

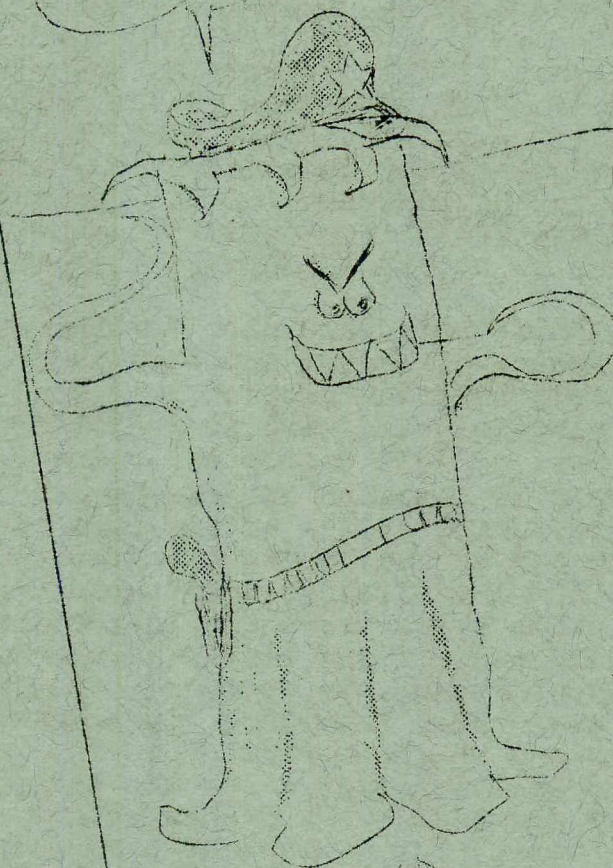
LOG

Number 5 of an occasional fanzine from Thomas Perry, 4018 Laurel Avenue, Omaha 11, Nebraska (68111). The magazine is sent free to fans who seem to be interested. Some parts of this issue are intended to be humorous; other parts, unfortunately, are not.

I would have reviewers who intend to make favorable remarks mention that LOG is not for sale.

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WILLIS HAS
IMPECCABLE
TASTE.



Willis thank
bad Heinlein
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QRM

The title of this fanzine has been LOGORHEA ever since it was founded in 1956. Now, however, in response to overwhelming popular demand, I am changing it to something more in keeping with the modern revolution in fannish tastes and easier to spell. An' a LOG it is.

But I am not going to confuse everyone by a sudden change. Instead, I will confuse everyone by keeping both names on the cover for a while, as another great editor has done before me. If nothing else it will keep lawyers guessing about which one to use in writs of coram nobis and preliminaries to libel suits.

The L on the cover is crudely copied from BLEEN #3, while the G is from GRUE #28. You may call this highbinding but I think of it as timebinding and I hope Dean Grennell does too.

The sercon stuff at the back of the issue is runover from KIPPLE. Ordinarily, I suppose, I'd let an argument die if I thought the fan whose zine it was being held in wouldn't or couldn't conduct it fairly. But I've decided this one is better read than dead. For one thing, it involves an SF author who, I think, has had his reputation in fandom hurt by misrepresentations of the document Ted Pauls writes of with such fervor and (in my opinion) bias. For another, it involves a fan I admire and respect and whom I would prefer not to offend, even though I disagree with him. If Walt Willis is offended by anything he sees in LOG, at least it will have been by something I actually said.

Having discussed one aspect of the argument at such length, I suppose I may as well try to set down the substance of the original disagreement. In Willis's column reprinted in Kipple #44 from Warhoon #10, Walt sets out to prove "(1) that nuclear war can destroy our civilization and (2) that this would not be in the interests of the human race." I suspect few people could find any fault with these propositions. Where I disagree is when Walt tries to attribute opposite beliefs to Heinlein.

Besides the "crackpot manifesto" dealt with further on, Walt's evidence for this is "the recurrence of sadism and worship of violence" in Heinlein's works and "the fact that the vicious philosophy of 'Starship Troopers' is put over plausibly and with no indication the author realized its stupidity." But, as Enid Jacobs has pointed out in Kipple, violence is standard fare in American entertainment; "April is the cruellest month," as T.S. Eliot writes in his poem about television, and both radio-TV drama and stefnal adventure stories seem to be in the period of adolescence. And I'm afraid I don't consider TROOPERS plausible at all. It seems to me there are indications in it, as in GLORY ROAD, that Heinlein was writing tongue-in-cheek. The so-called "limited democracy," for instance, is obviously a self-perpetuating oligarchy: no one can vote until they have given service to the government, during which they can be indoctrinated to the prevailing philosophy or killed. In an early chapter a boy who planned to go into politics and "make some changes" is cashiered out of the infantry (and thus denied citizenship) for a minor offense his instructor admits being responsible for. Is Heinlein serious? Or is he teasing the reader, testing him, requiring him to identify a totalitarian state by himself from the same evidence he would have as a member of it? There are other signs in the book to point to this.

[continued on bacoover]

Persistence of Memory

BY
JOE
PILATI

Exposed Ganglia

The worst writing in the world does not appear in fanzines. This is only my opinion, and I realize I'm going out on a limb by publicizing it in a prime specimen of that literary genre unswervingly devoted to self-depreciation, a fanzine. Still, as an act of raw honesty and selfless sacrifice to the Goddam Hobby I enjoy most, I'd like to point out that there is at least one medium in which the average printed product is twice as puerile as the average issue of the now-defunct (knock wood) WILLIAM E. NEUMANN SF READER. "But that's not possible!" the bleary-eyed reader will protest.

Yes it is.

I submit as exuberant evidence the following lead sentence from Willis Conover's liner notes for the album Herbie Mann at the Village Gate:

Herbie Mann is a mass of exposed ganglia.

Mr. Conover, in his next paragraph, goes on to say that Herbie Mann would refrain from "taking offense, for he knows what ganglia are, [and he would] turn wary but read on." Assuming Herbie Mann reads his own liner notes, that is.

Record album liner notes are a peculiar institution. Their raison d'être, simply enough, is to make certain that the flipside of the purty colored photographs on album jackets does not remain blank. They take up space, and I must admit they perform that function rather admirably. As reading matter, however, liner notes leave almost everything to be desired.

Ralph Gleason, in the notes for Jazz Impressions of Black Orpheus by the Vince Guaraldi Trio, says that at the 1959 Cannes Film Festival, the film "Black Orpheus" "captured the hearts and the imaginations of those who saw it." Gleason then pauses while we soak up the insight in the preceding paragraph, and begins his new paragraph thus:

It also captured their ears, because it contained several beautiful songs ...

I assure you, this is not by any means an atypical example of transition-between-paragraphs in liner notes. You've heard of "goshwow attitudes"? Read liner notes. Goshwowoboyoboyoboy.

One of my personal favorites in this connection is the opening to James Moody's Another Bag. Absorb, dear readers, the words of Cleveland disc jockey Al Clarke:

Jazz is American...As American as fire crackers on the fourth of July or presents at Christmas. Jazz is our own unique music that grew, grew and grew until the whole world sat up and listened. It is the music best suited to express sad and happy moods. Jazz expresses all aspects of life. Never before has so much of life been put into sound as has been put into the patterns of jazz.

Aside from the inclusion of a few two- and three-syllable words, Mr. Clarke's staccato prose might well be a leading candidate for republic-

ation in the Dick and Jane Readers. Whether jazz is all that American I leave to better minds than my own (hi there, Ted White), but as for the assertion that jazz is as American as "presents at Christmas," I would venture to say that Al Clarke has unwittingly created a Frankincense Monster for himself.

Probably the uppermost consideration in the mind of the liner-note writer is surprise value. Liner notes are generally crawling with homely anecdotes and biographical notes, the most gripping and poignant of which are often included at the very beginning. Note, for example, this from the notes for Kirk's Work, written by Joe Goldberg:

The first thing Roland Kirk ever tried to get music out of was a water hose. That was when he was six years old.

Sometimes jazz musicians are allowed to write their own liner notes, rather than relinquish the task to one of a dozen or so critics. The results are no less disastrous. The classic example might be in Dave Brubeck's dedication on his Time in Outer Space album. Uncle Dave Dedicated it "to Lt. Col. John H. Glenn, Jr." The rest of the notes are on a par with that stunning line, which is to say blah.

I can't be sure of this, but I suspect that the liner notes from nor jazz albums aren't much better than the few I've quoted. One thing, though, is clear as Saran Wrap: liner notes are a mass of exposed ganglia. And that ain't too pretty.

Semanticswise, I'm a traditionalist.

The Day Calvin Demmon Didn't Say Anything Funny

I should point out that the only liner notes Ted White ever wrote, for John Handy's No Coast Jazz, are singularly excellent. But Ted White is only the secondary subject of this essay. The primary subject, to speak, is the highly acclaimed Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, formerly of Berkeley and currently of Larry Ivie's Youth Hostel.

One Saturday afternoon not too long ago I knocked on the door of 339 Forty-ninth Street, Brooklyn. Just as my knuckles were getting on the door came open. I had fully expected to find mangy (but amiable) Ted E. White, proprietor of 339 Forty-ninth Street, standing there before me, and so sure was I that TEW would be there, that I didn't even look at the Opener of the Way. "You must be Seth Johnson," I said brightly, "I can tell by the Creamsickle stains on your sweatshirt."

"No, I'm Calvin Demmon," replied the slightly bearded young man in the doorway. I scrutinized him warily. Yes, indeed, he did look a little callow and pristine. Couldn't be Ted White; not at all lecherous and libertine looking. I decided he was, verily, Calvin Demmon. "You must be Joe Pilati," Calvin Demmon ventured.

"Yes," I muttered darkly, forcing a smile. It was good to see Calvin Demmon for the first time, but I had been saving that Seth Johnson ploy for literally minutes....

Inside the White place, Sam and Ted and the li'l ones were having pancakes and milk for breakfast. It was 3:30 PM. Ted paused, looked up from his maple syrup, and greeted me. "That's Calvin Demmon," he said, gesturing toward the person claiming to be Calvin Demmon.

"Yes, I believe him," I said.

For the rest of the afternoon, I waited for Calvin Demmon to start reeling off oral Biffables. If he didn't do that, I expected him to talk in interlineations, at the very least. But as we sat around in the jazz-filled living-and-most-everything-else room of the White residence, surrounded by the friendliest felines in the Western Hemisphere, Calvin Demmon sounded no more like the Calvin Demmon of song and fable (made legendary in fan dens from coast to coast, in tales of semantic wonderworks passed down from BNF to neo) than Seth Johnson. (I'm exaggerating for effect, of course.)

As the day wore on, I worked up the sheer gall to ask Calvin Demmon why he wasn't saying anything Devastating.

"Well, gee, I don't know," was his devastating reply.

About this time Calvin had to make his exit and thence make for the subway for somewhere or other. Ted and I accompanied him to the subway entrance a few blocks away. In mid-trek, Calvin noticed a brand-new subway entrance being constructed somewhat close to Ted White's place. "Look at that," he said.

"Yes, it's almost finished," Ted intoned knowledgably, tapping the plywood surrounding a massive mound of dirt and a gaping wound in the city street.

"Ahahahahahaha," said Calvin. Then he said, "Well, gee, Joe, I'm sorry I didn't say anything Sparkling and Witty like I promised I would a couple blocks back. I really tried, Honest."

"That's all right," I called down to him as he descended to the BM I hate to see a grown man whimper.

And even though this "Calvin Demmon" didn't say anything Sparkling and Witty, I still believe he was Calvin Demmon. You can't just sound like Calvin Demmon in public, even if you are the genuine article. It is a proud and lonely thing to maintain a fannish legend.

Southern diner: a lyncheonette.

Prehistory for Beginners

Buck Coulson once remarked that nothing is duller than last year's fanzines. There are exceptions to this rule -- fanzines featuring material both good and timeless -- but in the classic phrase, they're not too many. On the other hand, when the pages of a fanzine discolored beyond a certain point, they take on a new aura of fascination. That the distinction between last year's fanzine and last decade's: the latter becomes a vehicle for either awakened sense-of-wonder or reawakened nostalgia. An early SHAGGY or CRY has a musty magnetism that transcends the stark fact of its antiquity.

Gerry de la Ree, who was once a hyperactive fan, but who now writes a sports column for the Bergen County (N.J.) Record and sells old and rare stuff, recently gave me a glimpse of fandom four years before I was born. He sent me the April-May 1942 issue of SUN SPOTS, a fanzine he co-edited with someone named Roderick Gaetz. It provided half an hour of diversion for me, and perhaps I can give you a tenth of that.

SUN SPOTS does not afford me the opportunity to make use of one hoary chestnut about fandom long ago: that mimeo paper was once a niddle a ream. It may well have been (in any case, no myth is more depressing to contemporary fanpublishers) but SUN SPOTS seems to have been printed letterpress fashion. It's a small fanzine, consisting of a mere dozen five-by-eight-inch pages, and the typographical makeup reminds me of nothing more than Robert W. Lowndes's two-column letter pages in FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION and ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, the last of the fan-patronizing prozines.

The lead item in the issue I have is a lone editorial headed "War Affects Fandom," which serves notice: "The editors of Sun Spots have talked the situation over and have decided to keep our fanzine at its present size and cost, despite the world conflagration. ... It is doubtful, however, that the war can entirely kill fandom, at least if we judge by the fans of the besieged British Isles. ... The older fans leave it yo to you, the younger fans, to keep the banners of science fiction flying. Don't let them down."

Typos are the bane of those of us who bang away at stencils, but even Fancy Expensive Printing doesn't purge them from fanzines. In one SUN SPOTS article, L.R. Chauvenet refers to "Mary Twain's greatest book, 'The Mysterious Stranger,' which has influenced me more than any other book." Say three Hail Marks and maybe it'll go away.

A news column entitled "The Trash Basket" informs readers: "L. Ron Hubbard, famous science fiction writer, is reported to be back in the United States recovering from a wound received in action. Hubbard is a Lt. Commander in the United States Navy." This was some years B.E. (Before Excalibur).

SUN SPOTS contains another column or two, and a page and a half of fanzine reviews. Eleven fanzines receive the briefest of evaluations plus a rating on a one-to-five-star scale. A fanzine out of Maryland, with four stars, does the best of the lot; the editor and publisher is named Harry Warner, Jr.

There's an initial shock a child of the atom age experiences at the sight of such an old fanzine. He thinks, "My Ghod! There was a fandom back then!" Even then, boys and a few girls, and men and a few women, many of them otherwise sane and sensible, allowed precious hours to vaporize away as fast as ditto fluid left in a measuring cup, in reading, writing, stencilling, publishing, illustrating, collating, stapling and mailing fanzines. It kind of chokes me up.. To think of it! To conjure up an inexact but appropriate analogy, even the Great Plague in sixteenth-century Europe couldn't endure as long as fandom.

JOE PILATI.

Last issue I made what I thought was a harmless pun about #not inaugurating a precedent, just promoting a vice.# Now I can only look back on it with horror. For an instant Willis's musings about the cataclysmic effect of the Ultimate Pun assumed the stature of a revelation. I do not mean this as a joke in bad taste, or even one in good taste. Religions have been based on less, I think.

TOM PERRY.

VEPRATOCA: a locol

This is in the way of being a letter column -- right in the way, you'll complain, but I must explain some things before you get to peek at my mail if you're to understand the first letter.

Since Walt Willis is a very special person in my book, he gets his copies of LOG by first-class airmail. Since Hyphen 34 arrived about the time Log 4 went out, I used the mailing wrapper of his copy to write a loc. In it I commented on the two or three times in his Chicon report Willis mentions U.S. fans who were offensive to him, and went on to suppose that there are times when Walt itches to light into someone, but doesn't because his tremendous influence would destroy that person in fandom -- or at least that person might complain it had, using the Big Bad BNF ploy. I think this a pity, since it deprives us of Walt's perceptive judgments; but perhaps all of us are somewhat fuggheaded at times, and ought to be grateful we are spared his wrath.

NOW READ ON.

Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland.

It's a welcome surprise when the back cover of a fanzine turns out to be a letter, and this is a trend I think should be encouraged. It's another step towards the ideal fanzine I suggested once, to be called Booful, which would consist entirely of unrestrained praise of its subscribers. The only nit I would pick with this example is the worrying fact that the first letter of comment from America should single out for mention the two instances in which I was critical of individual American fans: I only hope the rest of US fandom won't be so keeneyed. I worried quite a bit about those two references but I felt I had to keep them in because after all they did happen, and they were important to us, and it would I felt have been in a sense ungrateful to the people who invited me across to write a report that wasn't as truthful as good manners would permit.

You have a very perceptive comment there about me being rude to people, and indeed I still haven't quite got over being accused of bullying when I thought I was just engaging in a friendly argument with a fellow fan, at a time when I still regarded myself as something of a neofan. I've found it so inhibiting that I've resorted to all sorts of ruses like making up baquotes: once I thought of inventing another fan, a sort of enfant terrible of Irish Fandom, and indeed I had an imaginary dialogue with him in an article in, I think, A BAS, but I have enough trouble keeping one fan active without creating another. So nowadays I tend to put my criticism in the form of more or less gentle sarcasm, or keep quiet altogether. The one exception I made recently was a letter of comment on an article on censorship, and that only because I knew from personal experience of its author last year that he enjoyed a good knock-em-down-and-drag-em-out argument, and had so little timidity that at parties he seemed to resemble some jungle primate in the way he beat his breast and roared out defiance—a sort of harangue-outang, as you might say. But then the fmz with my letter appeared, heralded in Belfast by the arrival of two pages of airmailed incoherent expostulation, more in sorrow than in anger but not very much, accusing me among other things of hurling excrement at his poor defenceless reputation. Heigh ho.

I see you've started to list all the people who responded to the last issue, and it's interesting to see this fine old tradition being carried on just at the moment I've dropped it. I still think it is the right thing to do, but so many people in the States raised with me the point that it looks like a list of people who don't write interesting letters that I decided my repeated explanations—that an unquoted

letter may be just as interesting and valuable as a quoted one—were just not getting through.

I note that I'm an internationally renowned paraphrast. Thank you. I think this must be the first time a person has been internationally renowned for something without knowing what it is.

Pilati is a decided acquisition, and it's good to see someone else carrying on the fine old fannish sport of Campbell-baiting. I used to practise this myself, until his magazine got so bad I couldn't even read it for ammunition. (I have James White keeping watch on it for me, however, in case it should rocket back up to mediocrity.) This long abstinence from provocation has made me very kindly and tolerant, and the way I feel at the moment is that if anyone is entitled to kill magazine science fiction, it's the man who created it.

Pilati also raises in print for the first time a point which I'd often noticed myself, that the written vocabulary of fans is much wider than their spoken ones. It applies to much more than fandom, however, or at least it did. For a long time, until in fact John F. Kennedy took over from Arthur C. Clarke, the average sf fan thought in words he never heard spoken, mostly astronomical terms. George Charters once wrote a lovely little poem on these lines, rhyming Penelope with hope and so on, and I remember meeting an old guard fan way back in the early forties—he sold me his copy of the original Fancyclopoedia—who consistently spoke of Galaxy and Nebula.

I liked your Reporter's Notebook very much this time, though I mourn your stealing one of my backlog of plots for faanfiction stories. Mine was simpler than yours though—I was intending merely to extrapolate from model airplane dope to correcting fluid. Aren't they both based on amyl acetate? But your theory is developed with such devilish plausibility I almost feel myself wondering if there might not be something in it. (Best)

[Besides the two (or three, or three) persons involved, I don't imagine any American fans will complain of your exceedingly gentle criticism of people who had, after all, earned it by their own rudeness. I only mentioned it to comment on the polite way you dispatched your salvos. The roundhouse swing more characteristic of others' con reports probably would have drawn no comment. §§ On this subject, I was unhappy to see that your exchange with Alderson Fry was not recorded in the Proceedings. Possibly it wasn't caught on the tape, but if it was I think it should have been left in.]

"It is a humble and raucous thing to be a decided acquisition." -JP

TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland.

No, I didn't decide to trade because I found out that Pilati was doing a column for you (I thought Joe's column in #4 rather unexceptional, as a matter of fact). The reason Kipple #47 was the first issue on which a "T" appeared was because I didn't receive Logorrhea #3 until after #46 was mailed out.

Incidentally, how can "Pilati" be pronounced like "spaghetti"? (Cheers)

[Try standing on a chair.]

"Sodiumdiaminodihydroxyarsenobenzenemethanalsulfoxylate!" -Ted Pauls

Paul Williams, 165 Brighton Street, Belmont, Massachusetts.

I didn't have any trouble finding the humor in this; I all I had to do is listen to myself laugh, and then make a checkmark where I laughed. Thus I am all prepared to win prizes for accurate guessing.

Another Jake Edwards story: Ted White apparently pulled from a hat (or actually from his many middle names) the perfect fannish name. Incidentally if you remember Stellar, you will be interesting in knowing that old pseudonyms never die. A fellow by the name of Charles Foster Ford writes movie reviews for The Tech at M.I.T. Yep, it's Larry again; after all, he started the Ford family of fine fans.

As for your story itself, I'm getting mighty tired of these silly little fan-fiction type pieces such as you and Charles Wells and various Fapans and others keep turning out. They're gag stories, a genre below gimmick stories. Almost all of these stories are involved with the relationship between fandom and mundane, in a frivolous sort of way. Why don't you try a serious one for the next "Reporter's Notes"?

Today at lunch I told my English teacher about quasi-quotes. I said that they were formed like "this," forgetting completely about the miraculous innovation of equotes. Shoot me.

I suspect that this "Thursday is queer's day", and the use of the color green on Thurs to denote homosexuality is all rather new, since the latest Dictionary of American Slang has nothing about it that I can locate. Have you a reference more than a year or two old? (Yhos)

[Yes! A gag based on it was used on the cover of one of Dave Rike's fanzines from back around 1955-56; I have it here somewhere and will dig it out when I do my definitive documented article on the subject. Even so, though, I know it dates back at least to 1955, because I remember the jokes and allusions from then. Interestingly there was some connection with flying—under one's own power. Now maybe that part was simply because "real" fairies (like Tinker-belle you know) can fly, but it strikes me much the way the disdainful sophisticates of far-off 1948 might have viewed the people who read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff where the people fly around with jets on their backs.

Incidentally, Paul, the color shirt in the jokes around here was yellow rather than green, and from the Rikezine, it was apparently in California, too. If it was yellow it might simply be a hoary holdover from Oscar Wilde's day. But possibly not—does anyone know if any old-time Lasfan was notorious for yellow or green shirts?

(For new readers I'd best explain that all this refers to a speculation of mine in the last issue that the common joke about Thursday and homosexuals might be derived from Laney—that he might have joked about the members allegedly fairies to show-business contacts of his, who might have made a running joke of it that finally spread to mundane. The club's meeting day was and still is Thursday. Is anyone else interested in this scholarly research into etymology or entomology or whatever it is? Mister Burbee, would you deign to comment? §§ Also, I hope I'm not offending any present or former members of the club. If I am it's wholly unintentional.)

Finally, Paul, if that's Wentworth and Flexner's slang dictionary you refer to I'll say that it's valuable for what it contains but its omissions are many and inexplicable. For instance the common American slang word c----- is left out. So is egoboo.]

"If there's a Juan Bosch Society in the Dominican Republic, it certainly is a junta-ful thing."

-----Pilati

Jan (Sadler)Samuels, 663 Jefferson Heights, New Orleans, Louisiana.

The television is saying something like this: "He was very very lonely at the end; despite all we could do he died in pain. I feel so guilty; where were his friends?" Then a nurse's aide who looks like Kim Novak says: "You did all you could, Steve. You never knowingly let anyone down. I believe in you." They look at one another hungrily as if they wanted to clinch, but this being a Hospital, realize it's impossible. Unmedicine-like. Boy if the public really knew what hotbeds of sin hospitals are....they'd let Dr. Kildare have a little more fun, I bet. The Catholics have suspicions. Ever have a Catholic lady friend tell you, in sincerity— that is sincerITY, that Protestants try to lure faithful Catholics into gynecological wards so they can (wild maniacal laughter in background) Cut Out Their Female Organs? I have.

I don't want to ape Al Capp too faithfully, it's just that he's been preaching this menace to red-blooded Americans for several decades, and everybody laughs and laughs, until one fateful day when they actually look at one of these soap operas and stop short. Glue-sniffing is jolly kicks compared to hours every day listening to dialog predictable by the word. You get the feeling you've been there before. [Déjà vu it last time round?]

Which leads us (obliquely, a house of a different color) to another, similar emotion that crawls prickly up my backbone when I read in LOG quotes so familiar I could actually have said them. Willickers, even the initials at the end fit my own...could it be...? YES! I did say....but when?

The next best feature to the editor is Grow Spaghetti, who exercises his vocabulary jazzily, a writing example of my crusade of yesteryear to classify by other means than chronological age. But from up here, don't be so quick to delegate maturity; it has no market value. Being "mature" is complimentary only to the young, and then it is an anamoly. Anomoly? Oh hell, I'll have to go get the dictionary: ANOMALY.

That wasn't so bad after all, dictionary-reading is really rather fun. For instance, the meaning of ANALOG (variation of ANALOGUE) (not a handy bridge, I actually did run across the meaning) is "that which is analogous to some other thing." To be semantically basic, perhaps John W. Nameless is no longer endeavoring to be editorially ASTOUNDING, but "analogous to some other thing" that other thing being, say — the old Astounding. Analogous but not congruous.

What is Pilati's gripe against engineers and technicians and nuclear physicists? I like them. In fact I love them, I think they're a superior form of humanity. If anyone wants to fight about that remark, get your dukes up. I can fight—tell them, Thom*—unfettered by degrees, but bolstered by years of study of the type, and also "litry" types, "poetic creative" types, and the adjunct fields.

If Pilati doesn't like reading about engineers and scientific plots he should, velleich, pub his own zine replete with crusading politicians, heroic social workers, and modest but successful lawyers. But that wouldn't be science fiction, would it? Then he couldn't be a fan, could he?

Triple thanks for Log. There's a quality about the very best fanzines that reminds you of a letter from a friend at a distance. Hyphen has it, Psy did, and even the Vorzine (does anyone but me remember Peter J. Vorzimer?)...Log has it too. ()

[*Yes, you should see her box. (Sorry, Jan, I guess the pun is mightier than discord.)]

"...and then he propositioned me on behalf of the Young Socialists."-JS

In the following letter, this Mr. Grennell is neither screaming at us nor sending us a wire—it's just that his is an up-style typewriter.

Dean A. Grennell, Rt. 2, Box 441, Germantown, Wisconsin.

MUTED CRIES OF HEAR-HEAR TO YOUR LETTER TO BALLANTINE. I ENCOUNTERED IAN BALLANTINE AT THE CHICON 3. HOW IT HAPPENED WAS I WENT UP TO THE BAR TO BUY A COUPLE DRINKS AND THERE WAS THIS CHAP SMOKING A PIPE AND I SQUEERED AT HIS NAMETAG—YOU SQUEER WHEN YOU DON'T QUITE SQUINT, NOR PEER, BUT SOME OF BOTH—STUCK OUT MY HAND AND SAID, "MR. BALLANTINE, I'VE READ A LOT OF YOUR BOOKS—AND DRANK A LOT OF YOUR ALE." HIS INTERPLAY OF EXPRESSION WAS INTERESTING TO OBSERVE.

INTERESTED IN YOUR VERSION OF WHAT JOE GIBSON MEANT BY THE COMMENTS IN G2 ON GRUE 31. I INTERPRETED IT TO MEAN THAT HE WAS CHIDING ME WITH UNWONTED, UNGIBSONIAN KINDNESS, FOR NOT PUTTING OUT AN ISSUE OF GRUE COMPARABLE TO AND COMPATIBLE WITH PREVIOUS ISSUES. AS FAR AS 'RESTRICTING ITS DISTRIBUTION TO THOSE WHO SEND ME THEIR MAGAZINES' ...I PRESUME IT REACHED A HULL SLEW OF PEOPLE WHO HAD NOT ONLY NEVER SENT ME THEIR MAGAZINES BUT HAD NEVER HEARD OF ME. IT IS MAINLY THAT I HAVE A MONUMENTAL AVERSION TO ALL THE DRUDGERY THAT GOES WITH PUBLISHING A GENERAL AVAILABLE-FOR-SUBS-OR-SWAPS TYPE FANZINE...THE RECORD-KEEPING, THE BOOKWORK, THE LETTERS TO ANSWER, THE PEOPLE WHO WRITE AND SAY THEY SENT A QUARTER AND WANT TO KNOW WHYINELL THEY HAVE NOT YET GOT THEIR MAGAZINE...

AS FOR PUTTING IT OUT THE WAY IT WAS PRIOR TO 1956 OR SO, IT IS ALL BUT IMPOSSIBLE AT THIS TIME. I HAVE HOPES THAT ONE DAY IT MAY BE POSSIBLE AGAIN. BUT WHEN PUBLISHING A FANZINE STOPS BEING SOMETHING YOU DO BECAUSE YOU WANT TO DO IT AND BECOMES A DREADED TASK YOU WILL GO TO ANY LENGTH TO PROCRASTINATE YOUR WAY OUT OF, THEN IT IS TIME TO HOLD OFF FOR AS MANY YEARS AS THE SITUATION PREVAILS. OR SO IT SEEMS TO ME.
(BE OF GOOD CHEER MUCHACHO)

[Amen, Mr. Grennell.]

"THE LORD LOVETH A MOVING TARGET."

-DAG

Boyd Raeburn, 189 Maxome Avenue, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada.

Log. #2. I too dislike your title...it sounds like that of a crudzine, which your zine certainly is not. However, it's your title, and you can use it if you want to.

MiGhod, the U.S. is a police state if one is investigated just for trying to buy a typewriter with Russian characters. I am rather aghast that you take this so calmly. Not that there is much you can do, but you seem to accept the whole bit as part of the normal Amurrican Way of Life.

Log. #3. I well remember that Geis article in Oblique. It caused G----- W----- to first label Geis a communist for writing it, and then later to call Gould a communist because he published it. It wasn't a particularly original article in some respects, for at that time Geis was continually forecasting a depression, and he did turn out to be in this respect a rotten prognosticator.

I enjoyed your article on transliterating etc. One aspect of this which rather bugs me is the rendering of names from other languages into English letters for English-speaking people. It bugs me to be told that Pumiphon is pronounced Bumibol...why not write it Bumibol in the first place? If Peking is pronounced Bayping, why bother with this "Peking" jazz at all? The same sort of idiocy was pulled when various Pacific island languages were first set down in written form. (Regards)

"Do negro mathematicians have a natural sense of logarithm?"

-BR

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland.

I don't understand this thing of Campbell running a readership survey. Prozone editors are unanimous in their opinion that readers who respond to the magazines by mail are not representative of the readership as a whole and therefore the fans' opinions are not to be heeded. So unless Analog should get more than a 50% response from this study, the results will presumably be taken to indicate the opposite of their literal findings. In that case, Joe Pilati's suggestions would be catastrophic: Campbell is obviously hopeful that most of the persons sending in that little card will identify themselves as dump truck operators and road menders, for this will be the best possible proof that the silent readers, the majority who didn't send in the little cards, are the scientists for whom Campbell has long tried to slant his magazine.

Your story was lots of fun to read. One elderly reporter at my office is locally famous for his habit of sniffing carefully and lengthily anything he intends to read. Actually, there is a considerable difference in the scents of various books and magazines; I've found some new books so odorsome that I recall the aroma along with the theme and general appearance of the volume. (Yrs., &c.)

[I think the thing that's overlooked about that readership survey, Harry, is that Campbell is asking not only for opinions but for their proprietors' backgrounds. So that possibly the Pilati plan, if seriously considered, should have been for fans to lie themselves blue in the typer about their multiple degrees, their memberships in scholarly scientific societies, their affiliations with universities and large corporations—and then to have indicated they preferred the good old science fiction of the forties.]

"I can't get interested in Paul Anka's love life." -Norm Clarke.

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Well, sir, there is a colyum by ~~of~~ young Joe Pilati. Joe, along with a large segment of fandom it seems is complaining about Analog. Hell, the thing about Analog is that it publishes science fiction and this bugs a lot of fen whenever they emerge from the pages of F&SF long enough to take a look at the rest of the field. Too bad Joe isn't a subscriber; he'd have had a ball with the questionnaire JWC sent to subbers. Like what sort of booze do we prefer, what kind of cars do we drive, and other questions designed to impress the advertising agencies. And more power to him, say I. If he can make a go of the new Analog, complete with advertising, he may pump some life into a dying field.

Late thoughts on 'Late Thoughts on the Fan Poll': it occurs to me that Joe and Walter Breen exhibit a trait in common. Walter's letter of comment on the fan poll was a fine example of sour grapes. He was unhappy about the showing made by Fanac (and whatever happened to that?). Joe is unhappy about comments made about Smudge. Sort of "Smudge was so great a fanzine and I know because I edited it." Well, it may have been. I don't know; I never saw a copy. Don't cry, Joe.

And I agree ((with Breen)). Any fanzine that studiously ignores science fiction material ought to be ineligible for consideration. ()

[I think you misunderstand both Joe's and Walt's positions, Roy, though I couldn't guess at their motives for holding them. Anyway, it's good to see that someone enjoys Analog.]

I'm expecting a very important letter, or the manuscript back. -TP

Richard E. Geis, 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon

I've been thinking that when I Come Back into fandom I'll use an office copying machine as a duplicator. No ink, no stencils, no fluid, no purple masters, faithful repro of art, etc. Seems ideal, except it's probably very expensive. ((Ghod yes. Xerox advertises copies at six cents each—over a buck for every copy of a 20-page magazine. Nor is repro of art that good. Once I was forced to duplicate an old Hyphen I'd lost for my files (Willis kindly lent me the backish) and while the repro was acceptable, it was nothing more. Besides, having to dupe a magazine one-side-of-the-page would shoot your mailing costs way up.)) Still, for a limited number of copies it might work. Trades and a very few complimentary copies.

Curious how the Urge comes back each time I get a good fanzine in the mail. LOG is a good fanzine, of course.

Claude Hall! My God, is he still frothing on about me? I've forgotten what we were feuding about. Until I saw his name I'd forgotten HIM. I can't help wondering which bit of filth of mine in ADAM he refers to. I've sold them about 35 stories so far.

Question: Is there a city in this country where one can see uncensored foreign films? Or are they censored by officials before being allowed into this country?

[When I asked Dick if he wanted me to run his address being as he is a Professional Author he graciously said Yes and indicated he'd like to get fanzines from old friends if they feel like sending him any. He apparently has as little time to write letters as most writers, however.]

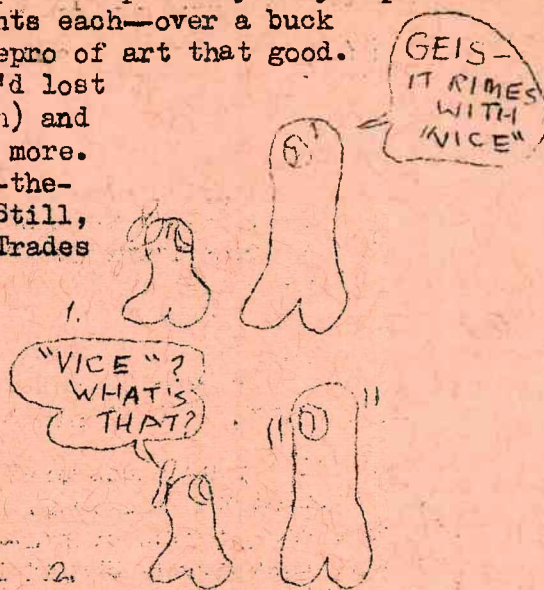
This is an independent Democratic fanzine.

-----RR.

Walter Breen, 2402 Grove Street, Berkeley 4, California.

On the assumption that your circulation isn't fandomwide, I intend to mention the Pilati plan ((of improving Analog by stuffing Campbell's readership poll)) in an issue of Fanac in the near future; I think JWCjr will be getting exactly what he deserves, only perhaps not quite enough of it. Bravo, Joe, for thinking up this particular plot!

But let me take slight issue with your ((i.e. Joe Pilati's)) blast at me. I was sick when I wrote that letter, too, evidently too sick to notice that I'd left out Comic Art from the list including Alter-Ego and Smudge. What I meant by maintaining they were not part of our fandom was not a matter of quality, but a matter of audience. Information available to me, indicated those zines went to an audience overlapping only in very small degree with that of our fandom. That Smudge, despite its high quality, received very little Fan Poll attention tends to confirm what I said above: very few voting fans had ever seen it. Under the circumstances I think I can protest being lumped with the "Narrower Horizons" groups—no thing new in fandom to judge by the examples not only of rigidly SF-oriented but of rigidly anti-SF or Insurgent-oriented people. Whether Kipple falls in this class I don't know, but one thing is definitely noticeable: its mailing list is drawing less and less on known fans and more and more on outsiders whose sole contact with fandom seems to be Kipple.



If Walt Willis had stayed in the USA a little longer, he might have learned that "unconsciousness of pigmentation differences" can go even farther than he suggests; the result is something derisively referred to, even by its spade beneficiaries, as "crow jimism." This story is told, as the truth, in many quarters, and I don't doubt it in the slightest: a fellow brings a guest to a liberal beer-party, and nobody pays any attention to him when he tries to introduce his guest...until he mentions that the guest is a negro. Then they positively fawn over said guest, and the guest leaves early in disgust.

[You mean they couldn't tell he was a Negro?

It seems to me there is a nice element of self-elimination operating in the Fan Poll that ought to make it unnecessary to eliminate anything arbitrarily as "not part of our fandom." If a certain zine has no fannish readers it will get no votes, and thus eliminate itself. If it does get votes, this indicates some fans read it and consider it a fanzine...and to that extent it is a part of our fandom.]

#Your missiles were pretty dependable -- how were ours?#

-DMR

Dick Lupoff, 210 East Seventy-third Street, New York 21, New York.

Regarding your Unanswered Letter to Ian Ballantine, I do feel that you are reasonably entitled to an answer. The question of posthumous editing—of previously published works or manuscripts—is a tangled one, and the Libertarian's instinctive position that Nobody Should Tamper with the Other Guy's Words is at once both strongly appealing and subject to all sorts objections.

I don't know how many of the readers of LOG are Burroughs fans (Edgar Rice, not John Rolfe, nor less William), but if there are any, they might compare the Ballantine Tarzans with the original book versions, or the forthcoming Canaveral Press edition of "Tarzan and the Tarzan Twins" with the original versions of the two stories of which it is composed...or the forthcoming CP First Editions of ERB manuscripts with the manuscripts (but I shall see to it that they never get that chance, if I can help it. Or maybe I won't. It might provoke some t rather interesting hysterics.)

Your review of g2 is a gem. I wish you had gone even deeper, and at at least three times the length.

A bit about Joe Pilati's objection to Walter Breen's objection to Alter-Ego and Smudge as "not part of our fandom." Joe does set up and knock down a couple of possible explanations for Walter's rather remarkable remark, but I don't think he hit on the right one, which is less a matter of "Narrower Horizons" than it is of simple faulty analysis.

When Walter says that these two zines are not part of our fandom, he is not referring to their topics, for, as any fan knows, any subject that is of interest to two or more fans is a fannish interest. (A specialized application of the principle that anything two or more fans do together is fanac.)

Walter's objection is that Alter-Ego and Smudge were edited and published, written and illustrated, by and for, and circulated among, members of Comics Fandom (AE) and Humor-Satire Fandom (Smudge), not "our" fandom, which is still, basically, SF Fandom, despite Everything. (YAY!-Pat Lupoff)

Therefore, not by topic, but by staff and (mostly) circulation, AE and Smudge were no more part of "our" fandom than are Railroad Magazine, or ACM (oo of the Association for Computing Machinery—all us machines are members, eh Ron?), or QX or

whatever the hell the radio hams call their fanzine. ((It's CQ—and QX is Lensman for "all right," isn't it?))

Comic Art, by contrast, although in topic closely related to both AE and Smudge, is produced and read by, largely, members of "our" fandom, starting with its editors and going on from there.

Now, where does the faulty analysis come in? Well, if AE and Smudge are not part of our fandom, then they are not read by "bur fans" and will not receive votes in the fan poll. But they did!

Therefore, obviously, either the poll was invaded by ringers who are not part of our fandom either...or AE and Smudge are (at least to the extent of their readers who voted in the fan poll) part of our fandom, and Walter has Faultily Analyzed the Situation.

But then, Walter is Down on the fan poll, perhaps because in the election for the 1963 committee, there was only one more candidate than there were positions to be filled, and Walter was the only loser. Winner Terry Carr theorizes that this is because it has been longer since Terry failed to publish the results of his Fanac poll than it has been since Walter failed to publish the results of his, and fans have short memories. (Bam!!!)

[Concerning the letter to Ballantine about the deletion in the Kornbluth story, I hope presenting the facts in the form of an "unanswered letter" didn't dull the point. I don't care if the firm answers or even reads their mail but I do object to the censorship the story underwent. I suppose a case can be made for editing a story after a previous publication, but when it consists of a clumsy extraction of material and weakens the story, I think it inexcusable.

Your analysis of the "parallel fandom" situation is most deft. I wonder though if we SF fans really want to disinherit this twin fandom, which seems to have spring from our own. (Vide Larry Stark's analysis of EC comics in a magazine devoted to that purpose about ten years ago. It was The EC Fan Journal out of Dallas, Texas, I believe.) The comics and satire fans seem to have a great deal in common with us. And the comparison with the railroaders' mag and CQ isn't quite apt, I fear: the purpose of those "fandoms" is building trains and transmitting dits and the magazines exist only to exchange technical information and such, whereas publishing magazines is the chief activity of SF, comics, and satire fandoms.]

I am an Oliver Standard Visible Writer Number 3.

Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, 31 West Seventy-sixth Street, New York 23, N.Y.

It strikes me that Logorrhea may well be the best fanzine of its type to arrive here in a long time. (That is a perfectly safe and meaningless statement, I will grant you, but I have to watch out here because I owe Joe Pilati a letter of comment also, and I doubt if I will rouse out of my semi-drunken state again in the next two or three weeks to write it.) "QRM" is delightfully free of the sort of idiocy that usually fills this sort of column—or, at least, the idiocy is written in a light-handed vein which is Easy To Take and Plenty Amusing &c. (I know, incidentally, what QRM means, having caused a lot of it in my Novice days as KN6ASN; I am now K6ASN, and will be until 1968, although I haven't been on the air for a long time.) Joe Pilati's column is well-done and in fascinating; I met Joe at couple of weeks ago, at Ted White's place, and had the uncomfortable feeling that, had I been seventeen, we would

have had nothing to talk about at all. At seventeen I was thirteen years old. Your letter to Ballantine was amusing. "Editor operates on the real true gen" was interesting out of its mind, but, since I've only seen two or three copies of G2 in my long visit here in fandom, I will refrain from commenting further here because I don't feel like it.

The best thing in Logorrhea #4, however, is your marvelous "Marines Subdue Mimeo Cranks" in Reporter's Notes III. This is the kind of fan fiction that always makes me a little sad in a way, because I keep thinking, gee, this could sell to a Real Magazine if it weren't founded entirely on in-group jokes; it is literate, well-written, and As Funny As Hell.

I'm afraid this is a Class-D letter of comment, Tom — it's the kind of letter of comment which says "I liked this stuff a lot" but doesn't say much else. Well, I never learned how to write letters of comment, and I am only thirteen years old anyway. (Best)

[Class D letters are first-class mail in my book, Calvin W. "Biff"; everyone is encouraged to write lots of them. To encourage you further I want to excerpt some late letters here. Since we've run out of elite type I'll have to bust the format.]

ARCHIE MERCER (70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8, England): "My - this takes me back. Many moons ago, when we both lived (postally at any rate) in Lincoln, I received from you a fanzine with a repulsive-sounding name, No. 1. (I still have it, too.) Since then, much has happened - you changed your name to Jim Caughran, went round the world (circumnavigating the globe in the process), talked to me on the telephone, studied mathematics and gaffiated by numbers. And now here is the 4th issue of the same repulsively named publication. That means I have a complete run of the first four issues, except for Nos. 2 and 3. Thanks." [Sorry Archie, somehow I lost your address in the intervening seven years. If you still have LOG #1 you're either a completist or you enjoy the zine: either way you deserve a complete file. I'm sending you backishes. Archie also observes, "If the idea [of equotes] ever does catch on, the words within a pair of equotes should obviously be known as the equotion."]

BETTY KUJAWA (2819 Caroline St., South Bend 14, Ind.): "Personally I, after reading your comments and then reading the letter, suspect a little leg-pulling is being done here. David Kirk Patrick could possibly be an alias/hoax, honey. Almost willing to bet a little money on that...let me know if I'm correct. Yes?" [You lose, said President Coolidge winningly. Far's I know David K. Patrick is all too real. But perhaps someone is pulling MY leg. Gary Deindorfer, are you there?] "Around here the name [Imre] Nagy is pronounced by non-Magyar and Magyar alike as 'Nay-gee'. After hearing it pronounced 'Nadzh' by tv commentators I went and inquired of Gene's in-law Hungarian uncle George Toth. He pronounced it 'Nay-gee', so I stick to the local version."

MIKE IRWIN (1712 Tulip St., Arlington, Texas): "You've got the easiest zine to unstaple that I've ever received." [Gee thanks. Mike also supplies a lino: LOGARITHM: THE FANZINE FOR PEOPLE WITH BASE NATURES. You any kin to Mark Irwin, Mike?]

JIM CAUGHRAN (414 Lawrence St., Ann Arbor, Michigan): "Topology is too much the art of drawing the right picture." [You can say that again. In fact perhaps you'd better, slowly this time.]

GENIE ARNOLD (606 West 116th St., New York 27): "If you really don't like the white margins ABDick enforces on you, they will sell you a longer roller. My life as a radical did teach me something about disseminating the printed word—did I tell you that I not only learned the mimeo, but how to set type and run an old-fashioned press from an

old CIOer in Iowa City? I confess that applying my skills to fandom as a regular thing does not appeal to me, though." [Our loss.]

E.E. EVERS (118 West 83rd St., New York 24): "The unanswered letter was right to the point. I agree with you, but I didn't read the magazine original. Did they really emasculate the story or is the whole thing a joke?" [A joke it's not. Kornbluth's "I Never Ast No Favors" appears in virile form in one of the F&SF anthologies of a few years back. Look it up, it's worth reading.] "G2 piece was OK but I don't dig the mag. Why don't you give a depth review of something better like Yandro heh?" [I might typo Buck Coolsun's name and he'd get mad.]

TED WHITE (339 Forty-ninth St., Brooklyn 20): "I got Dafoe with the review of Log #3 before I got Log #3." [That issue had to make three fifteen-hundred-mile trips before reaching you; apparently your own postoffice also plays the cute trick of not forwarding third-class mail.]

NORM CLARKE (Bx 911, Aylmer E., Quebec): "LOGs 2 and 3 are among the finest fanzines I've seen; I only wish you'd sent me copies." [So do I. All thanks to Boyd Raeburn for passing them along. I admire your taste, Norm.]

DON FITCH (3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif.): "'I don't know which is better—to get a first fanzine from a neofan with obvious talent and intelligence and humor and imagination, or to get a fanzine from a valuable long-time fan who has been dormant for entirely too long.'" [Yes, but what about LOG ?]

WALTER BREEN returns. Though I made a map of the huge one-page letter he sent I managed to miss including this: "Anent those unprinted letters beyond the right guidelines of your stencils, isn't it the reproductive means justifying the ends?" [Yes, dammit. Faithful readers please turn to page 1, Log #4, count 39 lines down in QRM, then neatly alter "end" to "means" and "means" to "end." Then laugh.]

EPITAPH FOR THE UNDEAD

Here now that night has come there is no laughter,
 Colors blend only into shades of black,
 The Shadows curve around me closer, softer—
 And the sun will not come back.

Here in this night is no more weeping either,
 No lingering of regret that day is fled,
 That dawn has slipped its old recurrent tether
 And gone forever—that the Day is dead.

Here now no hope or any other feeling
 Now that the daylight and the sun have died,
 Only the crack of glacial ice congealing
 To black and glacial mountains on each side.

There will be no more rivers and no trees,
 No touch of flesh nor sight of any faces—
 Only the universal silences
 And ultimate zero of the outer spaces.

...Wilbur Gaffney.

A Quibble from Kipple

"TED PAULS IS probably the most sensitive fanzine editor with respect to remarks in loc's that reflect on his reasoning powers or policies: the good points don't see print and the weak ones get published," said Harry Warner, discussing letter-hacking in INTROSPECTION #7. I read this before seeing a copy of KIPPLE, so when I turned to comment on #44 some weeks later, I tried to be tactful in disagreeing with Ted.

Apparently I was successful, since my first letter did not suffer the poor editing Warner complained of. So I kept intruding phrases like "even so liberal-minded a person as yourself, Ted, etcetera" into letters, and Ted kept publishing them. He even changed his position on something we'd been arguing about.

I did notice, though, that Ted seemed remarkably willing to insult anyone who might disagree with him. In an editorial supporting looser abortion laws, for instance, he wrote: "I trust that those to whom abortion is synonymous with murder can reconcile their hypocritical concern with the existence of a foetus with their callous disregard for the lives of those unfortunate enough to fall victim to the charlatans who exist as a result of the unrealistic statute." Asked if he really considered all the faithful of the largest Christian church callous hypocrites, Ted claimed that he had been referring to some people who wrote letters to a newspaper in his hometown. If so, nothing in the original article indicated it.

We'd been discussing whether an advertisement placed by Robert Heinlein in a Colorado paper in 1958 could rightfully be called "a crackpot manifesto," as Walt Willis had called it in a column reprinted in Kipple #44. The discussion was rather hypothetical since neither Ted nor I had seen the ad when it was distributed through FAPA by G. M. Carr. Walt solved this problem by sending his copy to Ted, who sent it along with a letter: "Needless to say," he said, "I completely concur with Walt's original evaluation." I took a picture of the ad for future reference and sent it back, telling Ted I was sorry but I still didn't agree that it was necessarily the work of a crackpot (i.e. "an eccentric or insane person"—American College Dictionary).

Kipple #49 saw Ted editorialize at length about the Heinlein ad, in which the author had urged fellow citizens of Colorado Springs to write President Eisenhower urging continued atomic testing. Ted ignored Heinlein's arguments against an unpoliced test ban then being advocated by the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and concentrated on arguing that Heinlein had smeared the committee members—whose ad had appeared in the paper a couple of days before Heinlein's—by implying they were Communists.

In the same issue he ran the letter I'd sent him after reading the ad. "I am scandalized by your continued defense of Heinlein's manifesto," he said in reply. "I have no wish to antagonize a new reader of Kipple by questioning his comprehension of a document written in clear English," he added. "However ... unless we are discussing two distinctly different petitions ... something of the sort must be complicating this argument." Evidently Ted has trouble grasping the fact that other people can hold an opinion different from his; hypocrisy or confusion must somehow account for the difference.

Ted went on to picture himself as a convert to "the [William F.] Buckley school of political debate, which may often bruise courtesy but can never be accused of equivocating." This was curious, since on page two of that issue Ted rebuked Heinlein for insufficient "concession to the tradition of courteous debate." Apparently the conversion had taken place between stencilling page two and page nineteen.

My loc on that issue dissented from the Buckley-Pauls credo (I don't know what the editor of National Review had in mind, but Ted seemed to interpret his call for "relentless language" to mean sarcasm and invective) and said I didn't expect to be writing to Kipple under the new ground rules. Nevertheless, I did try to get into the spirit of things in criticizing Ted's editorial on Heinlein--suggesting particularly that Ted had been less than fair in quoting Heinlein out of context.

Finally, bearing in mind Warner's complaint and Ted's handling of the Heinlein quotes, I told Ted either to publish the two-page letter in full and without interruptions or not to publish it at all. A reply came back saying that Ted considered these conditions "intolerable," and implying he intended to publish it his own way, "editing ... at my discretion." He finished: "Observing your conditions would severely handicap my ability to defend myself, as of course you realize." I replied that other editors, fan and pro, didn't require these devices--but if he couldn't refrain from using them, the letter wasn't for publication.

So he didn't publish it. Instead he seized on a mention of my name by an old friend, Pat Scott MacLean, to write in Kipple #51: "Since his name has been introduced, it might be appropriate at this point to mention Tom Perry's sudden disappearance from this debate. Tom is apparently a trifle over-sensitive, and my criticisms in #49 caused him to react rather strangely. He wrote a petulant, bitter letter, accusing me of being incapable of rational and civil discussion, and promised not to write again until I had mended my ways. This reminds me of nothing so much as a furious child, lip pouting and eyes misted, stomping away from his playmates and screaming back, 'If you won't play by my rules, I'll quit!' The letter comments only incidentally on the discussion of Robert Heinlein; to a greater extent, it is a personal attack on your obedient servant, and as such does not warrant publication in a letter column which features rational and (moderately) civil discussion."

Ted's imagery has to be admired, though I question its part in rational and civil discussion. Since my criticism was "personal" only in the sense that it referred to Ted's use of sarcasm and quotes lifted from context, I suppose his exaggerated reaction indicates some of the criticism hit home. With that to attest to their validity, I want to present some of those arguments.

Walt Willis had called Heinlein's ad "a crackpot manifesto ... urging more H-bomb testing." Continued atomic testing is commonly advocated in the United States by many people neither eccentric nor insane; its supporters include a number of scientists, military men, and United States Representatives and Senators. One of the last named has presidential aspirations and may win the nomination of a major party. I suspected Willis might be unfamiliar with the frequency with which an opinion that must be rare in Europe is held here, and suggested he had used the wrong word.

An argument centered on this to the exclusion of other salient points made in the reprinted Willis column. Walter Breen, who had seen the Heinlein ad when Mrs. Carr distributed it, supported my view, causing Ted to write: "I fear the political discrimination of my old friend is deteriorating; or else ... a quirk of memory ... caused him to forget the contemptible sections." Even old friends, it seems, cannot disagree with Ted Pauls without raising a question about their intellects or memories.

Heinlein's ad answered one by the Sane Nuclear Policy people that advocated "nuclear test explosions, missiles and outer-space satellites be considered apart from other disarmament problems" and that "all nuclear test explosions by all countries be stopped immediately and that the U. N. then proceed with the mechanics necessary for monitoring this cessation."

Heinlein answered these proposals by saying of the first: "This proposal sounds reasonable but is booby-trapped with outright surrender of the free world to the Communist dictators. ... The gimmick is this: if nuclear weapons and their vehicles are outlawed while conventional weapons (tanks and planes and bayonets and rifles) are not, then -- but you figure it out. 170,000,000 of us against 900,000,000 of them. Who wins?" Even adding in all our allies, said Heinlein, the odds would still be two-to-one against us.

"The second proposal," Heinlein wrote, "has been part of the Communist line for twelve long years. ... This was and is today their phony counter-proposal to the Baruch Proposals of 1946 -- banning first, policing the ban if, when and maybe ... and subject to the veto of the U.S.S.R."

Ted Pauls didn't discuss or quote these and other arguments against the position taken by the Sane Nuclear Policy Committee. They were dismissed as "no proper part of any rational opposition to disarmament in one form or another." Instead, Ted tried to show that by saying the Sane Nuclear Policy ad echoed the Communist line, Heinlein had "questioned, by innuendo, the patriotism" of the committee members. Ted apparently believes that anyone who agrees with the Communists on an issue necessarily is one, or else considers this proposition so logical that only he can see through it.

Heinlein, however, clearly does not subscribe to this opinion: "It may well be that none of the persons whose names are used as the 'National' committee are Communists and we have no reason to suppose that any of the local people are Communists--possibly all of them are loyal and merely misguided."

To demonstrate that Heinlein considered the committee members Communists, Ted quoted this paragraph of Heinlein's ad: "It is no accident that this manifesto [the Sane Nuclear Policy ad] follows the Communist line, no coincidence that it 'happens' to appear all over the United States the very week that Khrushchev has announced smugly that the U.S.S.R. has ended their tests--and demands that we give up our coming, long-scheduled, and publicly-announced tests of a weapon with minimum fall-out."

But the next paragraph makes it clear Heinlein considered the committee members misguided rather than disloyal: "This follows the *quoted, for syntax's sake, from a letter.

pattern of a much-used and highly-refined Communist tactic: plan ahead to soften up the free world on some major point, package the propaganda to appeal to Americans with warm hearts and soft heads, time the release carefully, then let the suckers carry the ball while the known Communists stay under cover." And Heinlein goes on to cite what he says are other instances of this.

Why Ted Pauls quoted one paragraph without quoting or referring to the one that followed is a matter for his conscience. But whether you agree or disagree with Heinlein, I think you must grant that the fractional quotation distorted his viewpoint.

Ted leaps from Heinlein's opposition to unpoliced cessation of testing to the conclusion that Heinlein would destroy the world rather than let the Communists take over. "If ... only two alternatives were offered," says Ted, "I would without hesitation choose to be 'Red' rather than 'dead'."

But if there are more than two alternatives, why does Ted hold Heinlein to just the two? "... rather than risk enslavement to Communism," Ted says, Heinlein "is cheerfully willing to kill not only himself, but the entire human race." But Heinlein doesn't advocate racial suicide to purge the world of Communism; he doesn't advocate preventive war; he does recommend nuclear testing so long as there is no guarantee the Soviets have not stopped, and he does oppose the Sane Nuclear Policy position of 1958. I presume that Heinlein would have us negotiate from a position of strength with people he does not trust.

It is hard, in fact, to see that Heinlein's position as stated in his ad is so very far from that of the man who said, "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and the success of liberty." The words, of course, are those of the Man of Peace we buried the Thanksgiving week Kipple #49 arrived. Earlier he had written, "We must always keep our armaments equal to our commitments." I don't suppose Ted Pauls would agree with that viewpoint either, but I trust he would hesitate to call the late President a crackpot.

Another quotation from John F. Kennedy comes to mind: "...civility is not a sign of weakness." If Pauls continues to champion and utilize invective along with William Buckley, at least he has chosen his company.

* But even if we must take the book at face value, it is not proof that Heinlein wants to blow up the world to rid it of Communism. On page 95 of the Signet paperback edition you can find Lt. Col. Jean Dubois (whom Ted Pauls calls "Professor Dubois," though he is only a high-school instructor) preaching racial survival as the ultimate ethic.

Finally, Walt contended that ~~aliens from space couldn't be warlike~~. "I know one thing about them that Heinlein doesn't. They'll be civilized. No race can master the technology for interstellar flight without a complex civilization. And no stable and complex civilization is possible without cooperation." I hope Walt is right but, as Buck Coulson pointed out, there is no way of knowing; with a total lack of any evidence, there is no basis to call it the most reasonable assumption, as Walt later did in modifying his position. And even if it could be shown to be more likely, I think suggesting that any story that implies the contrary is evil is to erect an orthodoxy science fiction can do without. And must we berate Heinlein for doing what H.G. Wells did first?

The cover cartoon is an effort to offset some of this serconism. If it is in bad taste I hope someone will tell me. Bad taste or not, I suspect Willis will disagree with the bem--and we all know you can't keep A Good Man down.

Everyone please note the address given on the cover, especially those faneds who are trading with me. A forwarding address has been entered for the box number, but sometimes fanzines don't get forwarded, as Ted White has noted.

The poem in this issue is from a 1953 number of PRAIRIE SCHOONER, the University of Nebraska literary magazine formerly edited by Karl Shapiro. I rescued it from between articles titled "Thoughts on the Managerial Class" and "Poe's Debt to Charles Brockden Brown." Its author, Professor Wilbur Gaffney, incidentally, once shattered one of my illusions about the insularity of fandom. When I was in college I graded "themes" from an English class of his that turned in a paper a week on any topic; one day he told me off-handedly that every term he got at least one about fans and fanzines.

This fanzine is still distributed free to those who show some interest, through letters, trading, or other methods; subscriptions are not sold. Annoying Joe Gibson is not the only consideration behind this. Several are stated well by Dean Grennell in the local. One he didn't mention is that uncopyrighted material sold to the public for money enters the "public domain" (a communistic concept anyway, as Leslie Charteris has pointed out); the no-subs policy means it retains common-law copyright which vests, I believe, in the author of each piece. For what it's worth, the mtl herein belongs to the writers, as it should.

"Local" is a brilliant Joe Pilati neologism. N.B. Dikina.
TOM PERRY.

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