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QUOTES & NOTES

TED
PAULS

TWELVE MORE MONTHS SHOT TO HELL

Now that the new year has been welcomed in, and sobriety has once again returned, the young fans lie snug in their beds with visions of fan-polls dancing through their heads. For the next month or so, fans will be inspecting the last year's accumulation of fanzines with an eye to assessing their relative value and preparing a list of the ten or twenty best magazines of the past year. Nevertheless, when the day at last comes to fill out the ballots and return them to the stalwart poll-taker, most fans will jot down their choices without appreciable thought. From this carelessness will emerge the same sort of sloppy results which placed A Bas fourteenth in the 1958 Fanac Poll, although no issues of A Bas were published during that year. And fuzzy thinking will probably once again be responsible for the sort of major blunder which placed Yandro well above Warhoon in last year's Fanac Poll.

The Fanac Poll is too important as an honor within our microcosm to treat lightly. The only comparable honor is the professionally-integrated "Hugo" awards, and even that is not so important as the Fanac Poll: many of the voters in the "Hugo" balloting have only seen one or two fanzines; some probably receive only the fanzine in which their ballot was enclosed. The fans who vote in the Fanac Poll are (supposedly) a more fanzine-oriented group, a group of fans who are widely acquainted with the field. Their commendation of a fanzine should be more important for this reason.

For my part, I refuse to lightly dismiss my choices in the upcoming poll. You may not agree with them, but the candidates which I am about to outline are perfect in view of my own idea of what a fanzine should be. I spent several hours compiling this list; every category was carefully weighed. For convenience, I have listed only ten fanzines and only one person or item in the other categories, and modesty forbids a vote for Kipple; otherwise, the list reproduced below represents my carefully considered opinion and is exactly the same as the ballot I will submit to Walter Green. Readers are asked to contain themselves if I should fail to mention their pet fanzine in any

category.

Top Ten Fanzines: 1) Warhoon, 2) Discord, 3) Xero, 4) Void, 5) Habakuk, 6) Horizons, 7) Dafoe, 8) Cadenza, 9) Fanan,
10) Yandro

Best Single Publication: Xero #6, the Willish

Best Fan Writer: Redd Boggs

Best Fan Artist: George Barr

Best Fan Cartoonist: Bbob Stewart

Best Column: "The Harp That Once or Twice," by Walt Willis

Number One Fan Face: no vote

Best New Fan: Calvin Demmon

Tugghhead of the Year: A duo whose names and insidious deeds are not to be mentioned without consultation with those relics of fandom past, Larry & Noreen Shaw.

Several categories were very easy (Best Artist, for example, in which there was no real contest) and several others were very difficult. Best New Fan was the most difficult; my vote was finally cast for Cal Demmon only when I realized that both Larry McCombs and Ruth Berman had been in fandom far longer than a year. (For some obscure reason, I thought of Ruth as a "new fan" for a moment or two.) Best Writer was also a very difficult category--at one time my vote was jumping between at least four fans.

As I say, you may not agree with my choices, but take them for what they are worth; the worst I can be is wrong.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KATANGA

It's a pity that my article in this issue was stencilled so early, because only a few days after the fourth and last page had been typed, the latest invasion of Katanga by United Nations troops began to warrant headlines in the newspapers of the nation (and, I suppose, of the world). This was unfortunate, because my comments on the matter should have been a section of that article. That the United States lent its support to the "police action" in the Congo province is another indication that it is drawing closer and closer to Russia in its policies. "Let Freedom Reign" was concerned with domestic affairs rather than foreign affairs, but the premise applies aptly to both cases. One might expect Russia to advocate such an invasion; one does not expect our country to do likewise.

The Congo situation has been a confusing one from the beginning, but leave us not lose sight of a few exceedingly important points among the morass of attitudes, opinions, and accusations. Patrice Lumumba, late Premier of the Congo, was backed by the Communists, while several other important figures in Congo politics--ex-President Kasavubu, General (then Major) Joseph Mobutu, and Moise Tshombe--were anti-Communist and hence anti-Lumumba. While Lumumba, Kasavubu, and Mobutu were fighting amongst themselves, the province of Katanga, under Tshombe, succeeded and became a (self-proclaimed) separate country. All of this happened over a year ago, and shortly thereafter Patrice Lumumba was tossed out of the seat of power by the army (led by Gen. Mobutu) and subsequently killed. Up until this point, the situation seems fairly clear-cut.

However, Mobutu soon tired of the responsibilities of leadership, and the government of the Central Congo (so-called to distinguish it from the rebellious Katanga province) was

turned over to another group of men. I don't recall if Kasavubu was part of this group or not. However, the assassinated Lumumba had many followers in his home province of Oriental, and Antoine Gizenga proclaimed himself political heir and rightful leader of the entire Congo. Gizenga is now the Communist-backed candidate (to use the term loosely) for leadership, replacing Patrice Lumumba.

Now on to the matter at hand: On what basis does the United States of America support the invasion and suppression of a political power (Tshombe's Katanga) which chose to succeed from the Congo when that country was ruled by a Communist-controlled leader? The thorn in our side is Gizenga, who is probably eagerly anticipating what he can do when Katanga, the Central Congo, and the U.N. Force have whittled each other down to size. (As a matter of fact, the December 16th Sun paper reports that troops of Gizenga's have begun moving into Kivu province, only recently evacuated by U.N. troops who were needed to "beef up" the Katanga contingent. Why in the name of all God's little creatures should the United States support an invasion of an anti-Communist country while Russian-armed, pro-Communist troops are carrying on an invasion in their own right? Why do they not follow the example of discerning allies like Britain and France, and withdraw--immediately--all United States support for this venture?)

The United Nations interceded when the forces of the Central Congo (led now by Premier Cyrille Adoula) invaded Katanga. Passing for the moment over the question of the advisability of any interference whatsoever, why wasn't the Central Congo invaded by U.N. troops--they, and not the Katangese forces, were the interlopers. Why should Katanga have been invaded? So-called "authorities" claim that with its rich mines, Katanga controls the economy of all the Congo. It must be forced to return to the fold, as it were, to prevent the economy from being shattered and therefore prevent a Communist take-over. But a sizable proportion of the Central Congo is already under the control of a Communist pawn. (Another interesting point is that if the economic situation is actually as bad as all that, then why are the Communist and pseudo-neutrals supporting the invasion? If the independence of this province seriously endangered the remainder of the Congo to a point where it might turn Communist, then most certainly the Soviet bloc would favor the Katanga position. On the contrary, they are demanding the "unconditional surrender" of Tshombe's army. This leads me to believe that the United States has erred seriously in believing that the independence of Katanga endangers democracy in the rest of the country; this incident may well be remembered in future history textbooks as an even more magnanimous blunder than the "invasion" of Cuba.)

Yes, Virginia, there is a reason why our country supports the U.N. in this matter--but I'll be damned if I can think of one...

PROBLEM OF OUR TIMES DEPARTMENT

"If a visitor from Mars arrived here after mankind had already perished, and all he found were just a lot of old television tapes, he would certainly get a most sinister picture of what sort of animal had once dominated this sad planet.

"On the strength of overwhelming evidence, he would have to conclude that Homo sariens must have been an evil-smelling, dandruffy, overweight monster whose chest or bosom was in perpetual need of clinical attention. It would also be obvious to him overly hairy legs ended in feet that were covered with disastrous cal-

luses, bunions and corns of all sorts. And I can't imagine how the visitor would explain to himself the fact that there was an unaccountable physical hiatus between man's sordid navel and his chapped, unsightly knees. The silence on that vital area alone would certainly puzzle him to the point of distraction.

"I am not a man from Mars, but, by merely listening for a few years to the depressing and suggestive commercials on TV, I myself have finally arrived at a pretty grim image of my poor dilapidated fellow men.

"Depressing, isn't it?" --Alexander King, in "May This House Be Safe From Tigers," Signet #D1903, 50¢

"FREEDOM RIDE' RIOT AVERTED; 14 ARRESTED"

When I awoke on Sunday morning, December 17, I eagerly leafed through the hefty morning papers looking for news of the Freedom Ride which had taken place the afternoon before. In the last issue of Kipple, I reported that CORE (the Congress of Racial Equality) had announced and then cancelled a Freedom Ride on Maryland's Route 40. A few months ago it was discovered that most of the restaurants on that highway were discriminating against Negroes, including diplomats from neutral African nations who travelled the highway during jaunts between Washington and New York. Learning of this policy, CORE announced that unless a substantial number of restaurants decided to desegregate, a Freedom Ride would take place on November 11, 1961. At virtually the last moment, owners of 35 of the 80 establishments on the highway sent telegrams to the Governor's committee on inter-racial relations, promising to integrate immediately. The 'ride' was cancelled.

However, of the 35 restaurants promising to desegregate, 11 reneged on this promise and returned to their former no-Negroes policy. CORE was dissatisfied with this situation and subsequently announced that the postponed Freedom Ride would take place on Saturday, December 16th. "'Freedom Ride' Riot Averted; 14 Arrested" shouted the headline of the Baltimore American the following morning. The 'ride' had been executed, and the situation in this state had approached violence more closely than ever before. What had happened, it seems, is that while approximately 50 demonstrators sat quietly inside the Aberdeen Restaurant, a crowd of twice that number gathered outside and began to shout threats and obscenities. Police officers dispersed the crowd, with some difficulty. This is a situation I find quite amusing--while groups composed primarily of students calmly sit in a restaurant and allow themselves to be insulted without an attempt at defense, alledged "adults" makes asses of themselves by creating a near-riot.

An even more amusing, and slightly more violent incident occurred at another eatery. The editor's of two Harford county newspapers were in the crowd of spectators, and one of them began to argue with a demonstrator. His rival photographed this spectacle, and the first editor began throwing punches.

According to confused and disagreeing reports, 600, 625, or 700 persons were involved in the Ride (depending upon which newspaper you happen to read). Among those arrested was Jim Peck, editor of CORE's official publication, Core-lator (and quite possibly the same Jim Peck mention in Warhoo #13 by Frank Wilimczyk). The total of arrested since the first demonstration on November 11 now stands at 92, and there seems to be no end to the demonstrations in sight. The restaurant owners are a stubborn and ignorant lot, largely mindless, and I personally feel that it will take

a lot more than a few sit-in demonstrations to force them to desegregate on a permanent basis. I don't advocate rioting, but a riot, replete with brick-throwing and teargas, might provide the shock that the people need. CORE is doing its best, but merely irritating restaurant owners for an hour or so one day per week isn't going to accomplish very much.

A SON OF A BIRCH

Not even Robert Welch, who is the founder of the John Birch Society and the tin god of rightwing extremists all over the country, exemplifies the most extreme of these so-called "patriots". Col. Mitchell Paige (USMC Ret.) is even further to the right than Welch, and, if possible, is even more of a fugghead. He recently gave a speech at the Project Alert anti-communism school in Los Angeles wherein he stated, "There are those today who would impeach Earl Warren, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. After having read some sixteen or seventeen of the decisions handed down by this highest court in our land, I was so appalled I felt that impeachment is not the proper penalty but rather, it appears to me, a more deserving punishment would be hanging."

Paige later retracted that statement, but the "Notes and Comment" section of the Morning Sun for December 15 sums up my feelings rather well: "This week's medal goes to Col. Mitchell Paige, USMC (Ret.), who said at what is described as a "Project Alert Anti-Communist School" in Los Angeles that Chief Justice Warren deserved to be hanged, and then later apologized for having said it. The medal that goes to Colonel Paige is of cardboard."

CONFESSIONS OF A SOMETIME WRITER

Walt Willis wrote not so long ago in Warhcon an article on his manner of composing an article, column, or whathaveyou. That method, to boil it down to basic ingredients, is to insert a piece of blank paper into the typewriter and let your genius control your fingers as they slide across the keyboard. Unfortunately, this splendid method of writing doesn't get results for just anyone--your name must be Walter Alexander Willis. This leaves a lot of fans out in the cold (after all, I doubt if there are more than six or seven people by that name in all of fandom), including your beloved editor.

I have, I assure you, the necessary genius, but I lack the mechanism to activate it whenever I might wish. It is quite conceivable that I could stare at a blank sheet of paper for several hours without typing so much as an opening sentence. (In one particularly depressing incident, I hesitated 27 minutes before typing "Dear Bob" at the head of a letter I was attempting to write--then I discovered that the person I was writing to was named "Joe".) This is the main reason I no longer compose this column directly onto stencil. Let me warn anyone not acquainted with it that one of the most demoralizing experiences imaginable is to reach line 32 on a stencil and then discover that you absolutely cannot think of a thing to say. The only possible courses of action under these circumstances are (1) to remove the stencil from the typewriter and pray fervently that the margins will line up when you decide to begin again, or (2) to babble on for the remainder of the page in a manner calculated to sicken the average reader.

Many's the time I have envied those select few who can sit down at a typewriter just any time and turn out page upon page of brilliant, sparkling prose. This is not my earthly blessing, to be num-

bered among this few. I get ideas for articles or sections of this column while I'm occupied at some other task such as meditating on the john, attempting to balance a beer stein on my nose while whistling Beethoven's fourth, or taking my twice-weekly oboe lessons. Something I've recently seen or heard inspires me, or perhaps a mere vagrant thought echoing through my largely hollow head. If I'm not too busy, I will immediately rush to the typewriter and type it out in a reasonably well thought-out form, which will subsequently be vigorously edited as I stencil it. If, by some mischance, I can't leave my original task, I will grab a handy piece of paper and scribble a cryptic note intended as a reminder to discuss such-and-such subject. In most cases of this sort, the note turns out to be indecipherable or else I lose interest in the subject before I get around to transcribing it.

On those rare occasions when I actually manage to concentrate on a blank sheet of paper and move my fingers over the keys, the end product is uniformly drivel. In this state, I have managed to turn out some of the most depressing writing of the year--and without effort! Fortunately, little of this material has seen print. In the early days of Kipple, however, when this column was composed directly onto stencil, I occasionally made the mistake of not having a subject which deserved enough commentary to fill the page, and as a result there was some pretty sloppy writing in these pages.

I certainly envy Walt Willis and the others of his ilk who can write at the drop of a hat. I mean, it certainly is a wonderful thing...

ALL THIS AND BIRTH CONTROL TOO

According to figures recently released by the United States Census Bureau, the population of this country has passed the 185,000,000 mark, a substantial increase over the figures of the 1960 census. As a matter of fact, this is a noteworthy increase over the figures obtained in the 1960 census. Furthermore, the "Economic Unit" of U.S. News and World Report magazine has estimated that the population will have become an elbow-crowding 209,570,000 by the year 1970. While deserving some consideration and thought, this situation is not yet serious; there is an abundance of room, and more efficient agricultural methods are being developed fast enough so that we needn't worry about starving to death in the immediate future. However, at the present rate of expansion, this will not always be so. What will the situation be in 1990, or in 2020? Numerous science fiction stories have been written around the theme of over-population, and the majority have one factor in common: they all chronicle the apathy on the part of the public toward the impending crisis, how the human race waited too long to take preventive measures, and consequently millions starved.

I don't mean to suggest that this will happen, but I do suggest that it could. Man isn't really ignoring the danger; it's being withheld from him, or played down at best, by religious groups whose codes do not allow birth control measures. Chief among these is the Roman Catholic church. Devout Roman Catholics do not believe in birth control because they look upon it as opposing the will of God. This is their right, though I oppose their opinion, but they aren't content to hold these belief themselves--they insist on imposing it upon others. Various Roman Catholic organizations have successfully opposed the manufacture of an inexpensive, easy to get contraceptive. Obviously, the Catholics haven't the right to rule persons of other (and no) faiths, but they manage to do it by

virtue of greater numbers. There may be another reason for the opposition as well: while the hierarchy of the church may be quite stubborn in their beliefs, certain of the "flock" may become tempted by the easy availability of birth control measures. This must never be allowed to happen, the children must not be allowed to stray from the path of righteousness, for few religions can long hold the man who thinks for himself.

Looking at the problem objectively, of course, no one can deny the overwhelming advantages of inexpensive, readily available contraceptives. Not only are there long-range benefits, such as keeping a large portion of the race alive, but there are a few advantages with current applications. Everyone sympathizes with the plight of the unwed mother, and, more important the future of her child; here is a chance to do something about it. The general availability of contraceptives would cut tremendously the number of children born out of wedlock. (They would also, as an incidental side-effect, considerably lessen the impact of a parent's threat against premarital sex. A mother could no longer frighten her teenage daughter with the threat that anything more than a brotherly hug would cause her to have a baby.)

"Let the earth explode with people," preaches Harry Golden. "Let the planet have ten billion inhabitants. It will be better for it. Just as man invented agriculture at the right moment, so he will invent new nourishment for the hundreds of millions yet unborn." Mr. Golden's blind faith is touching, but I'm afraid it is also rather optimistic. Sitting on your rump and "having faith" is a negative action, because it depends on something not happening; campaigning and legislating for accessibility of contraception devices is a positive action, because it depends on something you make happen. The former is all right in its place, but I'd prefer to leave something a little more concrete to future generations.

What this country needs is a good five-cent contraceptive...

THE WEBSTER QUIMMLEY SOCIETY WANTS YOU!

About a year ago, I first heard about the Webster Quimmley Society, a satirical imitation of the John Birch Society, suggested and (I imagine) headed by Dixon Gayer, a west coast newspaper columnist. Betty Kujawa sent me what was evidently a reprint of one of the columns Gayer wrote on the society, and for those of you who haven't seen it, I gleefully quote a few of the more interesting segments.

"There have been comments in the letters like this one, 'America NEEDS the Webster Quimmley Society and America NEEDS you.' America doesn't need me, but I agree that America now needs something like Webster. It needs some device which will kid the pants off the ultra conservatives and the ultra liberals, both--and which at the same time will reaffirm the faith of the great middle-of-the-roaders in America and in mankind itself."

But humor of this sort hides a truly worthwhile attitude, which makes itself clearly known at the end of the column. The following is the ending of the column, quoted intact, and it is something in which most of us could find a valid philosophy:

"In answer to the questions about where we stand on the HUAC, ACLU, Chief Justice Warren, etc., etc., etc.--the society would not feel it proper to take a formal stand on any of them--not because it is afraid to do so, but because we

LET
FREEDOM
REIGN

"Somehow I can't get excited over the cases of censorship you cited, Ted; for the most part, censorship has dealt with only sexual or moral questions, which are more or less connected with the senses and not of the mind. I would start worrying about the 1984 bit if censorship spread over political and scientific areas." So spoke Steve Stiles in Kipple #16. Another reader, commenting on the same article ("Department of Censorship, Part One," Kipple #14) observed: "I can't really work up any sort of heated reaction to your comments on censorship. There haven't been any outstanding cases of such censorship in this city or state, and the two cases you cite don't seem important enough to worry over."

Both of these readers made the same unfortunate mistake: both failed to relate individual incidents to the whole picture. Incidents of censorship may seem to be unimportant when considered apart from other incidents of a like nature, but they are important. Book-banning (or book-burning) is not a disease; it is a symptom of a disease. Symptoms do not always appear to be important when viewed individually; the symptoms of a cold are unimportant irritants when considered individually. I freely admit that an incident of literary censorship is not, de facto, more important than one of political censorship. However, the existence of the former may serve to establish a beachhead for the latter. It seems to have been the rule rather than the exception in history that the existence of strict literary censorship (i.e., the loss of freedom of press and freedom of speech) foretold the emergence of some form of political censorship. That is why censorship, no matter what form it may take, is important.

To a fan, literary censorship is (or at least should be) not only more important, but also more obvious, than to the average person. Nearly all fans are omnivorous readers; the insatiable reading appetite of the typical fan is legend. Book-banning in nearly any field will come to the attention of fandom, and, indeed, fandom itself has been the innocent victim of censorship on occasion. And yet, for all of his broad mental horizons, the average fan, as exemplified by Steve Stiles, is blind to where the increased power of the book-burner is leading us. When I claim that we are drawing ever close to George Orwell's world of 1984, Stiles (and, I hasten to add, other readers as well) pooh-pooh me and comment that, after all, it's only literary censorship, and that isn't really important.

I would like to take this opportunity to reiterate a few of the more astonishing examples of censorship which have occurred in the last two or three years. For convenience, they are lifted from the pages of Kipple. Perhaps col-

lectively these incidents will take on slightly more importance than in their previous form of isolated experiences.

In the August 1960 issue of this magazine (Kipple #4, page 2), I reported on the banning of Orwell's 1984 and Aldous Huxley's Brave New World from Dade County (Miami) Florida high schools. An anonymous telephone call was received by Wilfred Rice, principal of the North Miami High School, and a disgruntled parent on the other end of the line claimed that Huxley's book, which her son had brought home from school, was filthy. This claim was based on the fact that the book contained the word "erotic". Principal Rice hadn't read the book, but he passed it on to Joe Hall, Superintendent of Schools, along with Orwell's novel. Hall hadn't read either of the volumes, and so he passed the buck along to the Director of High Schools, Robert Wilson. Naturally, Wilson hadn't read them either, but after indulging in something loosely identified as "scanning" he ordered both books removed from the shelves of all of Dade County's high schools.

What makes this particular case of censorship so astonishing is not that the books were banned, although the uselessness and utter stupidity of this move is indicated by the simple fact that both novels may be purchased in any moderately large book store; it is not even that they were censored by three officials in the Miami school system who hadn't bothered to read either book, for this sort of thing has come to be accepted. The truly astonishing aspect of this incident is that the books were originally investigated because of a claim of obscenity ("filthy") based on the inclusion of the word "erotic" in Brave New World. (It is an interesting thought that by that criteria, this magazine which you hold in your hands is now obscene, and therefore not available. Fortunately, the Post Office Department, whatever its faults may be, does not base its laws upon the attitudes of a crusading Miami housewife.) No court in the country would uphold such a ruling; there is no legal definition of "obscenity" under which the word "erotic" could be termed "filthy". The books were investigated for obscenity; but when Robert Wilson "scanned" them, he obviously found no obscenity since none existed. What, then, was the reason for the censorship?

This may irritate Steve Stiles, who claims that censorship hasn't intruded into science or politics, but I believe I know. Brave New World describes in some detail a new type of birth which is the accepted method during the period it chronicles. And 1984 describes a Western World which possesses all all of the devices which we are taught to associate with Communism. Orwell says, in effect, that we good, God-fearing people are every day in every way becoming more and more like those dirty old atheist Commies. A scientific premise and a political premise, respectively; both banned, both censored, both withheld from the people. "I would start worrying about the 1984 bit," claims Steve Stiles, "if censorship spread over political and scientific areas."

In the September 1960 issue (Kipple #5, page 2), I quoted an article from Redbook Magazine which mentioned a librarian in California who had defended a book on the history of Russia, and had consequently been labeled "pro-USSR". In defense, she made this singularly unarguable statement: "If we're going to fight Communism successfully, we have to understand it." This is an unassailable statement, but one that most people seem incapable of comprehending. The assumption seems to be that if we ignore Communism long enough, it will go away; of course, the opposite holds true. But the librarian was censured, and the book was censored, and

that was the end of it as far as the fair state of California was concerned. This was censorship of a decidedly political nature.

But even censorship of a non-political, non-scientific nature is dangerous. It shows an attitude forming. Most of the people--the masses--seem content to allow the censors, that terrifying army of little old ladies from Boston and short-pants Comstocks, to run their lives for them. Such complacency is deadly, not only to the individual but to the society as a whole.

In Alabama a few years ago, a children's story book called "Rabbits' Wedding" was removed from the shelves of all of the state libraries, and the director of libraries was verbally assaulted by members of the state legislature for allowing the book into the libraries at all. The story concerned a small black rabbit and a small white rabbit who play together and finally marry. This was viewed as a dangerous weapon of integrationists. Here is a splendid example of censorship which, while not political or scientific in nature, is nevertheless of considerable importance. Several members of the legislature simply decided that the children in their state had no right to see a viewpoint other than the one they personally supported.

The discussion between Stiles and myself was started by an article in Kipple #14 devoted to the antics of the Atlanta (Georgia) Board of Censors. In particular, I pointed out that untranslated dialogue in foreign films is objectionable, no matter what the meaning, in Atlanta. "Presumably," I commented, "this is done because the common man-on-the-street may, when faced with untranslated dialogue, give it a meaning to fit his attitudes at the time, and this may be obscene." Notice, please, that "...may give it a meaning... (which)... may be obscene," is specified. This implies that he also may not give it a meaning, and even if he should, this meaning may not be obscene; nevertheless, it is considered "objectionable". Then it occurred to me to add this as an afterthought: "And so in 1961, with the perfection of thought control, we move one more step closer to George Orwell's world of 1984." Now, this is not strictly true; such censorship is not "thought control" in the form we science fiction fans are used to considering it. It may more properly be termed "thought limitation". But whatever the term used, the fact remains that this is strong--very strong--censorship. This is not obscenity being censored, not even by the most conservative definition of that term; it is something in itself innocuous to which the viewer might give obscene connotations in his own mind.

Once again, you see, the masses sit by complacently while some self-proclaimed God does their thinking for them.

Orwell ended his memorable fantasy/satire Animal Farm with these words: "The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which." Once again, Orwell has the same message: after a time, there will be no difference between the Capitalist and Communist worlds. Little by little our freedoms, guaranteed under the constitution of the United States, are withering away. This is the disease of which literary censorship is a symptom. It is not a very important symptom in itself, but it is the beginning of something which could very well spell the end of the democratic institution as we know it. It may not happen in 1984, but even that is not as far-fetched as you may believe. Considering the restrictions levied on our freedom in the last few years, and considering that 22 years remain until then, it isn't too very un-

likely that conditions in the year 1984 could be of the sort Orwell describes.

When the super-rightwingers are railing against Communism, a favorite argument is the freedom for the individual existing in this country and the general lack of it in Russia. We are guaranteed the freedom of speech, the free exercise of religion (which implies the free exercise of non-religion, i.e., agnosticism or atheism), freedom of the press, and "the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Make no mistake about it, we have these rights and more besides. We have more freedom now than the Communist countries will have for some time to come--perhaps more than they will ever have. But these freedoms are being infringed upon in several important ways, of which censorship is a small but significant part.

We have the freedom of speech, but a librarian who makes the singularly innocuous statement that to fight Communism we must understand it is called "pro-USSR" and admonished to desist by persons in responsible positions.

The free exercise of religion is guaranteed to us, but an atheist cannot get a job as an official working for the state of Maryland, and is ruled incompetent by the Maryland Court of Appeals.

We have freedom of the press, but dozens of books every year are removed from the bookshelves of schools and libraries all over the nation. Hordes of blue-nosed biddies sign and circulate petitions to cause magazines like Playboy to be removed from sale at newsstands, and Rogue is termed "pornographic" by self-appointed censors who would probably faint at the sight of genuine "pornography".

We have the right to peaceably assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances, but pacifistic "petitioners" are washed down the steps and brutally beaten for demonstrating before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Our position insofar as freedom is concerned is immeasurably better than that of the Russian people, but it seems to be a sad fact that while they are progressing, we are regressing. Ted White said it better than I am able to, in Null-F #16, and I believe his comments make an excellent ending to this article:

"While Russia is young, coarse, full of life, and looking up towards what it hopes to become (a leader in the world where it was once bottom-rung), the U.S. is already in its decline, with less and less personal freedom, with decay already setting in. Gerty G.M. Carr herself grotches at the red-tape encountered in her husband's business. This is the way we'll lose, eventually. Subtly we're becoming despotic, governed by the least-common-denominator. We're going down hill. Somewhere along the line, fifty to a hundred years from now, we'll meet Russia coming up. I hope I'm not alive then, because I love this country too much to see what it will become."

--Ted Pauls

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

HARRY WARNER JR. Let me expiate my failure to send comments on the preceding Kipple with an extensive set of little
423 SUMMIT AVE. things on the December number. There were some
HAGERSTOWN, MD. things in that November issue that I remember wanting to talk about. I could have unleashed an endless flow of rhetoric sparked by the remark of someone that Mozart imagined he was poisoned, as a perfect example of how the public believes some screwball mistake by some biographer in preference to the facts of musical history. (In this case, the matter ties in with Mascny and the Catholic Church's opposition to that order.) Then there were your neglected statements about the amoeba, which might have caused me to point out that you were succumbing to the either-or, this is or is not, attitude in the question of whether split amoebas are the same or different, immortal or mortal: nature can't be classified on the off-on, A-B basis of a computer card. I also wanted to challenge the accuracy of your remarks about the FM situation. As I recall, you were using a radio built in 1941 or thereabouts, so you couldn't have listened to any current transmissions on the FM dial, which has shifted to another set of wavelengths since World War Two. (One of us is obviously mistaken about some detail or other, and I'm inclined to think it's you. I've checked again since receiving this letter, and the radio is definitely a 1939 or 1940 model--it was purchased in April of 1940, and so it may have been the previous year's model. Equally certain, I receive current FM stations on it. Where does this leave us?)

You probably know that a Howard Johnson restaurant just outside Hagerstown was one of the first locations for a segregation incident on Route 40. This has caused local eating places to think more than usual about the problem. You should understand that I am violently opposed to segregation. Now that I'm living alone, I eat all my meals out, and I refuse to patronize any establishment that doesn't serve Negroes; the only exceptions occur when I'm forced to go to certain dinners in the course of my job. But to be perfectly honest with myself, I wonder how closely my actions would follow my integration principles, if I owned a restaurant along Route 40 in this state, outside the metropolitan area. I don't want to apologize for the operators, but some persons don't realize that this segregation they practice may be the result of a desire to stay in business rather than expression of beliefs. In this county, for instance, Negroes make up only about four percent of the total population, and I imagine that the driving-through proportion is not greater than ten percent at the most. The integrated eating place gets only a slight

amount of business from Negroes because there aren't enough of them. If one-fourth of his white customers refuse to patronize him because of integration, their loss may mean the difference between profit and loss on his business. In Baltimore and many other big cities, the proportion of Negroes is high enough to make up much of the loss. The general trend around here seems to be that the lower-priced, mass-production lunchrooms and restaurants lose little business from segregationists when they integrate, while the more expensive places run into trouble. The best motel in this area had had every unit occupied nightly since spring, until the night the Harlem Globetrotters stopped, and it had numerous vacancies on that night, simply because the Negroes were visible around the place. All the blame about racial prejudice shouldn't go to the operators; the customers are to blame, too.

I own two John Jacob Niles lp's and disagree with your statement that he can sing. He can, but he doesn't have much of a voice. What he has, he uses quite well, and this is more than can be said for most folk singers. (Please, Harry, listen to Jean Ritchie or even Barbara Dane.)

On atomic bombing, the only sensible action that I've heard about in this area was at a nearby high school. The faculty and students decided that they couldn't prevent nuclear attack and weren't sure whom to believe about survival chances. So they've just gone ahead and done as much as they could in preparation: assumed a 15 minute warning, drawn up maps showing locations of students' and teachers' homes, and assigned six or seven occupants of the school to each person who drives an auto to school. Those living within 15 minutes' driving time will be sent home if a warning of an attack is received, the rest will be herded into the safest part of the building, and then there's nothing to do but hope for the best. I think that this is about as far ahead as anyone can hope to plan, without going the whole hog and digging miles-deep shelters sealed off from the upper world with air and water renewal facilities and everything to sustain life for a year or two. I suppose that if I get warning of the attack, I'll go down to the cellar whether I'm at home or in the office, wait until the noise has died down, then go right outdoors.

MARK OWINGS On CORE; I think those who disapprove of them fall
319 E. NORTH AVE. into two classes: those who automatically detest
BALTIMORE 2, MD. them, and those who have seen much of them. The image they try to build up is of a group of earnest, intelligent, college students. This is to a large extent true--in the deeper south. The local group has quite a few of the semi-intelligentsia, too, but the rest constitute the best argument for reviving lynch-law to be found.

REDD BOGGS Those comments on fallout of page 2 of Kipple
2209 HIGHLAND PL., NE #19 were probably "fed" to the people interview-
MINNEAPOLIS 21, MINN. ed by the newsman who handles it. That is the way that most "Inquiring Reporter" features are handled, at any rate. Evidently most people usually reply to a query with "Hah?" "What's that?" "That's my goddamn business, buster!" or "Fuggit." So the reporter kindly puts words into their mouths--with their permission, of course.

I noticed an odd circumstance: I watched the Army-Navy football game on tv and heard them say that JFK's presence marked the first time since 1949 that a president had attended the game. In the sports section next day, they said it was the first

time since 1948; and elsewhere in the paper they gave a third date. Now, if the news media can't make up their minds about a simple, easy to check fact like the attendance of the president at a big football game, why should we believe them when they purport to print facts about more difficult to obtain and obscure news-events?

I didn't know that 20-year-old radios had FM bands, although come to think of it our ancient Philco, bought I think in 1935 and given away or thrown away sometime after the war, had four bands, one of which may have been FM. It was almost useless, if it was FM, because there were no stations broadcasting on that band, within range. It picked up short wave very handily, however, and I often listened to England, Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, France, Spain, South America, Australia, and more obscure points, in the days when I was something of a radio fan. There was a woman on the Milano, Italy, station with a real sexy voice, I recall. Mussolini may have been a fathead, but at least he knew better than Hitler about sex appeal. The Nazi short wave stations were staffed by overbearing and supercilious announcers who made you long to strangle them.

I suppose Thelonius Monk may be remembered in 1981--by "jazz buffs" and collectors. I meant to imply that he wouldn't be a figure of import, a seminal influence, to be considered by historians over the long haul. In literature, for example, James Branch Cabell may be remembered by a few fans, and I believe a new pb edition of Jurgen is about to go on sale. But in a larger sense he is really forgotten. Thirty or forty years ago he was taken seriously and loomed large on the literary horizon; Burton Rascoe actually compared him with James Joyce. Today he wouldn't figure in a history of the great literature of the century, except maybe in a few lines or a footnote. Or who remembers Joseph Hergeshiemer (sp?) or Joan Lowell or Charles King? Big names not long ago, best sellers; and now read and collected only by a few "buffs."

STEVE STILES
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Contradiction is a highly polished art practiced by the newspaper, but it isn't quite so obvious in your Post; two different people have two different opinions, or judgements. This doesn't constitute contradiction, but merely the classic "giving the two sides to a story." I find myself confusedly rereading your whole criticism; it doesn't quite sink in. The fallacy "a bomb is bound to explode over my head" sounds like something the average member of this state might believe in. I for one caught myself thinking something similar a few days ago; i.e., if I were to move from New York to some hick town, it would be just my luck for a stray missile to plunk down there, rather than Manhattan. But it is a fallacy, and rather makes Libby look stupid by bending down to its level to refute it. "Over my head" could easily constitute an area of several miles. (Precisely, which is why I was amused at Libby refuting the fallacy by showing that there were more people than bombs.) I don't care for your summation. It sounds suspiciously like "He doesn't agree with my evaluation of the situation, therefore he must be stupid or a liar." (Well now, I hope I can clear up this misinterpretation. "If he actually believes what he has written on this subject," I stated, "I don't think much of Prof. Libby as a scientist." This is purely my personal opinion, but I think very little of the ability of a scientist who needs to resort to straw-men to argue. If the facts at his disposal aren't sufficient to prove the point, a scientist--especially a "scientist"--shouldn't employ cheap gimmicks

in their place. "If he has opinions comparable to those of Dr. Glass, but prefers to lie to the public," I continued, "then I don't think much of him as a human being." This again is my personal opinion, to which I am entitled but with which you may or may not agree. I have a very low opinion of anyone, scientist, politician, or whatnot, who consciously lies to the public. In cases of the sort we are discussing, falsehoods are generally justified on the grounds that there is no point of unduly worrying the average man-on-the-street with the true facts. I find this despicable, and the fact that the user is in this case a Nobel-Prize-winning scientist does not render it any less reprehensible. ## But the possibility I neglected is that he is not only sincere, but also correct, and that I am wrong. I don't feel a need to preface every editorial comment in this magazine with a qualifying phrase like "I feel" or "I am of the opinion that" or "I believe". The comments I make are obviously my opinions, and I see no reason for specifically identifying each one as such. But if I must state the obvious: I may be wrong; Professor Libby may be correct when he states that 90-95 percent of our population can survive. As a matter of fact, I hope I am wrong, because Libby's appraisal of the situation gives me a better chance for personal survival than does my own.})

Ted, I found myself mildly crogged at your statement that the integration of 35 out of 40 restaurants was a "token response"--it sounds like a tremendous victory to me. Of course, you may feel that their promises were all in vain, but in that case, what difference would it make if they all promised? But I'm not that much of a cynic; what else can they do but promise? (This seems to be your Disagree With Ted Pauls Month, doesn't it? Where did you get your figures that "35 out of 40" restaurants had promised to integrate? There are 80, not 40, restaurants on the route in question; your total of "40" must have come from another source, because I just read my comments in the last two issues and can find no mention of such a number. But even if you had been correct in this, it would still have been a "token" integration, because there are many restaurants on other routes throughout the state which refuse to serve Negroes.})

Norman Thomas sounds like a fugghead. His crudely put statement "If we get a lot of fallout shelters, the American people will think we can tell the Russians to go to hell" is highly debatable. I doubt if the ruling circles who are really the "American people" (or "right" American people) are that stupid. Besides, if I have a shield for protection against axes and spears, I'm not going to go out and invite people to whack away at it.

I have a suggestion about that slogan: "I'd rather be dead than Red, but please don't kill my wife and kids."

The attitude of some people, particularly the Daily News crowd of chimpanzees, towards neutrals disgusts me too. In a nutshell, their philosophy is "If they're not for us, they're against us!" Shame on these neutrals for taking U.S. aid and not siding with us! Shame on them for accepting bribe money and then weiching! These people don't seem to realize that militarily, these small countries' help would be negligible, and that they'd stand to lose more than we'd stand to gain. What amazes me is the fact that these Hearst puppets pretend to be 100% old fashioned Americans, and yet they lose sight of the fact that this country has been one of the leading neutralist countries all through its brief history.

MZB: The slacks problem seems to be well-nigh uni-

versal. My ex-official teacher was a bug on what she considered proper dress (and just plain Proper). Girls wearing slacks in zero weather were publicly denounced as Shameless Hussies, although thick winter slacks tend to unsex a girl. How utterly sick are some of our dress mores, established by religionists afraid of the wonder of sex! And we still cling to these utterly unfunctional ideas in clothing. This teacher had us bottoning up our shirt tops in 90 degree weather...a thoroughly neurotic person.

These people who are waving their damned guns over their shelter doors strike me as merely looking for the excuse to gun somebody down, just for the thrill of it. There can't be any other explanation. If this weren't the case, the obvious solution to their problem would be to build a nice heavy thick door on their shelter, with a sturdy lock, and lock the unfortunate bastards out; they're not going to be sliding through the keyhole. ((No, but they may very well take other measures, such as damaging your air filter.))

BUCK COULSON I can't agree with Bob Leman. My parents had a lot of ROUTE 3 78rpm records so I heard a lot of the pop music of the WABASH, IND. 20's in my youth, along with that of the 30's which came in over the radio. And, friends, it was pretty bad. In the 40's it got worse, levelled off in the 50's, and has declined only slightly since. But it was never good. In fact, as a musical form, R&R is superior to some of the stuff Leman approves of. It's just that a large share of the performers are so abominably bad--people like Paul Anka, Fabian, and the lesser-known ones. The music itself is lively, has a strong beat, and while it's a long way from being good it is an improvement over the monotonous, dragging stuff of the "swing" era. Sure it sounds terrible--but as I recall, two of the most popular tunes of the Dorsey/Miller era that Leman is recalling with such nostalgia were "Three IttIE Pitties" and "Mairzie Doats"--and I'll take "Hit the Road, Jack" in preference to that slop any day.

I thought I could dig some quotes out of Caravan ("The Folkmusic Magazine") to show that the real folk music bugs consider John Jacob Niles altogether too arty and commercial for them, but apparently in the issues I have Niles isn't even mentioned. ((My God, "too commercial"! What do these people consider "enthic", a recording of an old gentleman from the Ozarks repeatedly vomiting in cadence?)) The only quote was from a fan expressing his approval of all types of folksinging, and it was: "I even like John Jacob Niles." (Which, when you come to think of it, is a pretty defensive statement; not the sort of thing which would be made to a group with which Niles was popular.) At any rate, Niles has been put down for his "concert" style. His trouble isn't that he never learned to sing, but that he voice is gone. I expect that 40 years ago he was pretty good. I forget when he was born, but he was in the U.S. Air Force during World War One, which means he ain't no spring chicken.) Anyway, Jean Ritchie is considered far more enthic than Niles--and as far as I'm concerned, her voice is every bit as bad. ((The possibility of challenging you to a duel crossed my mind, but I'd probably lose, so I'll just say that arguing musical tastes is almost impossible since the opinions on both sides are wholly subjective. I still think that Jean Ritchie is the finest female vocalist in the field.))

There is one major difference between the Limelighters and the Kingston Trio. The Kingstons do not have any original arrangements. Their hit version of "The M.T.A." was taken, note by note, from Will Holt's arrangement;

their "Tom Dooley" came from the Tarriers, etc. If you have enough folk records you can spot the exact version which the Kingston Trio learned, because they never change a note, or a pause. On the other hand, I have yet to hear the Limelighters sing anything which remotely resembles the work of anyone else. For my money, the difference is that between plagiarism and inspiration.

I haven't read "Anthem" and I don't intend to. "Atlas Shrugged" finished me with Ayn Rand--anyone who can take a philosophy with which I basically agree and turn it into a novel which is so dull I can barely struggle through it is not a writer for me. Someone told me that Ayn's characters in "Anthem" were less believable than those in "Atlas"; it's hard to see how they could be, and I'm not going to spend 50¢ to check up. (←"Anthem" is no paragon of good characterization, but then little of science fiction could make that claim. The reason Rand's characters are unbelievable is that they are ideals--of good, or of evil, but ideals just the same--and ideals don't exist in reality.→)

All your letter writers seem to be either violently pro- or violently anti-fallout shelters, mostly the latter. Personally, I don't have a shelter, and I certainly wouldn't pay a contractor big money to build me one, but, if I owned my own property I'd set about building one. Statistically they may not be much good; maybe they'd be of value to only 5% of the population (that 5% living away from the blast area but close enough to catch fallout, and able to reach their shelters in time), but if I'm one of that 5% a shelter is going to be worthwhile to me, and I can't predict ahead of time whether I'm going to need the shelter or not.

Statistically, any insurance program can be proved unprofitable. The insurance companies obviously make a profit--they take in more money in life insurance premiums, say, than they pay out to policyholders. So, why should you buy life insurance, or accident insurance, or fire insurance? You're better off putting the same money in a savings account. Shelters are the same deal--most of the population would be better off without one, but how do you as an individual know that you'll be in the majority, come the day? (←In 1962, thousands of people will die in automobile accidents. Selling your car and walking every day is statistically unprofitable, but how do you know that you'll be in the majority and not get killed in that manner? You're own reasoning, you see...→) Of course, a strictly fallout shelter is not any good; you want something that will give you at least some blast protection, too.

So how about some middle-of-the-road letters on shelters? They're overrated, but still better insurance than nothing at all. As for those who don't want to survive an atomic attack--they won't. In or out of a shelter, they'll either change their minds about surviving or they'll get killed off by the ones who do want to survive. (I've just read Budrys' latest novel, in case you hadn't guessed.) I'll take my chances with survival, myself. The worst living conditions change eventually, but death is permanent.

BOB LICHTMAN
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I read with interest and disgust your extracts from the question-answer column in the Balti-
more News-Post. They're much the same thing you
hear all over from skeptical but wide-eyedly
optimistic Americans. In the shipping department at U.C. Press, where I
worked, there was a fellow who had a rather different viewpoint on

this bomb business. His name was Loal Hughes, he was a 33 year old Negro with a college education, and he welcomed the bomb. In fact, he prayed for it to come soon so he'd be there. You see, Hughes hates the human race, everyone in it, including himself. He thinks we are all miserable, crawling, coniving, worthless creatures, and that the bomb will be our comeupence. No, he doesn't approach this from a religious viewpoint; I know, because several of us spent an entire morning grilling him to determine this, while packing and shipping books. We told him if he considered himself to be as bad as the rest of us, then why not just jump off the Bay Bridge and end it all? But Loal didn't like that idea. He said that he wants to be right there on the scene when it (the bomb) goes off, so he can watch all of us dying while he dies.

Gary Deindorfer: Yes, indeed, this fallout shelter business has certainly brought out some unusual characteristics in people. Aside from your remarks, let me make a few comments about the advertising about these glamorous foxholes. In the home magazine section of the Los Angeles Times for November 12, 1961, there are no fewer than four separate advertisements for fallout shelters. Most of them are the usual sort of thing, like you see every day if you read fallout shelter ads to keep up on the changes in the market. But one of them came with the following guarantee: "Because we believe it is our patriotic duty not to accept an excess profit in a case directly concerned with possible national disaster or survival, we guarantee only \$150.00 profit on each of our Radiation Fallout Shelters. At the end of the year, if our profit exceeds \$150 per shelter, our customers will be reimbursed the difference. We urge other companies making fallout shelters to follow this lead in the interest of the public and the nation's welfare."

There is a footnote to this guarantee. It says, "This offer is subject to change without notice." Yeah, I bet...

GEORGE WILLYCK
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MADISON, IND.

Fallout shelters and other civil defense measures don't exactly excite me to comment, but I have one comment in regards to these evacuation procedures. The city of Louisville, Kentucky has made elaborate plans to move the downtown population to outlieing counties. I suppose many cities have done this. The entire plan hinges on two factors: early warning and orderly planned evacuation. It looks good on the surface and the planners have done everything to keep down panic. However, there is one thing that nobody can plan for, and that is this: given an early warning, people begin the evacuation. Now place yourself in downtown Louisville during such an evacuation. What are you thinking about? Just one thing: how long do I have? Will the bomb come in half an hour or ten seconds? Suddenly each second becomes life itself and the whole shebang will erupt in the greatest piece of mass hysteria possible. Far better is the idea of mass shelters. Sure, the folk may die trapped like mice, but they won't be spewing over the countryside wrecking the outlieing areas.

Now Ted, if I have finally figured this out, it seems we disagree mainly on the point of how a feud or disagreement should be conducted. I don't really think we do, but for the sake of the farce let's say so. By and large, statements made in fandom are of no importance and are remembered, if at all, only by the person of whom they are spoken. (This is true only inasmuch as any statement, in or out of fandom, is unimportant and remembered only by the person of whom it is spoken. "sticks and stones," as the chant

goes, "may break my bones, but names will never hurt me." Statements made in fandom are no less important, within their own frame of reference, than any other statements. It sometimes seems as though statements made by and to fans are unimportant, because most fans are tolerant of those among us who suffer from compulsive name-calling. If you call a fan a fugghead, he will probably be merely amused (unless, of course, he happens to be a fugghead, in which case he will launch into a four-page diatribe defending his "good name," which he believes to have been damaged and which, in all probability, never existed). If, on the other hand, you were to walk up to someone on the street and call him the name for which "fugghead" is a circumlocution, you would probably be punched in the mouth.)

If I have occasion to remember what I said four months ago, I have to look it up and read it; this also applies, though over a longer period of time, to remarks made about me. I would suppose that this applies to almost all of us, with variations in the time involved. Several years ago, Yandro and the Coulsons were taken to task by just about everyone in fandom. What does it mean today? Absolutely nothing. Yandro, while changing format very little, has worn a place in fandom and has become one of its top zines (by popular vote) and anyone going after Buck or Juanita is going to get a nasty surprise. (†Yandro was criticized because of the low quality of most of the material it was publishing at the time, and the criticism stopped when the level of that material rose.) So, you see, I still hold that statements made in fanzines are of no importance. I do agree that fandom is a hobby-plus; what other reason would we have for being here?

Our main point of argument seems to be what we consider name-calling. Name-calling is worthless. But if it is used mildly, as I try to use it, then it lets the reader beware. I once got involved in a sweeter-than-thou type argument and found myself more viciously maligned than if the guy had called me a low down son of a bitch. Not that this is important, but the guy started off so nicely that I skipped the letter and didn't know about it until some friends asked me what I intended to do about it. So as a result of this, whenever I have a real gripe or am going to read the book to someone, he gets a jolt in the first line so he'll be sure to see what is said about him. (†Ah me, if we could only justify our other childish practices as easily as you have justified assinine name-calling.) Now the basic attention-grabbing line doesn't mean anything as such. Two issues ago I wanted to disagree with Breen. Now knowing Walter's aversion to me he would undoubtedly skip the whole letter had I started off sweetly, and this would have been an unjust thing. (†Mighod, your consideration for Walter's feelings amazes me. It certainly is a wonderful thing...) True, it may beat up the discussion a little, but anger exposes folk far more easily than anything else, and exposure is important. Fandom has no way of ridding itself of members.

Deindorfer goes off the deep end again with misstating my remarks. I said "mentally retarded," Gary. Idiocy and insanity are both forms of mental retardation whether you like it or not. (†But "retarded" means stunted, held back, which in turn implies a lack of capacity to learn, low intelligence, etc. An insane person isn't necessarily of low intelligence; in fact, an actual moron probably would be incapable of insanity, since you need a certain amount of intelligence in order to be troubled enough to become insane. Insanity is not "a form of mental retardation".) I don't mind arguing with you, but don't misquote me for your own ends. Gary also comes close to defining "Jazz"

as a term and possibly for the sake of good taste did not take it to the root. It is a slang term meaning excrement of the male organ and was called "Jass."

To tell you the truth, Washington's lax manner has been bugging me too. I, for one, think that the younger group in New York deserve the right to put on a Worldcon. All previous disasters can be directly attributed to the more mature (←?) and well-known members of New York fandom. I'm all for giving the others a chance.

WALT BREEN
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Willick's allegations concerning my purported attacks on his Fan Awards Poll are false. The man must be having delusions or something. I have made no secret of my dislike of his Prosser statuette--my reasons being very close to those mentioned by Tucker. I have said nothing in print since then about his project because all I have heard (save for the Aze story) have been rumors. There is no possible debate on this point. If this is "giving the Fan Awards and (Willick) bad press (and sneaking around) with snide little comments," then Willick may make the most of it. If this is a "fight-back type of attack," then clearly there is so great a difference in the way Willick and I use words that communication is apparently impossible. One other point: Willick claims that I wanted his award project aligned with the Fanac Poll. This is not only false but ridiculous. The only foundation he could have had for any such remark is that I told him I did not wish to run his ballots as a Fanac rider until after February 15th, because otherwise they might get confused with Fanac Poll ballots. It now appears that Willick is thinking of a four-month nominations period. That is okay with me, but in the meantime clarification on his part, and apologies, are very much in order.

I will leave it up to your readers to decide if I am "nursing my wounded ego" in print.

ED BRYANT
ROUTE 2
WHEATLAND, WYOMING

I quite enjoy those letters by Benford and Stewart concerning the trials and tribulations of rebellious school newspaper staff members. Wheatland High School has its paper too, the Bulldog's Bark. Before this year it's been published as a six-issues-per-year project by the journalism class and has been about the most tepid mess you could imagine. However, this year the Powers That Be decided that the Bark should be made an extra-curricular activity, staffed by dedicated students, and be made into a REAL school newspaper. Thus it was. Now the Bark consists of six legal-sized mimeoed pages published every two weeks. Unhappily, the bulk of the paper is still trivia, but that may change. Despite the fact that by job with the paper is officially only that of a lay-out man, I have some influence with the editorial people by dint of my reputation as being "that kid that publishes that science fiction watchamacallit." Right now, the average issue consists of a usually tepid editorial, Civil Defense column, page of interviews with prominent seniors, club-meeting reports, a discussion/audience participation column edited by yours truly (present subject: is it better to be red than dead?), gossip, and, occasionally, some student-authored prose. However, evolution is still going on and there are rumbles hinting at the fact that movie-tv-book review columns are in the offing. The Bulldog's Bark must be progressing; it's publishing some of my science fiction. Or maybe that isn't a good sign at all.

Despite our proximity to a probably target (the missile sites at Cheyenne) my family is

uffish thots

IF I WERE KING... If I were the art editor of any science fiction magazine in the field today, I would fire all my artists. I would do this because not one of the artists today plying his trade in the stf field is a worthwhile illustrator, and a number are unworthy of publication in any media.

The key word in the above statement, of course, is "illustrator."

Ever since Bill Ashman's work in Galaxy, over a decade ago, and the "experiments" of others in the ink-blot school, and most notably since the disappearance of Freas, Orban, Lawrence, Emsch (as an interior illustrator) and a few others who'd hung on, the science fiction field has been destitute of illustrators. Arty fellers, designers, even craftsmen of great talent, like Leo Dillon, we've had (and in rapid succession), but these men are not illustrators, and because of this, they've hurt the field badly.

Let me review for you the function of illustrating, and its place in the stf mags.

Illustrations first appeared in books, probably as an outgrowth of illuminated letters, and this paved their way for the appearance of magazines. The fiction magazine, most particularly the pulp magazine, developed the commercial illustrator, however.

A magazine consisting of almost entirely fiction would qualify as a book, except that it appears in a different format, and makes more use of illustrations than do books today. While books are usually purchased after some consideration, however, the magazine is an impulse purchase. We may buy every issue of every magazine we dig, but the majority of readers do not--they grab something that "looks interesting" off the stands for an hour's quick entertainment.

In this the magazine differs most sharply from the book. And because it must be bought on impulse, it must appeal to a ready assessment. It must look appealing.

A reader will find a magazine appealing if: a) he recognizes (with favor) the names of some of the contributors; b) the cover attracts him; or c) if in a fast thumb-through, he hits pictures which intrigue him and make him want to read the stories to find out what is happening.

Once he's purchased the magazine, at least 50% of the responsibility for his satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the issue will be due to the illos. And his pleasure with an issue is what will bring him back for the next issue.

So, the pictures have two functions: to pull him in, and to

TED WHITE

hold him. Now, you may be a little surprised that I gave the pictures equal credit with the text for pleasing the reader, so I'll tell you why: often a picture which repels the reader (or, simply does not attract him) will deter him from reading the story it illustrates--and a really appealing illo may well enhance his impression of the story after he finishes it.

I am not, at any point, talking about the avid reader--the "fan" of the stuff. He doesn't buy more than 20% of the copies sold. But even so, he too is influenced by the magazine's visual "image"--by whether it is well or poorly put together, and he gretches exceedingly when it looks bad to him.

Good illustration, then, is illustration which is initially attractive and which leads one directly into the story. It should not stand independent of the story; it should compliment it. It must be real in the sense that the story is real--a visual interpretation upon the same level of reality as the text.

This is why various artists of stf's golden magazine eras have been best suited to particular types of stories. This is why Cartier best illoed fantasies and humorous stories, for instance--and fell flat with a deadly serious story of technology.

The artists who worked in our field in the thirties and forties knew this--they had no delusions about stf's grandeur, or its superiority from the mainstream of pulps. (In fiction values, the mainstream pulps were superior to stf, in fact...)

But in the fifties, the editors, many of them with their own paranoid dreams, began to "elevate the stature" of their magazines, by using "non-representational" illustrations, arty designs and random inkblots. This was to make the package more "classy." Howard Brown harolded covers by Byre Phillips as Great Art--although Phillips was and is a hack commercial artist in the paperback field.

Stf illustration was made "slick" and the mystery and style and reality was removed from it. Artists became convinced of their own superiority, and designed their works as one might to hang in a gallery.

Very good. Leo Dillon's Galaxy illos occasionally look good framed and hung. Several strike me as inspired Art. But had I been supervising Galaxy's art, I would never have printed them. They competed with the stories, and they detracted from them. These miniatures were not illustrations.

Today I would throw out Galaxy's art director--he's more of an ass than the previous one. Stellar photographs and old woodcuts on title pages are not enticing. And in this case, they're not even attractive. They are ugly, and they compete with the illustrators, since one assumes a consistent style of art throughout a story.

ASF&F has put an art department in charge at last--John Campbell's tastes in art are atrocious and his judgement is concerned almost entirely with external and ungermane factors, like how good an engineer is the artist--so perhaps we'll see less of Bernklau, Douglas, and West. These three are very bad artists, students as a matter of fact, who do not even know the commcial techniques for rendering.

Amazing's art is purchased by Cele Goldsmith, who at least has a glimmering of ideas in illustration, but who falls back on Finlay (a worn-out hack who's lost all his one-time brilliance) and Adkins (a de-

signer of genius, and a miserable artist) for most of the time.

What is good illustration like, and how should magazines handle it? Take a look at If five years ago, or the last five years of Thrilling Wonder or Startling. Here were magazines with real reader-involvement, and damned well coordinated art departments. Why, I recall reading If after I'd stopped reading other mags, because it was so damned attractive.

But that's life.

RIGIDITY CERTAINLY IS A WONDERFUL THING... In Kipple #19, one Loftus Becker Jr. (can this be the Mike Becker of old transplanted in Harvard soil?) brings up again the old saw: Classical musicians can't play jazz, and jazz musicians are hopelessly outclassed in classical music. This in turn grew out of my offhand statement that jazz musicians were as a rule technically superior to their classical counterparts. Okay, I will explain.

First, we are not speaking here of the stars. I could probably give you Art Tatum for Horowitz, and etc, but when I was speaking of musicians, I meant the average Joe who blows in either a jazz combo/band or a symphony orchestra. And when I referred to classical musicians as a whole, I meant the sort of men a Leonard Bernstein will find in his orchestra: one or perhaps of virtuoso stature, but the rest simply competent musicians. These men are not any more skilled with their respective instruments than the average professional jazz musician. And while most jazz musicians do not play violins, violas, or cellos, in those categories in which both types of musicians play, the professional jazz musician is easily superior to the professional classical musician. I offer this not merely as a personal observation, but as a recognized fact, publicly stated by a number of men, like Gunther Schuller, who have had personal experience in both fields. Schuller plays french horn with the New York Philharmonic, played french horn on the classic 1948 Miles Davis recordings, has composed for jazz and symphonic groups, and has conducted jazz and symphonic orchestras. He finds the jazz orchestras by far the better.

Then there's this saw that jazz musicians can play only jazz. And vice versa. Anybody remember Walt Disney's "Fantasia"? Remember the interlude, when the musicians in the orchestra began to jam?

In my collection are at least twenty records containing highly demanding compositions (both jazz and non-jazz) played by jazz orchestras. One of them is Stravinsky's "Ebony Concerto," played by the Woody Herman orchestra. Herman's band is not that good, among jazz bands--it can't compare with Ellington's, for instance--but the performance of Stravinsky here is flawless. (The recording is on the Everest label.)

Another is the new "Perceptions" written by J.J. Johnson for a twenty-one piece brass orchestra conducted by Schuller, and featuring Dizzy Gillespie as soloist. Not jazz, but of jazz, this is demanding music played flawlessly by jazz musicians.

Can a jazz musician compose non-jazz? Well, I just received Giuffrè's "A Piece for Clarinet and String Orchestra," recorded by a West German orchestra with Giuffrè's clarinet. The writing is stunning, and the strings are handled with a sophistication unknown to many modern classical composers. Giuffrè could, if he wishes, be another Stravinsky. (Indeed, so could

at least a handful of modern jazz musicians who've shown surprising talents for composition.)

Then there's Charlie Mingus. Mingus mastered the string bass fifteen years ago, and just this fall gave it up. He'd said all he could with it. Now he's starting on the piano, and I shouldn't be surprised if he becomes a virtuoso on that instrument as well. A recent album from Mercury ("Pre Bird") features compositions Charlie wrote twenty years ago. One of them is a symphony written when he was eighteen. It has stunned all those who've heard it. Significantly, it was played by jazz musicians.

I could go on and on. The thing is this: the vast body of jazz musicians do not spend all their time in only one small combo. There isn't that much work--combos will support only star performers, and by their size and number drastically limit the amount of steady work available through them. Most jazz musicians do a great deal of non-jazz professional playing for their bread and butter. On the west coast, they work in the Hollywood studios, on the east coast in the studio orchestras of the big networks. Or they work in pick-up bands assembled for pop music recordings, like the Jackie Gleason records, or those by Billy May or Les Brown, or a good many others. And jazz recording offers many possibilities. These orchestras which recorded "Perceptions" and similar pieces are not regular orchestras--they were assembled for the recording.

A new jazz musician has grown up through the years, and he has little if anything to do with the Young Man With A Horn Stereotype. Today's jazz musician can sight-read flawlessly, often playing his part perfectly with no rehearsal, he is a master of his instrument, and he can, upon demand, improvise solos of musical value. He can also memorize his lines--one rarely if ever sees the jazz musician reading music as he adds his horn to the extremely complex ensembles prevalent in modern jazz. (Some leaders, like Mingus, do not write their music; they teach the music to each musician.)

There's a story told about Roy Eldridge, a professional musician of thirty years' standing, who upon applying for a studio job was given a piece of extremely simple sheet music and asked to play it. He was insulted. "I've been playing music for all my life, and they want to know if I can read," he said. "Who do they think I am, Little Boy Blue?"

Time to get rid of those rigid stereotypes, gang.

--Ted White

23 The number in the space to the left of this sentence is the number of the last issue you will receive. If that number is "21", you won't receive the next issue.

_____ A mark in this space indicates that he trade magazines.

_____ A check to the left of this sentence means that you have a contribution or letter of comment in this issue. This is an honor not granted to many, and I suggest you cherish it warmly.

_____ If this space is checked, it means that you are on my permanent mailing list, a consideration you probably don't deserve.

_____ And a mark here indicates that this is the last issue you will receive unless you respond in some manner. Send me your fanzine, a letter, or some legal tender.

QUOTES & NOTES...CONTINUED

stand for the right to disagree.

"Remember, the Webster Quimmley Society is dedicated to 150,000,000 Americans between the two fringes. Many of them, no doubt, are for the HUAC--and many, no doubt, are against it. This we believe is as it should be. We believe that the majority will indicate their beliefs through the proper channels--at the polls--where they elect those who represent them. When we say "Sanity and Freedom," we mean just that. And the freedoms are those freedoms upon which America was founded--including the right to disagree.

"As for the threat of Communism, we urge our members to read everything they can on Communism--and on the other side, too--for they must not close their eyes to the almost certain showdown ahead. But we urge them in reading --or in listening to tapes--to read and hear many views, for most writers and speakers have bias one way or the other, and these biases must be ferreted out before a true picture is obtainable."

SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS

My article in this issue, "Let Freedom Reign", grew out of an unmailed letter to Steve Stiles. In commenting on Kipple #19, Steve reiterated his claim that censorship had not become serious, and noted that the Supreme Court decision allowing George Lincoln Rockwell, leader of the American Nazi Party, to speak invalidated one of my points. I decided once and for all to refute Steve's attitude on censorship, and began a lengthy and exhaustive letter on the subject. However, after I had rambled on for three pages or so, the realization came to me that this was not a letter at all, but an article refuting not only Stiles but every person--fan or otherwise--who took lightly the importance of censorship. The article beginning on page eight is a greatly revised version of that letter.

Speaking of material, I suppose I ought to mention the fact that there were to be two other contributions to this issue, but both missed the deadline. An article by yhos on sex, and another installment of Marion's fanzine review column will appear next issue. Poor Marion missed the deadline because of Christmas, and while there was no formal deadline for my own article, I realized that when I hadn't finished by January 2, it couldn't possibly appear in this issue.

Letters to the editor are still appearing almost daily in the local newspapers condemning sit-in demonstrators pressing for integrated eating facilities in this state. One of the most amusing appeared in the Baltimore News-Post for December 15, 1961. If I didn't know better I'd almost believe it was a satire: "I think the Freedom Riders and the trouble makers are under the influence of the Communist movement, causing uprisings among our good people. We have never had any trouble before, and have always lived in peace with one another." This writer must be a hermit of considerably more conviction than Harry Warner if he thinks that "we've (the two races) always lived in peace with one another." Of course, if the subservience of one race to another is "peace," then I suppose this gentleman is correct after all.

Additions to a Fan's Library: Christmas is the time of year when friends and relatives who forgot what size shirt I wear give me checks of varying amounts, and with this bountiful harvest come larger issues of Kipple and more paperbacks for my bookshelves. I've been exceptionally fortunate this year to acquire a number of books of particular in-

terest to me. As some of you may know, my interests center around science in general and biology in particular, and in this category I have recently acquired: "Evolution in Action," by Julian Huxley; Charles Darwin's magnum opus, "The Origin of Species," which I read several years ago but neglected to purchase; "Biography of the Earth," by George Gamow, who looks like Donald Franson and writes like Charles Burbee; "The Crust of the Earth," an anthology of articles serving as an introduction to geology; "The Nature of Living Things," blurbed as a "popular introduction" to natural biology, by C. Brooke Worth and Robert K. Enders; "Life on Other Worlds," an interesting study by Britain's Astronomer Royal, H. Spencer Jones, which has nothing to do with Ray Palmer; "Mainsprings of Civilization," the first sociology text I've bought in quite a while; "Seeds of Life," the story of sex in nature from amoeba to man, by John Langdon-Davies; "The Death of Adam," an interesting historical study of the physical sciences in the past few hundred years; and "Scientists Behind the Inventors," a miserable little miscarriage which I regret spending good money for. Aside from these specialized volumes, I also recently purchased some fiction and otherwise non-scientific works. Julian Huxley's "Man in the Modern World" should possibly have been included with the books listed above, but it is more philosophy than anything else. At any rate, this volume consists of selected essays on war, religion, etc. I have acquired but not yet read Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon" and J.D. Salinger's "Franny and Zooey". And what have you been reading lately, friend?

Department of Dirty Huxtering: Since I've been trying to buy a copy of Tesseract #1, I've realized that there are fans who actually collect fanzines. No one will sell me a copy! But some good may come of this after all--now that I've discovered the collectors among us, perhaps I can sell some of my old fanzines. A listing of the items I wish to sell would take several pages, so perhaps a listing of what I will not sell will simplify matters. Warhoon, Discord, Kipple, Copsla, Innuendo, Yandro, Habakkuk, Xero, Horizons, Parsection, Cadenza, Gaul, Esprit, Viper, Speculative Review, Void, Neolithic, Tesseract, Lighthouse, Fanic Button, Skoan, and a select few other items comprise my "collection" of fanzines. But I've got stacks and stacks of other fanzines both old and new which I will dispose of for a nominal but noticeable sum--Varioso, SF, Orion, Smoke, Rot, Spectre, practically any issue of Fanac you might want, most of the fanzines circulated through FAPA during 1960, earlier SAPSazines, a duplicate copy of Boggs' Polestar Chapbook Number One, Aporrheta, and many other fanzines too numerous to mention. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, I still want a copy of Tesseract #1, Neolithic #2 (Lenny Kaye sent #6), and the third issue of Lighthouse. Equitable trade arrangements preferred, but I'll pay cash.

Real Soon Now Department: Terry Carr reports that an article on censorship he is doing for Kipple expands in scope every time he thinks about it. I'm really elated to hear that this article is at least in the planning stages; Terry first promised an article in July or August--of 1959.

If it were anyone but Terry Carr, I'd think what the hell, he isn't going to do an article for Kipple. But Terry Carr (the verysame Terry Carr who once published a bi-monthly fanzine every year or so) is Dependable. As soon as he is certain that every facet of this wonderful article is complete in every detail, he will begin to transcribe it onto paper. It will delve into the many ramifications of censorship, present lengthy quotations by recognized authorities, and of course include a special 22-page biography of Anthony Comstock. I expect the opening chapters very soon, in March as a matter of fact--March, 1964. I can hardly wait.

--Ted Pauls

MR GIBSON, MEET MR GIBSON

AN ARTICLE

BY RICHARD BERGERON

Unaccustomed as I am to being read against anything other than a background of blue paper, I half expect not to be recognized in this green disguise. However, I do expect that my theme will be recognized--in spite of its unexpected trappings--for it's one some of you have met occasionally in Warhoon. Bluntly, it's that the search for truth requires candor and that evasions and inexplicitness are often the first refuge of cowards.

The purpose of this article is not to demonstrate that either of the above gentlemen is a coward--as far as I know neither of them are and may indeed be brave gentlemen (at least I will assume so until they're proven otherwise)--but its purpose will rather be to set forth on some examination of the war between the men whose names happen to be, coincidentally, Joe Gibson. It should be further made clear, while you still have some sense of wonder left, that these people inhabit the same body. My knowledge of psychiatric nomenclature is vague so I wisely refrain from using such labels, but the Mr. Gibson who is fond of tossing around such catchphrases ("neurotic" is his favorite but he's got his eye on a group that wants "to turn fandom into their private sanitarium") might describe the conduct of such an unfortunate individual accurately. This Mr. Gibson might, but I cannot, for I can't pretend his knowledge of psychiatry or acquaintance with psychopathic cases and this article is an examination, not a case history, of warring personalities. Perhaps we can fit together some of the pieces of this crackpottery:

"Cheats, Frauds, Thieves, Whores and Moochers", an article by Joe Gibson in the September 1961 Shangri-L'Affaires, provides us with our first point of departure. In it Mr. Gibson paints a vivid picture of a fandom (ours, I take it) beleaguered by a "Lunatic Fringe" consisting of the cast of characters described in his eye-catching title. The first few pages of this article seem to be dominated by the first of our Joe Gibsons, who goes on at some length in primary hues about the doings of the cheats, frauds, thieves, whores and moochers in our midst. This Mr. Gibson is actually a rather craven sort for while he describes a fandom badly needing to get rid of a host of unsavory characters the only vaguely unpleasant character he can bring himself to name is dead. I don't intend to name this individual, but it's interesting to note that being dead he becomes an inviting target and the only example of our

first Mr. Gibson's search for the truth through candor and explicitness. In fact he becomes such an inviting target that we're treated to a description of his attempt to hide his sickness from his daughter and this person is described as dying on his feet. I'm too revolted to figure out what this mumified reconstruction has to do with the title of Joe's article, but it will have to stand as his pathetic example of courage. After this scathing denunciation of cheats, frauds, thieves, whores and moochers (and one cadaver) it might be well to see what our other Mr. Gibson has to say: "We've been too soft," we've been "too nice for our own good." This new Joe Gibson goes on to give his advice: "If you get taken for a sucker, say so--and label the bastard who did it... When you don't, he just goes looking for another rat sucker... And other fans don't know the bastard he is." Well, that's sound advice. After all, there's no reason why we shouldn't be aware of the predatory among us and every reason why we should. I agree with that, but I'm looking forward to see what this Gibson will have to say about the one who appears to have a veritable card file on these creatures but coyly refuses to name one of them. Mr. Gibson plainly has a conflict of conscience: on the one hand he wants these people named, but on the other he seems to actually prefer to let us find out about them through experience. Hardly an inspiring response to his own plea for social responsibility. For myself, I'll not sleep nights for worrying about which of you are the cheats, frauds, thieves, and moochers--the whores I prefer to deal with on their own merits (some of them have hearts of gold, I'm told). To recapitulate: Joe Gibson-2 calls for frankness, but Joe Gibson-1 apparently prefers to deal with nameless menaces rather than do us the favor of naming the sources of our alleged menaces. For myself, I prefer not to deal with nameless menaces or with people who deal in nameless menaces.

The thirst for frankness exhibited by the second of these personalities seems to be bounded only by its interests. There are areas well within the limits of the law about which Mr. Gibson-2 would prefer less candor. For instance, we find elsewhere in "Cheats, Frauds, Thieves, Whores and Moochers" that aside from their opinions Bill Donaho and Danny Curran qualify for "social responsibility" by any criterion you might care to name. Save for their opinions, they might be as well worth knowing as any member of the National Association of Manufacturers--for they have responsible jobs: "these two guys aren't mere fiunkies, working at some lousy job because they've got to make a buck," Joe tells us. But unfortunately, "you'd never know it to listen to them" for "they're real George on the Socialist bit and the latest thing in progressive thought" and, take care fandom!, are "goddamn fool kids" who are "just the thing to brighten up a really lurid expose--especially if we get some nut doing a John Birch deal on fandom!" Ignoring the temptation to wonder if self-imposed suppression of opinion through a climate of fear is better for fandom than free expression, let's uncover the implied contradiction in this behavior. For those of you who haven't been reading your newspapers it might be well to pause here and illustrate what is meant by a "John Birch deal". Robert Welch, the leader of the John Birch Society, announced recently that 1% of Catholics were Communists. When asked on what he based his statement, he replied that in as large a body as that there was bound to be some divergence of opinion and infiltration. This authoritative revelation alerts us to the danger in our midst and invites us to fill in names from any opinions our Catholic friends may offer that sound slightly left of Barry Goldwater. The basic approach is to not name any names (and thus become bogged

down in matters of proof or interpretation) but to plant the assumption that there are undesirables in our company and let the society find the guilty through the opinions it doesn't like. The John Birch technique isn't confined to expressions of political opinion--in its broadest form it's embodied in the philosophy "If the shoe fits, wear it"; a philosophy that caters to the tendency of the mob to fit the shoe whether it wears or not. It is the philosophy of those who are frustrated by their fears of calling a spade a spade but still seek to vent themselves on the objects of their ire. If this sounds familiar it's because there is an example of it in the second paragraph of this article. In promising not to participate in any John Birch-type blowup of fandom, Joe Gibson-2 is flying in the face of the Joe Gibson who deals in nameless menaces, the Joe Gibson who numbers in the title of his article, among others, "a prozine editor", and "secretary-treasurers of fan organizations". It would have been a service to name these individuals (a service Joe Gibson-2 asks for) but it's certainly a disservice to encourage the atmosphere that makes us reluctant to lend \$5.00 to any former secretary-treasurer or prozine editor merely because that's what they once were. (For those who have not been following the other uses of this technique, as reported in Warhoon, it should be sufficient to show by a single example the damage and suspicion it can create. As I was reading Joe's article, a neofan asked me, "What are you laughing at?" When he'd finished the article, I was horrified to find him selecting people who might have been meant. I dismissed all of his selections and finally convinced him that I was more of a cheat, fraud, thief, whore, or moocher than Larry Shaw; at which he started to look at me rather suspiciously.) The spreading of suspicion through John Birch Society techniques is not confined to political issues.

Though slightly outside the scope of this examination, it might be well to consider the suggestion that fandom is open to a John Birch-type attack because of the opinions of people like Bill Donaho and Danny Curran. Well, as a matter of fact, fandom is open to such an attack and short of silencing Bill Donaho, Danny Curran, Walt Willis, Walter Breen, Ted Pauls, Redd Boggs, Ted White, Terry Carr, Jack Speer, Pete Graham, F.M. Busby, Avram Davidson, A.J. Budrys, Harry Warner, and James Elish, to name a few, there isn't much that can be done about it. It might be possible to set up a Central Committee to which copies of material that was to be published could be submitted for editing, but the only person I'd trust to handle such a chore would be Joe Gibson. Actually, this wouldn't have much chance of protecting us either because, as we've seen, any opinion, any action, is open to John Birch Society-type attack because of the adaptability of the technique. And because of this adaptability, self-suppression isn't going to work either. Fandom is thought of as a dream world but functions in and is affected by the social climate of the country. (Lest we begin to fear that the continued free interchange of opinion between the above people is endangering fandom from the fanatics of the radical right, let's make clear that fandom supplied adequate material for a political attack from that group many years before most of the above people came on the scene. The extremists of either the right or the left have demonstrated on numerous occasions that the subject of their attack need not be contemporary. Given the information that fandom is a network of international correspondents and Joe Gibson's admission in "Cheats, Frauds, Thieves, Whores and Moochers" that he has "known two fans who are former members of the Communist

Party" you have the basis for a much stronger scare campaign for the John Birch Society than Robert Welch's laughable remark about Catholics. I might note that Joe's remark makes him a prime target for the House Committee on Un-American Activities--they're always interested in anyone who goes around admitting that he has known Communist Party members.) All things are open to John Birch Society-type attack and will continue to be while that type of attack whose aim it is to spread suspicion rather than information is tolerated either in or out of fandom.

Turning for our last example of conflict from the article in Shangri-L'Affaires to the editorial of G2 #6, November 1961, we find Joe Gibson-2 complaining: "So you certainly don't catch them /the "neurotics" who discuss student "riots" and the HCUA, capitalism and communism, peyote and marijuana, etc./ talking about science fiction." Granting for the moment that these neurotics, whoever they may be, haven't also been discussing science fiction (though I can't imagine why he'd care whether neurotics discussed science fiction or not), perhaps Joe Gibson-1 gave the reason a bit earlier in that same editorial: "There was more science fiction in any issue of Planet than you'll find, some months, in the whole, cruddy mess of today's professional 'science fiction' magazines! Anyone who talks about the current prozines certainly isn't talking about science fiction." Joe Gibson-2's main complaint is that these neurotics aren't discussing what he wants them to discuss in their magazines, but Joe Gibson-1 doesn't think there's any science fiction for them to discuss. A curious situation that is only made more curious by a later observation that "It's been rather obvious that Starship Troopers did not express what fans believe..." Just how this became obvious if fans aren't discussing science fiction is a little beyond me. Actually it seems to me that fans have been discussing quite a bit of science fiction when some has come along that merited being talked about--and I can cite examples from "Starship Troopers" to "Rogue Moon" to "A Stranger in a Strange Land", but it seems a little pointless since we can't be sure whether our neurotics have been discussing it or not since we don't know who they are; a characteristic difficulty in discussions that hinge on John Birch Society-type vagueness. I can think of at least one magazine that he might have in mind which has published articles about "student 'riots' and the HCUA". This magazine also published a major share of the "Starship Troopers" controversy and articles on science fiction movies, science fiction television and science fiction books; all of which seems to count for naught if its editor happened to brush through a subject that lends itself conveniently to John Birch Society-type attack. I hesitate to name this journal, while its editor still has the respectability of anonymity, but I'll be pleased to drop Joe Gibson from the mailing list after this indication that he apparently doesn't read it.

At the beginning of this article I said that its theme would be that the search for truth requires candor. We have seen that a catalog of descriptive words did nothing to alert us to who the crackpots are in our midst, but rather invites suspicions of the integrity of everyone from femme-fans on down; we have even seen candor itself attacked in the form of warnings against the dangerous opinions of Bill Donaho and Danny Curran; and last, we have seen fans described as neurotic for some of the subjects discussed in their magazines (it's not

the opinions that were attacked, you'll note, it's the fans themselves). I'm not sure just what kind of personality this reveals, and I don't intend to guess, and I'm not sure if it's a blending of the two halves or the work of one of them, but I rather suspect the latter. My suspicions are aroused by a final phrase from that G2 editorial: "Today, there are other things we believe in, as fans, which are far more important than any rocketship going to the moon. Things like, well, brotherhood of Man..."

"Things that would have everybody else calling us crazy."

--Richard Bergeron

"The city fathers in Montgomery, Alabama, faced a tough problem. They had a nice zoo in Montgomery, but it was segregated. Montgomery's Negroes, who had won the famous bus strike, had gone off to the courts with a petition asking that the zoo be integrated. The United States District Court ruled for the petition. The zoo, a public institution, had to be integrated. The ruling was interpreted to mean not the animals who lived in the zoo, but the children who came to see the animals.

"The city fathers ran hither and thither for advice. They wrote to eminent zoologists, they listened to lawyers and committees. Finally they came up with their answer. They sold the animals to other zoos, to motel owners who wanted an attraction, and to people who liked strange pets. The city fathers had consulted everyone--except the children and the animals.

"They didn't ask the children whether they would rather feed the elephant in the company of children of another race nor did they ask the elephant whether he would rather look at white and black children with peanuts or pace back and forth in a small cage outside a Jacksonville motel.

"The city fathers of Montgomery have managed to sell off the city to avoid integration. Montgomery has no public swimming pools, no park system, no tennis courts, and now no zoo. Pretty soon Montgomery won't even have Montgomery." --Harry Golden, in "Enjoy, Enjoy!", Permabook #M5035, 50¢

"There is no theoretical obstacle to the abolition of war. But do not let us delude ourselves with the idea that this will be easy. The first step needed is the right kind of international machinery. To invent that will not be particularly simple: sanctions against aggressors, the peaceful reconciliation of national interests in a co-operative international system, an international police force--we can see in principle that these and other necessary bits of anti-war machinery are possible, but it will take a great deal of hard thinking to design them so that they will really work." --Julian Huxley, in "Man in the Modern World," Mentor #MD148, 50¢

"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." --Redd Boggs, in a letter of comment to Kipple #1. Well, Redd, how'm I'm doing so far...?

A SONG OF SIXPENCE _____ CONTINUED

still determined to use our basement as a shelter and to attempt to survive as long as possible. Personally, I should hate to give up hope while there was still some chance of survival. If I did give up and die of some avoidable death, I would be haunted by the thought that maybe, if I'd tried a little harder to survive, I might have eventually helped my fellow homo saps to start climbing back up the ladder.

According to Walter Breen, in the letter section of Kipple #20, I am a fugghead. According to his letter, anyone who has (quote) "given the matter any thought" (unquote) can only come to the conclusion that fallout shelters are a waste of time, a farce, and worse things. Anyone who doesn't automatically concur with this decision after deep thought is obviously a stupid, rather thick-skulled, obstinate fugghead.

After reading the blast by Bob Leman, I am undecided whether to sympathize with him or to merely suggest that maybe he had his hearing aid turned off part of the time. I don't really know which to do since I have no idea what the "Top Forty" consists of in his area. The listings of popular songs do vary from area to area. There are two powerful radio stations broadcasting in this area that are devoted solely to "popular music". They are KOMA in Oklahoma City and KIMN in Denver. Each station has a "popular listing" of 100 records. They play these records during the week and usually play past favorites from the old days of a couple years ago during the weekends. Each list is compiled from the record sales in the respective cities.

While rock & roll and current popular music is 90% crud of varying depths of nausea, there are actually quite a few melodious tunes on the market. True, most of these are instrumentals and themes from current motion pictures. So far, rock & roll lyric writing is back in the stone age. The only vocals I really dig are the pseudo-folk tunes of the Kingston Trio, The Limelighters, and The Highwaymen.

Maybe it will disgruntle Bob, but I would like to state here that the Big Band Sound of the 30's leaves me cold. Not cool, but cold.

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The apathy about Worldcon sites is more far-reaching than the Washington instance (assuming they aren't just ignoring you, personally, and really don't give a damn about the bid). The last couple of years, there has been only one city even bidding for the convention (Seattle had no competition, Chicago none, DC has been the only one to talk of 1963, and LA the only one to consider 1964), which leads to the possibility of a year arising when no one bids at all and then what? Probably any city which puts in even a token bid in such an instance will get the convention and we'll have a slapdash, half-hearted attempt to put one on and everyone will write articles on how fandom is going to hell in a wheelbarrow.

But I personally believe you've got something personal against Washington. (I'm sad that you should believe this of me, Don. I have few admirable traits and a number of vices, but the one characteristic I pride myself on is my objectivity. Even if I did have "something personal" against Washington, I wouldn't attack them from the rear in this manner. All of my many good friends will tell you that I am incapable of such deceit. Ac-

tually, I favor Washington as a convention site for the obvious reason--I'll have more chance of attending one in my own backyard, as it were, than in another city. If personal feelings did enter into the matter, they would be primarily favorable to the city. I admit that Eney and I aren't bosom buddies, but Bob Pavlat, Chick Derry, and Mike Becker are friends of mine.)) It is a bit too early yet to get so worked up. And I'm not too hot on Philadelphia, either. I'd rather see DC, if they show any action at all, or Baltimore if you can work up any enthusiasm among any Baltimoreans for such a thing. (Good Lord, no! If someone enters Baltimore in the race, Chalker, Dohler, Owings and I are moving to Hagerstown.))

~~Firebuff~~ Firebuff fandom doesn't appeal to me, but I'm glad to see that you're opposed to fires destroying personal houses--at least of Kipple readers. Probably a lot of people will suggest that it would be more constructive to join a volunteer fire brigade, but that's like asking all stf fans to write for the pros or prepare indices or some similar Ed Wood type of crap. (Volunteer fire departments or even hick-town paid departments are running jokes to us Big City fire-buffs, and no fire-buff worth his salt would consider the possibility of joining one. I believe that Baltimore city has the only decent fire department in the state. I'm not trying to one-up anyone living in a small town, nor are these comments meant to be particularly derogatory. The county fire departments make a valiant effort, but they simply haven't the necessary equipment. If all of the fire departments in the state had five times as much apparatus as they presently employ, well-trained men to operate it, and a decent water supply system, they might be compared to the city department.))

A minor correction to Harry Warner: Sturgeon did identify the 20,000 word novelet he wrote in one day. It was "The Pod in the Barrier," which sold to Galaxy. I have never seen Lester del Rey, but Sturgeon reminded me, in sound of voice, inflection and manner, of Danny Kaye in a reflective, sober mood.

I'm afraid you're down in my book as Tasteless Ol' Ted Pauls. I have read "Anthem" (in Famous Fantastic Mysteries) and I have read "Tomorrow!" and both, in my humble opinion, stank for the same reasons. Both are thinly fictionalized propaganda for the author's personal opinions (not necessarily bad, except for the thinness of the fictional coating). Ayn Rand is one of those people whose writings I simply cannot stomach, a sentiment which would have me lynched by the hundreds of her fans who wrote in to castigate Newsweek for criticizing her. Wylie I like, but "Tomorrow" is hackwork, written as civil defense propaganda--well-written and the destruction scenes are vivid, but it is still propaganda with too many black-white values (Good Town practices CD and is saved, Bad Town sneers at CD and is destroyed). (The fact that the book was written as civil defense propaganda isn't germane in a discussion of whether or not it is a good book. It is well-written (as you admitted), the characterization is vivid, and it is thought-provoking. The fact that it advocates an idea I don't happen to favor didn't lessen my enjoyment of "Tomorrow" as a literary work. As for your black-white values, I recall that since the bomb exploded near a river dividing the two "twin" cities, about equal portions of both were destroyed.))

As for fans not liking a mixture of stf and mainstream, that is a generalization which doesn't hold up. "1984" and "Brave New World" are pretty popular with fans. I detested "On The Beach," not because it's an old plot and sold more copies than it would have if Heinlein had written

it, but because it was crudely written, full of soap opera situations and logical flaws.

Some fans won't read any stf by mainstream authors and that's just too bad, but a strong case can be made for this ostrichism (well, it's a word now!) in that such books are bad simply because the reason the mainstreamer turned to stf is to write a satire on his pet peeve of the moment, and the sound of grinding axes can be very detrimental to a story.

DON FITCH
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Leman has a right to be disgusted by the "Top Forty"; my feelings are similar, though I'm fortunately not forced to listen to such stuff often. (I am sometimes forced to listen to the "dinner music" piped into restaurants--sort of a lowest-common-denominator pap with insufficient character to be worth listening to, and which serves primarily to force one to raise one's voice in order to be heard.) I am less concerned than he, however, about the future of the generation among which this "music" is popular. As he points out, teenagers find it absolutely necessary to conform, but my observation indicated that much of the conformity is in the direction of being thoroughly familiar with, and appearing to enjoy, this music, rather than it being a case of music they actually do like. They are discovering early the need for protective coloration, and may be congratulated for their wisdom in selecting the least difficult path during those years when the pressure towards conformity is greatest. Doors begin to open for the individual who wants to break out of these bonds in his late teens, and I rather fancy that this is the period during which most classical music lovers discovered what they liked, and began to pay attention to it.

As I get the MZB/Xero hassle, the Lupoffs decided to charge \$1.00 per copy for the Willish. This is certainly their right, though it might be considered ungenerous of them to apply this to trade copies. BUT (and I may not have all the facts) what Marion appears to be mad about is that they did not send her a copy (free) even though it contained a contribution by her. (The reason for that is probably that the issue did not contain a contribution by Marion...) I think that a free copy is the established payment for someone who writes an article for a fanzine (and a copy of the following issue as well, if it contains comments on that article). If they insist on making it a businesslike proposition, it would appear that Mrs. Bradley has every right to sue the Lupoffs for whatever amount she would have been paid had the article in question been sold to a prozine. (Are you putting me on? You sound so positive that there was an article by Marion in that issue, but I can't find it. Of course, "Walter A. Willis" could be a pseudonym for MZB...) She is far too good a fan to do anything like this, even in response to the unfannish treatment she was accorded, but the reaction of Ted White and Pat and Dick does seem to be a trifle violent--almost like a guilt reaction, as if they regretted a spur-of-the-moment decision and yet don't want to back down.

Now Dick Lupoff answers with the statement that contributors copies were sent, and adds that the editors contributed all monies to the Willis Fund, and paid all expenses out of their own pockets. This reduces the whole argument to the question of whether or not special fan funds are a good thing (leaving aside the question of whether the Xero Willis was handled properly). This is a matter of taste, I think; I've contributed a little to most of the funds which have been going the rounds during the past year, and probably will continue to do

so, all the while deploring the fact that there are so many of them, and agreeing with Boggs that there are much better ways to spend one's money. (The interesting feature of this discussion to me has been the lack of enthusiasm with which Marion defended herself. Among other things, she failed to comment on White's remark about her "backhanded contribution" to the Fund. Old Brimstone Bradley (as we older fans know and love her as) must be mellowing.)

A recent article in the Saturday Review demonstrated to my satisfaction that fallout shelters are practical; we just have to build them at least 200 feet deep, as self-contained units, and live in them permanently, never coming out to work, and to figure on living sealed within them for about five years after an atomic war. I have a vague recollection of writing something like this in a recent letter (possibly on the last issue of Kipple) but it is interesting to imagine such a large, self-contained shelter filled entirely with about a thousand fans, living in one monstrous slant-shack for five years. I may vomit.

Somehow, I find myself with some sympathy for the people who are resisting integration; "What right does anyone have to tell me that I have to serve everyone who comes into my restaurant, whether I want to or not?" they ask, and I'm beginning to wonder too. I spent my childhood in Detroit, in an integrated neighborhood, and a number of my schoolfriends were Negroes; but then I moved to Glendale, California, where there were no Negroes or Mexicans or Orientals and precious few Jews. I imbibed there, largely at school, an extremely strong feeling that segregation was wrong, and I was glad to see it gradually relaxed (and without an noticeable trouble) while I was in high school. I am most strongly in favor of desegregation in all public institutions (though I realize that the change might be made more easily in the south if it were made more slowly)--schools, etc. (But the Negroes don't want equality next century or next decade--they want it now, and they have a right to it now.) But does the government actually have the right to tell me who I must associate with, any more than who I must not associate with? I'm putting this clumsily, but what I'm trying to get at is that morality cannot be imposed from above, it must grow from the mass of the people. This is too complex and too basic a problem to be settled, or even much advanced, by sit-ins, even if they are successful in integrating a few restaurants. (The purpose of demonstrations is to awaken the people to the fact that the younger generation of whites generally favors integration and has escaped from the rigidity and bigotry of their elders. At first, the students taking part in the demonstrations are dismissed as either delinquents or Communist pawns, but little by little, the idea is filtering into the minds of these so-called "adults" that they may be neither, but may instead be simply more tolerant and less ignorant than their parents. If only one person in the nation is awakened to this basic truth, then the demonstrations accomplish their purpose.)

Are you one of the few people who have discovered for themselves that the so-called "commercialized folk-music" is the folk-music of today, or is this becoming a generally accepted view? (Well, I was only more or less agreeing with Larry McCombs; it wasn't a stunningly original thought. I don't think this is a generally accepted view, however.) It seems to me to be the most reasonable attitude with which to approach this peculiar manifestation. I enjoy most the direct, individual singers--Dyer-Bennett, Ritchie, Brand, Seeger--but the groups are distinctly a modification of folk-singing to suit the modern folk, and hence are in

the best tradition, that of constant flux.

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John Jacob Niles is not now, nor has he ever been, an enthic folk-singer or "purveyor of original folk-music". A good number of the "folk" songs he sings he wrote himself and all of them have been restyled more than Dyer-Bennett's. And no one claims that Dyer-Bennett is "enthic". Of course, Niles claims that he sings "original folk-music," but this claim was exploded long before the craze for enthic music came along.

For that matter, he used to have a voice, but that was years ago. For at least the past 15 years he has sounded dreadful. I can remember only too clearly records he made in 1950, so I prefer not to even try to imagine what he sounded like in 1961. However, I am quite fond of recordings he made in the thirties and in fact own all of them now available on LP.

I think that you are probably falling into the mistake of thinking that if the singer has a bad voice he must be enthic. Not so. And of course many people in the enthic camp make the contrary mistake of thinking that if a singer has a good voice he can't possibly be enthic. Ed McCurdy was a victim of this type of thinking. (The fact that he has a poor voice had nothing to do with my opinion that he was an "enthic" folk-singer. He made that claim, and I assumed that if anyone would know, it would be Niles himself.)

And you most definitely are making the mistake of confusing the ideas and concepts of the phonies following the flag with that of the original concept of enthic music. There is certainly nothing desirable about enthicism per se--except for musicologists and musical historians and possibly as training for any folk-singer to get the feel of the field even though he intends to sing in his own style. The reason enthic music became popular--before it got overwhelmed by the excesses, absurd postures and general ridiculousness of some of the camp followers--is that most changes made by popular singers in folk songs are bad. Most folk-songs date back a considerable time and have been subjected to much polishing and perfecting through the years. Almost any change made in a folk-song is going to be for the worst--just as most mutations are inadapative mutations--particularly if the changer doesn't understand the individual song or the idiom.

But of course a singer with a good voice is going to sound better singing a folk-song than some mountain ass who can't sing. However, the good singer can probably learn a lot about how to sing the song (the style, the feeling) from listening to the mountain ass. And he'll sound better if he sings the song like a folk-song, not a popular ballad. Of course, he probably won't sell as many records, but no one claimed that the way to sell records was to be good.

And of course some changes in folk-songs are improvements, but not many. This is mostly because people who don't understand the medium can't adapt it very well. Nothing sounds more pitiful, for example, than an opera of concert singer trying to sing a folk-song. I just saw a lovely quote about some concert singer "patronizing his audience by singing them a folk-song which he didn't understand and had a great contempt for". (And I'll bet some of the stupid asses in the audience clapped...)

I agree with you that every era has its own particular style of folk-music--just as every era has its own interpretation of Shakespeare--but I dis-

agree that the folk-songs and singers which are currently termed "commercialized" are the type of our era. This is true only in the broadest sense--some idiotic ethnics have called practically everyone commercialized. But the general objection to commercialization is not adaptation per se, but the type of adaptation. Adapting a song to fit our era is one thing; watering it down to fit popular lack of taste is another. (When I refer to "current" (i.e., contemporary) folk music, I don't mean merely "adaptations" of songs to "fit our era". When I refer to contemporary folk-music, I mean songs which have been written in this era and which refer specifically to the attitudes, mores, and various gadgets of this era. "The MTA" is a good example of this; so are some of the songs done by the Limelighters, such as "Dr. Freud" and the one (I've forgotten the title) about the suburban commuter who returns from work in the evening and enters the wrong house. These are what I consider the folk-music of our era; not "adaptations", but original works.)

All of the popular folk-singers (popular with folk-music fans, not the public) adapt some, even Jean Ritchie. And of course such singers as Jean Ritchie, Oscar Brand (I don't like him very much because I don't like his voice, but he knows what he's doing), Ed McCurdy, Odetta, etc. are setting the new standards and are the prime influences on the field--if bluegrass doesn't overwhelm us. Not Dyer-Bennett. He's good, but he's way out in left field all by himself. (He was a follower of John Jacob Niles, by the way, but that exhausted the tradition.)

The Kingston Trio are pretty good, technically speaking. They have arranged a working compromise between folk-song tradition and being popular. And they obviously know folk-songs or they wouldn't have been able to adapt them so skillfully. However, they have watered them down a great deal. I prefer folk-songs but I can listen to the Kingston Trio without pain. Their "Tom Dooley" for instance was obviously lifted bodily from Frank Warner's version of it (the song "Tom Dooley" is ethnic and original; it's just the Kingston Trio's version of it which isn't) and adapted to fit popular requirements. Naturally, the original Warner version is much better. But come to think of it, I bet Marion wouldn't think so--the Kingston Trio is smoother and sweeter.

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The main thing that struck me after reading "The Top Forty" was the very strong opinionism, and I'm objecting to the fact that Leman presents his opinions as if they were facts. The facts which were actually presented were so distorted and misinformed as to be completely false. And you could argue opinions until Hell froze over and get nowhere, so I'll not try to change any of Bob's opinions, only straighten out his facts and clarify a few things.

A few miscellaneous facts: Obviously, not all stations play popular music; those which do play the pops do not all have "Top Forties" (some have Top Thirties, Fifties, etc., and some stations have no survey of records at all). The "Top Forty" is usually determined in one of two ways: (1) through a "Platter Poll" or some such in which the listeners call in and vote for their favorite records; or (2) the disc jockies may determine the popularity of the records by the number of requests they receive to play them.

"They're played because they're popular; they're popular because they're played." Leman's logic breaks down when it is pointed out that the records have to be played the first time to

become popular in the first place, and that the records become unpopular after they've been played so many times. One station in town (my favorite, by the way) determines which records are likely to become popular through a "Battle of the New Sounds". The listeners call in and vote for their favorite among five new records played for the first time over the air.

I'll say it right now: I like rock & roll and other popular music, and 90% of my friends do too. My parents and the parents of my girlfriend like it, as do a lot of adults. Assuming that you believe me and that adults can like popular music, I think we can dismiss the idea of the deejays being cynical and arrogant. I know I'd enjoy being a deejay. Besides popular music, I like classical, semi-popular, movie themes, and jazz, but because I happen to like popular music too, I'm condemned, huh Bob?

And, Bob, if you really knew what you were talking about, you'd know that the rock & roll of today is much slower and quite a bit toned-down than it was about three or four years ago. At this time, the "Bird Dog" you mention came out, and one singer sang, "I don't care what they say, rock & roll is here to stay." I challenge you to find something like this today, and if you did, it probably wouldn't be too very popular.

Sure, you can point out all the bad and mediocre popular music being played today that you want to, but you completely neglect the really beautiful records, mostly instrumental, which have become popular lately. "Theme from Exodus" is the prime example of this, but there are others: "Theme from the Sundowners," "Theme from a Summer Place," "Tonight," "Mariana," "Michael," "Moon River," and "The Magnificent Seven." All of these have been extremely popular tunes, and I'm sure even Bob Leman would like at least one of them. ((Of these eight records, at least four (and possibly more) are themes from motion pictures. They don't qualify as rock & roll. The fact that four motion picture themes are currently popular doesn't raise the general level of "pop" music very much, as these four are rather special cases. But at any rate, if you can quote only eight titles as being "beautiful" from the hundreds of records currently being played, the ratio of good music is even lower than I thought.))

The point of teenage conformism is brought out. I never was much of a "follower", and when I couldn't lead others, I never followed their lead blindly. I dress like the rest of the boys in my age-group do, I listen to popular music, ad infinitum. ((Why do you "dress like the rest of the boys in (your) age-group"?) I listen to popular music because I like it, most of it, that is. One is not considered "square" if one does not listen to popular music. One is ignorant and not up with the times, but one is not square. ((Fancy that, Matilda, I'm ignorant and not up with the times! And if that isn't what "square" refers to, I'd like to hear your definition.)) Clothes? I wear what I wear because it is comfortable. I roll up my sleeves for two reasons--my sleeves are too short (I have long arms) and it is comfortable; I wear the pants I do because I detest jeans and the pants I do wear are comfortable; I open the shirt at the collar because it is comfortable; I wear loafers because they are easy to slip into; and I wear white socks because they go well with any color clothes. Conformism, no...comfort, yes! ((Pardon me, but you seem a trifle defensive about your reasons for "dressing like the rest of the boys" in your age group...))

I feel obliged to comment on fallout shelters. One of the points ignored in the early

discussion of this topic was that fallout shelters are only what the name implies, FALLOUT shelters. Now this point has been established and the discussion can go on intelligently. For myself, let me say that I am neither pro or con on the subject, but that I wouldn't mind having such a shelter. I believe a program of community shelters is the only intelligent thing, in the long run. This will put aside such things as guarding your shelter with a shotgun, and cooperation within such a large shelter will put much less strain on the people individually. I'm for community shelters if we have any shelters at all--though it might be better to spend the money for peaceful purposes.

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We have had lately a rather steady stream of persons proclaiming that rock & roll is Not Music; it's nice to find one who can do it in as pleasant and entertaining a manner as Mr. Leman. Although I do enjoy a lot of the popular songs, I absolutely refuse to listen to The Station around here. Between the noisy songs and the even-noisier commercials, I have been driven to risk social failure by tuning to other stations. Contrary to popular adult opinion, I find some good popular music; although this fact would never be suspected from a sole diet of popular stations. Per usual, I march down the middle of the road and am gleefully shot at from both sides...

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A lot of the fallout shelter controversy (in general, not specifically in Kipple) seems to be quibbling over words. Personally, I don't think I (or most of the rest of the country) have much chance of surviving any sort of nuclear war...but dammit, I still want to have every chance of surviving one I can get. Given no other choice, I'd crawl into a paper bag--and shelters, particularly fallout shelters (or blast shelters in many areas) seem to me a fine idea. I'll worry about what to do about food after I get out while I'm in the shelter, since I don't think that there's anything that could be done beforehand. Much of the problem of the anti-shelter people seems to me to be the assumption that those who want shelters are like Mrs. Powell's kids and are just waiting for the bomb to hit. As a result, they spend all their time pointing out that after the bombs hit, life will be exceedingly hard for anyone who survives, and that the time spent in the shelter will probably be the "Golden Weeks" for quite a few more years. Sure, this is true--but building a shelter doesn't mean one wants war, it doesn't even mean he expects to be certain of survival after a war; it's simply something which, if all the breaks come right, may help the individual to live. The fact that it isn't certain to help is not relevant. Granted some radioactive by-products have longer half-lives than the normal adult. These are not produced in sufficient quantity by A-, H-, or plutonium-bombs to make them a hazard outside, say, a radius of twenty or thirty miles under any circumstances. And with the present accuracy of missiles, even an inhabitant of New York city isn't certain to be within this distance, and certainly someone living in Poughkeepsie (90 miles up the Hudson) has a good chance of being this far from a hit.

The Socialist Labor Party's prattle is just about as foolish as one can get, by the way--you can tell if food or water is contaminated by radactivity, if you had the sense to find yourself some sort of sensing device before the bomb hit. Geiger counters aren't too hard to build from materials most cities can now supply, and are even easier to buy through the mail.

Both Chester Davis and his father seem to be a bit off base. The restaurant owner isn't free to serve anyone he wants; if I don't want to eat his food, he can't make me. (And you criticized someone else for "quibbling over words"?) He should, however, be free to refuse to serve anyone he wants, just as anyone who pleases is perfectly free to refuse to eat at his restaurant. I don't know what should be done to the apes who won't serve Negroes (or Jews or Whites or what-have-you) --but I think that re-education of some sort is the answer, not force. The logical corrolary of "This is a free country, and I can eat where I wish" means that I can eat, if I like, at anybody's private club; at a crowded restaurant whose proprietor would like to save the last table for his brother; or at my neighbor's house, if I haven't the energy to cook my own dinner. Bad as discrimination is, the one thing worse is refusal to allow the individual to discriminate as he pleases. Tying all sorts (and I do mean all) of government aid and subsidies to stringent non-discrimination conditions would be a fine idea; but forcing an individual restaurant owner to serve anyone who comes in, regardless of his color, state of sobriety, or demeanor (and I don't see where the line can be drawn between discrimination which is tolerable --"you are drunk and disorderly"--and discrimination which may or may not be tolerable--"you are going to make trouble, I think") is about as clear a violation of personal liberty as anything I've come across yet. (The entire matter then reduces itself to the question of: to whom is it more tolerable to be unjust, restaurant owners or Negroes. I believe it is better to be unjust to the restaurant owners. In cases of the sort you cite ("drunk and disorderly") the restaurant owner has a means of protection--the law; too, any party of individuals who don't care to eat with Negroes may rent the establishment solely for their own use for their Ceremonial Dinner or whatnot. As Davis pointed out, you can't pick your company if you decide to eat in a restaurant (unless, as previously mentioned, you rent the entire establishment for a brief period). Any given individual or group may enter a restaurant to eat and find people they dislike--perhaps Person A dislikes Jews and Person B loaths men with red hair; however, they haven't the right to expect that this type of person should be prohibited from eating in a restaurant they happen to frequent. The situation is the same from the standpoint of the restaurant operator. Jim Volvox, who owns a corner restaurant called "Cockroach Corner", may dislike natives of Vermont. That is his right, but he does not have the right to refuse to serve natives of Vermont. Likewise, while he may dislike Negroes, he hasn't the right to refuse them service simply because they are Negroes.)

John Jacob Niles certainly doesn't have a voice; and yet in person, he can occasionally make quite an impact. I saw him a month or so ago, and after three or four songs, I no longer noticed his voice, but just fell under the spell of his story-telling ability, which is considerable. He has to be seen for a while to be tolerated, though--I can easily see how seeing him on television (or simply not liking the stories he tells) could make him seem a crashing bore, which he obviously is for many people.

On the other hand, most of the "popularizers" of folk-music strike me as crashing bores. The old saw about today's pop tunes being tomorrow's folk-music is just as mistaken as the one about today's pop tunes being tomorrow's Beethoven and Schubert. A few current popular songs may become folk-songs of tomorrow--but the majority will not, because they aren't folk-songs any more than a Strauss song is. The few composed songs that have become folk-songs have, first, attained some

sort of lasting popularity--e.g., "Die Lorelei," "Union Maid," and such. It is just this lasting popularity that few of today's popular songs have, despite their many good qualities so well described by Bob Leman.

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I, like Dave Locke, enjoy rock & roll, but can find no explanation for this enjoyment. Even if I had one I doubt that it would be accepted by any of the fans, who definitely hate rock & roll all to hell. At any rate, Bob Leman says nothing in his article that has not already been brought up at one time or another in other fanzines, primarily Discord. Since all you fan seem to feel that rock & roll resembles nothing of more quality than a riot in a pig pen, I shall not attempt to convince you that it may have some worth. (I listened to a rock & roll station recently trying to absorb the "music" from the viewpoint of its admirers, but I'm afraid it's just no use. In the hour that I listened to one of the local AM stations, ten or eleven records (and about thirty commercials) were presented, and I can honestly say that during the entire time I heard nothing which could be dignified with the term "music". The vocal segments were terrible--none of the "singers" had presentable voices--and the background music was almost as bad. To make matters even less bearable, the "disc jockey" addressed the radio audience in the manner a teacher might use to lecture a class of ten-year-old pupils.)

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As I said last issue, "though you criticize what I like, don't criticize me for liking it." In a sense, that's exactly what you've done. I quote you: "rock & roll or any other peurile trash." In a way, you're saying that people who listen to rock & roll have peurile characteristics. Needless to say, you've presented a syllogism that I dislike, in that you are saying that I have peurile characteristics. I resent that as much as you would, because I don't think of myself as peurile. Don't you think the word "peurile" was a little in bad taste?

I think Philly for '63 would be a very wise choice. I have a feeling the fans there would put a lot of enthusiasm and work into a con if they got it. As far as DC being too much competition (as one of my correspondents told me--no, he isn't from DC), I think I could put on a one-man campaign and be more sincere and effective than DC has been to date. If Philly decides to re-enter the race, I see absolutely nothing that could stop them. (A number of fans have voiced similar opinions and they have (sometimes facetiously, sometimes not) suggested other cities. But no one from any of those cities has announced any plans to bid. I think we all ought to remember that if only one candidate runs for an office (the obvious analogy), it won't matter how unfit he may be for that office; he will win.)

How can you seriously believe that the government is pushing fallout shelters mainly for the benefit of the shelter-builders? (I don't--I believe the builders are pushing shelters solely for the benefit of the builders. Of course, this isn't any different than the aim of the manufacturer of, say, a yo-yo, but one might think that with the security of the country hanging in the balance, these firms would attempt to inform the people rather than merely make money. I've seen absurd claims for fallout shelters, evidently made only to reap a profit by enticing everyone to purchase one.) I don't think much of the present federal government, but it seems entirely ridicu-

lous to me that anyone would believe (as several fans do) that they are accepting graft on this shelter business. Both honest companies and gyp outfits will go into fast action at such a prospect for making a buck, but to believe that they bribed the government to start the whole shelter program is to be completely fantastic. If the government was that easily corruptable, 'big business' would be a thousand times more powerful than it presently is.

An exposure dose received over a long period of time may be less harmful than the same dose received in a few hours or days. I thought you would know that. (The effects of radiation are, I believe, cumulative.)

I quote from a booklet titled "You and Civil Defense": "It is likely that the occupants of shelters will be informed, over their battery radio sets by Civil Defense authorities within forty-eight hours, that radiation levels are down sufficiently to permit them to leave the shelter for varying periods of increasing length until a week or at the most two weeks, it will be safe to resume normal life." (Let us both trundle in authorities; I quote Harrison Brown and James Real, in "Community of Fear": "In our present unprepared state a 20,000-megaton attack using bombs with a two-thirds fission yield to maximize deaths would result in the death from fallout within sixty days after the attack of virtually everyone who had survived the initial effects of blast and heat." This specifies our being in an "unprepared state," and so sufficient shelters may reduce this danger somewhat. However, note that while the booklet you quoted claimed that it would be safe to emerge from shelters in two weeks ("at the most"), Brown and Real estimate that the effects of such a nuclear device would last sixty days. Aside from the obvious problems of food and water shortages, think of the psychological effects of being cooped up in a shelter for two months.)

The booklet continues: "The air will not be polluted, and after an initial period the water will be safe for all purposes. Soap and water are effective decontamination agents against fallout dust on clothing, or any other materials, and on the person. The soil will not be permanently polluted.

"Therefore, if in the first hours or days after nuclear attack, people in the path of fallout can give themselves the simple protection of a properly stocked fallout shelter, they can survive." (Tell me, was this pamphlet published by any sort of government agency?)

In the event of nuclear war, it will take more bombs than will likely be dropped in order to cause radiation to contaminate every square acre of land in the country. There is going to be a lot of good, radiation-free land. Also, since 1958 the government has had a ready-to-operate system of post-bomb disaster rescue, relief, and recovery.

Look at things from a different perspective. Imagine that everyone already has a shelter available to him. If nuclear bombs were being dropped, would he use it? Would he ignore it--facing death with the assurance that protecting his life by burrowing beneath the ground was ridiculous?

My position is, simply, to stress the advantages of taking reasonable defense precautions at the earliest possible time in order to assure our safety in the event of nuclear war. (No measures will "assure" your safety; at best, they will give you a slightly better chance than if you had done nothing at all.) I don't feel that going underground is a sign of A-

merican cowardice or that it should be thought of with contempt. I don't think it's beneath my dignity to survive.

The fact is, fallout shelters are protection against fallout, and blast shelters are protection against blast, and, if adopted by the public, both are keys to mass survival. As long as there is such a defense, why not make use of it?

I feel that a little chance is better than none, and seriously believe that fallout/blast shelters provide an excellent chance of survival. I'd do a helluvalot to keep from dying. I know others would too --even most of those who think now that they'd rather "go in the first flash". It's odd to see a person say he'd rather die than put up a fight when there are actually some odds on his side. This isn't the fighting spirit of man--to feel that you'd want to die right way before being faced with a situation where a death in agony may have even just a small chance of occurring.

Walt Breen doesn't think you'll find too many fans to disagree with you about fallout shelters if they give the matter any thought. Of course, he says, some won't give it any thought because they've made up their minds first and such people are fuggheads. It seems quite obvious that Walter is saying that those people who disagree with him and who are for fallout shelters are fuggheads--and such an insinuation is very fuggheaded in that he is only calling names at his opposition. Doubtless he will say that he was calling fuggheads only those people who do not give any thought to a matter since they have made up their minds beforehand--and this can probably be semantically proven. However, it's very easy to see the thinking behind his statement.

He also insinuates that the reason only a few fans will disagree with his position on shelters is that anybody of intelligence can see that he's right. I don't care for that line of thought. If I'm wrong all the way, then I apologize. But I believe Benford, Davis, and myself (among others) have given this matter considerable thought before formulating opinions, and I also believe that no one of us considers himself terribly stupid or ignorant, or a fugghead.

LARRY McCOMBS
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Re Prof. Libby's article: One of the most interesting points to me was his proposal for a do-it-yourself fallout shelter, which he built for some fantastically low figure--less than \$25 by quite a bit, as I recall. Of course, he was saying that because this shelter was no cheap, everyone could have one, and thus his 90-95% survival figure, which you and I both mentioned. But if you look carefully at his shelter plans you will note some strange things. For instance, he built the shelter by digging a sort of cave into a hill in his back yard, then shoring it up with timbers and using burlap bags to chink out the cracks. Well, I'd like to see some statistics on just how many American families happen to have a hill in their back yards. Better add another few hundred dollars to that bill for building a hill or digging a sufficient hole in level ground. What's that you say? Your back yard is sandy, and the hole keep collapsing? Oh dear, we'll have to line it with cement. That'll be another \$500, please. And then, perhaps you also noticed that his shelter has no door. What, no door at all? Precisely. He uses a sort of baffle which is about as effective as the little awnings they put outside of service-station restrooms. Assuming that there's no wind blowing, it might work fairly well, though I have a feeling that an awful lot of radioactive dust particles might drift through. And

then there's the little question, what if it's winter? I fear that Dr. Libby and his family will be awfully chilly after a couple of weeks in that shelter. (And then there's the question, how effective will the baffle be at keeping out neighbors who hadn't bothered to build a shelter?)

Wasn't Dr. Libby the head of the Atomic Energy Commission back in the Eisenhower Administration? And didn't he resign under some rather peculiar circumstances? I don't remember and I don't have any references here to look it up, but the name somehow seems to ring a bell along those lines.

And it must be pointed out again that his shelter is only a fallout shelter, and not a very good one at that. A friend of mine was one of the more active workers on the Civil Defense Organization at Caltech (largely, I think, because he liked to play around with the radios and such that they had). He told me of a survey they carried out, looking for the best blast shelters in Pasadena. In the entire city, they found that only a portion of the basement of one of the Caltech buildings would be likely to survive the small A-bomb expected to be dropped on downtown Pasadena (a small range of hills shelters Pasadena from the direct effects of the Los Angeles H-bomb). So if the bombs were dropped in the places and with the blast-powers expected by official U.S. estimates of Soviet plans, perhaps 200 people could be expected to survive the initial blast (Pasadena has a population of 105,000). And they would have to have five or ten minutes warning in order to get into the basement. Actually, we never had any drills, and 95% of the campus population had no idea that there were any particularly safe basements or where to go or what an air-raid alert sounded like, so it would probably take closer to thirty minutes for the CD wardens to round up 200 people, convince them that they weren't kidding, and herd them into that basement. But thirty minutes is the maximum warning expected for ICBMs coming from the north! And latest estimate is that the Los Angeles area will more likely be taken care of by submarine missile launchers just off shore. Which means less than a minute of warning. Of course, those of us who had worked on the problem a little were convinced that the CD organization would never issue a general warning, even if they had the thirty-minute alert. They might send some prearranged signal to people who had shelters and to CD workers, but they would never trigger Conelrad or the air-raid sirens. If they did, all that could be accomplished in thirty minutes would be to get thousands of cars onto both lanes of the freeways, all headed outbound, and all jammed up beyond hope of unentanglement within twenty minutes. Since they are going to want to keep those freeways as clear as possible in order to evacuate important personnel and to bring rescue equipment back in after the blast, I really doubt that they'll give any warning at all. The situation is even worse in San Francisco, where two bridges and a narrow peninsula offer the only way out for some 800,000 people.

What I think the nation ought to do is this: Get the weather forecasters to carefully study wind patterns throughout the U.S. It should be possible to find one or two spots which are about 99.9% sure of being free from fallout after an attack. Just to be sure, put in some good fallout shelters. Pick out about 100 people of high intelligence, good health, coming from genetically sound families. Take these 100 people off to this fallout-free area and set them up with a deeply-buried library containing as much of the world's knowledge as possible. If they can manage to maintain themselves with their own farming, industry and hunting, so much the better. That should be the

goal. But if not, the rest of the nation can support them. Their only job is to stay there and wait for the war, and survive if the war happens. In order to keep them happy and useful, some sort of research labs could probably be set up for them to work in. Then the rest of us could go about our business, knowing that the human race is fairly apt to survive in case of war, and we can build shelters or not as we see fit. (Well, Larry, let's pick the other 98 people...)

Doggone, there he goes again. Quietly revising the spelling of the world, while Webster thinks he's running the show. The word is ethnic (not "enthic"), derived from the Greek ethnos, meaning nation. Like you, I am bugged by these ethnic enthusiasts who consider nothing to be folk-music unless it is over fifty years old and sung by a squeaky-voiced grandmother who was cornered in the back hills of Kentucky. For one thing, they are basically inconsistent. They deny the right of the individual performer to adapt his music to fit his style and his audience, yet their chief interest in folk-music is the study of the changes and variations in songs throughout the ages. As you say, the Kingston Trio and other commercial groups are producing the "folk-music" of our times. There is some problem of definition involved here, though. It is harder than hell to pin most folk-song enthusiasts down on their definition of "folk-music".

The most useful I've heard is this: Cultures without a written language must of necessity pass their music on from generation to generation by direct verbal communication. There is no way to know how grandpappy sang the song except by hearing pappy sing it. These cultures tend to take great pains to preserve their music exactly. It is often an offense of extreme severity to tamper with one of the traditional songs, or to make a mistake in its rendition. These songs we may designate by the term "primitive music". As soon as the culture develops a written language, and then a means of writing down musical sounds, a new form is developed. We may now go back and see just how grandpappy sang the song. Now there is no need for us to preserve it intact. We can add our own variations and still refer back to the original when we want. There now exists a form of music in which the artist is reproducing the song as sung by a former singer, with or without his own variations, but with a conscious fidelity to the original to some extent. This may be called the "cultural music". At the same time, however, the illiterate lower classes, or "folk", continue to pass music along by word of mouth, in the old fashion. This is called "folk-music". Folk-music is not as pure as "primitive music". The literates from the upper classes write down the folk-music of their day, and it may be reintroduced into the folk-music of another day. The folk-singers hear the music of the cultural group, and they consciously or unconsciously adapt the forms and even some of the specific tunes and lyrics to their folk-music. Thus, you will find that nearly all Western European folk-music uses the 12-tone scale, and much of it uses simple time notations common to cultural music.

But in our time, we have a new complication. There is no longer a sufficient illiterate class. The ethnic purists insist upon retaining the old definition of folk and folk-music, so they have to delve into the back woods or the past to find it. People like you and I prefer to consider that literate singers of our own day are carrying on the folk tradition. But we have one hell of a time trying to define what we mean. The Kingston Trio are professional performers (they make their living by singing). They have learned most of their music by research in books and collections, and

by traveling about the world collecting songs from other folk-singers. They have used a great deal of the cultural skill and technique to adapt the songs to their voices, instruments and audiences. They are skilled singers and excellent showmen. Why then do we call them folk-singers? I'm not sure, but I do.

I agree with you that "Anthem" is a good stf novel. It seems just a bit trite now, but when it was written in 1937, it must have been quite original. Her latest novel, "Atlas Shrugged," is also science fiction, and I think quite good. If you thought "Anthem" a bit short, "Atlas" should make you happy. It has 1084 pages of very fine print with narrow margins in the paperback edition. She uses a more conventional novel style in "Atlas," but she does a much better job of character development than she did in "Anthem". There are at least three magnificent heroic characters, and dozens of minor characters who are very interesting. I haven't gotten around to reading "Stranger in a Strange Land" yet, but I'll wager that Rand has just as much philosophy and deep-thought-provoking material in "Atlas". Again, "Atlas" is quite well known in the mundane world, but practically unmentioned in fandom. I wonder why? Ah well, who is John Galt?

Marion, the slack controversy has turned up again here in New England this winter. This time the parents and girls did not come up with any such excellent solution. But after much haggling and many parent-administration meetings they finally compromised. The girls are allowed to wear slacks under their skirts to school, but they must take them off during the day while they're in the school building. This attempt of administration to dictate school dress seems incredibly fuggheaded to me. I can see the right of a private school to do it--if you don't like it, you can take your kid elsewhere. But when a person is required by law to come to public school, I don't think the school should force him (or her) to conform to certain kinds of dress. Sure, they must wear something reasonably decent in order to avoid distractions. The banning of shorts seems fair enough. But the argument that tight slacks are too distracting just doesn't hold. If you forbid this girl to wear slacks, she'll show up in a sheath skirt so tight you can see her underwear. And if you forbid tight skirts, she'll wear a full skirt and hitch it up above her knees when she sits down. If a girl wants to wear sexy clothes, she'll find a way to do so, and the only sort of conformity regulation that can prevent it is a standardized shapeless uniform. And I've seen girls in private schools do some pretty attractive things with those. I am even more incensed by the attempts to force boys to get particular haircuts. From the cases I've seen, this is usually part of an attempt to turn a greasy hood (or hondo, as my sister informs me is the latest slang) into at least an apparent asset to the school. But it's going too far, I think. Of course, after a year or two of teaching, I may have quite different ideas.

The height of this sort of fugg-headedness used to occur in my high school on the part of the principal. We had a study hall which was used as a general gathering place before and after school and during lunchtimes. The seats were just wide enough for two people to sit rather cozily, so it was customary for couples to sit together. The principal, a big ex-wrestler with pug nose and cauliflower ears (I kid thee not), decided that it was unseemly for the boys to put their arms around the girls. So he issued an edict forbidding this conduct. It was ignored. He took to walking through the study hall, hoping that his presence would cow the students into obedience. It did with many of them, but those of us whose

grades were good enough to risk a little displeasure just ignored him. He would come up behind us and take our arm from around the girl. We would smile, nod hello, and when he walked away we'd put the arm back. He tried ordering us to stay after school. We served our time with no complaints, and continued to put our arms around our girls. Now all this is simply a rather childish case of resistance to authority. He may have had some grounds for feeling that it was an unsightly thing to see all those fellows with their arms around their girls (though if he'd ever tried to avoid falling out of one of those seats without hanging onto the opposite side, he might have understood the reason). But the real fuggheadedness came one day when he called us into the office after school and gave us all a little talk. First he showed us an etiquette book which said that it was bad form for boys and girls to hold hands around campus. Then he told us how lucky we were to be able to use the study hall at all during non-class hours and threatened to lock it up if this continued. He explained how embarrassing it was to him to have to bring visitors to his office past the study hall doors and have them observe this licentious conduct. He ignored the fellow who pointed out that if he wanted us to neck on the front lawn, that was okay with us--go ahead and lock the study hall. Finally, with a glance around to be sure that no secretaries were in earshot, he told us the real reason which had led him to crack down on the practice. In horrified tones he explained that he had actually seen a fellow sitting in the study hall with his arm around the girl--and this guy had an erection! I don't think the poor principal ever did understand why we burst out laughing. But the next day when he walked into studyhall and found us all with our arms around our girls, but a heavy book innocently lying in our laps, he gulped once or twice and gave up the campaign. Adolescent rebellion wins again! I don't know what I'm chortling over--another six months and I'll be on his team!

In your remarks to Steve Stiles you bring up a point which is one of my chief gripes about education in general. The practice of oversimplification to the point of untruth, which leads to the necessity of unlearning each year half of the things you learned the preceding year. This is particularly true in history. Each year you find out that some of the simplified reasons for things you had learned the preceding year just weren't so. I still remember the shock I had when I found out that the Declaration of Independence was actually not an inspired document written for posterity, but a propaganda piece designed mainly to foment relectant colonists to war. It seems to me that if it is felt that this truth can't be given to younger children, we could at least avoid telling them lies. We could let them study the westward expansion in detail. Let them learn to read novels and diaries and encyclopedias as well as textbooks, and find out everything they can on westward expansion. The next year they might take up the Puritan settlement of New England. But the point is that each year they would pick some area and go into it as deeply as possible. Maybe they wouldn't get to the Revolutionary War until their senior year in high school, but when they got to it they would learn all that could be taught them about it. Finally, in early college or late high school, a broad summary course could tie together all the things they've learned. As it is they take that broad summary course five times over and never get to go into anything in depth. The same thing holds in science--as you mention with astronomy. (What I have always felt was needed is classes organized on the basis of intelligence, rather than simply age. (And your ideas could be incorporated into such a system quite easily.) The first two years of school would

remain much the same as they are now as more or less of an "exploratory" period to determine the ability of the students. During this period, extensive testing would take place, and at the end of the second year the children would be placed in classes based on their intelligence. This system could continue through the last year of highschool (or possibly even throughout college). Under this system, "slow" children wouldn't always be in a state of near-breakdown trying to "keep up" with the remainder of the class, and pupils of superior intelligence wouldn't be continually bored with the lessons aimed at the average child. Some private schools are operated in this manner, but I would like to see the system adopted by the public schools as well.))

But the real reason for the neglect of individuals which you mention is the work load of the teacher. I will be expected to handle between 100 and 150 science students per day. How much time do I have after covering the regular lesson to find out just how much work Johnny could be doing and to help him find his interest? Well, I hope to be able to have Johnny and his parents over for dinner occasionally, and expect to do all my class preparation in the evenings so that I can spend my "free periods" and "study halls" talking to some of the kids. But how many teachers are willing to put in a 12-hour-day on their job for \$4000 per year. I'm not sure how long I'll be willing to keep it up.

Yes; the "Top Forty" (or "Top Hundred" if you live in LA) are pretty bad, but I rather enjoy listening to the stuff for an hour or so once a month. It has a nice beat for doing rather primitive fertility dances, such as "The Twist". But normally I stay away from it. In fact, the last time I had occasion to listen to pop music for a few days they were on a death kick. After listening to one charming little ditty eulogizing a young girl who had run back to retrieve her boyfriend's class ring from their car stalled on the train tracks and was killed in the crash, I got mildly sick and endured the soap operas and quiz shows instead. I don't know how things are now, but I knew a few disc jockeys when I was in high school, and the situation was something like this. The deejays received somewhere between 50 and 100 new records each day. Out of this stack he picked those which were by artists he knew his listeners liked. This was maybe three or four records. From the rest, he had time to play five or ten during the day between the already-popular songs. There just wasn't time to listen to all of the newcomers, so he would pick a few at random or by interesting titles and play them. The rest were stored away for a few weeks in case some other deejay made a hit out of one of them, and then given away in one promotional shindig or another. Then the record companies discovered a good way to encourage deejays to play their records. They enclosed a few bucks with the ones they particularly wanted to push. It worked. Then the big payola scandal broke and things were hushed up for a while. Although I remember in the midst of the whole hullabaloo, Red Blanchard nearly getting fired from KFNB for calmly stating, "And now it gives me a great deal of money to present a brand new release by..." The newspapers were highly indignant about the immorality in the radio business but they suddenly hushed up and haven't said a word since. I rather imagine that the radio boys threatened to do some studies showing the correlation between amount of advertising bought by any particular company and the number of times its name got mentioned in the news columns. I think that the practice of direct payola in money or gifts is pretty well dead.

But the record companies still need to have some

means of causing the deejay to pick their records out of that pile of new releases. So most of them use some variation of the "free plug" gimmick. Suppose our friend deejay happens to be the one who first plays Barf Belch's new disc, and deejay listeners like it so well they begin to ask other deejays to play it and begin buying it in record stores and pretty quick it's a bit hit. In return for this fine service, our friend deejay gets a personal appearance by Barf Belch on his program, and maybe Barf even brings along the Happy Homos, his background musicians, and they give a big dance where our friend deejay gets to be master of ceremonies and gives all kinds of free plugs for his station and his sponsors. If our friend deejay only gave minor assistance, Barf may only send him a tape-recorded plug which he can use on his station assuring the kiddies that old Barf really likes our friend deejay and wants all his sex-starved little female fans to give some of their love and affection to our friend deejay too. And between the pressure of the deejays and the pressure of their friends, our poor little adolescents just aren't allowed to even consider the possibility that this music might not be good. The pressures of conformity are very strong at that age. The poor kid doesn't know whether he's supposed to act like a child or like an adult--he's expected to follow one code at some times and another at other times. The only safe thing to do is to follow the crowd. So he does, and there are lots of deejays and record companies and clothing manufacturers and such right there to make a mint off him and his parents, while busily encouraging this trend.

Incidentally, all the deejays whom I knew would turn off the monitors in the studios while this rock & roll was playing, and laugh and joke about how terrible it was. Then the record would end and they would flip on the mike with some enthusiastic remark like, "That was Barf Belch's brand new record for Capitol--a fine piece of music that's gonna be number one in a week--just take ol' Jackson's word for it. You know Barf's had six hit records in the last month since he started working on the CAPITOL label, and there's gonna be plenty more coming. Now kids, have you heard about the big sale on friendship rings down at Tommy's Jewelers? I was out at Podunk High last week for the big record hop, and I noticed that all the steady couples were wearing these new rings. Now, if your girl has been looking at you strangely lately, maybe you'd better run right down to Tommy's and..." But you get the idea. And that plug will be worth a good fat fee from Tommy, a few new listeners at Podunk High, and a nice favor from Capitol Records and Barf Belch. What a way to make a living!

MIGHOD, TWENTY-SEVEN PAGES OF LETTERS and there are still some letters and cards left unprinted. If this letter column continues to expand, Donaho had better look to his laurels. TERRY CARR claims to be a recent contributor, even though you won't find his name on any recent contents page. He suggested the gag for the cover Bhub Stewart did for Kipple #18. Terry also passed along the Uffish Thots column which appears in this issue, and he wants credit for contributing that too. +++ PHIL ROBERTS asks for "info" on Kipple; but it's easier to send an issue than to write a letter explaining how to get on the mailing list. +++ MARK OWINGS sent his comments on a contemporary card, proving what I said last issue about my example fertile-minded readers. +++ CHESTER DAVIS also commented via card, one

congratulating me on my "recent addition". +++ DICK BERGERON sent a letter and three postcards, progress reports on his article in this issue. One of Dick's lines was ruined merely because I happened to change paper-color with this issue. +++ BOB LICHTMAN needs a copy of page 32 of Kipple #20, "backed either by 31 or by any other page or by nothing at all." +++ ROSEMARY HICKEY sent a Christmas card, with the following note at the bottom: "Your Xmas card best I ever got!" Since I didn't send any cards this year, this stopped me for a moment, until it occurred to me that Kipple #20 had been labelled a 40-page Christmas card. +++ REDD BOGGS noted that his copy of #20 was the most beatup copy of a fanzine he'd ever seen. "It must have been rained on for at least three days or at least reposed in a snowdrift for the same length of time. Or both." +++ MIKE DOMINA subscribes. +++ SKIP WILLIAMSON also sends money and says that Kipple was recommended to him by Don Dohler. +++ CHARLES WELLS sends a Christmas card. +++ FRED GALVIN says, "No letter of comment this time either; how can you be so lucky?" Fred also asks the meaning of Kipple (it has none). +++ REV. C.M. MOORHEAD sends a quarter, and notes that he's recovering from a nervous breakdown. "As I feel now, I don't think I will ever be able to defend anything with the vigor I once used. So you will probably be confronted with a tame Moorhead from now on." +++ DIATOM ARCHEGONIUM, a Greek exchange student at Rutgers, sends money. +++ LENNY KAYE sends a copy of Neolithic #6, and notes that he's only cut four stencils for the second issue of his fanzine so far. +++ ROSEMARY HICKEY postcards from the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, saying "I'm doing things like this instead of staying home and writing printable letters. It's fun." +++ DICK SCHULTZ wrote a four page letter of comment, but lack of space prohibits printing any of it. +++ GARY DEINDORFFER didn't have time to write, but he subscribed for a non-fan friend of his. +++ FRED GALVIN wrote a letter of comment on my letter of comment on Yandro, fergawisake. +++ And LEN MOFFATT sent three pages which may appear next issue.

FROM
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This magazine is dedicated to the proposition that the world convention in 1963 ought to be held in one of these cities: Morrisville, Atlanta, Hades Church, Big Falls, Charleston, Miami, Elkton, Pittsburgh, Hagerstown, Philadelphia, Wasco, Cleveland, Toledo, Boston, Fairhaven, New York, Baltimore, Towson, Ciampiukkenik, Birmingham, Montgomery, Indian Lake, Madison, ...