

Logorrhea #4: an occasional fanzine edited and published by Tom Perry, Postal Box 1284, Omaha, Nebraska. Some of the material in this magazine is meant to be humorous: win a prize by correctly guessing which.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Table of Contents. . . . .	1
QRM. . . . .	1
Pilati plots on Campbell's soup. . . . .	3
Ast no favors from Ballantine. . . . .	8
Editor operates on the real true gen. . . . .	9
Readers write. . . . .	10
A reporter's notes--iii. . . . .	16
QRM concluded. . . . .	20
Between the lines. . . . .	1-20

QRM "Commuting from Lincoln to Omaha!" writes Genie Arnold, a young lady who knows Nebraska. "My land, what is the world coming to?" Ridiculous though it may seem circumstances dictated that I make this 60-mile drive twice a day five days a week for more than two months --a sort of sentence of commutation. Now that it's over it seems rather funny, as most mild hardships do in retrospect.

However we have finally got moved into our new home in Omaha--the fourth house we've lived in this year. I should have much more time for such things as acknowledging fanzines now, and my apologies go to those I've neglected the past few months.

By the way I've learned that one of the problems of trying to list all the people who responded to the last issue, as I have copied Willis in doing, is you're apt to forget some and they'll feel slighted as they never would if you just ignored everyone whose letter you didn't print. After the moving my files are chaotic and my photographic memory quite often yields a negative. Since typing the letter column, though, I've remembered that Mike Domina and Frank Wilimczyk ought to be on that list. (I've also located John Koning's address, so you needn't telegram it to me, thanks.) If there are others, I ask forgiveness and will try to do better next time.

The nice repro in Log #3 was done by Settell's Letter Service in Lincoln, a shop that seemed specially conceived to produce fanzines; they even offered to type the stencils and staple and mail. They wouldn't do it for pure egoboo, however, so I have reluctantly purchased my very own mimeograph. It's just like the one described in the last chapter of The Enchanted Duplicator. I am no Ted White, though, and I hope you'll bear with me as I work out things like which way to turn the crank.

The main problem thus far is that the mimeo fails to print letters that cross the right guideline on the stencil. I never had this trouble before but apparently AB Dick means what it says about them guidelines. Well, at least this gets rid of the ragged edges--an actual case of the end justifying the means.

I am not inaugurating a precedent--only promoting a vice--with the review on page nine. The vice is prolixity. Both Laney and Willis have tried these reviews in depth in the past. I don't box in their league (as us sports fans say) and if you find the only depth in this review is the length of the page, I hope you'll at least find it a relief to

BETWEEN THE LINES...

...a department.

have a change from the standardized fanzine review format. I plan to do more of this type of thing if there are no violent complaints from the readers and no libel suits from the subjects.

-----  
For new readers it's time to say that this is an occasional fanzine, distributed free for comment, trade, or other pleasant responses. If you don't like it simply don't respond and it will stop coming after a couple of issues, unless you are a tall-name fan like Walt Willis or Dean Grennell or Alonso Peterberry. A scattering of other people receive this with no effort on their part: this applies to Genie, Jan, Jo, Jim and John, though I'd welcome letters from any or all of you.

-----  
Reason the logos are all done by typewriter again is that I thought they looked rather nice last time. Besides, I still haven't experimented enough with the styli and mimeo to feel confident about foisting the results off on you.

-----  
I agree with Ted Pauls that an editor should correct spelling and typographical errors in readers' letters he prints. But when someone writes a rude sarcastic letter suggesting that myself and my friends are illiterates, while making four stupid spelling mistakes in five clumsy paragraphs, I sort of feel this courtesy has been waived. The errors in that letter have been carefully preserved so you can judge for yourself who is really the subliterate.

One other exception occurs: I think the word "idolation" is almost as fine as one H. Allen Smith treasures--"longliveity." I wouldn't consider changing it.

-----  
Readers with eidetic memories will recall last issue I introduced a refinement of quasi-quotes to be known as "equotes." (I also introduced using the particle "an" before the word "fanzine," but this particular error was overlooked, fans being ever generous and near-sighted.) Well, the response was tremendous. Two letters mentioning equotes have already arrived. This is heartening.

It didn't take me long to notice that these two letter-writers took opposing stands on the matter of equotes. Walter Willis, internationally renowned paraphrast, approves of them, and you all know what kind of taste Mr. Willis has. The other gentleman, a very nice person in many ways, is unenthusiastic about equotes and denies their manifest destiny.

Here is controversy! The forces of progress have engaged the legions of reaction. Fandom may be plunged into war and rent asunder.

However, since us equoters are limited in number--two, so far--I suggest we bide our time before doing open battle. Perhaps Walt's influence as an exponent of equotes will raise superior numbers in favor of the innovation.

We are battling for equality -- we will tolerate no half-measures!§

-----  
Daddy, why does Mr. Campbell use so many factorial signs?  
-----

§ The malicious rumor that Walt and I are collecting commissions on the sale of new typers with "=" signs to fans is simply untrue. Walt has not gotten a cent.



## PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY

...by Joe Pilati

### Let's Gang Up on a Certain Editor....

In the August issue of a certain large-size monthly science fiction magazine, there appeared a perforated postcard, the purpose of which was to reassure the Editor of said sf mag that his readership really and truly is composed of engineers and technicians and nuclear physicists and suchlike. This Editor's fondest wish, I am sure, is to have his own personal readership theories vindicated; viz., as Boggs put it in "Fandom's Cornerstones of Faith" in WARHOON #14, "...that ANA-LOG sells hundreds of copies every months at busy little newsstands across the street from atomic energy laboratories all over the country."

You must realize, of course, that if thousands (or even hundreds) of cyclotron operators and their scientific brethren actually return that little postcard, all covered with precise scrawling about Membership in Professional Societies, Degrees (If Any), and Type of Position our nameless science fiction magazine will continue going downhill from the fannish standpoint. (In other words, rather than four stories out of five in any given issue being concerned with Heroic Engineers and Humble Individual Scientific Initiative, we will get five stories out of five. And then the Editor will be able to boast of his consistency, if nothing else.)

Now here's what we've got to do: in a phrase, we've got to sabotage the survey.

My fabulous background in public relations, and my lifelong study of same (read: I know a guy who works in an ad agency, and a day seldom passes when I don't glance at the spine of THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS on my bookshelves), enables me to tell you that our Editor-friend isn't going to get very many of his postcards back. He'll consider himself fortunate if he gets one card back for every two or three hundred bound into his magazines. This fact is in our favor; if we can mobilize every Disgruntled Fan in the country, and if we can get them all to fill out their postcards in a very special manner, we might help inaugurate a Whole New Order down at 420 Lexington Avenue.

We might even be able to cut the Heroic Engineer stories down to three out of five. But let's not get our hopes up too high.

Some of the things we'll have to include on our postcards are fairly obvious. If we want to bring back the Golden Age, we must impress upon John W. Nameless that we are archetypal Golden Age Type Readers. And here's how we'll go about it:

No one will fill in the "Degrees (If Any)" blank, unless someone feels like writing "98.6 Fahrenheit". The Golden Age Type Reader

-----  
"He put out thirteen issues of a sercon satire fanzine." -----JP



"Image" (as we say in the public relations game) rules out the possibility of anyone having a degree, just as it rules out the possibility of anyone graduating from high school...which brings us to the next space. Some of you may want to add the words "Grammar School" or "Kindergarten" beneath the printed inscription "Last School Attended," and then make your checkmark. (Some of you may also have read AH! SWEET IDIOCY! and may want to augment the Olde Fan Image by similarly attaching yet another classification to "Male" and "Female"; but this is not imperative.) Needless to say, the sabotage operation will be helped greatly if the "Not Employed" box is universally and emphatically checked. "Type of Industry" gives your creativity free rein, in spite of that last-mentioned checkmark; the recipient of your postcard will assume that you're out of work temporarily. Your replies here will of necessity be varied, and I will suggest but a few:

Stevedore	Gas Station Attendant
Garbageman	Department Store Clerk
Janitor	Plumber's Helper
Newspaperboy	Corporate Scientific Bureaucrat

All of these should be sufficiently discouraging to the Editor. (Since we don't want to push him completely off the ledge, we might include a few "Radio Repairman" and "Subscription Fulfillment Department of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN" entries, just to be on the safe side.) "Title or Position" can be ignored in most cases, since the preceding notation will be self-explanatory, although a few Disciples of Tucker may want to slyly consult their marriage manuals and briefly describe some Really Esoteric Position. If John isn't utterly broken by now, "Membership in What Professional Society" will afford us the opportunity to bowl him over with "First Fandom," "the N3F," "Foofoo's Legions," "the Lunarians," "LASFS," ad nauseum. (The fact that none of the aforementioned societies are "professional" can be forgotten at this juncture; John will be so dazed he won't notice.) "Approximate Total Family Income" is an easy one to fill: any amount will do, so long as it's not taxable (i.e., less than \$600 per person per annum). "How long have you been reading ANALOG?" should yield the snappy retort, "31 years!" in each and every case, and some readers may want to twist the dagger a bit by pointedly crossing out "Analog" and writing "ASTOUNDING" above it. "Do you like its new format?" Don't bother with the boxes labeled "Yes" and "No"; just take your pencil and write, "Don't be absurd, you goddamn fakefan!"

But now comes the last, and certainly most important, of all the blanks on the postcard. You wouldn't know it from the innocuous label ("Comments"), but the whole course of stfnal history may hinge on this very blank! It would be presumptuous of me to suggest any Comments for you, but here is my own: "You have betrayed the Ever-Present Spirits of Street and Smith! Repent, Ye Sinner, Before It Is Too Late, Repent!"

I really hope he does.

A Con Report Buck Coulson Will Appreciate Immensely:

I missed the Discon. Damn it all.

-----  
"It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide."  
-----

"Robert Blotsh," the Neo Hesitantly Said,  
His Sensitive Fannish Face Turning Red.

The faux pas most prevalent among neofans, I would venture to guess, is the mispronunciation of other people's names. After all, fanzine fans (as opposed to club or con fans), by their very nature, encounter the names of other fans only in print; the chances are therefore elephantine that any given neo will mangle the names of his fellow fans--even those who have contributed to his fanzines, or with whom he has corresponded at length--during his first Personal Encounters with them.

This is not, of course, a tendency peculiar to fandom. In 1956, I was but ten years old, and like most kids that age, I rarely if ever listened to news broadcasts. Thus it is that all of my information about the Hungarian Uprising has come through reading. John Boardman, on the other hand, is an Old Man in his early thirties. John and I were discussing Hungary a few weeks ago, and when I persisted in pronouncing the name of Imre Nagy with two syllables (like "Naggy"), I was blissfully unaware of the fact that my neo-Historian status was being spotlighted. Suddenly it dawned on me that John's "Nagy" had one fewer syllable than mine. Since I am a trusting soul, I have now adopted the Approved Boardman Pronunciation, and the fact that the transformation of this particular proper name in my mind was done so unostentatiously Certainly Was a Wonderful Thing.

Too bad it isn't always that way. Returning now to a fannish motif I need only imagine-on-paper a scene like the following to dredge up some painful memories:

Neo: "That's true, but you remember that Ron Ellik said in the last SHAGGY that...."

More Experienced Fan: "Cheeeeeezis. It's Ellik, not the way you said it."

The reader will note that I have made no attempt to stress either syllable of "Ellik", either through capitalization or through underlining, in the hypothetical situation above. Nor have I used the Henry Luce technique of facilitation correct pronunciation ["...Jazz Guitarist Elek Bacsik (rhymes with Relic Watchtick)..."]. The sad fact is, I'm not sure how one pronounces the name Ellik.

But then, some of my best friends can't pronounce Ellik's name. It's just that I wouldn't want my sister to co-edit with one.

#### Late Thoughts on the Fan Poll:

Well, first of all, Chuck Wells deserves the bronze star with oak-leaf cluster for running the thing. But there were a few things on the Final Windup Report, mailed with Chuck's CADENZA #8, which I found mildly disturbing.

The Final Windup Report is a two-sided sheet which is just what

-----  
"Clairvoyant calorification obviates ablutionary interruptions."  
-----

its title implies. Side One contains some corrections with which neither Chuck nor your obedient columnist would argue: corrections like, #VOID #29 is ineligible because it hasn't been published yet, according to Gary Deindorfer. Side Two consists of large chunks of a letter from Walter Breen, quoted verbatim and shuffled around a bit by Chuck. It is with some of Walter's contentions that I would like to differ.

Two fanzines, ALTER-EGO and SMUDGE, are decreed ineligible for consideration in the Fan Poll by Walter, on the grounds that each is "not part of our fandom." In the context of the overall poll results, whether or not Walter is correct in these assertions is of virtually no importance, since the two fanzines in question received very little attention from the voters. But Walter is displaying an arrogance quite unlike his soft-spoken countenance (at least he was soft-spoken when I met him, but he was also Sick at the time) when he bellows, "Not part of our fandom!" I would have no quarrel if he had stated that Alter-Ego and Smudge were not part of his fandom, because one's fandom is a personal thing. (Which is not the title of a new cartoon book by Charles M. Schulz, but I digress....) Walter is perfectly free to eliminate certain kinds of fanzines from his own fannish ken, but I am probably not alone in my belief that he ought not assume that his own preferences are the True and Universally Right ones. As a matter of fact, if the subject under discussion were anything but fandom and fanzines, Walter would be the first to jump up and plug Tolerance, Liberalism, Expansiveness, and other worthwhile (albeit ambiguous) concepts.

(Alter-Ego and Smudge, for those who don't know, are comics fanzines: they use the same approach toward comic art (comic books, newspaper strips, animated cartoons, satire magazines à la Kurtzman, etc.) that a sercon fanzine like INSIDE uses toward science fiction.)

Not only is Walter illiberal; he is also inconsistent. Another comics fanzine, Don and Maggie Thompson's COMIC ART, made a better showing than either Alter-Ego or Smudge, and yet Walter didn't object to it on his "not-in-our-fandom" grounds, or, for that matter, on any grounds. Perhaps, then, Walter's basic gripe is on qualitative grounds, although he doesn't want to be blatant about it; perhaps he does realize that Comic Art is unquestionably superior, and he simply wants its two lessers to be kneed in their respective editorial groins

I think not. The fact is, Alter-Ego and Smudge were widely regarded as pretty good fanzines. Alter-Ego was a 34-page, full-size, lithoed production, edited by Jerry Bails, and boasting a number of very talented fan and pro writers and artists. I won't evaluate Smudge myself, since I was its co-editor and publisher, but I will pass on some comments from others. Dick Lupoff in AXE said that it was "the one really good fanzine in [its] field, and it is really good." Buck Coulson gave the final issue a "6" rating, accompanied by the words, "I can't say I'm vitally interested in most of the topics in Smudge, but they are presented more entertainingly than most fanzines manage." And Don Thompson exhorted his readers to acquire the last issue of Smudge, with notice that "it's one of the best amateur publications ever."

Und zo. If Walter would concur (and I believe he would) that Alter Ego and Smudge weren't particularly bad fanzines, the possible qualitative argument goes down the drain. What then? Well, perhaps his

-----  
...62794, this is 42667 calling 62794. Come in please...  
-----

point is that any fanzine that studiously ignores science fiction material ought to be ineligible for consideration. Under those circumstances, we'd have to throw out KIPPLE (a political fanzine), LYDDITE (a faanish and jazz-oriented fanzine), and perhaps even Walter Breen's FANAC (a fanzine devoted to fan news and commentary on things mundane.)

Come to think of it, the consistent thing to do would be to eliminate non-stfnal columns from the Best Column competition. That gets rid of nearly all of them: of the top three in the Poll, a grand total of none were preoccupied with science fiction during 1962. (Granted that Willis, Boggs and Busby mention the stuff occasionally, but not very often.) And especially, we'd throw out a series of (horrors!) comics-oriented articles in an obscure fanzine called XERO. A series called, I think, "All In Color for a Dime."

Before you start accusing me of reductio ad absurdum, I will plead guilty of same, and return abruptly to The Real World. The main thought I wish to convey is this: that Walter's objections to a couple of comics fanzines are merely the most recent manifestations of an unfortunate trend, which I call Narrower Horizons. It is a trend toward fannish insularity (both inter- and intra-), and its proponents rally round a banner emblazoned thus: "Medium 'A' [in this case, comic art] is utterly devoid of merit, so let us true believers ignore it entirely, blacklist its publications, and sneer at its defenders, even be they simultaneously mainstream or offtrail fans."

Can you think of a less likely convert to Narrower Horizons than Walter Breen, he of the awesome intelligence and the enviable expressions? I'll be damned if I can.

Ahahahaha Dept.:

A lot of fans walk around with smug expressions because they consider themselves Grammatically Superior. "We are Grammatically Superior," they mutter, "because we have devised such innovations as Quasi-Quotes and Sarcastic Capital Letters."

It ain't so. I submit this paragraph from AMERICAN OPINION, the house organ of the Birch Society, edited by Robert Welch:

"Every year since it was founded in 1958, American Opinion has published in its July-August issue its annual Scoreboard, a composite of careful estimates made independently on four continents by the most highly qualified experts on Communism. The scores show for each country the degree of control over its whole political and economic life exercised, secretly or openly, by the International Communist Conspiracy, through all of its instrumentalities. The score, in other words, measures the extent to which the Conspiracy can, through all the means at its disposal in the given country (including, for example, the Secret Police in Russia, threats of invasion in Finland, race war in Africa, and control of a large part of the Press in the United States) impose what it wants done and prevent what it does not want done."

According to the Scoreboard, kids, which is headed "COMMUNIST INFLUENCE As A Percentage of Total Control," there is really no need for

-----  
"Time is a razor made of glue." -----

-----HN.







## G2: the real true gen

You'll hardly find a more self-confident fan than Joe Gibson; his assurance is evident in every word he writes. For instance, when Harry Warner says wistfully that he will probably die without knowing whether life is abundant in the universe, Joe interrupts:

"Lissen, bhoy -- you ain't runnin' out on Sneary's Sneaky Friends as easy as that! Yo' goin' star-rovin', bhoy, and yo' gonna like it!"

Now it would take a bold neo to commit such a paragraph -- probably a bright fifteen-year-old fan would consider it beneath his dignity -- but this is Joe's idiom, unmistakably his, and it prevails throughout his multilithed fanzine g2. Joe is planning a starship to transport fandom around the Galaxy, apparently to show up SF authors who have been writing timid or dull stories. Fans will man the ship, and of course Gibson himself will be in charge: "I want you guys should be aware of one thing: I'm the boss around here! I don't know of any of you with experience that'll tell you how to handle materials in orbit; in fact, I don't know of any of you who've so much as driven a forklift on Earth. I have. I know the power it takes to move a heavy mass, whether it's weightless or not, and ... what it takes to hold a load in place and what it can do if it busts loose. In short, I'm the one who'll decide what goes into that starship and what doesn't."

Joe's enthusiasm is infectious. Although his magazine goes to anyone with the money for a subscription, he manages to imply that each of his readers is a member of a tight little in-group: "...I admit there are a few fans we don't want on board under any circumstances -- uh huh, I see you're thinking of the same one I am -- but we'll compile that little list among ourselves and just keep quiet about it." You'd have to have a steely cold mind to resist that appeal to cliquishness.

This g2 is 18 legal-length pages and numbered V2N12, or whole number 24, which indicates Joe has made a success of his policy of sending it only to those who pay for it --trades or locs will get you nowhere here. As Joe says in the letter column, "...nobody can get g2 free just by writing us any nonsense ... freeloaders and their 'kind comments' can go to hell," (This shows how far his orientation is from mine: I consider the freeloaders to be those who never indicate they've ever enjoyed an issue, and they couldn't get me to keep sending them copies by paying me a nominal sum)

Joe seems to feel his policy is essential to a real genzine. He observes, "99% ((of other fanzines)) are not available to all fans, even for money." On the back cover he takes into Dean A. Grennell in a mild way for discontinuing GRUE as a genzine available for subs, and mourns the prevalence of apas: "... I will never practice any apa-fomented policies with g2 like restricting its distribution only to those who'll send me their fanzines." He even makes himself sound rather noble.

If you want to see how it's done, g2 is three for a quarter from Joe and Robbie Gibson, 5380 Sobrante, El Sobrante, California. It's a monthly and lives up to its schedule, so you won't have to wait long.

—Tom Perry.

---

"Do you want the carbon double-spaced too?"

---

V E P R A T O G A

...being a letters colm

[No one has yet asked why the letterscol is called Vepratoga, but don't imagine that is going to keep me from coyly refusing to tell. Though its origin is stfnal, I don't expect anyone to recognize it.

However I will say I consider the word a loose synonym for egoboo. I'm in this fanzine bus iness chiefly for the mail I get. You all know there is nothing that warms a faned's heart like finding in the mailbox a warm and witty letter of appre c i-ation. Like this one:]

DAVID KIRK PATRICK, 160 Prospect St., East Orange, N.J.

I received and read your fanzine, DIARRHEA, with much interest.

If you would be interested I will give you the addresses of Young Republicans, Young Democrats, or even the John Birch Society since this fanzine obviously has not a thing to do with science fiction.

You made five startling statements of earthshaking qualities which I will interpret. 1. Equotes are better than quasi-quotes. 2. You are not where you want to be. 3. Dick Geis is God in disguise. 4. Somebody libeled someone someway for some reason. 5. Hrushchov lives in the Kreml.

Obviously your fanzine is a conglomeration of illiterates who have no idea of what they are writing about. For instance your trivia on transliteration display the traps one can fall into if one is not careful. Perhaps I can explain it this way; Germany is a country in Europe. The people of this country call it Deutchland. Scandanavians call this same country Tysk. The Russians call their capital Moscva while our name for this same city is Moscow. Is this clear? Our language is our language and we have names for certain areas of the world in our language. What other peoples call these areas is of no real concern.

Also I might mention that this political-satire-masquarading-as-a-fanzine, FYORRHEA, provides a good insight why secrets do not remain secrets in this republic of ours. When a private citizen deliberately violates a necessary secrecy for personal gain, our country exhibits a despicable flaw.

In short, I would not like to see this fanzine expand in any fashion. It is too large as is. If this fanzine, this GONORRHEA, were to sink into oblivion, nothing would be lost. (Sincerely yours.)

[Nice to hear from you, Dave. Write again, won't you?]

WALT WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast 4, North Ireland.

I must admit it's pleasant to get an airmailed fanzine....I haven't felt such an urgency to reply since I was corresponding with Vernon McCain, who worked in a Western Union office and used their typer for his fannish correspondence. Have you ever received an eleven page telegram? It was from this I learned one way of staving off people whom one should write to. I pencil a message on a telegram form, obtainabl

-----  
trailers always make me think of jan.  
-----

over here from machines like toilet paper dispensers in Post Offices (which reminds me that when we were in Dublin with Chuck Harris he represented himself as bemused by the notices in Gaelic: "If Oifig an Phuist doesn't mean GENTLEMEN," he said, "I did a very silly thing in the Post Office this morning.") and mail it as a letter. I hope to convey at least subconsciously the impression that so concerned am I about my correspondent I have dashed into a Post Office to send him a telegram, only to find I haven't enough money to send it as such and have gallantly and despairingly resorted to mailing the draft. It's one degree better than the 19th century gentleman who used, whenever he thought of a friend to whom he owed a letter, to mail him anything he happened to have in his pockets at the time---a bus ticket, a receipted gas bill---anything just to show he was thinking about them. And at the very least I am getting my stationery free, which is not a thing you can do much nowadays unless you're a commercial traveller.

This is an example however. In the Republic of Ireland, from which I've lately returned, you're supposed to put the stamp on airletters yourself; so every time I go there I ask for some airletters and when they offer me stamps say no thanks I've got some, and take the airletters home with me in triumph and use them for fannish correspondence. Apart from having mystic hieroglyphs all over them, they have the inestimable advantage that you can tear a letter up and start over again without it costing you money. I must have saved at least five shillings this way at the cost of only a few pounds in petrol.

Well as I was saying it was nice to get an airmailed fanzine, though you must realise it has been done before. Lee Hoffman used to airmail me Quandry for instance. No, to break new ground you'll have to deliver it in person. That would be even nicer.

As you'll have gathered from internal evidence (internal evidence, sounds like anthropomancy) I think your equotes are the ultimate in this field of fannish invention. Since then I have used no other.

I suppose I agree with you about integrated boxing, though I haven't seen the racial hatred Wolfe mentions. Over here in professional wrestling the crowd always seems to support the coloured wrestler. In fact it seems to be a convention here that the villain part is always taken by a home white--negroes and other foreigners are always Good Guys. And as you imply unconsciousness of pigmentation differences can be taken too far. I remember a BBC commentator on an amateur boxing bout on tv between a coal black negro and an Englishman saying quite seriously, "Jones is the one with the stripe on his trunks."

Before I run out of space I had better say categorically, whatever that means, that I liked ~~Logorrhoes~~ Log very much indeed. And I mean that. So much indeed that I found myself wishing that you published it regularly, and that is a high accolade as far as I'm concerned. (You know accolade, Arthur Clarke's favourite drink). I like the way you write and the sort of casual but competent fanzine that results from your personality. No striving, no mess, everything to the point with no time or space wasted and everything worth careful reading. I don't fall completely for your Reporter's Notes series for some reason I can't quite explain--maybe it's a lifetime of being misreported by journalists (I am a Government Spokesman, or sometimes a Well Informed Circle) or a feeling you could do better--but I like very much your editorial stuff, especially the little snappers like the capsized one.

Oh, and I appreciated the baggage bit in the story, but I know that at least the blue suitcase isn't there any more. When we got back from holidays I got a letter which had been misdelivered to the empty house next door, from Greyhound, that that case had been found and was being handed to the airline for transport to me. It was

-----  
"When you grow too old to scream, I'll have you to dismember." DG  
-----



dated 23rd May. So that case is no longer somewhere between LA and NY, it's between Idlewild and Barcelona.\* (Heigho, Best.)

\*Later: No just heard the airline never got it.

[Think what a fine standing gag you'll ruin, Walt, if you ever do get that suitcase back. I can't think you could be so selfish.]

RICHARD E. GEIS, Portland, Oregon.

That was quite a puff you gave me in LOGO #3. I'm flattered all to hell.

It doesn't seem so long since I was publishing PSYCHOTIC, but your reference to my heyday as seven or eight years ago really stopped me. God, how times flies! So do cliches.

I miss fandom. But it will have to wait till I'm older. I have in the back of my mind the idea of re-entering fandom when I'm retired...if there is a fandom then. IF there's a country then...or a world.

At the moment, tho, it's a grind trying to amass some wealth. I've sold 17 books so far and may end up the author of a couple hundred. I wouldn't be anything but a writer.

I'll predict some more. My heart is with Goldwater, but I have to say I believe Romney will get the nomination and lose. (Sincerely.)

[You're putting us on. -twj]

ROY TACKETT, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M.

On quasiquotes or "equotes". Equotes won't catch on too rapidly I fear since only the newer typewriters have an equals sign and not too many fans have new typewriters. We have three portables, the newest being this one which is circa 1950, and there is no equal sign on any of them.

No, political discussion in fandom isn't new at all. It's been there as long as fandom has. There are some differences now when compared with earlier discussion; currently it seems to be the liberal viewpoint, whatever that is, versus the conservative viewpoint, whatever that is. The debaters are also new, of course, the rest of us being pretty well burned out on the whole foolish business. From my point of view ENCLAVE is a highly amusing fanzine. By damn, those kids do get riled, don't they?

You'll pardon me if I say that "miniscule" leaves me cold. My reaction to this one was the same as my reaction to the one in #2: What the hell is this supposed to be?

[miniscule, in case it's not here this issue, is a series of baquotes owing their format to the Eavesdroppings of Walt Willis's HYPHEN... with one minor but obvious change. However the quotes were selected on a different basis than the wonderfully funny Hyphen baquotes.]

-----  
"The island is completely surrounded by ammunition!"

"-"

BOB TUCKER, Box 478, Heyworth, Ill.

The neatest touch in the issue, the entire entertaining issue, was that droll touch on page four concerning your inability to find a seat on the bus because of somebody's luggage.

Useless transliterating is one of the things that bug me and I was pleased to see you take a whack at it; I only wish that a piece such as this would appear in some national journal of wide circulation. Not that it would stop the Lords of the Press (and the government) from continuing the silly practice, but it might make them think and only a few moments of that would be worth while. Not even my childhood teachers could tell me why we called those countries Sweden, Norway, Denmark, et al, when they didn't.

About Zip codes: I understand they are also intended to replace zone numbers. In large cities, such as New York and Chicago, the last two digits in a given address are the present zone numbers of that address. Los Angeles seemsto to be 900 in Zip, and these fans have these differing numbers: Blackbeard 90057, Hulan 90025, Willits 90027, Rotsler 90069. Rotsler is probably reveling in his.

[Right about the ZIP codes, Bob. In cities with zones you add your zone number, prefixing a naught if it's one digit, to the three-digit area code to get your ZIP number. I've been using the last two digits of ZIP codes in return addresses on outgoing mail, since these apparently have some use now. However I don't plan to start fiddling with the rest the figures till the post office actually starts to route mail by the codes, and that's a couple years off as I understand it.

This might be a good place to reprint a story from the World-Herald for August 22nd, 1963:

Well, It Certainly  
Didn't Hurt Much

The Omaha woman received a letter carrying the Zip Code number from her mother in Minneapolis.

She noted that the time from mailing to delivery was only 19 hours and mentally credited the Zip Code.

Then she looked again. The code number on the letter was that of her brother in California.

Unquote.]

CLAUDE RAYE HALL, 2545 Madrid #202, New Orleans 22, La.

I'm not quite sure how you stumbled on my address. I'm even less sure of the emotions that bring me to the typewriter for this letter on Log #3. Your evident idolation of one Dick Geis may be the reason. Geis was/is an imbecile whose greatest claim to fame peaked at a bit of filth for ADAM. Emulation of such qualities would be less than short of idiocy.

But, I suppose you're entitled to your opinion (a sign that I'm mellowing; in the old days I wouldn't have granted you even that).

-----  
Alonso Peterberry for TAFF!  
-----

Your article on the devilishness of communication was interesting, however, and even a bit educational. I found out something amusing the other day regarding a rather stiff term used by Mexicans when referring to Americans. I was raised in and around Mexican towns in Texas, so the word "gringo" was fairly familiar to me. To be called that by a Mexican brought about fighting weather. I recently heard, though that the word comes from a song Americans used to sing that began, "Green grow the lilacs, all sparkling with dew." Mexicans came to call the people who sang this song, "Gringos." How it came to be a derogatory term, I don't know.

[I saw your CoA in Starspinkle, Claude, and mailed you a copy with a self-conscious wry smile. I thought it might bring an interesting letter.]

E. E. EVERS, 118 West 83rd St., New York 24, N.Y.

A cover and illos, a table of contents, a column or two, and an all-in-one-place letter column would help Log realize its potential and become a major fanzine.

I don't like your title, but you seem not to care if your readers like it or not. It isn't that important, it's the thing (fanzine) not the name (title).

Equotes: I agree they're better than quasi-quotes, but they won't catch on. Most fans will still prefer misquotes. For the uninitiate, these use the symbol " and the significance, if any, is "I don't remember and I'm too lazy to look it up so I'll just put down what I think it is and call it a quote anyway."

[I don't mean to imply I don't care whether fans like the title, Earl; it's just that I don't intend to change it. I know it's not a perfect choice, but it was first used seven years ago, and thus has sentimental or timebinding value; and besides I don't like for fanzines to change their names.

"An all-in-one-place letter column"? I thought I had one-- didn't I?]

GARY DEINDORFER, 40 Atterbury Avenue, Trenton 18, N.J.

Logorrhea brings to mind such unsavory things as leucorrhea, gonorrhea and diarrhea. It would be impossible for me to contract the first, the second could be quite annoying, and the last is that, but mainly uncomfortable. But the fact is that "logorrhea" is a terribly clever coinage and particularly good as a fanzine title, even if it does make one think of all those damned old diseases. I would not suggest you change it for the world.

[An unsolicited testimonial by Mr. Deindorfer, whose fine discerning good taste is obviously unimpeachable.]

REDD BOGGS, 270 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles 57, Cal.

Logorrhea strikes me as one of the best fanzines I've seen lately. I seem to remember see saying that about another fanzine, too, not long ago -- probably about Enclave -- but it is a sincere tribute. Logorrhea, if that is the correct way to spell it, is certainly a fine job all around.

I dunno why the LASFS meets on Thursday. I suppose it's because Fridays and Saturdays are evenings devoted to dates and Other Things. I'm not sure whether these evenings haven't been tried at one time or another, but Thursday is the traditional LASFS meeting night, and it would probably be difficult to change after all

-----  
"I remember when I was actively fanning in my church." -----  
-----



these years.

When you come out here, we can publish a one-shot and title it The Redd Perry.

Omaha/Lincoln. I just realized I've Been There. They are 40 or 50 miles apart, sort of twin cities, and may grow together someday, eh? I stopped in either Omaha or Lincoln -- it was the one somewhat west and a little south, I think. It seemed like a pleasant, middlesized city and had some sort of a lake in the center of town -- the first lake I'd seen in 5481 miles.

[You were in Lincoln, Redd, though I can't place the lake. There's one on the edge of town, about a mile from the business district, and there's a sunken garden with a pool in the center of town. It must be one of those you're thinking of.

The paragraph on the LASFS meeting night, baffled readers, is in reference to a suggestion in a letter of mine that the joke current in the middle fifties that Thursday was the night homosexuals were active might have come from Laney. It takes a little space to make this plausible, even to me, but briefly the idea was that FTL might have passed anecdotes about the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society on to the professional writers he knew, and they might have formulated a running joke about homosexuals meeting on Thursdays; from the writers it would have gone to spread among professional Hollywood people and become an IN joke among show-biz people, and finally escaped to the general public years later. I know it sounds far-fetched, but it would have been equally hard to connect "23 skidoo" with Dickens.

My thanks go to Redd as well as to Rich Brown for supplying information on how to cut illos in stencils. I hope to put their advice to work next issue.]

---

I'm too deeply in debt to Walter Willis to hesitate to borrow also his method of honoring locs that didn't get printed by publishing the addresses of the writers. I am including also those of fans who offered fanzines in trade or responded in other appreciated methods. The theory is that other faneds will send their zines; and I know this works because I've received a number each time my own address appeared in Hyphen.

Frederick A. Lerner, 926 Furnald Hall, Columbia College, New York 27 N.Y.

Pat Scott, Postal Box 401, Anacortes, Washington.

Genie Arnold, 606 West 116th Street, New York 27, N.Y.

A2C Richard W. Brown, Box 2004, CMR, APO 132, New York N.Y.

Bill Rotsler, 971 North La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, California.

Dick Lupoff, 210 East 73rd Street, New York 21 N.Y.

Robert Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana.

Paul Williams, 163 Brighton Street, Belmont, Mass.

Ted White, 339 Forty-ninth Street, Brooklyn 20, N.Y.

Norman Metcalf, P.O. Box 336, Berkeley 1, California.

Les Gerber, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, N.Y.

John Boardman, Box 22, New York 33, N.Y.

..and John Koning, whose address, alas, due to a high state of entropy in the editorial quarters, I cannot find, even to send him the loc I wrote on his MICROTOME (an appropriate name, by the way, for that small weighty fanzine).

---

"When Igorots is bliss, 'tis folly to be white."

FG

MARINES SUBDUE  
MIMEO CRANKS

I sat on the hard bench and stared at the walls till I couldn't see them. They were the ugly walls of a police station, rough plaster painted the most hideous color available, in this case a light violet. Down the hall, behind the closed door marked with the name of the chief, the police commissioner argued with the top cops what to say about the staple murders.

The first one had been just another murder in a big town -- a rummy found in the park with his head bashed in. It was being moved off the front page after one edition when the police doctor said that the cause of death was not simple skull fracture. "A wire staple penetrated the skull and entered the brain," he had told me in the hospital corridor, his surgeon's hands fiddling with his stethoscope. "You may know, young man, that brain waves are electrical in nature. Well, the steel staple grounded the brain -- you might say that the electricity leaked out. Very unusual."

The next victim had been a co-ed at the municipal university. Her clothing had not been disarranged, but I needed an angle and had almost talked the lieutenant in charge into hiking up the skirt so I could write that she was partially disrobed when a bull walked up with a staple in one hand. "Hey, whaddaya make uh this, huh?" "It looks like a staple," said the lieutenant. "What about it?" "Well, it was right there beside her head," the cop said. "Say lieutenant, ya suppose --"

They rushed the meat to the hospital and the same police doctor confirmed it. "Two holes in the skull just match the width of the staple," he said. "Furthermore her neural system is completely out of juice. You might compare it to a burned-out battery." The doc was a great help. We ran his picture with the staple two columns on the outside, and it wasn't long before he had a syndicated column that explained medicine to the layman.

Two nights later they found the next victim -- a husky Negro laborer. There were no signs of a struggle. We got a quote from the chief of police: "There was no signs of a struggle, indicating" -- he glanced at a bit of paper he was holding -- "that there was no struggle. I can only conclude that the killer uh easily overpowered this big ni--this husky colored laborer. We are dealing with a deadly adversary, gentlemen!"

Over the summer the killings mounted. An old lady, a college instructor, a seven-year-old boy, a prominent businessman -- it was just the boost the summer circulation needed. It didn't hurt the hat business either. Derbies were coming back in.

I began to wear one myself, with a PRESS card in the brim, of course. (No, no one did.)

Then as fall began came the latest one. A sexy young blonde nursing student, killed in her own apartment, apparently as she was about to take a bath. The photographers had vied with one another for tasteful but sexy shots. And the police commissioner huddled with the departmental brass. Would they have something to say, or were they just ogling the unretouched prints we had supplied them "to help the pursuit of justice"?

At the other end of the corridor was the Youth Bureau. Two young policeman walked by, leading a boy carrying a stapler. "Another shoplifter, eh Tony?" I said as they

-----  
"I keep getting SHAGGY and I don't know why."

-----Belle Dietz.\*

-----  
(\*Thanks to Joe Pilati for providing this lino.)



passed.

"Reckon so," said the cop with a grin. "What else would a thirteen-year-old be doing out at this time of night with a stapler?" They led him into the Youth Bureau where shoplifting, glue-sniffing, bike-cobbing and such juvenile offenses were dealt with.

I picked up a crumpled bulldog edition of the paper and turned to read the comics again. "Wonder what a kid wants with a stapler anyhow," I mused, half-aloud. "Klepto, I suppose."

Then it hit me. A stapler! And what had the staple murders been committed with? A staple.

It was a wild idea, but I got up and ambled down the hall. Tony was interrogating the suspect while his partner read a comic book. "All right, sonny," Tony was saying, "you can tell me where you stole it. Then we put your name down on a card and you can go home. That's all."

"But it's mine, I tell you," said the kid. "I put out mizeen with it."

Tony sighed. "Sure you do, fella." He came to me. "Tough case," he said. "He won't crack."

"Hmm," I said sympathetically. "Say Tony, I just had a funny idea. Do you suppose that stapler could be connected with --"

"With the staple murders?" He smiled at me with the tolerance of the professional for the layman. "Naah. He's just a kid." He gestured. The boy was a young 13, I decided--still wearing one of those beanies with a fan on the top. I nodded. "Besides, look at this." Tony showed me the stapler. "See? Those jaws are only about an inch apart. How could you get a person's head between them?"

"I guess you're right. Just a crazy idea I had." I turned to go. "I guess I'll get back and-- Tony! Wait a minute!"

"Huh?"

I picked up the stapler. "Look." I pressed a stud at the back of the little staple gun, where the jaws joined. The bottom jaw swung down loosely. "See? You grab it by the bottom part"--I did so--"and the top swings loose to make a perfect sap." I demonstrated by coshing Tony's partner over the head. He dropped his comic book and slowly keeled over, a staple imbedded in his skull.

Tony looked at me, visibly impressed. "Why, you're right! Say, may I tell my lieutenant about this? I'll give you the credit of course --"

"Not necessary," said I with a wave of the hand. "It'll look better in the public prints if a rookie cop solved it."

"You're a real pal." Tony dashed off, leaving me alone with the kid. I looked uneasily over at the little menace. The best defense is offense, I told myself, and moved in for an interview.

## II

Perhaps it would have ended there, had not young Jacob Edwards (for that was his

-----  
"May I use the dollar tonight?"

-----Gwen



name) been a minor, or had not the laws in that state been what they were. But young Edwards was turned over to the Juvenile Court, and the judge ordered an investigation of his background, and slowly the incredible facts began to emerge.

The kid's motive had been robbery, of course. But what had he wanted the money for? It turned out he was deeply in debt to several office-supply stores for paper and mimeograph equipment.

By now perhaps you'll remember some of the details of what was easily voted The Story of The Year by the managing editors participating in the AP's poll that year. It was on all the front pages for months. The wire-service bureaus in my city had their staffs doubled by big-time reporters. All the columnists came. And before long the strange jargon of the ~~strange~~ subworld we had discovered was on everyone's lips.

At first it seemed simple enough. "It's a lot like ham radio," the kid said repeatedly. "Amateur journalism."

"You mean play newspapers?" I asked at that interview.

"Naw," he said scornfully. "More like magazines. Here, I'll show you." He produced a sheaf of green stapled paper. Perhaps I noticed absently even then the ecstatic expression he assumed as he looked on it. He handed it to me and I leafed through it. A cover cartoon that wasn't funny, closely typed pages with some of the lines sideways, a disjointed conversation on the back. As I gave it back, I definitely did notice his look of joy as he glanced at the meaningless cartoon on the cover. I had seen hopheads aplenty: anything that made a person that happy was bound to be illegal.

The psychiatrist, Dr. Wingate, was just arriving as I left the cell. "What's wrong with him, doc?" I asked. "He looks so damn happy when he's looking at those paper things."

The doctor adjusted his heavy black glasses. "Simple derangement. Whether functional or situational I have yet to determine."

"Will he ever get over it? Be a normal kid again?"

"Time will tell," he replied, shaking his huge shaggy head. "Time will tell." He walked past me into the cell.

I had signed the kid up for a series of exclusive interviews that first night, then cemented the deal with his folks. I had almost unlimited access to him, though neither the cops nor the defense attorney liked it a bit. But we were running the press five minutes extra each edition to keep up with the burgeoning demand, and I felt the circulation jump in my paycheck each week.

Dr. Wingate kept coming in as I went out. One day I grabbed him as he passed me. "Doc, level with me. What are you finding out?"

He seemed relieved to talk to someone about it. "Have you ever heard of glue-sniffers, young man?" he asked.

Indeed I had. Model airplane dope will give you kicks if you breathe enough of it. Teens were busted for it daily, under a statute that makes it illegal for anyone to

---

"Man is not bred by living alone."

—VM

impair the health of a minor. "Sure," I said. "So?"

His eyes glittered. "I think I have discovered something new -- ink-sniffing."

"You mean those magazines --?"

"Precisely," he said. "Mimeograph ink. Duplicating fluid is quite similar chemically. (Both contain atoms.) Young man -- I have hesitated to speak to these ignorant police on such matters -- but I wonder if I may not have happened upon a whole new field of international crime."

"Like dope peddling?"

"Just so." He lowered his tones. "You see, these mimeographed magazines are produced in far parts of the world, and sent by the public mails to children of all ages across the country. For a small amount of money an adolescent can purchase a subscription and get them -- many of them -- quite regularly. The centers of publication are in New York and California, the sin centers of America. Another center seems to exist in Great Britain, with its socialized medicine."

I listened. The magazines provide only a whiff of the potent ink, Dr. Wingate explained. Soon a child was lured by his need for the drug into subscribing to dozens of them. Then, insatiable, he would perforce turn to buying the ink himself. The worst was that the addict was unaware of his slavery to the habit -- his reasoning powers lulled by the drug, he easily believed that the gibberish on the inked pages was a form of subtle self-expression, indeed of high humor. He rationalized his own ink-buying by publishing a mimeographed "magazine" (sheets of paper smeared with ink) which he sent to others in exchange for theirs.

If necessary he would lie, cheat, steal and kill to feed his habit. Such had been the fate of young Jacob Edwards.

"Doc," I said thoughtfully after he was done, "I wonder if you could come down to the paper to see the publisher?" He came.

We broke it big in a copyrighted story, complete with a glossary of ink-addict slang. You may recall some of the terms--"egoboo: the 'kick' received from mimeo ink"; "gafia: an attempt to break the habit, usually unsuccessful"; "BNF: a major source of ink"; "slan: a fellow addict." Dr. Wingate explained that these terms were understood on two levels, with the conscious drugged portion of the mind inventing a meaning to suit the imaginary world it lived in, while the subconscious understood the real meaning and hid it from the conscious to further the death-wish. He went on to explain in technical terms the treatment necessary to clear engrams.

Then things happened fast. Parents across the nation demanded action. Mobs of mothers surged in the streets, wrecking mimeograph shops. Adult suppliers of the drug--so-called "faneds"--were strung up in the streets. Congress passed emergency legislation banning mimeo'd matter from the mails and making possession or manufacture of mimeographs illegal. Full-scale raids were conducted in every town.

But nothing could be done about the real menace--at least, nothing legal. The "faneds" who lived safely outside the country could mail their magazines into the U.S. with impunity; reciprocal mail agreements made it impossible to ban foreign mimeographed material without new treaties.

Fortunately the President saw his opportunity. Great Britain sent only a mild note

"Doreen, you're dead. That's why Huxley can't hear you." --JS



when the Marines landed in Belfast. The United States, as a token of conciliation, court-martialed a reserve sergeant for unnecessary brutality and docked him six liberties. The arch-BNF of them all was reported to have escaped, however, and Interpol hunted him on three continents!

It was a great day at the paper. The President beat the Governor to pardoning young Jacob Edwards for the staple murders, making his trial unnecessary. "We well know who truly perpetrated these murders," he said. I was sent to interview the boy as he was released from his cell.

The superintendent of the detention home mounted the stairs with me. I carried a copy of the latest edition with the pardon banner; a cameraman was at my heels to catch the boy's delight on seeing it. The door was unlocked and I entered, proud of myself and of my nation.

I was not prepared for the sight that greeted me. "Doctor!" I cried. "Quick, get a doctor!"

But it was too late for a doctor. The boy's cold body lay on the floor. The propellor of his weird hat had penetrated his heart. "It's got to be an accident," I said. "He fell on it. That's what happened."

"Yes," said the doctor grimly, covering the little body. "He fell on it. That's what happened." I wrote it down in my notebook, and that's the way the paper ran it next edition.

XXX

QRM (concluded from page two):

Joe Pilati's column is a very welcome addition to Log: despite the letter column, I had begun to feel I was talking to myself. I invite others to submit material—articles and interlineations are most needed at present. Subject matter may embrace anything that seems likely to be of interest to fans, or at least some fans. In spite of contrary evidence in the letter column, I continue to believe that the what-has-it-got-to-with-science-fiction crowd is extinct, though there may be a few throwbacks.

Joe Pilati (rhymes with Grow Spaghetti) is a very mature seventeen years old. I mention this not because it has any bearing on his column, but rather to save the reader from possible embarrassment: when I first heard from Joe he said he disliked Logorrhea as the name of a fanzine, and I replied that I no longer liked it quite so well either but I was stuck with it since I'd started the magazine when I was sixteen years old. I can almost taste the shoe leather even now.

Joe publishes ENCLAVE, which is a much better fanzine than Logorrhea. There may be no one on Log's mailing list who doesn't get it, but if you don't you ought to. Thirty-five cents to Joe at 111 South Highland Avenue, Pearl River, New York will bring you a big chonky fanzine.

If you're a little insecure about your own maturity, though, perhaps you ought to skip it. I know since encountering Joe and then Paul Williams, who is fifteen, I've felt at times like the psychiatrist in "In Hiding."

Log #5 may be out by Christmas. May you prosper--

—Tom Perry.

-----  
"A fatted calf covers many shins."  
-----

—W