

# LOGORRHEA no. 2

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## QRM

Yes, folks, there was a first issue of LOGORRHEA—this is not another PLOY. But that's been a long time and I expect most of you have long since filed your copies deep in your archives. I could have saved you the trouble of digging them out by using a different title, of course. In fact, perhaps I should have; Redd Boggs, you will note if you get as far as the letters column, doesn't care for the present one.

But I hesitate to disrupt continuity. After all, this title has served me well for nearly seven years. And Redd will remember the anguish he went through before changing the title of his zine from Sky Hook to Skyhook.

Besides, if I used another title, I might get a review praising me for "a surprisingly good firstish!" Or worse, one saying, "This is not really too bad for a first issue." So this is a second issue, and it'll have to be bad or good on its own merits.

POLICY I just don't know about this. The long-standing rule with LOG is that it is "priceless" (a fine euphemism for "free" that was coined, I believe, by Dave Mason) and I suppose it's just as well to keep it that way till we see if there are to be more issues at shorter intervals. I probably would not be any better at returning sub money than anyone else.

Same goes for trades--I don't want to enter into any agreements on hypothetical future issues yet. Of course if you get this and want to send me one of yours for it, it would be welcome.

Any future issues will go to anyone who expresses a positive interest. I don't mean that reviewers or letter-writers must "boost, don't knock," but I don't see any sense in sending more copies of a particular fanzine to anyone who just doesn't like it.

SIC HUMOR I subscribe to newspapers from other cities for a month or so at a time to see how they do things. This month it was the Clarion-Ledger of Jackson, Mississippi. As my subscription was about to expire I got a notice urging me to renew: "Mail subscription rates are listed below. Please circle the renewal period you desire and return this memorandum with your remittance to avoid uninterrupted service."

§ The Lincoln diocese sent out a newsletter after the death of Iohannes XXIII, telling of the history of the papacy and list-

[continued inside bacover]



## a reporter's

I strolled into the busy city room of The Lincoln LOG and presented myself for inspection before the news editor. "Good morning, chief," I said. It was late afternoon, but all us Log staffers always say good morning, no matter what time of day it is. This is one of the quaint customs of the newspaper business.

"Morning?" the chief said. "Y'outta ya mine? Safternoon."

"Yeh? Well," I said. I shuffled my feet. He did not look up.

"You got a tie on today?"

"Yeh," I said. "Sure I do, chief."

"Good. You can make like a reporter. Go over the Collier Hotel. Some kind office suppliers' convention, I guess... Make 'em happy."

"Got it, chief!" I snapped, and rushed out. I was going down the elevator when I realized I'd forgotten my notebook.

Now this can happen to any reporter, even Eric Umland. But it doesn't look good. So I returned to the news room by the back way, which made it look like I had come from the men's room, and got my notebook and a pencil from my drawer. As I walked nonchalantly out, the chief, without looking up, said, "Whassamatta, forget ya pencil?"

I had to laugh. As I left without other answer, I thought I could hear the chief laughing, too.

Seen by the practiced, observing eye of a professional reporter, the convention sure was confusing. Practically the first thing I saw on entering the hall at the hotel was a famous monster.

"How ya?" he said. "I'm Furry."

"I'll say," I said.

"I mean that's my name. I'm Ack. Fan Ack, that's me," he said. He gurgled with laughter over that.

"Do you spell that with a terminal 'k'?" I asked, my notebook out.

"Whoops," he said. "You're not from the newspapers?"

"No," I said, "just one."

"'Scuse me, kid. And don't quote me." He hurried away, muttering about the mundane world destroying the microcosm.

Further into the convention hall, people were standing 3 deep around--what? I elbowed my way in to find out. At the center two men, a tall Irish-looking one and a blocky Wis-



consin-looking one, were standing talking.

"....but we got WAW," said the man from the dairy state, and the crowd around them burst into laughter. He tilted his cigarette holder up and showed his teeth like a former American President. That drew another laugh.

"Tell me, Walt," he said, as the laugh died, "did you really bring the whole crew over in 1952? That must have been quite a row." The laughter swelled again.

The foreigner opened his mouth and everyone around me seemed to draw in his breath in anticipation. When he spoke, however, it was in a foreign language. There were a couple of hesitant chuckles. The foreigner scowled at the crowd and jerked a thumb at his lapel, which bore a button with a motto. It said something about "impeccable." The crowd broke into uneasy but loud laughter.

"Dat'sa better," said the foreigner. Now I could see the bulge under his left arm. I turned and began to elbow my way out, resolving to write nothing about the episode. Journalistic integrity can be carried too far.

On my way to the exit my sleeve was taken by a persuasive gentleman with a nice smile. "Harya kid," he said. "You publish?"

"Sort of," I admitted. "Mostly I write."

"Arr," he said, his face blackening. Then he regained his composure and smiled again. "Now, how can ya get any eagleboo that way? All the locks go to the ed. The thing to do is to publish your own zeen."

"Sure," I said, seeing his logic, "but that takes a lot of money. Why, the investment for a press alone--"

"That's where I come in, see," he said. "This little marvel can put you in business." He stepped aside to reveal a mimeograph with two drums like a real press.

"That little thing," I asked dubiously, "can publish a newspaper?"

"Sure," he said. "Why it's the greatest--whadjer say?"

"Can that thing really print a newspaper?"

"A newspaper? No, no, a fangene. Say, aren't you an actor fan?"

"I hate movies," I said.

"Gidadda here you kook," said the mimeo man. He turned away, and I moved on. Where had that exit sign gone?

As I hurried toward it, however, I saw a fellow journalist--a middleaged lady scribbling on a notepad as she interviewed a large, handsome young man and a girl who was obviously his bride. I stopped, tugging my notebook from my pocket. "Excuse me," I said, "I'm from the Lincoln Log--the local newspaper--and I wonder if--that is--would you mind if I sort of listened--"

I'm no high-pressured newshawk. I don't go where I'm not wanted.

"Not at all," said the man, shaking my hand. "What fraternity you belong to?"

"I'm Mrs. Kampf," said the lady. "I'm doing a piece on the vans and their zeens. Right now I'm interviewing Mister Peter Forzmur and his new little wife, née Su Rozen."

"Well...I don't want to steal your stuff--"

"Not at all," she said kindly. "I'll be doing an analytical article with a mixed reaction. Your little squib in the newspaper will simply encourage people to read my article."

"Okay, if you're sure it's all right." I found my pencil and began to get the real dope on the convention I was covering.



# 400 AMATEUR MAGAZINE EDITORS MEET HERE FOR ANNUAL CONCLAVE

Some 400 editors of amateur magazines met Friday at the C----- hotel here for the 16th annual convention, sponsored by the Fantastic Amateur Press association, an organization of amateur magazine publishers.

Highlighting the affair was a speech in Gallic by Italian Walter Willi, a sculptor, whose way from Europe was paid from a fund left by the late Sen. Roger Taft.

The publishers and editors of the mimeographed magazines are sex deviants through the production of ants who compensate for their abnormal journals reproduced by a mechanical manifold process.

One highlight of the occasion was the presentation of little model space ships to the winners of awards called Huggers, for producing the best duplicated magazine or for writing the best scientific story during the past year.

Greenback awards were also given.

The publishers of the little "magazines" are avid followers of pseudo-scientific literature, and adjust their frustrated sex urges by imagining themselves to be spaceship or cosmic minds.

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BOB PEATROWSKY's address, as of February 1962, was 511 Park, Norfolk, Nebraska. I think it was Dick Lupoff who was curious about Bob's location in some recent fanzine. So far as I know, Bob hasn't been active since 1956, when he discovered archery. If Lee Hoffman left fandom on a high horse, I suppose we must say that Bob saw the arrow of his ways. (Or that he bowed out?) Has anyone heard of other old Nebraska fans? How about Ray Thompson, who moved out of the state in 1957? Russell Brown, who joined the Army after a bout with college? A chap named Graetz, who went to M.I.T.? A friend of Curtis Janke, named-- I think--Warren Erbach, who taught at the university in Lincoln for a while?

And then of course there is Jim Caughran, who is teaching FAPA French. But we know where he is.



# VEPRATOGA... BEING A LETTERS COLUMN

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WALT WILLIS

I know I shouldn't be writing to you after all the nice things you said about me. I should quit while I'm ahead, leaving fandom and spending my remaining days alternately contemplating my haggard visage in the mirror and wondering whose photograph you were sent instead of mine. However I couldn't do that without first asking you who on earth are Mrs Sarah Winchester and the Collyer brothers: oh, and incidentally mentioning that I liked this fanzine of yours, admired your letter in the latest Confab, and appreciated the various letters, notes and quotecards you've sent me from time to time. I may be a lousy correspondent, but I'm a grateful receiver and I don't forget easily.

The worst thing about having a title like Logorrhea is that everyone's afraid to ask what it means in case they should know, and I'm no exception. I think it's stupid to use silly titles like that which no one understands. About the cover—oops, wait a minute. Applying my vast knowledge of etymology (or do I mean entymology?) it should mean an uncontrollable rush of words to the head. Am I right? Do I get a prize? I think it's a good thing to have a clever title like that; shows that the fanzine is designed for cultured intelligent people.

I know what QRM means too. Bully for me.

About the cover, I don't know whom the artist used as a model but I hope I never meet her. Is DOA his name or a comment by you on his inspiration? It was a nice idea though, and should give the Maiden-Bra people a whole field of new ideas. I mean the problem of uplift will be changed when there's no up or down, won't it? They'll have to think up a new reason for bras or stay out of space. Mars or bust, in fact.

I thought your editorial made very good reading indeed, and I loved the roadside slogans you quoted. I think they're funny even when you're stationary.

....pardon me, there are three children here watching television and I've just got up to see where all the crumbs were coming from on the floor around them. Found they had been sitting on a meringue. I asked them why they didn't put it on the table and they said they thought they had, so I said it must be a boomerique. They didn't appreciate this joke, so I'm telling it to you because you're the nearest.

I loved your story about Elvis Kerry, though I didn't understand that bit about the rabbit. I'd heard about Presley's rabbit fans, but I thought it was spelt differently.

And that's about all I suppose, except that I liked the little things like the note on the bacover which nobody ever comments on and the sort of tone of the whole fanzine. For such a small one it made a very deep impression, as of, "Well, here's one who has the right idea." More?

[Even after all this time, I think the DOA drawing should be explained. It was intended as a parody on those illos signed DEA that used to abound in fanzines. Since there was no other



comment on it and so perceptive a person as Willis evidently missed the point, I am forced to assume that the only person besides myself who understood it was DEA herself—Mrs. Margaret Dominick. She returned her copy marked "Refused" (although it had obviously been opened). I was sorry to have hurt her feelings to so little purpose, though I still think the parody was justified.

[The Collyer brothers were found dead a number of years back in a house in New York City that they had literally filled with money and junk. They were fictionalized in a novel called My Brother's Keeper by, I believe, Marcia Davenport. Frightening reading for anyone with packrat tendencies, like me. Mrs. Winchester, heir to the fortune made by the inventor of those repeating rifles you see in Western films, built herself a house in California. Eerie as it is, however, it has nevertheless been exploited by writers and cartoonists such as Ripley. One odd feature, for instance, is the stairways with risers about one inch high. But there's a good reason: the old woman was crippled with arthritis, and could scarcely lift herself. The house is now a showplace for tourists.]

[The reader who might wonder why Willis asked these questions, and indeed for Willis himself, who may have forgotten what prompted them, I'll explain that in LOG #1 I said Oblique House seemed to me like a combination of the residences of Mrs. Winchester and the Collyer brothers. I would like to see a map or diagram of the place sometime.]

## REDD BOGGS

Though I don't want to start a logomachy, I don't think Logorrhea has the sort of bounce that will land it alongside Grue, 2000 A.D., and Hyphen in the hall of fame. As a title, I mean; the magazine itself has possibilities. Marion Z. Bradley once said--and I think of it in a situation like this, every time--that titles don't matter; once a fanzine makes a big hit, everybody thinks its title is the perfect one. But I'm not so sure. I suspect that naming a child Percy, Algernon, or Marmaduke would have great influence on his life and career, and a fanzine's title, too, affects its change of success. Logorrhea strikes me as a particularly unhappy choice for a title. Perhaps logorrhea is a good disease for a fanzine editor to catch, but it has unhealthy connotations to my ear and mind. AS an undomesticated compound from the classical languages, it's a pretty obscure word, and the sound of it has no redeeming beauty or roll.

Your whimsy about whether to address oneself in the first or second person reminds me of Darkness at Noon and Rubashov's musing about what he called "the grammatical fiction": the strange "I" that one addresses in his interior monologs. I suppose we all address ourselves as "I," except in the imperative ("You go right back and tell her off!")—and maybe that's because grammar gives us only the second person in that mood. When addressing one's self in public, as in a fanzine, where most of the yatter is captured musings that might be better left uncaptured, I believe the personal singular is preferable to the editorial plural. As Lionel Trilling says, "I" has its own modesty," and besides, I never saw anybody who could write an extended article in editorial plural without occasionally lapsing into the personal singular. [Me neither.]



# Whither HEINLEIN?

WHATEVER ELSE YOU MAY SAY, you must admit that Heinlein is in his most interesting period since he began developing his talent in the late '30s and early '40s.

Heinlein might well be compared with Sinclair Lewis (whose work his resembles in some ways, and for whom he has expressed admiration) in the shift his attitude toward society and the individual has taken recently. Lewis started as a fiery critic of society, but he tempered that fire until, with DODSWORTH, he was actually defending middle-class American morality. The defense persisted through CASS TIMBERLANE, and even KINGSBLOOD ROYAL did not entirely reverse it.

Heinlein now seems to be doing just the opposite. He has long stuck up for the regular guy and his common ideas and ideals. There is corruption in Life-Line and Let There Be Light, but nothing seems to be really wrong with the system; the court finds for Pinero, and Douglas and Martin triumph in the end. In BEYOND THIS HORIZON, a sympathetic character speaks of "people who sneer at anything, as long as it's upright and decent" (he is defending Coolidge republicanism), and of course we all remember Coventry. In fact, one of Heinlein's short novels seems to be a direct answer to BABBITT -- MAGIC INC., whose hero is a Rotarian. The ultimate sentence reads, "Business is good." It clearly has more than one meaning.

This optimism about society persisted through Heinlein's works until rather recently. The Unheavenly Twins of THE ROLLING STONES had to learn to get along with society, and the hero of STARMAN JONES repented the lying and forgery he committed to get a job, though all the sympathetic characters in that book seemed to agree that the restricted opportunities of that future world were highly unfair.

Perhaps the line started to give in DOUBLE STAR, in which the sympathetic characters agree that "no one considers smuggling a crime except those who make money by restricting trade." Here we see dirty politics at its dirtiest, although the author, through a major character, says, "Politics is not a dirty game--but there are dirty players." In CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY, the dirty players have the upper hand in a combination of business and politics; nevertheless crooked judges make just decisions "when they are being watched." The failure is still one of individuals, not of the basic rules they live by.

The chief tenet of TUNNEL IN THE SKY and STARSHIP TROOPER is that "fair" is a meaningless concept: the world is what it is, and must be coped with on that basis. The scenes of both these books are laid in the raw frontier at the edge of civilization, where such an ethic is particularly applicable. Whether it should be applied to the rest the world (as Heinlein suggests in TUNNEL and states outright in TROOPER) is a question that will get you into a heated argument almost anywhere.

Then came STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, that much-discussed novel of a modern Christ and his crucifixion. It's a truism that if Christ



walked the earth again, he might well be crucified again. We have seen the opposite side of that coin in Nehemiah Scudder; here it is again, in the rock'n'roll church with its literal acceptance of Christian doctrines (if to die is to be with God, isn't death a blessing?--and we have human sacrifice). Valentine Michael Smith's death at the hands of a mob is almost comic in its lack of tragedy; the mob cannot manage even a death with dignity. And the weight of that society was behind the destroying mob.

The next book is PODKAYNE OF MARS--a comedown indeed in quality, but a continuation in theme. Here again is the dirtiest of politics, politics mixed with kidnaping and murder. When the heroine dies the reader must grimace to think of the statement by her Negro uncle--actually named Uncle Tom--that "politics is what human beings have invented to get along without fighting." (When the author revives the heroine a few sentences later, this reader, at least, could only hope that some tiresome editor had demanded it of that honest craftsman, Heinlein, who had never cheated so blatantly before.)

[It's interesting, by the way, to see Heinlein in this book mention a sexual relationship that combines incest, statutory rape, and miscegenation. In another "juvenile," TUNNEL IN THE SKY, the birth of a child by a married woman was only hinted at.]

Even old Uncle Tom in PODKAYNE lambastes society: he says the income tax is "the same as" an 'enterprise' system of employment in which the company takes the first so much made, and the employee gets a commission on everything above that. (Of course the comparison is specious--income tax is taken off the top of the income; it is not possible to make nothing and pay a tax. Thus the graduated income tax is progressive while the enterprise system mentioned is regressive, in economic terms.)

And now there is GLORY ROAD, now being serialized in F&SF. It raps society from its first paragraph, and this is no imaginary future society; the story takes place in the present. The hero categorizes evils he finds as he tries to get someone to pay for his education: at one point he denies the right of the U.S. government to tax his income and use the money for foreign aid, and decides to cheat if he can make enough money to make it worthwhile. Then he escapes to a natural paradise where the only evils are an assortment of physical villains that must be killed off--so far. After reading the first installment, we know that the hero returned to our society, and that he could go back, but doesn't. It will be interesting to see why.

[And by the way, does anyone else find it amusing that our most respected SF author is writing a story about Flash Gordon, a stuprable female, and an ugly old man like Doctor Zark adventuring on a planet much like Ming, with swampmen, cliffmen, and so forth?]



[QRM continued]

ing the nationalities of the popes, noting that most of them have been Italian. It ended: "St. Peter was a Jew."

ADDRESSES 1740 D St., Lincoln 2, Nebraska is the current one.

Others you may have seen around, such as 4040 Calvert, 1325 R, 1130 Garfield, or 1815 Connie Road are all obsolete. Mail sent to them would probably reach me eventually, however. I can also be addressed at P.O. Box 1547, Lincoln, or simply care of The Lincoln Star. If you are writing after September, that might be the best bet.

VISITS With summer actually here and officially coming, some fans may be passing through Nebraska, probably on their way to someplace else. I'd be very glad to hear from any who may hit Lincoln. Unfortunately, it is impossible for us to put anyone up, even overnight. The situation is complicated by the fact that I work nights. But if you'll drop up to the Star offices we can at least chat, or possibly go out for lunch.

I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATED ...by your FBI, just like John Campbell.

I had written to an importer in New Orleans about the possibility of getting a Russian typewriter at a suitably ridiculous price, being unwilling to pay the \$155 Olympia asks. He promised to look around, but I heard nothing from him for months and forgot about it. Then the G-men entered the case. This amounted to agent Harmon Ogren, whom I knew from the police beat, coming across the street from the post office to ask questions. I assured him I didn't want the machine to produce propaganda for the Russian population in Nebraska. It seems the New Orleans office had forwarded a memo about my inquiry; Ogren explained they keep an eye on all importers' correspondence. I never did hear from the importer however, and I've been too embarrassed to write him again.

STARTLING ANALOG Turner Catledge, managing editor of the New York Times, once told the executive editor of The Lincoln Star why the Times is dropping its decks below the main one-column headlines one by one (there used to be five, now it's down to two): "It's very well to change, but the reader should be able to recognize his paper." So...where's ASTOUNDING?

APOLOGIES ...are usually included in the editorial for poor repro, typos, and such. I think I've caught all the typos. But I did the stylus work myself and it is probably none too good. I'm not much of a hand with lettering guides. My wife is better, but I've been in a hurry to get this out (before I lose momentum and put it aside) and I haven't seen much of her lately, since she is a day people. Finally, the actual mimeo work will be done by a downtown firm, so I can only pray.

—TP



miniscule

no, clotheshangers are disgusting ... a woman is the locus of all points rotundular to a navel ... is love worse living? ... a man is an essential part of manned spaceflight ... wassermelon is a boon to syphilisation ... those california fans are so intellectual that when I said my father was on a diet, they thought he was a senator ... who else do you know who'd refuse five \$10 bills, stapled end-to-end? ... patriotism died in nuneton that night ... why is everyone mad at kennedy? he hasn't done anything ... would you buy it for a quarter? ... my osteopath said the best occupational therapy would be going out with politicians ... true in a very real if not literal sense ... shuns chicago return go ... help! I am a prisoner in a prison ... poor rockefeller, they keep throwing gold water on his plans ... yanks beat cards 6-4 on chapman's homer ... vosh rikki dosh ... french crullers taste like the host ... sonny tufts? ... post coitum animal triste means the post is for nixon ... das ist nicht ein Bach, das ist ein Meer ... yes, but do you know why green lantern can't use his power ring on anything yellow? ... I pinch your claws ... Cod-ladh uramhail ... wreck the wall with balsa folly ... sam, you should only have as much money as I'm not interested in victor fabian ... harry orchard was albert horseley, but who was opr.2

TP, JP, JJ, HT, 2TP, JS, TP,RS, CMK, CK, RL, BBE, fc, OWH, VN, GMcM, TP, HW, TP, ?, TP, HAS, JH, CM, KK, CD.

Logorrhea #2, from Tom Perry,  
1740 D Street, Lincoln 2, Neb.  
Mimeographed matter only. Return  
and forwarding postage guaranteed.  
Form 3547 requested.

Mike McInerney  
81 Ivy drive  
Meriden, Conn.

