

Duesenberg



Splendor

FR 169-2

Here [sayeth John Boardman (IV)] is my contribution to FR 169. There is no discernable Cultish connection to it, unless it can be fitted in under one of the following considerations:

1) Somebody in the Cult ought, for appearance's sake, to evidence an interest in the literature of science-fiction or fantasy

2) What could be more appropriate for the Cult than an article about real and fictional cults?

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX OF HERR ZWACK

or

CONAN VS THE ILLUMINATI

In his early thirties, Conan of Cimmeria suffered one of the few defeats of his career, when King Yezdigerd of Turan broke up Conan's kozaks and pirates and drove Conan into the Ilbars Mountains. Though no stranger to malevolent magic, Conan must have been impressed by the extent to which it ruled the Ilbars and Himelian mountain country where he spent the next few years of his life. Twice he became entangled in the schemes of secret orders of black magicians: once when the Sons of Yezm tried to re-establish the power of their ancient cult, and once when the Black Circle of Mt Yimsha plotted the destruction of Queen Yasmina and her realm of Vendhya.

Years later, these menaces behind him, Conan found himself an exile from his adopted Kingdom of Aquilonia, travelling alone through the hills of anarchic Zingara. On his travels he found a gang of bandits trying to open the Box of Zorathus, whose owner they had captured and tortured near to death. Following the directions wrung from Zorathus, the robber captain Valbroso scratched his thumb on an empoisoned point and died in agony.

Conan, who of course came through this adventure with a whole skin, probably did not realize any connection between the Box of Zorathus and the secret orders of sorcerers whom he had fought hundreds of miles to the eastward. But, if the history of his era was in any way similar to our own, the boobytrapped Box of Zorathus may well have originated in the Yezmite city in Drujistan or in the citadel of the Seers of Yimsha.

About four hundred years before our own time, in the Afghan hills whence Howard derived his Afghuli hillmen, there arose a secret society called the Roshaniya -- a name which might be translated as "Illuminati", the Illuminated Ones. The Roshaniya were led by a certain Bayazid Ansari, who was descended from an early follower of Mohammed and claimed to be privy to a certain inner secret doctrine limited to the descendants of the Prophet's first converts.

The Roshaniya thus show the usual attributes of a secret religious society, including the claim that their order represents a secret doctrine limited to a small number of initiates. Like the Gnostics, the Assassins, or the Freemasons, the Roshaniya took men of all nations and religions, and were organized in a hierarchy with sharply defined ranks. The Roshaniya ranks were eight, from the lowly Seekers up to the three highest grades of Prince, Priest, and King.

Bayazid's Roshaniya apparently drew on the Assassins and the Sufi brotherhoods for their doctrine and organization. Surprisingly, women were given equal place with men in the Roshaniya, and though the order was Muslim in origin people of other backgrounds were also initiated. Its headquarters were in a luxurious castle in the Afghan mountains, which sounds so similar

Boardman: The Mysterious Box of Herr Zwack -----

to the hidden city of Yanaidar in "The Flame Knife" that it is same to assume that either Howard or his editor de Camp knew of the Roshaniya.

Despite persecution by the Mogul rulers of India, the Roshaniya thrived, and eventually announced their intention of conquering India and Persia. In the next two generations the Kingship of the order remained with Bayazid's descendants. But in the time of his grandson a schism occurred, and now the Roshaniya survives only as a secret religious cult of negligible influence.

However, offshoots of the Roshaniya seem to have got[ten] to Europe, of all places. In 1623 the Inquisition condemned an order of "Alumbrados" in Spain, and in 1654 a similar group appeared briefly in France. But the most influential of the European Illuminati was a group founded in 1776 in Bavaria by a Jewish Freemason, Adam Weishaupt. Like many Freemasons of his day, Weishaupt believed that the autocracies of Europe should be replaced by liberal democracies. Instead of depending on a gradual evolution of democracy, Weishaupt organized the Illuminati as a secret order to "liberate society from tyranny". This brought him to the attention of the police.

To this day no one has been able to find out how the Illuminati got from the Afghan mountains to the anti-monarchical undergrounds of Bavaria and France. But the connection is evidenced by several common elements. The European Illuminati used the same calendar as the Afghans, and celebrated the same New Year's Day. Weishaupt's group regarded Mohammed as an early Illuminati initiate. Most convincing, the Illuminati had the same eight degrees of membership as the Roshaniya, culminating in Prince, Priest, and King. [This was an anti-monarchical group?] The Illuminati reconciled this highest order with their anti-monarchical beliefs by instructing a candidate for kingship that all men are capable of equal advancement, and that therefore no king is needed at the head of a state.

In 1786 the Bavarian Illuminati were exposed and destroyed by a series of police raids. These began with the seizure of papers of a certain Zwack, like Weishaupt a prominent attorney. Zwack's papers revealed all the panoply of a secret society, including a few childish simple ciphers and elaborate plans for influencing prominent men through their womenfolk.

Also among his belongings were the plans for the manufacture of a strong-box. Though Zweck's box antedated the poisoned boxes which enlivened the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Mayland Smith, and Conan [at least it antedated the transcription of Conan's adventure], it was considerably more modern in design. Instead of depending upon a poisoned point to be stuck into the flesh of a meddler, Zweck's box was designed to explode if tampered with. This style of booby-trapped box does not seem to have been taken up by subsequent writers of adventure fiction. It is not known whether such a box was actually constructed; it was probably not, as there is a distinctly amateurish flavor about all the plots of Weishaupt's Illuminati.

Later, French Illuminati were also raided. Lurid reports of their conspiracies came out, some of which connected them with that old occultist favorite, the allegedly immortal Count St Germain. Some of the tales resemble the ancient "blood libel" against the Jews.

Though there is no evidence that Illuminism persisted past the end of the XVIII Century, the tales of a secret revolutionary conspiracy did not diminish in the repeating. The fact that Weishaupt was a Jew and a Freemason, and that many Illuminati were also Freemasons, grew into the political

Scithers back in the 7th Cycle -----

Breen caught amnesia). FR 86, "Angmar 2", provided a moment of quiet -- 'twas filled with Harness Cultoons (sample below) of the doings of the Arson, Rape, & Bloody Murder gang (Harness, Johnstone, Pelz -- remember?) with Ruth Berman, whom they enticed first on a trip to Disneyland and then into the Cult. Another neo, one G H Scithers, contributed a Limerick:

"To Hell went a fan from Nantucket
With twelve other fen in a bucket,
But for lack of real sin
They were sent back again;
And as for the bucket, th' fan tucket."

While he was at it, Scithers also contributed a Theory on Limericks:

"I have a theory: Limericks are not thought up by people. The Limericks simply are, and always have been, and cetera. Finding existence boring without appreciation, then (or more properly, They) created the Universe, stretching as far as the aided eye can see, for the sole purpose of having somewhere to be appreciated, and let themselves be known from time to time, as Revealed Inspiration. In short, people were thought up by the Limericks."

An era of good feeling was almost ushered in by Eney's apology to Harness in FR 86. It did mark the end (practically) of the Eney-Harness feud (except for the bad feeling over What Harness Did To Eney's Sister).

And then came f/r 86.9, "Hate" from Scotty Tapscott, via the Body Press Works. Scotty interlinedated -----

"Ad hominem he wants it, ad hominem he

gets it."

and then opened fire:

"... Breen has set the rules, so we'll play it his way. I have no qualms against using dirty tactics against a ranting oaf such as he, particularly since he done it first. It must be admitted that this business of hashing over who said what when etc. is boring to all but the immediate principals. Nevertheless, in cases such as the present there is no other way to go about it. Sorry . . ."

And so it went, for eight pages and two cartoons, ending with

"FINALLY: Who are you, a mere snivelling AWLer, a cipher, a nothing, to ask

I hate to leave Disneyland so soon -- I still have a roll of fuzes left in my camera!



Harness

Scithers remembers the Great Feud -----

me what I'm doing in the Cult? Where do you think you think you get off with that sort of timerity? Away, you Ethiope! You juggler, you canker-blossom! Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you! Get you gone, you dwarf, you bead, you acorn! And take your gibbering with you!"

There was worse, then and later; Scotty didn't speak kindly of Ted White either. The principals have generally regretted the whole mess by now, but it dragged on through the rest of the 7th cycle and on into the 8th, and didn't really end until the SeaCon Seance. Ted accused Tapscott of being a hoax, generally on the grounds that no one could be that unutterably vile, and references to "The Tapscott Hoax" persisted through the Cult until the SeaCon, when a rather mild chap with a blond goatee appeared in person: Tapscott himself.

A feature of Cultsines for Ghu knows how long -- they were established by the 7th Cycle -- are the Where Are These From? These are sets of quotations, most often first or last lines. In FR 87, Ruth Berman provided an interesting variant -- a set of dedications, those short phrases usually found facing the title page. Here are John's:

- "1. And this one, with love, is for Neva, daughter of Glinda, the Good witch of the South.
2. To John W Campbell, jr., of gyronny, argent and sable.
3. To Science Fiction Fandom.
4. With deep gratitude for his invaluable aid in compiling this book, each of us respectfully dedicates it to the other.
5. To his Gestaltitude, Nicholas Sa[ms]tog. [Letters in brackets not clear; I'm guessing.]
6. All characters portrayed or refferred to in this book are fictitious with the exception of Sherlock Holmes, to whom this book is dedicated.
7. For Sir Thomas Maleore, Knight.
8. To My Brother W. H. L. a life-long critic of the space & time story.
9. To Karen, of course.
10. To G. C. Come back and all will be forgiven." [Answers below.]

Meanwhile, the Great Feud roared on. Champion (in f/r 87.3, "The Bells of Rhymney") inquired if Ted White was a hoax perpetrated by Dave Kyle. A group of New Yorker Cultists started a petition to expell Tapscott from the Cult. In an odd parallel to the FAPA blackball of some four years later, the section of the Constitution cited was one originally intended to deal with expelling people for entirely different reason -- specifically repeated failure to publish. In a contrasting perpendicular, the signers of the unsuccessful petition against Tapscott were among the ones screaming "unfair" when it was Breen that got expelled. On the other hand, I'd prefer to have friends who, like these (White, Bbob Stewart, Lichtman, Rike) are more loyal to person than principle. At any rate, the invective used by Tapscott on Breen were rather evenly matched by the invective used by White on Tapscott.

FR 88 sported a silkscreened cover -- a beauty -- artist's signature illegible, but the FR was from P Howard Lyons. And right after it came



Scithers & the 7th Cycle
 f/r 88.0469, "Season's Greetings",
 with Harness Cultoons and the
 signatures of the Los Angeles
 Cultists.

George Jennings made an
 interesting remark in FR 89,
 agreeing with Ted White on law-
 suits:

"Fandom is just about the
 only place left where groups
 can line up against each other
 --- make snide remarks, battle
 it out, and still not wish the
 enemy real physical or other-
 wise worldly harm. It's also
 the only place where one can
 express himself without fear
 of the Fuggheads of the world
 labeling him a 'this' or a
 'that'. What would happen to
 our 30 years of tradition if
 we had to carefully screen our
 thoughts before stencilling
 them, in fear of a lawsuit if
 we said the wrong things? And
 if we find anyone in our ranks
 who can only think in terms of
 legality -- ah well --."

The trouble is, what about
 activities that are just Too Much
 to put up with? There's a paradox
 here -- if there are no grounds
 whatever for running someone out

of fandom on a rail, then how should fandom react to someone who tries to
 get another fan run out of fandom on a rail? Run him out instead? The
 problem is no more solved now than it was then, 28 December 1960.

On a different note: Ruth Berman offered the answers to the WATFs
 given above: 1. "The Golden Apples of the Sun", Ray Bradbury; 2. "The In-
 complete Enchanter", L Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt (gronny, argent
 and sable describes the arms of Clan Campbell); 3. "The Immortal Storm",
 Sam Moskowitz; 4. "Science Fiction Carnival", Fred Brown and Mack Reynolds;
 6.*"The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars", Anthony Boucher; 7. "The
 Sword in the Stone", T H White; 8. "Out of the Silent Planet", C S Lewis;
 9. "Brain Wave", Poul Anderson; 10. "The Trojan Horse", by Christopher
 Morley. (G. C. is Geoffrey Chaucer, in case you were wondering.)

* Number 5 is out of place; sorry: "More than Human", Ted Sturgeon.

The Cycle ended, at last, with still more f/r's and Bhub Stewart's
 FR 91, in which both Ted Johnstone and John Champion filed for the OAcy.

Scithers sums the Seventh Cycle -----

So -- what did the Seventh Cycle have as its outstanding characteristic? Damned if I know -- towards the end, it did run to small FR's and lots of f/r's. And of course, there was the beginnings of the Great Breen Feuds. Plural, remember, but still over Breen's profession of an awfully unhibited sex life. Certainly, with this early bit of history of the Feuds in mind, one can't call it a matter of exclusion, since the pro-exclusionists of the first round were the anti-exclusionists of the second. One point in raking up these old coals is to point out that feuds between specific pairs of fans do not go on forever -- Tapscott and White, and Tapscott and Breen later settled their differences, and Eney and Harness settled theirs during this cycle.

Possibly the only constructive thing to come out of the Cycle came in FR 91, when Ted Johnstone announced the Cult Coat of Arms: Azure, a descending fireball, proper [?], surcharged with a bucket of the same. Crest: a peaked hood, proper. Motto: Ad Averni in Hama. Ted said "'Ad Averni in Amphora' sounds better, but it is wrong."

#

More Limericks from the Scithers files :

Well, it's partly the shape of the thing
That gives the old Limerick wing:

Those accordian pleats
Full of airy conceits

Take it up like a kite on a string.

A bather whose clothing was strewed
By winds that left he quite nude
Saw a man come along,
(And unless we are wrong)
You expected this line to be lewd.

There was a priest of Quetzlcoatl
Whose cravings had turned to peyotl;
He committed extremes
In weird, button-shaped dreams,
Yet claimed it all quite sacerdotal.

The people of Candlewood Knolls
Are terribly troubled by trolls
Who are driving their cars
And brawling in bars
And voting for Thor at the polls. (PA)

Those troublesome neighbors, the trolls,
Are moving from Candlewood Knolls;
They're angry as Hell
Since land values fell
When houses were rented by gnoles. (JB)

The Reader in Chaucer, named Crown
Spilt on the doctoral gown
Of the tutor of Lit.,
Who said, "Opus cit.,
Verb adjective adjective noun!!!" (TAJ)

##

Cadillac

fantasy rotator 69
(better late than never)

Glory

And late it was -- FR 69 should have come out in the early part of the sixth cycle -- but didn't until the late seventh, making it (as far as I know) the latest FR the Cult has had. Anyway, it did come out, and as a result, the Cult has been talking about 69 ever since. It is an interesting fragment of the early sixth, so I've abstracted from it, to let you see how much (and how little) the Cult has changed over the years. First, the story (as it appeared in FR 69) of how it came to be printed (mostly ditto) at long last, back in the winter of 60-61:



Lars Bourne

FR 169 Volume 2

THE BIT is this: over a year ago (looking back from November 1960), Lars Bourne was a member of the Cult. He was an Active Member of the Cult. It was His Turn To Publish.

And he didn't.

What he did do was to assemble the letters into a mish-mash of ditto masters and stencils, and then to forget the whole thing.

After several months of disgust, I suggested to various parites in the Eugene area that they put the FR out for Lars, or send the stuff to me and I'd put it out. Finally, in October of 1960, a bundle of, well, things arrived in my mailbox. I opened it, and mentally shuddered. The masters are all soaked clear through. I don't know whether they'll even be readable.....

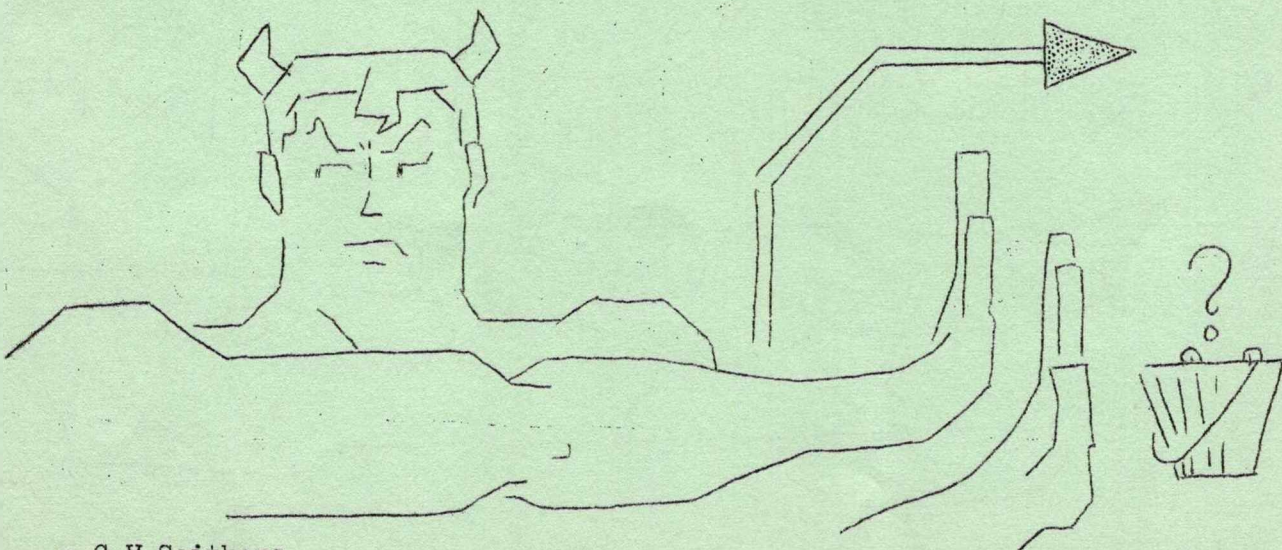
I delayed on printing this thing until I could find a ditto. George Scithers has come to the rescue with the offer to ditto the mastered pages, and if he can get them to print at all, I think he should be extravagantly praised.

-Ted White

TWhite and REney tell me these spirit masters will print in spite of their extremely schmeearey state. Since I am much more used to Multilith mats, which turn black and unprintable if you so much as look crosseyed at them, I don't believe it. If they do, 'tis a tribute to anything based on spirits.

If Scotty Tapscott doesn't exist, then he's certainly got the post office fooled - they delivered a "deliver to addresse only" letter to him for me, and even got a receipt for it. How do you do it, if you don't exist, Scotty? More likely, I think, is that his hoaxishness is itself a hoax, if you follow me.

This is a ~~publication~~ publication of QWERTYUIOPress, Operation Crifanac, and the Footscray, Owlswick, & Ft Mudge Electrck Street Railway Gazette. It is only partly Eney's fault; T White, G Scithers, and L Bourne are also implicated.



- G H Scithers

reprints from FR 69
FR 169 Volume 2

PUTTING ON THE THE STYLE

INGROUP

	<u>Wrote?</u>
1. Pfc Noocey A Bratmon	yes
2. Dick Eney	yes
3. Ray Schaffer	yes
4. Lars Bourne	sort of
5. Ted & Sylvia White	yes
6. Jim Caughran	yes
7. Richard E Gein	yes
8. Larry Stark	yes
9. Dave Rike	yes
10. P Howard Lyons	no
11. Jean Young	yes
12. Gregg Trendine	no
13. Otto Pfeifer	no

NON CONFORMIST

PFC Milton Parker

TRANSITIVES

1. Al J Lewis	yes
2. Bill Sarill	yes
3. John Champion	yes
4. Marty Fleischman	
5. George Jennings	no

Here's an old song which was quoted by Rudyard Kipling in his story "Munity of the Mavericks", part of his book LIFE'S HANDICAPS. The tune is that best known as "Marching through Georgia": [G H Scithers]

THE SACRED WAR SONG OF THE MAVERICKS

Listen to the north, my boy, there's trouble in the wind;
Tramp o' Cossak hooves in front, grey great-coats behind,
Trouble on the Frontier of a most amazin' kind,
Trouble on the waters o' the Oxus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! it's north by west we go;
Hurrah! Hurrah! the chance we wanted so;
Let 'em hear the chorus from Umballa to Moscow
As we go marchin' to the Kremling.

WITH ONE FOOT IN THE NOTES by Harry Warner, Jr.

Most fans are proud of their custom of applying the scientific method to many things: habits of thought, the things you find in the newspapers, preparing for conventions, or even winning a reputation as a big-name fan. But I regret to say that few fans remember the value of the scientific when they are talking about music or listening to verbal descriptions of musical history.

Nothing annoys me more than to see the senseless anecdotes about music repeated incessantly over the radio and in the magazines. The smallest amount of attention to the music itself or a glance at an authoritative book on the topic would expose the absurdity those old wives tales immediately. But they spring up in fanzines from time to time, repeated with careful attention to all

their inane detail.

[. . .]

How can you recognize the falsity of anecdotes about music? Well, it isn't always easy. A good way to start is to refuse to believe anything you read in popular magazines and hear over the air about musical history. Books are somewhat more reliable, when written by people who are not big names. However, it's necessary to be cautious even here. A composer himself should be trustworthy evidence about his own compositions, so for many years, everyone believed that Wagner had interrupted work on his Nibelungen Ring cycle in the middle of the second act of Siegfried, not returning to it for many years and writing a lot of other opera music in the meanwhile, simply because Wagner said that he had done so. It wasn't until Ernest Newman looked into the complete evidence that the world learned that Wagner had done no such thing; he had finished up that second act before the great pause in work on the cycle.

But the best method is simply to listen to the music itself. The music is much more important than pleasant little stories that are made up about it. If you listen to the music, you may find in it evidence that most of these pleasant little stories are a pack of lies. Even if you don't debunk a legend by listening to the music, you're better off for having heard the music.

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. and a few assorted stiffs ---

JEAN YOUNG It seems to me that Ray must have used less than his full week's extension to get PRAM out. I saw him at Detroit, briefly, on several occasions (and that, by the way, is the watch word from Detroit about all too many people -- I saw them only too briefly) and he did tell me then that Ted had given him an extra week. Con time is certainly the wrong time to be stuck with a publishing job. [. . .]

JOHN KONIG This same [John has been talking about the Trend' --Bourne] "Like, if I played it cool, everyone will admire me" attitude shows up in SIGNIFICANCE. If this was originally the ten-page letter Ray mentioned Gregg sending him when I talked to him at the con, then I see Ray has edited it quite a bit (thank ghod). At first I didn't like this at all, after reading further I became intrigued. Damn it, it is interesting after I discard my Trend-type prejudices. This type of thing would make a big hit with the pseudos at my school. [. . .]

SCOTTY TAPSCOTT Hello out there: It is under some considerable inducement from ol' Lars Bourne that I have finally sat down here and commenced to write a thing or two for his current cultzine. He seems to be of the opinion that there is something to be gained by my being exposed to the cold scrutiny of everyone concerned with this venture, and what the hell --- he may be right. [. . .]

ALEX BRATMAN While searching through the clerk's desk in a hunt for some paper [to comment on FR 68] I discovered my promotion to pfc, and therefore have great news to pass on cultwise. From now on I will be addressed as PFC Noocey Alex Bratman if you please. Not that I expect anything but the proper bows, and the most miniscule sacrificial offerings -- nothing that my new high office doesn't accredit me, that is. [. . .]

RICH EMEY Turning to Ted White's stuff -- oh, hell, let's not turn to Ted White's stuff. Sicksicksick. Ghod bless us every one! I guess we'd better not ask Tedrick whether he finds Considering The Source a useful method for tolerating psychos - - - [. . .]

RAY SCHAFFER The only thing about the struggle to beat Communism that bothers me is when we try to beat the Reds at their own game. That's B*A*D. But when we try to beat them at our own game, that's G*O*O*D, bhoys. It evens up, tho, because there is evidence that those fellows in the Kremlin are having as much trouble practicing pure communism as our bhoys are having with pure capitalism. [. . .]

DICK GEIS Once again I'll mutter in my beard about the economic picture of our country. And the foremost thing is the bloody steel strike. In my opinion the steel makers have all the points on their side. They SHOULD have more control over their factories than they do, they DO have to worry about pricing themselves out of the market. With the world shrunk like it is, foreign steel, like foreign cars, could make it rough for them. It seems to me those steelworkers are killing the hands that feed them. For wha+? Sixty-odd days of no pay for what? Hell, they already make top wages. [You sound like a bloody Republican, man. --- Champion]

TED WHITE Ray's PERAMBULATOR has some of the most ghastly artwork in it that I have ever seen in a Shaffer publication. The crudity of the stuff makes it almost interesting ... but not quite. Ah weel, the layouts were still good. [. . .]

LARRY STARK Summer is over.

Last Saturday was the first day of Fall; last Friday night, the first night of Autumn. Saturday's sun struck the eye like a cold, yellow lump of irregular quartz: cold, hard, unmerciful, inescapable. Saturday's sky was sucked free of every scrap of cloud, every hint of moisture; nothing remained but the austere, limitless blue of Autumn's cool, dry infinity. [Saturday's child was full of it today. --- Lars] [. . .]

KAREN ANDERSON On FILTHY RAG: I appreciated the sticker cartoons. "But Dogs Are Nice" --- doesn't seem to be worth the trouble to try to understand. "I Was A Teenage Fifteen-year-old Beatnik" --- solutely adorable. Coolsville! [. . .]

JOHN CHAMPION To Ted White and his complaint about logically oreinted Cultists: maan, if you're gonna talk about a highly logical subject like math, you just gotta talk logically, like when you talk about love, you talk emotionally. If you're going to play the game, play by the rules. [. . .]

RON PARKER I spoke with Ghod department: During the course of the bullfight [that I attended in Madrid recently], I caught a glimpse of a weatherbeaten but hearty face not far from me, which had a strange familiarity that I couldn't, at first, quite place. I edged over to him.

"Aren't you -- I mean, well, aren't you -- Ernest Hemmingway?"

"I suppose I've been called that, among other things!"

I managed to strike up a small conversation with The Man, who was obviously quite interested in the bullfight. When Antonio [Ordonez] was gored, he rushed off into the crowd and I didn't see him anymore during my stay; I later learned that he was an extremely close friend of Ordonez. [...]

DICK ENEY [after everything else was run off, said:] Well, as a matter of fact, both parties were right in this argument over whether the smeary-looking masters would print. One page at least quite refused to produce an image. [. . .]

[Dick ends the page with a Ferdinand Fethuigk story which I Will Not Inflict on you. Incidentally, the recurrent sets of three dots in brackets indicate that only a small part of each letter or article is presented, the majority of everything being omitted. --- Scithers]

reprints from FR 69

Scithers here again -- FR 69 has been presented here in the detail it has not because it's remarkable in any way but the number. Instead, I've used it to show how the Cult has -- and hasn't -- changed since 1959. To a large degree, one gets the impression that the Cult is a real being which has every intention of going about its business the way it likes to, with little or no control by the people who make up its membership. Only two of the thirteen Members when FR 69 was originally supposed to appear are still Members of the Cult, yet the Cult as a whole is very much the same. It's to give one (or thirteen, even) pause to think.

#

The Limerick files are by no means exhausted yet:

The bold takers of Gallup Polls
Report on the habits of trolls:
97%
Ate the men that were sent
With mustard and catsup on rolls. (PA)

Concerning the bees and the flowers
In the fields and the gardens and bowers:

You will note at a glance
That their ways of romance
Haven't any resemblance to ours.

There was a young man from East Anglia
Whose loins were a tangle of ganglia;
His mind was a webbing
Of Freud & Kraft-Ebbing
And all other sorts of new fanglia.

There was an old gal of Nantucket
Who went down to Hell in a bucket;
And the last words she spoke,
Just before the rope broke,
Were, "A , you and ."

Polynesians will not think you lewd
If you visit their isles in the nude;
Your naked physique
Will lead them to seek
Not to rape you but roast you -- as food.

The 88th Cycle began with still another "69", this one FR 92, "The Two-Cultzine, from colorful Eugene Cultdom, published by John Champion on or about 6 March 1961. It was a fine, fat FR, sprinkled with illos by Lars Bourne (the one at the foot of this page is from the cover. I should hastily explain that the title of FR 92 was "69". Anyway, the Cult's continuing preoccupation with sex was well documented by Tapscott's article on "Dogmatism vs Freethought -- the indiscernable line":

"Throughout fandumb, and particularly in the Cult, a great deal of lip-service is paid to the notion that fen/Cultists are, almost by definition, possessed of open & inquiring minds, that they are given to inspecting things on the basis of the individual merits of the things themselves, and that they all have that peculiar scientific mental quirk which enables them to take every statement with a grain of salt, to shun dogma and blanket statements, and to view objectively every situation in order to arrive at rational conclusions based upon the situation itself rather than upon the opinions of others. They say, with much pious eye-rolling, that this devoutly-to-be-wished-for frame of mind extends into all spheres, scientific, ethical, metaphysical, and what have you. In short, they would have the world (as it appertains to them) believe that their behavior and their opinions are not based upon the opinions and objurgations of others, but stem from their own reason. They say this, but I have yet to see it demonstrated to any convincing degree.

"In fandom, as everywhere else, we see the familiar phenomenon of action and reaction at work, with neither more or less ridiculous effects than one might expect to find anywhere in the world. The fact is, people in general, and I include fans here, find it a great deal easier to view the world in terms of all-black or all-white than to follow up the objective ideal outlined above. Thus, whenever they become disillusioned of a particular dogma, the common reaction is to set up a new dogma which

"I've seen a lot of weird ones come down here in my time, but this beats all!"



-- Lars Bourne

Scithers in the 8th Cycle, quoting Tapscott on the New Dogma - - - - -

diametrically opposes the old one, and to cling tenaciously to it as the Wat and the Truth and the Light. But however common this may be, it is not rational. Nor does everyone following the practice claim that it is. There have been many champions of dogma who have openly declared that we should "do well to pluck the eyes out of our reason," and follow dogma on pure emotional faith. Martin Luther, a proponent of a "new dogma" in reaction to the old, said this. By and large, though, the reactionists prefer to maintain that their tenents and precepts are based on reason, and are by this to be distinguished from those against which they are rebelling. Thus Robert Ingersoll, militant athiest from the late 19th century, firmly held that any sort of theistic belief was irrational, and that atheism was the only position tenable to a reasonable person. What he failed to see, or refused to recognize, was that his own position was as completely unsupportable as that of his churchly opponents. For although the theist cannot back up his assertions with evidence of any kind, logical or empirical, neither can the athiest. By their own terms, it is logically impossible to produce evidence for either position and any attempts to do so contain blatant logical fallacies. Both camps are guilty of propagating, not a myth, as their opponents hold, but pure logical nonsense. I mention this merely as a case in point, illustrating how people manage to escape from one trap only to take up residence in another of their own devising, exactly similar to the first.

"In fan/Cult/dom, this second trap, coming as a reaction to the familiar sort of irrational conservatism found in the average American home, takes the form of an equally irrational radicalism and a complete rejection of all the values proposed under the "old" system, without any thought as to whether or not these values might have some independent merit. This, of course, is the extreme form, as held by the High Priests of the New Dogma; in general circulation it is less severe. Extremist adherents of the New Dogma preach it with all the fervor of the bible-belt evangelist, hurling imprecations at those who fail to accept it wholeheartedly, and categorically condemning them as Conservatives, in the tone of voice ordinarily employed in accusing a child of being feeble-minded.

"As it applies to the Cult, the New Dogma has a primary concern with human sexual behavior. In brief analysis, its main tenents regarding this subject are the following:

"1) Sex is a public affair. Anyone who prefers to copulate in private, rather than before witnesses, has been Brainwashed by a malevolent Society. It is desirable that everyone discuss his own sexual peculiarities with the rest of the world. To fail to hold forth upon every detail of one's sexual activities for the edification of all and sundry, is to display the symtoms of mental illness. The notion that sex is private is incompatible with a Completely Sane Mind."

Tapscott continued on in this vein, describing the "New Dogma's tenents on orthodox positions (symtomatic of mental disturbance), sexual athleticism (approved), and incest (recommended). He continues his attack on the "New Dogma" through its definitions of learning and brainwashing -- "It is recognizable in those beliefs which oppose the New Dogma, and this may be regarded as its defining characteristic." -- and its attitudes on society,

Scithers quotes Tapscott on the New Dogma in the 8th Cycle

mankind, ethics, and so on. Tapscott's attack on the "New Dogma" closes with:

"Under the Old Dogma, Altruism was regarded as one of the highest of all virtues; under the New, it is dismissed as a figment of the imagination. (Incidentally, this view, as it is normally presented, rests upon a number of logical absurdities, which will not be developed in the present discussion.)

"There are other examples as well. Although I have attempted to avoid the pitfalls of casuistry in this discussion, it may be justifiably felt that my choice of cases here reveals my own attitudes. I have no desire to deny it. It seems to me that the values mentioned above as coming from the Old Dogma have certain merits in spite of the poor company they keep. The fact that an idiot espouses a worthwhile cause does not by itself make the cause an idiotic one."

- - - - -
In f/r 92.16, "Oh Fout 10", Breen shows that, while not as smart as he thinks he is, nevertheless he is a lot smarter than a lot of other people think he is, by his reply to Tapscott:

"The popular delusion that logic per se counts for a Great Deal in human behavior is of course a hangover from the ancient Church definitions of man as (the only) Rational Animal. This of course goes back to Aristotle, who was impressed by the ability of some youngsters to do arithmetic problems using the extremely cumbersome Greek number system. The Freudian delusion that psychoanalysis might eventually bring about the "Primacy of the Intellect" presupposes a basic (and in the completely healthy person, a nonexistent) opposition between intellectual ("rational") and emotional ("non-rational") modes of organizing experience. Freud, like the church, thought of man as a bifurcated creature, half angel, half beast. Much of the opposition to later, unfamiliar, views of man has been based on this ancient and still not outgrown fallacy, a special case of what I call the 'Dualistic Fallacy'."

Breen isn't actually saying anything pertinent to Tapscott's argument, but it's a classical example of sounding as if he were. Anyway, Breen also reported that "Terry Carr begged me to [take over FANAC] and I accepted; neither of us wished to see the zine fold with the FANNISH..."

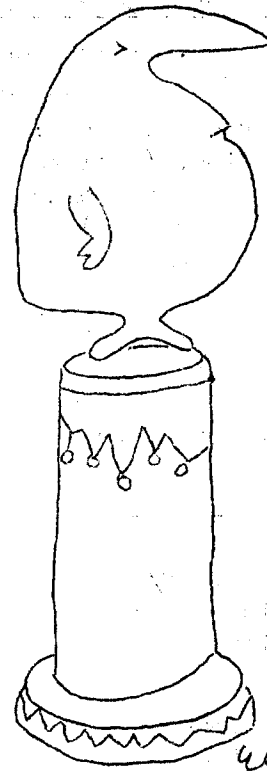
All this time the results of the OA election at the end of the 7th Cycle were in doubt -- Bhub Stewart, the teller, hadn't reported. Champion finally lost patience and told Stewart to publish the results or be expelled; Stewart did, saying that he had been planning to vote for Champion but instead was voting (after the deadline for the election) for Johnstone, who thus won the election. This threw the Cult into the first of the election crises that seemed to afflict the organization almost every time Johnstone ran for the OAcY. In this case, Champion declared the election invalid and called for another one, with himself out of the running. Johnstone was finally declared OA as the result of the second election, then almost threw the Cult into another panic by Publishing Six Weeks Late; to have the freshly elected OA dropped for lactivity would be even worse than the fabulous days when the Cult had an OA who didn't even exist -- the first Carl Brandon.

And the Cult did so talk about something besides sex (though Ted White, city boy, rambled on at length on ~~inbreed~~ inbreeding of domestic animals.

Scithers: The 8th Cycle -----

"First we threw Tapscott out for excessive obscenity. Then we expelled Rike for revolutionary mouthings. Then Condit got the axe, along with Breen, for preaching perversion. Then Raeburn.... Now the Cult is P*E*R*F*E*C*T, because I'm the only member!!!

"But, you know, it isn't nearly as much fun as it used to be." [FR93 ---Koning]



It was somewhere along about then that Tapscott said:

"A real expert can utter enough Hogwash in five minutes to occupy a platoon of rebutters for the next six months."

And in Johnstone's monster (55 pages) FR, Appeared this:

"I wonder if 'ethnic' will eventually replace 'soul' and 'funk'. Or maybe the folkiks have already used it to death. ---Champion [In folk music, 'authentic' means bad, and 'ethnic' means terrible. FYI. ---Johnstone]"

FR 96, "Verklarte Nacht 9", was the famous one -- the cover showed a fan with his girl, coupling on the ceiling of a fan-room -- captioned "Boy! I can't wait until I'm through here so I can put out a F/R doing a write-up of this New Position.....!" Inside, sex was diluted with rapid transit, civil defense, and a set of WATFs. Lyons saved his membership with a telegram, and the inactive waiting list had grown to 23. Shortly after that, Ted Johnstone, at last OA, put out an f/r (f/r 96.43, "New Positions", "Pearls #3") decreeing the iwl must all write him or be ejected.

Dick Lupoff observed, in FR 97 (Eney's "Avanc 2") that:

"Computer terminology can be pretty colorful and pretty useful. Standard apa publishing procedures are well analogized with buffered operations; regular fanzines are obviously unbuffered; the Cult is obviously inadequately buffered. Or badly programmed.

"Some Cult letters resemble nothing more than suddenly intervened storage dumps performed in the middle of a runi."

Jack Harness, in FR 99, "Angmar 5", described things with:

"The CULT has been getting weirder and weirder these days. There: how's that for an opening line of a CULTletter? Except, of course, that I should have said, curiouser and curiouser. It's an odd group indeed that will

G Scithers quotes Harness -- 8th Cycle -----

discuss acting and esthetics and switch in mid-sentence to discussion of the most incriminating aspects of one's private live."

The OA's correspondence requirement, plus resignations of two who had Had Enough cut the iwl down to 13. The Matter of Sex, on the other hand, was getting entirely Out Of Hand. Lichtman had run away from home in an effort to escape parental supervision of his incoming mail. Eney was visited by an Inspector from the Post Office Department, investigating a complaint that the Cult was circulating pornography through the mails. For a time, it was assumed the complaint must have been filed by Lichtman's parents, but it developed -- much later -- that the parents of B Joseph Fekete were the complainers.

Along about this point, Bjo Trimble announced that some anonymous person in Los Angeles thought the Cult was going too far, and if the Cult didn't clean itself up, then the anonymous person was going to turn the Cult in to the Authorities. In retrospect, it is a pity the Cult didn't tell Bjo to go shove it (and there is a faction that believes she would be vulnerable to a threat to turn her in to the Civil Aeronautics Administration for failing to get an air-worthiness certificate on her broom), but it's past. Scithers and Berman had resigned -- Scithers because of worry about his job, compounded by the suspicion that was growing generally that Breen practiced some of the less orthodox things he preached -- Berman in general disgust.

The whole matter came to a head in the SeaCon Cult Seance, called by the OA consider ways and means. Breen and White were all for untrammelled freedom of expression; Breen offered to give the name of his lawyer to anyone harrassed by the Police, but evaded a question, would he pay the lawyer's fee. A resolution was introduced to dissolve the Cult, but failed, largely because some people would simply hang on and seize the remains. Finally Johnstone Ruled -- and was supported in his Ruling -- that he would summarily eject anyone endangering the group with over-un-inhibited publications. Tapscott had made his peace with Breen and White, Ruth Berman rejoined the Cult, and that was (we thought) that, though Scithers didn't rejoin until about half-way through Cycle Nine.

It looked as though the Great Breen Feud was at an end at last. Hah! -- FR 102 contained Eney's "CCon", the quadruple-pun-titled SeaCon report with the Great Fan X episode. It was designed, I should add, simply to Let Walter Know That We Were On To Him, and thus avoid Problems at the forthcoming DisCon. (Forthcoming in two years -- four-armed and all that, y'know.)

The Cult rumbled on to the end of the Cycle -- Coventry and "Stranger in a Strange Land" were both inspiring the Los Angeles fans to all sorts of foolishness, now mostly ended. There were a lot of Harness cultoons, and for his FR 102, Harness not only filled it with cultoons, but even got a rubber stamp, "Eney, you goofed again!" which he used at appropriate places.

On the edges of the Cult -- the iwl, to be exact -- Scithers was up to mischief during the 8th Cycle. He invented the Wult -- term for the collective waiting list -- and the Exult -- collective term for ex-Cultists -- and started circulating them with publications in an attempt to get them more active. The Exult never took interest -- apparently ex-Cultists either get on the waiting list or else Never Want To Hear Another Word about the Cult -- but the Wult continues to issue decimal oscillators from time to time. A decimal oscillator is simply an f/r, but one published by an iwler (since the constitution only extends the term f/r to a Cultpublication by a Member or awler.)

Cycle 99999 was one of the most orderly for some time. Johnstone was relected with less fuss than a Cult historian would think possible, the Post Office confined their activity to delivering the mail, and the Cultoons rolled on. One of the best was the cover of FR 111, "Con Muchos Arboles 1", showing seven of the Cult in a bucket, afloat on the waves, with one saying, "I still say it's ridiculous -- whoever heard of riding shotgun on a bucket?"

A little excitement occurred when Champion and Harness forgot to write and were dropped. They petitioned for reinstatement to the top of the awl, and made it. Ted contributed -- er, that's Ted Johnstone -- an interlino:

I wonder if the OA can drop someone for preaching sedition...

and then told off Breen in fine style:

"I will stand on my record as an OA who ruled perhaps wisely, perhaps too well. If, on the other hand, you want to impeach me for insanity regarding ATLAS, STRANGER, and Coventry, I can only point out that these do not in any way impair my OAfficial functioning. May Set be with thee."

Then, 20 July 1960:

"Regretfully, the load in the Bucket is now lighter; John Champion has gone on ahead. He was killed July 13, Friday, in a highway accident. If anyone can think of something appropriate to say, say it. I can't.

B E P"

I still can't -- the Cult is small, hence very close

F/R 114.1 had a letter from Harry Warner -- someday, by the Bucket, we really must make him an iwler, at least.

FR 116 stirred things up a bit: it was Ed Joseph Baker's, and he translated the whole thing, letters and all, into Esperanto before publishing. A good many Members were infuriated, but Jack Harness, predictably, came up with the best reply -- Fantasy Rotator (strictly speaking, it should have been fractional rotator) 116:0454, "When the Green Star Waned" or "Kiam La Verdastro Malhelis":

"There is this thing about that able-bodied CULTist, E Joseph Baker:

You can keep your pot, your apa collectivism, your pantheism, your debauchery, your Breenmarks, your AREM; your secret apas, your Socialism, your Starvation, your Scientology, your fetishism, your fanfiction, your fiawol; and more, you can keep all these and more, for it is only of unnatural desires that he is a partaker.

While the rest of us are blowing dreams,

He has petty schemes

Not of dying whiskers green or of showing how sociologically inferior the Lone Ranger is to the ethnic Tonto ---

No, with him, it's Esperanto ---

So you smile at him when he flusters into the room, nose-in-a-book, Green Star rampant, and you try to be jovial,

Scithers, the 8th Cycle, and Young Man Mulligan -----

The first of the d.O's, d.O 0.0951 (which therefore appeared in the interval between the 93rd and the 94th FRs) was nothing special at all, though containing a few Limericks, but d.O 0.0972 started off with a four color lithographed illustration -- Cultists on their way to Hell-Gate Bridge in an old-fashioned streetcar. It also introduced the Cult to "Young Man Mulligan", a pair of songs built on sfnal and fantasy references, like

"I was born about 10,000 years from now,
When they land upon the moon I'll show them how;
And with Goddard, Ley, and Campbell
On an interstellar ramble
I'm the guy who cooked and caught and served the chow.

Well, I'm just a lonesome traveller
& a great fantastical bum,
Highly educated, from mystery
I have come;
Well, I laid the Road of Yellow
with bricks all bright and new,
And that's about the strangest thing
that man will ever do!

Lest Darkness Fall o'er sands of old Barsoom
I gathered darkness and dispelled the gloom,
Then with John (the Warlord) Carter
I ran off with Gosseyn's daughter
And on a picnic watched old Earth go Boom.

When Tarzan met King Conan,
he got himself stripped bare;
For Conan swiped his loincloth,
I know, for I was there;
'Twas while I played left throwback
for Miskatonic U;
And that's about the strangest thing
that man will ever do!

and so on, with the help of Pelz, KAnderson, Heap, and others, for some fifty verses by now; there were just six in the d.O. Amra 27 has the key; Amra 21 the verses: available from Dick Eney, 35¢ each. (end ad.)

Since then, d.O's have appeared sporadically -- Fitch and Baker put together one -- d.O 0.1014 -- and Gordon Eklund -- d.O 0.1035.

And that was the 8th Cycle of the Cult.

#

Said a nasty old man of Freehold,
"The young of today, I am told
Are so used to the nude
That it doesn't seem lewd --
Oh, Gee, but it's great to be old!"
A lusty young master mechanic
Had skill with the girls quite
Satanic:

----- Still More Limericks
An ingenious fellow named Herman
on the his
When his girl said, "How festive!"
He replied, "Don't be restive;
-- it -- with

The Squabbling 10th Cycle -- Scithers -----

And that was that. The PHPH petition failed, in part because most Cultists were satisfied with The Legal Constitution, in part because it was a relief to have a workable constitution, and the thing, with a few amendments, has stood to this day.

Tom Seidman published next with the first of his to-become-traditional mixtures of Xerography and quasi-legible dittography. Eney's FR 128, a 30 page monster with a five-color lithographed cover (we cheated: the green was put in by hand with a crayon), an inclosed amateur comic book, Satyr Comics, a "Letter from your pastor . . ." letterhead for the OA's letter, a hypodermic needle, a membership card in the Antique and International Order of Fully Certified Sex Fiends, a card saying: "I have just contributed in your name \$1.00 to the N. A. A. C. P. You are now an Honorary Nigger", and a bibliography. Don Fitch followed with a hectographed FR 129 A, the result of a remark by Scithers that he couldn't tell Patten and Fitch apart because they both did excellent mimeography, and . . .

FR 129 B followed at once -- Fitch's impeccable mimeography at its best, with letter writers' names in blue from a letterpress.

:Limericks

A space girl free
Found a to answer
"I've", she
or, a be
But never a he "all!" (PA)

When the aërial robots of Innit
Fight a war with us humans and win it,
Their method
Which will leave you agape,
Is to a top and the in

A mad scientist, Gerald McFender
Made a robot which went on a bender:
The machine got its kicks,
It seduced a Ford 6,
Thinking this was its opposite gender.

An IBM programmer's joke
With an poke
Was to prove that he'd
With a computer
That determined leng is

Il y avait un jeune homme de Boyer
Que brique un mach à
Con ou
Pour aire aux e.
Et extrêmement simple à net

There's a chap, to machinery wed,
Whom a turret lathe wounded, 'tis said:
He put -- such is luck --
The wrong tool in the chuck
And wound up with an S A E thread.

Scithers and the 10th Cycle -----

Johnstone, who had temporarily reverted to his real name McDaniel, published FR 120 in two pages one which was typed with a teleprompter type-writer) and promised the letters in an f/r to follow. Tapscott eventually ordered Johnstone to produce the f/r or else; the two haven't been particularly cordial terms since. Harness, being confused by the somewhat scrambled publishing dates by now, published FR 121, "Narrenschiff", in two editions, with different rosters, thereby completely confusing the iwl, who only got the first edition. Don Fitch brightened matters up a bit with "A Chanukkah Fractional for Bruce Henstell" and then f/r 121.3909, the entire text of which was "Welcome Owen Hannifen fractional rotator 121.3909 by Don Fitch 28 Dec 62". The thing was printed diagonally on cards which were worn by Los Angeles Cultists welcoming Hannifen on his arrival from Vermont.

In FR 122, Scithers showed that the waiting listers were as greedy as ever with a proposal:

"Marvelous idea for getting two more deserving waiting listers into the Cult: let us declare Pelz, Johnstone, and Harness to be one person, for the purposes of the Cult. This would end such problems as the mixups when somebody gives material to one, meaning it for another, and the like. (Ted White was right -- the waiting listers are a bloodthirsty bunch of vultures.)"

Virginia Rike showed up in FR 126. Apparently, she got the idea we were a bunch of quarrelsome bastards, and set out to outdo us all. When she succeeded, the Cult was faced with a problem: she couldn't be expelled, since she wasn't a member. Almost, a petition was started to ask Rike to divorce her, but she eventually lost interest, thank Set!

There had been some curiosity among the Cult about just what the Cult constitution was -- Johnstone's version had been declared illegal, and the last Champion revision was very old. A voting bloc, the PHPH (Pelz, Harness, Patten, Hannifen) tried to vote it out and so revert the Cult to the previous version by Ted White. Instead, Tapscott, OA, published f/r 125 1/8, "The Legal Constitution", on 25 March 63, with an effective date of 1 April 63. PHPH instantly screamed bloody murder and petitioned against it. Tapscott replied:

"The Legal Constitution is based on the Champion version. It has been extensively re-worked in line with recently stated preferences concerning certain matters (e. g. the legibility requirement). Aside from this, I have done my best to avoid any changes or additions which could be regarded as contrary to Cultish tradition. The only major changes in it from previous versions/practices will be found in Article IV, concerning petitions and elections. Here I have instituted a standard procedure for all voting, in order to simplify matters. These are substantial changes. They would (perhaps) not be legal, except for one thing: I, the OA, declare them to be legal, binding, and to supercede any previous mandates on the subject.

[. . .]

"Those wishing to institute impeachment proceedings will kindly step to the end of the line."



--Scithers

At the end of Cycle TTTT EEEEE N N Breen summed it up:

t	e	nn	n	"56 publications. I believe this
t	eeee	n n n		represents a record for quantity,
t	e	n nn		and possibly for pagecount, within
t	eeee	n n		a single Cult cycle; and I am cer-
				tain it includes a couple of new
				laws for quality..."

I think that's a bit unkind -- it's just that this cycle was probably the most squabblesome of any in recent history. It all began with the Oalection, when Tapscott won over Johnstone. Johnstone published f/r 118.15, declaring Tapscott was out and Baker reinstated -- Tapscott having dropped Baker for failing to write to two FRs in succession. In fact, it'd be better to say Tapscott started it by dropping Baker with an f/r instead of sending him an FR. Lichtman, in f/r 118.811, declared Johnstone's Ruling null and void, since Johnstone had already lost the Oalection as of the date of the Ruling. Johnstone added to the confusion by publishing f/r 118.1301, a new version of the Cult constitution, also after the end of his OAcy. Anyway (and I'm getting a bit confused here myself) Lichtman declared Tapscott in Limbo, declared himself (Lichtman) Temporary Arbiter, and called for a new Oalection with himself among the candidates. Before matters disintegrated completely, Bill Donaho sent out a petition to clarify the whole mess, asking all to vote on whether or not Lichtman's Ruling was legal and so on. Before the votes on that one were tabulated, Hannifen published an f/r, 118.999 1/2, in which he declared Lichtman out for failing to list a recently applied iwler. White finally announced the results of the Donaho petition, that Tapscott was OA, that Baker was out (the point in question was whether or not FR-pubbing counted as writing to the following FR), and that the Lichtman-called election was invalid (a good thing too: the voting went Lichtman 3, Johnstone 3, Breen 1). White went on to say, of Hannifen's f/r and an even more pretentious letter from Langdon:

"Ghoddammit, I never saw a more foolish bunch of half-assed nincompoop waiting-listers in my life. Nor, I might add, a more greedy bunch. The thirst for blood -- members' blood -- must be overwhelming."

In other words, the iwlers had proved themselves entirely worthy to be in the Cult. Ted went on to say:

"I don't think I've seen as much pettifogging in the Cult in years -- probably not since the first and second cycles, when we were roughing out the operating rules for the first time. All this petty squabbling reflects poorly on the lot of you, each trying to seize the reins and run the Cult to suit himself or his own little clique. [. . .] Bill Donaho's the only one who has acted coolly and without going overboard thus far. I wish a few more would follow his example. (But no more referendums or elections, please.)"

Breen, meanwhile, in f/r 119.11, gave his version of Revealed Wisdom on the matter, which everyone else simply ignored, and that was that.

Don Fitch, in an f/r, 118.91, published in the midst of the mess, which included a magnificent line:

"let that be my epitaph -- 'He never held office in the LASFS, never was OA of the Cult, and never slept with fanne X.' "

It looked as though we could settle down to a quiet cycle. Hah!

C C C C C

C C C C C

Cycles 11, 12, and 13 weren't any less interesting than earlier ones, but since they're so recent, I'll spend substantially less time on them. Cycle 11 began with Tapscott's "Merkin" and was followed by Tapscott's "Flyleaf", FR's 131 and 132. The reason for that was Eklund joined the Air Force and Tapscott nobly volunteered to publish for him. The strain was a bit much, evidently, for Tapscott didn't publish again until FR 167, almost three cycles later, except for innumerable f/r's.

Anyway, the elections results: The PHPH bloc voted for Hannifen, Breen voted for Breen, and a plurality - 5 - voted for Tapscott. FR 132 also marked the entry to Membership of Dian then-Girard and Scithers. Dian published FR 133 -- a dittoed thing -- and then it was Harness' turn to publish. He didn't. This threw the Cult into less confusion than one might expect, though Fitch remarked, "Is it possible that the Cult is actually more thoroughly wucked up everytime I look at it?" Eleven f/r's were published between FR 133 and 135, including two substitute FR's -- one by Pelz, who found out from Harness who had written, and another from Scithers reduced to almost microscopic type size and printed on a post card, and even including an illustration. As a result of the lack of FR 134, when FR 135 came out, on Xerox, from McQuown, its roster was wildly confused. FR 136, "Verklarte Nacht 12" had an Athenian owl on the cover -- from a Greek coin -- with the caption "This is a Watchbird watching Walter Breen." It's not clear whether the watchbird wasn't watching enough or watching too well -- either way, the second installment of the Breen Feuds exploded into print shortly thereafter.

The OA, Tapscott, tried to keep the Feud out of the Cult by Ruling: "There is no known way for anyone to rape a child via FR," but apparently some people were afraid Breen might try. Boardman showed his abhorrence of exclusion by introducing a petition to exclude Donaho from the Cult, and the battle on Did Breen Or Didn't He? raged for the rest of the Cycle and on into the following 12th.

Though it sometimes seemed so at the time, the Second Stage Breen Feud didn't occupy all the Cult's time: Bruce Pelz and Dian Girard married during the Cycle, and were wished well by Eney's f/r 139.31. Diplomacy became an enthusiasm of the LA contingent plus Boardman, and that kept dripping references and cartoons into the Cult. Bill Blackbeard joined the iwl but wasn't kindly received when he attacked several of the Members. The Cycle ended with Breen's traditional, minimal, carbon-copied FR and -- after the new OA issued a 'publish-or-be-dropped' edict -- finally with the Part B of the FR. Filing for OA were Eney, Dian Pelz, White, Tapscott, and Breen.

And -- before I forget -- Eney's FR 141 included such oddities as a Cultish taperecording and the first of a series of Scithers-written stories in which the Cult visits various improbable places aboard the streetcars of the Terminus, Owlswick, & Ft Mudge Electric St Railway. The first story involved a rhinoceros-drawn streetcar and a wild dash to escape a troop of pursuing arabs. The second was a more leisurely one -- aboard a centaur-drawn car this time. The third episode was a trip through Limerick-Land, where the Immortal Verses are acted out -- the fourth, a trip across Bifröst Bridge to Valhalla, ending with a wild dash after a team of runaway horses after the Dog Garm and Fred Lerner's departure for Niflheim in a bucket.

Some Limericks:

Have you heard of the Widow O'Reilly
Who esteemed her late husband so highly

Another widow, whose
to her husband ice,
Said, "It's I
And I'll never
and at he

There was a young fellow named Sam
Who

He let out a yell
When snapped its
This maneuver is a and slam.

There was a young Captain from Trent
Who lived in a lavender tent;
He said that
With interesting
Had taught him what war really meant.

There was a young lady named Joan,
Who got all her thrills from the phone,

and receiver as well
you believe if

There was a young lady of Mayence
Who bade her strong lover defiance:
She'd lurk in the halls

or appliance.

A morbid young lady from Keene
Was known as the as is
She used thistles and cacti
practi
In a manner odd scene.

A scholar who came from Ohio
Was consumed by a passion for clio;
I don't know what you use
When you ravish a Muse,
But you never can tell 'till you try-o.

As Apollo was chasing the fair
Daphne, she vanished in air;
He could find but a shrub

A rascal far gone into lechery
Lured maids by this treachery:
He invited them in
For the purpose of sin,
But he said 'twas to look at his etchery.

PROLEGOMENON TO A CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE PLANET

MONGO

by John B--

--by J Boardman

Perhaps no milieu of swordplay-&-sorcery has become as famous in our century as has the planet Mongo. The adventures of Flash Gordon are known to millions to whom Aquilonia or Mordor are unfamiliar collections of syllables. And yet, for all its fame, Mongo has come under much less study than these other realms. Aside from Speer's classic essay of more than a quarter-century ago* there have been no studies of the variegated, warlike, scientifically

*John B Speer, "A Hypothetical History of Mongo", A SENSE OF FAPA, p 357

advanced and politically retarded peoples of the wandering planet Mongo.

The Western society on Earth is popularly supposed to be one in which the physical sciences have outstripped the other realms of knowledge, to the general detriment of humanity. What, then, are we to say of Mongo, which moves from sun to sun at the volition of its Emperor and yet retains such anachronisms as hereditary feudal rule, idolatry, and slavery?† There is no wonder at

†That is, if those things really ARE anachronisms... GHS

internal turmoil and intrigue in such a society, nor at the swift rise of such able foreign condottieri as Gordon and Zarkov. Their careers have ample Earthly precedent; compare Stilicho in Rome in + V, or Roger di Flor in late Byzantine times.

Mongo makes its first appearance as an intruder into the Solar System, presumably steered through interstellar space by the Emperor Ming and his scientists. Certainly, during the long voyage from sun to sun, Mongo was provided with light and heat by a satellite on which a nuclear fusion reaction was artificially ignited after a procedure suggested recently by Pohl and Kornbluth.** So relatively feeble a source of energy might explain why an

**F Pohl and C M Kornbluth, "Wolfbane", Galaxy S-F, Oct/Nov 1957

inhospitable polar region takes up a sizable part of Mongo's surface.

Speer suggests that the dominant race on Mongo is related to the "yellow" race of Earth. This seems doubtful, since, aside from the Emperor Ming himself, none of the members of the Imperial Court show signs of oriental extraction. The principal difference between Mongonians and Earthmen seems to be, physically, that blond hair is unknown on Mongo; Ming seemed greatly impressed by the unusual color of Dale Arden's hair.

However, there is no arguing with Speer when he discusses the power politics of Mongo. "During the long centuries that it was in the outer void," he wrote, "Mongo was able to support life only through the craft of the yellow men. And during those centuries the ruling race was forced, by the rigors of the life around it, to set up a Spartan system of government, and drill into generation after generation of both yellow men and the inferior races that respect for the ultimate overlordship of the yellow emperor that endured even while they fought his soldiers and defied his laws."

From the Flash Gordon serials it is easy to determine the political relationship which exists between the Emperor Ming and his vassals. Ming rules his own people directly, and has as vassals the kings of the various other Mongonian races. Many of these vassal kings are restive, and some require no more than an alliance with two wandering Earthmen to push them into open revolt. Clearly the successful occupancy of the throne of Mongo requires not only scientific but also diplomatic skills in no small degree.

The lusty and stalwart Vulthan, King of the Hawk People, may be taken as typical of these vassal kings. He maintains an outward subjection to Ming,

whose fleets could blast his aerial city out of the sky. He was too shrewd to go into open revolt like Than, Prince of the Lion People, who was limited to desultory and often ineffective raids against Ming before the Earthmen came. He steered a devious course between subservience to Ming and independence, always with an eye to the main chance. When Dr Zarkov's discovery of a better anti-gravity ray demonstrated to him the superior science of the Earthman, he seized the opportunity to renounce his allegiance and join the rebel Prince Barin's coalition against the Emperor.

But the tangled internal politics of Mongo are best illustrated by the conflict between Barin and the Emperor. When we first see Barin, he has invaded Dr Zarkov's laboratory in the Imperial Palace, and introduces himself as the planet's rightful Emperor. Ming, he tells Zarkov, usurped the throne from him when he was a baby, and killed his (Barin's) father. The order of these statements is particularly important, and gives us information about the Mongonian laws of succession. Barin's statement clearly implies that he was lawful Emperor as an infant, even before his father's murder. Obviously, he must have inherited the crown through his mother, implying that she was already dead at the time. (Possibly his mother had died in giving him birth. Although Mongo is ahead of Earth in the physical sciences, it shows no such pre-eminence in biology and medicine.)

It later develops that the Mongonian Imperial throne can descend in the female line, during a period when the Emperor Ming is missing in action and presumed dead, his daughter Princess Aura assumes the throne without objection from the court or soldiery. We may presume that Barin's mother and Ming represented, respectively, older and younger lines of the imperial family. During Barin's minority Ming pushed him aside and seized the rule, as the Empress Elizabeth did to her nephew Ivan IV in XVIIth Century Russia.

This hypothesis throws new light on the romantic intrigues which followed Flash Gordon's arrival at the Mongonian court. Princess Aura, Ming's heiress presumptive, feared for her ultimate succession to the throne. Had she opposed her father's forced marriage with Dale Arden, out of fear that she might be displaced as heiress by the issue of this marriage, her father was quite capable of disinheriting her. But, after her suit from Prince Barin, she could oppose her father from a stronger position. And there must have been more than love involved in Barin's successful suit for Aura's hand. If he represented one branch of the imperial family, and his wife were heiress to the other, his claim to the throne would be greatly strengthened. In English history, the marriage of Henry VII with the daughter of Edward IV proceeded from similar motives.

In later serials, Ming is shown back on the Imperial throne, with Barin the restive and rebellious vassal King of the Forest People. This suggests that, between the Earthmen's visits to Mongo, a compromise was patched up by which Ming would retain the Imperial throne during his lifetime, to be succeeded by his son-in-law. Such a compromise could have no long endurance between the haughty Ming and the ambitious Barin. If, for example, Ming remarried and produced a male heir, Aura and Barin might be set aside in favor of this heir. Ming may have had this in mind when he courted Dale Arden. Once Barin had declared his love for her, Aura's intrigue against her own father may well have been an attempt to thwart this plan.

When the Emperor Ming allied himself with the sovereign Queen of Mars, a new danger presented itself to the plans of Barin and Aura. This Queen had about the same position on Mars that Ming did on Mongo -- nominally ruler of the entire planet, but resisted to the best of their ability by some of her subjects, in this case the Clay People. Ming's courtship of the Queen implied portentous consequences. A heir born to them would unite Mongo and Mars under

a single crown, to the detriment not only of Earth but also of the resistance movements on the other two planets. (To this may be compared the situation which France faced in 1700, when it appeared that one man might inherit simultaneously Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal.) Under the circumstances, it was no wonder that Barin set out for Mars with a sizable force, and concluded a successful alliance with Gordon and Zarkov to block Ming's plans.

In the three serials, Flash Gordon and Dr Zarkov are characterized as the "Space Soldiers". By contrast with the sinister Sivana or the doddering Huer, Zarkov is presented as the colleague of Gordon, and as equally the hero of their adventures on Mongo. His scientific discoveries are unbelievable and unlikely, but no more so than Gordon's feats of swordsmanship and wrestling against overwhelming odds.

Zarkov's scientific knowledge, sought with equal avidity by Ming and by Vulthan, and Gordon's personal heroism, prove to be enough to swing the balance of power against Ming. He still retains his throne, but at the expense of much of his power and many of his formerly docile subjects. Mongo began by attacking Earth with an eye to subjecting or destroying it, but in the long run Earth had a greater effect on Mongo than Mongo on Earth. At the time of his arrival in the Solar System, the Emperor Ming held a precarious rule, buttressed by diplomacy which kept his allies divided and by his own not inconsiderable scientific knowledge. But the arrival of two Earthmen -- albeit exceptional Earthmen -- proved sufficient to bring his major vassals from restive subjection to open armed revolt. Further contact with Earth could only bring about his complete overthrow. Possibly this is the reason why communication between Mongo and Earth has been broken; no recent reports of such contacts have been heard.

Some questions remain regarding the state religion of Mongo, the worship of the Great God Teyo. Despite the similarity of names, Teyo is probably not derived from the Chinese principle of Tao. The Mongolian Teyo is shown, not as a set of philosophical principles, but as a huge idol, whose sculpture shows Egyptian rather than Chinese influences. The High Priest of Teyo seems to have been completely subservient to the Emperor Ming, much as a Patriarch of Moscow was to a Russian Tsar. Though he was primarily the deity of the dominant Mongolians, Teyo's worship was also established among the vassal kingdoms; at one point, King Vulthan swears by this deity. But the precise relationship of the worship of Teyo to the Empire of Mongo and its subject states and peoples has not been elaborated upon.

With the passage of Mongo from the Solar System (a happening which can reasonably be inferred from the recent absence of information about it and its political turmoils) these questions become largely moot. Still, Flash Gordon's name has become synonymous with extraplanetary adventure in a way that few later heroes have won fame. Whether the Emperor Ming yet rules on Mongo, or Barin has succeeded to his throne and his troubles with his vassals, the names of Flash Gordon and Dr Zarkov undoubtedly live there as they do here.

-- John Boardman

There was a young girl of Zamora	When Conan was down on the Zingg	
Who spied a tall burglar with horror,	He did a remarkable thing:	
But, when she'd been plundered	He stole thirty rubies,	
She told him she wondered	An idol's gold boobies,	
If he could return on the morrow.	And three of the wives of the King.	
Conanish	A Gunderman out on a raid	
Limericks	Encountered a coy Pictish maid;	---John
= + = + =	On a soft leafy bed	Boardman
	He took the maid's head,	
	And she took his too, for a trade!	

DEMONS & DEMONESSES

	Eviol activity:	168	169	nextpub
Dick Eney I, 6500 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria Va 22307			yes	25Oct65
Arnie Katz II, UB Apts-479B Allenhurst Rd, Eggertsville NY	yes			15Nov65
Dian Pelz III, 1231-G 12th St, Santa Monica Cal 90404	yes	yes		06Dec65
John Boardman IV, 592 16th St, Brooklyn NY 11218	2f/r	f/r		27Dec65
Ted White V, 339 49th St, Brooklyn NY 11220	yes			17Jan66
Bill Donaho VI, Box 1284, Berkeley Cal 94701	yes	yes		07Feb66
Fred Patten VII, 1825 Greenfield Av, LA Cal 90025	yes			28Feb66
Bruce Pelz VIII, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, LA Cal 90024	yes	yes		21Mar66
Len Bailes IX, Box 14, Rieber Hall, UCLA, LA Cal 90024	yes			11Apr66
Fred Lerner X, 98-B The Boulevard, E Patterson NJ 07407	yes	yes		02May66
Scotty Tapscott XI, 914 E Miller, Seattle Wash 98102	f/r	yes		23May66
Don Fitch XII, 3908 Frijo, Covina Cal 91722	FR			13Jun66
George Scithers XIII, Box 9120-Air, Chicago Ill 60690	f/r	FR		04Jul66

DAMNED

1 Dave Van Arnam, 1730 Harrison #353, Bronx NY 10453	yes	yes
2 F M Busby, 2852 14th Av West, Seattle Wash 98119	pc	yes
3 Dave Hulan, 19018 Bryant, Northridge Cal	yes	
4 Alva Rogers, 5243 Rahlves Dr, Castro Valley Cal 94546	yes	
5 Jack Harness, 330 S Berendo, LA Cal 90005	yes	

merely DEPRAVED

1 Rich Mann, 249B S Nevada, Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota	f/r
2 Pvt Earl Evers, US51553159, 269 SC Co Svc, APO NY 09058	
3 Gretchen Schwenn, Box 305 Fairmont Sta, El Cerrito Cal	
4 George Heap, Box 1487, Rochester NY 14603	
5 James Wright, 1605 Thayer, Richland Wash 99352	yes
6 Ron Wilson, 3107 Normandie St, Spokane Wash 99205	yes
7 Barry Gold, 13442 Margate St, Van Nuys, Cal	yes
8 Lee Jacobs, Box 74803, LA Cal 90004	
9 Cecile Williamson, English Dept Wayne State U, Detroit Mich 48202	
10 Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St, South Gate Cal 90280	yes
11 Norm Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley Cal 94701	
12 Phil Castora, 3177 West 5th St, LA Cal 90005	
13 Gordon Eklund, CMR #3, Box 5994, Travis AFB Cal 94535	yes

For the time being, into INACTIVE LIMBO, I am casting

1 Ross Chamberlain, 73 Arlo Rd, Staaten Island NY

Further, I suggest to Lerner, Boardman, et al. that it'll be a lot easier to have Ross drop a letter to the OA than messing around with petitions and stuff.

Next Publisher: Dick Eney. He may be late. Added: Eklund. Dropped: None.

Hulan's "f/r" isn't, because the Cult is not the first group to which it was distributed, according to the data on the first page of it. In addition to the first distribution rule in TLC, I suggest the following clarification: to be an f/r, a publication must carry an f/r number, displayed on the cover or first page more prominently than any other apa distribution information.

Until further notice, do NOT use Scithers' APO address; I am taking some leave, and Box 9120-Air will forward mail to me.

Must write FR 170 (Eney I)(which may be late): Katz, White, Patten, Bailes, Fitch, Hulan, Rogers, & Harness. TapscOAtt, unOApposed, is instOAnt OA.