

July 1963  
Number 3

Tom Perry—PO Box 1284—Omaha, Neb.

Price:  
senza.

N.B. DIKINI      <sup>Q R M</sup>  
Last issue marked ~~the~~ first use ever in an fanzine of equotes -- a refinement of quasi-quotes made with an equal sign and typewriter quotation marks, "like this."

Equotes serve the same function as quasi-quotes--denoting paraphrased or inexact quotations. They have the advantages, I think, of being more noticeable (and thus less easily misunderstood) and easier for those not in the know to grasp the meaning of. You'll notice the name is not only shorter, but is a contraction of "quasi-quote," besides having its own neologistic justification.

This is not meant as a putdown of Speer, the inventor of the original quasi-quote. If the equal sign had been common on typewriters when he thought up quasi-quotes, he probably would have invented equotes instead. Speer's invention, as Willis says, is probably fandom's most valuable contribution to syntax.

However, I realize some things just don't catch on, fandom being almost as traditional as it is neotric, and if you don't like equotes, please don't write me off as a fugghead for offering them. Just accept this as an explanation of "why Perry makes quasi-quotes wrong."

HOW TO ADDRESS ME      The post office box number given above is fine (except I wish it were 700 digits higher). The Perrys are not actually living there, however. In fact, we are still living in Lincoln, some 60 miles away. I'll be up in Omaha to empty the box five days a week, though, so I'd appreciate it if everyone would send everything there. This will save no end of CoA notifications when we finally do move.

And move we will. We have picked out a house, made an offer on it, and had the offer accepted. Now if the Federal Housing Administration is not too choosy about guananteeing a loan, we shall be homeowners.

CATCHING UP      Joe Pilati's ENCLAVE #3 arrived the other day, announcing parenthetically the demise of THE CALIFORNIAN. Apparently this fanzine-type liberal sheet changed its name to THE AMERICAN LIBERAL and folded since I last saw a copy. Up till the time I read this in Enclave I had been meaning to send some money off to its publisher, Burton Wolfe, one of these days. It was not that I liked it so much, but I liked the idea of its dissonant voice. I rather admired the gesture of one fellow who sent in \$10 and asked Wolfe NOT to send the paper to him. That was carrying the philosophy of "I-disapprove-of-what-you-say-etc." to a nice point.

For myself, I found The Californian irritatingly liberal. I hope that phrase won't serve to brand me as a reactionary but it's the only way to describe my reaction (oops!) to a viewpoint I thought often ridiculously left wing. When I was reading second-hand copies The Califor-

nian published little poems like this:

CURSES OF A BEAUTY-LOVER  
Sky Writers

Vile vandals who for lucre-love  
With slogans smear God's sky above,  
In flames crash-landing may you die!  
In flames eternal may you fry!

The issue I'm looking at carried a whole column of these things, all the way down to one aimed at "Routers of Trunk Highways Through Parks." Written by one Tom Pease and coyly called "Pease Porridge," they are each of them at least as pointlessly malicious and humorless as the one quoted. (Or perhaps, to be fair, that one is a little more pointless, since sky-writers seem to be a thing of the past. There probably are people who route trunk highways through parks, though you won't find them in the yellow pages.)

Again, Burton wrote an editorial condemning integrated boxing. His complaint was that spectators rotted for the fighter of their own race, thus venting racial hatred. This may be true, but it is not necessarily a bad thing. Spectators of any competitive sport tend to cheer the competitor they can identify with--the home team, the underdog, or the horse they've a bet on. And I'd rather see racial hatred vented that way rather than on the streets or at the polls.

Perhaps Burton is not old enough to remember a time when Negro boxers weren't allowed to fight white boxers. Probably not, but he ought to be able to recall Adolf Hitler refusing to honor the feats of certain black "animals" that beat his Aryans in the Olympics.

Anyway, the Californian is gone, and I'm a little sorry to hear it.

ENCORE ENCLAVE      However, Enclave is a much better magazine than The Californian, and if there is anyone on Log's small mailing list who isn't also on Pilati's, he should write Joe and rectify that situation. With its third issue Enclave has the makings of a top fanzine, and from the comments in its letter colm the first two were just as good. It isn't often someone comes along with the time, money and ability to produce a first-class fanzine (naturally, friend, all you and I lack are the time and the money) and when he does it seems as if half fandom misses the first few issues and then advertises pitifully to get them. I say half fandom because Joe's press run is 125 for #3, which means one fan is missing Enclave for every one that's getting it, and I think that's a shame.

Joe says his zine is available for trades, locs, contributions, or quarters. His address is 111 S. Highland Ave., Pearl River, N.Y. Speak easy and tell him Tom sent you.

BACKWARDS O TIME      Enclave has a high content of politics, presented without apologies. Political discussions are common in the fanpress anymore, it seems. I remember a time, not too long ago, when it was not so. A lot of you may recall this quote from a calumn called "The Varnished Truth" in OBLIQUE #6, which Dick Geis wrote in the early part of 1956:

I understand that while it is almost de rigeur to discuss sex, religion, and cars in a fanzine, it is also worth your life to discuss politics. Why is this? Sex and religion are old standbys as material, but politics, no!

So now I am instituting a bit of a change in this time honored unwritten law of fandom. Let the letters come or no. I think Ike will run for a second term. Not because I like him (I voted for the other fellow) but because I prefer to believe Ike is human, and I also suspect him to be all too human. And there is an old saying that a man does not give up the most powerful position in the world and retire.

In short, I think Ike's ego will speak (well rationalized, of course) and that he will go for the second term. I also think he will conduct a wheel-chair campaign; will make only a few speeches and will win again. By wheel-chair campaign, I mean he will not stump the country, but will make it as FDR did the last time. During his second term Ike will take it easy and go off on many many vacations. My crystal ball doesn't mention him dying in office. I hope not. Because Nixon (Dick Mc-Smear) will be #2 again.

Economically, the country will go downhill soon after he is elected. A real recession will move in, and some inconsiderate Demos will have the AUDACITY to call it a Depression. Even now car sales are slowing down, and the credit situation is serious; the people have borrowed or promised to pay so damned much money that a break could send the whole country into a hole.

People couldn't pay their debts because they couldn't get jobs. They couldn't get jobs cause the factories can't sell because people ain't buying cause they gotta pay off first and they can't do that because.... Oh, it's a deadly spiral. The problem will be another Depression.

And to solve the problem I expect a Democratic Congress, and in 1960 a Demo President, to go down the line with more social security, more and bigger and tighter control of every part of our business world. Oh, the howls you'll hear about loss of freedom and Free Enterprise and so on. But the people will have a memory of Good Times and will not understand why they must endure a Depression. They will change the system quite a bit.

Unquote Geis and back to 1963. Besides prognosticating uncommon well, Dick apparently started something. Of course the implication that it was something brand new isn't quite true: I wasn't around but I understand the thirties and forties heard quite a few shouts of "Fascist!" resound through fandom, and not a few varying replies.

Though Dick Geis's heyday was seven and eight years ago, I suspect he's well remembered by many present-day fans, many of whom date back that far. I think it is too bad that he is not more emulated. Geis's forté was reviewing, and whether it was fanzines or SF itself, I think he did a better job than most those who address themselves to those fields now. Dick could be truly appreciative, rather than condescending, when he came to a new zine that showed promise. He could also rip a zine and its editor to shreds, but when he did so it was on the basis of valid judgments of objective standards, rather than mere personal distaste or apathy. (I don't know how many times I have grotched at the phrase "a rather so-what article" in fmz reviews. I understand the chief offender has recently folded his reportedly very good magazine and I have to wonder if he applied the standard of "So what?" to his own publication. After all, that's a question you can ask endlessly, and of anything, and at some point you are bound to run out of answers.)

"YOU," said the editor, pointing at me. I hurried over to his round desk. "What are you working on now?" he asked.

Embarrassing question. I had been working on the new girl reporter. "Between assignments, chief," I said.

"Fine," he said, staring at the desk. He thrust a sheet of paper at me without looking up. "Here. Courthouse beat man didn't understand this petition. Some kind of libel suit, but no one's ever heard of the magazine involved. Go check it out. Be back by six."

"Gotcha, chief," I said. I signed for a pencil and a bus token and left the Lincoln Log building. Strolling in the sunlight, I wondered if they would spell my by-line right on this one. After several blocks I looked at the paper the chief had given me.

It came as a surprise. I hadn't heard of the magazine either. I had expected it would be something no stranger than the SATURDAY REVIEW or NATIONAL ENQUIRER--neither of which the courthouse beatman or the editor could be expected to read, the first being illiterate and the second reading little not on copy paper.

But this was new to me. It was apparently named after a social disease. According to the petition it had a nation-wide circulation. But it seemed to have a very modest press run, even compared to The Lincoln Log. Hmm.

I wasn't born yesterday. This had all the makings of a dirty, filthy smut journal, operating right in our fair city. I checked my wallet to see if I had the price of a subscription.

I didn't, but then I probably wouldn't need it. I could bla--er, make a deal with the editor of the rag: I hadn't actually been assigned to do an exposé, and he could stand the gaff. If he didn't cooperate I could still see the copies the police would pick up as evidence.

I got the address from the phone book and boarded a bus with an inward smile.

I had to stand all during the bus ride. On the only empty seat were a brown duffelbag and a blue-fiber suitcase. "Uh, would you mind if I put those on the floor?" I asked the driver.

"What in the hell for?" he asked kindly.

"Well, so I could sit down. All the other seats are taken."

"That's too bad," he said. "That baggage is paid to New York."

"New York? Isn't this the D Street bus?"

"That's what she is, young fellow."

"But you said those bags were going to New York."

He smiled out the windshield. "That's right. Next time this bus goes through New York, we'll drop them off."

I was outraged. "That seems a highhanded manner in which to treat your passengers' luggage," I said.

"Shaddup," he said, pointing to the inevitable sign that said NO TALKING TO DRIVER. I shut up till I had to signal for D Street. Then the driver accidentally took me a block too far, but I didn't complain. Everybody makes mistakes.

No one answered the door at the address of the defendant. The plaintiff's address was given as Berkeley, Pakistan. I sat on the front porch, rubbing my jaw and thinking hard. Now journalism is a profession with me, and a profession has certain ethical standards. On



the other hand, the chief wanted a story. Finally I decided it wouldn't hurt to take a little peek in the backyard. I walked round the house, conscientiously not looking in the windows. After all, I would be coming back around.

I lucked out: behind the house were two men strenuously playing some kind of game. They were hitting a feathered object back and forth with copies of Cosmopolitan magazine. There was no net, but neither of them looked like Carl Sandburg. I cleared my throat.

"That's a bad cough you've got there, son," one of them said, looking my way. They went on playing.

"We'd like to let you play," said the other, "but this is a grudge match, you know." He hit the feathered object over the net with a mighty swing.

"That's quite all right," I said. "Perhaps you could direct me to--"

"No trouble at all," said the other, ducking and bouncing the feathered object high in the air. It did not come down.

"That one flew away too," said the taller of the two men, uncraning his neck. "I don't see how Willis does it."

"Perhaps he uses dead ones," suggested the other, a shorter, round-faced man with glasses.

"Unthinkable," said the taller. "Well, we might as well go inside," he said, starting my way with his magazine dragging. Then he spotted me. "Where the devil did you come from?"

"I, er--land, fellows--" How could I get around admitting I was a reporter without really lying?

"Truly?" said the other. "Not from Belfast?"

"That's right," I said. "Decidedly not from Belfast."

"You're not from Willis?" they both said with awe.

"Just so," I said, glowing with virtue.

"Great Ghu," said the taller, "you're not--not--Willis himself?"

"Begorra sure and it's right yer bein'," I said, happy I had not attempted to deceive.

It had a stunning effect. I could see I had the upper hand. Now the only problem was to get them off the ground so I could ask them questions.

They stopped salaaming after a minute and pumped my hand. "Gee, Mister Willis--Walt--I've always wanted to meet you," said the tall one.

"Wait a minute," said the round-faced one, staring at me near-sightedly. "You don't look the same as when I met you at the Shycon."

My mind raced. "Well, uh...I just got over a bad spell of diphtheria." It was all I could think of at the moment, and I was worried when they burst into laughter.

"It's ole Walt all right," said the tall one, clapping me on the back. "You're probably thinking of someone you met in Darjeeling, Corny."

In the house we settled into easy chairs. "You're probably here, Walt, to find out why Corny has filed a law suit against me," said the taller one.

"Why yes," I said. "I could see it was no ordinary tiff."

They stared at me. "What did you say?" asked Corny.

"I mean, you must realize it's disaster you're, ah--flirting with."

"What?" they both gasped.

"I mean to say," I said, trying to speak unambiguously, "is that many people find themselves stripped naked to provide the material for a, er, law case."

"Corny, he's still sick!" cried the taller one. Suddenly one was mopping my brow while the other inserted a fever thermometer--oral. "This is serious," he said, taking it out. "It shows no degrees."

"We can't all be college men," I said, embarrassed.

"I guess he's all right," said Corny, putting the mop away.

"I know law suits give fandom a bad name," said Corny as the discussion got underway again. "Tom and I were just trying to settle it in a way you would approve of before the case came up."

"Certainly," I said. "Yes indeed."

"But it was obvious I couldn't let his remarks in the last ish go unchallenged," he went on.

"Quite. Surely. Yes. True," I said, trying to stay uncommitted.

"On the other hand," said the taller one, "you must admit I had a perfect right to say---"

"Don't repeat it!" warned Corny. "Don't make me sue for slander!"

"Sue had nothing to do with Slander. That was Jan der Slan."

"Let's not drag my wife into it," said Corny.

"Arr, your wife's never been to Hong Kong either!"

"That does it!" said Corny. "That does it! The last straw. You've violated my riparian rights." He rose, shivering with rage. "I'll file a replevin action first thing in the morning."

"Now gentlemen," I said, "calm down and tell me what this is about."

They turned on me. "A fine mediator you are," snarled the tall one. "Come over here and start taking sides."

"Yeh," said Corny, "no more pacificistic sneers at Heinlein from you!"

I seemed to have lost my advantage. "Tut tut," I said, "now now." It did no good. I was relieved when they turned back to squabbling with each other. I made for the door.

Just as I was tiptoeing out there was a loud report--BANG! I know a Webley-Fosberry .445 with modified choke when I hear one. I slammed the door and hurried out, but not before I heard the tall one say, "Now that's what I call an effective one-shot."

I had her by both knobs and was beginning to turn her my way when the editor spoke. "Stop playing with that typewriter and come here once."

I hurried to his round desk. "Didn't I give you an assignment a couple of weeks ago?" he asked.

"Right, chief," I said. "That libel suit."

"How'd it come out?"

"No story, chief. They settled out of court."

He grunted. "Okay. Now here's a similar deal. Same magazine involved, but this time some Irishman is filing the libel suit. Got it? OK, go get it."

I'm not nearly so dumb as I look. I left the office, boarded a bus out of town, and never looked back. There's a paper in Omaha, too. This time I think I'll get an inside job.

XXX

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there's laughter in slaughter  
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V E P R A T O G A

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.

I got a few minutes of fun out of reading Logorrhea. You ought to win a Hugo for the feat of keeping it thin enough to be read in a few minutes. I didn't think any fan remembered the secret of publishing a small fanzine, except as a newszine or N'APA publication. The climax of the con report struck home, dead center, and also caused me to believe that you're suffering from perforator stupidities as the source of typographical troubles in Lincoln, even as I am doing in Hagerstown.

You brought up some new ideas about Heinlein. But I don't think that your subject is capable of being confined within a couple of pages of criticism. I imagine he'll be the first of the pulp-bred science fiction writers to win the honor of a book-length critical study, although I wouldn't dare to guess whether it'll be written by a fan or as a labor of love by a pro. His work is certainly more capable of generating argument and discussion than the stories of fantasy writers who have been honored with fanzines of their own: Bradbury or Howard, for instance.

I've never had the FBI interested in me because of a typewriter. (I have brushed with that organization twice in the course of my work, but both times, I won: once when I refused to honor a request to omit the name of a secret agent who spoke to a service club from the news story about it, again when I mentioned casually in the course of a story for some reason that a delivery of currency was made at such a bank on such a day.) But I occasionally buy Russian books from Four Continent Book Corp., the New York City firm that is the more or less official importer of the USSR's literary output and occasionally something mysterious happens. One one occasion my check was returned with an explanation that everything I ordered was sold out (and every other order I've ever placed with them was filled immediately and completely); again the order was filled completely, but my check was never deposited. I keep imagining that I'm under suspicion as some sort of secret agent by the Kremlin or the FBI or both.

[It strikes me, though, that if it had been any business other than a dealer in Russian books, it would be easy to dismiss such incidents as typical business snafus. I've ordered soviet magazines and corresponded with the soviet embassy in Washington and never heard from the FBI or even the post office until the typewriter thing came up.]

JOE PILATI, 111 S. Highland Avenue, Pearl River, N.Y.

Thanks for Log #2...it is as pleasant a ten-page diversion as I've seen in my two years of fanac. Best item was the faan fiction, but the Heinlein critique was not far behind. Both of these pieces, though, could well have been expanded to twice their published length and in each case picked up more interest. I got the feeling you had considerably more to say about this supposed metamorphosis of Heinlein's attitudes, and, for that matter, about the imaginary convention in "A Reporter's Notes." The offset and show-through of your repro is pretty bad (unless mine is not one of the better copies -- in any event, suggest you either convince your downtown firm to slipsheet or get another publisher....Log is too good to be sloppy.) And it is a terrible name.

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan.

Really I find little to argue with about in your Heinlein article. My own slant is along that of "optimism." In yon olden days there was the feel in Heinlein's works that individuals, that man, could work miracles, right wrongs, and straighten out the world. This is one of the rationalizations Kingsley Amis used when he decided that Heinlein was not a writer worthy of being discussed in his NEW MAPS OF HELL. That Heinlein was one of the sorts who felt that man was top cheese in the universe.

Certainly this view practically oozed from the ASF editions of METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN and BEYOND THIS HORIZON, not to mention "If This Goes On..." and SIXTH COLUMN. That, by George, we can really affect destiny if we'll but get our working clothes on and our minds sharpened to a fine edge.

I ask you now, can you see that attitude in PODKAYNE OF LIARS, CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY, and STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND? Certainly, individuals can still do a lot. But there is no longer the belief that individuals can seriously affect destiny by themselves or even in very small cliques. Even in STRANGER he talks of the Nest's eventually replacing mankind, not reforming it.

Simply enough, Heinlein seems to have come to that point in his "senior citizen" years where he looked back and decided that he really hasn't accomplished as much as he set himself. Unconsciously he seems to have decided that then no one else can either.

A REPORTER'S NOTES reads like something a reporter might actually write. Did you ever read or hear Bloch's NOLaCon speech? As a public service it should be reprinted every three years and given wide distribution.

[No, I haven't read that speech, but I'd like to. I agree that there are a number of fannish works that should be reprinted each few years. One I think of is the annotated Gettysburg address, also by Bloch, demonstrating the absurdity of a faned's interrupting his contributors' prose with bracketed inanities. I doubt it would stir the controversy now that it did when it first appeared in GRUE.

I can't go along with your analysis of Heinlein's motivations, conscious or otherwise. Of course I can't say what goals he set himself but I think he has accomplished a great deal so far.]

LEN MOFFATT, 10202 Belcher, Downey, California.

Your takeoff on the misreporting of sf conventions by newspapers isn't as exaggerated as some might think, considering some of the newspaper reports I've read. One is almost willing to believe that the official motto of some papers is "Get the facts--then mutilate 'em!"

No doubt sfantasy comic buffs have already corrected you on your Flash Gordon reference. It was Dr. Zarkov, not Zark, and I never thought of him as an ugly old man--at least not back in the days when Alex Raymond did the strip. He was bearded, but not ugly; a little nutty perhaps, but a handy brain to have around to aid Flash in his battle against Ming the Merciless. (Yeah, Ming was the emperor of the planet in question, which was called Mongo.)

[I checked in Comic Art in America and of course you're right, Len--it's Zarkov, Ming and Mongo, and Dr. Z is neither so short nor as ugly as I'd remembered him. I did notice, though, that Flash himself is none too good looking.]



ARE MILLIONS BEING SQUANDERED IN WASHINGTON ON USELESS TRANSLITERATING?  
Read this forthright article to see why the answer is--"Probably not."

A fellow I know recently got a cable from his mother, who teaches U.S. Air Force dependents at European bases. Cables being costly, it gave only the date of her arrival for an impending visit. "There's no signature," said the girl reading it over the phone to my friend. "Do you know who it's from?" "Yes I do," he said, "but where was it sent from?" "It doesn't say," she said. "All it has at the top are the letters R-O-M-A."

The girl's ignorance is funny, of course, but the anecdote led me to wonder why foreign names that wouldn't be hard to spell or pronounce like the originals are nevertheless angelicized. Why do we say Rome rather than Roma? Why Milan, not Milano? Why Paris, not Paree? Why do we call Deutchland Germany? How did La Habana change to Havana?

Most especially--since Russian uses a completely different alphabet--why Moscow and the Kremlin for places that are actually named Moskva and Kreml?

A similar question can be asked about the tendency to translate foreign first names. The late dictator of the U.S.S.R. was almost always called Joseph Stalin in English--or sometimes, even more pointlessly, Josef. His first name was Iosef or Eosef. Certainly the English equivalent of this Russian name is Joseph. But if you translate one name, why not both? Why not "Joe Steel"?

The news wire services have been doing something similar with the soviet naval attaché involved in the Keeler-Profumo case. They began by rendering it "Yevgeny (Eugene) Ivanov." This deteriorated to "Evgeny (Eugene) Ivanov," and finally UPI took the plunge and started calling him simply "Eugene Ivanov."

I consider this silly. Why not forget that he is Russian altogether and just refer to him as "Eugene Johnson"? No sillier, and more consistent.

A better known case is "Leo" Tolstoy. The author's real name was Lev Tolstoy. Somewhere along the way someone decided "Lev" was too hard for English tongues. Since 'lev' is Russian for 'lion' and 'leo' is Latin for 'lion,' Tolstoy became "Leo" to Angloparrantia.

It's beyond me why this simple-minded translator didn't go on to render the surname. 'Tolstoy' means 'stout' or 'proud' in Russian. "Have you read WAR AND PEACE, by Proud Lion?"

(Perhaps the reason recent translators have avoided going whole hog is that they were afraid of turning Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov into Mike Hammer. If so, their fears were groundless.)

The transliteration of Russian names and words also provides headaches. Not to the actual transliterators, perhaps, who don't know or don't care what gaucheries they are committing, but to those who do know, care, and are in no position to do anything about it.

A number of cases can be cited by anyone with an elementary know-

ledge of the Russian language. (And here I speak with real authority, because an elementary knowledge is all I have of it.) I'd be interested in hearing examples from languages others may know.

The recent spy case in New York provides one. The wire services have been referring to one of the principals as "Ivan Egorov." I applaud that spelling of the last name, but I must point out that in Russian, both names start with the same letter--the one that looks like a backwards N. Why not make it "Evahn Egorov" to correspond with the way the Russians say it? Perhaps Americans could be educated away from the "EYE-van" they use as the generic term for the soviets.

To get back to Yevgeny Ivanov (or Evahnoff), the tendency to write his first name "Evgeny" stems from the fact that the initial letter of "Yevgeny" looks just like the English E. But there is no other connection, the Russian letter being pronounced 'yeh.' Considering that Russian uses the Cyrillic alphabet, I think it stupid to use the English letter that looks the same rather than the combination of letters that makes the same sound.

Yet St. Cyril himself, who invented the alphabet, has been wronged by the transliterators. His name was Kyril and the Russians still spell it with a K. But by that ridiculous rule of equivalence, it has been recorded with a soft C in English, and so we have the Cyrillic, rather than the Kryillic, alphabet.

But the most glaring example of the transliterators' artlessness occurs whenever a bright young chap with no knowledge of the tongue sits down with a handy key giving the English letter equivalents for the Russian letters and comes across the singular genitive case of an adjective modifying a masculine or neuter noun.

The title of the soviet anthem, "Hymn of the Soviet Union," is given in transliteration from the Russian on an LP jacket I have as: "Gim Soyuzo Sovietskogo." Now that "-ogo" part is spelled with the Russian equivalent of a hard G, all right--the letter looks like a gamma--but in this construction it is invariably pronounced "-ovo." It is the only outstanding example of non-phonetic spelling in Russian.

And of course there isn't any reason on earth not to change that G to a V and write "Gim Soyuzo Sovietskovo." But it isn't done.

The rule against it was apparently established early, for people who certainly know better nevertheless follow it. George Kennan, a former United States ambassador to the U.S.S.R., refers in one of his fine books on East-West relations to Lenin's principle of "Kto-Kogo." This means "who-whom" ("who does what to whom," or "who is the doer and whom is done to") and represents a sort of negative Golden Rule that was basic to Lenin's thinking. But the correct transliteration is "kto-kovo" (or, if we try to approximate the vowels as well as the consonants, "ktaw-kahvaw").

Now I don't want to be an alarmist, but the Russians are doing a much better job of representing foreign names the way the foreigners involved say them. A review of FAIL-SAFE and the controversy surrounding it in Novoye Vremya (New Time) magazine referred to one co-author

as Kharvee Oo-eeler. Since Russian has no H or W this was doing pretty well. The other co-author was called simply You-dzheen Berdek. No, not Yevgeny, even in parentheses.

Contrast this with past efforts: Washington, to them, is Vashington, because it was transliterated before they thought of using the 'oo' sound to approximate the W. If it weren't so well established now they would probably call it Oo-ashington. (This still misses the predominant American pronunciation of "Worshington," but even so.)

They have also solved a similar problem they used to have with the letter H. Having no similar mild aspirate, they used to take any H that showed up in foreign words and change it to a G. Thus, during the second world war they were referring to Geetler and Aheezengauer. Since then they have taken to using a letter that looks like our X and makes a noise like the German 'ch'--like an H far back in the throat, or like a man gargling. It comes about as close to the mark as they can get.

That letter, by the way, is the initial letter in the Russian spelling of Khrushchev (ХРУЩЕВ). This is one name the press has done a fairly good job of transliterating. Even so they might have done better. Vladimir Nabokov in PALE FIRE suggests Hrushchov.

better. Vladimir Nabokov in PAGE FIVE suggests machine  
+ + + + +

anyone for 'big john and sparky' fandom?

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THE VICE OF GEIS      Dick's chief problem seemed to me to be a rather healthy ego, not an asset in a field where hat-size often has a direct relationship to capsize. He suspended the fanzine reviews, and later folded the magazine they had appeared in in favor of reviewing science fiction. His SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW lasted only a couple of issues, apparently in part because he got no response from the professional authors and editors to whom he sent copies.

This was a shame, for Dick had invented a method of positive reviewing. He would probably laugh at my calling it that, since he was a negative exponent of the "boost, don't knock" school. Nevertheless, his criticism tended to explore the possibilities as well as the failures of the subject from a reader's standpoint (as opposed to a writer's, as Atheling's tends to).

The cant of critics is generally expressed in negative terms (as is their wont). Geis, however, invented the review by dialog, in which one voice lambasted and another wistfully explored potentialities. In its purest form, achieved after some experiments, the two voices were not attributed at all, only the quotation marks and paragraphing serving to distinguish them, and they often switched roles without warning.

But he abandoned this for straight reviews when someone--Redd Boggs, I believe--pointed out that the purpose of dialog is to characterize, and since there were no characters in the review, it served no purpose there. True as this may usually be, I was sorry to see it applied to Geis's radical formula, and sorrier when Geis let himself be talked out of continuing the dialog reviews. I was sorriest, of course,

when SFR and fanpubbing were abandoned altogether by Geis--for a variety of reasons besides the one mentioned, I'm sure.

ERRATUM I have just happened across the knowledge that, although Havana is spelt with a B instead of a V in Spanish, the illiterate Cubans pronounce it as if it had a V in it. I could still correct this on the stencil, but I don't believe I will. After all, he said sardonically, this is a faanzine, and must not be allowed to get too professional. The mistake will serve to remind everyone that despite my cold relentless logic I am still a lovable human being, capable of error. It will also serve as a control to see if anyone reads the editorial.

TITLES I am doing all the logos on the typewriter this time. Reason: I was unhappy with the poor results I got from the lettering guides last issue--readable, but not impressive. When I get a mimeo this fall I'll be able to do some experimenting on my own and find out what I'm doing wrong. Since I'm still hiring the mimeo work done I'll have to compromise this time. §§ It seems strange I've never seen an article on using styluses in the fanpress. Are there some mundane books on the subject? Or would anyone care to offer some advice?

Talking about titles, Joe Pilati is another who doesn't care for Logorrhea, at least as the name of a fanzine. Seeing that Redd Boggs's scholarly arguments had no effect, he has resorted to saying "echh" after every use of it. A powerful ploy, but I will not be swayed. Why, I could no more change the title of the magazine than that of the editorial--and that is definitely static.

However, if you, like Joe and Redd, really dislike Logorrhea as a title, you are welcome to use the abbreviation LOG as a sort of logogram.

MISSING I had meant to do another article about Heinlein for this issue, based on the second installment of GLORY ROAD. However, F&SF for August has not arrived in Lincoln. It's not a case of my having missed it--I checked with the distributor, and the magazine hasn't come out since the July issue was distributed on June 6. Nor can I find it in Omaha. Does anyone know what's happened?

CONTINUED STORY In the first episode of this editorial, you found Tom and Gwen living in Lincoln wondering if they could get a loan to buy a house. Now Tom and Gwen are still living in Lincoln, but they have a commitment for a loan to buy a house. The house is in Omaha, considerably closer to the Omaha World-Herald than the Lincoln address is. Thus ever do true men win a loan, and credit corporations err, and stencils put aside outdate.

WAIT, LIST I am some high integer on the FAPA waiting list. At least, I know Bill Evans has cashed my check sent with the credentials. He hasn't written to tell me what number I hold--disconcertingly busy, I suppose. §§ I suppose someone has already thought of it---a WLAPA ?

THAT MR. ZIP I see fans are beginning to exchange their new Zone Improvement Plan numbers already, though as I understand it the machinery to read them won't be in use for a couple of

years yet; the current ballyhoo is just to get the numbers on business mailing lists. Since I don't use an Addressograph I shan't be messing with them for some time.

When I first learned about the ZIP codes last fall, I idly assumed that the same people who opposed All-Number Dialing would be against the mail code numbers--all the mild "New Yorker liberals" who hate seeing man's identity going down the drain. But these people seem to have exhausted themselves decrying the seven-digit phone numbers, and had little to say about the ZIP business.

The real opposition, I learnt recently, comes from quite another source. A friend forwarded an editorial from the newspaper in Auburn-dale, Florida; the writer pointed out the devious correlation between the mail codes and the Kennedy administration's efforts to get jobs for "minorities," and deplored the notion that now any "illiterate field hand" would be able to qualify as a postal clerk, having to be able only to distinguish the numbers.

Godd knows what the reaction would have been if the editorial writer had realized that the real purpose of the digits is to hand over the jobs to a bunch of illiterate machines.

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"Do not flatter yourself, madam; it is hanging out."  
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—SJ

OFFSET ...was pretty bad last issue. Sorry, gang; the man at the mimeo shop promised to slipsheet and didn't. He didn't get paid for it either, but the stencils were shot and nothing could be done. Another place is doing the work for me this time and I'm hoping for repro that needn't be offset by apologies.

MATERIAL I'd like to see some. This fanzine may get a little larger, and while I've plenty to say myself, I think there should be at least one outside contribution, besides letters, each issue. I am not looking for any music or fanzine reviews, but otherwise my tastes are quite catholic. Try me. Your name doesn't have to be Willis or Tucker, either; I have been around fandom awhile, and have some experience editing, and I'm willing to work with younger or newer fans, if there are any willing to be worked with.

AXE ILL LAY Noreen Shaw writes that AXE is being suspended and that the TAWF report will be continued elsewhere. A flyer telling where is to be issued subscribers. It may get to you before this fanzine.

73'S AND 88'S Thanks to everyone who wrote about #2 and for the gratifying unsolicited trades. I welcome more fanzines and will subscribe to any good ones whose editors understandably may not wish to trade with a small and uncertain journal.

This July issue of Logorrhea will be published during the first days of August, 1963.



Logorrhea #3  
July-August  
1963

This fanzine comes  
to you from Thos.  
Perry, Box 1284,  
Omaha, Nebraska,  
or 1740 D Street, Lincoln, Nebr.  
Please address other than personal  
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Tom Perry, PO Box 1284, Omaha, Neb.

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# mini s c u l e

klaadu borada nikto, pilati..  
..lower case denotes sincerity...  
cogito egoboo sum...history rhymes rather than stutters...nior fhan fupa na fapa aice...hurry up please it's time...if you had any ambition you'd go out and inherit a department store...I have seen several times, in various fan magazines, sneering and derogatory remarks belting science fiction fandom as a way of life...rumor president lincoln assassinated; significant if true...you see, a golen can wirtle...somebody hit him on the head with a powerful telescope...the obvious is not necessarily untrue...farno, farno...let wirtz put u.s. in the driver's seat...that appears to be specious...the skin is mightier than the banana...I hear the gentile voices calling, old black jew ...she was traveling around the world traying to learn how to be circular; she had never been circular...quark...the season is auspicious for men of surpassing merit to perform some deed favorable to the political faction of their choice...amaranth sasesusos oronoco initiation secedes uruguay philadelphia...eat the man you hate; hate for health TP, JP2, TP, NY, RS, TSE, HB, BF, HL, DAG, HAS, WAW, RE, HB, TP, WS, TP, AM, ?, HAS, TW, anon.