiring an entire coach for passengers from some general region to the convention city, decorating it inside and out with fan-nish symbols and signs, and gaining much publicity. Thought up repeatedly in April or May, abandoned as repeatedly by July, back in the years when fewer fans had access to autos.)

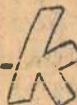
Then there were the fan-nish projects that actually started to get off the ground, but collapsed before they could bring further clutter into attics and negative balances into bank accounts. Sully Roberds, back in about 1939, adver-

tised a recorded fanzine on phonograph records. I think he actually produced an issue or two, the first fanzine with round edges. A little later came the Fantasy Foundation, Ackerman's grandiose attempt to set up a permanent library of fantasy materials in some major existing institution until such time as it could have a building of its own. The last I heard, the things that were contributed to it were still gathering dust in the Ackerman garrage. National publicity for fandom has been tackled several times, never with productive results. But it's fascinating to think how fandom might have become entangled with payola if Doc Barrett had succeeded in his efforts to get a science fiction category on the \$64,000 Question.

The strangest thing about these grandiose projects that died a-borning or lived only a short and puny lifetime is the fact that many of them were no more difficult or expensive than certain things fandom has accomplished. The sums involved in sponsoring a world convention or bringing a TAFF delegate across the ocean are greater than the expenses that would have been incurred in getting off the ground a lot of these other projects. In many cases the individuals who failed miserably with the forgotten projects scored quite impressive successes by helping out with the ones that have succeeded. The reasons that elaborate projects fail can't be the amounts of time involved. It takes less time to prepare some books for the printer than to publish a large mimeographed annish.

I suppose that the answer is simply that mysterious little critter, the zeitgeist, the spirit of the times that causes a Tom Paine or a William Shakespeare to pop up when least expected but most needed. One foolish-sounding project succeeds when another of equally dubious stature flops miserably, simply because fandom was ready enough for the former to encourage or help out its originator. It means some disappointments, but at least it's cheaper than it would be if all projects succeeded in fandom.

--Harry Warner Jr.



FAN-LIBRARY DEPARTMENT:

the top shelf

being capsule reviews  
of ye ed's favorite  
books of and otherwise.

The major recommendation for Lester del Rey's collection, "...and some were human", is the original version of Nerves. It runs less than 100 pages and is consequently far superior to the paper-back version. The action is somewhat crammed, but this is only fitting considering the story-line. Other stories include: The Day Is Done, The Luck Of Ignatz, and Helen O'Loy. ### "Beat, Beat, Beat" is a collection of cartoons, most of which are superbly humorous, pertaining to the Beat Generation. William F. Brown, the cartoonist, only rarely lowers himself to pot-shooting, a commendable virtue in these days when even Red Skelton is making money as a Beatnik. ### On the other hand, Albert Zugsmith's "The Beat Generation" is a very poor attempt to commercialize on the trend. Apart from the title, this novel has little to do with the Beat Generation. It pertains to a rapist who lives among the Beats for camouflage purposes, and only seldom do we get an actual glimpse into the society of the Malibu Pad, so-called. Most definately

not recommended to the average slant. ### "Big Planet" by Jack Vance is more or less standard horse-opera on a scientific setting, and the hero of the epic, a rugged Terran with the mildly improbable name "Claude Glystra", is cut from thin cardboard. Nevertheless, "Big Planet" is an enjoyable, if somewhat juvenile, work. ### After my comments in The Chopping Block of the last issue, J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye" deserves a more thorough review than I can give in the few lines allotted it. Unfortunately, there isn't space for such. I think that the tone of the book can be summed up and the character of the central figure understood by quoting one passage: "I think, even, if I ever die, and they stick me in a cemetery, and I have a tombstone and all, it'll say 'Holden Caulfield' on it, and then what year I was born and what year I died, and then right under that it'll say 'F--- you.'" ### Reams have been written on Verne's "Earth to Moon" and I have no intention of adding my share. ### "Kids Say the Darndest Things!" is of interest more for the Schulz illustrations than for anything else. The volume suffers most of all when Art Linkletter plays the Amateur Child Psychologist; the quotes themselves really aren't too bad, although such things are doubtless more laugh-provoking in person than on paper. ### I can hardly recommend Ashley Montagu's impressive volume on anthropology "Man: His First Million Years" to just anyone, because the book is likely to become boring very quickly unless you share my fascination for the study of anthropology. And if you share this fascination, the book will already be a part of your library. ### On the other hand, I can certainly recommend Jack Douglas' "My Brother Was An Only Child" to anyone. It is hard to decide whether Douglas is better in his whackier moments--as characterized by Chapter 34, Doctor Murgeon, the Virgin Surgeon--or when he is relaxing in the relatively saner mold of the pseudo-E.B.White--such as Chapter 58, Society Page. In any event, you will find this book, though slight, highly entertaining and in more than one case, highly thought-provoking. ### After having read Orwell's "1984" for the second time a few months ago, I began to think how much closer the world of 1960 is to his prediction of the future than the world of 1949, when this book was written. It frankly appalled me. I find it possible, if not probable, that the world of twenty-four years hence will be as Orwell pictured it. And this possibility is enough to worry anyone... ### "On The Road" is not necessarily "the bible of the beat generation" as it is blurred, nor is Kerouac the "great, new writer" that some proclaim him. But the book definitely has a message, and with a little digging it is possible to find it. ### The complete set of seven "Peanuts" books, 866 pages of the best cartoons I have ever seen; an additional two hundred strips clipped from the daily papers. If you aren't already acquainted with Charlie Brown and his circle of friends, I don't see how you can bear life. ### Speaking of E.B.White as I was a few lines ago, his collection "Quo Vadimus or The Case for the Bicycle" is certainly worth searching old bookstores for. Although the chapters were written between 1927 and 1938, they are surprisingly timeless, and still convey the same wonderful feeling that they did when originally published. ### "The Royal Vultures" by Sam Kolman and "Saturday Night" by James T. Farrell both concern the same subject (juvenile delinquency), although the former is fact and the latter fiction. They are rather good and surprisingly bad, respectively. Farrell, although a good fiction writer, cannot hope to match "The Royal Vultures" in pure interest if you happen to be interested in juvenile delinquency. Nor could I recommend "aturday Night" for pure-pleasure reading--it is likely to disturb the reader, not please him.

--Ted Pauls

# POPULAR MUSIC: A DISEASE

BY TED PAULS

The scene is a typical basement of a newer house, divided into two rooms. Twenty to thirty teenagers sit or lounge on chairs, tables, anything available which will support their weight. The room in which they sit is well lighted in contrast to the completely darkened back room, and the chairs and tables are strung out along the walls with a large open area in the middle of the room. From somewhere beneath the chairs someone produces a stack of 45rpm records and arranges them on the turntable of a nearby portable phonograph. Silence grips the assembled "leaders of tomorrow" as the phonograph is switched on. Silence still dominates the group as the first record drops into playing position.

Suddenly there is a terrible blast of sound from somewhere within the bowels of the phonograph. As the blast fades out and a young, strong mongoloid idiot drags a stick along a picket fence, the assembled teenagers rise as a single body, choose partners, and begin to do a wild, frenzied dance. Every twosome does a slightly different thing and there is no reason to believe that they are aware of anyone else dancing. Miraculously, there are few collisions.

The playing records have been carefully chosen by a host/hostess who could one day be a magnificent group psychologist; the tunes begin rather tame, but as record upon record plays it is obvious that the heat of each becomes wilder, more frantic. Two hours pass, during which time there has never been a break in the continual dancing. If one couple decides to rest, another immediately takes over. During this time, your editor, as a non-dancer, has been playing the wallflower. But now, as the ultimate end approaches, I take up a position with a view of both rooms. I have no press card stuck in my hat (not wearing a hat, as a matter of fact) but several of the group know of my ayjay activity and glare nastily in my direction. The lights are dimmed and the last record--a long instrumental--is placed on the turntable, and the switch is depressed. The only thing visible in the dark room is the glow of cigarette tips and the faint illumination from an outside street light.

At first, one hears only the plinkplinkplink of a piano, but this is suddenly drowned out by the bash of drums. The drums continue for perhaps thirty seconds, during which time anyone with the necessary strength rises and begins dancing--in this case, wild reptilian contortions. A glass clatters to the floor but no one bothers to pick it up. In front of me is a solid sea of bodies, some sneaking into the back and some preferring to crawl under the tables at the sides of the room. Bongo drums suddenly take over the recording, and strange groans, sighs and shrieks fill the room, barely audible over the drums. A girl sits or is pushed down into my lap, interfering for a moment with my concentration on the sounds around me. "You're sitting on me," I remind her, not too politely. She laughs a tinkling laugh, takes a cigarette from between my lips, and walks away with it. As the recording came to an end, I lit another smoke, this time a cigarillo, which I'm fairly sure won't be confiscated.

For perhaps ten minutes after the record came to an end, no one moves. The lights remain off, and only light, unidentifiable sounds are heard: labored breathing, close at hand; the

hollow "click" of half-empty glasses being replaced on tables. When the lights went on, couples were walking/staggering out. I left, then, thoroughly disgusted with the whole procedure.

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The scene I have just related is an actual one, typical of many so-called "Rock 'n' Roll Parties" held by teenagers in this and other cities. It is proof conclusive that the music and effects caused by the music are a contributing factor in juvenile delinquency. The sight of girls in their early teens getting drunk and making out with the first boy they see disgusts me even more than the sound of the music itself. It is from these parties that the germs of delinquency spring: fast ideas for raising the funds necessary to stage such a gathering; knife-fights brought on by drunkenness; prostitution-for-a-profit; illegitimate babies born to fifteen year old girls.

This is not a picture of all parties held by young people, of course, nor even the majority. I have attended teenage parties which could set a good example for a tea party. But the fact that such a party as I have described exists in this middle-middle-class neighborhood is shocking. The theory has always been that juvenile delinquency was spawned by slums, broken homes, and poor opportunities. The more vicious kind is, I agree, but I'm not so sure that the juvenile delinquency spawned in good neighborhoods isn't far more dangerous by virtue of being least expected. Most of the attendees of the party covered above live in modern housing developments; they have two parents who spend as much time as possible with them and a couple of dollars in their pockets. Yet with all this they turn to petty crime. They steal things that they could just as easily buy; girls with an ample amount of money prostitute themselves for a few dollars.

I contend that the reason for these actions is a false-rebellion bordering on mass hypnotism, induced by the music they choose to venerate. The circle of teenagers who lose themselves in the frenzied jumble of sound called "music" are the equivalent of a religious sect, with candy stores as their church and long-hair gyrators as their gods. Their minds are as sick as those of the self-proclaimed "Beatniks", and they should be treated as mental incompetants, as indeed they are. But this cannot be done until the fanatic devotees of Rock 'n' Roll are weeded out from those whose interest is more passive, and this is going to be a long, hard job.

The problem is threefold: it is impossible to separate the fanatical cult-members from the genuine rebels and those teenagers who are stupid enough to actually enjoy the music; it is further impossible to separate these from the conformist element who fear being left out of the crowd if they profess a dislike for the music.

It is pathetic to note that the individual components of this latter group are very often the most intelligent and discerning teenagers. It is probable that they don't quite feel a part of the group in the first place, and realize that by giving their truthful opinion of the music they would be even farther alienated. In their loneliness, usually acute minds are liable to function along different lines than reality, and so they figure "Well, I despise that catterwauling, but what harm will it do if I just don't mention it?". The urge toward passiveness and compromise with social practices is inborn in the mind of every human, although it is often not developed to any extent until adolescence. For instance, where a small child will not profess to like something he actually hates mere-

ly because the majority happens to favor it, a teenager will and does. This conformist element is only con-fusing, not dangerous; it is in the remaining three groups that the danger lies: (1) the fanatics who are mentally incapable of allowing any attitude other than their own. (This usually carries over into fields other than music, which makes it dangerous.) (2) the rebels; those who "dig" R&R in spite of and because of their elder's dislike. They are conformists too, but in an entirely different manner; they conform to non-conformism. (3) the illiterates, who are too stupid to like good music; who laugh at Armstrong and Beethoven in the same breath, simply because they cannot comprehend either.

Group one is the hoodlum element. They exploit the other groups for their own advantage. Oddly, a lot of this group are adults: the crooked disc jockeys, the public relations men, the hollywood producers. The teenage faction of this group resorts to more down-to-earth methods of cashing in on the trend: prostitution, narcotics, cheap whiskey, etc. It is this group which must be destroyed before juvenile delinquency can be halted. This is the beginning of hoodlumism, and it is only in the beginning that such a thing can be stopped.

Chances are that the members of Group two lead an unhappy home-life, and they turn to R&R as a means of revolting against parents. The more the parents protest the deeper grows the interest of the teenager. No good can come of this mutual stubbornness, but it is nevertheless practiced in many homes.

Group three is one to be pitied. They are simply too stupid to appreciate anything but the most obvious music. They would feel the same blankness toward Marion Bradley's operettas or my Storyville jazz. This group is beyond any help which might be given them, and can only be tolerated.

--Ted Pauls



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