

# Kipple 12

APRIL 10, 1961

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## EDITORIAL

I somehow feel as if I should shout "Surprise!" because of the relatively small size of this issue. For three or four issues, I had been prophesizing in my editorials that the "next issue" would be quite a bit smaller. This never actually turned out that way, and in one case the "next issue" I referred to was quite a bit larger. So last issue in my editorial, I didn't make any comment one way or the other about the size of this one. It worked. Evil fans who had heretofore been doing everything in their power to make sure Kipple was unmanagably large (such as contributing material so good I couldn't reject it, and writing six-page letters), were lulled into a false sense of security by my silence and didn't bother to exert themselves.

Someone, I don't recall who, commented that while he liked 52-page issues, 24 pages of Kipple per month would be quite nice. This forgotten fan is getting his wish with this, and possibly next issue, for the "material" stack hath runneth low. And, more important, so has the filthy lucre stack, I am now faced with a decision: (1) I publish three or four more 50-60 page issues and then quietly gaffate to eight months, or (2) I publish 24-page issues month after month into infinity. I have chosen the second alternative, on the premise that a short Kipple is better than none at all. It's a question, in other words, of blowing my wad all at once or spreading it over a long period. The main advantage with the second alternative is that when my money runs out over a period of say, eight months, a new supply will be incoming; on the other hand, if I spend it all on three issues, I am left without the means to publish for four or five months. I think everyone will agree that the second alternative is the best for all concerned.

This cut in size means that some material will have to be cut. One of the fanzine review columns, for example, must be scrapped. After due deliberation and scannings over letters of comment on the last six issues, I have decided to scrap The Chopping Block and retain Marion's column. As for other material, this new size will only mean that material may not be printed quite so swiftly as before, depending on what I have on hand. Next issue, for example, will have an article by Bob Lichtman, and I'd like to get another article from someone. If more than two new pieces of material arrive, one will be held over until #14.

--Ted Pauls

# quotes

A COLUMN BY

AND

TED PAULS

# notes

## EN GUARDE, BUCK COULSON!

Occasionally, it is said, negative egoboo is better than no egoboo at all. While this may be true, I hardly think the fannish philosopher who first uttered this witticism had a negative piece of criticism such as the editorial in Yandro #98 in mind. I have said in past issues that an unfavorable response to something I have said or printed is better than no response at all, but I am not so sure I'd be willing to stand by that statement in view of Coulson's comments in Yandro. In this case, the response is not an honest criticism which could be delt with or argued, but rather a series of sharp jabs and sarcasms which have little or no relation to what Coulson seems to disagree with me about. It will be more trouble than it is actually worth to point up all the misconceptions and to extricate the barbs from my tough, editor's hide. To put it into words of as few syllables as possible, this is one ship which is not worth the powder and shot it would take to blow it up; unfortunately, I have no alternative but to try.

"We might note," says Coulson in regard to my refusal to vote in the Fanac Poll, "a similarity here to a spoiled ten-year-old picking up his toys and sobbing his way home because the gang won't play according to his rules." This comment is a cleverly biting sarcasm, but it is hardly a good analogy and completely misrepresents my reasons for not voting on the Poll. Though I would hardly expect Coulson to believe this, I would not have placed Kipple on the Top Ten even if I had been able to vote for it. Even if this is true, Coulson won't believe it, so I had better find another way to defend my right not to vote. The fact is, if I had really cared to vote, I could have bypassed the bottle-neck of voting for Kipple (in this purely hypothetical situation, since I have already stated that I wouldn't have) by placing Panacrea in the place I would like to have voted for Kipple. This couldn't possibly effect the placings of the fanzines, since Panacrea doesn't exist.

But I didn't vote in the Poll, even though I could have used this hoax-fanzine as a way to prevent my votes from being misrepresented. This would have changed my specific case, but it would not have changed the principle, and it is the principle to which I object.

This out of the way, I suppose I ought to devote some space to the half-dozen irrelevant comments that Coulson so heartily hurls my way. Here we see him commenting, for example, that the most pleasurable fanzine ("the fanzine which gives the most pleasure to the most people") is the #1 zine. I don't know if Buck really believes this, or if he just said it to annoy me, but in either case it

isn't true, as a glance at the last two Fanac Annishes ought to show. In both cases (I refer to 1959 and 1960, not having received the third as yet) Fanac won its own poll. There are a lot of good things which can be said for Fanac--most of them revolving around the fact that it is informative--but it is hardly as "pleasant" as, say, Oopsla or Hyphen or Innuendo or Warhoon or many others. It is informative, interesting, indispensable, but not pleasurable particularly.

And here we have the granddaddy of all misconceptions: Coulson claims that I, Ted Pauls, am high on the list of those who cannot be objective about themselves. I suggest that Coulson (and any like-minded readers) take the trouble to read an issue--any issue--of Kipple, and if you can still make that statement with a straight face, I'll consider arguing it.

There are some other things which I could Take Issue with, such as Coulson's rather weird idea of my skin thickness as shown by his comment (in a letter) that I might want to take back a book review I submitted to Yandro after seeing his comments in this issue--while I consider this sort of action to be more juvenile than anything he has accused me of, it might be interesting to conjecture that--since Buck brought this up--it is what he would do under the circumstances. And I suppose it would be unsportsmanlike of me to quote Coulson where he claims not to give a damn whether I vote or not, and point out that this statement follows nearly a full page of Yandro's editorial (which is usually devoted to something significant like Gun Clubs or folk-singers). I hate to think what would have happened if he had cared; he probably would have devoted the first eleven pages to me. Gee, that would have been egoboosting...

#### REFLECTIONS ON HAVING PUBLISHED TWELVE ISSUES

To be perfectly honest about it, I won't have published twelve issues until the tenth of April, when this issue will be consigned to the postal system, but a heading like "Reflections on Having Published Eleven and One-Half Issues" would have been rather odd. At any rate, I was going to write an article on this subject for the Annish, but any comments of this sort would be rather dull. I decided, therefore, to dwell only briefly on this rather unimpressive record.

First, for those of you who enjoy statistics, I might as well mention that Kipple has appeared on the tenth day of every month for twelve issues, a total of 354 pages or an average page size of 29½ per issue. The smallest issue was #1--eight pages--and the largest ones have been #'s 9 and 10, both 52 pages. Kipple has contained material by the following people (the number in parenthesis refers to the number of times they appear; no number indicates a single appearance): Ted White (4), Marion Bradley (8), Archer Wainwright IV, Harry Warner Jr., Bob Tucker, G.M. Carr, Nan Gerding, Ruth Berman (2), Ron Eliik (2), Carl Brandon (2), Les Nirenberg, Bob Bloch, Bill Sarill, Peggy Sexton (2), Jim Harmon, Mike Deckinger (2), John Bailey, Juanita Coulson, Len Moffatt, Harlan Ellison, Redd Boggs (2), George Spencer, Harrison Brown, James Real, Ed Gorman, John Magnus, Rog Ebert (2), Charles Winick, Greg Benford, and of course Ted Pauls.

To continue with statistics, all but four of the 354 pages of Kipple have been mimeographed on tan paper--those four were the front and back covers of the second issue, on yellow paper. Along the same lines, the second through twelfth issues were typed on ABDick #

960 or S-960 legal-size, blue mimeograph stencils using white cushion sheets and film toppings. The eight-page first issue was typed on blue Speed-O-Print stencils (Superior Brand). All issues have used ABDick ink, first #1585 and then, as of issue #9, 1592. To carry this statistical nonsense to its ultimate fuggheadedness, Kipple has used eight lettering guides (one of which I recently gave to Daphe Buckmaster) and three types of hand-lettering, only one of which I do particularly well. To finish this line of thought off, the typewriter is a Remington standard belonging to Ted White, with a sort of illegitimate face--one more space to the line than elite, one less than pica.

Generally speaking, I consider Kipple the most worthwhile thing I've done in fandom. For a couple years previous to publishing it, I rattled around in fandom publishing 44 issues of a chatterzine (Dhog), five issues of a letterzine (Disjecta Membra), two uninspiring SAPSazines, and various other abortive efforts (Hi, The Phantom, Chula, Vague, Fanjack, et al). Previous to publishing Kipple, I had gained a fairly well deserved reputation as a loud-mouth, primarily caused by Disjecta Membra.

Kipple, furthermore, is the most enjoyable thing I've done in fandom, the "doing" of it as well as the results. (Some people think it takes a slightly 'round the bend person to enjoy working from midnight to seven ayem, scratching gashes in smelly blue sheets with a couple steel pencils and pieces of colored plastic with holes in them. But to me, the most enjoyable part of an issue is the night I do the layouts.) Through Kipple I have made a lot of friends in the last year, and, unfortunately, a few enemies. The latter are in the minority by a ratio of about 30-to-1, fortunately.

I suppose every fan-editor remembers various moments and incidents with a particular fondness, and I too have a few things which stick in my memory and will probably always be somewhere in my thoughts: My meeting with Walter Dreen, for instance, at the 1960 Disclave in Washington DC. On the way out of the motel for coffee at a nearby Hot Shoppe, I passed Walt in the parking lot and gave him a rather odd look, since I was trying to determine whether or not he was a fan. I decided not, but upon arriving back at Pavlat's room, I found him introducing himself to everyone. Walter was probably as surprised at my appearance as I was by his (he looks like a lumberjack instead of a writer-coinman-intellectual), because his only contact with me had been my letters to Habakkuk, which had not given the impression of the real Ted Pauls: an anemic-looking, nervous little guy with dirty-blond hair and a tendency to whisper in a crowd. (I've just realized that I wrote a fan-meeting report, an embodiment of exactly what I despise in other fanzines; thus my glass house crumbles.) Walt and I were together most of the rest of the 'clave, devouring--how many dozen?--chocolate donuts and taking turns fending off Harriet Kolchak, who seemed to take pleasure in blowing smoke in Walter's face since he dislikes smoking. (That is as perceptive a characterization of Mrs. Kolchak that I can give in one line--it conveys the woman's entire personality, one of the few fans I've disliked at first sight.)

A couple other things stick in my mind: getting Marion's fanzine review column, and realizing that at last I had found a fan who honestly respected deadlines imposed by editors--Marion hasn't missed one, not even by one day; getting a letter from Bob Lambeck after reviewing Exconn, which read, in it's entirety, "you bastard" (I don't quite know why this should be memorable, but it is); getting a review copy of the Fantastic Universe Omnibus six months

after every other editor. None of these incidents seem particularly memorable, but then I suppose that what is memorable, like beauty, lies in the eye of the beholder.

### YES, ANDY MAIN, I TOO HAVE BEEN CALLED A COMMUNIST

Perhaps I have been fortunate in that only small groups of people at any one time have thought of me as a communist or communist pawn, instead of the student body of a school, but our problems differ only in degree. (If you don't know what I'm talking about, see Bhismi'llah #6.) At least, Andy hasn't ever mentioned having parents who thought he was a communist pawn; I have, by George. I got spitting mad one night when an advertisement for Radio Free Europe came on television, depicting a school-room in Russia. Pointing to a problem on the blackboard was an incredibly ugly young boy with shaved head and polished uniform, who gave the answer to a mathematical problem and then managed a heel-click befitting any Prussian nobleman. I expressed the opinion in no uncertain terms that anyone who believed what they saw was a jackass, and then facetiously suggested that the Russians ought to initiate a radio station in Cuba called "Radio Free North America" as retaliation. "You talk like a goddamn communist!" shouted a member of my family whose anonymity I will respect. "You don't believe in God, you don't believe in your country, you don't believe in nothin'..." That ended it. I saw the uselessness of arguing, and my anonymous ancestor felt that he had done his Patriotic Duty for the night and smugly sat back to watch some idiot called "Cord" on the monster-box.

That wasn't too bad, because one can sometimes forgive one's own family for such ignorance. A week or so later, however, I was in the neighborhood drugstore (sort of a middle-class Harlem pool hall) and the topic of conversation for the day was the so-called "riot" in San Francisco, even though it had happened months ago. (Baltimore is a rather backward community.) I decided to listen in, since I had recently read Donaho's comments in Habakkuk; besides, the conversationalists were blocking my view of the paperback rack anyway.

"...but I don't know what they were investigating." Some of the others contributed "Yeah"'s and "Uh huh"'s, but it was a rather tall young man who finally got me interested in the conversation. He said, as accurately as I can remember, "Then hundreds of these communists jumped a handful of cops and starting beating up on them. Of course the cops had to hit back, so..."

I was in doubt as to what to do now. Donaho's report was fresh in my mind and I was fuming silently at this brainwashed bastard, but on the other hand I didn't know any of the group and it wasn't my business. About the fourth or fifth reference to "communists", however, I looked the loudmouth right in the collar, button and said, "From what I understand the crowd was neither controlled nor composed of communists, and the cops hit first." This didn't stop his running monologue, but it slowed it down, and one of his friends nodded in my direction and asked "Were you there?" By now all of them had stopped jabbering and listened for my reply, presumably so they might tell me to go to hell when I answered in the negative. "One of my good friends," I answered circuitously, "was there and he wrote me about it." There was no point of further confusing the assembled persons (already grossly confused) with the concept of a fanzine; "wrote me about it" would do. "He claims," I went on (referring to Donaho, if you hadn't guessed), "that the demonstrators were refusing to move when

the cops turned on fire hoses and washed them down the steps. When this wasn't effective enough, the cops began beating them with billy clubs--teenage girls and old women, some of them, who couldn't have defended themselves if they had tried. Regardless of our half-assed newspapers, the demonstrators did not start the violence, and in fact most of them didn't even defend themselves."

A couple of the drugstore patriots were a little too stunned to say much of anything, but one of the more intelligent ones--he must have supported an IQ of at least 90--claimed that all I said proved only that "my friend" was probably one of the communists behind the riot. (Could it be that this boy was a junior member of the Deitz-Raybin faction? It sounds like their kind of logic, somehow...) The tall boy was more charitable: he merely implied that Donaho was being used by the communists (whom he referred to habitually as "the fuggin' commies") and was too stupid to realize it. I commented that I was pretty sure Dill was neither a communist or a pawn, and the tall boy's reaction was an immediate "How could anyone be against America and not be a fuggin' commie?"

Somehow, until this incident, I had not believed that there could be a mind which equated anti-HUACism with anti-Americanism. I thought that ignorance like this was found only in fiction, surely not in the minds of fairly intelligent young men. I was wrong...

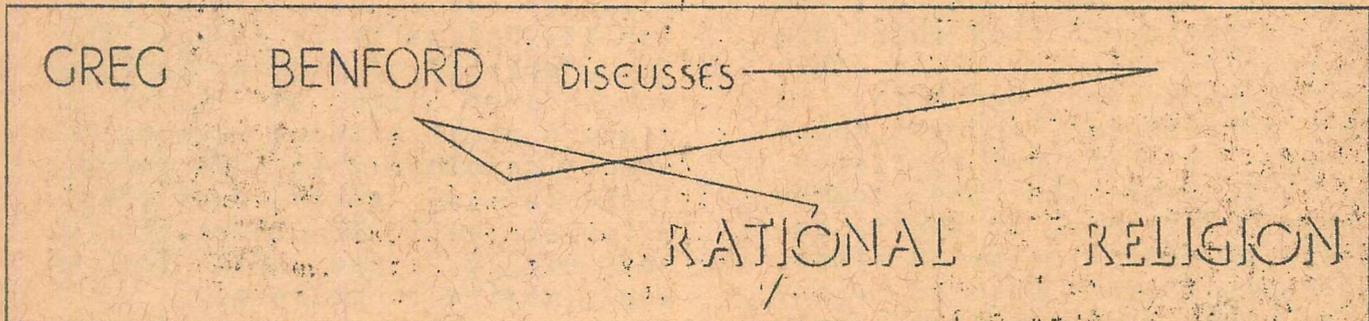
#### SHORT NOTES ON MYRIAD SUBJECTS

As a result of typing the above exchange of conversation, it suddenly occurred to me that while the bowlderization "fuggin'" is used in novels about gang wars more than anywhere else, in many cases the word is actually pronounced that way. I think Dick Ellington mentioned this, but he may be the only other fan to do so. Of course, it may be the peculiarities of the Baltimorese language, but I have seldom heard the word pronounced any way other than "fuggon"; that's what being a native of Baltimore can do to one's enunciation. To the native, one does not live in Baltimore, Maryland; one lives in Balermer, Murlin. For a few other examples for those interested in accents: oyster is "urshter", fire is "far", tire is "tar", nuclear is "nucular" (and nuclear physicist becomes "nucular phrysist"), egg is "igg", Druid Hill (Park) is "Drudle" (Park), Orange Juice is "arnjoos", iron is "arhn", child is "chowld", hardboiled is "harballed", league is "lig", America is "Murca", mileage is "mollage" powder is "padder", scallions are "scullions", and water becomes "wooder". There are variations, of course, depending on locale; I know a person who claims to be able to distinguish six different varieties of Baltimorese and to be able to tell what part of town a person comes from by his speech. While I'm hardly an expert, even I can distinguish Curtis Bay from Highlandtown, and Little Italy from Towsonite; and there is a distinct quality in Westport that does not exist in the previous four.

++(which means New Subject)--Lately I have been reading some widely varied material, most of it enjoyable. I haven't purchased an overly large number of books since the last installment, but I do have "The World That Couldn't Be", "The Odyssey", "Spacehive", "The Mind Thing" and one or two others I haven't read as yet. I won't do any extended reviews, but I suppose I should mention that all Ted Pauls Acolytes should rush out and buy the April issue of Yandro, since it will carry my review of "The Mind Thing"; and that I enjoyed H.L.Gold's collection from Galaxy, "The World That Couldn't Be" as well as "The Odyssey". I despised "Spacehive" and I may do an ex-

The following article is something of a half-breed, as articles go. If anything, it is a logical exercise, and a partial demonstration of the general technique of a philosophical school. In a certain sense, it is also rather naive. It isn't a Castillo-like Weltanschauung, and it does not account for dozens of minor (and not-so-minor) influences on human beings and on the way they live. However, I think that as a statement and a rough outline, it should at least provoke comment. The assumptions made herein are possibly ones with which you will not agree, and the steps of reason probably open to doubt. All the better. The form of the "philosophy" which it represents is plastic, and imprints can easily be made.

--Greg Benford



When considering the basis to be used for the formulation of a philosophy it is best to regard which aspect of man embodies the highest qualities of which he is capable (if any particular quality is to be emphasized above all others).

In light of this consideration, man's reason is all that effectively separates him from the animal (culture does also; but one would be hard put to find a culture without reason which reached beyond the most elemental). Whether or not animals are "higher" or "lower" because of this difference is of no concern; the difference is all that matters. Since our code of conduct, or ethic, is to serve mankind, it would seem to be a natural assumption that since we are distinctive by reason of our facilities of thought, we should emphasize our distinctions rather than our similarities (such as a common bond of emotion between man and animal) since the latter are at best

doubtfully verifiable.

While it may be contended that emotion forms a common ground for man, it can just as easily be said that logic and reason are timeless quantities which are absolutely reproducible. At least in one sense then, they have the same universality ascribed to emotion. Also, if it is permissible to introduce empirical observations, it would seem that the use of reason, unclouded by emotion, is responsible for a great amount of accomplishment in the history of mankind, and has thwarted the aims under the guise of religion which were intended to produce nothing but the satisfaction of sadistic emotions and the release of the emotion of hate, not love.

If the premise of logical inspection alone is accepted in this search for a philosophy, then it becomes immediately evident that we cannot reach any conclusion whatsoever regarding religion,

which would normally occupy a major section of any philosophy. No logical proofs for or against a God are known, and it would seem that such a proof is impossible. On these grounds, we cannot accept any final conclusion on the matter; it becomes necessary to determine whether, after all, a religion is needed. It is often asserted that every culture has experienced a religious emotion of some type, and filled this vacuum in some way. However, it must be admitted that there are some people who live by an ethic just as rigid and demanding as those of religion, and yet these men are, by their own admission, not religious (in the common sense). They are, in short, agnostics. In the utilitarian sense, too, there doesn't seem to be any crying need for religion-- only for an ethic. What is demanded in any society is an ethic, and any judgment about religion can be postponed. Religion could easily be a universally-needed mental aid which could be replaced by more self-confidence and in general better conditioning from birth regarding one's relationships with others.

We are now faced with the formulation of an ethic. In general, I have concluded that the most universal condition of mankind is self-satisfaction-- whether it be physical appetites, sense of dignity, or any other need he feels. In other words, the most common denominator is the quest for happiness. In applying this rule of thumb, however, we can't think solely in terms of economic and political satisfaction. Man seems to carry with him a sense of worth and dignity. This must not be violated, or the individual is no longer satisfied. The same holds for goals, for once they are reached by an ambitious and inquiring mind, there is little satisfaction to be gained from them. Man needs a constant aim.

A few extrapolations can be made from this. The activities which place a premium on logic and reason (and the expression of these senses) could perhaps be considered more "worthy" than other activities, for through them man is able to transcend the moment and devise systems of thought which remain true (within themselves) for all time, assuming the validity of induction and casuality. Since reason is the basis of our system, let us cherish it. Unless it is assumed that the "spirit" of mankind is somehow endowed with the power to discern right without reason, then we must conclude that only through logic can we reach conclusions which are valid to others, and do not simply agree with what we would desire to believe.

Greg Benford

\_\_\_ If this space is checked, it means that this will be your last issue unless the editor hears from you soon. ('Soon' is defined in my arbitrary terms, and may be taken to mean "within the next two weeks.") Letters of comment or trades are preferred, but money is acceptable as well, at the rate set forth in the colophon.

We are trading fanzines.

\_\_\_ You have a contribution or letter of comment printed in this issue.

\_\_\_ Your fanzine is reviewed.

\_\_\_ How about contributing one of your fabulous little articles or columns?

GOOD GRIEF! STILL MORE

# CLERIHUEWS

BY ROG EBERT

buck coulson.  
is an anthony boucher  
because he feels as if he owes  
his readers  
something  
for some damn reason  
and is very poor  
at keeping this a secret.

richard bergeron  
is slightly too good  
for fandom  
and modestly refuses to  
recognize it  
and so he goes on  
doing too much because  
he hasn't perfected  
the old fannish talent  
of doing just enough.

mike deckinger  
is a rapid typist  
with attacks of thoughtfulness  
and an urge to attract attention  
by doing too well  
what too many  
wish he had not done at all.

forrest j. ackerman  
has been trapped  
just far enough outside  
fandom  
to be too busy  
to get  
any farther outside.

redd boggs  
is a careful, justified margins  
type of fellow  
who would feel uncomfortable  
overweight  
because it wouldn't feel right  
not to skip a space.

harry warner jr.  
stands back  
and carefully examines  
fandom while  
forgetting  
to look behind himself  
for the full circle.

ted white  
is sometimes embarrassed  
to be caught  
in fandom, which  
he hopes to change  
into a less  
embarrassing place  
by being caught.

sam moskowitz  
is puzzled, I'd guess  
by today's fans  
who gleefully  
and brilliantly  
evade  
statistics.

bob jennings is always  
a step ahead of himself  
and it is  
his better half  
that is bringing  
up the rear.

--Rog Ebert

The late Francis Towner Laney--insurgent, iconoclast, critic, fan extraordinary and my own personal bete noir and respected nemesis--was not always thus. In fact, he began his fannish career with a few issues of a zine which he titled The Acolyte, and with true neofannish naivete, proclaimed himself, upon the colophon, "a sincere acolyte of H. P. Lovecraft".

Later in his long and cynical fannish career, he turned with extraordinary venom upon his early enthusiasms, and had full vials of vitriol for young fans who let their early goshwow become perceptible. It has thus in fandom become fashionable to look with a raised eyebrow upon the "sincere acolyte" type of fanzine; and, it is true, fanzines which devote themselves slavishly to adorations of one particular author, imitations of his style, small minutiae about him, etc, etc, can be extraordinarily dull--except to other sincere acolytes and adorers.

And yet the sincere acolyte type of fanzine, like the poor, we have always with us, and probably always will. And, unlike Laney, I think this is a Good Thing.

Jack Chalker's Kaleidoscope, reviewed a few months ago, is one of the Lovecraftian variety. The Burroughs Bulletin, as far as I know, is still being published by Vernell Coriell; though I, who have never been able to struggle through an Edgar Rice Burroughs novel even when waiting for a bus, bereft of other reading matter, couldn't conceivably care less. The journal of the BAKER STREET IRREGULARS will be around as long as Sherlock Holmes has his admirers. And four of the fanzines landing on my desk this month have to be reviewed, and the reviews read, with this in mind: you will like them if you happen to be one of those for whom they are produced; otherwise they will bore you to tears.

Cheif among these, and outstanding because of the general high quality of production, format and style is Amra, the voice of the Hyborean League; produced by George Scithers, Box 9006, Rosslyn, Arlington, Virginia. Lithographed, with some professional-or-better artwork, this is devoted to the perpetuation of that unfortunately rare type of fiction known loosely as adventure fantasy, with special emphasis on that of Robert E. Howard. A surprisingly large proportion of the literate readership of fantasy (and let us never forget that fantasy fans were here before science fiction fans, and will probably be here when they are gone) seem to dig this sort of

*cryin in  
the sink*

FANZINES REVIEWED BY  
marion bradley

thing, so that editor Scithers can pick and choose among the whole articulate, intelligent population of the Hyborean League for his contributors. In this issue, John Pocsik writes about the lesser-known Howard character Solomon Kane (the best-known one, of course, is Conan); P. Schuyler Miller and Redd Boggs discuss, respectively, Chambers' "The Slayer of Souls" and the element of suspense in adventure-fantasy novels, and Chuck Hansen writes about the similarities between Howard and Talbot Mundy. If you happen to like adventure-fantasy, this will quickly become your favorite fanzine; I freely admit it is mine. But for this very reason I hesitate to recommend it; one man's turtle is another man's turquoise. Its appeal is strictly limited to readers, and students, of adventure fantasy.

Second of the Sincere Acolyte/ special interest magazines, this month, is the first issue I've seen of I Palantir, edited by Ted Johnstone, 1503 Rollin Street, South Pasadena, Calif. This is the voice of The Fellowship of the Ring, the Tolkien-fan society. Once again: If you like Tolkien, the zine will have you beaming, purring and persuing it with delight; if you happen not to dig the world of Middle Earth, it will rouse you either to bafflement or irritation, depending on what kind of reader you are. This first issue is slipshod in editing, with some stiff scribbles miscalled illustrations by Jack Harness, material typed virtually through the lettered headings, and the editorial separated from the colophon by the whole length of the magazine. (And why the contents should be listed on the inside back cover is beyond my understanding.) To balance these are the excellent Bjo drawings and a fairly well-chosen distribution of material; Doc Weir's pseudo-scientific discussion of hithlain and the story of the Fearful Nettle will remind many fans of the days when lettercolumns raged with discussions of the pros and cons of the validity of scientific extrapolations in fantasy, and Dick Eney traces the sources of a Tolkien character from the Pickwick Papers, and ingenious and interesting if not wholly convincing parallel. Provided the editors can master their layout problems, and gather as dedicated a following as Scithers has for his magazine, this will become a genuine delight for Tolkien fans. It is unlikely ever to have much interest for the majority of fandom.

The same thing on a smaller scale: George Heap's Ancalagon, from someplace or other in Pittsburgh or Philadelphia or somewhere like that. (Why don't fanzine editors have a specific place where the reader can find the editor's name and address?) (Oh yes, 513 Glen Echo Rd., Philadelphia 19, Pa.) Sloppily mimeographed on white paper, and so thin that the folded sheets were badly battered by the mail, this nevertheless contains articles of interest for readers of Amra and I Palantir: the editor tries, for the umpteenth time, to define fantasy-adventure, and there is a fairly amusing article about trolls. This is supposed to be a sort of unofficial voice of the PSFS, but you'd never know it by the contents.

Neolithic, from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minn., has improved since Ruth substituted goldenrod paper for white, but is still somewhat offhand and overly spontaneous. There is much material included which would be of interest to members of the Baker Street Irregulars (of which Ruth is in fact a member) but there is also a fannish story of uncommon sensitivity by Mike Deckinger, who can write as deftly as Terry Carr when he wishes; and Ruth contributes some intelligent discussions of magazine s-f. Slim and still slipshod, Neol is improving as Ruth begins to put forth her opinions with less apologetic whimsy, and to leave behind her the mannerisms of the high

school literary magazine.

Speculative Review, published by Dick Eney from 417 Fort Hunt Road, in Alexandria, Virginia, is looking for someone to review British s-f magazines: "nasty disposition and pungent turn of phrase necessary". Editor Eney evidently meets his own qualifications, for when reading through the current issue we were left with a large aching void of curiosity; if he thinks so very badly of all the stories in all the magazines, what is he doing reading them, let alone spending hours and hours of time and googolparsec-sums of money, to create and publish lengthy and loving reviews of them? If current science fiction is such a hopeless case as he makes out, could he not find a better field for his eye to track over? These questions, needless to say, are not posed as any indictment either of Eney's sincerity or his competence, for both are exceptionally evident in what is a very fine review-fanzine of its kind.

Dynatron (editorial states two addresses, but the most likely is Chrsytal Tackett, Route 2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico) was so haphazardly put together that we wandered for half and hour through dozens of little "bits", fillers, small-sized stories, totally un-edited short pieces, etc., and came out the other side without any impression except that we had been looking through somebody's file of "manuscripts on hand". A little more editorial arrangement, please, somebody? The pieces were interesting in themselves, but there is more to publishing a fanzine than just typing the material on stencil as it comes to hand.

Parsection (George Willick, 856 East Street, Madison, Indiana) is lithographed, neat, and interesting in an unstartling way. A few old-time fans try to revive the ghost of Claude Degler, Rog Ebert contributes a disturbing prose poem and some undisturbing fanzine reviews, Sid Birchby has the umpty-umph theory about why s-f ain't what she used to be, and there are many letters from intelligent people, but so far this zine seems to have no discernible reason for existence or any consistent hand at the tiller. Enjoyable, but the conclusion tends to be "Well...?"

Bedlam, published by Mike Deckinger, 31 Carr Place, Fords, N.J., seizes on this very point when he states "This is a No Direction fanzine..." and I heartily agree. Inside Mike has assembled some quotes from the Bosses Songbook and from Ayn Rand, some reviews of jazz records, and ironic cartoon about supporting Fall-Out Week, complete with cheesecake, and a discussion of religion. We keep wondering what for...? But at least it is not the typical first issue, and for that, if nothing else, it gets a round of applause.

Ciln, from Ed Gorman, 242 10th St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, makes a beautiful first impression with a George Barr cover in colors which I won't insult by calling "good enough for a promag"--not in the current state of promag illustration--but worthy of the days when Finlay and Lawrence illustrated Merritt and Kuttner, for the vanished magazines. It would be difficult for any fanzine to live up to that cover, and impossible for this one. Harry Warner has a good article on the necessity of more care and thought in fanzine writing and editing, which says nothing new but says the same things well; Art Rapp discusses the possibility of a Hall of Fame for science fiction; Ed has resurrected one of my unpublished short stories; and the mimeographing is professional. But an inordinately large proportion of the issue is taken up with crossfire sniping between Greg Benford and various Dallas fans, baffling to those who don't know what it's all about and very uninteresting even to those who

do; and the letters in the lettercolumn would benefit from some severe cutting.

Introspection #2, from Mike Domina and Bruce Modes, 11044 So. Tripp Avenue, Oak Lawn, Illinois, suffers from the severe handicap of purple ditto on blue paper, making the contents slightly less legible than they deserve. One gathers that the editors are of high school age, which gives on the one hand a freshness of expression and a sort of contagious enthusiasm, and on the other, a tendency to feel that what is new to them is a Brand New Discovery which must swiftly be shared with all fandom. However, the fresh enthusiasms are predominant, Mike contributes a funny, light-handed editorial about how he has, you see, this awful power; every fanzine he writes to, folds up on him. Since for a while every prozine we sold a story to, promptly suspended publication, we sympathize between chuckles. Bruce Modes also contributes an editorial, but since he can't spell, we found it less amusing. There is a reprint of a Morgan Botts story from the lamented Spacewarp, a practice usually fallen back on only by those faneds who can't get current material; but this zine also stars John Berry, Mike Deckinger in a story of a fan-meeting so crazy that I am still not sure whether this was satire or sheer fiction, and a good column by Ed Gorman. Definitely worth watching, and even now well worth reading.

From Buck and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, two issues of Yandro--#97 & #98-- which are still largely weighted with the raging controversy over the Deckinger story (what a teapot tempest!) and the C.M. Moorhead letter. Still, they appear to thrive on teapot, or even teacup tempests; but my reading of these issues was largely confined to the always fascinating editorials of the two Coulsons, to a good article by Robert Pattrick in #97 about fantasy in animated cartoons, and one in #98, by Tony Glynn, about the past of fandom and science fiction mags, whose appeal was rather personal and sentimental than of interest to current fandom. I wonder if perhaps the Coulsons aren't using up their file of trivia and saving their better "on hand" material for something smashing in the way of a 100th issue? I can wait, but I wonder if less faithful readers may not drop off the vine meanwhile?

And last but not least: Ernie Wheatley's Affamato, 2790 West 8th St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. This contains the funniest piece of fiction I've read in a fanzine this year-- a Len Moffatt story about a striptease artist who suddenly became invisible--and a Bill Rotsler article from Masque, dedicated to the proposition that Stf Heroes Are Queer and lamenting the dearth of sex in science fiction. (I hasten to add that this article is six years old.) An unclassifiable, wacky zine, listed as available for letters of comment and contributions; judging by this first issue, it should be well worth begging for.

All of which goes to prove that there are sincere acolytes and there are sincere acolytes, and I wonder how the late Laney would feel to realize that a large proportion of today's fanzines are issued, whether they know it or not, by Sincere Acolytes of F. Towner Laney.

I think maybe he'd be kinda quietly proud.

In a pig's eye.

((Fanzines for review for to Marion at Box 158, Rochester, Texas; biting retorts from angry editors are channeled directly to Mr. Pauls, whose address is to be found elsewhere.))

## —QUOTES &amp; NOTES—

tended review of it at some later date. Other than books, I have also been reading some widely varied magazines. Rog Ebert sent me a copy of the college paper he edits (thanks, Rog--if I had some money I'd send you some), and I've also recently read such magazines as: The American Home, Gent, Playboy, Guns, The Lamp, House & Garden, Time, Life, Analog Science Fact & Fiction, Newsweek, The Saturday Evening Post, Stamp World, and Readers Digest, not to mention various fanzines. The most fascinating thing about many of these magazines are the advertisements, especially those in Guns. One company, for example, offers a "very limited supply" of 20mm anti-tank rifles complete with armour-piercing shells. I wonder what even the most red-hot gun enthusiast would want with an anti-tank gun?

++Redd Boggs, in a letter of comment on Kipple #1: "Good luck with Kipple. I trust that you will stick to this title for a while, long enough to give it a reputation and a tradition by which it, and you, can be remembered through the next five fannish eras." Well, Redd, how'm I doing so far?

++Typographical errors are more or less a fannish tradition, but most of them occur on a typed stencil. There are few fans who can be credited with making a typo with a lettering guide, but there are some known cases. The most famous of these is probably what Walt Willis terms "The Only Type Boggs Ever Made". This refers to the title lettering of Boggs' "Astounding Science Fiction Checklist," on the cover of which "Astounding" is quite clearly spelled "ASTOUDING". Ted White will probably go down in fannish history by virtue of being credited with two lettering-guide typos. In his one-time well-known Zip, he headed the letter section of one issue with the word "LETTS". Then, in Stellar #9, we see rather large letters proclaim the existence of a "DITTOGRAVURE SUPPLIMENT". Recently, your very own editor joined this elite society of misspellers. While few people noticed it, the tenth issue of Kipple was marked as the "FEBRURARY" issue. This line of thought brings to mind the strange misspellings which might very well result if this trend to lettering-guided typos continues. Imagine, for example, receiving such fanzines as these in the mail after a hard night at the pub: HABAKKOK, ESPURT, WHOREHOON, SPUCULATIVE REVIEW, NIGHHOUSE, FAMAC, XORO, DYNATROT, TASSERECT, PIS-PHI, KUPPLE, VIOD, LEONITHIC, YANRO, and BORPAL GLASS.

++Daphne Buckmaster made an interesting observation in Random, her OMPAazine, about the American misconception that since England is so much smaller than the US, Britishers can so much more easily hop over and visit each other. I think one cause for this kind of thinking is that while most Americans know that England is very small when compared with the US, they don't have the foggiest notion just how big the US is. To say, for example, that Great Britain is about 1/10th the size of the US (it's probably smaller, but this is hypothetical) doesn't mean a damned thing to most people because they don't know how big 1/10th of the US is. So they simply make marks on their mental blackboards to indicate that England is four miles wide and seven miles long, and let it go at that.

--Ted Pauls

# A SONG OF SIXPENCE

SID COLEMAN  
CALIF. INSTITUTE OF TECH.  
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Ted Pauls, discussing "Rule Golden" by Damon Knight, in Kipple 11: "Now just how do you get rid of a plague of rabbits when the natural enemies of the rabbit are extinct and man cannot kill a rabbit without killing himself? I don't know, Mr. Knight doesn't know, and Aza-Kra is probably too busy laughing to answer."

Damon Knight, in "Rule Golden": "'Fight!' I said. 'What have you left us to fight with? How many rats can a man kill before he drops dead from shock?'

"'It is possible to kill without causing pain or shock... You would have thought of this, although it is a new idea for you.'" (pp. 283-284)

"I didn't know where he was or what he was doing until he turned up one day on the wheat-and-dairy farm I help run, south of the Platte in what used to be Nebraska. He's the advance man for a fleet of spray planes working out of Omaha, aborting rabbits." (pp. 313-314)

(This proves nothing, except perhaps that good old homo sapien, optimistic to the end, is accomplishing nearly nothing while working like a demon. Regardless of what egotistic homo sap might like to believe, man--the king of his world--is actually incapable of conquering even the lowest forms of insects. Through all the years in which man has been destroying insects, not one important species has become extinct (or even controlled within reasonable bounds) through his efforts. The same holds true for rabbits, though on a much lesser scale. Men--in America and, of course, Australia--have been killing rabbits for decades, but there are still rabbits. Perhaps in a situation as desperate as the one Damon describes, the concentrated efforts of thousands of men could destroy the rabbit. What good would it do? My major point was that various types of insects absolutely could not be controlled without their normal predators. I think I proved this point easily, and the fact that you have dented an exceedingly minor part of my argument has no bearing on the validity of the argument as a whole. ## I suppose now that I should make a couple of points clear, so that no other fan jumps to the defense of Knight without realizing what he is defending:

One: I do not believe that all of mankind, working together, could wipe out the various varieties of rabbit;

Two: However, even if this belief is erroneous, the outcome would be the destruction of the human race, because I am positive that man could not wipe out the various types of harmful insects. Insects such as caterpillars, beetles, etc. are controlled primarily by birds--as I pointed out last issue, in just one particular case, the Baltimore Oriole eats over 12000 (yes, twelve-thousand) caterpillars per day.

Three: I'll repeat again that human life would cease to exist by and large without carnivorous animals. I challenge anyone to dis-

pute this statement.

(As a closing note, I suppose I ought to say something about the last section you quoted from Knight, but quite frankly I'm baffled. The only reason I can see for quoting it was to show that after the various species of carnivorous animals were destroyed, man continued to exist. Unfortunately, what it actually proves is only that Damon said man still existed. An author can end a story in any way he chooses; this does not necessarily mean that the incident(s) depicted would actually work out in this manner. By quoting chapter and verse which proves that Knight says it is possible for man to exist once ecology has been so upset, you prove only that he did say it (and of course I was aware of that, having read the story) and nothing more. I just don't happen to believe it.)

MIKE DECKINGER The reprint by Charles Winick interested me thoroughly.  
31 CARR PLACE From all the tripe and eyewash that I've seen infesting  
FORDS, N. J. television it's hard to imagine that anything of a sexy or risque nature could possibly break through the barriers erected by tabus and censorship. Except for Jack Paar, that is. I've taken to watch his nightly shows, and very often he'll pass off double-entendre and even downright dirty jokes. For more subtlety however, I suggest you tune in "Surfside 6" and watch a pair of sex-starved private eyes who spend 60% of the time snogging with young girls they pick up, and the remaining minutes solving a mystery which wouldn't puzzle a kindergarten student. Clinches are fine in a mystery, but I think it's going too far when you have these two detectives who practically can't live unless they have a prolonged make-out session with one of their numerous mistresses. A direct opposite of this is another half-wit gumshoe called the "Dangerous Robin" who is constantly being persued by a glamorous secretary who has intentions that are anything but honorable.

Is Mike Becker serious about enjoying the Leonard Bernstein concerts and explanations? I'm somewhat of a music lover myself--I like good film music and some jazz--but I was totally sickened by the manner in which Mr. Bernstein spoke to his audience. Until he does something really beneficial, like try to explain Lawrence Welk, I'm going to ignore him.

The more I reread your review of Panacrea in "The Chopping Block", the more convinced I am that it is a hoax-review, though for a non-existent zine you do an adequate and perceptive job of dissecting its contents. Its non-existence is further attested by the lack of mention of it in any zine but yours, and your "misplacement" of the address of "Henry Jordan". (I could have used a fake address, of course, but I wanted to save Rich Bergeron the postage on an issue of Warhoon. (Omighod, an esoteric faanish reference!))

DON FITCH You ask in the editorial for a defense of television;  
3908 FRIJO I'm not about to do so because it doesn't need defend-  
COVINA, CALIF. ing--it is designed to give pleasure to a large number of people, and does so. That you or I or other fans object to the quality of the shows is immaterial; they are designed to entertain a mass audience, not to enlighten or uplift a select group. Consider for a moment the center of the American Theatre, New York. Of all the plays which appear on (or off) Broadway, no more than twenty at the most are worth attending; television produces 50 or 75 shows during the year which are worth watching, even by an elite group such as we like to think of ourselves. (Yes, but television produces many thou-

sands of shows per year. Naturally, the ratio of worthwhile shows would be higher.) Certainly, television could be improved--from our standpoint--but are we justified in attempting to change it to something which does not please the majority of the viewers, simply because we are articulate, or vain, or proud, or conceited enough to consider that that which we like is good for everyone?

Marion Zimmer Bradley sounds as though she has lost her sense of wonder. I read most of the fanzines she reviews here, noted most of the faults she points out, and still was able to read the zines with delight and pleasure. I see now why MZB is called "The Terror of the Neofan"; she unerringly points out the defects in the fanzine, and one can't object to that in a reviewer, but she does it in such a vitriolic and insulting way that she seems to be--deliberately--attempting to humiliate the editor. Her criticism is well-founded, and may serve a useful function in improving the standards of fanzines, but I feel that with this sort of attack she may be defeating her own ends. As a matter of fact, I found myself embarrassed and indignant by turns--criticism in the terms she uses ought to be restricted to a personal letter to the editor, not made public. (Though it wasn't as obvious in #10 as in other issues, Ted Pauls is by far the more insulting of the team of Pauls and Bradley. On the contrary, MeZ Bradley has always seemed to me an extraordinarily friendly critic; I tend to be somewhat less than friendly to a fanzine I consider poor (as say WRR--#'s 9 and 11--Exconn--#3--or JD-Argassy--#2).)

BETTY KUJAWA I wish I had the time and energy to defend television, but I shot my emotional wad over that with 2819 CAROLINE ST. a blast to Phyllis Economou in Phlotsam and feel SOUTH BEND 14, IND. drained as of now on the subject. But I for one dig tv and the ones who carp and play arty-arty-snide about it give me a pain. Oh well, it's their loss that they miss the good things therein and not mine.

Look here now--you don't go into a bookstore or magazine stand and grab handfuls of books and mags willy-nilly and take them home to read, nor does one (over the age of 15 or so) rush into any movie house just because they have a movie on the screen. Surely if one can stop to read a book review or check mag blurbs, one can have the intelligence to get a copy of Tv-Guide or read the papers to see what's on. A little discretion, planning and sense, please, and one can find plenty of worthwhile programs any day of the week.

I can't at all agree with Deckinger on how movies are delt with on tv, but this is a matter of locale--I get 12 stations and on our local ones the films go on at the end of the program day and ARE uncut with only two commercials at the most. And "Citizen Kane" was shown here straight through completely un-cut and uninterrupted.

It's been years since I've seen any of the 'dirty comic books' that Moffatt mentions, but near the end of the war (1944 or so) a fly-boy home on leave left me a paper sack full of them. Amusingly, he later told me where they came from--inside a penitentiary in Ohio! Drawn, written, edited and published right inside the Big House, smuggled out to distributors and sold to our boys in the service. How's that for American know-how? (Well, the FBI recently broke up a gang of counterfeiters working inside the Maryland Penitentiary.)

There were also comics of this sort on movie stars, did you know? Mae West was in many, and I recall one with Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie--

on ice skates yet!

MIKE BECKER  
5828 CONWAY RD.  
BETHESDA 14, MD. The prozine reviews were quite good. It's a pleasure to see some of these reviews appearing, particularly since I haven't gotten a SpecReview for about a year and of course haven't seen any of Magnus' reviews for even longer. I was a bit surprised that you liked "Storm Over Sodom"; when I read it, though I started off liking it, I soon changed my mind, and thought the closing pages some of the worst-written I've encountered in years. For some reason, the "science"--or rather lack of it--bothered me particularly in this story, probably because in addition to its inaccuracy, it was explained excessively: I'm willing to put up with ridiculous science if the author is willing to gloss over the explanation and let the matter go at that, but when he spends paragraphs trying to convince me of the validity of a laughable bit of pseudo-science, I get angry--and disgusted.

You were, by the way, thinking of the right "Twonky". I can't tell you much about the movie version you don't already know: it starred Hans Conreid as the bewildered professor, and, as I remember, stayed fairly close to Kuttner's story--except, I think, that the Twonky rather than the professor got destroyed in the end. It was not particularly good, though perhaps I was expecting too much when I saw it: I have a high regard for Conreid, and of course a very high one for the story.

HARRY WARNER JR.  
423 SUMMIT AVE.  
HAGERSTOWN, MD. It has been very good of you, to send me issue after issue of Kipple without any accompanying threatening letters. In fact, I started to wonder what I should do if the time ever came that I wanted to get off the mailing list, because I noted that each issue, the little figure telling me which would be my last issue kept moving up a notch, even though I failed to give any signs of life or interest. (Well, I would not have expected you to write letters while in the hospital, so I gave you issues for all those letters you're going to write now that you're back home. ## Seriously, though, there are about a half dozen readers (who have been reading my fanzines virtually since the beginning) who will never be cut from the mailing list unless they should request me to do so. You are one of those.) I'm sorry about the long delay in writing, but a broken hip is not the most suitable companion for a person who likes to write letters. I scribbled only the most necessary letters while in the hospital. Since coming home I've been working mostly on bills and FAPA matters, and only this week have I been able to clear the decks for some kind of action on piled up fanzines and other mail. I'll probably have a broken back to go with my fractured hip by the time I'm caught up, because my left leg must still protrude out ahead of the rest of me. This makes it impossible to get close enough to the typewriter, and I must lean forward in a posture that is already leading me to suspect that I'll be hump-backed by April.

Two or three years from now, Mike Deckinger is going to feel awfully embarrassed by that article on literary styles. He apparently is just discovering the important mainstream writers and he's writing about them before he's sufficiently familiar with them. I can't imagine any other reason why he would try to find similarities between the styles of Bradbury and Hemingway. But there is no excuse at all for his statement that Bradbury "does not employ over-use of adjectives or flowery speech". That sounds like a dangerously advanced case of style-deafness.

You shouldn't try to draw too cosmic a conclusion from your inability to find prozines at the most convenient newsstands. The only people in the world more stupid than distributors are the proprietors of stores that sell paperbacks and magazines. (Mr. Warner, meet Mr. Nirenberg.)

It hadn't occurred to me to blame Dell for the Merril anthologies, and I think that Dell is publishing the most consistently high standard of paperbacks in the country today, counting both stf and mundane titles, in its price range. Moreover, Dell gives you more for your money than most publishers. Something is badly fouled up in your calculations on the outcome of Aza-Kra's activities. Just stop and think for a minute how ridiculous is that statement that the Baltimore oriole eats 17 hairy caterpillars per minute. From the small amount of bird-watching I've done, I'd suspect that they destroy more vegetation than insects, not to mention all the damage they do to the soil by depriving it of earthworms and similarly useful bugs. (I admit it sounds ridiculous, but nevertheless this (and similar) statements have been published as facts. For example: "A pair of flickers consider 5000 ants a mere snack. A swallow devours 1000 leafhoppers in 12 hours. A brown thrasher can eat 6180 insects in one day." These statements appear in the June 1959 issue of Readers Digest, as well as Kipple #6. I can't locate the original reference in the digest, and therefore can't say who furnished the information. Tell me, why do YOU think the statement about the 17 caterpillars is ridiculous? I'm really interested.)

I hope Ted White was playing the devil's advocate to stir up some discussion in his remarks on Amazing and IWS, because they are treasonous and heretical words. IWS did introduce stories more in line with the traditions of pulp adventure fiction, but they were very well-written stories, presented many new ideas, and were almost invariably science fiction. Palmer in contrast turned Amazing Stories into a collection of western and war adventure stories, transplanted to other planets or the future and written down to be comprehended by morons. And IWS wasn't filled with that oily hypocrisy about providing a medium whereby younger readers could grow up to enjoy adult science fiction, as Palmer claimed to be doing. Incidentally, I think that the first six or eight years of IWS represent the most undervalued, underrated series of prozine issues in history. Nobody seems to remember the good things about them. Even the Penton and Blake series by a writer as famous as Campbell has not been mentioned in a fanzine for five years or so.

The small amount of television I've watched while recuperating has seemed to me to be more suggestive and dirtier by implication than you'll find in the movies. The Garry Moore program one night contained a parody on Ben Hur. Carol Burnett pretended to be doing a striptease, someone came in before she had gotten much off, and she grabbed a veil and clutched it directly against the public hair area, as if she were stark naked. This seems to me to equal a genuine striptease for anyone who has ever seen a naked woman.

VIC RYAN  
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SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Ted White, it seems, has gotten up on the wrong side of the typewriter again; it's best to leave him alone on such occasions. I would sneer, "Let us comment on what we please, ol' Ted White," except that this would probably call for four pages of reply, reply which would unleash the full fury of the White invective. I'm too old and tired for such harangues.

Magnus' nobleness was pleasant reading, even if I found myself disagreeing--calmly, mind you--with practically everything he said. It's only natural for people to separate into a variety of classes, and all for one reason--self-protection. The common laborer takes on his own group, because he fears the more intelligent person is going to "pull something" on him--evict him, throw him in jail, etc. The intellectual, whether he is real or pseudo, stands apart from the common "clod" because he fears brute strength, even if he sometimes won't admit it.

So

the two factors cause two factions.

I can see both sides of the story, personally, but I can't at all understand why Magnus would rationalize the beating of the youngster; no matter how badly a person may feel, no matter how inferior, he doesn't have the right to inflict bodily damage on another. (But I think Magnus was rationalizing the beating from the viewpoint of the "clod"; since such a person feels he must prove he's as good or better than the intellectual, then from his point of view there is nothing at all wrong with beating an intellectual.) Suppose Kipple came in second in the Fanac Poll, one vote behind Donaho's Habakkuk, or two hundred back. You have been browbeaten where it might possibly hurt the most--fannishly. Yet, does this give you the right to don your brass knuckles and beat the hell out of Bill? (Please, Vic; I don't think I'd enjoy six months in traction.)

Let's change the analogy; the comparison is correct enough, I think, but the thought of anyone beating up Big Bill is pretty far-fetched.

BOB LICHTMAN  
6137 S. CROFT AVE.  
LOS ANGELES 56, CALIF.

White is right that you don't give your contributors a full share of their egoboo because you edit the letter column so thoroughly. I suggest that you request letter writers to put their comments on only one side of sheets of paper, and then you can split up each issue's take of letters and send the comments off to the respective contributors. This doesn't involve much inconvenience on the part of writers, and gives your contributors more of an incentive to write for you again. (I had previously contemplated such an idea, but there is one huge stumbling block: I keep every letter and card I receive, neatly stacked and in chronological order. I often refer back to my old letters of comment, and I certainly wouldn't cut them up. ## But to get to the root of this question: I print nearly everything of a letter which I feel is of interest, and I do not edit out interesting or comment-provoking sections. As for White's columns, I have always printed all or nearly all of the comment which comes in on them. His column in #6 drew only one more comment than I printed--a paragraph from Felice Rolfe which arrived several months after the issue was out. No one commented on his revelation about being 1/8 Negro, or I most certainly would have printed it. I may not print every one-line "I like" or "I disliked", but I never leave out anything that would provoke comment. I suppose that Ted has set an example for other writers now: if your articles don't provoke comment, don't blame the readers, don't blame your articles; but pin the blame on Pauls.)

From what I understand, and I may be wrong, the reason that Castillo is so dead-set against the BSI stems from a time when he was allowed to live in the Poul Anderson house when the Andersons were away on a trip somewhere, and left it in a big mess. The Andersons castigated him rather severely, and since they're big wheels in the BSI Castillo must have somehow connected

things together and come out with a healthy dislike of the group.

F.M. BUSBY

2852 14th AVE. WEST  
SEATTLE 99, WASH.

Terry Carr's reference to you in Cry of the Nameless #147: "this minor mania for comic-book reminiscence has already produced a serious article by Ted Pauls about Donald Duck, and how can you satirize a sophisticated trend like that?" Terry was on Dick Lupoff's "Ninth Fandom" bit and discussing doing tonhue-in-cheek pieces on comics. Also, Kipple is listed in a quote from Dick regarding possible focal points of his "Ninth Fandom": Candidates include Discord, Habakkuk, Kipple." That's all from Terry about you. He mentioned exactly 17 people in his two pages, none of whom received Cry for that reason alone, but only if they had a copy coming anyway. Let's be reasonable, like.

I'd like to say something about Bill's summary of Terry's bit, too. "Side blows at" Bill? Hardly; Bill is the hero of Terry's sign-off anecdote and built-up earlier in the item. (Things like this lose a little in the translation. From what Bill said to me--which was DNP or I would have published the entire relevant paragraph--I expected some sort of massive attack, and a number of other fans added to the confusion by alluding to Terry's column as if I'd seen it.)

CARL BRANDON

213 ERGO AVE.  
TRENTON 5, N.J.

While I'm glad to see that you have your own cover now and won't need to pilfer them from other fanzines, it does seem a bit silly to cram the contents page, editorial and colophon onto one page, and then throw away a full page on an unattractive cover. (I hadn't intended to cram that much, but by some strange trick of fate I discovered that I only had 39 stencils and no money to buy more. The mailing wrapper and front cover were one and the same stencil, which is the only way I could find to prevent having a blank page.)

I hope you made a typo when you claim that the Baltimore Oriole eats 17 caterpillars per minute, because this sounds too ridiculous to believe. Obviously, from what you have written in this and past issues, you know more than a little about zoology, but even considering my lack of knowledge in the field, I'll challenge that particular statement. (Both you and Harry Warner have challenged that statement, but neither of you have given a reason. I admit it sounds ridiculous, but I want you to tell me the reason(s) you think it's ridiculous. If your reasons are what I think they might be (such as a bird not being able to find 17 caterpillars in a minute, or not being able to swallow that fast), I can correct them, because neither of the reasons I quoted are valid, however they might seem on the surface.) I do agree with your major argument, however; even I can see that life couldn't exist if so many species were wiped out. But of course you're taking this much too seriously. It's only a story, after all; it's so-called "escape literature" and we only read it for pleasure. (I don't know about you, but I can't get much pleasure out of a story when the author doesn't know what he's talking about.)

Your review of WRR is couched in terms quite likely to inspire lengthy replies from some of the people concerned. That, I imagine, you would welcome. But there may well be some replies from people who aren't concerned, because as far as I know, there are still some wide-eyed types who believe sexy red-heads are always (always) right. However, I agree with you completely as to the absolute stupidity of this sort of puppy-love, and I'd comment on it at length if you hadn't already said it better than I would.

I'd like to agree with Greg Benford that you are featuring entirely too much about this New Trend. No one is denying that the majority of the worthwhile fanzines being published are "idea-zines" (a term I prefer), but it gets just a bit annoying to read about them every issue. And an argument like you seem to be having with Donaho is even more pointless than this, because everyone has different sets of values that they apply to rating fanzines. I agree with you, as it happens, that Tesseract doesn't deserve top place, but my opinion isn't worth any more than Bill's (or yours, for that matter). Fanzines mean different things to different people, and no two people are quite alike in this respect.

Daphne Buckmaster's picture of Terry Carr as "one of the serious ones" is quite interesting. A few short years ago, Terry was the prototype of the faaan, as can be seen by thumbing through copies of Fanac and Innuendo from that period. He seemed to attend at least four parties every week, and most of his writing was confined to faan-fiction and party- or meeting-reports. Innuendo was absolutely the fannish fanzine, and Fanac in those days was much more chatty and informal than it is now. Why, "Terry Carr" was synonymous with "faanishness". Now we have Terry cast as a serious fan.

Actually, "serious fan" is hard to describe except by pointing to one. To be serious doesn't necessarily mean to discuss heavy subjects and to shun the "fun" element in fandom. Ted White, for example, I have always considered an exceptionally serious fan, even when he was first starting to edit Void. At that time (from Void 14-18), the fanzine was one of the most fannish around, but nevertheless Ted White was a serious fan in my mind. But even with such a broad definition, I wouldn't cast Terry as a serious fan. I would apply that term to you, Ted, and Redd Boggs, Dick Bergeron, Lupoff, Walter Breen, and Eney, of the current idea-zine editors. On the other hand, I would not term Donaho a serious fan, even though he publishes a serious fanzine; certainly not Ruth Berman, or Tackett, or most of the others. (I left out Daphne Buckmaster accidentally; I would call her a serious fan, certainly.)

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Maybe I should tell you exactly what it is that grotches me about discussion fanzines. You and Ted White almost hit it in the last issue when you commented on the various subjects you tried to bring up for discussion but which failed to arouse the interest of the readers.

First of all, I think there is a general apathy in people when it comes to pre-arranged discussions. Too many people either think "Oh hell, let someone else comment on that. They'll probably be able to do it better." Or else, "I'm too weary."

I think the best discussions are the ones where someone makes a slip or accidentally says something fuggheaded. The best discussions arise this way: racism in Discord, beatniks in Habakkuk, and some of your own discussions. Also the present discussion of homosexuals in my own zine. You'll see it when it comes out. One little fuggheaded remark that I made has blossomed out into a very large symposium.

Anyway, people seem to sense when you are trying too hard to start a discussion. You are sometimes guilty of doing this, and it is proven by the various subjects you tried to bring up but somehow failed. But still, you are not doing as badly as Esprit which points out with a big neon-lighted finger that "now kiddies we

are going to discuss things." I think this is all very bad business. I mean, introductions to discussions should be as subtle as possible. They should at least look accidental. What do you think? (You brought up a couple of very good points in this letter, Les. You're right when you say that the best discussions are the spontaneous ones where someone says something stupid or fuggheaded. In the early days of Kipple, we had a discussion of Negro-white relations touched off by some stupid comments by Bill Conner. These comments were in relation to a short squib I wrote in #2 which was certainly not written to start a discussion--I just made a few broad and general comments about the marriage of Sammy Davis Jr. and Mai Britt. I was rather surprised to receive a long letter from Conner condemning Negro-white marriages, and specifically damning Davis. That was the beginning of a very long discussion. ## Another example of spontaneous discussion has been the now-dead nostalgic comments about comic books. I wrote a short section about comics in the editorial of Kipple #5, and the next four issues were filled with comments on it, and comments on the comments.

(All this aside, however, I don't think I'm really trying too hard to start discussions. This is true in some cases, such as the Quotes and Notes column of the eighth issue, which was devoted to a religious controversy. Here, it is true, I was honestly trying to start something. But in most cases, I run material because it's interesting and thought-provoking, and seldom do I really try to get people to argue about the subject matter. In Quotes & Notes, it might seem as if I was trying too hard to start an argument, because I automatically quote material which I disagree with and then give my viewpoint. It would be a bit silly to quote a half-page from some sort or other and then offer as my only comment: "Yeah, that's the way I feel too."

(What I am most concerned with is introducing enough subjects each issue so that everyone who writes in will have something interesting to say about at least one of them. This is the criterion for an interesting letter column, in my opinion. Your letter is a good example. The only subject you wished to comment on this time was discussion-zines, but what you said was interesting.

(In your last letter as well as this one, you've shown a distaste for Esprit, and I'd like to know just what you don't like about it. I feel that it's a good "idea-zine", utilitarian in appearance but legible, and it is certainly important by virtue of being the only such fanzine published outside of North America. Anglo-fans can join in discussions in American fanzines, but the time-lag is something of a problem, and a British idea-zine is necessary. I'd certainly prefer Esprit to some of the American fanzines like Dynatron; while in appearance the two are rather close, the personality and the written content of Esprit are superior. (There are other US zines I could mention as being less worthwhile than Esprit, but I'm still trying to defend the last time I rated all the New Trend zines.)

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM  
BOB FARNHAM writes about the Southern Fandom Group, which seems to be up-and-coming these days. Some of his comments remind me of my early NFFF days, which I'd really prefer to forget. Oh well, since he went to the trouble to write me, I suppose I should mention that any Kipple reader in the South who wants information about the Southern Fandom Group can write to Farnham at 506 2nd Ave., Dalton, Georgia. +++ WALTER

