

THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY OF THE GOLDEN JUG

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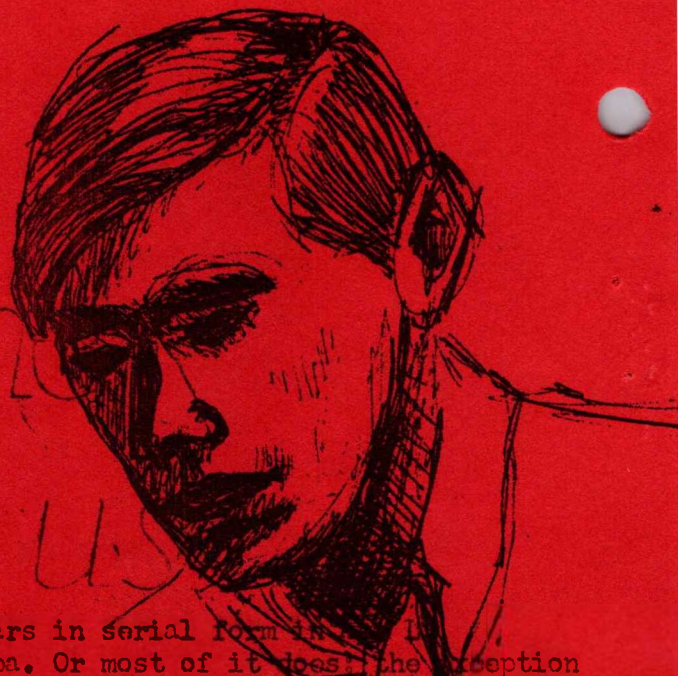
Los Angeles, California.

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		have caused me to loose my
		cool!" Dps "I just thought

I'd take up a few lines to answer the fugged letter by Lewis Merrill. Totally unbeknownst to that unenlightened gentleman, I have not only been in correspondence with the Golden Jug, I have come to know several of its members quite well; and so I can state quite definitely that it is not true that "A majority of the members of the Golden Jug habitually perambulate in an amazingly realistic approximation of heterosexual dress". Contrary to his somewhat less than reliable sources (and I don't care if those sources did hold office in the NSF during the fifties), I can positively and irrefutably state to all and sundry (have I left anyone out?) that the entirety of the Golden Jug does not possess a single perambulator. Of course, under the obviously compromising circumstance of cooperating in the publication of this issue, I won't so state. Nevertheless, fie to you Mr. Merrill, sirrah. You and the rest of you right-wing extremists are "as bad as Marion Mallinger!" Pjc. Farewell and blessings until next issue when I will return with an assortment of articles, poems, stories, and illos quite unlike any you've ever seen or imagined before. A pax on both your houses. Yes "Next week membership blanks and information on The Society of the Golden Jug."

in the  
name of the  
best within us



APA 1

THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY OF THE GOLDEN JUG appears in serial form in the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society's very own apa. Or most of it does, the exception being the six pages of original credit I need to to keep up my activity requirements. The original material will probably be the first-draft (Tales of Sac Fandom) quest, which is mostly true with an occasional lie thrown for good measure.

But mundane (important) requirements are taking up more and more of my time, and I have to cut down on my fan output. So the Ompa and Fapa wait lists are one lighter, the Cult still has me, but that won't come to anything for several years, and apa 1, being weekly, takes too much time. This leaves me in N'apa and third on the Saps waiting list. Therefore, I have cut down enough to place everything in its proper perspective. But I still would like to be in apa 1 and that is why TNOTSOJ will appear through apa 1 a few pages at a time.

Ayn Rand

Please, non- and anti-objectivists, direct no attacks and/or questions about it toward me. Though I am now fully qualified to answer them, I won't. I have discovered the folly of trying in apa 1. If a fellow objectivist, one who has read Atlas Shrugged, and is in essential agreement with its basic principles, ask some question which has puzzled him in regard to its application and/or validity in a certain field or aspect, I will answer it. But, I have found that to defend it fully, or to validate it to someone who knows nothing at all about it, requires a complete run down of its function, application, and meaning. In other words, a more or less complete summation of the philosophy. And I haven't got that kind of time.

Besides, Atlas Shrugged does a better job than I could (overall) and is the "horse's mouth."

I see no purpose in defending it against the attacks of people who have never read it (if the style bothers you try the non-fiction work, THE VIRTUE OF SELFISHNESS). If they are interested enough to wade through a non-fiction article by me, they can read Rand's works, if they're not, why ask me at all? Of course, there are those who are content to attack it without reading it or knowing about it. But I have no wish to deal with them in any but a professional manner.

I am studying to be a psycho-therapist.

Cold Cash

The government is doing its trick again: blaming private individuals for the troubles it has caused, and then trying to increase its power by passing laws against the innocents it has blamed. "...the victims have taken the blame (and are still taking it), while the guilty parties have used their own guilt as an argument for the extension of their power, for wider and wider opportunities to committ the same guilt on a greater and greater scale. Public opinion has been so misinformed about the true facts that we have now reached the stage where - as a cure for the country's troubles - people are asking for more and more of the poison which made them sick in the first place." (Ayn Rand, Notes on the History of American Free Enterprise, Nathaniel Brandon Institute, 59)

One of the major duties and responsibilities of any competent government is to foresee changes - of any nature - which might affect its citizens and, as a corollary, to remedy any adverse conditions resulting from them either before the fact, or, in the case of nearsightedness, afterward. But in either case, when the government finally discovers what is wrong, it should trace the problem to its roots and solve it.

And it is precisely this which a liberal government - a bureaucracy - can not do. A bureaucracy's major premise (at any time or place) is that there is no farther to go in any direction, that nothing new can occur, that progress has reached its final goal. Consider that the monarchy's of the old world did not think of exploring new countries in search of territory, but spent their time in invading long established empires. (Of course new lands were explored, but it was private traders, individuals, who explored them. Then the bureaucracy took an interest in them, after they were certain of the conditions. They moved only when established facts, irrefutable facts compelled them to; not before.)

For the past several years it has become increasingly apparent that the growing number of coin operated machines would call for a larger number of coins to meet their demands. As one can not have his cake and eat it too, it is impossible to have a significant proportion of coins tied up in machines and keep up the number in free circulation. (This does not count the number, easily computed, which disappear from circulation each year through normal means: coin collectors, damage, loss, etc. The government mints exist to take care of just this loss. And their production is geared to fill it.)

The government should have taken this new factor into consideration and increased the number of coins being minted. It did not. As a matter of fact, a liberal administration, Eisenhower's, closed down one mint. We could then say that the present day coin shortage is due to the government's failure to take into account the facts of reality governing modern usages of coins.

If we did, we'd be wrong.

There is one other factor which is equally important in considering the coin situation. That is inflation or the devaluation of the American dollar.

No, Virginia, inflation is not necessary. And when inflation has occurred it is possible to return to a condition of sound currency.\* The point in issue here is that when a country lets its currency devalue to a point where the metal in its coins is worth more than the nominal value of the coin, it is going to have to do one of two things. 1) Either it mints new coins whose metal worth is below, or, better still, the same as, the face value, and lets the people keep and melt down the ones they have (it could offer to change them for coins of lesser value, but I doubt if they would be that stupid, leftists notwithstanding); 2) or it can take steps to revalue its currency so the face value of the coin matches or exceeds the value of the metals it contains.

But, if the government just waits, hoping that the universe will repeal the law of causality, then the only result will be a hoarding of coins by the citizens as they wait for the value of the metal to rise and/or the nominal value to lower. Certainly the coin collectors will get a few of the coins. Especially when the government is stupid enough to release all those stored in its vaults. Many of them are going to be rare coins that have not seen the light of day, mint and old. But the number of coin collectors is small. The number of people who are scared by the incompetent maneuverings of their rulers is large. They are the people who have the coins. Consider: a few thousand people could not have nearly a billion coins. It is impossible.

These two factors. Inflation and underproduction of coins have led to the present shortage of coinage. But who does the government blame? Not it self, certainly. That would be to admit that one of the basic premises of socialism is

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\*Bureaucracy, Von Mises, Ludwig, Yale University Press, pb ed. 1962.

\*Theory of Money and Credit, Von Mises, Ludwig, Harcourt and Co, 1935.

False: the government is infallible. But someone has to be at fault. So the administration blames the coin collectors. It has called them every sort of name, using general smears because no specific, concrete ones can be found. It has even considered legislation to prevent them from cornering the coin market. There is no telling how such legislation, if passed, would be used to increase the government's powers. Or exactly what form it would take. But it is possible to guess that the laws would be non-objective. Such laws usually are. (The anti-trust laws, for example)

But slowly and surely, from cradle to grave, from hobby to job, the government is creeping in.

#### Policy

As you can see from the varied contents of this issue, TJOTSOGJ's editorial requirements are diverse, and quite narrow. And to explain them I had best explain the origin of both the JOURNAL and the Society.

"I've always wanted to pub a fanzine," Ken Hedberg said in the marvelous summer of 1961.

"What would you call it?" I asked, having just entered fandom and met Hedberg and not knowing a hell of a lot about the capacities of either.

"I've had this name kicking around. THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY OF THE GOLDEN JUG. I would like to call it that."

"We could get a mimeo...." I suggested.

We did, as a matter of fact. But it is broken now, the pages run off on it, burnt or stuffing a mattress somewhere. Much of the material is gone. Drifted through various places. But the original spirit lives on. And after years of waiting, this issue is really the first issue. This is essentially what we had in mind during those glorious days in Sac fandom.

There are membership application blanks somewhere in here. And the cards contain as much of the constitution as we ever wrote. They are the words: Freedom - Pleasure. We did not know much about the principles involved in those words then. There was only a general concept of a life as joyous as one could make it. We were only certain of one thing. That neither of those conditions could exist without the other.

I have learned much about freedom and pleasure since then. I have learned both their nature and the conditions necessary for their existence. And we were right. They are inter-related, mutually dependent. The philosophy underlying those two words is Objectivism. Atlas Shrugged is the book we were looking for and never found.

The original membership roster was:

Officers: Kenneth Marven Hedberg, JugMaster; Henry Eugene Stine, High Priest of the Scroll; Mike Chiechi, High Priest; Karl Richard Spreitzer, High Priest; and Sharon McClure, High Priestess;

Acolytes: Ronald Uman; Jerry Mason; Dian Tillotson; Judy Kelly; Caroline Crockett; Caroline Cooper; Linda Patalon; Ginger Patalon; Brenda(?)Uman; George Sitar; Donald Nelson.

Officers (Los Angeles Branch): High Priest, Bruce Edward Pelz; High Priest, Ted Johnstone; High Priestess, Dian Girard Pelz.

A long time has passed since the original membership roster was printed. L. A. gained no members, no new high priests, no acolytes. Sacramento had many. They are still members.

But today, February 6, 1965, I find myself faced with the sad task of purging the membership, of throwing some old members out. There is only one reason for expulsion from the Golden Jug, violating the basic premise: Freedom - Pleasure. And there are only two men with the authority to exclude members: the JugMaster and the High Priest of the Scroll. And today I expell the following people: Kenneth Marven Hedberg, Ronald Uman, Judy Kelly, Jerry Mason, Ginger Patalon, Brenda Uman, Mike Chiechi, and Sharon McClure.

I do not like having to do this. But I am doing it because it is necessary if a club which will someday amount to something is to ever have a chance at life. Should a member wish to protest his exclusion, he can write to me and I will publish the reasons he was removed from office and let the membership decide what is to be done.

The new officers are: Henry Eugene Stine, JugMaster; Ilene Howe, High Priestess.

More later...HES. *Hestrie*

# human government

## PART THE FIRST

### OF THE GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE ENQUIRY

#### 1.

IF WE ARE to consider the nature and purpose of government and human society, its proper functions, present corruption, and reconstruction, we must first ask a basic and fundamental question: What facts of reality give rise to and necessitate a science of human society (i. e. politics)?

The present state of the world -- where all nations border on the chaos of war; and, as a corollary, the present condition of the United States of America, where the police are hampered by ridiculous laws, where the legislature is corrupt, where the army is supported by conscription, and where the courts administer non-objective laws at whim -- this state must be corrected if man is to be able to live life to its fullest, reaching his unbreached potential.

Of course it is possible for men to by-pass the issue by living alone, off on some desert island or self-sufficient farm, but there are enormous benefits to be gained by dealing with other men -- both exestential and psychological benefits. The four greatest of these are: trade, knowledge, division of labor, and companionship (love). Since it is to man's advantage to live ~~with~~ with others, he must discover the conditions that limit this advantage and observe them.

The science of politics is based on three other philosophical disciplines: metaphysics, epistemology and ethics ---on a theory of man's nature and of man's relation to existance. It is only on such a base that one can formulate a consistant political theory and achieve it in practice. Neither a man nor a nation can have a practical policy without basic principles to integrate it, set its goals, and guide its course.

The metaphysical base of rational politics is objective reality and its expression in logic: the law of identity (A is A) and its expression in science: the law of causality (physical actions have a cause and effect). Which means that everything is knowable if one studies it.

Reason as man's highest moral absolute is the epistemological foundation of free enterprise politics. Or, in order to survive man must think and act on the results of his thinking; which means that he must be free both to think and to act.

The third segment of an intelligent political system is the ethical axis of rational self-interest; or man's life as its own highest value; which means: human life before all; which means: nothing may infringe on a human life\*

Since even the most rational and honest of men can find themselves in disagreement, it is necessary to have some way of deciding which is right. Thus laws, rules of deciding such issues, necessary.

To formulate, enforce and dispense laws, three seperate bodies are needed: legislature to formulate and make them; police to enforce them; and courts to administer them. (And these three bodies must work within the limits of a constitution telling them what they are permitted to do. They may do nothing else. The courts, police and legislature exist because of one single factor: thousands of individuals give them permission to and assign them the task of

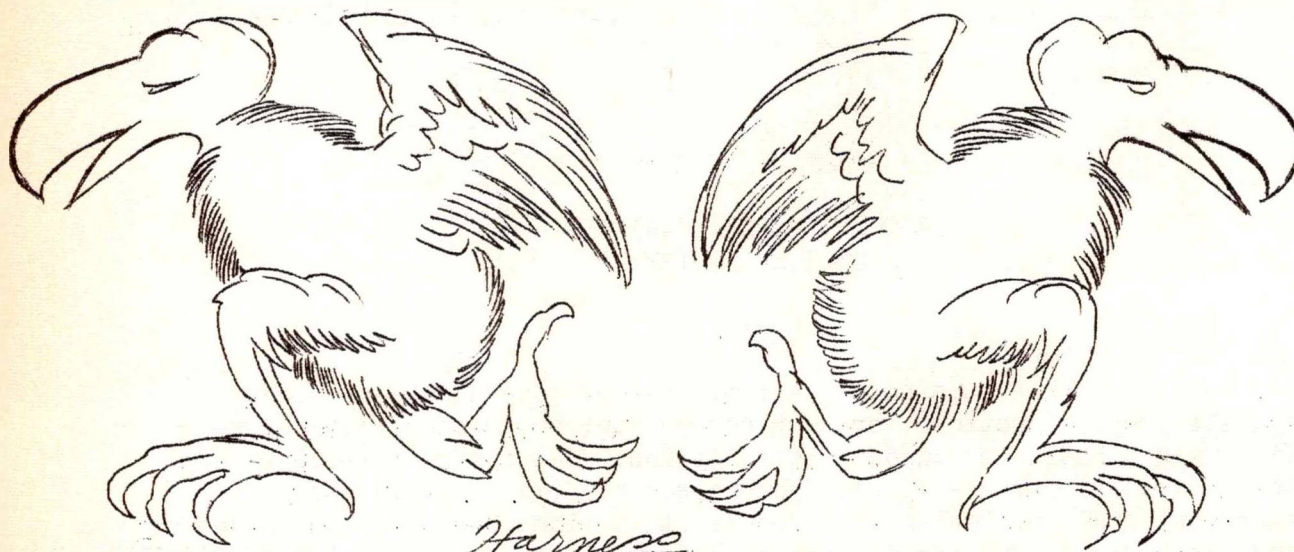
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\*The term "human life" must be taken literally as life qua man. (The destructive actions of a psychotic are not those of a "human" being.) (cont. p. 22.)

OOG

by Robin Wood

OOG

*Harnese*

AT THE MOMENT our house in Amador City is plagued with Giant Wild Hairy Awks. Which is a rare thing. Even here. They generally live in the Southeastern corner of Tibet, but can be seldom found there. They either hand out there or under the bed where they shed. Which is where all the lint comes from, Child, with the minor exception of belly button lint, which is sort of a drag to discuss.

They are birds and are called what they are because they are giant, wild, and hairy (Having hair, rather than feathers, they can't fly worth a damn, but being rather stupid they insist on leaping off high places, like mountains, which might help explain why there aren't a whole bunch of them).

They are so ugly they even look ugly to each other. They mate seldom, usually only once. However, if you happen to see one galloping across the hills yelling, "AWK AWK!" you may be sure it is searching out its true love. When he finds her... well, lets face it, the Giant Wild Hairy Awk is a lousy lover. Afterwards both Awks may be seen walking off in opposite directions mumbling, "OOG. OOG." Which is not a nice thing to say in any language.

As has been mentioned, an Awk will generally mate only once in a lifetime and the lady Awk runs off and gets an abortion 90% of the time anyhow.

So don't worry about them. They're a dying race,  
\*\*

Why are these people such nuts on checking ID's in California? I mean, like here I can travel all over the world and never get asked for an ID in a bar any Distinguished Dive, yet when I come into my home state they cross check my military ID card with my civilian driver's license and stare at me and the picture on the ID as if I was some kind of imposter.

These people are fanatics.

I was sitting in Shakey's sipping my grog when this little old hunchbacked man with a long flowing white beard limped up to the door. He hobbled along with the aid of a gnarled wooden cane and the wrinkles in his face stood out like a relief map of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

As he walked through the door a sinister hand, glistening with sweat and sprouting a profusion of twisted black hairs reached out and clutched the old man by the throat. You could hear the cartilage snap.

"Where's your ID, son?"

"Eh?"

"Now don't get wise with me, punk." The guard at the door tapped him twice on the head with a lead pipe, gently, it must be admitted, to emphasize the point.

"Gimme the goddamned identification." (cont. pg 11)

# DREAM SEQUENCE

Wind-foot, wing-foot...

And, unnoticed, she  
has loosed the elephants of porphyry  
from stables barred with jasper; and the night  
glints with the clash of polished ivory.

Wing-foot, wind-foot...

Here, amidst the light  
of torches borne by warriors whose bright  
bronze-burnished breast plates flash reflected flame,  
she waits amongst the shadows of the night.

Wind-foot, wing-foot...

She, without a name,  
the princess of those visitants who come  
and left unseen, not seeing earthly things,  
awaits; her tawny hair is tinged with flame.

Wing-foot, wind-foot...

Birds on beating wings  
hover around her, while a madman sings  
the glories of the Afterlife, but she  
is blind and deaf to all surrounding things.

Wind-foot, wing-foot...

Always she must be  
blind as those elephants of porphyry  
which blunder sightless through a waste of stars:  
for men alone can hear their fates, not she.

Wing-foot, wind-foot...

Where the jasper bars  
lie dumbed in the darkness, battle-cars  
with onyx steeds and jade-fleshed drivers reel  
out out of the shattered stables to the stars.

Wind-foot, wing-foot...

Standing, she must feel  
the thunder of their passage: it must steal  
a little of her raptness: yet she stands  
as if they are unsensed by her, unreal.

Wing-foot, wind-foot...

Her pale slender hands  
writhe with a motion all their own; the bands  
of white scar-tissue circling wrists and throat  
quiver and twitch; unheeding them, she stands.

Wind-foot, wing-foot...

On the night air float  
curved leaves from some strange tree, each like a boat  
of twisted paper, bearing nameless things  
downwards: one, wind-blown, touches at her throat.

Wing-foot, wind-foot...

Touching there it clings  
close to the scar-rigged flesh: the contact stings  
a little: cold tears swell her eyes: yet still  
she stands unmoving, blind to outward things.

Wind-foot, wing-foot...

On a shadowed hill  
behind, a charoit pauses, poised until  
the charoiteer dismounts, then whirls away:  
at her throat the curled leaf quivers, and is still.

Wing-foot, wind-foot...

His face a cold-green-grey  
the charoiteer steps downwards; branches sway  
the air is pale with frightened birds; one star  
blinks; the coiled leaf falters, spins away.

Wind-foot, wing-foot...

On the twitching scar  
a pulsing clot of blood is left to mar  
the clearness of her throat; lifting her eyes,  
she stands now, staring upwards at the star.



Wing-foot, wind-foot...

Unmoving in surprise  
the charoiteer stands watching her; the cries  
of startled birds still loud around him, he  
stands: fear crinkles in his yellow eyes.

Wind-foot, wing-foot...

Beads of ebony  
glisten at his throat; a sword hangs free,  
its blade sheathless and gleaming at his side;  
his mail is amber: no mean spearman, he!

Wing-foot, wind-foot...

Yet, despite his pride,  
he stands unmoving, as if terrified  
of this one girl who waits with eyes upraised...  
...at last his fingers tauten at his side.

Wind-foot, wing-foot...

She, as if half-dazed  
turns slowly 'round and looks at him; amazed,  
her pale eyes widen; he moves, slowly; now  
he tenses, draws his sword forth, holds it raised.

Wing-foot, wind-foot...

She stands there, watching how  
he steps toward her, sword extended, brow  
iced with thin sweat: silent as in a dream,  
she watches: from her throat blood oozes now.

Wind-foot, wing-foot...

Again the madman's scream  
grates from afar; amassed, the torches gleam  
on the warriors sword; it falls; and in the night  
dark blood wells outwards, slowly as in a dream.

Wing-foot, wind-foot...

Somewhere out of sight  
the madman ceases shouting; his eyes bright,  
the warrior wipes his sword; and the ivory  
glints as the elephants plunge through the night.

-Julian Reed-

What would you think if you knew that one man in a country (had taken over, or) could take over all communications, take over all electric power, gas, fuels, and minerals, take over all food resources and farms, take over all means of transportation, seaports...could mobilize civilians into work forces under government order, could register all persons, take over all airports...Woops, did you say he would be a dictator? That this must be Poland or Cuba or Hungary...you are reading about

Oh, yes, in the U. S. you do carry silver and other coins in your pocket. Why don't you have some gold in your purse? Because by Executive Order only (not by act of a duly elected law-making body) is this restriction made into law and so imposed upon you.

Do you know that John F. Kennedy, President, on February 16, 1962, signed the following Executive Orders. They have not been publicized to the general public. Perhaps you can guess why. The way is paved for complete Federal Government take over. You don't believe it? Some afternoon drop into the Los Angeles County Law Library, 1st and Broadway, Alcove 4, and check the Federal Register.\*

- E. O. 10995--take over all communications media
- E. O. 10997--take over all electric power, petroleum and gas, fuels and minerals
- E. O. 10998--take over all food resources and farms (including farm equipment)
- E. O. 10999--take over all methods of transportation, highways, seaports, etc.
- E. O. 11000--mobilize civilians into work forces under government supervision
- E. O. 11001--the government take over of all health, welfare, and schools
- E. O. 11002--the Postmaster General to operate national registration of all citizens
- E. O. 11003--the government take over of all airports and aircraft
- E. O. 11004--housing and finance authorities to relocate communities--build new housing with public funds--designate areas to be abandoned as unsafe--establish new locations for population.
- E. O. 11005--take over all railroads, inland waterways and storage
- E. O. 11051--take over responsibilities of emergency planning--gives authority to all other Executive Orders--in times of increased internal tension, economic, or financial crisis. Part one, Sec 101 d -- the Director is to perform additional functions as the President may from time to time direct.

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Another series of E. O.'s appeared in the Federal Register, February 28, 1963. These are numbered 11087 through 11095. Do you own any stocks or bonds. Then note the E. O. which empowers the government to temporarily close Security and Exchange Offices and suspend redemption rights, freeze stocks and bonds, "If required in the interest of maintaining controls."

It provides for "Development of plans designed to re-establish and maintain a stable and orderly market for security when the situation permits under emergency conditions." (Remember, "emergency conditions" covers a multitude of sins.)

The crowning blow shows up in Sec. 4, Sub-Sec. (c) of this E. O. "Flow of Capital" which makes possible the complete regulation of private capital... Most Americans think this too much power for any government to have, much less the U. S. Government. All Americans would agree this is too much power for one man to have, but we already have it. It is specifically stated that one man can put these Executive Orders into force -- the President

*A page for Uninformed Liberals\* from H&S +  
E.B. who are Henry Eugene and Edwin Joseph  
Baker - Sweet Dreams out there!  
\* Nixon Republicans too*

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\*Federal Register is a record of all Laws, Executive Orders and Executive Proclamations adopted and approved by Congress

