

# KIPPLE I

MAY 10, 1960

KIPPLE #1, published, edited, and at least partially written by Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland. Copies are available for cash (4/25¢), trades, or letters of comment. Reviewers should note that the mailing list is open to anyone who cares to show interest of a type listed above. KIPPLE is irregular, but quite frequent.

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It occurs to me that some sort of explanation might be in order as to the nature and policy of this fanzine; you might want to know just what it is you are reading. To begin with, KIPPLE is most definitely NOT: a letter substitute; a letterzine; a newsletter; a one-shot. It isn't even a weekly. To really pin down the type of fanzine KIPPLE is, we would have to thoroughly define such terms as "letter substitute", "newsletter", and "snapzine". Fortunately, Redd Boggs has done this task for me.

In his words, then: "(it) is not a 'letter substitute' fanzine. Rather it is an individ fanzine, sub-type alpha: 'with separate articles on unrelated subjects, departments such as reviews of pros... and artistic or controversial quotations, fillers, cover illustration, etc.; but the personality of the editor is evident everywhere...'" It much be appreciated that this definition (from the Fancyclopedia I) is somewhat antiquated--for one thing, I do not intend to review the pros; for another, we have no cover.

Nevertheless, this quoted definition covers, essentially, the nature of KIPPLE. Things will be departmentalized to a large extent, such as THE CHOPPING BLOCK, which will review one fanzine in detail every issue it appears, and a letter column, when you nice people send some letters. There will probably be quotations from newspapers and magazines, perhaps even from other fanzines, with which the editor (me, incidentally...) can deal. Controversy is the keynote. If you have something interesting to discuss, a particular concept of any facet of our world, fannish and otherwise, which you would like to comment on, send it to KIPPLE. Short articles, columns, et al can be woven quite nicely into the issue without disturbing its personality. Comments or contributions insure receiving KIPPLE regularly (or at least as regularly as I publish it...).

If, on the other hand, you go in for the spectator position, I am not above accepting cash (see colophon). Subscription money will pay postage, and allow me the luxury of an occasional cigarette.

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On the matter of duplication, there is much that needs to be said. Chances are, your copy will be one of the 100% that are slightly messy; it may look over-inked... or, it may look under-inked. I doubt that such is possible, but it could conceivably look over- and under-inked simultaneously. Whatever the case, it is the best I can do on my \$35 Sears-Roebuck Tower mimeograph. Leave impeccability to those who can afford it!

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# QUOTES & NOTES...

## FROM THE PAPERS...

Baltimore City Councilman Michael J. McHale is proposing a law that will outlaw the so-called "short-shorts" on the grounds that women/girls wearing them cause accidents. Since the proposal several weeks ago, the reaction has been such that Councilman McHale may have gone into hiding. As a friend said to me in apparent defense of the city, "It isn't that there is an inordinate amount of idiots in Baltimore; it's just that an inordinate amount of the idiots in Baltimore hold public office."

The main reason I brought up this subject in fandom was not merely to give my opinion of it, although I consider the proposal fugacious to the extreme, but to quote some of the reactions which the local has printed. One obvious matron had this to say: "We as citizens can ask the right to walk our public streets and not be offended by indecent shorts. The beauty of womankind lies in their maintaining the respect of the community."

However, by far the most humorous retorts have been on the "Nay!" side. One gentleman had this to say:

"Councilman McHale's argument that shorts and halters cause accidents is a non sequitur; traffic doesn't move fast enough in Baltimore city to make an accident possible..."

This comment can be appreciated only if you've tried to get through the center of town about 5:00 in the afternoon...

Another comment was if anything more true to life:

"Might I suggest that Councilman McHale continue to wear his bathrobe on the beach, his blindfold on the street, and to lose himself in a paperback edition of "Little Women." There is, of course, the possibility that Mr. McHale has his tongue in cheek; if this is so, may I suggest further that he remove it and take his job seriously. He might begin by helping me-- I've been waiting for this traffic light to turn green for a month."

There has yet to be a controversy in the local paper in the last two years which I haven't at least tried to take part in. Unfortunately, the editorial staff desires brevity, which I can usually not supply them with. The following is from my own unprinted, dejected letter:

"Could it be that the administration is finally realizing that they have kept none of their promises to Clean Up The City (a tradition dating back to its incorporation), and McHale is going off on a crusade in an effort to appease the Tea Circle Faction? I can think of no other probable reason for this apparently unwarranted attack. As certain Indians have been known to say on certain television horse operas, 'Our chiefs are nothing but old ladies!'"

The odd part is that I have noticed an inordinately small number of

females wearing such garments this time of year, especially as compared to last year.

#### FROM FANZINES...

Sandy Sanderson sent me a copy of his editorial from Aporrheta 16, and I must say that it surprised--nay, shocked--me. That it was written was alone enough to shock me, but when such venerable fans as Bill Donaho and Ron Ellick are completely taken in by this softly-worded attack on myself and one of my best friends in fandom, it is time to put a stop to it. Bill Donaho believed unquestionably what Sanderson has said, yet admitted that he had seen nothing to provoke such an attack in any of my publications; Ellick called this vile pile of misstatement a "well-done piece of writing".

Neither fan had seen any reason for the blast in Aporrheta, but both were taken in by Sanderson's venomous clap-trap. There may be others as well. I think the facts should be known as they are, rather than as the tormented depths of whatever passes for Sanderson's mind would like them to be:

I have never voiced an opinion of H. P. Sanderson in print, nor personally to Lynn Hickman; Rick Sneary voiced an opinion of Sanderson in one of my fanzines. The only reference I ever made to Sanderson in print that might possibly be construed to be an attack was a facetious slogan on the mailing wrapper of Vague #2. This could not have been meant, because it would have been exceedingly difficult for Hickman to receive the zine and send the information to Sanderson in time to make the deadline of Apr 16. Therefore, we must fall back on the earlier statement, made by Sneary:

"The news that Sanderson might run ((for TAFF. ed.)) fills me with gloom. How can I stand for a clean, honest race, with no mud slinging and rumor-spreading if Sandersod is one of the fans involved. It will tax my moral convictions to the limit."

I would not repeat this, but Rick has made similar statements in other fanzines, so I don't suppose he has any qualms about people seeing it. Hickman will of course point of that I answered this statement with one of my own, agreeing in full. However, this was not an attack against Sanderson personally; it was a blast at Inchmery as a whole, primarily Joy Clarke, for her idiotic accusations of narcotic addiction in New York Fandom and the Detention committee. (I'm glad to note, incidentally, that the con was a success without her support...)

As anyone with half a brain can see, neither Sneary nor I are to blame for the attack in Apr. Nor do I blame Hickman, although he should have known better than to drop hints at a notorious Conclusion Jumper. The reason that Sanderson received an honorable mention as Fughead of the Year in the Fanac poll is now painfully obvious: Sanderson has a persecution complex of gigantic proportions. Everybody is out to get Sanderson! God save him...!

Unfortunately, I haven't the space to completely analyze the reasons behind his cleverly-masked attack; I haven't the room to spend pages to pity him; to come right down to it, I haven't even the desire. Once his vehement verbalized back-shooting is really recognized for what it is, I won't have to bother to explain it. But for the time being, I think a list of the primary points would be in order:

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# THE CHOPPING BLOCK:

## void

After what seems like years, Ted White has gotten Void back onto a schedule closely approximating monthly. In view of the New Trend which seems to be taking shape in Void at the moment, however, regularity is at best a secondary consideration. In the three issues published this year, Void has adopted an informality which gives it infinitely more reader-interest than it had last year, and further allows a flexibility in the policy of the magazine itself which could be invaluable to the editors. In a word, it has become more "fannish".

If I am to use such a term to describe it, a clarification of the word "fannish" would be in order. I most definitely do not mean to imply that Void wasn't "fannish" throughout its first 18 issues, nor do I say that it is "fannish" in the sense that most fans define the term: that is, completely lacking in any serious aspect, abounding in esoteric in-group jokes, and possessing a sprawling format (and I mean this both literally and figuratively). By this particular definition, informality is nine tenths of fannishness; camaraderie the other tenth.

Void has contained a certain amount of each since Ted White began publishing it, but not nearly enough, especially of the former nine tenths. With these last three issues--primarily twenty and twenty-one, because number nineteen was more or less published to clean up material already on hand--Void has achieved the exact percentage of every ingredient which produces a good fanzine. Like the newlywed who experiments with her pot-roast, or the musician who continually tunes his violin, Void has hit just the right combination, in just the right way, lately.

As I have already mentioned, Void number nineteen was evidently a clean-up issue; consequently, it was the poorest of the three. Of the five contributions to that issue (discounting, of course, editorials, letters, and other features) two were excellent, two merely average, and one bad, especially when you consider that it was written by a man who turns out consistently fabulous material: Robert Bloch.

The chaff first: "The Psycho Path," by Robert Bloch, is an outstanding flop. Bloch begins by telling of the crackpot mail he receives after the publication of a mystery novel, uses one example which could just as easily have been written by a fan (or, for that matter, a dog catcher...), and then thoroughly disregards the subject for the rest of the one-page article, begging that he won't give examples because he considers the missives too pathetic. I have a rough idea of what he was talking about, since we got some pretty pathetic letters during the (supposed) poltergeist thing you've probably read about in Fanac, but if the letters are too pathetic to publish, why write an article about them in the first place? Side by side with this apparent disregard for the interest of the reader, Bloch uses some puns not quite worthy of Dave Kyle.

There are two punchlines on the piece, believe it or not: one that should have ended the piece but didn't, and one that shouldn't

have ended the piece but did. "Maybe I ought to start a special zine for Lunatic Fringe Fandom..." is just out of context enough to make a good interlineation; unfortunately, editor White noticed this too late, if at all...

Of the two merely average pieces, one is placed in this category because the writer consistently turns out far superior articles; the other because the average fan is not interested in the subject it chronicles. I speak of Harry Warner's introduction to Circus Fandom, which I never realized existed, and Andre Norton's "A Few Notes on the Care and Raising of Anthologies", respectively. I hasten to add that there is little difference between the "merely average" writing of Harry Warner and the "goshwow-great" writing of most of the other serious writers in fandom, but nevertheless Harry has set up standards of writing so high that any deviation from this standard is immediately noticeable. It is especially noticeable when it comes atop an earlier below-average-for-this-person piece, such as appeared in Retrique. The year 1960 may well go down in fannish history as The Year Harry Warner Wrote Two Merely Average Pieces, side by side with The Only Typo Boggs Ever Made, The Fanzine Ted White Didn't Pan, and other such legendary things. The Norton article, on the other hand, is well enough written, but concerns a subject which not too many fans--even the fanatical devotees of science fiction--are interested in.

True to the tradition of saving the best til the last, we come to the two excellent pieces in Void nineteen. Chronologically, Terry Carr's "More Editorials From The Barrington Bull" are first, but qualitatively it would be hard to choose between this and Ted White's own "Wailing Wall". Because, as I said, the Carr piece is chronologically first, and because Ted White has so thoroughly covered his subject that he leaves no peg for a reviewer to hang a comment on, I will concern myself primarily with the "Bull" editorials.

Terry Carr is probably the foremost fan humorist since Tucker, and certainly the best currently active. This fact is generally acknowledged in fandom, but here we have the true test of a humorist: taken from his usual element, will he still hold up? As far as Carr goes, the answer is a definite and absolute "Yes!". Terry Carr, taken completely out of his element and read by a group totally different from the one he originally wrote the piece for, still comes off beautifully. If you think this is easy, try it; I'm sure you'll find otherwise. Witness: in reprinting this material for a different group, several of the little "tricks" used in writing this type of humor become useless. First, there is the esoteric, in-group joke such as Tucker's nine of clubs; this is useless because the reader (in this case fandom) doesn't know enough of the background (in this case, the co-op house). Secondly, allusions to the characteristics of the persons involved are useless, because the readers probably won't be acquainted with those persons. And yet given these handicaps, Terry still writes a wonderful piece of humor.

Of the other excellent contribution to this issue I can say little. Not only have I no room for the solid page of superlatives which would be needed to do justice to Ted White's "Wailing Wall", but I don't wish to compliment White too heavily in Sandy Sanderson's figurative presense. Who knows, he may jump to conclusions again...

As I said before, the New Trend first becomes noticeable in Void number twenty. This issue contains only one outside contribution, a page of fanzine reviews by Tom Condit; the rest is staff-written. Somehow, though,

it is better than number nineteen, although not containing any single contribution to match the excellencies in that issue. Instead, the whole issue meshes together in a way which more than makes up for this (hardly a fault). The longest and by far most interesting portion of this Void is Ted White's Detention report. This suffers somewhat because of the page or so devoted to telling why Pittsburgh won the convention bid so easily, not, I hasten to add, because I think it dirty politics, but because it should have been published as an article and not stuck in the middle of an otherwise excellent convention report.

Greg Benford, in his editorial, relates that he isn't in favor of editorials which denote the problems of the editor with his fanzine. Yes, Ted White, I saw the gagline and I dig the joke. But Benford must have been at least partially serious to write such a thing in the first place. I can't say that I really disagree, but I must agree with reservations, because I feel that it is sometimes necessary for an editor to anticipate the questions his readers are likely to ask and to answer them in advance. Take my own case, for instance: changing titles and policies every month or so (which will happen no longer--KIPPLE is flexible) made it necessary to explain to the readers just what is going on. But, as I said, I can agree partially. When a fanzine appears in the same format, on the same schedule, with the same reproduction every monthly issue for two years, and the editor still continues to blather about his Great Problems, it is time for a mass protest on the part of the readers.

Tom Condit reviews fanzines in the shortest possible space in this issue, happily bouncing along from line to line, and hence can say nothing of any import. However, these reviews are in the same category as 90% of the others being published currently, so one can't really be too hard on Condit. Or, for that matter, on White, who does precisely the same thing in his reviews, which immediately follow Condit's. We can object to the trend itself, however, although others (notably Franklin Ford, whoever he was then) have done it to no avail. In one page, Condit reviews five fanzines; White reviews the same number in a page and one-half, but in micro-elite which is at least a step in the right direction. However, this cannot match Ted's earlier "Wailing Walls", which often consumed three pages to review a single issue of a fanzine. The number of fans who write reviews like this currently can be counted on the fingers of one hand; in fact, I can name only three offhand: Ted White, Terry Carr and myself, and since I've just started doing so, you can cut that number down to two, at the time the Condit reviews were done.

Of course, it can be argued, as Hitchcock has done, that lengthy reviews are not necessarily the best. (But then, Hitchcock writes short ones...) This question is open to much comment, and I doubt if the Long Review Faction will ever get together with the Short Review Faction. But I'd be willing to argue (somewhat egotistically) that this review and the others I will do of this type are as well-written as 90% of the short reviews in fandom; I know those done by White and Carr are better than 90% of the short reviews in fandom.

Naturally, the fan who wishes to know only the titles of the material in each issue, the subscription price, and the color of paper the issue is printed on will prefer the type of review I like to call the Buck Coulson Type to a lengthy. Personally, I would prefer one long, revealing, critical review of KIPPLE than twenty three-line commendations, and I know from correspondence that a number of others

feel the same way. A matter of opinion, I suppose.

The only other feature in Void number twenty is a short, rather dated lettercolumn, containing an absolutely fabulous letter from Bob Tucker. Tucker comments on fanzines infrequently, but when he does you can be sure it will be something worth waiting for.

Number twenty-one, although continuing the New Trend (and I hope White doesn't take offense at my use of this term), is somewhat different, with more single contributions of a shorter nature. Actually, it contains eight contributions of various types, including the usual editorials (although Ted's is now a column rather than a straight editorial), a piece by Ron Ellik which has been passed from hand to hand for several years before getting into print, some Fannish Blues by Larry Stark III which are great, to say the least an article by Ted White, a cartoon feature by Les Nirenberg, letters, and the fanzine reviews.

The fanzine review column (to completely reverse chronological order for a change) has acquired a new writer, a new title, and probably not consequently, has improved considerably. Although all of the reviews are longer than those in number twenty, the only one which could really be said to be what I had in mind as far as a Long Review is Condit's of INNUENDO. Though probably by coincidence, it is better written than the others as well as being longer. The other reviewer, Howie Lyons, reviews only one fanzine, and that review stands out in Stark contrast to the Condit-written ones--it stunk, in a word, by comparison.

The longest single contribution to this issue is once again written by White: "A Day With Calvin Thos. Beck". It's really a pity; so much could have been done with this idea that what Ted did do, though adequate, is by no means the Ultimate Distillation. I believe that this could have been enhanced considerably if written in the style that a certain Pasadena youngfan had the misfortune to call "a boring little vignette". Still, this article has some great moments.

Probably the best contribution is the Fannish Blues by Stark, about which so little can be said, followed closely by Ellik's piece, about which so much could have been said--five years ago... White's column isn't the best thing in the issue, but it's still better than his usual Void editorial (I except the one in Void 14). On the other hand, it isn't as good as the last couple issues of Gambit, possibly because I enjoyed seeing a certain Anglofan get stewed, fried, roast, and broiled in his own juice in those. Artwise, the best single piece in Void twenty-one is Leslie Nirenberg's cartoon strip, probably the best strip to appear in fandom since Bjo's Super Squirrel in Psi Phi. I'd like to see Nirenberg do more of this type of thing.

Void is good. Naturally there is as yet room for improvement, but I predict that if Void continues on its present schedule using its present policy, it will be the best fanzine going in six months or so. Certainly it is already among the Top Ten.

--Ted Pauls

((Void: Ted White #15, 107 Christopher Street, New York 14, New York; 25¢ per issue, trades, contributions, or letters of comment on each issue; 24 pages; highly recommended.))

QUOTES & NOTES.....continued from page 3

1. This is the first and only time I have ever expressed an opinion of Sandy Sanderson.

2. I do NOT express opinions of fans without a definite example of whatever it is the opinion is supposed to consider. In this case, I have this editorial as a sterling example of incompetence, misjudgment, and misinterpretation.

3. I do not worship Ted White, nor any other fan. The fact that Sanderson based his objections to me on this assumption shows only too well his actual motives--a dislike of White and any who befriend him.

4. I am not making a villain of Hickman. His letter was probably quite innocent and would have been passed off with a shrug or less had it not been for the fact that Sanderson majors in the Running Conclusion Jump.

5. No animosity existed on my part until now--even now I am not angry at Sanderson, just a bit peeved that he is able to convince otherwise intelligent fans that the falsehoods he speaks are truth.

Perhaps I am being a little hard on Sanderson. There will be those who say this, and others who say I haven't been hard enough. It is not my wish to start a feud with Sanderson, but merely to point out the inconsistencies in his statements and to point out openly his obvious motives. But if Sanderson wants to continue the discussion, however pointless such a thing may be, he'll find me more than willing...

--pauls

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