

LOGORRHEA

The sixth issue of an occasionally bimonthly fanzine from Thomas Perry, 4018 Laurel Avenue, Omaha 11, Nebraska, and meant for publication by April 1964. Henceforth available for trades, published locs, or 20 cents an issue—no subscriptions. Explanation follows.

QRM

There is more at stake in Berkeley than one fan's reputation. I do not know whether the members of the Pacificon committee are sincere in stating their reasons for ousting a prominent fan from membership in the convention; I do not know whether, as is claimed, this fan is a dangerous sexual pervert. I shall doubt both propositions till they are proved.

The committee's position, as explained to me by Bill Donaho, is that 'Fan X' does illegal things with children; and that the committee's lawyer advises the committee could be held civilly and criminally responsible if, knowing this, the committee allowed 'Fan X' to attend and he perpetrated such crimes at the con.

Very well, does the law apply similarly to all illegal actions at conventions? Adultery and fornication are illegal in many states; shall the people who have boasted of such things in the past be allowed at future conventions? The furtive multiple occupancy of hotel rooms may amount to defrauding an innkeeper; shall we bar those fans who regard it merely as a prudent economy measure? Freedom of speech is all very well, but if some of our more radical thinkers were overheard by children at a con, the results might be scandalous if not illegal. Do we have to restrict cons to fans with opinions acceptable in a schoolteacher?

A sane solution is within the grasp of the con committee. The cause for all the worry is unattended children; responsible parents know how to protect their kids from the type of person who exists in every community. Bill Donaho writes me, "We feel we owe the kids some protection particularly since by our policies we are attracting a large number of young kids that would not otherwise be at the convention." In other words, the World Science-Fiction Convention is again to be overrun by "monster fans" around the age of puberty.

What business do these children have there? Monster films are not science fiction; they have about the same relation to SF as historical films do to history. Bob Bloch has warned us (in "Worst Foot Forward," The Eighth Stage of Fandom) that such films hurt book and magazine SF. It shouldn't be too hard to see that association with ~~their~~ fans hurts SF fandom.

Any attempt to make fandom safe for large numbers of children will simply make it untenable for adults. This should surprise no one; the same thing would happen if you tried to make bars, bawdy houses, or libraries safe by childish standards.

"You mean you read that crazy Godzilla stuff?"

-overheard

So I suggest that if someone must be ousted, it be the children rather than the science-fiction fan. It should be possible to hold a successful convention without them. Of course the committee may not make as much profit, but that is not the important thing, is it?

This has the support of Dick Eney. He writes, "I agree substantially with your protest against the monsterniks -- in fact, I'd stand up and cheer if this convention introduced a resolution that Forrie is welcome but his little friends have Got To Go. I suppose we would have to word it more formally than that, of course." In fairness to Dick, however, I should say that he does not view this as a solution to the Berkeley mess.

"I'm going to take a fearless stand on the matter just as soon as I figure it's safe."
-----Hyphen

Richard E. Geis, whose address appears in the local, is a Professional Author with a number of books to his credit. This means all you brash young fans should not pester him for material. Besides, he's already turned me down. §§§ Dick is, by the way, the author of Pajama Party, the Tuckerized novel that had Breen and Boardman wondering a few months ago.

Fans active in the fifties may be surprised to see material here by Jan nee Sadler, erstwhile publisher of SLANder. Not least surprised may be Jan herself, who may have forgotten giving me permission to use excerpts from her letters this way. The party described occurred in that vastly remote year of nineteen sixty.

The general public seems to accept puns when they appear in rigid mechanical forms like tomswifties, daffy-nitions, feghoots, or knock-knock jokes; otherwise they have a low estate, except in fandom. The staff of LOG takes pride in presenting the article that gave the pun status in fandom, as a public service and to fill up space. It originally appeared ten years ago in the last issue of Vernon McCain's WASTEBASKET, and is reprinted with the permission of the author.

"It is not known how small a majority Ron represents."
-----JB

I hope you'll forgive some high-pressure huckstering here. I have some half a dozen copies of The Penguin Russian Course, a self-help course for beginners, which I'll sell at a dollar each postpaid, which is about what I gave for them. Cover price is \$1.25.

...Herman Kahn and his ancestor Genghis...

There seems to be a myth (persistent, persuasive and unrealistic) that I am feuding with Ted Pauls over the editing of my letters in Kipple. This isn't so: all I did was to cite Harry Warner's complaint as one of the reasons I asked Ted not to edit one of my letters. Since the article in #5 I've received letters from other readers of Kipple complaining of Pauls's editing; I thought for a while of trying to quote from each one, but I've decided I can't afford to open a complaint department for Kipple. Ted knows who these

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JOE
PILATI

Quite a lot of mimeo ink has been soaked into paper since the first time one fan shouted "Fandom is a Way of Life" and another retorted "Fandom is Just a Goddamn Hobby." The argument started long before your loyal columnist or a close friend entered this maddened microcosmos. But it seems we two comparative neos have, innocently and inadvertantly, hit on the solution to the FIJAGH/FIA WOL controversy.

One fine day last December, my friend wrote me a letter containing some Essentially Candid remarks about his employer. "It's probably unnecessary," he noted at the end of these remarks, "but I'll point out anyhow that any discussion by me of my employer's policies is DNQ, DNP and DNR."

DNQ, as most of us are aware, means Do Not Quote; DNP, similarly, means Do Not Publish. But DNR left me completely bewildered. I shot a letter back inquiring, "What in hell is DNR? Is it possibly Do Not Read? How can I do that?"

"For DNR I had in mind Do Not Repeat," my correspondent explained, "but Do Not Read is rather better. You'd put it on the envelope of a letter containing highly secret stuff, and the recipient would tear it up or burn it before opening."

I was satisfied with that explanation and considered the matter closed. Then it happened.

As is my custom on days when other people snap up the political journals, I was sitting in the high school library perusing a highly specialized and technical scientific periodical called Reader's Digest. I engrossed myself (that's kind of like Basic Satori Position 2A) in an article entitled "Mysterious Basis of Life."

I learned that the Mysterious Basis of Life is something called deoxyribonucleic acid, of which genes are made. Molecules of the stuff, according to the article, supply the basic instructions which direct the life processes of all living things, except a few viruses. (There are a few viruses in every crowd.)

A few of my readers (hi, John) are already aware there is a short form for deoxyribonucleic acid, namely "DNA." Now, it is no accident that the mysterious basis of life turned out to be a substance popularly called DNA. No, sir! Suppose that basis turned out to be something like "vodka gimlet" instead. You can bet the Smirnoff people would be saturating

PERSISTENCE
OF
MEMORY

the mass media with ads touting "Vodka Gimlet: The Basis of Life."

But fans, from whose pioneering semantic sensibilities the Basis of Life obviously emerged, are not so industrious. Fans are modest, unassuming creatures, who would rather not even think about the time when some brilliant member of First Fandom, possibly Tucker himself, sat in his cave and by the flickering light of a tiny, crackling fire, scribbled over and over again on his correspondence the pointed admonition DNQ, until his arm tired and fatigue overtook him, and DNQ came out looking like DNA.

Writing in the respected scholarly journal Popular Science, Wallace Cloud points out that "Control [of organisms] depends on the ability of DNA molecules to store and transmit information." Substitute "DNQ admonitions" for "DNA molecules" and you have a capsule description of Our Times.

Even the three men who discovered DNA are obviously well-known fans working under assumed names. "Dr. Maurice H.F. Wilkins" is certainly, in real life, Walter A. Willis. The person claiming to be "Dr. Francis H.C. Crick" can be none other than the noted fannish raconteur and man-about-Berkeley, Warren Brick. "Dr. James D. Watson," though more skillfully masked than his two colleagues, is also a well-known fan huckster. "Watson" is a character in books by Conan Doyle; "Conan" in the lead character of the Barbarian series written by Robert E. Howard; therefore "Dr. James D. Watson" is indisputably Big-Hearted Howard DeVore.

The Reader's Digest study cited above concludes with a quote from Dr. Edmund W. Sinnott, an "honored biologist and former president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," which provides considerable thought-food. Replying to the Digest's pained penultimate query about DNA—"But what about the soul?"—Dr. Sinnott says, "If we are able, though in small degree, to create new patterns of life never before known, does this not suggest that we may actually be a part of the great creative power in nature?"

In other words, DNA (and by extension, DNQ and DNP, and by further extension, all fandom) may be nothing more than a Damned God's Hobby.

"When I moved furniture for John Boardman, I learned all about
World War One."

-Steve Stiles

The Fannish Inquisition

I've been trying to write a funny little essay to finish off this column. I was going to do a sort of pastiche playlet about some of the asinine things going on in fandom these days, few of which, you may agree, are cause for fits of laughter or even small smiles.

A number of Chicon III reports contained a wry quote from Algis Budrys, who had been listed on the masthead of the con's Progress Reports as Chairman of the Committee on Morals. "We want to make sure there aren't any morals at this convention," Ajay proclaimed.

Now we are confronted with yet another fannish Committee on Morals, this one in deadly earnest and stridently conspiratorial. One begins to wonder, indeed, whether the Pacificon II Committee itself is not a front group for the Second Committee on Morals, whose stirring cry seems to be: "We want to make sure there are plenty of morals at this convention — ours!" And however many supercilious disclaimers may be issued, this Committee's concept of "morals" transcends matters of public or semi-public behavior. "Morals" in their lexicon encompasses personality, appearance, attitudes, and half a dozen other considerations upon which we used to think concommittees did not pass definitive, inclusive, and arbitrary judgments.

But as I said earlier, I was going to try to do my bit to discredit the new fannish coterie of two-bit Torquemadas by lampooning them. I was going to tell the poignant story of Bill Donuthole, a mild-mannered and extremely moralistic fan who believed that fandom was chock full o' nuts. I was going to mention such dedicated and selfless crusaders as Joe Gibbering, who would speak with a lisp and write incoherently about "heaves, thores, and sutures," and B.M. Fuzzy, who harped (sorry, Walt) about the sanctity of home and marriage and flag, but who turned sanctimonious when asked about the sanctity of personal correspondence. The central character was to have been Walter Glue (named in the classic Grenadean manner), who needed a mint to fend off his unprincipled adversaries, but who had only a few marks — mint marks.

I was going to relate the incident of Walter Glue and little Poopsie Hellion, aged 3. The climactic moments of that scene would have had Walter Glue, looking uncommonly distraught and daubing at this fingers with a handkerchief, walking out of the Richard Hellion residence and complaining bitterly, "Some damned kids swallow coins, but not that damned kid!"

I was going to describe a mythical party during which Bill Donuthole followed Walter Glue around all evening, scribbling furiously on a notepad. Walter would be saying at one point, "I'm sure it will be London in sixty-five, and then probably Cleveland in sixty-six, and New York in sixty-seven." Neos clustered around him would press him further on the matter of fandom's mystifying con-rotation policy. "Well, I don't know about sixty-eight and sixty —" At this point Donuthole would turn five shades of crimson, drop his pad and pencil, and run, screaming indignant euphemisms, out into the night.

But the Walter Glue story didn't hold together. It was simply impossible to make certain of the antagonists look more fuggheaded than they actually are. Let's not laugh, then, about the self-appointed morals committee's moral outrages. There are more constructive things to do, I don't presume to suggest any, but I hope that in the coming months, thoughtful fans everywhere will show that while fans are many things — and in our diversity there is a good part of our peculiar strength — fans are not really fear-begotten.

A DEFENSE OF THE PUN

BY WALTER WILLIS

[reprinted
from
WASTEBASKET]

In the last FAPA mailing but one ((to which add about two years. The Editor.))[circa 1952-TP.] Harry B. Warner said something so dreadful that I can hardly force my hand to write it down. (Three of my fingers are willing enough, but my thumb and forefinger are opposed.) He said -- Ghod forgive him -- that the pun was the "simplest and lowest form of humor". Comes the next FAPA mailing and I see that Warner is still alive -- by Fapa standards anyway. He has not been struck down. Obviously Simon Salt Peter, patron saint of punsters, has left it to me to warn the Warner, and to prove that the pun is not only the most complex but the very highest -- I might even say the all-highest -- form of humor.

1. THE ARGUMENT FROM AUTHORITY.

In the two most famous books in the world, the humor consists almost entirely of puns. Everyone knows this is so with Shakespeare, but the Bible is an even more striking example. This is not generally regarded as a humorous work--not by Christians anyway--but there IS one joke in it, and that joke is a PUN. I refer of course to the famous verse: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I shall build my church." If I may say so without being impious, this is not a very good pun, but then it has lost in translation. In the original language 'Peter' meant also a rock or stone - c.f. the Latin 'petrus' or the French 'pierre'. It was on this pun that the whole structure of organized Christianity was based, and on it the Roman Catholic Church still maintains its claim to the apostolic succession. Can anyone doubt that the history of the Western world would have been very different if Peter's name had happened to be 'Sandy'?

Truly, as Ackerman said in the Fancyclopedia, "The pun is mightier than the sword," and now that I have proved that it and it alone of all forms of humor has approval at the very highest level there hardly seems to be any need to look for any other recommendation. I might just point out that puns occur throughout the highest works of English literature, from stray lines like "tread softly, for ye tread on hollowed ground" to the later works of James Joyce which consist almost entirely of puns and wordplay. I might also quote, without looking in any particular direction, the following passage from Fowler's 'Modern English Usage'--

"The assumption that puns are per se contemptible...is a sign at once of sheepish docility and a desire to seem superior. Puns are good, bad or indifferent, and only those who lack the wit to make them are unaware of the fact."

2. THE ARGUMENT FROM FIRST PRINCIPLES.

In the 'Preface to the Lyrical Ballads' Wordsworth came off with one of those statements so profound that one remembers them all one's life and applies them to every situation. This statement was to the effect that the basis of all aesthetic satisfaction lay in the recog-

nitition of similarity in dissimilarity and vice versa. This is very true when you come to think of it, and it might also be an actual definition of the pun. But the pun is not only the most artistic form of humor, it is different in kind and superior to all other types. The origin of laughter, I suggest, is in the savage's abrupt release of breath in relief at the unexpected downfall of a dreaded enemy. The most primitive form of humor is therefore the spectacle of the 'boss symbol' slipping on a banana skin, and almost every fom of humor is a variant on this. All depend for their effect on the discomfiture of other human beings -- mother-in-law jokes, jokes about foreigners, jokes about people at a disadvantage in sexual positions, jokes about deaf people or morons or lunatics. All jokes are more or less sadistic. Think of any joke you know and see how true that is. There are only two exceptions, the shaggy dog story and the pun. Even the shaggy dog story is suspect, because you are enjoying the discomfiture of your audience when they expect a point and find none. This leaves only the pun as the representative of humor in most advanced and complex form, the very punnacle of civilization.

3. THE ARGUMENT FROM PRACTICE.

The pun is one of the most genuine forms of humor because it is usually spontaneous. The opportunity comes and passes and only the quickest mind can seize it before it vanishes never to return. It is seldom prefabricated wit. For the same reason it is difficult to quote because it usually needs an explanation of the circumstances, which spoils the element of surprise. As an illustration take the complaint in VOM about the artist who kept defaulting on this obligation to produce a cover. Ackerman's comment was: "He's got ain'ts in his paints." Ackerman kept up for years a barrage of puns like this. Not that he didn't only make good puns. He made THEM ALL. But among them were some that deserve to rank among the greatest in history, puns that are remembered not just becuae they are clever in themselves, but because they add meaning as well as amusement. I would hate to have to choose Ackerman's best pun--it would be a life's work --and otherwise the best example I can give is from a speech by an Irish MP in the late nineteenth century. He was making an impassioned attack on Irish absentee landlords when someone shouted "Treason!" Quick as a flash he retored: "What is treason in England is reason in Ireland, because of the absentee."

It could be of course that he had a confederate in the audience. Most people who like puns have some in reserve that came to them as it were in vacuo, and which they file away in their memory banks to await the appropriate circumstances. For instance, the next time I come across one of those old-fashioned washing sets--a jug and a bowl on a chest of drawers--I shall say: "Ah, ewers of water and drawers of wood!" And Bob Shaw here brought off a beauty the other day. While staying with friends he asked where the salt was and they told him it was in the jar on the shelf. When he looked the jar had fallen over and the salt spilled out. This was it. The chance of a lifetime! "The salt, dear Brutus," he said, "lies not in the jar, but on our shelves."

Finally there is the punster's pun, the Groucho Marx type, which is wildly and deliberately outrageous. At the moment the most appropriate example I can think of is this one from Chuck Harris:

"Don't you like puns?"

"No, I consider them the lowest form of wheat."

Vepratoga

Redd Boggs
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Joe Pilati's "Persistence of Memory" was, as usual, a solid piece of work. I shiver just a bit after reading the item about Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, as I did after reading a re-

cent rider by Joe, at the intimation that he is being warped out of his own orbit to become just another candidate for Void co-editorship. His review of that 1942 Sun Spots made me quiver a little, too. This fanzine appeared, he says, four years before he was born, while I got it fresh off the press at the time it appeared.

Pass me my crutches and the Serutan.

LETTERS

I can't get very excited about Ballantine's "censorship" of the Kornbluth story. Few items get into print without being changed in one way or another by the editor from the author's original, and further back, the author himself changed it considerably from one draft to another. So which is the ideal version? The first printed one? Just because it's in print doesn't make it sacred, does it? In the Kornbluth story, maybe the excision (which I hadn't noticed) did weaken the story and probably it was done for the basest of reasons. But ideally I think an editor should always edit with an eye to improving a story where perfection is not achieved. [Agreed. But in approaching a product of one of the best of SF writers, a story that had already been published in one of the best magazines in the genre and presumably been edited by top men in the business, the minion of a paperback publisher would do well to be sure he's improving the work and not harming it. In the case of "I Never Ask No Favors," Ballantine's "editing" consisted of blue-pencilling a passage dealing with male impotence and a conversation relating to it. I cannot imagine anyone appreciative of good writing believing this improved the story. I do not think "censorship" too harsh a term for it.]

F. Towner Laney's "show business contacts" were not very extensive, so far as I remember. Certainly they were far less than Bill Rot-sler's, for example. I confess I'd never heard of "Thursday is queer's day" till you mentioned it. [This, new readers, refers to a speculation that the common joke about Thursday and homosexuals might have originated with FTL's joking to Hollywood contacts about the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society. The club meets on Thursday.] I don't remember de Pina as a screenwriter. (Incidentally, somebody consulted some old LASFS minutes and discovered that according to them, de Pina was lionized by the LASFS on one visit, despite Towner's complaint that they ignored the man when he first came around.) The main contact Laney had with Hollywood folk was

through Craig Rice, although he may've had a few distant links through various jazz musicians he idolized. However, "Thursday is queer's day" seems to me an association born out of the sound: Thursday and queer's day are not dissimilar. Your postulation is too complicated to convince me even tentatively. [Hm. The similarity is there, yes, but I'd never seen "Thursday is queer's day" put that way until I tried to summarize the joke, or allusion, or whatever. When it was first explained to me the words, as I recall, were: "Thursday is the day the fairies fly." And 'fairy' rather than 'queer' was the term generally used. I admit my speculation as to its origin is far from convincing, but I thought it interesting to muse about. Since I've now repeated it twice, to explain comments on it, I'd better add that there is absolutely no evidence I know of to support it.]

It's odd that this issue of Log prints a lot of words defending two people who have in the past committed the unspeakable crime of showing themselves to be all too human: Walt Willis and Robert Heinlein. That these god-like creatures should actually descend to the level of the rest of us and deliver themselves of loaded, waspish, prejudiced opinions has the power to shock a lot of people. I once innocently mentioned some of Walt's remarks in The Harp Stateside to a neofan who admired him very much, and finally had to quote them to him before he'd believe Walter A. Willis would say such things! And I recall the wave of consternation that went across fandom when Heinlein's "Sons of Patrick Henry" blast was published in FAPA. That Robert A. Heinlein Himself should make such an ass of himself in public shocked nearly every fan, I suppose. One fanne told me that she "could never admire Heinlein again." She changed her mind when she met him at a con. I wonder if Heinlein's sudden appearances at recent cons hasn't been a deliberate attempt at public relations, to patch up the tattered reputation he received from the Sons of Patrick Henry thing?

Maybe Heinlein's advocacy of continued atomic testing is not crackpotism per se -- though I am not so sure about that. It is too early to say how much danger we are in from effects of the atomic testing to date. But the way in which he advocated continued testing was certainly crackpotism. I'm afraid neither your quotes from the ad nor Ted Pauls' have given the full flavor of Heinlein's astounding tubthumpery and flagwaving. Someone could do us -- though not, I'm afraid, Heinlein/1964/ -- a favor by reprinting the ad in full. I feel that Heinlein's attitude in that ad was very nearly indefensible. From his rather pained response to recent comments on the matter, I suspect that he is ashamed of himself -- which at least shows he is not quite beyond redemption.

In the past I have been a little annoyed at Ted Pauls' editing of my letters in Kipple, but I felt that he and I didn't see eye to eye on the matter merely because we didn't see eye to eye on what was interesting. I didn't feel that he'd edited out my good points and retained the weak ones. It appears that he overreacted to your request to publish your letter intact and without interruptions, but as an old (OLD!) editor, I sort of sympathize with his viewpoint. I would honor such a request in particular cases, but usually under protest. Space is so limited and most letter writers are so long-winded...! What if I demanded that you print this letter complete?

[I'd honor anyone's request that his material be run in full or not at all. I gave Ted that choice because I felt that a letter criticizing the fairness of his use of quotations out of context should not

be subject to the type of editing it complained of. I had no quarrel with Ted for choosing the second of the two alternatives; but when he characterized the letter as a "personal attack" and so forth, I felt it was time to straighten out The Record on that and the Heinlein quotes as well.

Thanks for your interesting and helpful five-page letter, Redd; if you ever do insist I run a loc in full, I'll probably accede without a murmur.]

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland

Joe Pilati betrayed his tender years in the opening of his column. He says the worst writing does not appear in fanzines, then goes on to quote first of all Willis Conover, happy in his unawareness that Willis is nothing but a fan who was publishing and writing for fanzines even before I was active in the field, which will give you some idea. However, I agree with Joe's thesis that liner notes are terrible, on the basis of my acquaintance with those created for recordings of serious music. In numerous situations the notes have been written by someone who didn't listen to the recording and describes a different arrangement or edition of the music from the one performed, or discusses at length a section cut from the recording. Then there are notes written by Americans who aren't too strong on foreign languages and make some whopping errors. The Colosseum recording of L'Arlesiana by Cilea has a plot summary on the liner based on the writer's assumption that the opera occurs in a factory instead of a farmhouse.

I thought that Calvin Demmon looked and acted like the Biff of the California publications at the Discon, even though he didn't say anything in character. Sometimes I get the impression there is the paper self hiding in every fan, shy and evasive, but detectable to the naked eye if I keep my eye on the fan steadily enough and long enough.

I was glad to see you stomp on Ted Pauls, for he has been doing some damage to my recent letters to Kipple and he won't publish a word of complaint from me on the topic. He has been making arbitrary and senseless changes in what I write, sometimes changing my meaning, on other occasions making my grammar even worse. For instance, he changed "different from" to "different than" in one letter, and I took the trouble to hunt through that entire issue to find someone else using the construction. Sure enough, the other person's letter said "different from", so Ted couldn't have been changing the word because he'd confused the right with the wrong usage. Certainly the letters of comment that I write to any fanzine are careless and hasty and could benefit from proper editing. But when I find my remarks in Kipple revised capriciously, I hesitate to comment on any other letters in the same issue, for fear I'll find myself disputing with something that the fan didn't write in just that way.

Roy Tackett
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Log(orrhea) is, I think, one of the more interesting fanzines on the scene these days. It is fannish, but not overly so; stfnal, but not overly so; topical, but not overly so. A good balance.

I'll take Pilati's word for the uninspiring quality of record liner notes. I'm a little curious, though, as to what is so objectionable about the dedicated quoted from the Brubeck album. ["to Lt. Col. John H. Glenn, Jr."] One cannot, after all, do much with a dedication.

Glancing over various books I see that most the dedications are simply "For xxx" or "To xxx" with an occasional amplifying note. Perhaps Joe could give us all an example of a real literary tour-de-force in dedications?

Tsk, now that you have put down Ted Pauls--more or less--he will cut you off his trade list. He cut me off a couple of years ago and I don't particularly miss KIPPLE. [I wouldn't think anyone who accuses others of hypersensitivity would make such a show of it himself. If he does, though, Roy, I'm sure he'll be decent enough to let me know. I'm still honoring our agreement to swap fanzines.]

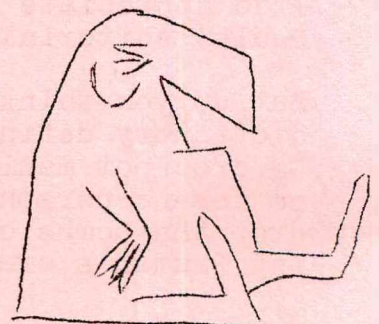
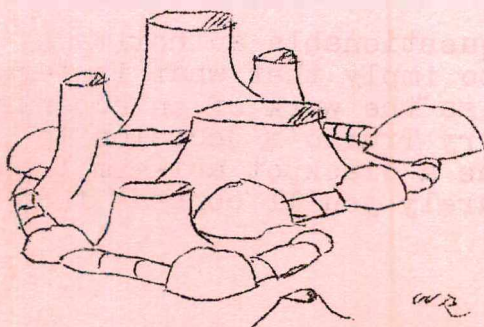
One hates to take issue with Willis 'cause he's a fine fellow and I enjoy his writings and he's the official ghod of sixth fandom but "no stable and complex civilization is possible without cooperation." Hmmm. That calls for a wee bit of thought. It do that. A space-faring race can't be warlike, eh?

Well, sir, waaay out on the Ridge there's an average G_0 type star with the usual family of planets and the inhabitants of the third planet of this system are peculiar indeed. On the social level they range from about Stage III to about Stage VII which is to say that some of them--a great many, in fact--are still in the clan stage while others have advanced to the collectivist hive stage. Technologically they are about Stage III--simple stone tools and weapons--to about Stage IX. They have partially developed nuclear power and are making their first probes into space. Stage VII sociological and Stage IX technological adds up to a rather complex civilization. They are probably one of the most technologically gifted races around and I expect them to come up with the know-how for interstellar flight before their planet has circled the sun another hundred times. Their advances are fantastic.

Of course they're a bit backwards sociologically as I've indicated. Cooperation? Most uncooperative damned people I've ever seen. Most their great advances have been made not through cooperation but through competition--their technology thrives on discord. Mostly their developments come as a result of searching for more efficient ways of killing each other off.

This lack of cooperation is carried on at all levels. Oh they can and do cooperate when necessary, or when forced to by authority or by economic pressure but such forced teamwork lasts only briefly and there is usually a great deal of friction between the various members of the team.

Well, sir, these people will be out among the stars in the not-too-distant future and I'll bet you that they are just as uncooperative and warlike as they are on their home planet.



Bob Coulson I'm tempted to remark, of Joe Pilati's article, that
Route 3 it's good enough for you jazz fans. Liner notes on
Wabash, Ind. folk music can be bad, but I can't recall anything bad
 enough to be used as the basis for a column. (If I
could, I'd probably have done it, being chronically hard up for
material.)

We all admire Willis for his polite put-downs; there are so few gentlemen in fandom that they seem all the more outstanding because of their rarity. I'm going the other way; I used to be moderately polite, but I'm getting less so each year..."I have been a good boy, careful of my morals; I shall have an old age full of vice and quarrels."

Jan Samuels: I work in an office full of engineers, and technicians, and they are definitely not a superior form of humanity. Even fans are a higher form than engineers.

I think you're slightly wrong about the chief activity of comics fandom; their chief activity is collecting old comic books. Their magazines exist chiefly to serve as trade centers and point out obscure old comics that can be collected; secondarily to give information about the writers and artists who produced the collector's items; and tertiarilly (if that's the word) to be amusing in their own right.

[Well yes, just as reading and collecting SF was, in our first-fandom period, the primary activity of SF fandom. But my point remains that comics and satire fans have a great deal more in common with us than do model-railroaders or radio hams or a number of other hobbyists who do not, to my knowledge, put out amateur mimeographed magazines.]

Joe Pilati Why'd you have to ruin Logorrhea #5 with that
Pearl River, N.Y. atrocious cover? It's as though F&SF decided
 to use an early Robert E. Gilbert pencil sketch
on the cover. Covers by that old master, "Pica," are much to be preferred.

What was Bleen? Japanese pronunciation of name of editor of F_{an}ac?
[Bleen was and occasionally still is Dean Grennell's mailing-comment zine for FAPA. You have your paralamdacism backwards; the Japanese would be more likely to say Pirati for Pilati than Bleen for Breen.]

I have no penetrating comments on the Heinlein rhubarb. I think Pauls is being overly self-righteous and vindictive, but at the same time I think you're being "soft on Heinlein," who is quite obviously a political Neanderthal, whatever the significance of any set of quotes, in or out of context, from his works of fiction. However, I do appreciate your article as a very incisive critique of Ted Pauls' editorial idiosyncracies.

But do you think it fair to display as unquestionable authority a dictionary definition of "crackpot," and to imply that what is termed "a crackpot manifesto" is also the work also "the work of an eccentric or insane person"? Suppose I say that Harry Truman's decision to drop the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a crackpot act--am I calling Truman a crackpot? Certainly not. Surely you'll concede that a

man can take part in "crackpot actions" at one time or another and still not be eccentric or insane.

[Hmm...maybe so.]

Norm Clarke The most interesting thing in #5 was "A Quibble from
Box 911 Kipple," undoubtedly due to the fact that it pleased
Aylmer E., Que. me to see Pauls getting his lumps. I got two, perhaps
three, issues of Kipple, found the contents Blah and
the editorial mannerisms markedly unappealing. Also, I'd been reading,
here and there, various indictments of the Pauls editorial ethics. Bob
Leman excoriated Pauls for having reprinted something of Bob's, without
permission, and then sending Leman the issue with the reprint in it --
the only issue Leman had ever got -- with a checkmark in the box beside
"This is your last issue unless you do something." Without going into
the pros and cons of the Actual Heinlein Manifesto itself (one excellent
reason is that I've never seen it) I must say that I thought you presented
your case (for Heinlein and against the Pauls tactics) admirably and
tellingly ("I'm telling you, Pauls," said Tom, tellingly.)

That's a pretty high-quality lettercol (oops, "locol"--yeah, fine word),
too. One of the high spots was your own remark about Jan Samuels: "You
should see her box"; haw! An old Joke, yes, but Very Funny, in this
context. Boyd Raeburn fumes: "If Peking is pronounced Bayping, why not
spell it that way?" Yeah, and if Toronto is pronounced Tronna (or "Wil-
lowdale") why not spell it that way? Calvin Demmon says that "at seven-
teen (he) was thirteen years old"; and now Reliable Reports indicate
that, in his early twenties, Calvin is now Forty or Fifty years old.
Calvin Demmon: a Study in Geriatrics.

[from a letter on Log #4] Joe Gibson says, "freeloaders and their
'kind comments' can go to hell," and yet the best part of G2 is its
letter column--certainly not that "Yo' goin' star-rovin', bhoy, and
yo' gonna like it!" jazz. Now, Gibson may be okay (he sent me back-
ishes without my even asking, which was good of him), but that "Foey
to fans" and "apas can go to hell" gets wearying, not to say annoying.
I guess I'm not terribly enthusiastic about goin' star-rovin', ~~boy~~,
in a goddamn fanzine. I think Joe Gibson has the Wrong Attitude. But,
then, I guess he thinks everyone else has.

Hooboy! Not only does Wm. Deeck turn up in Cry's lettercol, but here,
in Log, are Dick Geis and ~~Olga~~ Claude Hall. I'm starting to get the
eerie feeling I'm back in 1953. Whaddya hear from Degler? No; don't
tell me.

"Equotes" could be mistaken, etymologically, to mean quotations attribu-
ted to a horse; but then, there are so few quotable horses. The only
one I can think of, offhand, is the Famous Talking Horse that, long
ago, belonged to a very learned gentleman. The horse was also very
wise, and often made observations that impressed his master; but, being
a modest, self-effacing sort of horse, he refused to allow his words to
be quoted or in any way attributed to him; and his learned master ac-
ceded to his horse's wishes. This, of course, was the horse of a
deferent scholar.

[Does anyone else consider that paragraph as screamingly funny as
I do?]

Dave Hulan Jan Sadler [Samuels] is still around? I heard
 17417 Vanowen St. of her popping up for a brief stretch back in '61
 Van Nuys 6, Cal. when she and Emile Greenleaf sponsored a Consola-
 con for Southern fans who couldn't make it to Se-
 attle but could to Nwalluns (I couldn't make it to either). But I hadn't
 heard of her since, and I thought that up till I moved out here in
 September I was in touch with every active Southern fan. Jan went to
 school with my brother back in Jackson [Mississippi]; I never met her
 because I wasn't active in fandom then, but I remember reading her col-
 umn in the school paper which mentioned crottled greeps--which I learned
 much later was a fannish expression. Ask her if she remembers Dick
 Hulan at Murrah.

Walter Breen I'm almost certain that Willis's low-voiced exchange
 Box 277 with Alderson Fry at the Chicon didn't get onto the
 Berkeley, Cal. tapes. Quite a lot of things didn't, which is one
 reason conreports will continue to be useful despite
 much appreciated efforts of Advent: Publishers and the Dietz and Ettlin
 tapes, and despite Buck Coulson's distaste.

Roy Tackett and Dick Lupoff misjudge me, I think, if they seriously
 believe my bit on the Fan Poll was sour grapes. I can't prove it
 wasn't, of course. I am simply disappointed that anyone would take
 seriously a poll attracting only 47 replies, some of them clearly
 hoaxes.

"Religions have been based on less ((than cataclysmic puns)), I think."
 I suppose you mean the Aramaic pun, preserved in Greek, Latin and
 French, but lamely translating out in English as "Thou art Peter, and
 upon this rock (disclaimer) I shall build my church"?
 [Um, yes, certainly. Now would anyone care to explain to me
 the fannish use of 'disclaimer,' as above? It's puzzled me for
 months.]

John Boardman Heinlein's name-calling in his ad (which I agree
 592 Sixteenth St. [with Ted Pauls] is a crackpot manifesto) goes be-
 Brooklyn, N.Y. yond the bounds [of legitimate argument]. As Ted
 has pointed out, and documented with quotes from
the ad itself, Heinlein possesses a warped standard of values which
 perverts Patrick Henry's words into "Give me liberty or give everybody
 else death!" If Tom, having read the ad containing Heinlein's red-
 baiting and willingness to go to war, is still willing to defend Hein-
 lein, it shows both poor judgment and an endorsement of the Heinlein
 method of smearing the opposition as Communists. Perhaps the crowning
 hypocrisy is where Tom tries to support Heinlein's argument by quoting
 Kennedy. Kennedy, you'll recall, supported and put over the test ban
 agreement which Heinlein regarded as "outright surrender of the free
 world to the Communist dictators."

[Wrong. Heinlein used those words about a proposal for an unpoliced
 test ban in 1958. The limited test-ban treaty of 1963 contains safe-
 guards. I don't know what Heinlein thought of the 1963 treaty, but
 I consider it surprising to see a man who prides himself on straight
 thinking assuming that what someone said about a Sane Committee pro-
 posal is necessarily what he thinks of the Kennedy treaty five years
 later. § Patrick Henry's words, despite the rhetorical first-person,
 urged the delegates to the Virginia convention into a war that took
 lives other than his own. § Heinlein said the Sane Committee propos-

al echoed Communist thinking, and went out of his way to say this did not mean the Sane Committee members were Communists. This is more than some people do when comparing their opponents' thinking to fascism.]

Dick Geis I'm weary from wrenching 2300 miserable words from
1525 NE Ainsworth my fevered brain, my fingers are sore from typing,
Portland 11, Ore. I am bleery eyed, but I received Log yesterday and
 promptly read it from cover to cover. Liked it very
much. Your lettercol is excellent, and the lettercol is the true mea-
sure of a fanzine.

I can't really comment on the Heinlein debate. I read Starship Trooper a few years ago and liked it, but my memory of its detail is hazy and I don't feel I should butt in. But by and large I'm with you. Ted Pauls is a relatively new fan, isn't he? Never heard of him afore.

I, too, wish/wished Willis were less conscious of fans' feelings, and would Let Go once in a while with great gobs of sarcasm and hyphenated destruction. The carnage and gore would be lovely.

I am still, doggedly, forecasting a depression. The credit bubble is still expanding more than production, population and need require. When it bursts I'd like to have the popcorn concessions in the downtown streets when bankrupts start jumping out of windows. People like to munch on something while they're entertained.

[I'll take some right now. Uh, can I charge that?]

Mike Deckinger I won't dispute your justification in changing Logor-
14 Salem Court rhea to Log. The former sounds more like a nasty dis-
Metuchen, N.J. ease than a homey, congenial fanzine. Log is easier to
 pronounce and I wood like to see this title kept. [You
sure that's the way to encourage it? But I agree...the new title conifers
a-xylem from the diphyll-cola-trees of pronunciation, but oakasionally
I pine for the old.]

Calvin Demmon said something reasonably funny to me when I first met him at the DisCon. We were introduced and Cal stuck out his hand and said "Pete Graham", in indication of his identity.

Your "Quibble with Kipple" is well presented and I'd like to see how Ted's rejoinder develops. I'm sure he's not going to bypass your remarks, because Ted has never struck me as one inclined to back out of an argument or vanish after a more forceful side has shown itself.

Betty Kujawa For one I'm enlightened and appreciative of this
2819 Carolin St. follow-up on the Heinlein Colorado-paper thing.
South Bend 14, Ind. From the original article in Warhoon and from the
 early discussions in Kipple I had the wrong imp-
ression as to its being a 'crackpot manifesto.' As one who does not
cotton to ideas of unilateral disarmament I find no quarrel with the
message Robt.H. was trying to communicate at that time. Nor do I read
into his remarks on unilateral disarmament supporters any nasty commie
name-calling any more than you did.

More than a little tickled to see Jan Samuels in the locol (good term, that)...come April I hope to see her. Big shoot down there then. Had a high old time Christmas week of 1962 with Jan and her husband and Emile Greenleaf.

Jim Caughran I find it hard to attribute rational behavior to Heinlein
414 Lawrence in writing his last couple of novels, including Starship
Z.I.P.:148104 Troopers. Remember the novel was written for his juven-
ile publishers. This is not the sort of thing I'd want to
give to a 14-year-old boy without almost shouting, "Don't believe a
damned word of this philosophy."

The Bugs [in SSTroopers] seem rather impossible on grounds of internal consistency. This insect culture would presumably have consolidated its home planet thousands of years before achieving space flight. From then on there would be no need for soldiers until, as Heinlein postulates, population pressure drove it to meeting other cultures in the stars. I think such a culture would have been totally unprepared for war, however hard they were to get along with.

[Jim's return address on this letter reads just as it does above. If anyone sends him a letter there and it reaches him would you let me know? For more prosaic souls I believe the town he lives in used to be called "Ann Arbor, Michigan."]

Danny DeVere Either your cover cartoon was outstandingly great
59 Lakeside Av. or I have a weird sense of humor. It's probably
Hackell, N. J. a combination of both. [Whichever it is you've won
a place in my heart.]

Walter Willis Thanks for letting me know when the Christmas
170 Upper N'ards Rd. Card arrived. Sometimes I think fandom is a
Belfast 4, N.Ireland powerhouse of efficiency compared to the Post
Office. I sent out every card days before the
last dates for posting hung up in the PO, and I might just as well
apparently have treated them with fannish indifference. So much for
my carefully phased mailing schedule. [Don't think I was complaining
because your card arrived January 15. Lots of dreary conformists send
me cards in December, but no one seems to care what kind of Christmas
I have in January. Anyway didn't the old Christmas hols extend ~~past~~
the first of the year? I believe there used to be an old song that
suggested this, but it's impossible to be sure: it's now rendered in
the states something like: "Twelve candy bars, eleven comic books..."]

I'm not put out about being as it were posthumously involved in the Heinlein affair, but I think that if I ever go into the fight game I'll appoint you my manager.

I liked the cover, though I doubt many people not named Willis will remember that bem. So far in science fiction I have had named after me a monster, a master spy and a piece of machinery: to be honest though I must admit that I doubt if Heinlein had even heard of me when he named it. In the editorial, I would suggest, you haven't been quite accurate about what I argued. I didn't say that Heinlein advocated nuclear war as being in the best interests of the race. The two fallacies I attempted to dispose of in the first part of the essay were not serious arguments, but mere irrelevancies cluttering up the area of contention. They belonged to the category of what I think of as Wellanywayism. (I christened them thus after overhearing an argument in the office between a girl conservative and a man works for the Labour Party on weekdays and sings in a choir on Sundays. He floored her in an argument over the nationalisation of the mines, and she flounced out with "Well anyway, your old choir's no good.") Some

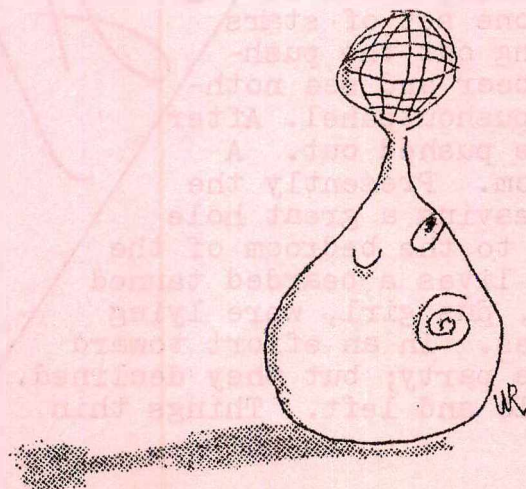
people, specifically Gregg Calkins, implied that we didn't need to worry about nuclear problems because even if the worst happened, well anyway the human race and certainly the rest of the universe would continue to survive. It seemed to me that some people were almost unconsciously using irrelevant and unthought-out postulates like this to obscure the issues from themselves. But my essay was not in the main devoted to disproving the absurd, and certainly not to attributing it to Heinlein.

As for what Heinlein really believes, it seems as irrelevant to me as the statement that Shakespeare's plays were not written by Shakespeare, but by someone else with the same name. The point is that there exists a certain body of writing with certain characteristics which is open to criticism on certain grounds. It cannot surely be argued that for instance the material produced by Mickey Spillane is any less nauseating because he writes it with his tongue in his cheek?

[Good point. I was speculating though that there might be a depth to Starship Troopers as yet unplumbed...that it might be as if we were denouncing Dean Swift for advocating eating Irish babies, or Orwell for his sympathetic portrayal of torture and oppression in Nineteen Eighty-four. But since #5 I've had letters from two people claiming to be personal friends of Heinlein which tend to refute this possibility. One is from Jerry Pournelle and one from the person to whom Heinlein dedicated SSTroopers. The one from Pournelle is fairly intelligent. It's too provocative to be published just as I close the discussion, though, and since it's also slightly off the subject I've sent it back for him to make an article of. One run-on sentence from the other ought to suffice: "What was needed in Panama City was a second Amritsar, [37X] When natives kick over the traces and forget their place, you have to kill enough of them to put fear into the hearts of those you are kind enough to allow to live." Sheesh.

Sorry to have misrepresented your arguments. I hadn't seen what Calkins said. That's known as ignoratio elenchi, isn't it?...and I suppose it applies.

Walt's namesake in bug-eyed monsters, resurrected for last issue's cover, may be found in Heinlein's Red Planet. The creature is called a Martian roundhead, and I remember when the book was first published Bob Silverberg quoted the blurb with the comment, "#I always thought it square, not round.##]



an odyssey in the form of eimi, beginning with a poker game: viele viele matchsticks, all in front of me, because I'm winning, as usual. People filter in, and the refrig is loaded to the last rack with bheer.

dissolved

Edibles sit here and there. I go to answer door and take coats; other poker players sigh with relief and redistribute matches. Noise level rises rises (fortunately the apartment below is empty, the thump-sensitive inhabitants having the day before their marriage and moved away; as he was a "producer" and produced professional musicals, they left great posters on the wall. Also, as we will hear later, leaving an operating telephone and john). The phonograph goes; the bheer goes. People have brought their own bottles. The time goes. A crewcutted face has bet me a date that he is capable of finishing a mammoth drink of rum oldcrow gin and coke. I taste, decide he can't, and bet. Sehnert is holding up remarkably, considering he has been drinking for 36 hours, with three hours off for sleep. Girls come up to me and say I have the "darlingest, most hilarious husband".

He comes up to me and says, "Why are all those other girls sitting there on the couch while all the boys stand around you?" I begin the mixing process. 15 min later everyone is suitably mixed. Crewcut goes downstairs and is sick on the patio. Then he barricades himself in the bathroom, being coma-

[continued at top of stalagmite]

[continued from stalagmite] those on the floor.

Presently I am operating a guide service to the apt downstairs, for use of john. Someone has turned on the radio, and plus the phonograph, no one can think so everyone talks. Couples dance round discussions. It is being a very satisfactory party. There is a commotion of collection and going out for more beer. People play bridge and make slams. Someone has found the library, and is reading John Donne aloud. someone else reads Bawdy Rhymes, equally aloud. We make a solution for crewcut to drink so he will be sicker; he is told wat is in it and doesn't need to drink it. Midnight approaches. A Mr Feldsteen asks what part of the North is my homeland and laughs hysterically when I say Mississippi (nobody believes it). There is in the bedroom wall a panel 1 x 3 feet called a pushoutpanel, for in case of fire, since it is the third floor with only one set of stairs down. There is talk of pushing out the pushoutpanel. I have drunk much beer and see nothing strange in pushing out a pushoutpanel. After all, pushoutpanels exist to be pushed out. A great exodus toward the bedroom. Presently the pushoutpanel is pushed out, leaving a great hole in the wall. This hole leads to the bedroom of the apartment next door, in which lives a bearded tanned beatnik painter. The painter, pus girl, were lying there on the bed, all nakedness. In an effort toward action I invited them to the party; but they declined. We hung a curtain over the hole and left. Things thin

LOG GOES TO A PARTY WITH

22

out a little. Crewcut's date desires to get him home; she and some boys go looking for the car, come back to report that it cannot be found. A call to the police reveals it has been towed away, because of being parked in a busstop. Dave goes off with other people to get it. A texan tells me about feeding tequila to a girl whose lips have ne'er touched alcohol. He keeps ruffling my hair. I grit my teeth at him. Most people have left. I take off my clothes and go to bed; people come and ask Dave to go eat pizza. And thus it ends, sometime around fourteen o'clock...

MONDAY MORNING: The waffleiron burns out when I try to make waffles. The husband leaves to go to work and comes back to report that the car has been stolen. Indeed this is later proven to be the case. Someone has made off with a 1947 Pontiac, very dirty, with the right front fender cut away (from the time I ran a stop sign and a transport truck wanted to use the intersection too), and the other fenders dented up, with a hood that won't close all the way, and holes in the trunk. Verily, stealing pennies from beggars. After getting to work I call the police; 2 uniforms come with pads in their hands. I describe. A light dawns in one patrolmanlike eye. He remembers seeing a car of just such description over on St. Philip. It had a ticket, was parked in a freight zone and was on the point of being towed away. I ride away in the back of the policecar. There it is. Faithful to the last, the old car had only been driven around a block when it managed to disconnect its battery cable. The car loves us.

Later that day, Franklin Printing restoreth yea even the hole in the wall, and writes a judge about the ticket, and gives me car fare home.

The artist is no more friendly.

-Jan Sadler Samuels.

[continued from page 2]

people are, I trust. However in fairness it should be mentioned that Betty Kujawa and Dave Hulan wrote in to say that, though they'd heard numerous complaints about Ted's editing, they'd never experienced any bad editing of their letters from him. I have to add my voice to theirs: the one time I recall noticing something being deleted from the middle of one of my letters in Kipple, the omission was a distinct favor to me, and I thanked Ted for it at the time.

And despite the article discussing his editorial shortcomings, I don't think of myself as feuding with Ted. This tradition that two fans who disagree strongly about something cannot thereafter exchange letters, fanzines, or handshakes is rather melodramatic. If you want a discussionzine you could do worse than get Kipple for 20 cents from Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland. (But it wouldn't be fair not to add that you could do better, too. I recommend Pointing Vector from John Boardman, 592 Sixteenth St., Brooklyn, New York.)

I thought you said his initials were WFK, not DNQ

[to bacover]

Both this fanzine and the demand for it have been growing since I revived it last summer, and I have cause to expect it will grow more. It has become too expensive to give away, as I've been doing. It is now available for trades, published locs or 20 cents an issue. If that price seems expensive for a magazine that runs 20 to 24 pages, I'm sorry but that's slightly less than it costs me to produce each copy. If I can find some way to reduce the cost I'll pass the savings on, with more pages or a lowered price. Suggestions welcomed.

No subscriptions, please. (I hope fmz reviewers will spare me a phrase to take note of this.) I'm not trying to be snobbish or exclusive by this policy. The idea is to fragmentize the bookkeeping and to keep you from wasting your money on issues you aren't interested in. Keeping books is a dull chore to me, one I don't do very well: under this system you either have one issue coming or none, and can handily keep track of it yourself, if you care. And if you lose interest you won't have to pay for and receive several issues that bore you before your sub runs out.

I also hope, of course, that by sending money each time readers will be reminded that fanzines are something more than the paper and ink, stamps and staples that are their material manifestation. No true fanzine can survive long without occasional jolts of egoboo from its readers. "Love letters," sneers Joe Gibson; I'll accept the term but not the tone. I don't know why anyone Joe's age must blush to admit that a kind of love plays a part in fanac. (This doesn't preclude criticism. Even harsh criticism, if it's honest, is a form of egoboo: at least the critic has noticed you.)

Trades are welcomed (preferably all for all, unless yours is smaller and less frequent) but I wish faneds who want to trade would drop me a pocsarcd stating their intentions. The card can be put in the file, but the casual "Tr" on the mailing label is easily overlooked or forgotten.

I plan the next issue to be out in May or early June. I'll be adding a very promising writer as a regular columnist; I think you'll like his stuff. The (chuckle) deadline is April 31. TOM.

from:
Thomas Perry
4018 Laurel Avenue
Omaha 11, Nebraska

MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER
ONLY: may be opened
for inspection.
RETURN REQUESTED only
if no order to forward
has been given.

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