

NOV 14 1984

# KIPPLE #179



KIPPLE is a periodic fanzine put out by Ted ("Still Crazy After All These Years") Pauls, 6603 Collinsdale Road, Apt. E, Baltimore, Maryland 21234. This issue is being distributed to a few friends and to the members of APA-Q. There will probably be future issues.

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME between issues, hasn't it? The previous issue of this fanzine was published in the spring of 1970, back when dinosaurs still trod the primordial fannish ooze and gasoline was 29.9¢ per gallon. In fact, it's been so long that I'm not entirely certain that #179 is the correct number for this zine, and my file copies of KIPPLE are packed in boxes beneath other boxes. I know there was a #177, think there was a #178, and am certain there was never a #180, so #179 will do conditionally, pending clarification from some fan historian whose files are more accessible.

FAN HISTORY & ALL THAT: There's a good chance that the majority of the people reading this have never heard of KIPPLE or of me. I came into fandom and (just barely) adolescence at the tail-end of the 1950s, amid heated arguments as to whether contemporary times were 7th or 8th Fandom (are we up to 22nd Fandom now?). When I started putting out KIPPLE in 1960, I was a Fawning Acolyte of Ted White. Although KIPPLE was basically a sercon rather than faannish zine, and subsequently for a period an outright political zine with virtually no connection to fandom, it did for quite a time feature Ted White's regular column, Uffish Thots, a noteworthy fanzine review column by Marion Zimmer Bradley, and over the years contributions from a fair number of people who went on to achieve considerable fame in the SF field (Terry Carr, Steve Stiles and Dick Lupoff come instantly to mind) and elsewhere (Jay Kinney, Lenny Kaye).

The word KIPPLE itself enjoyed a brief moment or two of glory. Although the name of the zine originated in a bad joke I had remembered from a Donald Duck comic (Daisy: "Do you like Kipling?" Donald: "I dunno, I never kippled!"), it was later coined as a lower-case noun (I believe by Terry Carr, during a time when he and I were feuding over something utterly trivial): kipple, worthless junk that seems to multiply, as for example coat hangers, paper clips, etc. Phil Dick (then a KIPPLE reader and correspondant of mine) picked it up and used it in that definition in a couple of his books, and at one time in the mid-1970s Miriam Knight (nee Carr nee Deutches) had an odds & ends store in Berkeley called The Kipple Shop. And, for that matter, Richard Geis wrote me into one of his porno novels as the proprietor of a store of this name, though of somewhat more bizarre merchandise.

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I READ IN DAGON: Circulating this zine through APA-Q is rather strange, since my only connection with or knowledge of that group derives from the fact that John Boardman has very kindly been sending me DAGON practically forever. In fact, I'm not certain that it's proper for me to even be sending it through. DAGON hasn't ever seemed to mention any qualifications for doing so except sending John 40+ copies and some postage money, but maybe I gotta be invited or something. In any event, I trust that John will frank this through under his auspices if I'm not entitled to contribute on my own.

JOHN BOARDMAN & STEVE STILES. Now there's an odd couple! Nevertheless they share the perhaps dubious honor of being jointly responsible for this existence of this one-sheet resurrection. For all the years that John has been sending DAGON, I've been tempted off and on to rejoin the world of fanzines. Up until now, I've successfully resisted the urge, but 14 years of abstinence is about the most that can be expected of anyone. Seriously, though, I have enjoyed reading DAGON over the years, even though the effect has usually been of overhearing one end of a telephone conversation, and I've discovered that the desire to participate in the conversation has grown greater with time.

Then there's Steve Stiles. Steve has been badgering me for years to start putting out KIPPLE again. Steve, as most of you probably know, is a fanzine fan par excellence, as well as one of the principal nodes of the Ted White Group Mind. His view is, basically, Real Fans Pub Zines. Anything else is trivial. The other week, he actually had the audacity to accuse me of being completely gafiated. Now, really! I mean, good heavens, meyer, I'm currently on four convention committees, and haven't attended fewer than 8 cons in any year of the past decade. This is hardly gafiated! But Steve's response to this is just to tsksk and shake his head in a mixture of scorn and pity.

So, okay. If the only way to gain credibility as a Real Fan in Steve's eyes is to publish a zine, then I guess I gotta. Can't wait to see his face when I hand him a copy of this out of the blue. Now, ol' buddy, the shoe's on the other foot, and I can bug you for some cartoons or at least a LoC for #180...

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE... Interlineations, or 'linos', were popular during the earlier incarnation of this zine. I don't know if they are still much used in fanzines. They consisted of short quotations or aphorisms, puns, bizarre out-of-context lines and catch-phrases, sandwiched between two rows of hyphens, and usually used to divide segments in a zine. I used to enjoy devising weird linos and these kept KIPPLE from being 100% serious even in its most sercon phase. Nowadays, I essentially make my living designing clever graffiti-like slogans and plays on words, the only difference (except for getting paid for it) being that my linos today are lettered on stickers rather than being typed between marching lines of hyphens. Having a bit of space to fill on this sheet, I think I'll close by sharing a few of these non-linear linos with you all.

Ted Pauls, 4 October, 1984

WHEN NOTHING CAN GO  
WRONG, MURPHY THINKS  
SOMETHING NEW

Latest thing in bio-  
technology: Wash &  
Wear Genes

KILLING TURKEYS  
CAUSES WINTERS!

RADIOACTIVE CATS  
HAVE 18 HALF-LIVES

DEATH IS NATURE'S  
WAY OF TELLING US  
TO SLOW DOWN

GLAMS  
GOT LEGS!

Life, Liberty &  
the Pursuit of  
CHOCOLATE

If the Department of Defense  
had mailed this letter, it would  
probably have cost \$13.75

ONE NUCLEAR  
BOMB CAN RUIN  
YOUR WHOLE DAY!

KISSING  
IS MY FAVORITE  
CONTACT SPORT!

TWO THINGS ARE  
UNIVERSAL: HYDRO-  
GEN AND STUPIDITY

Silly Walks  
Ministry of