

THE OLD OAKEN WINDMILL 11  
 CYCLE 24 of the CULT  
 24 December 1973



Ye Scroll of FR 312, Cycle 24, of the C\*U\*L\*T

## 311 312 Pub CARNIVORES

- 01 ? yes 14Jan74 Meade FRIERSON III, Box 9032 Crestline, Birmingham AL 35213
- 02 yes yes 04Feb Tom WHITMORE, 310 9th St NW, Washington DC 20002
- 03 f/r yes 25Feb YaleF EDEIKEN OA, 606 West Cornelia, Chicago IL 60657
- 04 YES NO! 18Mar Dian CRAYNE ex0Aess, 734 South Ardmere, Los Angeles CA 90005
- 05 yes yes 08Apr Lee GOLD, 2471 Oak St, Santa Monica CA 90405
- 06 yes yes 29Apr Flieg HOLLANDER, 1102 Hollywood Blv #11, Iowa City IA 52240
- 07 yes NO! 20May Dennis McCUNNEY, 4300 Spruce (Bsmnt), Philadelphia PA 19104
- 08 no yes 10Jun Ted JOHNSTONE, 1001 Wentz Rd, Blue Bell PA 19422
- 09 yes yes 01Jul John CONLON, 52 Columbia St, Newark OH 43055
- 10 yes yes 22Jul Frank DENTON, 14654 Eighth Av SW, Seattle WA 98166
- 11 no yes 12Aug Bert DUCH, 1215 South 9th St, South Plainfield NJ 07080
- 12 FR NO! 02Sep Don FITCH, 3908 Frijo, Covina CA 91722
- 13 f/r FR 23Sep George SCITHERS, Box 8243, Philadelphia PA 19101

HERBIVORES

- 01 no yes Chuck CRAYNE, 734 South Ardmere, Los Angeles CA 90005
- 02 no yes Brian BURLEY, 38 North Main, Hackettstown NJ 07840
- 03 f/r yes Dick ENEY, 6500 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria VA 22307
- 04 yes yes Jack Harness, 714 South Serrano Av, Los Angeles CA 90005
- 05 yes yes Joe BONADONNA, 3420 North Narragansett, Chicago IL 60634

lastac PLAIN BORES

- 01 312 Matthew TEPPER, 2200 Sixteenth Av, San Francisco CA 94116
- 02 310 Squidley COCHRAN, Box 607, Tyler TX 75701
- 03 309 Gale BURNICK, 4300 Spruce (Bsmnt), Philadelphia PA 19104
- 04 312 Bob HIMMELSBACH, 5721 Morris St #232, Philadelphia PA 19144
- 05 311 TJJ OPILLA, 31 Meadow Ln, Laurel MD 20810
- 06 311 Otto MATIC, % Barry Gold, SDC, 2500 Colorado, Santa Monica CA 90406
- 07 312 George SENDA, 340 Jones St # 1163, San Francisco CA 94102
- 08 306 Aljo SVOBODA, 1203 Buoy Av, Orange CA 92665
- 09 308 Jeff'y MAY, Box 68, Liberty MO 64068
- 10 306 Bruce PELZ, Box 100 308 Westwood Plz, Los Angeles CA 90024
- 11 309 Milt STEVENS, 9849 Tabor St # 3, Los Angeles CA 90034
- [LIMBO Phil Castora, 1218 West 2nd # 1, Los Angeles CA 90026 pending OAic Ruling]
- 12 312 Norm HOCHBERG, 89-07 209th St, Queens Village NY 11427
- 13 312 J 3rd JONES, Box 666 Yocum Hall, Fayetteville AR 72701
- 14 311 Don SOBWICK, 2501 Maryland Av # T2, Willow Grove PA 19090

MEADE 3rd FRIERSON IS NEXT PUBBER. Letter Deadline date: 12 Jan 74. MEADE 3rd FRIERSON

Out: A Well-Known Gafiate, account of failing TRC III, 1: persons wishing to join must apply, in writing, to the OA; by order of OA Edeiken.

Fred LERNER, ex number 4, account of failing TRC III, 4: Members must write, etc., to at least every other FR, etc.

LIMBO: Phil CASTORA, account I am confused as to his status. OA please Rule!

RUNNING FOR OA: Meade 3rd FRIERSON and Tom WHITMORE, running on the platform of "better the Devil you don't know" and George SCITHERS, claiming to be "the Devil you do". Under TRC V, 2, I appoint YaleF EDEIKEN OA&3, to be the teller of this OAlection; votes to him by 12 Jan 74; only the 13 may vote.

MUST WRITE FRIERSON: Dian CRAYNE, Dennis McCUNNEY, & Don FITCH. Be ye Warned!



OUR ineffable and infallible OA Rules:

CULT BUSINESS (for the last time, thank Dagon): I have yet to receive either of the two letters that A Well-Known Gafiate claims to have sent me. Once I can blame on the PO; after that it must be someone else's. Since you have yet to comply with the known rules ONCE let alone TWICE, I have not bothered to rule on your placement. As a matter of fact Tom Collins stayed over about the time when your first letter appeared and, being a mite puzzled at your first letter in the FR, I asked if he knew anything about you. He informed me that you are considered in some circles to be a hoax perpetrated by Svoboda. Although I disagreed on the grounds of disparate styles (Svoboda, although flakey never sounds like a fugghead) I dismissed your letter from my mind until I should hear something from you --- you have so far not obliged.

{Accordingly,::

A Well-Known Gafiate, % 7001 Park Manor Av, North Hollywood CA 91605 is 0\*U\*T.}

SCITHERS wrote:

The last time the CULT was afflicted with an anonymous (as opposed to pseudo-anonymous) hanger-on was, best as I remember, during the reign of Ted Johnstone, thenOA, in the 8th or 9th Cycle. 'Twas in the Fanhilton days, when some or all of the ARBM boys were living as tenants/boarders with the Trimbles, and Bjo Trimble (Mrs Trimble, that is) Did Not Approve of some of the dreadful things that were going on in the CULT, especially the tendency of CULTpubs to Lead Minors Astray. During one of the CULT's crises of the time, over Lichtman's parents or somebody else's parents becoming Outraged over something or other, Madam Trimble relayed a Dire Message from an Unnamed Source: said Source was outraged at the awful things in CULTzines, and if the CULT didn't clean itself up, the Source would Turn Us Over To The Authorities. Speculation over the Source lasted for an FR or two, until another phase of the White-Breen-vs-Tapscott-Bourne feud distracted us.

Madam Crayne's figuring seems to assume that each stroke goes from tip to hilt, which would require rather more precision (to avoid disengagement at the zenith of the cycle) than most of us are capable of at such times. Keeping accurate count would appear to be difficult for the participants (as well as pretty distracting -- perhaps a means of prolonging the event?), though I suppose one could be fitted with a pedometer. As for length, elsewhere in this issue, exOA Johnstone suggests that 6 inches appears inadequate. Either he is boasting, or lucky, or isn't measuring accurately. The approved method involves a ruler (checked beforehand to be sure there are no sharp corners or edges) applied along the top of the Member's member. A number of researchers (working purely in the interests of science, no doubt) have come up with 6 inches as the average length, with remarkably small dispersion of measurements. One would suppose an even larger sample (though at the expense of some objectivity) might be obtained by commissioning a few whores (of either sex) to take measurements whilst plying their trade.

Speaking of Revenge!, I am reminded of a problem I have always had in understanding Jetan, the Barsoomian chess. As I remember it, it was either a board game in which the players moved pieces, with capture, etc., or else it was a arena game, same rules, only the pieces were live warriors who dueled to the death. Only, how could the same set of rules apply to one game with a certainty of which piece captured the other and to a variation where capture was not a certainty? Or, would it be like chess where one flipped a coin, each time one piece landed on the square occupied by another piece, to determine who stayed and who was captured? Or, what would happen if a pack of Anachronists tried a living chess -- would it be chess, or elimination combat, or a meld?

/G H Squiggle/



DICK ENEY, with the book under his arm very imperfectly concealing the shiv at his belt, swearth and deposeth as follows:

I wasn't sure whether I'd wind up that seminar without being assassinated, but it worked out all right and we've got 26 more trained Evaluation Officers with the seeds of Cultish Thinking implanted in their minds. Perhaps I'd better not say just when or how these will be restimulated.



Now, what with getting moved and relocating within the Agency and then preparing to lead a seminar after just two months studying the subject, I have let my Cult Comments get horribly behind. Napoleon is said to have followed a not dissimilar rule for dealing with correspondence: leave it for six months to a year, by which time half will have answered itself and the other half no longer will require an answer. Since it demonstrably does not work like that with Cultstuff, we at least surpass in wickedness the late Emperor of the French, hero though he may have been to Byron. But forward to the juicy part of the letter:

MEADE FRIERSON III # SFCB 8: Does Von Turk have the unlikely hand-puppet commercials starring Wilkins and Wontkins? ("Wilkins Coffee really swings!") # FR 300: I suspect those "Mallare prints" were really prints from Fantazius Mallare (a legendary but over-rated arty-porn work). Whichever, I got a postcard-size illo but "The Tote-Road Shagamaw" is definitely not pornographic. \*\* Tsk, no selfrespecting Commie Rat would diffuse his energies by non-reproductive sex, would he? Consult works of Chairman M., Vol. XIX, Chapter 50. # FR 303: C'mon, now. The alternative to over-lax law enforcement is not "the knock on the door in the dead of night". Sometimes these things can be put in perspective by imagining their equivalents in a slightly different area of culture. You don't like prohibition, huh? Isn't it preferable to the alternative of having everybody dead drunk after 7 PM? Problems have solutions other than antitheses. \*\* Good heavens! Are there still Americans who don't know that Watergate is a complex of buildings of which wing 500 was the scene of...uh...events which are somewhat sub judice, as the British say? # f/r 306-1/13: Well, perhaps Celko realized that "Friar-son" was libellous too, at least in original intent... # RECYCLE: Unfortunately I didn't remember the addresses of any SCA people, and it would have been Cruel & Unusual simply to give the jousts the information that there was such an organization. \*\* Never saw any Lehrer songs in print except in the scandalously overpriced TL Songbook, but I think they are still known in and out of the Microcosm.

TOM WHITMORE # FR 300: Obviously the guys who are using their gold to exchange for dollars have some faith in them... # FR 301: Thanks for the Gothic Book Mart's address. \*\* You were there and should know, but how was it...indeed, how could it be...that the Equicon was too militarized? One thinks of enforcing Rigorous Discipline on anarchists, or maintaining a firm grip on a lump of jello... # f/r 309etc: With the modern skepticism about magic, I found it worked better to claim that my lab coats were impregnated with a rare and deadly oriental poison to which I had the only antidote. The borrowers



## ENEY MAKES KNOWN OBJECTIONS

claimed that, gosh, they didn't know I objected. What really gravelled me, I suppose, was finding lipstick/rouge smears and hairpins...

YALE F. EDEIKEN # There is much blood in the Plan. # FR 300: Make up your mind, such as it is. Has the Viet Nam war been continuous for close to 35 years, as you assert in your first sentence to Johnstone, or is it impossible for North Viet Nam to have been lusting after South Viet Nam for "over 20 years" as you assert in the next sentence? That's a Cheap ~~S~~yster Question, aka needle, of course, because in reality both of your assertions are wrong...fairly normal for you when you start spouting about Viet Nam (and we'll be touching on some other topics where a similar reflex seems to exist). The war, of course, did not start in 1938 by any kind of reckoning, but in the mid-40's. It's hard to decide whether we should say it started when the Communists held their Night of Long Knives and massacred the Vietnamese liberation groups in the North, or when the less-successful attempt at a purge of the non-Communist resistance movement in the South took place. And Viet Nam's north-south division antedates the 20 years you contemplate by a few centuries, since it's been a dominant theme in Vietnamese history since the conquest of Champa and the settlement of the Saigon/Mekong deltas. # FR 302: Silverberg is too much a craftsman to give a pat answer to the question whether confession produces absolution. Like the hero's decision at the end of Budrys' Rogue Moon, it's something for your innards to respond to. \*\* You have not produced a scrap of proof that Burley had possession of or access to a ytterbium dildo. \*\* Odd thing about that low-pollution Mazda. It turns out to have as much machinery under the hood as any other car. When asked, the salesman will admit that the space saved by the compactness of the motor went into extra-elaborate pollution-control gear needed for a two-cycle engine... \*\* Good ghod. After all this time you think I'm working with Indonesians. I remember Mr. Dooley commenting that a lawyer's advantage was that he learned to make a good front on everything without knowing very much about anything... \*\* Time has overtaken your natter about Kent State, and Sid Cochran, of course, has demolished your assertions as to the facts...no? Why else was he censored, then? (Or didn't Craig/Matt stop to think that people censor what they can't refute?) At any rate, if you seriously believe that your statements about the Kent State affair are indisputable you are a very sick mouse indeed, and if you think they are in fact not disputed you are so far out of touch with the real world that I despair of dragging you back. \*\* At this date I hardly think it is necessary to notice your comments on labor/management violence further than has already been done by others. If you have, in fact, read the works you advise me to read, you are aware that the American working man is not prone to react as meekly as the downtrodden subjects of effete European monarchies were expected to do. The idea that labor's assertion of its rights was an instance of the victory of Gandhian nonviolence will make a great gag if I ever have to follow up a speech by Harlan Ellison. \*\* You're "not quote sure what offense, besides hypocrisy, (you) charged DuPont...with". The point, Yale, is that you acted as if you expected us to accept the bare announcement of his name as prima facie evidence of guilt as charged. This sort of clashes with your bow-wowling on the next page about the rights of the accused, you see how it is? \*\* Now we reach your obfuscation about the lawyer defending a client by command of the court. Myyyy word, quotations yet, from a Briton and an American both. Can I do less? Indeed, I'll give thee a Thomas for your Thomas: "We shall not at this time inquire whether the role of a barrister be altogether an honest one. To undertake the defense of a man whom one privately knows to be guilty: to set oneself -- by confusing this witness, by intimidating that, by casting reflections on the integrity of a third; by the explaining away



of evidence, by the exaggeration of imaginary virtues, by the bold assertion of half-truths -- to induce a jury to believe him not guilty: these are matters concerning which decent men have had varying opinions." He didn't say how widely varying. And a suggestion from a whole gaggle of lawyers: the American Bar Association's draft of a legal analog of the Hippocratic Oath, never made official as far as I know but not without importance in showing how quite ~~hardened~~ experienced legalists see things: "...I will undertake no cases save those I believe to be honestly debatable under the law of the land..." This speaks to the point of our dispute more cogently than you do, Yale. The argument (at least, my argument; if you want to defend a tenable position, all right, but don't pretend you're answering me) was begun by a remark in which Squidley indicated that he'd

been assigned the job of defending a schlemiehl who was not only guilty but so guilty that the only thing he -- Cochran -- could do to keep the hounds from their prey was to make conviction so expensive that the State's attorney would despair of getting a fair sentence and let the man off easily. Hardly an affirmation of that noble interest in pure justice you are trying to assert, is it? See also similar general reflections by Reasoner, H., in the margin supra. The argument, to spell it out, is not that a man should not be defended, but that he should not be defended by a man who knows him to be guilty...something very different from the question you tried to address. If I weren't afraid of confusing you further, I might note that my protest was from ethical rather than legal considerations and can hardly be met by asserting that That's How the System Works. ("It is his [Cochran's] obligation as a member of the bar and he may end up in the slammer for contempt for unilaterally refusing".) Indeed, I'm not sure the world is ready for the spectacle of you defending unethical behavior by an appeal to the requirements of The System...what kind of ~~non-violent~~ Radical are you, anyway? \*\* The two items you cite, presumably meaning to present me with Moral Issues, aren't quite the best legal dilemmas I've run across. The woman who shot her assailant had extenuating circumstances, known to you, which appear to amount to self-defense; if you had, on the other hand, watched while she sneaked up a fire escape, stole up

## A lawyers' scandal

Commentary by Harry Reasoner on ABC News, August 7, 1973.

I think we were all touched [recently] when the American Bar Association seemed to announce that it had discovered some lawyers might have been guilty of wrongdoing. If this turns out to be true, various spokesmen indicated, the association will stop at nothing to discipline them. The process began with a note to state bar associations asking, in effect, if they have noted anything wrong.

As has been the case in my memory the action by the professional organization charged with guarding the heritage and probity of America's most important asset -- the law -- is late, ponderous, and defensive. When there is some move on a state or federal level that looks like it might reduce the employment of lawyers, bar associations react like shop stewards defending overtime regulations. But as suggestions that the nation's lawyers are not living up to their responsibilities the bar associations tend to fall into a light slumber.

From the very beginning of Water-

gate it has been apparent that the woods were full of lawyers -- in almost every aspect, this was a lawyers' scandal. But no bar association moved to investigate until they were pushed into it, and even now they haven't disciplined or cited a single lawyer.

There's a counterconvention to the meeting of the American Bar Association going on where rebellious attorneys are meeting. The dean of Hofstra University's law school opened that meeting with a jab at the ABA -- the theme of this year's ABA meeting, he said, is can the American Bar Association meet the challenges of the 19th century?

The thing is all lawyers are officially officers of the American courts, which means they are supposed to be a little more concerned about the honor of the system than the average citizen. Unfortunately the reverse has been true and it's good that the ABA has finally noticed.



## ENEY POSTULATES A MURDER SCENARIO

on him while he was sitting alone on the patio reading, stunned him with a blow from behind, put six shots into him with a silenced pistol as he lay helpless, wiped her fingerprints from the gun, disposed of her wig and outer frock, and escaped by another route...if, I say, you'd seen that and then tried to get her off by pleading that it was an impulsive crime of passion, you would be in the sort of position I suggested was questionable. \*\* The second case you cite -- deciding who to give an incredibly dirty and dangerous job -- isn't strictly a question of legal responsibilities, it seems to me, but of the ethics of leadership, aka R.H.I.O. The answer to your question who should have been assigned the Speck defense is not hard: (e) none of the above. There are some jobs that the boss simply does not unload on his junior officers. That's why I, and not somebody else, took the responsibility for checking out An Giang after one aggressive proponent of Land Reform had been murdered there, and why I was doing the field inspections in Chuong Thien, which was wavering between 43rd and 44th in the monthly listing of pacification conditions in the 44 provinces of Viet Nam. I'd be more of a hypocrite than usual if I pretended I'm not proud of having done my job that way; but I did it because that kind of thing goes with the big desk and the private office, not because I wanted to indulge my suppressed macho instincts. \*\* FR 306: "I am not in the habit of so changing quotations as to alter the meaning intended"? It's good to know that when you launch into a multi-page tirade you won't actually distort your opponent's words to give others the impression that your arguments are germane. That's really integritudinous of you tho it might be still better if you didn't even leave it to be assumed...

FRED LERNER # FR 303: If you'd be pleased with guilt plastic, I have a batch of Watergate Bug glasses I'll pass along to you at DisCon...

LEE GOLD # f/r 308.5007: Bless you for achieving the Great Work. \*\* FR 309: No, no...it was the Grand Fleet of the Galactic Patrol. A steal, of course, from the British Navy in World War I; odd that Smith should have turned to the British when looking for fleet organization, rather than the U.S. (You remember Kinnison's first ship; and the flagship of the Triplanetary task fleet that attacked Grey Roger's planetoid was identified as British, too...) Undoubtlessly the Boskonians would have mobilized a High Space Fleet if that name had been at all plausible...

FLIEG HOLLANDER # FR 301: Has anyone yet mentioned that Mike Hinge, long-time fan and artist, crashed the big time by painting a cover for TIME? It was the black-on-red sketch of Nixon which looks somewhat like a photo on high-contrast film. (In case you wonder, what prompted that news flash was your comment on the TIME cover in which the Nixon Crowd assumes the pose of the Tweed Ring)

DENNIS McCUNNEY # FR 302: Oh, take the French rather than that computer language you mentioned, by all means. In view of the Cult's long-known destination -- well, you know the cliché about the chances of a SNOBOL in Hell. \*\* If Terra/1973 is your idea of being efficiency-ed to death, your assessment is more indulgent than mine... \*\* Your comment to Svoboda reminds me of the Irregular who was trying to prove that Holmes was a Christian. One of his points was that a Christian is humble, and so was Holmes. Tiptoeing away from that, though, I suppose if his major premise is correct it ties in still further with our bucket trip...

TED JOHNSTONE # FR 308: Obviously no principle is worth fighting for, to a



ENEY PROMOTES FIGHTING

true Cultist. Fighting against principles, now, that's more our style. And no talent is worth developing if it isn't a little decadent and corrupt...

JOHN P. CONLON # FR 300: Yeah, but the North Vietnamese "land reform" wasn't an honest effort to reform the land tenure, but to destroy the small independent farmers who had proved refractory when other countries were taken over by the Empire. That's an interesting thought: how would you like to get zapped by (deleted) comes the Revolution because Tsedenbal, in Lower Mongolia, found that firemen there were hard to brainwash? # FR 302: The Latin countries who legalized Houses of Ill Reput-ey didn't have much luck reducing the VD rate and the Oriental ditto had none at all. Some places the infection rate ran 170% and I never dared ask how many had only a single infection of Whatever... \*\* d.o. 0.304001: That is rather a cruel putdown of John Smith, if I may say so. "One at a time on successive days", indeed. Is there no romance in an historian's soul, or whatever Cultists have there instead? \*\* I suppose this should be addressed to Tepper: how many of you didn't know that a musume is a Commercial Wench? Japanese for "daughter". (And we picked it up through GI slang as "moose", if you were puzzled at Shandon Silverlock calling Manon that.) Sort of like the way the pretty girl around the local Bishop's house in the Good Olde Days was always his niece. # FR 307: If that .44 were only fitted with a silencer maybe Edeiken's lady friend could borrow it and really give him trouble establishing lack of premeditation... # FR 308: Jesus H. Christ, is that story about the Eye of Sauron still going the rounds? I'm the one who got it started in the first place, I think. A whimsical Green Beret captain who was scoring with the office's American secretary (deplorable taste, by the way) had translated bits of the Ring books -- I remember a description of the Gates of Mordor -- into...ummm...Rhade, I think it was...as an English-teaching auxiliary. Some of the Special Forces' CIDG men from the Highlands, when they came to the National Day parade in Saigon in '66, painted their shields with the Lidless Eye for the march, in which they dressed in hoked-up tribal costumes. I got a pic of this and circulated it with my little newszine, CURSE YOU, RED BARON!, and it turned up in the NEW REPUBLIC, thanks to a New York faaaan who shall be nameless, in the form of a story that the Vietnamese admired the Orcs and didn't that prove how wicked and evil LBJ/Ky/etc were. I remember the Tolkein Society session at BayCon questioning me about this...in fact, I've still got some duplicates of the slide that started the whole cholera. As the CIDG Mike Force units were converted into South Vietnamese Army Ranger Battalions, that would account for the story you cite from THE NATION. Gad, this historical reconstruction is flakey stuff. \*\* Between the sheets, indeed! You underestimate Johnstone. In his first Man from UNCLE book Napoleon Solo and the heroine of the moment Made It sitting upright in an (over-stuffed) chair.

FRANK DENTON # Sorry we missed each other -- I didn't get your letter in time to call you during the approximately 12 hours we were both in Seattle. Next summer, maybe, at the G&S Festival?

BERT DUCH # FR 306: If there were multiple engagements, like the famous occasion when Cyrano fought a hundred opponents at once and beat them all, the duels-per-week problem might be more amenable. And as that occasion was a street brawl, methinks it might be that "duel" was being defined as any personal-combat situation...which much simplifies things when you reflect that Cyrano was also a soldier at a time when fighting with pike and halberd was still important.

DON FITCH # FR 303: Yes, but losing land to moneylenders was one of the problems we



## ENEY ALLOWS FOR PROBLEMS

knew about and allowed for in drawing up the Vietnamese Land Reform law. The Nationalist Chinese and the Japanese solved the problem in other ways, but the solution in Viet Nam was simply to make the land inalienable for 15 years. By that time, it was assumed, the high-technology farming system would be working. (In fact, five years would have been plenty, or so it seems now.) Loans against the security of the land are available only through the Rural Development Bank, which has a limit on its loaning equivalent to one-tenth of a hectare's value (a quarter of an acre) and can seize only enough land to meet an outstanding debt. The average recipient in the Delta got 1.41 hectares; obviously he would have to make a loan each year for 14 years and default on every one of them to be completely stripped of his land. There is the difficulty that the farmer can only advance by increments rather than at one bound, but the previous experience you note -- the best and most ambitious people losing their land through mortgage foreclosures -- was so definite and obvious that this was accepted as the lesser evil. And Ghod, or Buddha, knows that nobody can accuse the Vietnamese of lacking the necessary patience to do things this way. # FR 305: But after all, as Mencken noted, inefficient tyrannies are the best kind. It's efficiency that makes any government insufferable, and not only when it gets up to crime and/or evil. # FR 306: Murder, at least, is still so elementary that informing people of new and nastier techniques is not likely to inspire too much imitation. On the other hand, guidance on ingenious methods for degrading one's sex partner may be quite inspiring to the jaded or unimaginative. Once you've killed somebody you can't go back and do it over in a different manner, no matter how much the first experience turns you on. # f/r 307.3908: Fans may also be doing even less Smoking than appears to be the case, too. I noticed...at one of the TorCon room parties where a non-Cultist was passing around r++f+rs to the assembled fans and pros...well, let me set the scene. There were a celebrated cartoonist and the girl with the neat macramé work; a certain Horrid Pro and his current groupie; Shayne McCormack; and myself, reading around clockwise from the chap who was making and passing along some fairly potent rolls of Weed. The Horrid Pro's fair companion passed on one to Shayne who, I think, hadn't realized until that moment what was toward. Shayne is none of your (excuse switch in typefaces) none of your sunbronzed Australian ranchettes; she has a lovely strawberries-and-cream complexion which shows a blush quite charmingly, or did so when she recognized what this peculiar-looking cigarette was. Rather than make a scene she passed the thing on to me and I prepared for Fink Trick 12-c from my Diplomat's Mandy Guide to Sneakiness: less cutely, I made ready to pinch the end of the reefer closed and suck smoke around it. (A quick half-roll between the fingers as you pass it along to the next smoker disposes of the evidence. Odd, the things one can learn in a monastery.) And as I started to do so I discovered that one of the four others had already pinched the end of the reefer tight shut...and if it wasn't the last in the line, at least some of them hadn't been displeased with this arrangement. Hmmm. Well, I suppose in a permissive environment Puritanism is the last refuge of depravity, isn't it? \*\* I can't vouch for the small hours of the morning, but I have established by experiment that you can travel freely around the sightseeing areas of Washington by public transit and on foot in good clothes and carrying a camera. Gee, Don, I forgot to ask you: can people walk around in Los Angeles without being dragged into a massage parlor? \*\* Still, the crime rate does stay up there; maybe there's a covert program of subsidies for letting tourists alone... # f/r 309.3908: I tried growing ginkgos from fresh seeds picked up in Washington, after the example of Willy Ley. Three out of five germinated, of which one got big enough to set out. But I forgot to tell Dad what it was and, seeing it wasn't an offshoot of the oak I'd planted it near, he cut it down for a weed. Alas. If I knew how well the seedlings endured shipment, I might try getting some started and sending the successful sprouts to Frank.

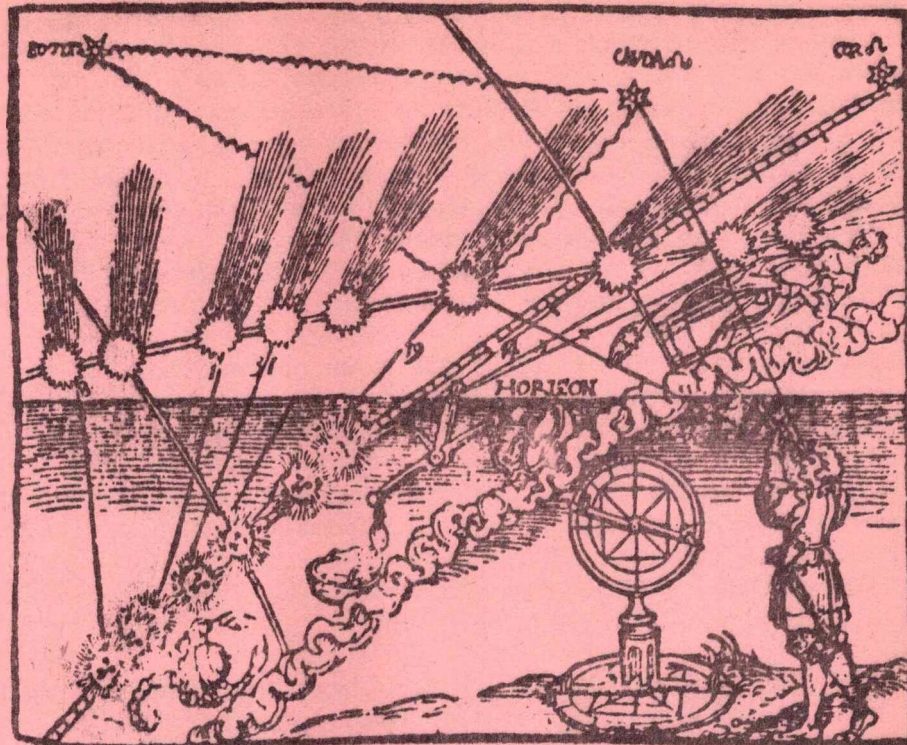


ENEY WONDERS...

WHICH CULTIST  
WILL BE THE  
FIRST TO SEE  
COMET  
KOHOUTEK?

After all,  
comets bring  
woe, plague,  
death, war,  
GP misery,  
and other  
good stuff,  
just like an  
FR should....

And some FRs  
are pretty  
hairy, so the  
parallel works  
both ways.



GEORGE H. SCITHERS # Merry Mahler Marching Society: What chance of a comeback now for the electric streetcar? It's an ill Middle-Eastern War that blows nobody good. \*\* Sakes alive, Edeiken did irritate some of us with his pronouncements on the virtues of the legal profession, didn't he? I wonder if it would do him good, did we take a poll to determine how many offices display that poster with a certain famous quote from Henry VI...

DIAN CRAYNE # FR 302: Speaking of the last subject but one, what is the energy crisis doing to your adventures with the water bed? # Merry Mahler Marching Society: Modeling paste? That sounds more bizarre than a ytterbium dildo. Do you really mean that modelling paste can be used in painting? Tell us more. I mean, if George can talk about streetcars and I about land tenure...no, really, I know just little enough about the subject to find the idea fascinating. \*\* I don't know of the John D. MacDonald novel you describe, but H. Allen Smith tells the story of an inexplicable happening the night of 7 December 1941. It appears that ships and planes were coming in and going out of Pearl Harbor at a great rate and quite without regard to preplanned schedules, and one destroyer officer came home ahead of time, just as his wife and a friend (hers, I assumed) were getting their things together. The wicked home-wrecker did a scarper out the back door, unobserved, in his altogethers, hopped in his car before the husband could spot him, and tore off to return to his ship. Now, consider. War had just broken out with a devastating sneak attack. Here was the whole island of Oahu on alert, everybody keyed up to the point where they'd shoot at the larger cockroaches, and the villain, bare-ass naked, had to get back on board a warship, which was inside the wired-in and tightly patrolled perimeter of the Naval Base itself. And the most outrageous thing of all I've saved till the last: Smith doesn't explain how he did it. \*\* Well, I'm sorry, but really he doesn't.



ENEY RESUMES AFTER A PARTY BREAK

CHUCK CRAYNE # FR 302: Expand those sayings. Perhaps it's too simplistic to define a case of thinking as one in which the entity examined perceives, apperceives, and reacts in a way showing input from previous experience, but why won't, e.g., the plateau phenomenon in learning situations give us an indication? \*\* You lost me. In Turing's Test, why does B's success establish her intellectual equality with A rather than the Interrogator? (It sounds a little sexist, too: don't they also play the game with A trying to convince the interrogator he's a woman?) # Merry Mahler Marching Society: If you tell some of us we might be mentally ill we'll accept the idea as a status symbol. I mean, seriously, and even outside the Cult. In some circles psychotherapy is absolutely de rigeur.

BRIAN BURLEY # FR 301: I don't quite dig your contrasting of physical and biological sciences as matching a contrast of this and a humanistically-oriented society. Medicine and biology are not "soft" sciences any more in the sense that they can be handled by the use of phantom samples and the other wickednesses that afflict the humanist when he tries to think in a rigorous and quantitative fashion. A humanistically oriented society would be more likely to resemble Hashbury without Diggers, or even a Schoenfeldt. # AI<sup>2</sup>: But what of the notorious local liquor laws? True, this may be the lead-in for something like the Bar Song (aka "Yay! Boo!")... # FR 307: What is the antidote to pot? Not Pepsi-Cola, I hope.

DICK ENEY # FR 302: You twit! Why did you typo that sentence so Edeiken read it as the wheeler-dealers being able to but up, rather than buy up, land?

JAMES B. JONES III # Drat you, sirrah, you spoiled an almost-complete run of comments to all Members and Active WListers, you know that?

JACK HARNESS:# FR 301: Now what the devil business is it of yours, Harness, how many doves I Do Something Awful to? Damn it, there's too much officious moralism around here. # MERRY MAHLER MARCHING SOCIETY: From the taillessness, armament, and hymn I make a wild guess that the cover represents Reepicheep, the Mouse from the Narnia stories. \*\* But really, you know, in wrestling too low blows are counted as foul. Perhaps the referees at the Academy of Nude Wrestling are very very indulgent. \*\* You're confusing. Was it the realization that the credit card was worthless that psyched Senda out? If it had been a valid credit card, in other words...? \*\* I wonder if there's any chance of the Noble Order of St. Fantony getting hold of the St. Francis' kitty-litter sculpter? # f/r 308.5007: Fantastic to read. Now, as for what it would be like to play...wonder if I ought to include, for my FR, the Viet Nam game I worked up while over there? \*\* Did anybody point out that your rules call for duelling challenges to be made from blood red planets, while your description of the board has no blood red planets? (But if I weren't looking for quibbles I'd admit it's clear that "dark red" is obviously meant to stand for blood red.)

MATTHEW B. TEPPER # FR 308: Strictly, Agnew was never elected Vice-President: Nixon was elected President and Agnew rode along with him. Electing Vice Presidents separately worked out so ill that the idea was given up, but the other way doesn't seem to be panning out much better, does it?

SID COCHRAN # FR 302: For those who didn't follow the original hoo-ha over which I was flaying Edeiken a few pages back, Squidley was making another point and stated the situation in a mistakeable way -- always a manner of begging for trouble when Cultists are around. It transpired that in fact he wasn't sure until later that the guy was guilty. That doesn't affect the question under discussion. I mean, we can't assume that it's moral to defend the guilty just because Cochran doesn't defend the guilty. # FR 306: "Shanti vobiscum"? That's lace curtain Irish.



E! DICK ENEY

OTTO MATIC # FR 301: I have already established my existence for other APAs, and we usually observe the full faith & credence rule. # FR 309: You should compute with the datum that turning the ARBM boys loose constitutes a war crime within the meaning of the Geneva Convention of 1953. # d.o. 0.310370: Perhaps a plebiscite should be held on whether frogs can become members. There is a precedent that grasshoppers can't, but a scale effect may be involved.

GEORGE SENDA # FR 309: Has anybody tried to be a completist on all those Weird and Perverty bumpersticker brags, of which I presume the TAJ Nazi eagle with "We do it for laffs" is a parody? I mean the things like: Jet pilots go higher; non-coms do it better; submariners do it deeper; Regulars are in longer; EC-2 pilots have more endurance... (For the militantly civilianized, the EC-2 is a long-range electronics aircraft.) \*\* It's only fair to tell you that I partly accept the Warner Principle of fannish libel.

MILT STEVENS # FR 309: Maybe the SFWA gave plenty of votes to Crayne, but I vastened a little different explanation for his victory. While the voting session, or more accurately the pre-voting session, was going on somebody (for all I know it may have been an enemy of Pelz') asked whether Pelz' backers would boycott Crayne's con if he (Chuck) won. Somebody whose name I, at least, will not hold up here said that they intended to do just that. Maybe you didn't feel the hostile vibes that began to reverberate, but if you've ever seen what usually happens when a flock of faaaans are given any such bludgeon-to-the-head persuasion you'll understand why I suspect that Chuck won the bidding by a comfortable margin right then.

-----  
Don't reform; revise!  
-----

I've been working on a number of posters and a pictorial record of the TorCon which I had hoped to have out in time for George's FR, but won't manage to finish until next January, I fear. Another project: cropping some slides, including faaaans, a little better to produce better photos and color prints. Sprague de Camp asked me for some of the shots I got at the TorCon because he wanted to prove just how much flesh was to be seen there...you know, the standard of femmefannish pulchritude has taken what amounts to a quantum jump in the last ten years, and I do not simply mean that the girls at the costume ball are going topless. (Mind, now, I'm not complaining about that, either.) Both at TorCon and Phillycon, where there was no costume ball at all, the female attendees included some of the loveliest portions of Eve's flesh I've run across for many a month, whether judged by looks or wits. I have a theory about this which I will spring on you anon, and it only indirectly touches on the pornographic.

Hoping you are the same,

Dick Eney



{Next time, 0 Eney, p\*!e\*a\*s\*e leave enough right & bottom margins!!!!gsh}





"Spring has sprang  
And Fall has fell;  
Winter has come  
And it's colder than usual."

Ted Johnstone, alias David McDaniel:

**THE  
TECHNOLOGICAL  
HIERARCHY  
FOR THE  
REMOVAL OF  
UNDESIREABLES  
AND THE  
SUBJUGATION OF  
HUMANITY**

20 Dec 73

Dear Cult:

A few weeks ago I broke my own rule about making specific predictions from astrological indicators, and got reminded that I don't understand it well enough yet. Even so, it was my interpretation which was wrong -- the indicators were, as usual, uncannily correct. If anybody cares, refer to my f/rational 309.942, where I took the precaution of describing my reasons for expecting a high accident rate over the period of 20 Nov - 9 Dec.

Mars, I explained, represents Energy; Uranus represents surprises, the unexpected, and like that. In the strongly disharmonious aspect they were sustaining over that period, Uranus could also be read as Crisis. "Its action," says R.C.Davison, "is to ... awaken, mobilize dynamically, innovate, shock, break down established conditions. It often works in a spasmodic, unexpected fashion."

Looking at it from this temporal angle, it seems to have been obvious; I just lacked the proper perspective for a good interpretation at the time. This usually happens when I try to get too specific, which is why I have a rule about making predictions. I can usually point vaguely and say, "Watch out: there's something heavy over there."

There's a nice one in a couple of months, by the way: February '74 will be dominated by a big Jupiter-Saturn-Uranus Grand Trine, which means those three planets are at 120°-separated points around the sky; this is most harmonious, and may help resolve the massive flap set off by the Mars-Uranus opposition.

But enough shop talk. FR 311 arrived fashionably late, neatly laid out and moderately commentable:

BONADONNA: I didn't watch Blue Knight, but if Chicago was receiving a live network feed from New York, you might have seen a spider somewhere in the optical path between film plane and vidicon tube. Usually the nets prefer to transfer the film to videotape for the actual broadcast; that way all the color balancing and fades for spots can be done without the pressure of an on-the-air situation. In that case they probably would not have allowed the image of the spider on the VT, and there would not be an optical element anywhere in the system before your screen.

DIAN: Your statistics are fascinating. ((Injunction.)) Four minutes seems terribly short for intercourse, but these average people are usually clods. And six inches seems awfully short, tho I don't have much data for comparison. That's probably why the average girl accepts her paltry 18 feet three times a week. I must say, I'd like to meet an average girl or two.

WHITMORE: Welcome to the jungle. You thought all those people were irrationally prejudiced, didn't you? You're



more Johnstone:

right. And now you get the idea why they're irrationally prejudiced.

HARNES:

As Fitch pointed out, your main difficulty in reconciling the line about "As ye deal with ~~my~~ contemnors, so with you ~~my~~ grace shall deal" is because you have put your own interpretation on the song and can't see what it really means. Maybe you missed a definition earlier. As I understood it, there isn't any jealousy in the described wrath -- just a determination that the wicked shall change their ways. He is quoted somewhere in the bible as saying "The Lord takes no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that they should turn from their wickedness." It wasn't until religion had rotted away to the extent of providing excuses for wars that the idea of killing instead of converting caught on, and it was never officially approved. More specifically, in the Civil War which engendered the song, Lincoln's attitude toward the defeated South was proper and appropriate: to forgive, and help them rebuild. Unfortunately a crazy actor didn't understand this, and Congress tried to destroy his successor and succeeded in destroying the South for most of a hundred years.

If you knew anything about animal psychology, you'd know about the "alpha", the pack leader, the top of the pecking order in a flock, the lead fish in a school. In thousands of studies of hundreds of species, it is observed that when the alpha punishes a subordinate transgressor, defends his status, breaks up a fight or drives off an invader, he uses only the minimum force necessary to accomplish that object. A gesture of submission, retreat, surrender, and he suspends the attack. If you want to debate this, be prepared to cite reference, and not just suggest exceptions.  
#

People are an exception under certain conditions; I think it has to do with the prevalence of language, which enable people to lie to themselves. No other species can do this. It is a capability which has made possible all invention, which involves making up something in your mind that doesn't exist, just as it makes possible stories, science fiction, and abstract mathematics and religious wars.

FITCH: Of

course it was only a coincidence that Sister Angela left her brand new guns lying out on a table for her friend to rip off without her knowledge while she was in the kitchen pouring a glass of tomato juice. She couldn't have suspected that he would be silly enough to take seriously all that theoretical discussion about revolution, striking at the courts, power growing out of the barrel of a you-know-what, and so on. Why, I imagine she was just as shocked as the rest of us when those poor misunderstood boys accidentally found those guns in their hands; they didn't really mean to hurt anybody. And if it hadn't been for all those unsympathetic policemen not trusting them, they might have got clear away, back to their mothers and families. Either way, Sister Angela is a hero -- in a theoretical, ivory-tower sort of way.

DICK ENEY: I never thought you were a CIA spook; but I'm thinking of starting a rumor to the effect that you were actually smuggling opium all that time. // Isn't there a Saint noted for copying manuscripts or carrying messages or writing about his visions? That last sounds appropriate to Patronise Fandom, if that's the term I want...

OTTO MATIC: The cut-and-splice marks on the xerography are too obvious, but it's better than stammering on stencil. I wish there was some way you could interview George "Tony" Senda and find out why he feels the way he does about frogs. Still, it's better than feeling that way about machines. Maybe it's a result of having been Downtrodden; Whitmore's sparring partners probably share some of the same attitudes, tho I doubt if they think much about Striking Back at frogs or machines in any theoretical way when there is immediate direct reaction to be taken.

Joyous solstice to all,

Faj\* IX 15F



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December 17, 1973

AIR MAIL

Mr. George H. Scithers  
Box 8243  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19101

Re: FR 312

Dear George:

Upon receipt of FR 310 and acting in accordance with the advice therein contained, I believe I dispatched activity for FR 311 to Dian Crayne, which Mr. Fitch did not receive. One more plague shall visit the Postmaster General; however, by carbon copy of this letter I am appealing to soon-to-be ex - OA Edeiken in case this prompt response to the FR 311 which arrived this morning does not find its way into your hands by the 24th.

This will mark the first time that APA activities have intruded upon my office time; I cannot say that it will not happen again, but I will do all in my power to avoid a repeating of the same - which in this case would seem to consist of sending duplicate letters to anyone who might publish the next Fantasy Rotator.

And now to the body of my message for this period: Having exhausted Atlanta as an object to blitz by virtue of a convention there not more than two weeks ago, we chose this past weekend to blitz Nashville instead. Arriving wholly unannounced, we managed to track down Ken Moore on his way to a meeting of the Experimental Aircraft Club and announced that we were in town with a 90 minute movie of an Ernie Kovacs Special, looking for a projector. By



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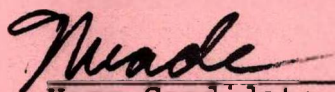
more from Frierson :  
December 17, 1973

ten o'clock John Hollis and Ken Moore had deserted their aircraft meeting and invited us to Dick and Carol Stafford's home where Dan Caldwell was likewise in attendance.

There is a southern tradition from the Deep South Conventions known as the "Hank Awakening Ceremony". Nashville will soon be known for its "Ken Sobering Ceremony". Among other things, we discussed the dramatic departure from Star Trek formats evidenced just that morning - namely, adaptation of "known SF" rather than original scripts. We speculated on the availability of the adventure material from Robert Sheckley and even John W. Campbell, Jr. which might be suitably presented in this format.

On Sunday, we saw the first and third reels of 2001 as well as our Ernie Kovacs Special TV show, which was, as predicted, hilarious. Sunday's viewing took place in a 16 millimeter theater near the Vanderbilt campus which is operated by Eric Jamborsky and other members of Nashville fandom were in attendance.

Hoping this report finds you the same,



\_\_\_\_\_  
Your Candidate for OA,  
Meade I

cc: Yale F. Edeiken  
606 West Cornelia Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill. 60657

-----  
IIIrd Jones postcards thus:

Merry Christmas!

Thank you for the TRC. This card is mainly to see that if a copy of FR 312 is to be sent to me that I receive at the earliest possible time. From the 14th of DEC. to the 8th of JAN. I will be in Blytheville at my old address. If you plan to publish in that time and think the Christmas mail service can get it to me, send it there. Otherwise send it here, at UA. I leave it to your better judgement.

CULTicly, /James B Jones III/

{I hope he understands what he is saying; the pubdate for FR312 has been fixed at 24 Dec 73 ever since the last time an OA altered pubdates, which was about 14 Cycles ago...}



Edeiken, future exOA, wrote:

16 Dec 73

OAIC ELECTIONS: What the CULT needs ~~like/candidate~~ is another exOA. Close followers of CULTic affairs know beyond a reasonable doubt that what fucks up the CULT more than almost anything else is a bunch of exOAs informing the current OA exactly what is going on; all opinions being, of course, contradictory. Since there are now, counting Opilla, but eight of them hanging around {A moment there, beloved OA: the OAs of the CULT have been Moreen, Carr, Brandon, Stark, White, Champion, Johnstone, (Johnstone again) Tapscott, (Tapscott again) Eney, Dian Girard then-Pelz, (Tapscott again) Scithers, (Scithers & Tapscott again) Heap (Heap again) (Heap again) Hollander, the Opilla (Scithers again) and Edeiken, making by my count 15, of whom two have died, one (Brandon) was alleged to have been a hoax, and seven still attached to the CULT or its appendages. The other five have, one assumes, come to their senses or something. Since Edeiken is not yet an exOA, that means there are but six exOAs lurking in the vicinity of the CULT, or eleven (or twelve) living exOAs altogether, depending on how one views Brandon. It only seems like eight.} (plus George Senda who, in himself, is one of the major corsses that any OA must bear {why? The last time I read TRC, it did not include among the OA's duties any requirement that he read Senda's Periodic idiocies.}) another might just fuck us up beyond belief (or is Parkinson's Law interfering?). Since this seems to be one of the major motives of CULTac I have decided not to run again (the fact that bar examinations and job hunting with possible relocation will fall in the middle of this Cycle, assuming I don't fall out in my final semester, has nothing to do with my decision. Sure). Good luck, whoever. (and with Senda around you'll need it).

HARNESS: Having played "Revenge!" once with SF fans and several times with wargamers most of the problems were not really caused by rules interpretations but with introducing new players to the philosophy of the game. Strangely the gamers did not seem to mind landing on "Fate" while the SF people avoided it like the plague.

CONLON: Suggest you learn how to read. 'Twas you who was mouthing off about how it was great for cops to shoot a would be mugger in the back {it's okay, YaleF, if the victim has been mugged first, or are you arguing that it is less painful to be shot from the front? ghs} and hence, it was your cockeyed law I was talking about. I see Roche knows what's going on and then tells you that the newspapers were responsible for Agnew's resignation. {Well, it does seem odd that the newspapers have this sacred Right&Obligation to keep secret the identity of who was doing all the leaking, when precisely this fact was the most important datum in the affair of the Agnew leaks. ghs} Maybe he does know what is going on and is merely emulating your heroes. Maybe he is lying.

DIAN: I rather believe that Buzhardt will be the next to go, although I suspect it might be voluntary. There is a limit as to how long a man can get up in front of a national audience and make an ass of himself just to protect someone else {That is the most witless piece of wishful thinking in this FR! ghs} and I wouldn't doubt that he is close to that limit. There is also some serious speculation that he committed a severe breach of ethics in the whole tapes erasure business and he might be having a few problems of his own soon (especially now that the preliminary reports of the experts seem to indicate that the erasure was not accidental).

TEPPER: Dispite your complaining I don't think reinstatement is really that much



Edeiken addresses Tepper:

of a problem in regard to slow turnover right now. I had thought it might be when I became OA but looking back I can't even remember having had to use it (or being asked to) although I would have if the reason for droppage had been a PO fuck up. Most of the yo-yoing seemed to be due to last-minute f/rs and FReditorial goofs and not from the clubby little atmosphere you think exists.

BONADONNA: My number is 935-9138 call sometime. Even better come up almost any night of the week. Judging from your address the direction would seem to be due west for a few blocks.

AD HOMINEM: Strange how history runs in cycles. As I am writing this letter at about 10:00 PM on 16 Dec 1973, exactly 200 years ago at this hour another group of Americans was preparing to protest what they considered to be an encroachment upon their liberties by a tyrannical government more concerned about increasing its own power than doing what it was supposed to (efficiently running the country). {No doubt, you will restage this event completely as soon as you want to debunk the Revolution, by citing the story that the affair was cooked up by merchants with warehouses full of tea they could sell at high prices if the import of tea were cut off, and isn't that p\*r\*o\*o\*f that the wicked oil companies set off the Yom Kippur War just to make money? YaleF has the oddest notions of history: the function of government, in those days, was not to be efficient. It was to defend its citizens from the depredations of outsiders. The British, having defended the Colonies from the depredations of the Indians & French, felt that said Colonies should help support the expense of that defense. These days, the US is waxing indignant over the refusal of Europe to do the same with respect to the defense of Europe.} {Want to really play the game of rerun history? 520 years ago, the Muslims made an attempt to cut Europe off from a vital import; the long-term results were the discovery of America and the round-the-horn route to India, and thence the European domination of America, the Indian Ocean basin, and eventually much of Africa as well, reducing the power of the Muslims to a rather sad joke. What'll happen with the current attempt of the Muslims to re-run history? ghs} The protest was, of course, the Boston Tea Party which leads almost directly to the war of the American Revolution. It's rather sad thought that we are again going to go through a national agony which, irony of ironies, might last until 1976 that is really so similar in nature. {It is indeed sad to see a once fine mind so completely muddled by his arduous service as OA. The current problem is that the present administration are addicted to things illegal and immoral, and the solution is wholly legal and procedural: impeach & remove the President; this resembles the American Revolution very little. ghs}

PAX, /YaleF/

Tepper writes:

Gosh! No comments to me to speal of in FR311! Good thing, too, because I'm in the middle of finals at State, and would have no time for a letter of any length. (Mildly disgusting ad on the radio just now for a wine called "The Argentine Trumpeter". I hope he gets chapped lips.) Don Fitch's FR arrived today, 19 Dec 73, which shows you how utterly putrid mail service can be this most putrid time of the year. I can't wait until I'm an Active Member and can expect all my CULT material First Class! Hopefully a few people will drop out, bringing me up to the Active Waitlist, which entitles me to First Class stuff anyway... {Boy, are you in the wrong apa if you want First Class stuff... ghs} Nothing important in this poptsarcd {We noticed already. ghs}; it may be omitted entirely if desired. The low man (?) on Fitch's roster is the new apa Manager for {that other apa}! Frierson for OA!!! ----- /matthew tepper/



# On HER MAJESTY'S SACRED SERVICE

-or-

IT'S JUST A DROP, IN THE BUCKET

by

Jack Harness

The ticket seller was rattling schedules and pasteboard forms in what might be described as a gleeful frenzy. He had been known to hourly increase his random motion without limit; on a full moon he was sometimes observed, still in his booth after hours, babbling and flinging pieces of routing forms, spangles of punched-out tickets, and ripped fragments of baggage claim checks to the five winds. He had been known to silence infuriated Boberman Pinschers; venomous, irate, and mis-directed passengers; even roaring diesel trucks; with an ever-so-polite sneer. Suddenly, he stopped.

He quaked in his gaiters and galluses as some thirty-odd robed people ambled over to his window. He knew -- instantly -- that these were exceptions to his rule.

They seemed to be arguing amongst themselves, which gave him added time to counterfeit composure. He hunched his shoulders up to his ears and manufactured an indulgent smile.

"Isn't it about time we entered the Bardo of the Realm of Experience beyond the mind?" asked a slim figure in the shadows. He was so well known that no one present actually knew who he was.

"I wouldn't mind entering that one myself," replied an immaculate emaciate. "My baton could weave a fascinating cadence, a Maestro's metronome of motion, stirring her to ---"

The hard-to-see figure waved his voluminous sleeves. "Ook, ook, that's Bardo, not Bardot. I refer to that transcendent reality which ---"

"Stop mainlining Marvel Comics, you fugghead," said yet another of their group, who wore a broken gold triangle on his pallid robe. "That's right out of Doctor Strange."

"Please, don't mention Marvel Comics," replied the tallish young man in a tome of unutterable fastidiousness. "What they did to the Götterdämmerung in The Mighty Thor I wouldn't wish on even my contemporary contemnors."

"I was referring to the Astral Plane, the Plane of Desire."

"Well, naow, Guv, the h'Astral Playne leaves h'at 'arf past, on ter runway yonder," said the ticket seller, thinking to be rid of the lot quickly. He figited nervously with the rubber stamp with which he marked most, but not all, of each set of schedules, "SUBJECT TO PETROL AVAILABILITY."

"Er, all we have are streetcar transfers," said an ectomorph wearing nothing but an inscrutable smile whose curve echoed his only garment, a jeweled jockstrap. He might have worn not even that, just buckskin moccasins, except that he needed a belt of sorts to support his electronick mechanism, from which ran a thin wire to his ear.

"In that cayse, the Streetcah naymed Desoire leaves in sev'n minutes, Guv," the ticketseller blurted out.

The three dozen odd hooded figures clustered to confer about the route. A striking brunette idly cracked her morgenstern like a leather whip. Voices buzzed:

"Coach class?" "No, all CULT business should go First Class." "That's better than we deserve." "Wait -- isn't that a centaur's tail waving --" "No, a horse's." "-- from the front of the car?" "Right on, brother. See, it's a streetcar, the only thing here that's not a double-decker omnibus." "Then, let's get on it!"



## Harnesstory:

The ticket vendor watched them turn and board the streetcar without another word. He discovered that it was possible to be shaking all over and at the same time be frozen with fear in one spot so tightly that he couldn't move. Gradually, he slid off his chair onto the paper-strewn floor of his booth. It had been close.

=====

The Conductor glanced at their transfers and silently let the robed and hooded figures board. He wore a blazer jacket with the monogram E II R on the badge, over the crown. He breathed in Eton and exhaled Oxford.

When the passengers were all seated, he went forward and rang a bell twice. Hooves clattered and the car started forward.

CRASH! tink-tink-tink ... tink -- tink -- -- tink.

The ectomorph's jeweled jockstrap had fallen to the floor and some of the rhinestones rattled on the boards. The passenger sat silently for a moment dressed in nothing now but his public hair and an even more enigmatic smile than usual.

"Why, he did that deliberately, to gain attention," said a refined-looking passenger whose robes bore the trace of mothballs and -- barely discernable -- the numbers "I" and "VII".

"To distract us from his Latepub, no doubt," said another passenger. He stamped his foot; a motorcycle spoke still wrapped around his ankle clinked sternly. "Fie!"

"Well, I'll help you put that back on," gallantly offered the passenger with the phantom numbers on his robe.

"Oh, no, my pet; that is my office," said the brunette, whose robes showed similar traces of de-numbering. Flinging a scowl at the other passengers in the car, she raised the jeweled article around the hips of its owner, then announced, "Honneur soit qui mal y pense," to a spontaneous round of applause.

There came a sudden scrabbling at the window. Fingernails and fingers appeared above the rim. Someone was running alongside the streetcar and trying to gain entrance through the window.

"Well, it's about time you guys got to here, I mean, after," came a female voice from the general direction of the fingers.

"Sounds familiar," said a portly person who affected robes patched together from Hong Kong silk shirts.

"Most people pay for that privilege -- the privilege of hearing I," said the voice from outside, between gasps.

"Who are you?" asked gaudy silks.

"Who am I? Daft Madge, Crazy Meg, Mad Margaret, Poor Peg."

"I knew this would be a cruddy bore," said Blackbeard.

"AAAArgh! I remember!!" cried gaudy silks. He whipped off a shoe and banged on the fingers until they relaxed their hold on the streetcar window and there was a series of clumping noises that faded away into the distance. "Once is enough for the likes of you," said he, smugly.

"Did she pay her dues?" asked the blackbearded endomorph.

"Brucifer! You forget where you are!!" gasped Gold Triangle.

"Oh, this isn't a Lasfs function?" replied Blackbeard.

The passenger with the motorcycle-spoke-anklet finally extracted himself from that and a few other twisted bits of metal. He spotted a stout rope coiled in the corner and moved toward it. The car lurched dizzily.

"OOOgh, if they keep that up, I'll be one mighty sick elephant," complained the beard. He staggered forward to the conductor to complain, and on the way chanced to look closely at their motive-power. "That's a HORSE!!" he cried.

His coterie surged forward.

"Conductor," bellowed a robed figure clutching a copy of AL AZIF (The Necro-



Harnesstory

nomicon)(by Abdul Alhazred, xi + 197 pp, Owlswick Press, 1973: \$30.00) under his arm, "why doesn't this line use centaurs to pull its streetcars?"

"Nark it, Geo," said a plum passenger in wig and black silk. "Eff it. What do you want for a mouldy transfer, anyway? A Magical Mystery Tour?"

"This," suggested another, who wore a gold "R" on his back, and was now busily trying to smoke the hempen rope, "is more like a Magical Mystery ---"

"DE-tour!!!" chorused some, in accents that marked them as being from Lost Angels.

"You'll have to be quieter, I mean rilly," said the Conductor. "After all, this is the Queen's home island we are traversing. Jolly good, what?"

"He means it's Britain," said the gold "R".

"Nonsense," said a red-bearded man who was applying gold leaf to the interior of the streetcar. "If this is pubdate, it must be Belgium."

"Well, I paid for a centaur-drawn streetcar, and I demand my money's worth!"

"I'm afraid you did, rather," said the Conductor, deflatingly.

The streetcar began to pick up speed, scattering the protestor and a stack of AL AZIF (The Necronomicon)(by Abdul Alhazred, etc., etc.) into the aisle. "If all I get for my pence is a horse, I could have stayed in Disneyland..."

"Nayyyy," said the horse, swinging his head around to address the passengers.

"A talking horse?" asked a plump, loud lady who was helping gold-leaf the car's interior.

"Naturally," said the Conductor. "He's a Houhnyhnm."

"Centaur's are comparatively slow, actually," said the Houhnyhnm. "I'm rather swift, y'know."

"Welllllll," began the bookmonger.

"Quite impossible in Britain, y'know," said the Conductor. "The strain of addressing one's means of transportation, the hind quarters of which are that of a valuable, trustworthy steed, and the forequarters of which are, to put it mildly, a mere menial, a social inferior, actually, would introduce an intolerable strain on the amenities."

"I must say you're heartless and cold," said the gold-leaf-helper lady.

"The colder I am, the better a Conductor, m'um."

"Are you really a Houhnyhnm?" asked a shaggy, heavy-set passenger. "It's hard to believe, even if it's been Ruled on unanimously by the Supreme Court."

"How suspicious you are," said the steed. "Most travelers are so Gullible they'd believe anything I told them."

"As right from the horse's mouth, yes," said the suspicious, shaggy one, somewhat mollified.

=====

The streetcar passed through a bulletlike hail of sleet, followed by detours around quicksand, volcanoes, a rain forest, and giant saguaro cacti. The horizon was flat as far as the eye could see.

"You'd best fasten your seatbelts," said the Conductor. "We're expecting a bit of turbulence." The vehicle careened down a hillside, riding out an avalanche that gradually turned into a blizzard of poppy petals which softened the eventual bump of landing. Outside, the sky was greenish black; the sun, moon, and stars shone together. The streetcar lurched free of the petals and crept slowly into a dense, greyish fog, in which could be heard the bleating of sheep, ocean-going foghorns, troops drilling on cobblestones, soft temple gongs, and an orchestra tuning up.

"Weve reached the Black Road," announced the Conductor. "All change!"

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IIIrd Jones, an earlier pstcard:

8 Dec 73

Well, by this time I should be back on the IWL. The Third Jones rides again! I would have written to FR 310, but I did not know if I had been put back on the IWL until past letter deadline. Hopefully more will be following this postcard for FR 311 {sic: this is FR 312. ghs}, but right now finals are all that I have much time for. I will be finished and free by the 14th. {Free? Er, how much did you charge, before the 14th? ghs} I have a lot to talk about too. {Hmmm -- about such subjects as what you did for the no-longer-charged prices, ummmm? ghs} More later.

CULTicly, /James B Jones III/

Flieg, PhD&exOA, eeps:

17 Dec 73

Eeep! I think this had better go out AIR MAIL tonight and pray. {In spite of your prayer, it arrived In Time, but just. ghs} FITCH's FR arrived today, and I suddenly found out that I was in write-week, not the week before same. Hope the sudden snow this last weekend doesn't completely bamboozle the PO.

We got moved just in time, as the weather recently has turned to true winter, with snow all over the ground, sub-freezing temperatures, etc. And speaking of cold, DON, I notice where LA has passed a city ordinance saying that everyone has to cut down their electricity usage by 10%. Wow, great law, right? What about the guy who has been concerned about over-use of energy and been conserving? Or the person who couldn't afford all the fancy gee-gaws of modern society and was just using it for light (one) and stove, for instance? It's laws like that that are going to lead to large-scale cheating, if only from necessity. It's as bad as the fuel-oil regulations, which did a similar thing. (You had to reduce your interior temperature by 6° no matter where it had been set previously.) {Ex(C)ULTist Sand Meschkow keeps telling me that this gig of the wastrels taking from the thrifty, come the crunch, is what ATLAS SHRUGGED is all about. I continue to not read the thing, though. Another example of this kind of thing: Public Service of New Jersey spent oodles of money to be ready for the natural gas shortage -- they retained equipment to produce gas from oil and coal, they made non-cancellable contracts with their suppliers, they financed drilling for gas in the Gulf. Comes the crunch, the Federal Government overrides the contracts and allocates the gas as it wists, it still will not allow production from the Gulf wells, and what gas PSNJ does get is decreased by the capacity of the special equipment it retained. Result: a lesson -- don't be a thrifty ant, for the grasshoppers will take it all away!!}

God damnit! If those people who had gone out and bought American Gas Hogs had bought foreign cars, there wouldn't be the extreme shortage there is now! Growl, curse, rave, \*froth\*.

A Well-Known Gafiate: Tepper says that "A" stands for Abercrombie. I don't blame you a bit for not wanting to use your first name, but you might put a period after your first initial so that it wouldn't confuse people. You sound like our kind of people, though, and I will be careful about walking through North Hollywood if I am ever in the LA area again. You'll also be able to tell which one is me, though, because I'll be wearing a full suit of chain mail, carrying a shield and a broadsword. You also pick nits brilliantly.

Hey, TEPPER, I didn't notice Ruth O. saying that you couldn't talk about your sex live in {Some Other, Inferior apa}. She only said that the way you were doing it was crude and lacked taste. (What am I doing making comments on {SO, Iapa}? For that matter, what were you doing making comments on {that aforesaid apa}?)

Welcome, Don Sobwick, to the inner (or, as it might be, outer) sanctum. As an IWler you have no rights, but if you keep sending in things like that horoscope



Flieg the Holland natters onwardly:

column, we might have to Deal with you Summarily. Is Willow Grove anywhere near Blue Bell? {Yes.} Or, in other words, who put you up to it?

Frank, thanks for the word on TO CAGE A MAN. Joe, the main problem that I got into was realizing that FLASHING SWORDS was a magazine/original anthology series. When you said, "The flashing Sowrds series is very good," I assumed that it was some sort of S&S novel series, perhaps comparable to Perry Rhodan or Doc Savage. Sorry, I will have to go see if I can't find it somewhere. {FLASHING SWORDS 1 and FLASHING SWORDS 2 each contains four original S+S novellettes. They were sold by Lin Carter, the editor/anthologist, to Dell, which sold hardcover rights to the Doubleday SF Book Club. The Book Club & the Dell editions each have Frazetta coverillos, or four different Frazetta illos for the set. FLASHING SWORDS 3 & 4 are in the works. ghs}

Why should cemeteries be banned? In a little while they'll be the only green spots we have and will be visitable by just about everyone, since everybody got ancestors, right?

THE BROKEN SWORD was written ages ago, but if you want some recent Anderson outside of stf, find THE HROLF KRAKI SAGA, out from Ballantine, and don't read Carter's intro until you have enjoyed the book.

The space program isn't being killed off, just the manned portion of it. The unmanned jobbers are being sent up right and left. Didn't you notice the fact that Pioneer 10 just whipped past Jupiter? (I think they missed a bet, though, when they said tthat the radiation was so bad that people wouldn't be able to land on the Gallilean satellites. They have atmospheres, and one of them has an ionosphere {An Io-ionosphere?}, and that ought to act as a pretty good shielding.) Actually the fact that Van Allen is a prof. here at U of I made our coverage on that pretty good compared to what it might have been elsewhere.

Foop, son't have too much else to say. There are two people running ~~fron~~ for OA, so I don't have to shove my oar in, and just as well. Job hunting proceedeth apace, but I won't know anything at all for at least another month. The one I want would put me on the East Coast; second choice, back on the West Coast. Hey ho, up the Middle!

Stay evial, /Flieg VI/

LeeGold announces:

11 Dec 73

First of all, an announcement: I do not now and never will send either Christmas Cards or Seasons Greetings Cards. However, I would like to thank those of you who send them to me, and take advantage of this opportunity to wish all the CULT happy holidays, this winter and in the coming year.

EDEIKEN: Yes, but did you send on the chain letter? {Which reminds me: that letter, though undoubtedly meant to be funny, irritated the bejeesus out of me, though I am not sure why. ghs}

DENTON: What mimeo paper shortage? We've still got plenty down at the local LA connection for \$1.50/ream (or less if you want to gum up your mimeo with Fibretint).

FLIEG: Your brother has been a Frog for several years. He has even gone to the point of having cards printed up: "Jim Hollander / Master Frog". He explains this means he is qualified to teach others to say, "RIBBIT!"

WHITMORE: We had our own personal moment of truth a few years ago when Barry nearly got clubbed over the back of the head with a baseball bat by a black, welfare teenybopper who disapproved of our having reserved a section of a local park to shoot



LeeGold continues:

Tedron's THRUSH training film in. She did manage to give him a black eye but that didn't satisfy her. Luckily one of her friends grabbed the bat out of her hands. The police, of course, did nothing. // Actually I started s-f reading with Asimov and hit Doc Smith a couple years later, about the same time I started reading Campbell editorials. On the whole, I prefer Campbell editorials.

A ~~Wf~~W-K G: I like your idea of a 'frictional' but it would be an unofficial f/r. An unofficial FR might be called a Fantasy Redactor.

SOBWICK: Welcome to the CULT. You should make arrangements eventually to secure access to a mimeo or ditto.

BONADONNA: I think corpses make much better fertilizer when not cremated. Ashes on the other hand are more sightly and take up less room. Jewish tradition used to be to bury corpses in a pine box or a shroud so as not to impede the worms. This was not only pro-ecology but helped cemeteries conserve on space. After about a hundred years you could start recycling graves. {The Danes of Yorick's time cycled them a lot quicker than that. ghs} And I understand Mexico has a system where a grave may be leased for a number of years, after which anything that may happen to still be there is dug up and stored in a charnel house. Ray Bradbury has a story about this which at times is almost CULTishly necrotic.

hoping you are the same, /Lee Gold/

Jack Harnesssays:

10 Dec 73

Fitch's FR looked like a low-water mark; little to comment on. Well, maybe more than a little. So, to do my Bit To Upgrade the FRs, I enclose a Trolley story.

Also enclosed is a Petition, authored by me, wording adjusted by Lee Gold, seconded by Lee Gold. It needs an Official Proposer, because Lee was only willing to second it. I forgot to ask Fitch if he'd sign it. {You also forgot to include the Petition. ghs} As a mere AWLer, I cannot affix my sign and seal to it, let alone my name and signature.

JOE BONADONNA: "Questor" was shown to the Filmcon II over Turkey Day, with the strict warning that it was not to be reviewed prior to Network Release. So, anything you read here is sotto voce: It's a 2 hour pilot, to be either 2 hours straight or split up for two hourly shows. It enthralled, but on mature reconsideration, I must go along with some remarks by David Gerrold \*\*\* Roddenberry didn't retain the lessons he learned on STAR TREK. I'd class it as Kirbyesque, fast moving and glittery polished enough that you don't stop to think about it while it unrolls. Afterwards \*\*\* it's illogical. Better than STARLOST, but you can't believe in it. And the worst part is that the Network wants to drop the second lead, the warm, believable, all-too-fallible but really nice second lead, Jerry. He was reluctantly dragooned into being the Companion in spite of himself, and the show is the interaction between him and Questor. That would mask the show flat and make it just a chase scene. The android would have his off-beat appeal, à la M'sieu Spock, but no permanent foil to bounce off of. I haven't seen GENESIS TWO, but some parodies of it I have seen indicate the original wasn't as good as QUESTOR.

There's no way to restart live STAR TREK shows; maybe a movie, but the cast isn't up to it again. They'll do the voices for the cartoon version, because that's just talk. Let the computers and animators do the hard work and struggle to manufacture the scenes, scenery, and impossible technical demands that were so grueling to struggle through. Don't you know anything about what the show was like, from the inside? {I don't, having only the Ellison tirade about his damaged masterpiece and the Gerrold books to go on; I don't follow the STARTREKzines and don't



Scithers interpolates into Harness:

know what to believe and/or discount of what they say. ghs}

Harlan has shed buckets of ichor, transpiration, and lacrimæ over how he was sabotaged on STARLOST. {Somehow, the Harlan bit about How He Was Done In has gotten pretty damn threadbare; he should either learn how to work with other people or else think up something new to wail about. ghs} And got in a few licks in exchange. The Canadians can't handle it, and even went shopping for a Play Doctor. Someone, anyone. Roddenberry turned it down, even. Even so, there are some nice touches about it. Odd bits that sparkle through the murk, like jewels in an idol buried in slime and like that. They are unable to translate even decent script ideas into lifelike dialog, however. Ellison says they are completely incompetent because Canadian TV has no one with any experience in dramatic shows. There's no industry up there to draw on. I believe it. {I do not. 1: there are a few TV series syndicated in the US that are produced in Canada. Nothing great, but not bad stuff either. 2: Canada obviously has such things as plays and other dramatic productions to draw upon, particularly since the Canadian government encourages such things to a far greater degree than the US does. 3: to the extent that Canadian TV lacks experience, it would be all that easier for Harlan, the f\*a\*m\*o\*u\*s Writer from Hollywood, to get them to do it his way. ghs}

DIAN: Hanging's too good for Nixon. Let's get out Benriners and \* \* \*

OMNES: There was a daring daylight robbery at City Hall today, a stickup, masks over robbers' heads, the works. They got away with an incredible amount of paper -- a veritable fortune, rather than the anticipated payroll. Except that the checks were cancelled.

My current trip is losing weight, on the Atkins diet. Works, but then so did Weight Watchers when I went on it. May all your Ketostix be Margrave Mauve.

Lose two pounds on Tuesday,

/Jack/

PS: There is mention of an Amra as a CULTzine about 2-3 FRs ago -- if so I didn't receive one. If it was CULTish, I would desire a copy. (I desire Amra anyway but am too cheap to subscribe.) {It was more like 10 or 12 Cycles ago, when I needed page count to make my associate f/r requirements. No spare copies available now; sorry.}

Bob HIMMELSBACH expounds:

(letter originally sent to  
Dian, arriving Too Late for  
FR311)

This is a very peculiar world in which we live (as exemplified by the existence of this august body of scribblers) where things seem to happen at the best of all possible times. To me at least.

You see, in the mundane world I teach recitations for the Geology Department at Temple University to earn my daily bread (whole wheat). The course I am teaching now is on the environmental aspects of Geology.

Recently, I was preparing to teach my kids about the evils of oil spills from offshore drilling, particularly the damage done to the ecology. {No doubt the Geology Department of Temple University is under the misapprehension that they are paying you to teach the facts and the conflicting opinions (labeled as such) on the subject; whereas you haven't the slightest intention of letting the kids think on such questions as, what about natural oil seeps?, or, what happens when an earthquake splits open the cap over -- say -- the oil under the Santa Barbara channel? ghs} I was especially worked up on this one, having just finished an argument with a friend of mine, an economist, whose attitude may be boiled down to



HIMMELSBACH worked up over this:

the following:

*"Our economy must expand. In order for it to expand, it must have power. For power we require oil. So who's going to miss a few gulls or whales so long as the economy is expanding."*

Needless to say, I was pissed off.

Then, into my trembling hands fell a copy of John Brunner's THE SHEEP LOOK UP (Ballantine Books, 1973; paper, \$1.65). Brunner's writing has always impressed me, and now he has created a work of fantastic depth and vision, creating a world going to hell in a bucket (ecologically), a world ceaselessly raped by man, where the quality of life is expressed in negatives and still dropping!

The book is terribly depressing, but accurate in every way, at least from the standpoint of geology and ecology. (I feel that I can vouch for this, having studied both to a great extent.)

Whereas many authors have depicted ecological damage as massive catastrophes or epic disasters, Brunner's creation shows the slow decay, the gradual seeping of man's destructiveness into even the smallest aspects of urban and rural American existence.

In other words, I liked the book.

{The thing that makes knee-jerk ecologists so helpless is remarks like the who-cares-about-a-few-gulls one; in seething over the loss of gulls and -- more -- over the lack of interest in the gulls on the part of the speaker, the knee-jerk ecologists lose sight of the argument, effective even against the hell-with-the-gulls crowd, that people are getting poisoned too! ghs} {I deeply distrust anybody who claims to have "studied ecology", since the term, describing a science as opposed to a popular movement, is so broad that the real experts in the field invariably qualify their work, as the ecology of temperate-zone, upland, hardwood forests; or, to take a less precise field, the ecology of North-Atlantic sandy beaches. ghs again.}

And I not only touted it to my class, but used it as material for lectures and plan to try and get the kids to read it for class! {Well sure, it reads good and it is compelling and all that; but wouldn't you really do better to aim them at the recent study of the oil spill near Woods Hole, where the evidence is that the apparently-vanished crude oil has settled into the marsh and sand, to repeatedly poison the clams and scallops (of significant \$\$ value) for decades to come?}

DUCH: Incredibly beautiful (FR 310. that is).

AIR-BORNE DUTCHMAN {Better translation would be FAST-TRAVELLING ...}: Out of curiosity, what is your SCA name, and of what lands art thou a citizen? We have several friends from the mid-realm who might know you. Also, any advice you can give on what to do with a King who thinks he's Henry the VIIIth, a Queen who acts like Ann Bolyne, and poor little me done up as a Tudor period bishop à la Cranmer? {Obvious: set up a duty roster to keep the King distracted whilst the rest of you take turns comforting the Queen, who will of course be all upset by the King being too distracted to see to it himself. ghs}

GAIL-THE-DELECTABLE-BURNICK: Isn't that just like fandom? The two who done got us into this mess in the first place done dropped out, leaving us to carry on their sins vicariously. Maybe we should challenge them to a game of team-Revenge?

DIAN: Lotts a luck pubbing, and don't you dare drop out! I keep climbing higher



HIMMELSBACH climbs on -- and on!:

and higher, and I get nosebleeds! Besides, if any of the Cthulhu pantheon of the 13 drop out, Burley will start pubbing, an' den we's in Trubble!

OMNES: As I pointed out in an earlier letter (FR god knows what, and I ain't about to dig through my 'zines to find out), Dr Peter J Vorzimmer, founder of this literary commode, works at dear old Temple U.

In fact, on the same floor as my office. I would like to garner opinions as to whether I should reveal myself (flash -- Flash) as a CULTist, interview him, blackmail him into rejoining, or assassinate him!

Views, anyone?

{Suggest you look up the entry under VORZIMER, PETER J., in TRC, "An Incomplete Glossary of CULTspeak". The fact of the matter is that Vorzimer/Vorzimmer never really grasped how the CULT works. Try revealing yourself and see what happens. ghs}

Evially as always, Robert M Himmelsbach

PS: To J Fonda haters. Who cares about her mind, just dig the bod!

C CRAYNE observes:

16 Dec 73

It is in times of confusion, like the present, when one can clearly see just who are the experienced CULTists. A couple, taking no chances, sent one copy of their letters here, with another to Fitch. Nothing arrived here too late to be forwarded to Fitch, however, except a letter from Himmelsbach, which is enclosed.

I have no objection to 'A Well-Known Gafiate' being placed on the waitlist. An identifier and an address are as much proof of existence as we have for several of our crew. However, if it wants to be accepted it had better improve its style. It is all well enough to stir up a little action in apa L by coming on loud and boistrous and challenging the established way, and maybe one can do as well in SAPS. But the CULT does not react to the same stimuli. Perhaps if AW-KG will note what happened to Senda (albeit temporarily) just for being a bit impertinent with his suggestions, it will try a different tack. Where did it ever get the idea that it could establish a right to anything simply by following all the KNOWN rules?

{But what about A Well-Known Gafiate's failure to follow some of them? It is just being flang into Outer Darkness by Edeiken OA for failing to apply to the OA in writing to get in, and since "A Well-Known Gafiate" is a descriptive phrase, not a name, as clearly required by TRC II, 1, a, it seems to me that it will have to come with a name, however psuedonomous, before it can be attached to the IWL again. ghs}

I am taking a certain perverse pride in noting that the steps being taken by the current administration to ease the energy crisis are not having much effect. Local newspapers are pointing out that although many gasoline stations are closing on Sunday, as requested, the total volume of gasoline sales has not dropped. Saturday's volume has doubled, of course.

Nor do I have much hope for the 55 MPH speed limit. At least not in Southern California. If anyone seriously thought that there was any chance of getting up to 55 MPH on any LA freeway during the rush hour, THAT would be news.

Incidentally, computer experts are saying that computer enhancements of the Nixon tapes, similar to the enhancements of the space probe photos, just might be able to recover those 18 minutes.

Best, /Chuck Crayne/

{28}



HOCHBERG harranges us:

30 Nov 73

The fannish equivalent of The National Lampoon, the FR, arrived a while back, and today I've just picked up the accumulation of mail from home, and Yale's imitation of a sideshow act's juggler was in it. Honest, guys, I really do like playing Musical Chairs. Or would that be Musical Positions?

Which reminds me of a dirty joke that I heard the other day about the record of the KAMA SUTRA, but I'll conveniently forget that right about now - - -

Very interesting FR 310. I'll be sending this to George and not Dian, oops, Don; I don't have FR 311 yet. It kept my suitemates here at the hellhole staring. I enjoy making them stare sometimes. The other day I dropped my pants in the middle of supper and they were staring all over the room. {??}

The David Holand Quartette is on the turntable now as I open FR 310 to look at more than just the covers.

And they're still there as I finish it. ~~Very~~ interesting FR, but I pass on my inalienable right to make a flaming asshole of myself and skip mc's even a bit more until I can make them without sounding as if I just stepped off the boat from Polish Afghanistan or something. {Why wait; some of us have been sounding like that for Cycles and Cycles. ghs}

(I can tell I'm going to be very rambling tonight. I just thought up two topics for the next paragraph and forgot both. Ahhhh yes.)

At any rate, things aren't much better here with me than last we sat down and bullshitted. I have gotten a part-time job working for a photographer. That means I get to clean his waterbed and also hold lights while he's photographing naked females. The first day I worked there I almost decided to revert to male chauvinism. Luckily I didn't.

I notice that I spelled Holland with only one "l" in the wilds of the fourth paragraph. No matter, I do really good with typos. Dammit, I should be good, I've been practicing so damn long.

Not much to say to save this -- someday I'm going to do a fannish movie and when I do, all of you CULT people better look sharp. Actually, I wouldn't mind it if you just acted alive (except for those who I wouldn't mind if they just played dead for a bit).

See ya in the beeg con in the sky. /Norm/

DENTON declaims:

16 Dec 73

What a night to try to do a CULTletter. With Katharine Hepburn et al in "The Glass Menagerie" and the third episode of "The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club" with Ian Carmichael as Lord Peter Wimsey. Not only are they competing with each other but they'll probably make a disaster of this letter. But with the busy Christmas season coming up, there may not be time for this later.

Before I forget it let me wish a Merry Christmas to some of you and a Happy Hannukah to others. I imagine that all of you are going to be as busy at this season as we seem to be. And I hope it will be equally as enjoyable.

The big event after Christmas is the annual gathering of a few close fan friends at Mike Horvat's big, old house in Tangent, Oregon. I'm looking forward to seeing Jim McLeod again, who missed last year's con, and Dale Goble and Bill "Swampy" Marsh. Good time will be had by all, I am sure, and regardless of what Don Fitch has to say about Coors beer, cases of it will be consumed. Sort of a Coorscon.



DENTON, more DENTON:

Coorscon.

JOE: By Ghu, it does indeed look as though someone in The CULT reads fantasy and sf. I'm anxious to find a few quiet moments to read Avram Davidson's URSUS OF ULTIMA THULE. I always enjoy his work, some more than others, and I've read brief snatches of this as it appeared in the magazines. I want to sit down quietly with a few hours and savour this in big hunks rather than in the little pieces that I usually find time to read.

FLIEG: Last weekend for the first time in many moons there were no traffic deaths on Washington highways. Something of a plus for the lowered speeds and the gasoline shortages' Sunday shutdown of stations. I still don't think we'll whip this thing without rationing, and if that's what really is needed, let's be about it. Why wait?

TOM: Sorry about your confrontation with the blacks. Most unfortunate. {Er, any of Our Little Group been attacked, say, by Motorcycle Gangs? Or predatory, homosexual males? Basically, I think that, if we had, we'd all be saying, "It all goes to show how They deserve to be kept in Their place;" but that reaction, when blacks/negroes/colored-people are involved, is promptly swept away by guilt feelings or something. Okay; what if someone of us were beaten bloody by Amerindians, in or out of Authentic Regalia; would there not be the guilt/forgiveness reaction again? ghs} // Gads, you have listed all the prerequisites for a good OA, arbitrary rule and those others. Let me hasten to say that this should in no way be construed as an endorsement.

WELL-KNOWN GAFIATE: You sound even bitchier than some of the other people we've got here. Are we really ready for you?

Enuff. GEORGE, let this be my Christmas present to you. A short letter. {Sincere thanks!}

Swordidly, /Frank/  
Frank Denton X

BertDUCH comes now:

1 Dec 73

CULT: Being in the NY City Department of Social Services, thought some of you might be interested in the following welfare note. As of 1Jan74, the Federal Government will be taking over the Welfare categories of Old Age Assistance, Aid to the Blind, and Aid to the Disabled throughout the US. What this means in terms of NY City (not included are the data for Medical Assistance to Aged cases, already almost completely absorbed by Federal and State payments):

| Category                                  | thousand cases | %age | thousand persons | %age | thousands of \$\$ | %age |
|---|----------------|------|------------------|------|-------------------|------|
| Home Relief                               | 63             | 12.8 | 128              | 10.8 | 9,724             | 9.3  |
| Old Age                                   | 71             | 14.4 | 74               | 6.2  | 8,198             | 7.8  |
| Blind                                     | 3              | 0.6  | 3                | 0.3  | 421               | 0.4  |
| Aid, Dpndnt Chldrn                        | 244            | 49.5 | 851              | 71.9 | 68,456            | 65.1 |
| Disabled                                  | 109            | 22.1 | 113              | 9.6  | 17,270            | 16.4 |
| Aid, Dpndnt Chldrn<br>(Father unemployed) | 3              | 0.6  | 14               | 1.2  | 1,183             | 1.0  |
| TOTAL                                     | 493            | 100. | 1,183            | 100. | 105,116           | 100. |

(Data as of 30 Sep 73) The new Federal categories account for 37% of City cases, 16% of number of persons, and approximately one-quarter of total payments. {What is a great deal more significant than the Feds taking part of NYC's welfare load is that, nation-wide, the US has adopted a key Regan reform: separate the Aged-



SCITHERS on DUCH on welfare:

Disabled-Blind from the Aid-to-Dependent-Children, so that the welfare mothers can no longer hold the Aged-Disabled-Blind group, in effect, hostage to their own demands. Another effect: if the Federal payment is uniform over the country, there will be a definite financial incentive for the Aged-Disabled-Blind to move out of high-cost areas -- the North-East generally and cities specifically. ghs}

Another DUCHletter:

5 Dec 73

Haven't gotten FR 311 yet and have another item for you, Nothing important, but anyway, quite a few of the employees here have visited outside the country during their vacations and contribute to the office decor by plastering overseas posters all over the wall -- we have the Eiffel Tower, London Bridge (Bet you mean the Tower Bridge, which is the one with the pedestrian high bridge over a pair of bascule lift half-spans; the bridge with the specific name London Bridge (not to be confused with Tower Bridge, Westminster Bridge, et al., in the same city) is a rather undistinguished stone arch bridge, replacing one of similar design now in Arizona}, and all else. As of Friday last I became a contributor with Ballantine Books' "Come to Barsoom" poster. That it's a great his is obvious; the guys love it. It's a copy of the cover of the new Mars series editions: #4, THUVIA. Now if only someone would travel to Hyborea - - -

An undated DUCHletter:

SENDA, you're a conniver and a liar. When you asked me to include your item under OAfficial byz you deliberately put me in a box. I either had to take sides with you, take issue with you, or decide as did the OA in the drop matter on the chance that he would not write back, that your victims should have known what FR they wrote to and as per the letter of the law they're out. If I ignored your request, I was open to being asked by you to explain my action and to prove I knew what the Constitution was about. In that sense honoring your request was completely obligatory.

OA, I was careful to give a reason for dropping Senda and as a Member who must know what your laws are about in order to personally function according to the Constitution I demand to know why Senda was reinstated. Was it:

- (a) the reason I gave was unsatisfactory as you believe otherwise?
- (b) regardless of reason, it was unconstitutional, and if so why? Because it hadn't been done before, for example?
- (c) you like boxes but you do not intend doing anything about it?

If these questions cannot be satisfactorily answered, I remind you that I dropped Senda to last place on the IWL for the period I was OA, put him back on bottom.

/Bert Duch/

{I should suspect that the reason YaleF EDEIKEN, who is the only OA now running the CULT (no, the FR editor is N\*O\*T the same as an OA), did anything about Senda is because Senda went sniveling to the OA with a tale of How You Done Him Dirt. According to TRC, neither the FR editor nor the OA can demote anyone down the list unless (α) the demotee explicitly asked for demotion, or (β) the demotee was eligible to be dropped for failing an obligation stated in TRC, but demotion seemed more appropriate than complete droppage, reapplication, and so on, or (δ) the demotee asked the FR ed or the OA for something and did it with so carelessly worded a letter/postcard that it could be interpreted as a request for demotion (vide the chap, about the 6th Cycle or thereabouts, who casually wrote, "I am out," and was instantly dropped), or (γ) it was done to set one of the more excitable amongst us straight up into orbit. Sorry: neither the OA nor the FR ed have the power to punish heresy or failing-to-show-proper-respect-for-one's-betters, though they should.}



a final DUCH letters:

16 Dec 73

GEORGE: Got FR 311 today. My address is 9th Street, not Ave.

CONLON: I'm disappointed. I was sure you'd write back to me that that same old farmer has been using that same old horse to 'sucker in' the tourists since Columbus discovered Ohio; and anyone dumb enough to get suckered in deserves it. Thought I had an answer to it; I'll pocket it for some other time, maybe.

AWK! G(ee)! See you're on the list. {Not any more! ghs} You should be able to trick your way into Member status having written two whole letters of introduction covering a page each and managing to say nothing all at the same time. When you do find something to write about I'll bet you're a whiz-bang!

FITCH: I do not have such a high opinion of my time, I just happen to know what I couldn't do well by myself.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, ALL!  
/Bert Duch/

{and then SQUIDLEY COCHRAN called; after some discussion on the theory and practice of twisting slowly, slowly in the wind; and a second-hand story of some GI who got busted from E-5 to E-2 for chasing a Russian officer when said Russian failed to stop when challenged, in West Germany when the ex-E-5 was on patrol near the border; he (SQUIDLEY) mentioned having read that a public official in the LA Basin recently said, "What this country needs is a good cult revival." Phoneactivity, of course, does not count as CULTac.

There once was a lady named Joan,  
Who got her sex thrills from the phone;  
    Secreting the bell  
    And receiver as well  
Where you would not believe unless shown.

{SENDA wrote, including printed folders on what he is up to lately: selling STAR TREK tape recordings and running a STAR TREK club, membership in which may be had for \$6 a year. He was easily ignorable; but I forwarded the letter to FRIERSON anyway.

{CONLON wrote an interesting, CONLONish letter, also forwarded (exhaustion impends). He thought 36 strokes to be not much stroking and invited really well-informed comment. He suggests web-buyers try military surplus places.

{BURLEY did a letter also, the first two-thirds all in upper case, whereupon the machine dropped to lower case and stayed that way for the balance of the missive. He discusses various Important Dates for testing TAJohnstone's horoscope-casting abilities; I couldn't care less, frankly.

{HIMMELSBACH wrote again, bewailing the disappearance of the letter to DIAN; my printing the text of same makes this later thing rather redundant, all things considered; and I have a strong bias against transcribing from handwritten material. Sorry about that.

{And BONADONNA wrote, saying he has completed a first draft of a S&S novel, he is beginning the final draft, and where shall he sell it as he needs the money. \*Sigh\* Said he has written to Fantastic and to TAJohnstone, with no reply from either. Damn it, JOE, the obvious thing would be for you to phone Yale F EDEIKEN (phone elsewhere in this interminable FR) or go see him. Obvious pointers: type, double-spaced, on one side of reasonably good bond paper, with one inch margins all around each sheet, with a typer whose type faces are reasonably clear, and with a fairly new typer ribbon. Make a couple of carbons of your final, or find a cheap Xerox shoppe (as I do) and have them make a couple of copies of the final draft. Then, to sell

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SCITHERS to BONADONNA on selling S&S:

something as ambitious as a whole novel, best you send one chapter (first or second chapter is customary) along with an outline of the whole work and the proposed word-count of the whole thing, to a publisher. Which publisher? Send to a publisher who publishes novels like the one you are working on. Include a brief, formal letter saying that you are submitting the enclosed for consideration, that you have a first draft finished, and that you estimate that you can deliver the finished manuscript of the entire work in so much time after being asked. Mention that you would be happy to receive any suggestions on the story or on recommended length. Include an envelope, self-addressed, big enough to bring the ms back, with enough postage on it to bring it back; one normally mails mss flat, hence use 9x12 envelopes. Even if you have a completed ms, it is better to send one chapter and outline; it'll get read quicker. If the chapter isn't good enough to convince the editor to ask to see the rest, then the rest isn't good enough to convince him to buy. Ted White has the worst reputation in the business for failing to reply, losing mss, and lying. Unfortunately, he is one of the few markets for S&S. Better you should submit first to Dell Books, then to DAW Books, then to Ace Books, then to whomever is publishing the kind of S&S you are writing. Figure it will take from 4 to 6 weeks to get a reply from each. Do **N\*O\*T** ask, in your letter, for a quick reply, nor mention how important this sale is to you; be wholly businesslike and formal. Good luck! (You'll need it.)

{OA candidate WHITMORE wrote, by hand, on a purty unicorn card emitted by Sleepy Lion Graphics, which, I gather, is mostly Bonnie Dalzell. He wrote:

My Osmiroid having vanished, you must suffer through the vagaries of my Rapidograph. It is snowing down here right now -- as usual, DC is totally unprepared. Gov't employees supposedly got 2 hrs administrative leave -- worked out to about 45 minutes in my case. But, as I was delivering mail to Representatives instead of my usual duties. I had much more free time during the day. And I got to visit my Representative's office. Dellums wasn't there, though, nor was Senator Cranston, whom I also passed by the office of. Staff were pleasant, though.

Main catalyst for this writing is that Fitch's FR arrived today. All in all, a good example of what mimeo is all about -- clean, efficient repro. And, of course, commentable material.

DENTON: I believe I already mentioned why NINE PRINCES is do scarce in pb -- it was pulped within a month of publication. There are several schools of thought on the IWL. Commonest seems to be that those that write, get. But Pelz said, "*No-thing for the IWL*," when he was producing -- and apparently follows the flip-side of that argument, judging from his present level of activity. And some send to everybody. I follow the first on my FRs, with extras going to whoever seems appropriate of the IWL and Nult (f/rs generally go to actives, though).

DON F: Marvelous interpolation on Dian's first!

FLIEG: CoA noted. // Odd question (which I should ask a near-by chemist -- but I can't find one): does iron catalyse the breakdown of water, or does water catalyse iron's oxidation? In other words, is H<sub>2</sub> released in the formation of rust?

MBT: (Mayo, Bacon, & Tomato? No, I guess not ---.) One of the jarring improprieties in John Boyd's THE GORGON FESTIVAL was the point at which a Stanford professor refers to another prof having gone up to "Frisco", rather than "the City". But then, what can you expect from a Southern Californian, anyway? // Was it a tight one?

JXTN: If you can get copies of Victorian Digest # 4 out of Dian (and through



WHITMORE in a concupiscent mood:

the mails), I would like a copy for my files. Also any others. I have read that one, and it was better than most fanfic of any sort. {(1): Why don't you ask Dian yourself? (2): What particular thing in VDA did you like best? ghs}

Enough. This card is almost full. Write if you get work. /Tom Whitmore II/

# Recycle

by George H Scithers

The little, red, centaur-drawn streetcar rocked gently as it clickety-clacked along the rails in the verge of the Great Yon Road. On the front platform, a long, thin figure in hooded robes brandished his crosier at the swarms of bicyclists, equestrians, and horse-drawn carriages hurrying by. "There," he said to the sturdy, muscular centaur, "doesn't that make you feel at home, Tugos?"

"Frankly, no," growled the centaur, over his thick shoulder. "Makes me nervous, somehow. Something . . ."

"But look! It's -- it's so magnificently ecological!!"

"For somebody who claims to be one," grumbled the other hooded passenger on the front platform, a bookmonger to judge by the pile of boxed samples at his feet, "you misuse that word more than anybody. You don't hear people waving at a tree and saying, 'It's so splendidly botanical,' or pointing to a flock of sheep and crying, 'Ah, such stunning zoölogy,' do you?"

"Oh, stop being a wet blanket," said the crosier-wielder. "You know what I mean."

"Aha! But do you? Now -- ho! What's that?" From the road came shouts, a shrill scream, and pounding hoofbeats. The pair on the front platform turned to the road side of the car, leaned out, and looked back. "Ha! A runaway!" And, in a moment, a horse-drawn carriage passed the streetcar at an all-out careening gallop, while bicyclists scattered for their lives. The bounding carriage disappeared over the next hill; the bicyclists picked themselves out of the hedges; and traffic resumed its pace again, all but the streetcar, which had come to a complete stop to keep from running over a cyclist who was slow getting his mount to work again.

"Don't look at me that way," protested the thin man. "I didn't say it was all safe and tidy -- accidents do happen, but at twenty miles an hour, it isn't as if there was -- and besides, have you noticed in what great shape all the guys and gals on the bicycles are? That's what's worrying you, Tugos; you're jealous!"

The centaur, busy helping the cyclist on the track fix his handlebars, snorted. "Take more'n these kids to make me jealous." In a few minutes more, he and the cycle rider had whatever it was fixed, and the streetcar was under way again. As they accelerated, Tugos growled, "Sure, they're all over muscles, but there's something . . ." He shook his head and leaned into the harness.

Two hills later, they came upon the runaway again: shattered carriage and now-dead horse, tangled in the remains of a half-dozen bicycles. Bloody bodies lay scattered athwart the road; some travellers had stopped to tend the wounded while most simply detoured around the carnage. Tugos stopped well short of the wreck.

"Shouldn't we help?" asked the man with the crosier. "There does seem to be plenty of help there already, but still ---"

"Better not. We'd be in the way," said the bookmonger. "Besides, here come the rescue crews -- or salvage -- or something." He waved at a group of speedy horse-drawn wagons speeding toward the accident. "Let's just watch."



**Scithersstory:**

A few of the wounded were already getting themselves aboard their bicycles. A couple more had been helped out of the tangle to the side of the road; others still lay motionless in the debris. The first wagon arrived, skidded to a stop. Men bounced out and promptly began to pull the remains of the carriage out of the way, disassemble it on the spot, and load the components into their wagon.

"See? Very ecological," said the thin man. "Collecting the wreckage for immediate re-use?"

"Re-use?" asked the centaur.

"Sign on the wagon says, 'Used Carriage Parts'," said the bookmonger. "They're certainly not wasting any time, are they?"

"The important thing is, they re-cycle everything. Here comes the wagon from -- let me see -- the pet food and glue works," the thin man said; in a moment, the men from that vehicle were hauling the defunct horse aboard.

"Seems odd, all this stuff arriving before the ambulances," said a passenger from the front door of the streetcar, who wore a fire helmet under his hood. "Maybe this one --"

But the next wagon on the scene, 'Bill's Bicycle Botique', was another salvage group, efficiently collecting the twisted parts of the wrecked cycles.

"Uh, I suppose things are more ecologically efficient," said the crosier-holder. "I mean, specializing this way. Still --" He gloomily surveyed the scene: cleared now of horse, carriage, and bicycles, it was still a bloody mess with bodies strewn about. "These better be the ones," he grumbled, as two more wagons reached the site.

"Yeah?" asked the bookmonger. "Then howcome it's marked, 'Sam's Second-hand Suits'?"

"I know saving's a good thing, but this is ridiculous," muttered the thin man, slowly pounding the butt of his crosier on the platform floor. "And that last crew -- are they --?"

"Yeah, they are," said Tugos, nervously pawing the ground with his front off hoof. "The guys already there are stripping the bodies and taking away their clothes, leaving the bodies. And the last gang is stripping the victims too, only they're leaving the clothes and taking the bodies."

"Well, at least they're efficient," said the bookmonger.

"If they're dead, I suppose it's logical," said the thin man. "Still --"

"Don't bet on it," rumbled Tugos.

"What!!!"

"Couple guys they carried off still squirming, and they dragged back one that was trying to crawl away," announced Tugos. "Even got one guy that might have been a spectator."

"Vorzimer preserve us!" gasped the bookmonger.

"Maybe -- maybe they -- uh -- use the same wagon as the ambulance and the hearse," suggested the helmeted-and-hooded passenger. "Efficiency and all that?"

"Efficiency?" asked the bookmonger. "Or just re-cycling gone wild? That last wagon's labeled, 'Melvin's Meat Market -- Steaks and Chops'. Of course, with everybody so well-built and muscular --"

"Let's get the bucket outa here," growled the thin man.

They went.

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