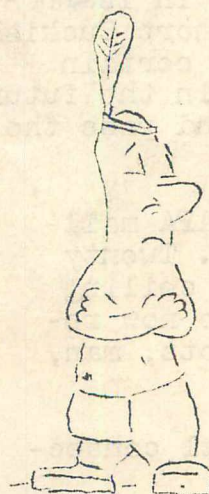


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I dreamed I  
got spaced in my  
Maidenform bra.



"the act-three-of-a-one-act-play fanzine"

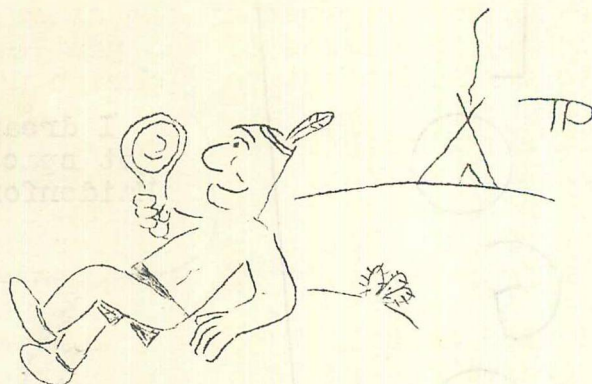
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NUMBER ONE

Sign of Quality



Q R M



The Perrys, in their annual jaunt to nowhere, happened through San Francisco this August, and I made the customary fannish contacts. I'd been letting fandom slip, and I learned many things I should have already known...Willis had a baby boy named Bryan...Fletcher Pratt is dead...Harlan Ellison is married...Lee married Larry Shaw...but the biggest surprise came when Terry Carr referred to a certain New England ughfan as insane.

"Isn't that stretching things a bit?" I said. "He's one helluva fugghead, sure--but not INSANE."

"I don't know how else you could explain it," Terry said. He went on to mention several incidents I hadn't heard of--reporting Grennell to the postoffice, and the forged-letter fiasco between Mason and Ellik. Mein Ghott!...and I had previously thought him merely a fugghead on a par with that fellow who styles himself Claudius. When Terry finished I could but agree he was "the biggest thing since Degler."

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BETWEEN THE LINES, a dept.

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The thing that bothers me most is that Ellik and Mason decided it would be "too much trouble" to report this jerk to the Proper Authorities. Sayeth the Bible, "When a cat busts you inna chops, thou shalt give him your other profile," but the Dible sayeth many things--like "There are no women for the wicked," in Isaiah 48:22 --that aren't strictly true. I am inclined to take a more Tuckish view, and hold that revenge is a most worthy motive in certain cases, if it's likely to keep a jerk out of one's way in the future. Slap 'em around, that's what I say. Fraise the Lord and pass the ammunition.

The same visit saddled me with some 20 pounds of old FAPA mailings from ex-fan Boob Stewart--yes, the California one. Twenty pounds is a lot of FAPA: after finishing the walls and ceiling there was enough left to paper the floor. Hipboots are now required to enter the sanctum sanctorum--and CLEAN hipboots, man, or you'll mess up that copy of Le Zombie!

All seriousness aside, the sudden acquisition of several consec-



utive railings is very enlightening to a lad who previously was just barely aware of the existence of the organization. The giants I thought giants of the past live on yet; BNFs long since gathered to their fancestors flourish here.

It's rather hard--for me--to conceive that all these people find FAPA so different from fandom that they'll swear off the latter to remain active in the former. So far as I can see, FAPA is different in that it is smaller and more select than fandom, and is largely composed of zines consisting entirely of mailing reviews.

I find this last concept somewhat staggering--reviews of reviews, words about words about words. Will it come to pass that FAPA will consist entirely of reviews, with no really original material having appeared for years? I note that FAPA does not allow mailing reviews, as they send their mags first-class and have to make sure anything so sent is worth the money.

I've also wondered some about the origins of the FAPA. I thought I'd read somewhere it started about Third Fandom--i. e., about 1944 --but in some copy of MASQUE, Rotsler mentions he and Burbee were wondering what it'd been like back when FAPA was first organized... back around 1926! But...but...wasn't the first fanzine published in England in 1929? Didn't First Fandom start in 1930? Isn't Poo mightier than Yobber?

Would some erudite worthy care to enlighten me further?

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If an Edgar Allen Bloch, why not a Hofmannsthal?  
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Oh, and I was gonna mention... If you keep close track of fannish letter columns, you may have noticed that a certain Mr. Bloch seems to bear a certain animosity towards a certain Mr. Tucker. I mean, it would seem the former don't like the latter more than somewhat, and is taking every opportunity to put the knock on him. Being a peace-loving fan (puns, anyone?), I took some of my valuable time to write to Bloch and explain Tucker to him. I told him that that was no way to talk about the dead. Leave us hope it does some good.

Actually, I think Tuck and Blocher could be great friends if only they could get to know each other. They have a great deal in common--they are both kind and lovable and timid, except Tucker.

Would someone who would like to make a name for himself care to write us a column? Willis, Tucker, Hoffman, Burbee, Grennell--it doesn't matter WHO you are, just as long as your column is witty, topical, interesting, well-written and fannish as hell.

In the midst of the looong road through Utah, someone had planted a sign in the wastes beside the highway:

SAGEBRUSH IS FREE!  
Fill Up Your Trunk With It

...This pleasant break in the monotony thrilled us no end. Who



was behind it? Miles later another showed: "REPORT ALL SMOKE-SIGNALS TO WESTERN UNION." There were others: "SEAGULL CROSSING; Put Up Umbrellas"; "If You Lived Here You'd Be Home By Now"; "OVERWEIGHT? Share Your Lunch With The Bunch At The Stinker Station." And, in the middle of the loneliest, flattest country anywhere: "LONELY HEARTS CLUB PICNIC GROUNDS."

I suppose these are pretty tired punchlines when someone goes and puts them in a fanzine, but for relieving the boredom of hurtling at the oncoming car at a boring 120 miles an hour, BurmaShave can't hold a candle to them. I move Calkins stop by the Stinker Station in SLC and give Mr. Fearless Farris a great big kiss on behalf of all the motorists motoring through Utah.

THE IMMORTAL RAINBOW Ghod, how I envy those people in California their fannish lives! And it's wonderful to be able to travel 1500 miles and fit right in with people you've never seen before. They talk about the same things, laugh at the same things...hell, you blase' oldfen know what I mean.

I was driving down an unfamiliar six-lane street in SF, with Carr navigating. "Get over to the left," he said. "We have to turn up here." Thinking it was a one-way street, I steered casually into the far left lane. I noticed a pair of headlights coming at us, but I didn't think anything about it at the time. Then there was a frantic little "beep!" and I realized my error. I paused to honk

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Only the incidents have been changed to protect the names.  
-----

a friendly honk back, and then got over on my side the road. Were Boob and Terry quaking in their boots like sensible, unfannish clods would be? Nah! They were laughing like hell.

THAT's what I mean.

--TF



The

-4-  
About

# TRUTH ELVIS PERRY



Alan Hyndthrust

How does a young truckdriver become a big-name fan in a matter of weeks? Will his success last? Who sawed Courtney's boat? These and other questions have intrigued fandom (especially the young truckdriver element) for years.

What is the TRUTH?

Pontius Pilate couldn't answer that question. But come now with me into the Perry Maison\*---

When I first met Elvis Perry he was engaged in greasing his sideburns. "How'd you get in?" he asked suspiciously in his cheerful, friendly manner.

"Through the planetarium window," I said. "Tell me, Mr. Perry,  
-----  
"Get the rabbit habit!"  
-----  
--BUNNY BREAD advt.

what is the secret of your success?"

He was still a bit hostile, in his friendly cheerful manner of course. He was just getting acquainted.

"Have you ever caught a rabbit?" he asked.

I produced the credentials the home office had sent me, an affidavit stating that I had successfully captured a two-year-old buck and therefore was qualified to be a friend of Elvis Perry. Elvis examined it critically and returned it, his cheerful, friendly frown being replaced by a cheerful, friendly smile. He capped the oilcan and led me into the living-room.

"When I began," he said when we had made ourselves comfortable and I had readied my notebook--"When I began I was a poor young truckdriver makin' forty dollars a week. But I wanted to get ahead --to become a BNF! So I commenced to hang around theseyer mimeograph supply companies. I told the saleslady I couldn't afford to buy nothin' but I just wanted to look if I could. After a while they got used to me--and that was my chance. I started puttin' things in my pockets--little things, like a platen-handle or a screw off a mimeograph."

Rather than continue, the handsome youth led me to his work-

\*A certified Grinnell pun



table and let his tools speak for themselves. An electric typer, a Gestetner, a massive collection of lettering-guides and styli, a mimeoscope, reams of paper and more reams of stencils, gallons of correction fluid, and--yes!--a filing cabinet. Truly a sterling monument to the great future that lies within the reach of any American boy with ambition and a little dexterity.

But despite his great material possessions, Elvis is at heart a lonely boy. His kindness, and his great desire to be liked, stem from this fact. To see him enjoying himself on a Saturday night the casual observer might think he has everything one needs to be happy in life. But take this incident that occurred one night while I was with him, and which his friends assure me is common:

Elvis was wearing his treasured blue suedes that night, and a passerby on the street--she was a young bobbysoxer--happened to scuff one of them with her black-and-whites. Elvis belted her across the street, and then took the opportunity to entertain the crowd with a song that is one of ALL our favorites I'm sure-- "The Star-Spangled Banner" on the electric jew's-harp. HAW! They all hadda stand at attention and couldn't do a thing to him!!!

Yes, Elvis is lonely--it shows up clearly when he is alone. One such night, for instance, when I was with him he said, "In spite of all my material possessions, Pappy, I am at heart a lonely boy." We thought about that for a while. At last he added, "My kindness, and my great desire to be liked, stem from this fact."

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She missed the meeting but I promised to fill her in.  
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In the night outside, beyond the well-lit, well-furnished room, you could hear the roar of a motorcycle; and from somewhere--as if from another world, but close--came the howl of tortured tires and a muffled cry of "Chicken!" Elvis stood there, staring into the blackness, perhaps seeing some of his past there. He was lonely dontcha understand.

But it doesn't surprise me. It's amazing how many BNFs are lonely people at heart--in fact, they ALL are. This is a silent commentary on being a public figure, and a message to all you normal types. Whaddaya wanna be rich and famous for? All them rich guys are neurotic as hell. Be content with your lowly lot! We'll handle that line of work.

Yes, I know Elvis Perry--I have slept in Elvis' bed and ate of Elvis' bread, I have lived with the boy---and I got a date with a clinic. Does that go on the expense account?



## THE ARBITER - BITTEN?

From Pamphrey #2: "...how can you contemplate so casually the prospect of atomic war? It sickens me to see nice people who would probably be horrified to see a little girl burnt to death contemplate so casually the the even crueller killing of millions of them as preferable to the introduction of a political system they disagree with. It's this lack of imagination and not real evil that causes man's inhumanity to man.

"And don't you think that maybe in a hundred year's time people will look back on all this bloodshed about what proportion of the means of production should be owned by the state with the same incomprehension with which regard the massacres over religious dogma?"

Awright, siddown! At this late date I'm not going to hash through the whole thing all over again.

Just PART of it.

I can't help but think that in "It's this lack of imagination...", Walt has something: Hitler was an unimaginative, illiterate, Deglerish sort of slob, and if you looked hard I suppose you could find a trace of the same characteristics in Lizzie Borden or Jack the Ripper. Remember the two spinsters in "Arsenic and Old Lace"?

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Is she the vice-precedent?  
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Bergen Evans cites similar case, and adds that Jesse James was a very devout sort who was sure he'd go to heaven when he died. Al Capone was a peach of a guy....and so forth.

Be that as it may. I still feel that the lack of imagination is that of the Roosian leaders rather than Mr. American Citizen.

And the war wouldn't really be fought over how much of the means of production etc.--it'd be more about who's gonna run what. Witness the brawl with Tito. Why, right here in America we have one political party that wants the government to own the means of production and another that wants the business concerns to own them. But do we wage wars about it? Of course not! Er...anyway, we don't drop BOMBS and stuff.

Do we, Dick?

§§

§§

Fandom being what it is, I suppose I shall have to point out that the above does not constitute an "attack" on Walt Willis. I love, admire and respect Walt Willis, as does every other fan worth his beanieprop.



AND SPEAKING OF WILLIS... The most esoteric thing about Hyphen, in my considered opinion drawn from my vast experience in fandom, is Walt Willis. WAW is simply incredible.

There's a boy in Lincoln who's much like Walt, in a way: he's fantastically perfect--if only in a physical sense. He's a tribute to Apollo in flesh and muscle and naturally curly hair. The only adequate term for his classic perfection is beautiful (down, Towner); of course he's, uh--"not quite bright", but he'll doubtless go to Hollywood and be acclaimed as one of the bestest actors of the age. Mutter...

But Walt, to a rank neo like myself at least, is much the same. He's Perfect. And Hyphen certainly doesn't help discredit this. Take Oblique House: Mrs. Sarah Winchester's fantastic home, furnished on the lines of the Collier brothers' house in New York, transported to the Land of Northern Ire, and a deity with a delightfully whacky sense of humor put in residence. Can such things be?

What's he really-really like?

Burbee, Hoffman, Grennoll, Raeburn, even Tucker and Bloch seem like mortals. But Willis, like a trugod, is almost impossible to believe in.

Is everybody enlightened? You're welcome.

--TP

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The typos in Hyphen are acts of Ghod.

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YET ANOTHER HOAX REVEALED.... by norman j. thrust

Nope. No enterprising neo has announced that Bloch died when the whorehouse burned down...no one has been pseudo-planning to print a thousand copies of every notable fanzine since 1930 if only he could get hold of the backissues...Joe Fann has not been fooling All Fandom by pretending to be Jo Fann, his kid sister.

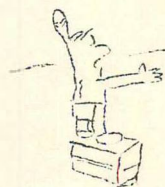
This is BIGGER than all that.

This is a hoax perpetrated by the great ones of fandom. This is a hoax over a quarter of a century old. Yes! It's true! FANDOM is a hoax!

People sending little mimeod magazines all over the world...DNFs like Tucker and Willis and Grennell mixing with Multogs and Vorzimers and Perrys in one mad mailstorm...my Ghod! How could ANYONE ever have believed it???

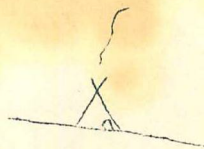
"Fandom" indeed!





THE

# THIRD WORD



Hump. Between the first editorial and now, I borrowed some FAPazines from a waiting-lister down the street...among them was Hoffman's FANHISTORY. It was an education. And now I wish I hadn't made some remarks about FAPA...but alas. Rash little me. Oh hum.

But anyway, fanpast is most fascinating. It gives one a sense of--ah--humility. It really does. It....oh hell. I lack the talent to wax purple about it without sounding teddibly sarcastic. The price of reading MAD and A BAS. Anyhow, I enjoy the study immensely. Someday I'm gonna buy THE IMMORTAL STORM.

Meanwhile, I offer this merely as a gesture, since I doubt any of you don't already know it: Fy can be had from Hoffman for the postage--by interested parties.

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Are YOU insured against typos?  
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Of all fuggheads I pity most he who puts out a zine just after a convention. What does he get for his labors? Naught. There is no one up to writing him letters of comment; certainly no one will put out anything to trade with him.

Trufan has spent his money and himself for nothing. He is poor and haggard--and the ensuing weeks of long loud silence (clever line, that; it's a wonder someone didn't think of it before) will find him wilting into the dust for lack of egoboo. He will pine away and never be heard from no more.

Such are the wages of ignorance. An after-the-con ish is an unwanted factor in a cold equation. Fans should know better than to pub between Labor Day and Hallowe'en...but fools rush in.

Someone should tell them.

I really hate to waste a lotta space outlining editorial policy --but. Note to all concerned: WE ACCEPT NO SUBS! This if free for nothing, and don't that break you up?

See you peoples.

7P



WHY

?

Why did YOU get this? Huh? Why?  
Huh? Huccome? Hah?

According to time-honored custom,  
you'll find the answer checked below.



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that you should read it.

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Thom Perry, President of Perry &  
Thrust, Fansmen, at 4040 Calvert  
Street, Lincoln 6, Nebraska.

First week of publication.

Mimeographed matter only. Return  
and forwarding postage guaranteed.  
Form 3547, hm?

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113 W. 84th Street  
New York City 24



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