

kipple 2

produced by Ted Pauls (1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md.) for the enjoyment and edification of science fiction fandom at large. KIPPLE, the impoverished mans' Retrograde, is available for cash (4/25¢), letters of comment, contributions, or trades, though not necessarily in that order. Reviews are not considered ample egoboo in exchange for copies, but if your review brings me twenty-five neofans clutching shiny, new quarters in their ink-smudged little hands, we can doubtless work out an arrangement. WOKLpress.

YES, VIRGINIA, THIS IS AN EDITORIAL...

The reaction to the first issue of KIPPLE surprised--and pleased--me. Of all the readers who have reported in so far, only Hitchcock seemed displeased with the effort. Nearly everyone had suggestions, of course, and these people will be glad to know that for the most part these suggestions have been followed. But only Hitchcock didn't like KIPPLE. (I asked what he'd like to see in the next issue, and he answered "Embalming fluid...".)

Although I said last issue that I agreed with Greg Benford that an editor shouldn't concern his entire editorial with talk of the zine, I intend to do just that this time around. If you've glanced through KIPPLE before settling down to read this editorial, you already know of some of the changes; if not, do so now. The observant slant will have noticed that the fanzine review column this issue reviews several different magazines rather than one. This is in an effort to accomplish more: if I'm going to get anywhere with fanzine reviews, I'll have to review several each issue. KIPPLE was originally planned to be bi-weekly and eight pages; it now seems to be monthly, and a much greater number of pages. Reviewing one fanzine per month, I would miss much which is worthy of a review.

However, my reviews are still by no means as short as those I lambasted last issue. Instead, I am following Les Nirenberg's idea of a decent review; "...at least a half page."

You needn't be a slant or particularly observant to have noticed that this KIPPLE is quite a bit heavier than last. Actually, this issue should be what from now on will be a normal number of pages.

Another change will be in mailing list policy. Those of you who received my earlier fanzines will remember that I seldom cut anyone, no matter how silent he or she may have been. With KIPPLE, I will be quite a bit more vicious about such matters. For instance, the number to the immediate right of this paragraph is the number of the last issue you will receive unless you respond in some way before then. If no number at all appears, it means that I forgot to mark your copy and you'd better drop me a card to let me know you hadn't been given adequate warning.

--Ted Pauls

"KIPPLEd herring"--Les Nirenberg

Therefore, let us KIPPLE Bloch for posterity!--Woklpress

QUOTES AND NOTES

FROM THE PAPERS

Although supported by the city, the Baltimore zoo has found some quaint ways of raising additional funds within the last few years, always involving monkeys. Betsy, the finger-painting chimpanzee, made international news several years ago when her "paintings" began to sell to collectors for absurd sums of money. This, plus television appearances of Betsy in action, and the number of tourists who visited the zoo to see her, gained the zoo a not inconsiderable sum of money. In all truthfulness, it must be admitted that Betsy's finger-painting was no worse than the average kindergarden child.

But Betsy faded from the scene about a year ago--I don't recall if she died or retired. Now the newest crackpot scheme to emanate from Druid Park has received even more local publicity. Spunky, a five year old resident of the monkey house, sits by a typewriter several hours each day writing poetry--a slightly simian form of bastard Haiku. Zoo Director Arthur Watson calls Spunky's prose-poetry Japanese Haiku, although none of the short squibs follow the accepted 5-7-5 construction.

I thought perhaps a few examples might be of interest to fandom in general, and Jean Young in particular:

"Is this one--written just in the middle of income tax time--unintelligent?

'You're right!
Fed--he get
Half of all
You do!'"

It is noted that Director Watson 'edits' the material, of course, but Spunky doesn't seem to like the idea:

"Rite my quot--
perfect as is. I
scold."

Offhand, I would say that Director Watson edits the hell out of them, but I nevertheless want to keep an open mind. If the monkey is put on exhibition at the typewriter, I will gladly pay the price of admission to witness this literary giant at work, and to report my findings in KIPPLE.

Several readers have asked for a follow-up on the short-shorts controversy, but up until this morning I didn't think there would be one. The letters I quoted were the only ones to appear--either the public or the editor of the paper lost interest in the subject, and it was quickly dropped. This morning, however, a short article (no pun intended) appeared on the subject, reporting further progress. It seems that Councilman McHale, although against the will of the people (seemingly), decided to introduce the bill before the City Council. The result is as follows--none:

"When the wisecracks died down, the Public Utilities Committee found itself unable to obtain a clear majority for or against the bill to ban short shorts from the streets of Baltimore.

"Despite the banter, it seemed unlikely that the bill (introduced and supported in all seriousness by Councilman Michael J. McHale) would be passed.

"Most of the councilmen present at the hearing seemed to agree with Inspector August K. Gribbin Sr., who said it was his personal opinion that the law would be unenforcable if passed."

FROM "MAN: HIS FIRST MILLION
YEARS" by Ashley Montagu

Several nights ago I was reading this Mentor Book, and it occurred to me that some of the facts disclosed therein might be of great interest to fandom. After all, I thought, fans are by nature curious, inventive people--if they are interested in anthropology, the book will interest them; if not, then at least my quotes might inspire some comment. There are even passages of interest to science fiction writers.

Here, then, are some facts you might not know about anthropology. The Neanderthal Man is known to almost everyone of school age in the world, at least in name. Here is what Ashley Montagu has to say about him:

"Neanderthal man tended to have a somewhat sloping forehead, with well-developed brow ridges, a heavy chinless jaw, and a rather projecting back of the head (occiput). Owing to the want of a little knowledge of elementary anatomy, some of those 'authorities' who have engaged in the 'reconstruction' of Neanderthal man have represented him with a bull neck, grotesque features, and walking with a stoop, during which, it was alleged, his knees knocked together! It has also often been asserted that Neanderthal man must have been of low intelligence because he had a low forehead. All these slanders are indefensible. Neanderthal man walked as erect as any modern man, he did not have a bull neck, and he was not knock-kneed. And it has long ago been proven by many independant scientific researchers that the form of the brow or of the head has nothing whatever to do with intelligence. As a matter of fact, we have very good reason to believe that Neanderthal man was every bit as intelligent as we are today."

On a more scientific subject, Ashley Montagu firmly believes that intelligence does not increase with brain size. "In spite of the writers of Sunday magazine supplements," he says, "it is highly unlikely that the human brain will evolve by growing larger." The proof of this statement is that so far, the brain has not evolved by growing larger.

The average brain size of living men today is about 1350 cubic centimeters (c.c.); many so-called "missing links" approach or even bypass this figure. Of the hundreds of specimens of Neanderthal man found, the average brain capacity was 1450 c.c.; several examples of Cro-Magnon man were found to have brain capacities of 1660 c.c.

How-

fuggheaded letters, since obviously one of us had to, and he made them so ridiculous that, as he wrote me later, "When they look back on my letters, no one will take them seriously." This was only fair of him-- why should he automatically dig his own grave, after all?

I, for my part, with a straight face, exposed all the self-contradictions, inaccuracies, etc., pretending that they were the work of a serious person. At one point, I paraphrased Brown's words back at him--to my rueful surprise, in the next issue a newcomer attacked me for the wording...

It was a lot of fun. Side issues came in, as various on-lookers put in their two-cents' worth on the multitude of topics we raised.

But beneath this surface struggle loomed a deeper one. (Cliches, anyone?) As Brown tried even harder to write a burlesque of a fuggheaded letter--one too incredible to take seriously--I tried to make them appear perfectly serious by replying carefully and objectively to each point raised, in treating them seriously. This worked magnificently; everyone else took them seriously, too.

But finally it got to be Too Much. I wrote Brown that I was finishing it off; the gag had run dry. In Disjecta Membra 5, I thoroughly pulverized his previous letter, and summed things up in such a fashion that Brown had no remaining recourse. I figured in one or two issues, we'd both give the scoop on the whole affair, and share a long, low how--with me smirking just a bit at Brown for having truly outsmarted him.

But disaster struck--Pauls folded DM with the fifth issue, and published nothing else until a couple of months later when he picked up DHOG again. By that time both Brown and I had semi-gafiated into mundac, and neither had the time or interest to take our curtain calls.

So the entire affair has remained, till now, a joke without a punchline, a hoax without the revelation. It began preying on my conscience a bit last January, when I began feeling guilty about the way most people thought I'd established proof that Brown was a fugghead and believed he was. When Brown began making a comeback in Cry a few months ago, I knew I couldn't remain silent any longer.

So here it is: the real story. Applause for Rich Brown, please...

--Ted E. White

FANZINE REVIEWS
THE CHOPPING BLOCK
BY TED PAULS

RETROGRADE #2: Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota; available for letters of comment or trade, no cash accepted; 8 pages; highly recommended.

It seems a shame that such a fine publication as Retrograde should be burdened with the infrequent publication schedule Boggs assigns it. The first issue appeared fully nine months before this one, and I don't suppose we can expect the third before a large number of months have passed. Retrograde isn't

the most infrequent publication in fandom, of course, but others have, as partial compensation, a considerably larger number of pages, as well as the quality which places them among our favorites. Such a fanzine is Innuendo, or Grue, or Redd's own Skyhook; it is worth the year or more wait for these fanzines, because they always manage to present quite a bit of the best material currently available.

Retrograde, too, presents some of the best material currently available--but by no means "quite a bit". Waiting nine months for a fanzine which takes all of fifteen minutes to read is a letdown, even when that fanzine is composed of excellent writing by one of the all-time greats of fandom. If Redd honestly wants, as he says, "to dispense with as many time-consuming frills as possible", I suggest he dispense with the justified margins.

In the letter column of this issue of Kipple, Bob Lichtman observes that Kipple is Retrograde-inspired. This is true not only in regard to my policy, but to one of the departments: the idea for "Quotes & Notes" was inspired--face it, stolen--from Boggs' "O Tempora!" This issue, Redd quotes a UPI dispatch I hadn't seen, regarding an English teacher in Tulsa, Oklahoma who assigned Salinger's Catcher in the Rye for her students, and was stampeded by a herd of parents in return. It seems that eight parents complained, as well as the superintendent of schools. Boggs is speechless, and refrains from commenting; I shan't follow suit.

This clipping, which I will assume to have been read by all readers and not bother to quote, is really quite pathetic. My first reaction was acute anger, first at the parents then at the ignorant morons who hold such responsible positions as principal and superintendent; this quickly changed to pity, for an educational system which will allow such censorship of reading matter. Worse yet is the fact that the censors honestly believe they are "helping" the adolescent by such moves, whereas they are in actuality causing untold damage. Moreover, let us assume that a really objectionable piece of literary work was introduced into the class-room, then quickly clamped-down on. How many of the students would go out of their way to purchase the volume, on the qualification that it must be something to see, having been frowned on by the school?

This brings to mind an interesting parallel, and a very absolute example of how the teenage mind works. My first year of junior high school was spent in a semi-private school (this was after our family had moved to a neighborhood which lacked a public school within reasonable distance). When I first began attending that school, there was no rule against smoking during lunch period on the steps, but shortly thereafter a new principal issued an order banning smoking during school hours. Before the rule there were only three boys in my class who smoked during lunch period; in the days after the new rule was passed, this number jumped to approximately ten boys and a half-dozen girls...

The other features in this issue are quite excellent, especially an extremely well-edited letter column, but the "Fan's Library" would be of more interest if interspersed with a few comments by the editor, rather than merely a list of acquisitions. I definitely recommend that all trufans get on the mailing list for Retrograde, unless you want to miss one of the most literate magazines in our microcosm.

If Redd could publish a Retrograde of this quality every three or four weeks, the fanzine would undoubtedly be among the top ten in the next Fanac poll, perhaps even the top fanzine. All of the qualities are there--they need only magnification, which, in this

case, frequency.

JD-ARGASSY #54: Lynn Hickman, 224 Dement Ave., Dixon, Illinois; available for cash (\$1.00 for 12 issues), trades, or letters of comment; 28 pages; recommended with reservations.

JD-A is a rather drab fanzine, which usually compensates for this fault with some very excellent material. Even the colored illustrations which editor Hickman has been using for the past couple of months fail to alleviate this drab effect, because most of the so-colored illustrations are cartoon-like fillos which actually would look better in straight black. It seems very pretentious indeed to spend the necessary time and money to do a simple Cameron fillo in bright red...

Layout is abominable--all the headings for departments, articles, etc. are typed in, Hickman allows material to stop abruptly three-quarters of the way down a page and leaves the remainder blank, and a lot of the material is typed without spaces between the paragraphs. Such neofanisms are amazing--more amazing still, when you see the proud caption "Tenth year of publication" on the mailing wrapper. I refuse to believe that the room could not be spared for a letter lettering--even hand-lettering, such as the excellent cover logo--or for space in between paragraphs. If Lynn could not have afforded the few extra pages, I could suggest cutting a few things from the content of the zine.

The fanzine reviews, for instance, could be done without quite nicely. It isn't that the reviews themselves are too short (they are, but not everyone agrees on what constitutes the proper length of a fanzine review); it's just that Ryan uses an incredible amount of space to say nothing.

One of the best reasons, to my mind, for writing a lengthy review is to give the writer a chance to qualify his statements. This is not done, as some suppose, to prohibit any retaliation from the fan editor; rather, it is done in anticipation of the questions one is likely to receive from ones readers. Naturally, it is possible while doing this to tie up loose ends in such a way as to leave no possible comeback, but (with me at least--I cannot speak for Ted White, or Terry Carr) this is a secondary and unplanned consequence, not an anticipated result. I do not attempt to leave no room for argument: this would defeat the purpose of the reviews, and, actually, of Kipple. What I do attempt is to answer the questions which, if asked later, would either over-burden the letter column or increase my personal correspondence to the breaking point. You want an example of how this works?

Here is a strictly random quote from Vic Ryan's fanzine review column: "This issue opens with an apology to Ted White..." in regard to New Frontiers. This is the single line devoted to the letter from White. Now, you and I know that this was in reference to Norm Metcalf's use of "Stellar Enterprises"--we know this, but through no effort of Ryan's. If you have never read New Frontiers, you may well assume that Metcalf was apologizing to Ted for dropping a hammer on his foot, or something equally as absurd. And if, in the next issue, a neofan asks what White was apologizing for, Lynn will have to waste either ten lines of lettercolumn space or a post-card.

There are other examples of this type of unqualified statement (of which this is an extremely unimportant one, used merely as the shortest I could find) all through the column, which uses as many as

thirteen separate and individual paragraphs in a one-page review.

The only art in this issue of any quality is George Barr's excellent cover, which is the best cover I've seen on this fanzine. (You see, I could cut this paragraph off here, and leave you wondering why I think it so good. This would be typical of the type review I'm so grotched at.) It is vaguely reminiscent of the two color interiors Imagination once featured, even to the poor registration of the colors. I cannot hope to comprehend the intricacies of true art, but I do know that Barr achieves an effect that is pleasing to the eye, and gets his idea across quite well. The cover portrays two characters, both obviously aliens, standing in the foreground, while in the background a city of weirdly curving architecture is silhouetted against a bright orange sky. The man holds one arm protectingly in front of the girl, while in the other hand he brandishes a dagger. Evidently, a mutual enemy approaches, for the man shows anger on his face; the girl fear.

This cover is an excellent example of the work of an excellent artist.

The other outside material in this issue--the concluding installment of Bob Madle's trip report, and the beginning of a series by John Berry--is of high quality, standing out in stark contrast to the remainder of the written material. Berry's idea is original, at least for fandom, and his treatment of it superb. I have no idea who Superfan is at the moment, but I look forward to further chapters so that I can add more clues to my mental dossier. The cartoons accompanying this piece are all very good; Don Franson is to be especially complimented for his image of the fan/stamp collector at the bottom of page 12.

Of Madle's epic, little can be said. During the many months of its running, "A Fake Fan in London" has been showered (and rightfully so) by all the existing words of praise in our language. I can but add my voice to the cheering throngs.

Otherwise, the material (consisting of letters of little interest, an Open Letter to Ted White, book reviews, and various editorializings) is only fair. However, I am going to assume that this issue is a fluke, since there have been vastly superior ones. If the next issue is up to Lynn's standards, it will be worth acquiring.

--Ted Pauls

POETRY DEPARTMENT:

TWO EXAMPLES OF THE JAPANESE HAIKU

The old man wanders
Wanders through all the wide world
And still he wanders

The gulls fly in free form
Waxy wings stiff and rigid
Flying graceful still

--March 12, 1960

--March 29, 1960

the author of these prefers
to remain a-
nonymous

BACKDRAFT

A LETTER COLUMN OF SORTS...

Text in parenthesis such as
(these) is by the editor.

REDD BOGGS

I think that with KIPPLE you've hit upon the ideal fanzine for you. You seem to prefer small, frequently published magazines but while Dhog was about the smallest, most frequent fanzine of the past few

years, it seldom contained much of interest. Kipple seems just small enough to issue often but just large enough to contain material--such as your review of Void--that is more ambitious than letter-substitute chatter. There may have been impressive bits in previous Pauls magazines, such as your account of the visit of White, et al, to your place, but it was outbulked by the great amount of aimless talk. Kipple seems very much to the point without being coldly formal, and gives a clear, clean impression.

You've got a \$35 Sears mimeo? Is it one of the mimeos with a solid cylinder instead of a perforated drum, which is inked by paintbrush, "painting" the ink on the pad? (Not exactly. My machine is usually inked in that fashion, because my ink mixture is so thin it soaks into the pad with amazing speed if applied from the interior, but the cylinder is perforated and it is possible to ink it from the interior.) Montgomery Ward puts out such a machine (made by Heyer) and I bought one as my first mimeo, back in 1947. I later sold the machine to Art Rapp, who used it for the noble work of publishing Spacewarp. Anyway, I bought the mimeo, brand new, for \$18.75, and just the other day, in recommending the machine to someone who is thinking of plunging into fanzine publishing, I checked the Wards catalog to be sure they still sell them. They do. Only now they cost around \$35! Almost double what they did in 1947. I was able to turn out some excellent mimeoing on that modest little machine, and I see that you do fine work on your \$35 machine. Maybe I received a better-than-average copy; at any rate, you needn't apologize for this duplication. It's darned good. (One of the major recommendations for such a machine, as Ted White and Chick Derry have pointed out, is that they may be repaired with a pair of pliers and a screwdriver. I'd rather have a poor machine in my basement than an expensive one at the factory undergoing surgery...)

As I say, all the material is well-written and to the point. I enjoyed "Quotes and Notes"--nice title, interesting idea--though I didn't see Sanderson's "softly-worded attack on (you) and one of (your) best friends in fandom," but your reply was commendably even-tempered and couched in words with a low belligerency index.

"The Chopping Block"

was certainly an excellent review of Void; however, your desire for "Long Reviews" of fanzines has even less justification than Pete Vorzimer's famous statement that all fanzines should contain at least 32 pages. Buck Coulson's short reviews are intended largely as a guide to buyers--quite a different purpose than your own long critical review fills, although you end up saying you "highly recommend" Void. Other reviews fulfill other functions; the fanzine review column I inaugurated in Skyhook #25 was intended as a reference guide to important articles in fanzines. Your own "long, revealing, critical review" (Instant egoboo--eradicate the quotation marks...) attempts to analyze what White is trying to accomplish and how well he succeeds--certainly a worthy purpose, but I think Coulson succeeds in a worthy purpose too. (You are quite right if you look at the question in this way, but I wasn't trying to set each fanzine review column aside and evaluate it as a world-within-itself. I was comparing every review column in fandom, and coming to the conclusion that those columns which reviewed

fanzines at length were best. In retrospect, your idea of rating the worth of reviews is a better one than mine, but even at that we must take into consideration the fact that there aren't many neofans in this day and age who need such a "guide" to the field. Not to say that there aren't any new fans, but they all seem to develop so quickly that they are shortly receiving every worthwhile publication. Clear?))

BOB LICHTMAN

Your writing style has really improved since last I heard from you at length and I can only assume that this has been a gradual improvement which would have been less discernable if I had been receiving the plethora of Dhogs, Vagues, et al that you have been doing up to now. ((A fine observation indeed. I believe, however, that the improvement was somewhat more sudden than this, because the later Dhogs were much like the old Dhog. It was Fanjack (the immediate ancestor of Vague) in which I began to more or less Deeply Consider what I wrote, even though composing on stencil. I'm still not a good writer, particularly, because almost anything I write in the accepted fan-humor vein comes off poorly. I can compose well enough to be a fair serious-writer. (A great difference exists between composing well and being a good writer. A great many people, myself included, can write well in a serious or argumentive vein, but babble horribly when confronted with the project of writing a passable piece of light humor, or even a lightly written article such as Willis usually composes. Conversely, there are humorists who can't argue their way out of a paper bag.) However, all of Kipple #1, save the review, was composed entirely on stencil.)) However, and not to carp but to suggest some final improvements, you still make my brain do a somersault in its vault when you are found guilty of such things as misspelling and, worse, split infinitives. I started out to count the split infinitives, but decided after a few pages that I'd just take for granted that there were more than there should be. In one place, for instance, on the first page, you split your infinitives twice in the same sentence! Spelling: the most grotching error is your use of "blaim" for "blame"; there are a few other errors, but I can't relocate them now.

((There was something I'd forgotten to mention in my comment above re my writing skill (or lack thereof): one of my few successful attempts at writing humor has been in my letters to Bill Donaho's HABAKKUK. The odd thing about this is that I never seriously considered my letters as being well-written; I took an average of 20 minutes to do a page, one-fingered. Yet Donaho seems to have enjoyed my letters to HAB #1 and HAB #3, and most of the readers seem to harbor the same feelings. I guess such a thing depends more on the person receiving the piece than on the sender.))

Somehow, Kipple appears to be a sort of imitation-Retrograde, but with the subtle difference that makes it distinctly a Pauls publication. I wonder--were you under the influence of the latest issue of Boggs' magazine when you prepared and published this issue? ((Yes. This is another fine observation that no one else seems to have noticed. Even the fans I confronted at the Disclave did not mention Kipple as a Retrograde-imitation.)) The urge to do something as well as Redd Boggs is a powerful one. As for your perturbation over the duplication, let me hasten to assure you that my copy of the zine was--while certainly not approaching the sheer machine tooledness of a Boggszine--well-nigh impeccable. There was no under-inking--the only thing that might be called under-inking was where in several spots the printing was an almost imperceptable bit lighter. But hell, that's not bad enough to be called under-inking; even Retrograde

has that sort of exceedingly minor imperfection. And there was no over-inking--none at all. All this should be concluded with a peremptory 'on my copy' to clear things up. (Actually, most of the copies were quite good, even to my surprise. But that page was typed before I had attempted to duplicate anything. I hesitate even now to point to my duplication with pride, for fear that this issue will be illegible. Of course, the stencils had a habit of creasing which caused me a bit of trouble. I hope that situation is corrected this issue.)

Your review of Void is quite excellent; however, I can't help but wish you had chosen another fanzine for this first review. Reviewing Void in such a favorable light is sure to further the myth of Ted Pauls, Fawning Acolyte of Ted White, which while perhaps untrue is pretty firmly entrenched in various quarters.

My own observations on Void run along the lines that it's the most Quandry-like fanzine since Quandry itself folded. It's not publishing the best material, but then neither did Quandry. Like Q, its prime virtue so far under the New Trend (your term) has been that none of the issues have fallen beneath a certain level of excellence. And as other graybeards (and people like me, who borrow files of Q from older fans) must agree, neither did Q after a certain point which it reached towards the end of its first year of publication. (Have you ever seen the first year of Void?)

Some day, when I've got a lot of time and enthusiasm, I'm going to whip off some of these long, long fanzine reviews. I try to have moderate-long reviews in Shaggy, but I don't want to go all-out there at the moment. Too, it takes a very good or very bad fanzine to arouse one to so many words. There's such a thing as having a lot to say about the fanzine in question; there's also this business of writing long fanzine reviews just to be impressive.

BILL DONAHO

For Ghu's sake I never said that I believed unquestionably what Sander-son said. I did think that you must have made SOME SORT of remark to set him off, but I never said anything that even commented on his interesting theory of why you didn't like him. I did assume you didn't like him. (If you assumed I didn't like him, it therefore follows that you believed I didn't like him, doesn't it? In fact, the two terms are synonymous when used in this sense...)

Of course anyone would rather have a long review than a short one; the question is, would they rather have a short review than none at all? (Speaking for myself, I'd have to admit that I'd prefer a short review to none.) Ted's short reviews are fine though I don't always agree with him. I don't think Condit reviews too well, however. He's even worse than I am, and I'm so bad that I would farm the reviews out except that I want to learn how to do it.

Actually, I'm not sure why I find fanzine reviewing so difficult. I can do book reviews quite easily, quite painlessly, and rather well, but fanzines! The only theory I have is that I don't have enough of a backlog of comparisons due to lack of familiarity with fanzines the last couple of years. I suppose I could take your system of long reviews and rotating the fanzine reviewed, but few fanzines are worth it and even if they were I find that I don't have that much to say about them. (You're right about this last. Offhand, I'd say that perhaps 15% of the fanzines I receive inspire me to comment on them at length (HAB is one), and only 12% can be reviewed at any length. And

you'll notice I cheated with Void--reviewed three issues at once.))

MIKE BECKER

The 25¢ which I trustingly hope you will find floating around in this envelope is for the next four issues of KIPPLE, the first issue of which I got from you at the Disclave and thoroughly enjoyed. ((Mike has the dubious distinction of being the first subscriber to KIPPLE.))

Much enjoyed your collection of excerpts from the letter columns of the Baltimore papers. Every once in a while the D.C. papers, too, are full of the same; for the time being, though, the summit seems to have driven such off the pages, though--discouragingly--the quality of the letters, and, in particular, the intelligence or lack of same behind them shows no improvement despite the slightly more weighty topic. I might suggest, by the way, that the reason for the dearth of short shorts is the weather, which, if it has been in Baltimore anything like the D.C. brand, is more conducive to long wollens than short shorts. ((The weather hereabouts has varied amazingly during the past several months, but this doesn't have too much to do with it. Ordinary shorts (midway-between-thigh-and-knee length) are very much in evidence, even during the chilly days. But I haven't seen more than a half-dozen girls wearing the shorter version (and I look for them...)).))

I wonder...did anyone bother to send to a Baltimore paper the letter that appeared in the major D.C. ones, proving conclusively that manned space-rockets were out of the question? It seems that there is an invisible wall above the Earth at a height of 250 miles, and "the most we can expect is that a rocket around the moon will bring back pictures of the verdant life on the other hemisphere." ((Do you mean that the writer of this letter actually believed the moon to be with 250 miles of Earth? I didn't notice such a letter in Baltimore, but it may have appeared in the News Post, which I never read.))

Your piece about Sanderson's editorial seemed a bit "muchadoaboutnothing" from where I sat, though I haven't read the editorial referred to, which may make a good deal of difference. Anyway, I enjoyed KIPPLE about as much as I have anything in the past month or so, which is quite a bit considering that I am unfamiliar with many of the references--i.e., the VOIDS, Sanderson's editorial, or the comments you mentioned.

LES NIRENBERG

KIPPLE #1 arrived today and I have some time to say thankee and comment and like that. I like KIPPLE very much and would like to see more of it--enlarged and with a lettercol. ((Your wish is but my command, sahib.))

I agree that fanzine reviews should be a decent length. By decent length I mean at least a half-page. These little reviews that tell us what paper is used and all about the layout just show that the reviewer probably didn't read the magazine. This type of review is, in my opinion, a terrific insult to the editor and his contributors. An even worse bug is the reviewer that prefers to write the word "noted" after the name of a fanzine and leave it at that.

Right now I feel like Walter Cronkite--You Are There at the making of a fan-feud. It is developing wonderfully. Before you can say "Yngvi is a louse" or some other fannish insult, you guys will be slugging it out. Seriously, I don't think you handled Sanderson's tirade very well: If "no animosity

existed on (my) part" then why contribute to the feud-fire? I'm against feuds in fandom, unless they're fake feuds. (So am I. The point is that Sanderson and I aren't feuding, merely arguing. There is a thin but important line dividing the two. Here is the definition, as quoted from the Fancyclopedia II, of a feud:

"In principle a feud exists when one party to an argument tries to drive the opposition out of fandom, or to get fans as a whole to follow some course he opposes or refuse to follow one he advocates. And the word is also often applied to the mere slinging of bitter words."

It is the latter which Sanderson and I are doing. I am certainly not trying to drive him out of fandom, nor is he trying to drive me out of fandom.)

I used to know a girl who always wore short-shorts. She had such a terrible "accident" that her whole family was forced to move from the district. This business of banning shorts and skorts is all a lot of nonsense, but you must admit they do cause "accidents"...

HAL SHAPIRO

Needless to say, I've been hearing a lot about Ted Pauls: Ted Pauls the genius, Ted Pauls the fugghead, etc. Having almost nothing on which to base an opinion of my own, I have no opinion of Ted Pauls, boy fugghead/genius (check one). (I'd appreciate knowing what you've heard about me, as well as the source of that information.)

Did you excerpt those items from Baltimore papers re shorts so that you could show fandom your unpublished letter? (No.) I've been told that you are somewhere in your middle teens. But do you have to spout juvenility all about you? (I wasn't aware that I did. But of course, if you can show me any 'juvenility' in Kipple, I'll stop...)

WALTER BREEN

Read and enjoyed Kipple #1. I like you in this vein--and in that of your letters to HABAKKUK--far, far more than in any of your previous writings that I had seen.

Having lived in Baltimore and tried to walk or bicycle through its traffic, I really dig that short-shorts controversy--especially the first of the "nay" answers you printed. I suppose that it is some extreme Protestant (or maybe ultramontane Catholic, Ghod forbid) group that is backing McHale in his campaign. Right now it is in a class with the campaign started by some local fugghead to require dogs to wear clothing. (One suspects that he must be one of the manufacturers of dog attire.)

Not all fanzines deserve a "Wailing Wall" type of review. I have come over to your side in considering long vs. short reviews, and the difference will be immediately apparent when you compare my somewhat neoish ones in Tesseract 2 with those in Bhismi'llah! 4 and all following issues of both zines. The two best review type pieces in T were in fact "Wailing Walls" according to Ted (who seems to have given a name, if not a local habitation, to the genre)--I refer of course to the Bradbury thing in #1 and the Plish piece in #2, closely followed by the dissection I did on New Frontiers in #2. Nevertheless, it would be futile to award a WW type review to every four page hecto crudzine that makes its brief and unlamented appearance. (See my comments to Bill Donaho above.) Save them for zines --not necessarily the huge ones--that bring up important enough is-

sues to warrant such analysis. Habakkuk will probably qualify, as will Cry and Inside (if the rumor is true that Ron Smith has another one nearly done)--in short, any zine with a decent chance for the top fifteen.

-----+-----
-----+-----

THE CONTROVERSIAL COLUMN THUNDER IN THE SOUTH

MARION BRADLEY

Last year I nearly dropped dead when a young fan said gravely in all good faith that Terry Carr's writing resembled that of Charles Burbee; then Ted White got on the bandwagon. Well, for my money

neither Ted nor Terry write like Burbee, thank heaven! Otherwise you'd have to distribute clothespins with each issue of Innuendo, Null-F and about nine-tenths of the better fanzines these days. I don't happen (personal opinion, to which I am entitled) to care for the famous, pungent Burbee style of humor; I do like the light-hearted mixture of satire and whimsy emanating from the Carr locale (and I can't remember either Ted nor Terry descending to the scatological, the profane, or the offensive). As for Ted White, I don't remember ever noticing that he had any "style" at all; he writes lucidly and he is intelligent and articulate, but as for "style", or any apprehensible mannerisms, he has none so far. This is not an indictment, simply a remark.

The cult of "Fannish personality" has created a lot of half-witted blathering about "Style", which is a much abused word. It is usually applied, incorrectly, to describe definite idiosyncrasies and/or mannerisms by which a writer's work can be distinguished, in the absence of his name or other clues to his identity. There are several fans with definite and well-distinguished idiosyncrasies--Rick Sneary is the one who comes to mind immediately, perhaps because he dates from my own early days in fandom, but one could also mention Bob Tucker and Forrest Ackerman. Others have pronounced mannerisms--Gertrude Carr, for instance. Only a few could be characterized as possessing a real style of their own. I would say that Charles Burbee has a style (not, as Ted White says, several styles; he has many mannerisms and moods but it is all in the same style). I don't happen to like the Charles Burbee style, but I'll gladly concede that he has one. I will also grant the rarity of a style to another L.A. writer, Elmer Perdue. Harry Warner has a definite style; precise, clear and lucid. Jean Young, I would say, has a style of her own, while the others in her circle of intimates--Larry Stark, Andy--have only mannerisms; and whether poetry, prose or artwork, all of Jean's work has a style. Robert Bloch has a cluster of idiosyncrasies which may one day become a style but which have not yet settled into one.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

There are two fans to whom I write almost weekly letters, sometimes

eight or ten pages long, and receive letters weekly--sometimes often-er. In addition I send newspaper clippings, cards and in short anything I notice which might interest them. One of these is a friend of thirteen years standing, the other the newest of neofans; one is a man, one a woman; but in both cases I regard them not as "fan friends" but as intimate personal friends, to whom anything concerning me is automatically of interest, and vice versa. If a week goes by without hearing from either, I begin to worry about illnesses or disasters and have been known to send telegrams or call long-distance, and I assume from developments at the other end of the line that they regard me in much the same light. This sort of friendship seems to grow out of fandom, since I think almost everyone in fandom, sooner or later, acquires a few or several such close friends; but I think we would have to assume that to these chosen souls we would be attracted if we had become acquainted with them at a tennis meet or in church, and that fandom has nothing to do with it. (I am married to one such.) I feel closer to both of these than I do to my brothers.

Just beyond

this circle is a second circle of close fannish friends. I call them close friends because, though two or three of them have left fandom, we keep in touch; I introduced one of them to fandom. To these people I write less often and less intimately, but I still regard their letters as Events, and the matters discussed are often far afield of fannish matters. All of these people would be welcome as guests in my home; I could cheerfully spend hours or days in their company. There are perhaps a dozen of these close fannish friends whom I would never have met but for fandom, but with whom I'd probably keep in touch even if I dropped forever out of the fan world. To some I write once a month; to some, twice a year, but I still think of them as close personal friends.

Most of fandom, for me, lies in the third circle, and I call them fan friends without the "close". I correspond with them at intervals varying from weekly (if we happen to have some issue at hand which demands a lot of discussion) to one letter per four months. I will almost automatically write for their fanzines, if they ask me to. I will, on occasion, argue and feud with these fannish friends, though without acrimony. I would be happy to meet any of them at a Convention, and would be glad to share a seat with any of them, buy them a drink, listen to their pet idea for a story, defend myself against their accusations, or sign a petition to keep them in FAPA. I would probably be happy to entertain them in my home provided they let me know beforehand, but I would be a little reserved about the notion of having any of them descend on me unannounced, or for the weekend. I can usually find something to talk about with these people; I like them; but they are definately fannish friends, not just friends.

In the fourth circle are "fans". Not fannish friends, not enemies of course, but not friends; just fans. I like them; some of them very much. When they write to me, I answer the letter as politely and sweetly as possible, though it's sometimes hard to find anything to say to them. If they ask me to write something for their fanzines, I usually put them off politely, if I can--unless I have some manuscript going begging, or I feel they are potential fannish friends who need only a little cultivation. If I met them at a convention, I'd be happy to chat with them for a few minutes, but chances are we'd run out of conversation in ten minutes and drift apart. If they turned up in Rochester, I'd be glad to see them, as I'm usually glad to see anyone, but after they had departed I would identify them to local people as "just a couple of fans", rather than "some friends of

mine in fandom."

In the fifth circle are the ones I try to avoid. The creeps. The drunks. The fans whose personalities and writings I dislike so much that if they approach me at a convention I suddenly see someone across the room I just have to talk to. If they send me their fanzines, I don't ignore them; I write to them and ask to be removed from the mailing list. In the fifth circle I also, regretfully, place some well-meaning, friendly people who are very nice, very good-natured, but so completely stupid that I have nothing to say to them. These people can behave like leeches. It is absolutely impossible to snub a very nice and very vulgar man or woman who comes up, breaths garlic in one's face and gushes how very much he liked your last story and when are you gonna have one on television? It is difficult to impossible to snub an obvious teenager, or a lonely elderly lady of fifty, who writes pathetic, ill-spelled letters in smeared pencil, begging for letters from you. I answer their letters as politely as possible and long for the day when they can find friends who can like them rather than just tolerating them. I consider this fifth circle an unavoidable cross of fandom. From them I keep my address a Deadly Secret. I'd die if they appeared here.

Beyond this circle is the Outer Darkness-- the people who periodically make me vow to quit fandom forever. But if I get started on THAT, I'll have to find asbestos to write on. Fortunately the majority of the people I know in fandom are in the second or third categories; or they are the nicest part of the fourth, who would be in the second or third if we knew each other better.

--Marion Zimmer Bradley

FROM: Ted Pauls
1448 Meridene Drive
Baltimore 12, Maryland
USA



printed matter only

return postage guaranteed

may be opened for postal
inspection--carefully, if
you please

TO: Rich Bergeron
110 Bank Street
New York 14, New York

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet

Wondering who to vote for for TAFE. And said, "Eric Bentcliffe, ma'am".

When along came a spider
And sat down beside her