

acculturations

# acculturations no. two

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## OUT ON

At work the other day we came across the following interesting section of the 1953 Postal Guide. This is from Chapter IV, Article 3 thereof:

3. Libelous, defamatory, obscene matter on envelopes, post-cards, etc.

(a) Section 36.4, Postal Laws and Regulations, 1948, declares

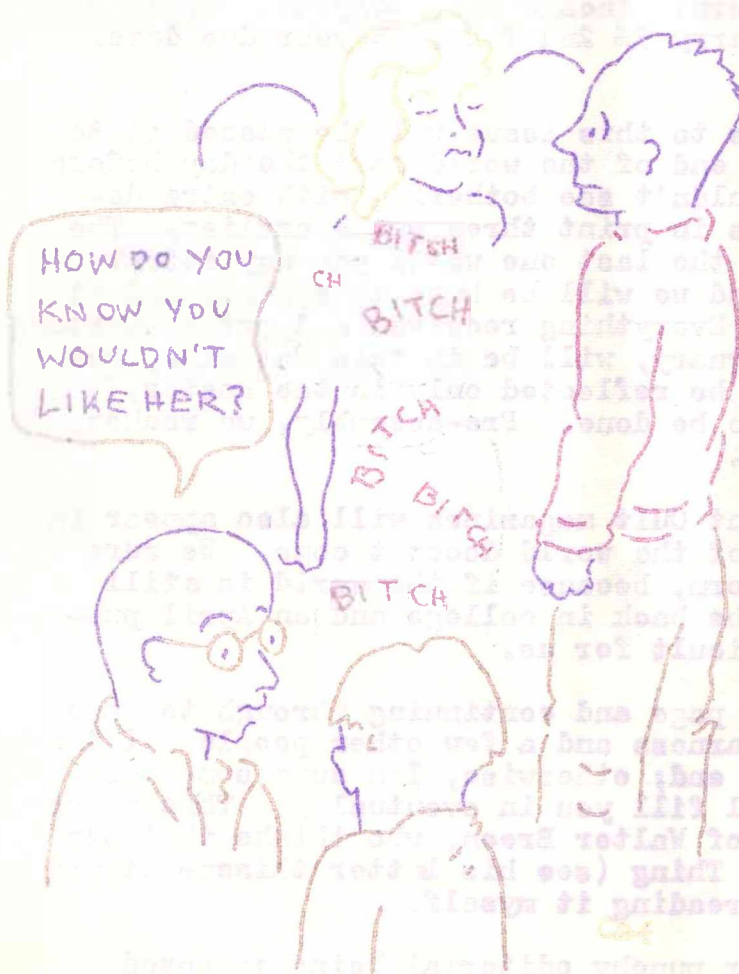
unavailable all matter upon the envelope of outside wrapper of which, or any postal card upon which, any delin-eations, epithets, terms, or language of an indecent, lowd, lascivious, obscene, libelous, scurrilous, defam-atory or threatening nature, or calculated by the terms or matter or style of display and obviously intended to re-reflect injuriously upon the character or conduct of an- other, may be written or printed or otherwise impressed or apparent.

(c) It should be carefully noted that this section does not apply to matter that is under cover.

End quote. The under- lining is my own. I do not know if this particular rule still stands as in the 1953 guide, but it's an interesting point to note.

The masters being used on large portions of this issue of the Fantasy Rotator are not

the best we could get. In fact, they are perhaps the worst we could get. All the pages in this issue with illustrations are being done



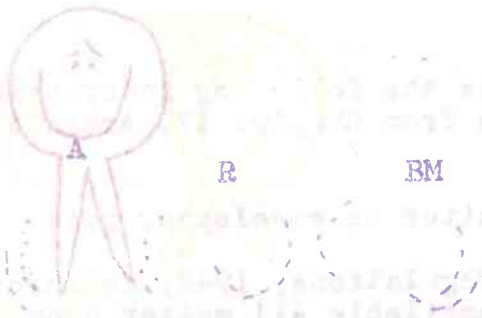
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on masters that are roughly 1 1/2 years old. They were originally bought by Jerry Knight for the never-published, second issue of his fanzine, QUELQUECHOSE, and when I was serving as Art Editor (ie, chief master-hacker) for Jerry I did up all the illustrations that appear in these pages. The purple carbon itself does not seem to have deteriorated, but I am willing to bet, though I have not yet run off any pages, that the illustrations will be rather faintly reproduced. Carbons deteriorate, and a year and a half of deterioration is too much, I suspect. However, we shall see (or rather you will--I will put my file copies of this away and try to forget).

My father spotted this ad in the Times last Sunday and pointed it out to me. I pass it on for your amusement and de- traction...

FOR SALE: 1/2 block from Ocean & Venice Civic Center

30-Unit Flop-House \$47,500-- \$4,000 down



Shows 150% scheduled net (\$6000 per year). For the man who has everything. Here's a real authentic flop house complete with derelicts in undershirts & earthy creatures with beards. Sickening? Yes, but who cares with this return? Income \$15,364/year. Owner will carry 5% 2nd T.D., 15-year due date.

"..And now we'll do a selection from the Cult Hymnal..."

Late-arriving letters to this issue will be passed on to the next publisher because the end of the world came the day before our publication date and we couldn't see bothering with extra detail-work just to get your gems in print three weeks earlier. The Saturday mail delivery will be the last one we'll pay any attention to, because over the weekend we will be busy at a party and at an End-Of-The-World Wait-Out. Everything received and put to masters or stencils by Saturday, 3 February, will be in this magazine, but stuff received after that will be reflected only in the Roster, which will be the last thing to be done. Pre-assembly, we reckon, certainly is a wonderful thing.

Our comments on recent Cult magazines will also appear in the next Cultzine, if the end of the world doesn't come. We sure are glad to have traded with Norm, because if the world is still around on 5 February, we will be back in college and an April pub- date would have been very difficult for us.

Starting on the next page and continuing through to page 21 is a SAPS reprint by Jack Harness and a few other people. I think Jack gives credits towards the end; otherwise, I'm sure some more Concerned SAPS/Cult biapan will fill you in eventually. This is being presented for the benefit of Walter Breen, who thinks that Ser- ials Certainly Are A Wonderful Thing (see his letter this issue if you don't believe me). I won't be reading it myself...

I believe this rather punchy editorial being composed two weeks before the deadline had best be ended here. By the way, page 22, if it is blank (it may be) is intentionally so. Worry- warts take notice...you're not missing anything.

...Lichtman

# THE FELLOWSHIP OF nothing

## CHAPTER ONE:

# THE FOUNDING OF THE FELLOWSHIP OR THREE KNIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM

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ONCE upon a time, in the land of Schnaps, there ruled a kind and gentle king. The king was so loved by his subjects that he was known as King Howard, the Big-Hearted. King Howard had a very beautiful daughter whose name was Princess Nance. Princess Nance was very loved by the villagers that lived in the village that surrounded the castle. Early every morning, she would visit the village and spread a fair share of good cheer to all of the villagers. Now, you might think that there would be no problems to trouble the wise King and his fair daughter, but this is a fairy tale and who ever heard of a fairy tale without problems?

The big problem of King Howard was an evil Prince who lived in another part of the country. This Prince wanted to marry Princess Nance and eventually take over the entire country. This Prince was so evil and so hated that his reflection in the mirror would boo and hiss at him. The Prince sent many envoys with many offers to the good King Howard and they were all turned away. This infuriated the Prince and he called for his favorite dragon convertible with overdrive and set out to talk to the King himself.

When news of the Prince's impending visit reached the village, the villagers set about plans for a reception for him, but the King, when hearing of the plans, asked them to change them somewhat or the next of kin of the evil Prince might seek revenge. Therefore, when the Prince finally arrived, all he saw were a few banners that said, "Prince Arness Go Home." There was one mishap, though: one of the villagers accidentally dropped an egg which just happened to hit the Prince in the face, but since it was such a commonplace accident, nothing was said about it.

The Prince was taken to the palace and his dragon was taken to the garage to be refueled.

King Howard greeted the Prince very coolly. "Welcome, Prince Arness, I hope that you have a pleasant trip back home."



Prince Arness scowled and replied, "My bride and I will have a very pleasant trip back." The Prince wasn't one to beat around the bush.

King Howard brightened. "You're married. 'Congratulations."

"You know very well that I mean Princess Nance," Arness retorted.

It was King Howard's turn to scowl. "You know very well that you will never marry Princess Nance," he said.

"I have come to take her with me, one way or the other," Arness threatened.

"You forgot to scowl. It was your turn now, so let's play fair," King Howard told him.

Arness scowled twice to make up for it. This is about the only time that Arness will play fair. "I am going to take the Princess with me and you can't stop me. I am too powerful for you," Arness threatened some more.

"Everybody knows that you are a practitioner of Black Magic and that you are a disciple of that dark science, Scientology. But you won't win -- white magic will beat out black magic. Good will triumph over evil," King Howard answered.

"How corny can you get? You've been watching too many late, late shows."

"Just the same, you won't get away with it."

"Look here, King Howard," Arness put out his hand; on one of his fingers there was a ring that seemed to radiate power.

King Howard turned pale. "The Ring of Gemkhar!" he exclaimed, "the ring that controls all the creatures of the dark world. How did you get it?"

"Never mind how I got it, but with this ring I can have everything that I want. Soon everything will be mine, do you hear? Mine, mine, mine."

"Oh, you are a sick one," King Howard observed.

"Sick or not, you can't stop me." With that, Arness rubbed the ring. There was a flashing light and two creatures appeared on the scene.

"Yeeess MMAasstteerr?" they asked in unison.

"Ahhh, Artayes and Lesnor. Quick, tie up this fat fool," Arness ordered.

"Now, hold on there, I am not fat," King Howard objected.

It was to no avail, however, for Artayes and Lesnor had him tied up in no time at all. Prince Arness then sent them to fetch the fair Princess Nance. They disappeared and soon returned with the unconscious form of Princess Nance and Arness told them to follow him. Together they went out of the castle and headed for the garage to Arness's dragon. Artayes put the Princess on the dragon's back and Arness rubbed the ring again. Artayes and Lesnor disappeared. Arness then mounted the dragon and sped off to his own castle.

There was sadness and sorrow in the village when the villagers heard what had taken place at the castle. They would have formed a posse to go after Arness but since this is a fairy tale and not a western, they didn't know how to go about it. They didn't even have anybody to tell them "They went that-away." They were at a loss as to what to do. King Howard would have sent his army after them, but he was taking a furlough and couldn't be reached.

There was, however, a visitor to the village that vowed to do something about this terrible tragedy. He was a farmer that lived just outside the village. He had seen the Princess a few times and fallen madly in love with her.

He decided to rescue her, kill the evil Prince, and maybe win the Princess's hand. What he wanted to do with the Princess's hand isn't known at this time.

He went to the castle and was shown in to the King and explained to King Howard what he planned to do. King Howard was touched by the plans of the small farmer. "I don't know how you will accomplish this, but you have my blessings," he said.

"I have no set plan now, but as sure as my name is Wrai, I will succeed in my task."

King Howard nodded, "I believe that you will and you have good on your side."

After he had received the King's Blessings, Wrai left the castle and headed for someplace where he could formulate his plans. While walking through the streets of the village, he heard that there were three visitors in the inn. They were three knights that had stopped for refreshments while searching for new adventures. This gave him an idea and he headed for the inn.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile at the inn, the three knights were discussing the prospects of a new adventure.

"Well, naturally we have to rescue some damsel in distress," the one known as Sir Tosk was saying.

"Why can't we distress some damsel for a change?" asked the one who answered to the name of Sir Wall.

The third one shook his head. "No, we best rescue some barrel of blog that might be in distress." He was known as Sir Blot.

Sir Tosk insisted that it would have to be a damsel. The barmaid approached and Sir Tosk asked, "What ho, fair maid, are you in distress?"

"Aye, that I am, kind knight, but I wouldn't be if you stopped pinching me," was her reply.

Sir Tosk gave her a resounding slap on the rear and said, "There, my fair wench, I have rescued you. Now, where is my reward?"

\* \* \*

As Sir Tosk was wiping the brew out of his hair, the three knights were approached by Wrai.

"Pardon, Sir Knights, I am Wrai and have great use of your services."

The three knights looked at him and beckoned him to sit down and explain.

Wrai told them everything that had transpired and of his plans to rescue Princess Nance. At her name, Sir Tosk smiled and listened with more interest.

When Wrai had finished, Sir Tosk said, "I have heard of this Prince Arness and we would be doing the land a great service to get rid of him."

Sir Wall and Sir Blot nodded their heads in agreement.

"True, he is as foul a villain as we have ever come across," said Sir Wall.

"Since he has the Ring of Gemkhar, he will be hard to vanquish," commented Sir Tosk.

"Yeah, and he will be hard to beat, too," agreed Sir Blot.

"Then you will help me rescue the fair Princess Nance?" Wrai asked.

"That we will. We shall join forces and together we shall attempt to defeat Prince Arness," Sir Wall stated.

"You know, we ought to call ourselves something," mentioned Sir Blot.

"You're right," agreed Sir Wall. "How about the Fellowship of the Ring?"

"I'm afraid that has already been taken," Sir Tosk told him.

They sat in silence for some time trying to decide what to call their new alliance. Presently Sir Blot snapped his fingers. "I know, since we haven't really done very much and rewards have been mighty few, we can call ourselves the Fellowship of Nothing."

The rest nodded their heads in approval.

They left the inn to get some supplies and a horse for Wrai. When this was done the four dashing cavaliers headed south, which was the direction of the evil Prince's castle.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, the Prince had arrived at his castle and locked the still unconscious Princess Nance in a room. He went to his chambers and looked into his magic crystal to see what the King was doing about the kidnapping of his daughter. This was a sort of early day television set. He saw and heard the meeting of Wrai and the three knights. He chuckled fiendishly to himself and rubbed the ring.

\* \* \*

Our four heroes were entering a dark and dreary wood, they were in high spirits and in Sir Blot, at least, were some pretty high spirits. He slid from his horse and the others pulled up their horses and looked back.

"What are you looking at me for?" he asked. "Get down and make camp. Can't you see knight has fallen?"

The others got down, made camp, and had dinner. They were sitting around the camp-fire planning the next day's trek when they heard an awful wail. Soon the bushes rustled near them, and they heard the breathing of something come towards them. The bushes parted and out stepped the most horrible monster that any of them had ever seen before. The monster came towards them....

## CHAPTER TWO: THE EVIL OGRE OF SCHNAPS

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THE monster which advanced upon the four heroes was evil incarnate;



it was hideous, malformed, disgusting, revolting, nauseating, and repulsive. And it had a bad case of the uglies.

"G'wan, scram!" shouted Sir Blot. "Ackerman's place is in the other direction!" He tossed three empty bottles at it, with no effect. In desperation he tossed a full one, but it still didn't stop the monster.

Wrai charged the monster, hacking furiously -- but it wouldn't even stop to read the letters. Sword-chops had no effect on it either.

"It's like something dredged up from a N3Fer's sub-conscious," exclaimed Sir Wall.

"Sub-conscious?" said Sir Tosk. "I don't believe in it. I DON'T BELIEVE IN IT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN IT!" And the monster disappeared.

\* \* \*

"Fout!" exclaimed Prince Arness, watching the proceedings in his magic crystal. And that was one of my best Art-Orcs, too! Well, it may have given me enough time to get the next trap set up."

\* \* \*

With the danger disposed of, Sir Tosk, Sir Wall, and Wrai set about fortifying their camp for the night. Sir Blot set about fortifying himself. But there was no further trouble that night -- except for Sir Blot, who ran out of fortification.

The next morning the heroes set out again, and rode until they came to a river. "Hmm," said Sir Tosk, whipping out his slide-arm, "Four pi arcsine epsilon secant x equals..." And the other two knights dismounted and sat down, waiting for Sir Tosk to calculate the speed of approach and angle of launching necessary to jump the horses across the river.

"Hey," cried Wrai from some distance away.

"Just a minute, I'm almost through. Tangent epsilon pi LM...."

"OK, but why you'd bother to jump across water four inches deep, I dunno," replied Wrai, calling from the other side of the river.

\* \* \*

From the river, the road led into a thick forest. Trees and bushes drooped over the road, brambles grew underfoot, and gloom prevailed everywhere.

"This is really a thick forest, isn't it?" remarked Sir Wall.

"It thertainly is!" agreed Sir Blot. At that moment a burly figure sprang out of the underbrush, bringing part of it with him, attached to his jaw. It ran toward the heroes crying, "Stop. and pay toll! Stop and pay toll!"

"Ha! 'Tis Dhikeeny, the Evil Ogre!" cried Sir Tosk, reaching for his slide-arm.

"You mean the Ogre, Evil," corrected Sir Wall. "But what good will that slide-arm do?"

"I was about to calculate how much toll we'd have to pay."

"But if he's an ogre, why should he want us to pay the troll?" asked Sir Blot.



S Sir Wall reached out and hit Sir Blot with his mace; the helmet rang with a sound like a deep-voiced bell. (Sir Blot's head rang like a dishcloth.)

The ogre stopped. "OK, one toll is as good as another. Now, what are you guys fooling around in my thick forest for?"

"I think this whole crew is 'toll,'" muttered Wrai in a German accent. Then aloud he said, "We are pursuing the evil Prince Arness to rescue Princess Nance. Will you help us?"

"Well," said Dhikeeny, "about Princess Nance I don't really give a rap, but I don't want Arness to spread Scientology over all the land. I think these guys who fool with engrams are crackers! So I'll join you."

As the band of his enemies grew to five, Prince Arness took council with his subalterns. (They were addicted to the stuff, which was even worse than taking umbrage.) The decision was made to let Lord Tejon try stopping the pursuing band, for he wore the Ring of Ditur, which could change the very countryside into any terrain he wished. His mighty steed, a full ten feet high, was readies, and all of the castle watched as he rode out to meet the enemies of Prince Arness.

"Well," ruminated Lord Tejon, as the miles between him and the five slowly dwindled, "just what kind of terrain would be best to stop them?" He knew that the Ogre, Evil, would be able to lead them through any forest, that Sir Tosk would make short work of a mountain, and that Sir Wall was an expert at dealing with swamps. Then, just as he came within sight of the valiant band, an idea struck him. When he recovered, he held forth the Ring of Ditur, and the five found themselves stuck in a morass.

"That's just what Schnaps needs, anyway," chuckled Lord Tejon, as he rode back toward the castle.

## CHAPTER THREE:

# WRAI IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR

---

AS the five warriors of Schnaps began to sink into the sink into the morass Tejon's Ring of Ditur had created for them, Wrai thought quickly.

"Sir Blot!" he cried. "EXHALE, man!" Simultaneously he fished in his pocket.

Sir Blot drew a deep breath. As he breathed out, Wrai struck a match on the seat of his trousers and held it before him. A burst of blue flame fountained out across the surface of the morass, sending up a cloud of steam. As it flickered out, the five scrambled onto the patch of dry, baked earth where it had played.

"Nothing like an alcohol flame for quick drying," observed Wrai modestly.

Sir Wall pointed to the far edge of the morass. But you notice that the boggy area has expanded away from us? It didn't evaporate, just moved off to a safe distance.

Sir Tosk pointed at the near edge. "And it's surging back now," he added,

looks as if it'd cover us in..." He bit his lip and wrinkled his brow, then whipped off a gauntlet and counted for a moment on his fingers. ("Never could do quintuple integration in my head," he remarked apologetically.) "...15 seconds."

"And Sir Blot is out of breath," complained Wrai. "What a prospect -- being drowned in that goo!"

"WHAT!" exclaimed the Ogre, Evil, in indignation. "NEVER, bhy ghod!" And drawing his sword he strode forward into the morass.

\* \* \*

"The Royal Army has returned and is burning leather toward us," announced Prince Arness, watching the magic crystal. "I believe we just have time to get the fair Princess Nance safely married to me before he can reach Hasi Castle. Fetch her hither, my fanciful demons." He rubbed the Ring of Gemkhar and in moments Princess Nance stood before him.

"Aha," the proud beauty, smirked the evil Prince Arness, "Soon you shall be me brrride despite the machinations of your friends. Go," he commanded Lesnor, fetch a Priest to perform the ceremony."

"But can a Ghuist perform a valid marriage ceremony?" wondered Artayes as the other demon left. With a ferocious glare, Arness rubbed the Ring of Gemkhar once more. Artayes vanished without a trace.\*

"Now, then," he began again, only to pause in astonishment. "Where's that sound coming from?" Arness's evil features became suffused with malignant rage. WHO UTTERS THAT WORD IN MY DOMAINS!?! PHILZ! TEJON! MAN THE BATTLEMENTS! TURN OUT THE GUARDS!!! It's the Fellowship of Nothing, escaped from Tejon's morass!"

\* \* \*

"I knew they couldn't really escape from that morass," said Lord Tejon defensively. "Nobody can really overcome the Ring of Ditur, because Ditur itself is an avoidance and when you try to get away from it --"

Baron Philz waved him to silence. "So they didn't get away from it. So what difference does it make? They're USING the damned thing!" Once again the Word of Power rolled in chorus from the five below. The cohorts on the battlement flinched as it passed.

"ROSCOE!" the Fellowship of Nothing roared, striding forward. At that awful Name the ghu surrounding them quivered and shrank away.

"ROSCOE!" The morass surged over the chevaux-de-frise before the moat, snapping the stakes like twigs. "ROSCOE!" It sloshed into the moat, squeegeeing the water from the ditch in a torrent over the glacis. "Roscoe!" It surged up the wall partway, stopped baffled, and split its ring apart. Through the breach thus formed, the Fellowship of Nothing sprang up onto the walkway under the curtain wall of the castle.

"Heheheheheh!" cackled the evil Prince Arness. "Now let's see them get any further! The only way into Hasi Castle is across the drawbridge, which I've drawn up."

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\*Look at the membership list if you don't believe me.

"You mean you aren't going to let them in?" asked Baron Philz, a little shocked at this bad sportsmanship.

"Well," gritted Arness, "I'm not going to clear a path for them."

"But I told you that.--"

"Yes," anticipated Prince Arness sneering, "you told me last time that the Evil Ogre through any forest could lead them. But I've feuded with the Evil Ogre before. The drawbridge is made out of a single trunk of slippery elm. The Evil Ogre can't argue with a solid block of wood!" He laughed scornfully, then broke off as Lord Tejon pointed excitedly over the wall.

"They're on the platform right under the drawbridge!" Tejon ran for the stairs, and tossed back over his shoulder: "You said that bridge is a single trunk of elm? Well, here is our chance to lower the baum on them!"

\* \* \*

The Fellowship of Nothing paused on the platform before the drawbridge and surveyed the castle's walls.

"I suppose we could work our way up the side, if there weren't a batch of Orcs watching us," said Wrai. "The walls are pretty rough and they look full of holes."

"Yes," agreed Sir Tosk, "Hasi is a pretty unpolished ediface, but I don't see how we can get in with all those watchers."

"Don't look now," said Sir Wall in alarm, "but I think we are in, right up to our necks!" He pointed to the drawbridge, swaying toward them with ponderous speed.

"Quick!" cried the Evil Ogre of Schnaps. "How many pieces in it?"

"What!??!" Sir Wall lost a precious second gaping at him, then looked up. "Only one -- it's a solid log. DUCK!" For the Ogre, Evil, was standing up and inspecting the drawbridge critically. Then, as it covered the last few feet, he put one hand up and waved it away.

The bridge sprang back, smashed into the front of the castle in a shower of splinters and stonework, and fell into the bailey. The five warriors of Schnaps sprang forward and dashed through the wreckage into the courtyard.

"What in hell did you do to that thing?" asked Wrai as they came out into the open.

"Only one piece," muttered the OAE. confidentially. "I rejected it for insufficient quantity..."

"Hold!" snarled the evil Prince Arness, facing them from behind a line of Art-Orcs. "I still hold the beautiful Princess Nance, caitiffs. One step further and she dies like any NFFFer!" He gestured to Baron Philz, who brandished a .37x revolver over Princess Nance's head. "Release Lord Tejon!"

"We did," explained Sir Blot. He pointed regretfully to a blob of something like hecto jelly, half-buried under the wreckage of the entrance. "Tejon has made his last stain in fandom...mind you don't get it on your shoes going



out."

"Enough!" rumbled Wrai. "We've come for our fair Share. You can surrender her to us or Rapp will knock your castle into APA X when he arrives."

Arness leered. "My threat still holds. How are you going to rescue Princess Nance if she's full of holes?"

"Well," began Sir Wall, "my exhaustive study of relics of ancient religious and magical thought suggests something useful." He raised his voice suddenly. "NAN SHARE! INVOKE YOUR GUARDIAN SPIRIT!"

Philz thumbed off the safety and took aim -- but then, as Princess Nance extended her hand toward him, he shrieked in terror, turned, and raced across the courtyard, plowed through a line of Art-Orcs, bashed into the wall, burst clear through, and kept going.

"RUN FOR IT, NANCE!" shouted Wrai, snapping down the visor of his helmet. "Out swords for the glory of Schnaps!" The five charged into the midst of the Orc-host, striking and thrusting to both sides. Nance followed Philz through the hole in the wall before Prince Arness's servitors could prevent her.

Wrai flicked a stabbing spear to one side and took off the head of its wielder with his return-stroke. "What did you say to Nance?" he asked in puzzlement.

Sir Wall hewed an orc's legs from under the creature and shot back, "Told her to invoke her guardian spirit, Ignatz."

Wrai ran his blade through an opponent's throat, considering. "But why should that bother Philz?"

Sir Wall split a rawhide shield and parried a counterthrust. "Tush, Wrai," he said, "didn't you know elephants are afraid of mice?"

\* \* \*

As the Fellowship of Nothing scattered the Art-Orcs in flight, the evil Prince Arness turned to escape. But one glance out the hole in the wall stopped his rush in that direction; outside was the Royal Army of Schnaps, busily embracing the escaped Nanshare.

"Surrender, Prince Arness," shouted Wrai, breathing a trifle hard. "Your vassals, your slaves, and your prisoner are gone!"

Arness worked the contemptuous sneer bit a little hard. "But, he hissed, I still hold Hasi Castle...."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Ogre, Evil. "You know as well as we do that Hasi is really a figment of your imagination!"

"And, snarled Arness triumphantly, "I still hold -- the Ring of Gemkhar!" He waved it above his head and then rubbed it between his palms, gloating.

Wrai's hand moved with blurring speed. His mace shot across the platform, struck Prince Arness neatly on the right temple, and bounced. The evil Prince

collapsed, a malediction sticking in his throat.

"I wonder why more people don't think of that sort of thing when folks try to put them under a curse?" asked Wrai a bit smugly. "What the dickens..?" for the tower had given a lurch under his feet.

Sir Tosk glanced over the parapet and turned pale. "Mighod, Dikheeny!" he exclaimed, "you were right! Hasi is just a figment of Arness's imagination, and now that Wrai's knocked him out it's starting to disappear!! If somebody doesn't do something, in about five seconds we're going to have a hundred-foot drop to the foundations of the castle!"

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By superhuman efforts our heroes extricated themselves...

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## CHAPTER FOUR

# THREE RING CIRCUITS

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FROM OUTSIDE the castle wall, Baron Philz turned just in time to see Prince Arness fall from the blow of Wrai's mace. "Great Dewey Decimals!" he swore. "612.6 and 150.72, to be exact... they'll fall a hundred feet in--uh--" his banks of cataloguing and computing mental circuitry automatically plugged in the value of 100 feet in the Formula of Falling Bodies and gave him the answer--"two and one half seconds. They'll be killed--gaffaned?" he wailed.

But they didn't fall. They floated down at a very gentle speed.

"Now, why is that?" wondered Philz. "Oh, of course. I'd forgotten that Arness had a new profession after leaving Scientology--Insurance Underwriting. His Floater Policy covers everyone in the castle. Very neat." He strolled back to the mob of hostile Schnappsites, determined to wreck some evil out of the situation. He kept warily away from the giant mousey form of Ignatz. That peculiar coloration, neither gray nor brown, on Ignatz. What had he seen that color of mouse fur before? Of course--Sumatra! No wonder he had nearly lost his life!

"Now, then, Philz," began Dikheeny, "we mop you up and conclude this kooky caper. Uh--what?" Dikheeny paused as he saw a grimy lank-boned teen-age neo picking his way toward them across the rubble of the ruined castle, dragging chains and other tethers behind him. Who could this be?

"Gee, fellows--why didd you lock me u p?" asked the newcomer. As he approached,

So also did ~~two~~ gray striped cats that appeared from nowhere, plop-plop.

"You fool!" Philz accused Wrai, "Didn't you know that every castle has its monster chained up in the dungeon? When you dissolved the castle, you unleashed Bruise Hen stell from where we had incarcerated him! Prince Arness may forgive you for hitting him over the head, defeating him, spoiling his plans, and preventing his marriage, but he will never forgive you--" he hissed out the rest, "for putting Hen stell into our midst!" \*

Slowly, but rapidly, the youth came toward them, picking his way over a jumble of furniture and furnishings that had not been magicked into existence by the the Prince. Ignatz stirred uneasily, confused by recent events. Nance stood rock still and extremely quiet--too quiet. "Gosh -- it was terrible in that dungeon," said Hen stell, as ~~three~~ more domestic short haired cats plop-plop-plopped into being. "Drafty and cold and no one to talk to." ~~Three~~ more of the tomcats appeared; one chased after an imaginary prey and collided with a doppelganger, knocking them both down; the third curled up in an impossible position, a fantastic arabesque, on the ground, and went to sleep.

"You see?" cried Philz. "Hen stell talks in typos, and a Typo is a grey cat, in California. When Garrett praised him at the Detention, Hen stell had kittens, and the spell hasn't worn off yet."

"You kept me all gagged up," complained Bruise, creating thereby another cat, one that closed its eyes and squinted at the multitude in a frown that would have been high disdain had there been any intelligence whatever in the feline skull.

"If we didn't gag you, you'd gag us with your mispronunciations," replied Philz, plonkingly.

Nance trembled slightly, coming out of shock. She had had a hard day. First she had been kidnapped by phantasmagoria, terrified by threats of violence and marriage, witnessed mighty carnage and bloodshed. Then an entire castle had evaporated and men defied gravity. Now, cats appeared from nowhere. Her nerve finally cracked and she screamed, laughed, and burst into tears, all simultaneously, throwing magnificent hysterics. Ignatz, already uneasy because of the cats, panicked and, mousing seizing his High Priestess with one furry paw, swooped up the entire Fellowship of Nothing in his other arm and fled noisily away over the hills.

"What was that all about?" catted Hen stell. "Gosh," he added.

"Don't stand there, you stupid neo," barked Philz. "Get me some water or something to revive the Prince!" He turned to examine the sleeping comatose Prince Arness. "That blow on Jack's head, and the fall, nearly broke his crown," he muttered. "Ah, the water. Thank you, Bruise." Philz sloshed the water like so much conflu over the Evil Prince's head. Slowly, the unconscious villain stirred, and moaned.

"Ooooh, my head smarts," said Arness. "My I.Q. must have increased 50 points

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\* Actually, Eney had put Hen stell into Schnapps. Refer to Spectator # 55.



at least. But what happened? Where is--everybody, and like that? Oooogh-- take it away," he writhed, seeing Hen stell for the first time. Philz filled in the recent events while Arness cried for his castle jesters to gather around him.

"That's it, summon your wits together," said Philz. We'll really have to dirty-deed it up now, after that fiasco."

"Hey, I'm a heroe. Gosh wow!" cried Hen stell, deusing up yet another tabby. "Now you can't send me back to the dun jun. Can I be a member of the ARBM Boys now, please may I, please?" Cats spurted out of nowhere in profusion.

"Okay," agreed the Prince, picking up a disc of metal with a handle in the center. "You can join our band. Henceforth you will be known by this cymbal," he said, handing it to Bruise.

"C-can I be a page?" asked Hen stell, overcome with visions of reward.

"My page count is complete," smiled Arness nastily. "But what I will do-- kneel, please--" he drew forth his jewelled sword-- "is dub thee, not page, but Crudsheet. First class, of course. Rise, vassal of the castle, and report to Miriam Khar, out yonderways." Hen stell, blushing furiously, darted out yonderways. "Miriam Khar, my dear Baron," explained Prince Arness, "is a kook. When she sees Hen stell approaching her with that sauce-pan lid, she will give him musical exercise--peeling potatoes." Philz laughed ponderously at the jape, and his Ring of Power glinted in lapidic laughter in the sun's rays.

"Even though my head hurts, my spirits are lighter because I am plotting some dirty work," said Arness. "First, I shall rebuild Hasi Castle with my Ring of Gemkhar. He rubbed the ring but produced nothing. "My wits are still too addled to control the mighty Art Orcs," he said at last, grudgingly. "Beaver-- take it, all I have are some Imps of Ressionism. Or--wait. I have an antique sprite. Years since I've ever used him." He rubbed his ring and called in a loud, clear \* voice, "Henry---Henry Eldritch!"

"Coming, Master," said a voice from nowhere. There was a puff of static and a lubber fiend bowed low before the two nobles.

"Rebuild my Den of Antiquity," quoth Prince Arness imperiously. Immediately the Daemon subdivided into twenty demons the same size as the original, and who scurried about busily conjuring casements and curtains, wizarding walls, phantomizing floors, apparitioning appurtenances... and yet, while Philz watched them magicking marble, sorcering silver sundries, gold humming golden geegaws, diabolizing diamonds, necromancing nickel-plated noteworthies, manifesting magnificent manifold muchnesses, while Philz watched all this, it seemed as though little was actually accomplished. Progress occurred at the rate of only one demon-power. He directed a questioning look at Arness, who shrugged and replied (having divined the Baron's thoughts) "'Tis true--they seem like many, yet they have only one voice and one pair of hands among all of them. I'm afraid--I'm afraid that even the entire Eldritch family can't reconstruct Hasi Castle--they're only a House Jameson." He clapped his hands and the demon/s returned to its/their own proper station. ((See footnote next page.))

\* Disclaimer.

"I'll try once more, this time on my own," said Arness, and rubbed the ring of Gemkhar. There was a fountain of sparks and on the vast grounds where had stood Hasi Castle there appeared a single-storied stone building.

"Mighu, it's a bungle-lo," said Philz. There was a grind of masonry and a screeching of stone overhead, as conflicting stories grew up above them.

"I'll have to be satisfied with a quasi-Hasi," it seems," smiled Arness, apologetically, "and a goof over our heads." He materialized an icebag for his aching cranium.

"And I," said Philz, "will see about resurrecting Lord Tejon. "You see, I've never told you precisely what my Ring of Power was. It has a gem, as you can see, and that gem is a sercon! This is the Ring of Profanity! 'One Ring to bring them all, and in the darkness bind them,' goes the saying. With this Ring I have assembled and bound my complete collection of everything."

"I thought your collection had the Ring of Profanity to it," said Prince Arness in awe. "But how will that resurrect Tejon?"

"Because," answered Philz, "it has a strange power. You remember Kid Eternity the comic book character? He could summon up any historical character from the state of Eternity, to aid him."

"Ah," said Arness, "Then the Ring of Profanity can summon up any Pro from his eternal state of Damnation. Correct?"

"Yes," gloated Philz, "I can summon the whole Damn Nation if I want."

"But it will take more than a Doctor to restore Lord Tejon from the glop of glup he was quashed into by the drawbridge. Have you got a specialist?"

"Yes," roared Philz uproariously, rubbing the Ring of Profanity, "I've got a little list---Damnation!" In a clap of thunder appeared before them a muscular fellow with open shirt, a twelve-string guitar, and a gauze mask over his face that didn't hide a huge and bristling beard. Philz pointed at the remains of Lord Tejon. The Pro winced. "Well," grated Philz, "get to work. Life isn't all thunder and roses, you know."

"Ledom, MacDuff," snarled the newcomer. "And damned be he who first cries, Hold, Enough." He unpacked his guitar case and took out scalpel and forceps, and a Borden's hemostat. The Ted-Surgeon began to hack away at the plotter.

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To quote Peter Ustinov, "This is a very funny joke, and when I have finished laughing at it I will explain it point by point." There used to be, on radio, a program called "Henry Aldridge." It was about a teenager and featured the usual Miss-Brooksy cast, but all voices were that of one actor, House Jameson, who played mothers, fathers, children, principles, soda jerks---the whole works. A sort of super Mel Blanc. House Jameson was the brother of Malcolm Jameson, the sf writer. The reference here is legitimate, because Malcolm Jameson's obituary in Astounding some years back mentioned his surviving brother by name and occupation.

Philz and Prince Arness set the remote channal-changer on the magic crystal to observe the progress of the Fellowship. They had passed over the Barren Hills of Baron Philz, past Rising Gorge, to where the Mighty River of Fafia branched into the lesser streams Mundac and Nullandvoid. "We'll head them off at the fork," snarled Arness.

"Ha, fork them!" agreed Philz. "But first--first, we shall whittle away at the opposition." His evil eyes peered into the crystal. He chortled, and rubbed his Ring of Power. "Damnation!" he swore. Instantly, as seen in the magic crystal, Sir Wal's foot trod on a slippery rock and his legs shot out from under him. He fumed and swore a vile oath, then gathered his gear together and strode angrily away from the camp of the Fellowship, evidently deciding he was no longer needed.

"Very good," gleeed Prince Arness. "What did you do?"

"I made him fall on his pratt and decamp," snickered Philz. "Haw-haw-haw!"

The Ted-Surgeon walked in with a restored Lord Tejon Arness was so delighted that he made up a few more stories about the Hasi on the spot. After dismissing the Pro, Philz explained what had happened to Tejon, who swore, and used his Ring to change the terrain about the Fellowship into a ravine that would slow them down considerably. "We're due for another depression, I think," he chuckled.

"And now," said Arness, "We saddle up the Floater Policy and recapture the Princess."

"Can't we send it out after her?" asked Philz, wary about another encounter with Ignatz.

"It can't be sent," replied the Prince, "because it isn't sentient. Come, we shall be riders on the Floater Policy. Tejon, carry the crystal for guidance."

Meanwhile, back at the branch of the river, Sir Wrai consulted his Coswoil Map. Coswoil was the oldest gas in Schnapps, but the map didn't show the valley or whatever it was they were in. "I think it's Eney's F--" he began.

"That's seven leagues away!" cried Nance.

"What boots it?" said the Ovil Ogre. "It may be Shazam Chasm or even the Gully Moses." He lifted a wineskin to his lips to drink. Suddenly, it exploded in his hands, spilling good Rhenish over his gerkin. Other wineskins and bottles exploded all through the camp, and down swooped the Evil Triad on the Floater Policy. Its Exclusion Claws plucked out Princess Nance from among them before the Fellowship knew what was happening.

Princess Nance was quickly gagged so that she could not invoke her Guardian Spirit. Baron Philz, after chomping his way through some of the policy provisions, felt sad that he couldn't have exploded any more wine-bombs. "It was the very best battering I've ever done," he said, but brightened a hour later when they neared Hasi Castle. As Right-hand man of Prince Arness, he would be the Worst Man at the marriage ceremony. Tejon would give away the Bride---by revealing her real age, no doubt. And then he, Philz, would ask for his fair Share of the spoils. Hah! All was right at last. All was evilly perfect. What could go wrong now?



## CHAPTER FIVE

# NOTHING VENTURED NOTHING GAINED

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"Seems to me," said Sir Wall, after he had picked himself up and collected his wits -- all half of them -- together, "that we are sadly outclassed by this evil character Prince Arness."

"What makes you say that?" asked Sir Blot.

"Because Prince Arness kidnapped Princess Nance out of her father's castle without any trouble whatever, and when we had defeated everyone of his followers except him, he was still able to drive us off with that terrifying monster in his castle. And then, even though we had Princess Nance with us far from him he was still able to steal her from our very grasp."

"She was very delightful to grasp too," drooled Sir Tosk.

"So! THAT was Prince Arness and his friendish fiends that carried her off," said Sir Blot intelligently. "I'd know that fiendish chuckle anywhere." He shuddered -- in sympathy for the plight of Princess Nance, of course.

"Well, then," said Wrai, "there is only one thing we can do. It's so obvious that even a fool, a moron, or imbecile should know what to do next."

"What should we do next?" asked the three ~~stoppers~~ knights together.

"Why, we must procure some magic ourselves, and that without delay."

So they put their heads together and got a headache speedily, for they struck their heads together with a loud kllonnngggg. But in spite of all their thinking, they got no results, for none of them knew the least bit about magic.

"Hark, what's that?" asked Sir Tosk, who heard a noise coming toward them.

"Don't be silly; there's nobody here named Hark," said Sir Blot.

Just then through the bushes came three strong men in leathern clothing, each of whom had various tools and leather bags in their broad belts. Sir Blot asked them who they were.

"I am a wandering Smith name of George," said the first stranger, "and this my brother, Bob, and Christopher, our anvil."

"I always thought an anvil was an inanimate object made of iron, not a real person," said Wrai.

"Ah, you should see some of the stories he writes," said the Smith, THEN you'd know what he is really like. 'Zwounds, but I am weary."

"Do you know anything of magic?" asked Sir Wall anxiously.

"Of course," said the anvil. "We've made magic rings for many important wizards and wizardesses -- uh -- witches, too. But right now we are hungry and we need money, because my boss insulted Lord Gamble's wife."

"How do you mean, insulted?" asked Wrai. "I heard she ran off with someone else."

"True, true," said the anvil. "She married my boss, George, and is waiting for him in Crimzoidia City, in Coventry. We are fleeing Lord Gamble."

"What say we feed you and then you make a Ring of Power for us?" asked Wrai. "We'll pay well." The Smiths and their anvil readily agreed and after a luncheon of pickles, smoked unicorn haunch, and bheer, set to work mightily.

"In truth," said the first Smith, "I know of only one spell to put in a ring."

"I like that," said Wrai. "The Ring of Truth. It has a sound of power to it. With Truth we shall be able to see through the insidious plots that Prince Arness will prepare for us. Proceed." And so the Smiths heated a small lump of gold that they placed before their anvil to lead him, much as a donkey would have a carrot he thought he could nibble on. It was nibble-on-and-lead gold, the Smiths said. The first Smith beat the gold into shape on the head of his anvil. Meanwhile, Sir Blot, treasurer for the Fellowship, drew Wrai aside.

"I hate to mention this, Wrai, but we have no money to pay them with."

"What's that?" asked Wrai incredulously. "Didn't you have some money with you when we left the village?"

"Yes, said Sir Blot," but I spent it on blog. I thought we'd pick up some booty when we sacked Prince Arness's castle. We are flat broke."

"Never mind," said Wrai. "Go into the bushes and when I give the signal, you yell out --" and he whispered what Sir Blot was to yell.

The Smiths presented Wrai with the Ring of Truth. Wrai looked at it curiously. It had nine legs and seven arms. Very curious indeed. But undoubtedly it was Truth and stranger than fiction, though not stranger than Saps fiction. He gave the signal and Sir Blot hollered from the bushes, "The Gambles are coming, tra-la, tra-la!"

"Egad," shouted the younger Smith. "We must flee now, be paid later!" And they ran away with their anvil following close behind them.

"It's funny," said Sir Blot afterwards, "that you obtained the Ring of Truth with a falsehood."

"I waited until after he had handed the Ring to me," said Wrai. "And you lied, not me. It means nothing. Well, now what do we do?"

"I think we will need an army. I'd rather have an army behind me when I call on Prince Arness next," said Sir Tosk.

"I'd rather have an army before me when I see Prince Arness again," said Sir Wall.

"Yes, but where can we get one?" asked Wrai.

Sir Blot consulted the Coswoil Map of the Kingdom of Schnaps and Nearby Lands and said, "We are closest to Graustark, ruled by the Duck and Doochess -- I mean, the Duke and Duchess Anderson, at Castle Sevagram, near the village of Karenopoulis. We may find help there."

\* \* \*

"Yes," but it will come too late," chortled the evil Prince Arness, who watched all this in his magic crystal. "Boo on the Duke and Duchess. We'll clobber them."

"Your highness means, " Poo on the Duke and Duchess, we'll ylobber them," said Baron Philz nastily, and the pun was so vile and evil that Tejon smirked.

"When we reach Hasi Castle, see thou that all is in readiness for the marriage," commanded the Prince. "Sporting with these fools is fun but delays my Master Plan." Presently they reached Hasi Castle and went their various wicked ways.

\* \* \*

The five of the Fellowship of Nothing spent little time in sleep that night for they had far to travel and were on guard lest the evil Prince harass them again. Noon the next day found them at the banks of the Rio Bem, which marked the boundary between Schnaps and Graustark and they made camp that night near Karenopoulis. By sheer luck the following morning they stumbled across Duchess Karen, who was going hunting with a gyrfalcon.

"Clumsy oafs! Pick yourselves up and never stumble on me again!" she grumbled. "It gets dust on my phthalo-blue hunting frock!"

"Oh, your highness, we have need of you," said Wrai, and he told her of their misfortune and their mission.

"Geezenstacks!" exclaimed Duchess Karen. "Doing away with the troublesome Prince Arness for good and aye is something I have long hoped for. It is worth the attempt. Come to my castle where I am strongest and don't ask me any questions whose real answer would embarrass or offend my ladylike sensibilities."

On the way they passed by a stubble-bearded oldster who led a donkey and who carried a Y shaped willow branch. "He's holding a hydrohieronymeter," said Karen. "He's going into the mountains to prospect for water."

"But won't it get sticky, him holding it all the time?" asked Wrai.

"It only works when it's sticky," said Karen, broodingly.

\* \* \*

At Sevagram their steeds were stabled and a dragonoid seneshal named Dohaug led the Fellowship to rooms where they could refresh themselves. They re-assembled later in the throne room. Duke Poul was busy typing into prose form some poetry a scald was reciting for him and waved to them absently.

"I have looked into my own magic crystal, the mystic Jokkam Ball, and seen that Prince Arness will soon marry Princess Nance," she said.

"What shall we do?" wailed Wrai.

"Well, first of all, I think that for your bravery you should be knighted. Frogeyes, fetch my double-bladed toad-ripper, Echs!alibur and a plumed helmet." Wrai donned the helmet and knelt before Karen. She tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Rise, Sir Wrai-with-the-fringe-on-top." He did so. "And now listen to my plan," said Duchess Karen eagerly. "Let us put our heads together."

"Watch it!" yelled Sir Wrai. "Remember what happened last time!"

\* \* \*

The wicked Prince Arness had not been idle. When his expedition reached Hasi Castle, Princess Nance was led to her bower in the castle dungeons. Prince Arness bade her relax on an enormous four-poster bed (after spredeagling her there with chains) and rubbed the Ring of Gemkhar. A demon appeared before him. "Demain, take this crock of corrosive vitriol," he said, tossing the apparition a container from a shelf, "and engrave therewith some invitations to my family-in-law-to-be. Now my poison pen letters will have some real punch to them, heheheheh!" Princess Nance just cried.

So it was that two days later when Duchess Karen looked into her Jokkam Ballm townsmen and serfs of Prince Arness were gathered into the chapel to witness the latest extravagant diversion of their leige. Nance's relatives arrived in the evil Prince's dragon with the rakish tail-fins which had been sent for them. They were in sackcloth and ashes, as befitted the occasion, and King Howard pleaded with arness not to continue with the marriage.

"Very well, I shall do what I planned without benefit of marriage," sneered the Prince, so rottenly that Big-Hearted King Howard fainted.

Prince Arness retired to be dressed in his finest suit fashioned from the skin of strangled moles and put on his gold crown with the chromium hubcaps. Lord Tejon and Baron Philz put on lesser crown with rotating platinum propellers on top. Philz tucked his pearl-handled plonker into his chartreuse cummerbund to be on the safeside while Tejon, naturally, favored a morgenstern. The evil Prince chose his usual miseracord. "I'd better take a couple of evil pills to tide me through the ceremony," he said. "I don't want to relent and become good-natured under the strain. This is my first marriage, you know."

"And many more like them!" gleeed Philz and Tejon together.

The audience had been seated in the chapel. Ordinarily, the serfs would have booed and hissed at Prince Arness's image over the blood-stained altar, but the palace guards were patrolling up and down the aisles with vicious-looking black beasts from the dark world and so they kept silent. The Hasi Castle Royal Bagpipe and Cymbal Orchestra struck up a fierce Ghuish Marching Hymn, "The Purple People Eater," but was drowned out by the weeping and moaning of Princess Nance's family in the front pews. Then the band segued into the traditional Ghuish Wedding March, "Violate Me in Violet Time," as the evil Prince swaggered up the purple carpet to the altar. Princess Nance was dragged forward by a heavy pulley mechanism, despite her frantic lunges to either side.

King Howard caught the Ghuist Priest's eye and pleaded, "I beg of you, don't let this cotton-picking ceremony proceed!" In reply, the priest merely raised the stocking-hood from his face. Howard looked at the mocking features

of Bishop Bergeron and groaned -- there could be no help of mercy from that quarter!

The music stopped. An Art-Orc appeared in a burst of smoke and spoke into Prince Arness's ear. The Wicked Prince scoffed, and, turning to Baron Philz, whom he had schosed to be the Worst Man at the ceremony, said, "The Fellowship of Nothing has contacted Duke and Duchess Anderson for assistance. Byghu, not even Hans Karen Anderson can stop me this time!"

"Take the Princess's hand," instructed the Ghuist Bishop. "It's bound behind her, I believe."

"Quite so," laughed the Wicked Prince.

"Do we have someone to give the Bride away?"

"Me, sir," cackled Lord Tejon. "I'll give her away -- her real age is 39!"

"Oh, you horrid thing. It is not!" screamed Princess Nance.

"You want her hand in marriage?" asked Big-Hearted King Howard with a crazed expression. "Chop it off, and let the rest of her go; 'twould be mercy."

"The Father of the Bride gives his consent, do you see?" asked the Prince in a gloating chuckle.

The Bishop droned on through the ceremony, with particular emphasis as to how the Prince was to honor, and, most especially, obey the Prince Arness. He was reaching the crucial part when a sudden thought strick the Prince. "Stop!" he cried. "We can't continue the wedding! Something dreadful has happened!"

The Princess screamed and fainted....

\* \* \*

to be continued.

CHAPTER SAPS MAILING WRITER

ONE	53	Blotto Otto (Pfeiffer, of Seattle)
TWO	54	Bruce Pelz
THREE	55	Dick Eney
FOUR	56	Jack Harness
FIVE	58	Jack Harness

Blotto started this and Bruce thought he wouldn't get around to doing the next chapter in time, because Otto was a minacker. So he wrote a second chapter, & wrote in himself and Ted as hired guns. Eney faunched to continue the series (possibly because he just wanted to end a cliffhanger at a difficult point) and I finally got enough ideas to take over the next chapter; I titled Eney's, retrospectively. Art Rapp was supposed to do chapter 5 in the next mailing but nothing showed and nothing showed next mailing so I threw in all the plot ideas I had and made another chapter. Karen Anderson is due to take the 6th chapter.



## Revelations From the Secret Mythos

WE PRESENT ANOTHER CHAPTER OF Revelations From the Secret Mythos, conducted this time by Jack Harness, the Swinging Scribe. For purposes of reader identification, we divide the section into chapter and verse as a dialog between two speakers, Jxtn and Muir.

JXTN: The Carbine, a type of African monkey, frightens off his predators by brandishing a stick at them and making the sound "Bang! Bang!"

MUIR: The Eiffel Tower, in Paris, is considered by many to be a landmark.

JXTN: Maude Fishbein, convicted of witchcraft and sentenced to life imprisonment at the famous Salem Witchcraft trials of the 1600s, is to be released next week, due to failing health.

MUIR: A hot coal, dropped into a bucket of water (Down, CULT!) makes a "hissing sound." What causes this is quite interesting.

JXTN: The answer to the ancient riddle, "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?" is the chicken; I repeat, it's the chicken.

MUIR: Except for the cowfish and the seahorse, most fish are immune to hoof and mouth disease.

JXTN: The song, "Buffalo Girls, Are You Coming Out Tonight," refers, not to girls from Buffalo, but to girls who look like buffalos.

MUIR: The line, "There's something rotten in Denmark," was written by playwright William Shakespeare, after he'd eaten a rancid piece of Danish pastry.

JXTN: In Rome, "The pearl of the Orient," there's an old sports arena called the Colosseum, which hasn't been used for any type of sporting event for hundreds of years.

MUIR: Thaddeus Sweetbreath, of Bloomington, Illinois, found a potato shaped like a typewriter in his back yard, and actually printed several fanzines using stencils typed the potato. But his fanzine career ended when he found he couldn't obtain spare parts for it.

JXTN: After exhaustive research ranging over thirty years, noted anthropologist and historian, Kenneth Throckleman attributed "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" to sheer bad luck.

MUIR: The answer to the ancient riddle, "Which came first, the chicken or the egg," is the egg; let me repeat that; it's the egg.

MUIR: The third century city of Carthelonia was builded by the industrious Thelonians using only low grade mud and straw; yet the buildings lasted over a week.

Tune in next week, radio viewers, for another exciting chapter, heavily cribbed from Bob and Ray.

# LETTERS



Liberally salted with peppery editorial wisecracks...

(Scotty forwarded a couple things to us. One of them was that letter from Ted Johnstone which is liberally red-pencilled. There are a few places we will quote further from, as follows:)

Sometime I'll get up enough decision-power to take a firm stand on such burning issues as censorship. Unfortunately, being a very subjective person, I don't really care much for such problems. (In short, you would rather be subjected to censorship?) Which reminds me — one thing I got for Clausmas was a copy of The Almost Perfect State, by Don Marquis. Since Marquis and I were remarkably similar, I shall simply quote a passage from this most excellent book:

"We avoid argument because we have such an open mind; it is easy to convince us; and if we were forever being convinced that we were wrong we should never get our scheme for the Perfect State outlined. Besides, if you leave us along we shall probably contradict ourselves a great many times anyhow; one thing that makes us suspect that our thoughts may be valuable is the fact that we always hang ourselves if we are given enough rope, and we have noticed the same thing about most of the great philosophers."

I shall manfully resist the almost overpowering temptation to go on quoting at great length and to no great point from this magnificent masterwork of philosophy; I'll save it to supply me with fillers for the rest of my fannish life. (Zotz! you're gafia!)

My general reaction to a reading of the names of ex-Cultists has consisted largely of "My Ghod! Was he a Cult member??" This reaction was triggered by such names as Walter Coslet, NGWansborough, Ron Bennett, Karen Anderson (slightly paraphrased for the feminine), John Trenholme (whom we still remember affectionately as "Troll-hole"), Larry McCombs, Noocey Alex Bradmon (whom we remember, tho rarely affectionately), Otto Pfeiffer, FM&E Busby, and B. Joseph FeRete. I am still a trifle croggled by the fact that Ruth Berman, Dean Dickensheet, Paul Stanbery and Milo Mason are on the list, even tho I helped put them there. Stanbery will probably stay on (Oy, I can see it now: The Coventranian Gazette combined with the Fantasy Rotator combined with Equation!), Ruth certainly will (and the first Cultist that sends obscenity there gets bounced so far he wan't be able to find FAPA with radar). Milo and Dean I don't know about. We'll see how they react to my f/r.

By the way, Scotty, your opinion on to keep or drop people (like, in this reference, Bourne and Condit) seems to be about the same as mine — "What the hell; keep him in. He'll have plenty of chances to goof once he makes the active ranks."

(The other item that was forwarded from Colourful ~~Pages~~ Seattle was a letter from your good buddy and mine, Walter Breen, who says:)

f/r 104.401 just arrived (Andy's copy). I fume with anger, too, but for other reasons. Evidently the Posterior Orifice failed



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to deliver to you a packet notifying you that I would pub late. At least I am glad that you got the PR, though judging by the date of your f/r the thing must have been in transit for well over a week. I have heard that many eastern POs were understaffed during the Xmas rush, which might make the delay a bit more understandable. Did you get my ballot? I sent that out the same day that I mailed you the PR.

I will now indulge in a little more navel-gazing about my own PR, crying Foop! to the nitpicking archivists who will be loudly and plonkingly informing All and Sundry (not to mention Cultists) that I omitted the number 96.43 in Taj's NEW POSITIONS, and titles if any on the two earlier Scithazines; and that the femmefanne with Eney in photo (1) was one Irene Baron; and that I should not have left out Terry Carr from the roster of Exultists. So let them shout.

My censorship article will appear--in a somewhat edited form--in BANE, probably late Jan. or Feb. The latest on that front, other than continuing hassles over "Tropic," is that "Catcher in the Rye" is banned in many schools and some public libraries--in California and some midwestern and New England states; & Terry Carr just brought in a clipping to the effect that some Solid Citizens of Downey, California, are trying to get the ERB books banned because they have somewhere gotten the idea that Tarzan & Jane didn't bother to hire a clergyman before deciding to make a night of it. Apparently they don't know of ERB's own moralistic claims that Jane's minister father married them in the jungle and that Tarzan was rather ignorant of what people with narrow mental horizons call the Facts of Life before then. But one would hardly expect those Solid Citizens to go back and read "The Return of Tarzan" in which all this supposedly happened.

(Just the day after I reported the above Tarzan incident in my f/r, Acculturations #1, the papers came out with the Glad Word that Tarzan and Jane did, indeed, get married in 1913. So now I guess it's all right for the Children of Downey to read that crazy John Carter stuff again. ++ Re: Catcher in the Rye: I refer all Cultists who haven't yet noticed it to The Realist's 30th issue, in which the first lead article is "From a Study of Salinger: Controversy in the Catcher," by Donald M. Piene, one of the high-school teachers who's been fired for attempting to teach Catcher to his students. (And while you're at it, dig Sylvia Dees' "I've Got the Authentic Identity Blues"--a real gas. Also the first in a series called "J.C." by Ken Seagal and our own Exultist and Contortionist, Bbob Stewart. Stand up and put your foot behind your head and take a bow, Bbob.)

(After the style of the Inchmery Cultdiary, we note that two letters for this PR were received on 26 January 1962, those being the first two to arrive. Heralded with glee of delight, we attach the one with the earliest postmark, it being a missive from Ruth Berman)

ACCULTURATIONS: they really banned Tarzan? B-b-but surely they gave some more reasons, especially since Tarzan (fifth Lord Greystoke, y'know) was legally married to his mate. (The day after I published that notice, the people in Downey discovered this, too. So now Tarzan is being circulated to innocent school-children again, and aren't you happy?)

Lars Bourns: Uh-uh. One fights off people, not demons, in Coventry. Everyone in Coventry would mean more fights than ever... of course, it would only be sword fights and an occasional gun fight, which might be an improvement. But if everyone believed in Coventry, who would ~~fight~~ be the guardians?

John Champion: thanks, but Chapter 2 of "The Bucket My Destination" isn't all mine. Someone, Harness, I suppose, re-wrote it. Ordinarily I would gretch and scream at having my sterling (well, stainless steel, anyway) prose re-written, but the printed version was a lot funnier than mine.

The REWARD notices doesn't seem very funny to me, but the R.I.G.H.T.O.U.S poll is wonderful. I showed it to my older brother who screamed and howled and has been quoting it to his friends ever since.

(Leaving the peaceful fastnesses of Milwaukee, we hitchhike to Berkeley, the land of dupes, sympathizers, and Walter Breen, who writes:)

TL 204 (dilute it with 97 parts inert substances and you can sell it for rodent poison) (you mean ratchit?) here and dug as real evidence of Scott's New Image. Welcome to Ulcer Fandom, Scott. My own Upper GI was just about the same as yours except that there was no cute young nurse, and the x-ray technician was a female doctor of advancing years and remarkably masculine proportions. The big difficulty came when I was supposed to drink the (ecchhhh!) barium sulfate while on a table with my feet in the air and my head way down below the horizontal and I was held back from sliding down only by chafing straps. I almost retched. Nobody warned me that the barium sulfate would constipate me--it didn't, anyway.

I am more amused than gretched by the people who ask me "Howcome you wear that there beard?" The amusement comes from the stereoety--so many people think they are being wildly original and wittier than Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman and Lenny Bruce combined when they holler "Santa Claus!", "Moses!" or "Jesus Christ!". Or when they ask me how I'm fixed for blades. Each does so not knowing that hundreds have earlier asked the same questions, sometimes even in the same tone of voice. Sometimes I ignore them, sometimes I merely smile, or if addressed as Jesus I make the sign of the cross (backwards from the usual Catholic manner) at them. Kids will often ask me in all seriousness if I'm Jesus (I answer no, as he's dead) or Santa Claus (I answer that his beard is white), but this is a different story. When asked why I wear the beard, I usually answer that I just got tired of shaving after so many years of it. Or I say that my girlfriend likes a soft beard rather than scratchy stubble (which is true).

Scott, anent my censorship article: What is freedom? What is a liberal, if by this term you mean anything other than the usual political left-sider? When I used the term, I was admittedly using it in contrast to conservative and moderate, but basing the (perhaps unusually tightly formulated) "liberal" position on remarks actually heard from members of the left discussing censorship.

Anarchism is not the same as anarchy, and it is somewhere in the never-never land where the extreme far-out right and left meet.

I gave ample reasons for distrusting authority. I also gave reasons for distrusting the common man no matter how much he is adul-



26

ated by certain segments of the left as the "noble savage." Thorough at-home education is an ideal, just as is anarchism, and I have no illusions that it will in fact ever be attained in a society with the present population density. But I think you misjudge me when you make certain assumptions as to my "theory" in your final paragraph. In particular, you seem to equate skepticism with complete non-belief. One has to pick and choose among rival claims. And I would be more inclined to agree that an individual ought to have knowledge (rather than "folk wisdom" or the kind of common sense that just isn't so) about the five fields you named, not "by virtue of capacity for parenthood", but instead as a part of his responsibility to the next generation before he undertakes to become a parent.

Jesus, another installment of that absurd serial misnamed a roundrobin. OMPA has its own particularly foul one ("The Wall"), SAPS has just developed its own which I had thought fortunately forgotten ("The Fellowship of Nothing"), people are making noises about someone starting one in FAPA, and here the Cult is involved up to its eyebrows. What a bunch of copycats fans are.

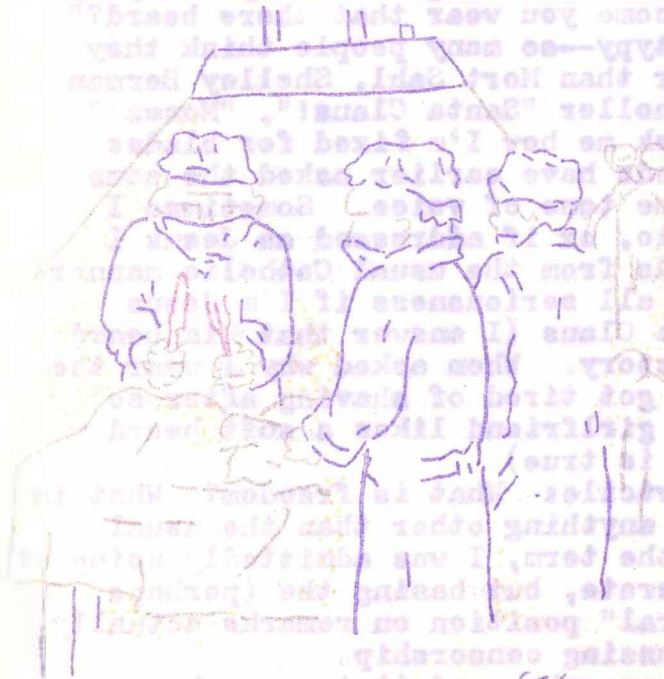
Classroom boners (disclaimer, dammit), college level--particularly amusing since I attended lectures in philosophy at Hopkins and heard similar boo-boos by some students at seminar periods.

No, the aside anent the excluded middle v. 2-valued orientation was not intended for me, Scott, but for Ruth Berman; after all, she was the one who asked the question, page IX of letters in my FR.

I had nothing to do with the (incomplete) Get Me To The Cross On Time. Sorry.

Boyd: FR 104 had itty bitty staples? They were a lot bigger than Tot 50 size, and this is the first I'd heard that they were too small. (Well, you mailed my copy of the FR in a letter envelope, and after travelling 3000 miles through the US mails all folded up, the staples just fell out of the magazine when I took it out of the envelope.) ## Your conjecture about how I'd find the caches of coins is correct.

Greg: If you're interested in IPSO, you might try qualifying for it. Non-letter contributions to (or publication of) three different fanzines (not three issues of the same zine), or a piece of your own writing published professionally, plus \$1 on acceptance and you're in; applications to be sent to Ted Forsyth, 11 Ferndale rd, London SW4, England. Your best bet for publishing there or in the Cult might be to send the stencils to Ted White, since he's in both apas (News to me, but I'm glad to hear you've joined IPSO, TW); there's no waiting list at the moment and there are vacancies. ## The article on child-rearing will appear elsewhere, not in the Cult--possibly in MZB's FAPazine. I've been thinking about it for quite a while. But there are better models than Bertrand Russell and one of them is A.S. Neill, whose recent "Summerhill" got rave notices and resulted in the formation of a Summerhill Society in the USA with the project of founding a school based on the proposition that freedom works. ## Wagner I tire of quickly after too many performances of the





same damn things. Bartok is another breed of cat. I would rate him up with Bach and Beethoven and well above Stravinsky. His music has endless meanings and involves an immense amount of experimentation and innovation in rhythms, tone colors, and harmonics. And despite the apparent severity of the harmonic language it is extremely expressive.

Metcalf: I figured about 19,500 men and 3,900 or so women. Maybe I'm a little off, but not by many hundreds. The ratio is terrible at Cal, whatever it works out to arithmetically. (Sure didn't seem that bad. Seemed jes' fine to me, in fact.) ## As for Jesus W. Christ jr, I seem to recall him saying at the Pittcon that it was the responsibility of science and the military to investigate the Dean Drive because this was the thing that would solve so many problems of space travel, etc., etc., and he spoke of it as though it were already established as canonical scripture. And I know damn well that I heard him scoff at those who claimed to have refuted it mathematically. But let's not nit-pick; it isn't worthwhile here.

TAJ: Stark isn't active anymore; last I heard, he's completely gafia.

Scott: I will gladly co-sign your proposed amendment.

(All sorts people are writing on masters and stencils, and their letters are on pages following; but Good Old Boyd Raeburn writes a note that will, I think, just fit on this page.)

Tapscott's editorial material is greatly entertaining, but most of it, I regret, doesn't inspire me to sparkling comment. Hmm, I note Our Scott says that he is "oriented to left, politically." This doesn't mean a great deal, as one person's left is another's right. So just what do you believe in, stand for, advocate, and all that jazz, Scotty? I glee over the last paragraph in Censorship and Things.

I have a nasty reputation? Sweet, Gentle, Kind, Beneficent me?

Oh come, Scotty, Breen alienates me not at all by "All people who earn living by own work pay 10% income tax." I'm not complaining about income tax per se...I'm just joining with ol' Right Wing Metcalf in deploring the injustice of the progressive, or graduated income tax (a Marxian Principle, let us not forget--see, Reds in Government and all like that.) A deal of "10% (or whatever) of whatever you make will be paid in taxes" is o.k., but this bit of the more you earn the greater proportion you pay in tax is unjust and stifles incentive etc., etc. (down, Graham and Rike).

It takes Breen 4.58 hours' pay to buy a pack of razor blades? No matter what size pack he's talking about (unless it's a really Giant Economy Pack) his earnings per hour must be really minute. Hey, Walter, will you work for me at one pack of blades per 4.58 hours? (I doubt it; Walter doesn't shave.)

The Impurity Test was hilarious, ingenious -- "ingenious" is not strong enough a word. I\*N\*S\*P\*I\*R\*E\*D is.

(Raeburn's letter doesn't fill the goddamned page, after all. OK. So, starting next page, gifs with letters on master or stencil by Champion, Deindorfer and Eney. With maybe something typed in by me on foot of page 30, where the Champ leaves a big Hole. No disclaimer-- go look for yourself. Unless I Filled It, that is...)



John Champion writes on master!  
1019 Bay St, Santa Monica, Calif, 26 January 1962

28 Let us open with a quote from The Reporter for Jan 18, 1962, article entitled "How Did Southern California Get That Way?" by Bruce Bliven:

"Southern California is in the news again, and the intelligent and sensible people in that area--of whom, contrary to what you may think, there are a large number--are writhing. But then writhing is an almost daily exercise with them, like deep knee bends."

No kidding. (Article concerns rise of Birch types in local area.) I don't recall seeing any bearded and berobed types walking around lately carrying "The World Is Coming To An End" signs, but otherwise the article is a good description.

On to more pleasant subjects, viz, the Cult, viz, most recent FR.

The pun in the title (and the visual one in lower right corner) were too much. Pardon me though if I pick a nit: properly speaking (i.e. as usually written) it's "T1204".

SCOTT: You were lucky, yours was Upper G.I. When it's lower, you don't get to drink the barium, they squirt it up your rectum, which is a real pain in the ass, if I may say so. ### Well, I thought as long as TEW was going to back down, he did a good job of it. At least it will be interesting to see comments in the next FAPA mailing to the Moakowitz family (if any). ### Believing that Anarchy (or a certain form of it) is best, forgodsake not just right now, however; and feeling that under present circumstances the Liberal Left probably has the best answer, where do I line up? Breen does have the answer, in one way: society can't be improved by passing laws, but only by education. The world's most perfect constitution isn't worth a damn if people don't believe in it, and if they believe in it strongly enough, it's not needed. (Compare, for example, the written constitution of the USSR with the "traditional" one of Great Britain.) Which is why Campbell's request for quasi-utopian constitutions is useless. However, it appears to me that the basic ideas of anarchists and the Liberals Left (not too far left) are close enough that things aren't too bad. (If anyone agrees with that statement, I'll be surprised.) Must I point out that for those like myself with a basic political classification theme of Authoritarian-Libertarian rather than Right-Left, most current political questions are meaningless? Even Bill Buckley, the most palatable (to me) of the Ultra-Rightists, betrays a basic authoritarian bent with his religious beliefs. I couldn't care less who oppresses people: the Dirty State, the Dirty Union, the Dirty Monopoly, or what have you.

I do, however, think there is an answer, and rather than go into detail will merely state that the "paradoxes of freedom and tolerance" have been satisfactorily dealt with (in my mind) by Karl Popper in The Open Society and its Enemies. One must however define freedom and tolerance so as to avoid a Liar Paradox, and this is possible without detracting from the desired results of the definitions in any way.

I doubt if Stanberry is trying to "infect" anyone with Coventry any more. I thought he'd had enough of that. Don't you read MAURINGA?

BOURNE: There's nothing wrong per se with worrying about whether or not you're creating Art, but (a) best to do it after the creating, not before or during, and (b) too much of this is harmful. And as you say, it is possible to create Art without knowing it. But since there is no effective decision procedure for deciding what is and what isn't Art, and



what will/won't be considered Art in the future, why not just try to be competent, honest, etc, and skip the rest. (Alternatively, as Henry Miller says in the opening pages of Tropic of Cancer, previously he worried about whether he was creating Art, but since he now knows, he didn't worry about it any more.)

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RAEBURN: I'll grant you said what you say you did, if you'll grant me that the original sentence in question was just ambiguous enough that knowing only part of your total philosophy, I could misinterpret it. And by the way, re your question (in AVANC) on the top of the page immediately following what somebody could claim, the answer is Yes. At any rate, I am happy to hear you feel as you do rather than as Somebody might feel. ### But I also think Buz has overdone it--not totally wrong, just partly. Please, let us consign the term "anti-anti-communist" to limbo; it implies being against all anti-communism, which is just about all fanish cases would be incorrect. Try anti-Anti-Communism if you must, the capital letters having the usual fanish significance. What Buz has either forgotten or has not thought about, it would seem, is that a good many fans who oppose anti-communism do so because they oppose authoritarianism of any form, and most of the anti-communism publicly expressed of late by private parties and quite a few senators and congressmen has come from authoritarian-sounding types. If anti-anti-communism is a reflex, then it is not a good thing. But an anti-anti-anti-communism reflex (if you'll excuse the term) is not a good thing either. If Buz had merely pointed out that he was aware of the difference between the reflex and the reasoned thought, and that he was not assuming that anyone opposed to one form of anti-communism is opposed to all, it would have been much better. Unfortunately such assumptions are so common nowadays (maybe not in Toronto, but definitely in Southern California) I can't blame anyone who became bugged by what Buz said. I was bugged. I don't think there are any Bircher-types in PAPA or the Cult any more, but I'd appreciate it if those who consider themselves conservatives would take the trouble to disclaim the extremists of their wing. (Besides, as Leslie Flemming would say, if it walks like a duck, and talks like a duck...) (Old Eugene Joke)

How can Metcalf be a Right-Winger when Dulles was a dirty red?

BENFORD: try reading SUMMERHILL, as I'm sure Breen also will tell you. I did recently, and was impressed. ### I wouldn't say that had Athens survived, we would now (literally) be to the stars. In fact, I suspect that "science" and "technology" would never have developed in their present form (which is not saying much; almost everything about today would be different in some way). The thing is, the whole period 500 B.C. to about 100 A.D. was such a critical one, it's hard to say what would have happened. Examples: suppose Athens rather than Rome had become the dominant power of the time? Suppose Christianity had never been started? Suppose Alexander the Great (born into an Athenian culture) had done essentially the same things, but had not died? I do think the world would be better off if Athens had survived, but right now will not make any guesses as to how. (Maybe if I get around to reading a little history of the period...)

METCALF: I think you have JWCJr's basic position right, and I agree with him when he says Modern Scientists aren't what they claim, often, but I still wonder if maybe he didn't really feel convinced at first that Dean was right, and after second thoughts decided he should change his line a bit. I'm sure he would have been much happier if

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Dean had been right. ### My Cultzines may get casually inspected (but not at the time of the incident) but I'm not casual about who inspects them. However the clientele of 1019 Bay is somewhat more select than that of the Fan Hillton/Mathom House, for obvious reasons. ### About discontinuous income tax, well, I'm not in the 30% bracket by a mere \$60 a year, but since the 30% is only on what I make over \$6000 I'm still keeping more at \$6060 than I would be at \$5999, right? As far as I know the only way of getting screwed on a pay raise is when state and federal income taxes aren't adjusted to each other, especially when you don't get to deduct federal tax in computing state tax. However, not having a copy of the latest tax table around, I can't say for sure, and not having to pay any tax anyway this year I don't really care that much. (But regardless of how one feels about progressive income tax, I can't deny the tax system does need a lot of reworking.)

SCOTT: I'll cosign your amendment.

TAJ: Now that you've been re-elected, why don't you reprint a few dozen copies of KULTKIT? I don't have many copies left, and as far as I know, it contains the only copy of a Cult constitution that is currently being used. I don't see anything that needs deleting, except maybe the first paragraph on page 1.

Selah.

Lichtman, have half a page to fill up....

*Champion*

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From The Polystich VII:2, January 1958, edited by Bill Savary for the National Amateur Press Association:

A beautiful human body is nothing to be ashamed of. All artists know that; but as for the rest of us, the clergy have had us buffaloed for centuries. They have told us to be ashamed to expose our bodies, and we in our ignorance and fear of them, have fallen for their prattle. If, as told in the Jewish legend in the book of Genesis, God ever asked man, "Who told thee thou wast naked?", the correct answer was, "The clergy." (Are Satan and clergy synonymous?)

I recommend reading serious books on nudism. When I first considered it I was young, and well aware that if it were universally practiced, 90% of my interest in life would have vanished; for with the young, sex is paramount; what is hidden is intriguing, and intrigue adds zest to life.

However, I feel sure that the general adoption of nudism would benefit humanity both physically and spiritually.

---Bill Savary

(I'd like to point out that Mr. Savary is currently 83 years old, and that his papers provide some of the most interesting reading to be found in the NAPA. Mr. Savary is also against organized religion, amongst other things. Believes in esp phenomena, and publishes a magazine, Urania, devoted to investigation of these phenomena. An interesting person, indeed.)  
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Okay, Bob Lichtman, I will submit my Cultletter on stencil, even though I am without corflu and this letter will look like a rather terrible & blotched mess come the end of it. Put onward.

FR #105: The third FR I have had sent to me, was FR #105---it was dug; thank you, Scotty. # I have no chin foliage at present, but I plan to begin nurturing some sort of beard soon, and I jolly well DARE some kulack to come up to me whilst I am walking down some public roadway or other and ask me whyfor I have a beard. I will sneer at him and say, "Whyfor do I have a beard? Because I am a Village Degenerate, that is whyfor." # This entire beard thing has become quite the problem for the beard wearer; no longer is a beard a symbol in the eye of the clod of dignity and general all-around sapience; it now notes moral degeneration and--shudder, oh clod--social nonconformity. The Common Man can't seem to realize that a beard is a beard, and that that is all there is to the whole thing, and that it ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> nothing about the intrinsic qualities or the outlook of the wearer. I was thinking that perhaps another good rejoinder to some peon who comes up and asks you about your beard (by the way, Miss Berman, you may disregard noting down these replies) would be to say, "And why do you wear that ugly bare chin you walk around with, dad?" ## I think you are being unfair to Walter B. in making the assumption as you do in your little one page censorship affair that he does trust nothing, thinking that it is square to do so. If this were the true state of affairs then Walter would not be able to work with mathematics (because, of course, he couldn't trust the verity of ~~###~~ <sup>any</sup> of the basic tenets of mathematics), and he wouldn't be able to accept the statements in any philosophy, sociology, etcetera, books he might happen to read because each one of them would have to be personally tested for their validity by Walter himself, and...well, you see what I am getting at. Obviously Walter is not the sort of fuggheaded ass one would have to be not to place trust in anything. ## Interesting, I got exactly the same score on your Impurity Quiz that I received on Breen's Purity Quiz upon which your schtick is based. It is to make a gleeful sound.

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"You Dirty Old Man," said George Willick.  
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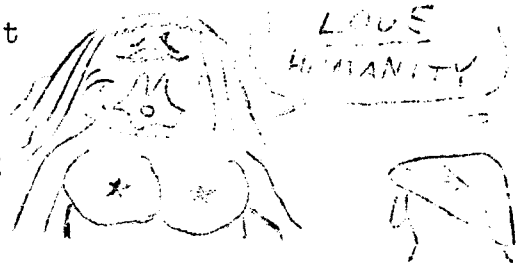
Lars Bourne: "Manly and Superior Man"...surely you can't be the One and the Same Lars Bourne who wrote on page six, last paragraph, BRILLIG #13, the thing you wrote. I mean, and to call yourself Manly & Superior...no, obviously you are some other Lars Bourne. # In my oh-so-humble, last-position-on-the-iwl opinion, art is art, and considerations of the attitude of the artist towards what has later come to be accepted as great art have no bearing on the situation. I am fairly sure that Charlie Chaplin was never hung up on whether his movies were art or not, but many of them later came to be regarded as that; on the other hand, Norman Mailer has sweated in public more than just about any other modern author his worries about creating art, and he, too, has done it (that's ridiculously vague; "done it" refers to the fact that Mailer has created art) in certain portions of Barbary Shore and in "The Time of Her Time" (much more of a commentary on close personal relationship than it might at first appear to be). Two men here, both having created art, in my opinion, one of them presumably not worried about creating art, one of them presumably worried very much---two examples of artists, opposed in attitude; thus, I think it matters little one way or the other if the creator of art sweated whether or not he

was doing so. It would seem to me that four possibilities in regard to this exist: 1)--Artist with self doubt who creates art; 2)--Artist with no self doubt or no concern over matter who creates art; 3)--Artist with self doubt who fails to create art; 4)--Artist with no self doubt or no concern over matter who fails to create art. Many examples can be supplied for each of the four possibilities. (I had better add, by the way, that the use of "artist" in the listing of these possibilities is in its ~~XXXXXX~~ use as identification of a type rather than its use as a reference to those qualities which make a man ~~XXXXXXXX~~ capable of creating art.)

Dapper Boyd Raeburn: I recently heard that you are the man who dragged Charlie Parker out of a Toronto bar to make his Massey Hall concert in time. If this is not just another apochryphal Charlie Parker (or Dapper Boyd Raeburn) story, then I salute thee. I've always wanted to talk to somebody who actually did pull Bird out of a bar; I mean, so many hip types are floating around who claim they did such a thing, but they are always turning out to be easily caught phonies. Wow, Boyd, anyway. ## I know what you mean about the time traveller type who, with no planning on the matter, goes off ~~#####~~ in his portable time machine and arrives in, like, tenth century Iceland and very soon makes it big. I note this swift dominance is usually arrived at by the time traveller going around lighting his cigarette lighter before the Gawking Savages, or building a phonograph out of twigs and things and playing a Jelly Roll Morton record he has in his back pocket or something.

Good Old Bruce Henstell: Yeh, Bruce, I know what you mean about Breen and his constant Mother-Hening. Disgusting; even Mother-Henes in Public Places.

Greg VOIDford: You evidently <sup>don't</sup> know about this Thing between Main and Scandinavian countries. Like it approaches the incident, let me tell you. I have with mine very own eyes seen Andy Main bem fondling imported kippered herrings. Wild thing.



Norm Civilian Guy: I was going to give Geo Willick the Fugghead of the Year vote until Dr Haydock came along. As of Joe Gibson's article in the last SHAGGY, however, I feel that I'm compelled, almost, to let him have the honor to receive my vote. I mean, good Christ what a fantastic & fabulous fugghead one would have to be to be able to write an article like that. It croggles the mind. ## Could you mebbe sometime expand on your Ideal Government which wouldn't need much in the way of taxes? I'm not particularly doubting that you have some fantastically superior method of financing your government, I merely want to hear what it is.

Ted Johnstone: I must agree with Tapscott in Putting Down your bit about getting this incredibly sexy and all broad on the Cult wl. I get a general laugh out of fan types who are <sup>prone to</sup> introducing young female mundanes into fandom as "proteges" and all. I remember Wells did it in the last CADENZA, and I remember <sup>Eric Bentcliffe</sup> making a giant fuss about some chick he had happened to bump into on a bus or something, and how he was printing a poem of hers in TRIODE and how she would be a BNF in three months and such. The thing I've noticed about these broads is that they are never heard from in fandom after all the initial fuss on the part of their initiators. # Hey, Ted, I want to tell you about this femme I know I'm getting to sign up for the Cult wait-list. Her name's ELEANOR ROOSEVELT and she's grey of hair and medium ## of height and all else is classified, man. (Forgive me; I'm getting nasty)

## dick eney

33

Dear Cultists,

I found a horrible mistake, of course, the moment I went to read the finished copy of the postmailed Decimal Oscillator. I'd absentmindedly put a mu in where an epsilon should be, in that Greek exchange with Breen; there is a word OMRANE, I dimly recall, but it has something to do with unity. \*\* On other postmailings, I find that I nearly chickened out of the Impurity Quiz after scoring only 16 in the first 20. But it got better afterward and I eventually got a 77, which should be good for a C for Condescension, awarded by higher-scoring virtu(if you'll excuse the expression)osi.

On the matter at hand: FR 105. Boards...my ghod, Scotty, what a thing to start a discussion about! Don't you remember what happened to Bill Danner with the friction belt buckles? FAPA talked about those damned things for five or six mailings before the flow of anecdote got choked off...myself, I always tell people that I grew my beard originally for a convention and kept it thereafter because people gave me a Hard Time about it and got my Mean Streak aroused, and when that happens...ach, ghod, there I am starting on a pointless reminiscence already. \*\* Hey, Scotty, I thought sure that in typing TRANSFER I'd stuck in somewhere an agreement to your request for "The Ballad of the Cult" for the next Hymnal. If not (I haven't a copy here to check, and now I come to think of it why check what I said there? I must be getting too sercon...) the answer is "yes".

Among the letters, I find...what the hell, you again, Tapscott? I cheer, though, to find that somebody dug just what I meant by those comments on Art and stuff. Every now and then I go into a fit of black depression at Some People's capacity for misunderstanding; it's nice to be reminded that the misunderstandings aren't in any cryptic character of my own writing.

Ol' John Ugly got the wrong idea with the distinction he makes between "excluded middle" and "two-valued orientation", I think, since the rules in the case of Heinlein's speech are those of argument rather'n logic. Whatever the case may be in the latter, the fallacy of Excluded Middle has nothing to do with the Law of same, which states that "The class A + the class non-A comprises the Universe". The Law is perfectly valid by definition, but the Fallacy (come now, whoever heard of a valid fallacy anyway?) is a quite different matter; it goes roughly "In the case alpha either A or B will obtain", while actually there are further alternatives c,c,e,... which are disregarded. The two-valued orientation, on the other hand, makes the same statement but classifies c,d,e,... as being either A or B. Assuming that both fallacies are honestly committed, Excluded Middle is based on inadequate data, while TV Orientation (disclaimer!) is based on inadequate classification of data. OK?

I've been having all sorts of crazy wild mixed-up adventures in the mundane world lately, which I may tell you about one day when there's more space on the stencil than I have here. Like, I published all the seminar papers for my last Anthropology class; I ran a color map of the Bering Straits land bridge to illustrate my mimeed summary during my class presentation (of "Flora and Fauna of the Pleistocene Holarctic"), and the instructor was so crogged (he didn't know color mimeo work was possible...can you imagine such iggernance?) that he sounded out the rest of the class about writing their term papers on stencil (we had term papers in addition to class talks... he's an Eager Beaver) and have enough copies run off to give everybody in class one. The result is already over 300 pages and still going, and I've gotta see the rest of the committee in a couple days to get arrangements made for a litho heading on the DC-Chapter-of-the-ACLU Newsletter (no title yet) & the mapping scintillometer has to be tuned up...yarp. Later, men...(Dick Eney)

(Bruce Pelz presented me with a letter at last night's LASFS meet!)

34

It appears that I should make some commentary on the recent publications of the Cult, including that wittily-titled zine of Scotty's, in order to retain my membership in this nickel-plated organization and thus prevent the waitlist from moving gleefully up another notch. (Oh! Bruce Pelz, Ape Completist and Waitlister's Friend. Welcome to the club, Meyer...)

That Scotty would go to the bother of reprinting the Reward poster from Economic Justice leads me to think he might enjoy reading Don Marquis' Chapters of the Orthodox, a series of stories subtitled something along the line of "The Devil and the Lord in Manhattan." It starts with a story of an extremely religious spinster who refuses to have anything whatsoever to do with helping the second coming of Christ, even though she is quite convinced that it is God who is making the proposition — and the stories go on from there, getting better.

The 89 I get on the Impurity Quiz sort of makes up for the 27 or so I got on the Purity Test. (Exhibitionist!)

Scotty, I'm glad you're kind enough to see the situation from my point of view — why, there are some people who would have thought I was trying to be sarcastic, and would have tried to be even more sarcastic, which would have led to a ridiculous amount of inane twaddle back & forth, in sarcasm and ridicule. So since we seem to agree, we can drop the subject. (Foregoing an example of a paragraph that communicates not a whit. Like, what subject?)

BOURNE: You know, I never thought about that idea to get everyone interested in Coventry so that they'd forget to worry about the alleged real world. Now maybe you've given TAJ a Mission in Life. (Yes, indeed, ol' Vaugeman has given Ted a Missionary Position. It certainly is a wonderful thing...) Tapscott is right, by the way, in that Paul Stanbery invented Coventry, and TedJ has merely spread it about fandom. (Like so much manure...) But this matters little in the face of this awe-inspiring idea to ~~benefit~~ benefit everyone with Coventry. Bourne, you are a humanitarian genius. (Or a complete fool, I haven't decided.)

METCALF: John W. Ghod, Jr. has given out several stories as to what his basic point was in pushing the Dean Drive bit. The latest is the one you cite: that the government was at fault for refusing to investigate the thing. But his earlier attitude was that the thing did work, and could be an anti-gravity device. It was this bit Buz was refuting. ## By the way, does anyone happen to know what happened to the TAPA tape? (Main ben has it, I bleev.) ## I got one of those notices from the Library of Congress copyright office a week or so ago, and all they wanted to know was whether or not I had published any issues of Spebem since #9 (October 1960) with a copyright notice. They didn't imply that I had done so, or anything. I merely used the carbon of the letter they sent and told them that none of the five issues since #9 had been copyrighted. Nice to know they check their records, anyway.

TAPSCOTT: So what's your objection to Johnstone putting his Private Intrigues into the Cult? Wouldn't that sort of make them Public Intrigues? Or maybe you're just jealous you don't have any Private Intrigues to counter with? Or why? Oh, I know — you want the Cult to clean up even more than it is alleged to have done already. Very noble of you. (From now on, we call him Mr. Clean.)

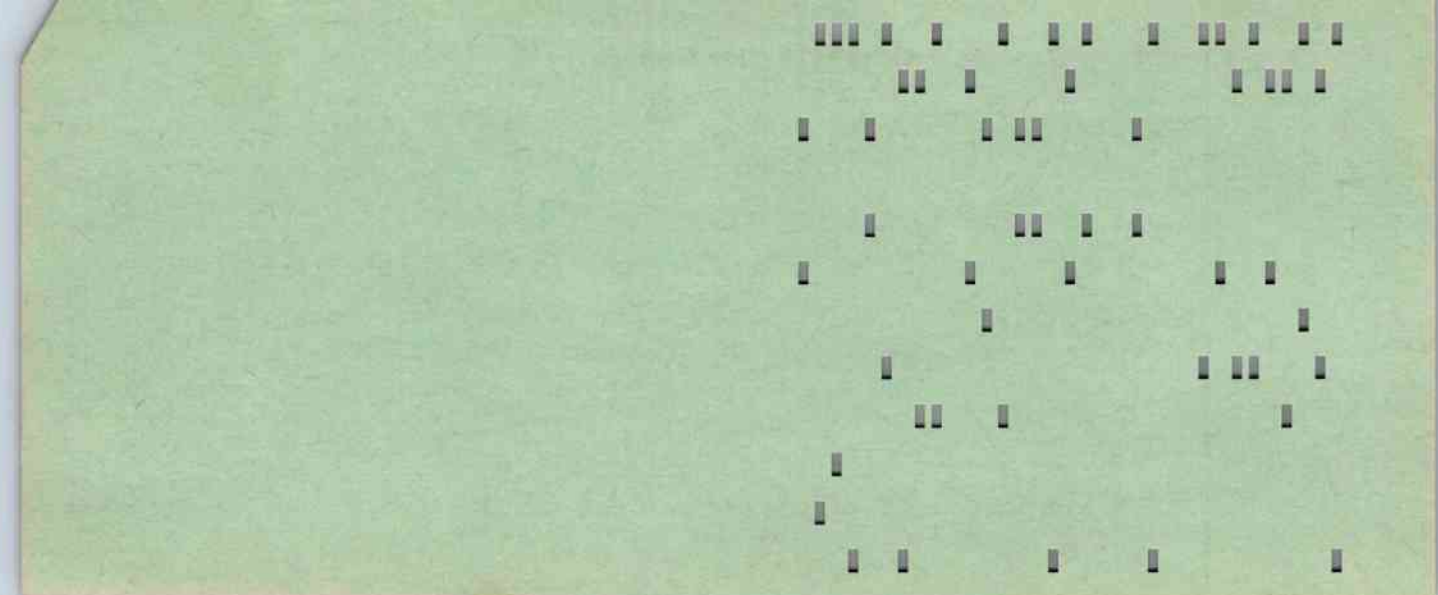
In general, a fairly well-done FR — and on time, for a change, too! A round of applause, for that reason if for no other.

D.O.: Eney, I will shut up, as the source is not available for citation. And I am both out of the mood for arguing idiocies and not inclined to give a damn who calls whom what — even if it happens to be me. ## I hope this MS/NS bit can be dropped one of these days. Eliminating all LASFSians, Cultists, CRAPPers, and the respective WLS doesn't leave anyone I can think of who'd give a damn. Foop...

The Cult is the  
square root of 2.









Don Fitch  
3908 Frijo  
Covina, Calif.  
31 Jan 62

Bob:

Since you generously offered, at LASFS meeting last week, to include material by Wultists in the FR you are publishing (provided we submit them run off and ready for mailing, and share part of the postage expense), I've decided to include the material assembled for a d.O, on the theory that it would be easier to let you address the things. On the other hand, I tend to disapprove of the fact that you send the FR only to "selected IWLers" (though I realize that you have every right in the world to be as mean, stingy, nasty, unkind, hateful, and ungenerous as you wish) and will send this to those not on your mailing list; let the OA decide its status as a d.O.

There is a bewildering array of Cultac here--something like 56 pages of it, much in microelite, and it's bristling with comment hooks.

Breen -- KIZMAIAZ FR 104

To quote from Dave Rike's SNARE #2, F/R #18 9/69ths, Sept 25, 1955....  
I remember when Carr first came up here and looked through my Cult mailings, he was really taken aback, " ...all of this for just fifteen persons...?"  
It really wowed him the most.

And that's pretty much the way I feel -- not that it's too good for the Cult (nothing is) but that so much of it deserves wider circulation. Being a ductile person, easily led and influenced by the last thing I read, I tend to agree with you on most of the points of discussion brought up, but first a bit of nit-picking.

Re: the list of Cycle VIII pubs -- f/r 101.104--there was not a title on it, by intention; it would be presumptuous for a Wultist to assume a regular title and publication schedule; the item by Liby Vintus (who was, I believe, at that time, on the waitlist, albeit but briefly) led off as a matter of courtesy.

You didn't fasten your thick zine with itty bitty staples, but you might just as well fall flat on your face as to lean over too far backwards; the big staples you used were cinched with such vigor that they cut through the two back sheets and the zine required restapling before reading.

The decrease in quality of the sf published in ANALOG is a valid reason for denunciation of JWCJr, as you point out, but most fans seem to be denouncing him; for the wrong reason; the fact that he goes overboard in espousing certain ideas and theories hardly seems to be a solid ground for calling him an absolute fugghead. I don't work on the theory that it's good to go to an extreme in hope of balancing an extreme in the other direction and eventually producing the acceptance of a middle way, but some people do it with reasonable success, and Campbell has enough right on his side to make his attitudes reasonable.

On keyboard works: Though I'm no musicologist, I've heard enough Baroque music to have formed some opinions (or tastes) in the field; on the whole, the old instruments are sometimes better, and sometimes not so good as the modern ones--- harpsichord music on the piano is pretty distressing, but not nearly as bad as, say, Handel or Purcell played on the old-style brasses; this, to me, is not music. Yet there must be a confusion in notation somewhere; the virginal is a reasonably responsive instrument, but some of the works scored for it cannot be played as fast as the directions indicate, not merely because they lose all thematic quality, but also because such speed is impossible either to human fingers or the action of the instrument.



On Censorship: You are a logical, reasonable person, accustomed to thinking and to intellectual activity; I am not, and therefore can neither refute nor well advance your analysis of censorship. I find myself agreeing with you frequently; this may mean either that you are right, that we are both wrong, or that you are merely a very persuasive writer, but on the other hand, it is possible that a good case could be made for censorship -- it aids in preserving the status quo and preventing rapid cultural change; statistics of admissions to mental hospitals indicate that man may not be capable of an infinite amount of adjustment to changing conditions. Censorship can slow down change, but (except in completely authoritarian societies) cannot prevent it if the change is a genuine cultural outgrowth rather than a temporary fad.

Tapscott: I'm sure most rational people wouldn't take "a shallow-minded little Jap" such as Dr. Hayakawa too seriously.

Rike: You mean TROPIC OF CANCER was checked out and cleared as ok reading matter by a single cop up in San Francisco? We do things by due process of law down here, and are presently giving it a full scale trial before a jury of 9 women and 3 men. Among other expert witnesses were Dr. Howard S. McDonald, president of L.A. State College. The local paper reported some of the testimony:

Question: "Have you ever read The Sun Also Rises?"

--- "No, I haven't."

Qy. : "Have you ever heard of it?"

--- "I can't say that I have."

"McDonald also said that he had not heard of From The Terrace, Butterfield 8, Peyton Place, or God's Little Acre."

Qy. : "Are you familiar with the painter named Matisse, who is mentioned in the book under question?"

--- "I may have heard of him at lectures and so forth."

Another witness, Ellis A. Jarvis, former superintendent of L.A. City Schools, "had never heard of Lolita, To Have And Have Not, or From The Terrace, and did not know who wrote For Whom The Bell Tolls or God's Little Acre."

There are times when comment is superfluous.

Lichtman ACCULTURATIONS #1, 2 Jan 62, f/r 105.01

You will probably have rectified, somewhere in this FR, the errors concerning the banning of Tarzan and Zane Grey books in a Downey school; the newspapers of the following day carried an interview with the head of the school board who pointed out that this was not an official policy decision -- he couldn't find out who was responsible until after vacation, but assumed that it was the bright idea of one of the volunteers who serve the donated book collections (the elementary schools there apparently have no organized official libraries).

Freedom of speech does not appear to be in question in the mundane areas, and, as you point out, the question is one of literate and intelligent writing; offhand I can think of no more than half a dozen of the mundane area members who are on the level of Willis, Berry, Carr, or Boggs -- the proportion of good writers is about the same as in fandom, but the average fan appears to be far superior to the average area member.

You may have noticed that the Lieberman Checklog Of Private Press Names lists only the names of the presses, not the names or addresses of the proprietors; the editor explains this omission thus:



The Herity Press (( sponsor. of the International Register of Private Press Names)) believes that the private press movement represents freedom of the press at its ideal, and that the movement should avoid every precedent ... which might lead to abridging that freedom...

the I.R. will not make available any lists of names of Press Proprietors...  
Such caution must be indicative of some concern on the part of a number of the members.

Scithers: T., O., & Ft.M. E.S.R. Timetable: That chart will be of great use to any interested person who can figure it out; I can't read it, but then I'm pretty stupid, and can't even figure out the numbering system on the d.O.s.

Eklund -- d.O. 0.1035? f/r 103.514?

Don't be so uncertain about the number; just put one down firmly and the chances are that no one will be sure enough that it isn't right to challenge it. I must disclaim any degree of seriousness concerning the Declaration of Wultish Independence; with only three members sufficiently interested to publish, and not many more interested enough to write letters either to the FRs or the d.O.s, the prognosis for success as an apa is not very good.

I'm rather sorry to see you taking such an active part in the Cult -- one always regrets seeing an innocent youth led down the path of corruption, and worse, by publishing this d.O.s you may encourage some of the other Wulters to send out an occassional oneshot; inducing others to take up ones own vices is the final step.

...-oOo-

At work recently, in a stack of old newspapers, I came across a copy of a magazine entitled U.S.A. Inside Report; the cover was missing and I can give no further information, but it seems to be something ~~of the~~ intelligent and socially conscions people would do well to watch. It verges on the true confessions or rather expose-type pulp, and is obviously aimed at the audience which reads this sort of thing, but it is different in certain respects. The current issue, dealing with "The Hidden Enemy; the Sex Psychopath" in a serious constructive vein, is apparently designed to appeal to the lower-class readers who think they ought to be concerned with social problems. I don't propose to review the subject matter of the current issue (save to point out that it is arranged under such headings as "The Molester", "The Rapist", "Thrill Killer", "The Homosexual", and a resume "The Pattern of Evil") since my college course in psychology is long in the past, and largely forgotten, though some of the conclusions arrived at do seem to be of dubious accuracy, but rather to point out certain factors which make it a publication of potential importance. It is on the cheapest possible paper which will permit the use of half-tone illustrations, but there is no advertising, and the layout and writing are of an extremely professional and expensive quality. It is written for speedreading, with short, direct, one-sentence paragraphs, and important sentences printed in bold-face type (most of these are the conclusions drawn by the writers, and are evidence of non-objectivity). The final impression left with the reader is bound to be one of "deviation is dangerous" ---not just deviation from a sexual standpoint, or that it is potentially dangerous, but that any sort of deviation from the norm is dangerous and must be dealt with by the responsible citizens of the community. I'm rather anxious to see the future issue (and I'm sure there will be one) dealing with political deviation; this may prove to be a far right-wing publication designed to sway the emotions (in a pseudo-intellectual manner) of a rather lower strata of society than the John Birchers have attempted to influence before.

-oOo-



Now on to a letter, somewhat cut, from

Ed Meskys  
723A, 45th St.  
Brooklyn 20  
New York  
19 Dec 61

Don:

Got your d.O. of uncertain ~~paraph~~ numerage, and am just now getting around to commenting. (Blame the delay on Lord of the Rings which I recently started after re-reading The Hobbit. As you can see, I will be rather busy for a while.)

Your ish, unfortunately, wasn't quite as interesting in content or good in appearance as Geo's (but the appearance bit is quite understandable -- you have only a measly Gestetner to play around with, while Geo has a TAME multi.) But the attempt at an independent effort is appreciated. Mebbe now it will inspire others to do the same and WULT will no longer be a one man APA.

...  
I see talk of rapid transit is still going on. I was always rather interested in subways and once had a very strong interest in them. I'd badgered various people until I got an almost complete set of Transit, published by the NYTA a few years ago for its employees. No, I wasn't in the gossip, etc, printed there, but each ish had one article of much interest -- such as descriptions of some other city's system, or, for instance, the monorail trolley line that once existed in the Bronx. Anyhow, I eventually got 2 copies of many issues and even 3 of a few, and am willing (and even anxious to trade for them. I also have copies of some Board of Transportation and Transit Authority Annual Reports which give progress reports on various expansion projects and dreams for others. As I implied in what I said above, I was once more interested in subways than I am now, but some interest still remains. What say Geo. S. that we explore the Chicago system next September, and perhaps even go down to badger the bUrocracy for some literature? Anyone else interested? We could make a regular expedition of this, mebbe?

On breaking away from the Cult -- I suppose it depends on exactly what you mean by this but I really care little either way. If you mean not sending it to those who have acknowledged it in no way for 3 or so issues (and I would consider comment in a FR sufficient) I see nothing wrong with that. From the nature of the Cult itself I imagine very few members would not make themselves eligible to receive it; but just from the possibility of this happening I imagine it would no longer be a legal f/r. ((Right, the OA has reasonably ruled that only those Wult publications which are sent to all actives are to be considered legal f/rs. I, at least, do not publish with the implied threat of cutting off members if they don't respond or send copies of the FR they publish, though I hope they do send them) but more to indicate that I am interested.)) But I would not want a total divorce from the Cult --after all, there is already a considerable amount of anarchy & I suspect that without the focus it could completely disintegrate in short order. As an example of anarchy I cite your ish which does not contain the letters received by Geo. Didn't you contact him about the matter? ((Well, Patten did, when he was planning a d.O., but apparently Scithers wanted the letters for his next issue, and was unsure (as were we) that we would get around to publishing. Eklund has offered to send me any letters he gets on his d.O., but they seem to be nil as yet, though it is rather soon to expect them. So many of the Cultists are willing to print Wultletters in the FRs that issuing a d.O. seems rather pointless unless one has good material, art work, and a reason for doing so.))

Edmund R. Meskys

and, in (( )) Don Fitch.



(On the foregoing, I am counting it not as a D.O., but as part of this FR. Don Fitch is one of the "selected iwlers" who was due to get a copy of this beforehand, but Meskys wasn't and he will get only the preceding four pages plus, perhaps, the Roster. Just for the helluvit, these are the "Selected IWLers" who are getting this FR, for no more reason than I want them to have it... Ed Baker, Bill Donaho, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, Don Fitch, Gary Deindorfer, and Dian Girard. In fact, outside of these worthies, no one off the Active and AWL lists is getting the FR. Harness gets two copies, by request, and I put one copy in my personal file and one in my Cult file. Total circulation...26 copies. That's not too many.

Sobas

\*(Now, on to a letter from our Beloved OAF, Ted Johnstone, man of many Intrigues:\*)

Since I think you're reprinting the letter I sent Tapscott (or at least the edited parts thereof) (Well, more like edited parts of the edited parts, if you really want to know the truth) I'll keep this as short as I can. Mainly I want to suggest you reinstate Harness; apparently Bangs forgot about the Christmas fractional. After all, that f/r came out long before FR 105, and Harness did about half of it — the most important half, too. On the other hand, Harness will also get a gentle warning, because from now on people who don't publish more than that in 6 weeks may very well get bounced. After all, a single page of artwork... And the signatures should not count. Credit for that should go only to Bruce Pelz & Harness. (Sobeit.)\*

NOW HEAR THIS...NOW HEAR

THIS!!! Starting with FR 105, first of the new cycle, there will be a reign of terror. My official stand is that, as a change of administration does not necessarily mean a change in policy, neither should a retained administration mean a retained policy. Beginning mathematically with the 9th Cycle, I shall institute a new "Get-Tough" policy, and start dropping people like flies.



This will start with an f/r to the IWL asking for notice of continued interest, and a motion that prospective IWLers should write a letter, instead of just a pocsarcd, when they want to get in line for that Hell-Bound Bucket. (A letter on what? Prospective wlers don't have anything to write a letter on; they don't get FRs, like.) Incidentally, Bobble, if Condit and/or Brown don't write to you you are instructed to drop him/them. I can only put up with them so long, and after all, they have just run up against a new policy.

"We may start cutting down the mob." ...TAJ OA

Harness made his mistake, however, under the old administration, and has thus managed to survive. Besides, he did contribute materially to the Season's Greetings f/r. "Compromise my integrity" indeed, Mr. Tapscott — this is the Cult. And I am the OA. By definition I have neither honour nor integrity, and should that be changed, it will no longer be the Cult, nor I the OA.

COMMENTS ON THALLIC SYMBOL. Ye Ghods, Lars, I didn't invent Coventry; I just discovered it to the Western World. It was invented by the Insufferable Paul Stanbery, who is now sort of part of Fabulous Seattle Fandom — or as much so as he was ever a part of Psychotic Pasadena Fandom. Ask your good buddy Bangs to tell you all about him;

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we in LA are generally prejudiced about Stanbery; we think he's crazy. If you meet him, ask him to explain Coventry to you; looks like everybody has started getting Distorted Impressions of it. Paul would be extremely unhappy with your ideas, for instance. But of course you speak from a happy ignorance of the subject; let's keep it that way.

I remember an old lino from somewhere — "I just stencilled his article; I Haven't read it yet". Crikey, Bangs, don't you read the letters you get? In mine I gave you a name to add to the IWL — and you didn't. (She just arrived here at Mathom House, and admitted she didn't send you a card; however she has contacted Lichtman — I watched her do so — and he'll put her on.) (It would certainly be a wonderful thing...) In that note from Henstell & Martin they asked to be taken off the (\*) list of restriction on mailing, and you didn't do that either. If they want to run the risk of getting all sorts of cheap trash, having protective governmental officials drop in to inspect their minds, and get faliated by mistrusting parents, so be it.

My comments on the Impurity Quiz, Bangs; despite your many cruelties you are indeed a witty and talented fan in some respects. I only made 28 on the Purity Tests, but I made a full 83 on the Impurity Quiz. (Hm, one point difference between you & Bruziver on the Purity Test. Maybe this difference is something you can work out together?)

COMMENTS ON TIMETABLE: Look, Bangs — for the nth and last time, I was against the dissolution of the Cult proposed by Harness and Pelz. I took a definite stand against it when they were talking about it before the Con, and I thought I made my position clear at the seance.

When the postal inspector came to see me, Dikini, I flashed my Chicken Inspector badge at him and threatened to give his name and address to George Wetzel if he didn't go away and stop bothering the Cult. He immediately apologised and left. And if you don't believe me, and still think you were the one who saved us all from the Mundane Menace, why didn't you run for OA instead of complaining about my campaign tactics? Or aren't you really taking this Seriously after all? Whaddya think, Dick? Fandom is more than a hobby?

(A letter from "Dr. Henry H. Henstell, 6360 Wilshire Bl." it says on the envelope which is a University High School envelope with the return address crossed out. "Dr. Henstell" saith:)(strictly sid)

I hereby certify that my son, Bruce Henstell has his father's permission to receive all obscene lewd, dirty, sacrilegious and political materral that you may publish. There is one condition; ie that he first submit it to me to read too. (for censorship, what else!) (We are sure that Dr. Henstell has his son's best interests at heart, and the outcome and upshot of this letter will be reflected in this issue's Breenmark listings. See the Raxter page for them)

(Ted White saves his membership with a letter:)

TAPSCOTT: Without wanting to champion Walter's article (which I'm sure Walter can defend), I should like to point out that maybe your reaction is a bit extreme. What I think Walter is plumping for is a little more parental responsibility. Naturally he is presuming a little native intelligence which may not always be there, but what the hell: there's little point in viewing everything from the lowest common denominator. I don't think Walter wants parents to provide a substitute for outside schooling (considering his interest in schooling



processes and his interest in special schools), but rather to implement and supplement outside schooling. And I don't think distrust is so much what he had in mind to be instilled in children as healthy skepticism. Certainly any children I ever raise are going to be taught the value of doubt and the need for individual reasoning.

To take the fields as you listed them: (a) sexual psychology and physiology: This has been taught (or mistaught) in the home for years, and what Breen is suggesting is that it be done right—ie., without shame, misinformation, or short-shifting. (b) Atheism: By this I presume you mean religion, or perhaps comparative religion. Sounds good to me; a little something to offset the hypocritical treacle one encounters in grade schools. (c) Political science: Discussion of the differences (and similarities) of the political parties, as well as a little healthy skepticism for political promises would not be amiss. (d) Economics; and (e) Medicine are subjects on which some commonsense can be instilled, as well as a good deal of practical knowledge.

It may be "logically contradictory to speak of teaching someone to distrust all authority," but it can be done rather easily, particularly with children. I wish you'd forget all these "proofs" of logic and detail a little more thought to human nature and how it can be manipulated. This recourse to abstract reasoning is something you're prone to upon occasion, but it has very little connection with reality—consisting usually of verbal paradoxes and the manipulation of verbal symbols without a hell of a lot of reference to the real world beyond the convenient symbols. (But don't take that criticism too personally, Scotty—I might be baiting you...)

I tend to agree with you and Eney (earth-shaking!) about artistic navel-inspection being a substitute for artistic creation, but it is also true, as Lars points out, that the process of creation and the value of artistic criteria are both intrinsically of interest to the artist and may lead to his preoccupation with them. An analogy might be the many writers' magazines which specialize in Revealing The Secret of writing to people who, by their very preoccupation with Finding The Magic Word, will never be writers—or, at least, good ones. Yet these same magazines can be of value to a writer already adept at his craft, for the quite different reason of offering insight into others' thought processes. Another example would be in the world of music, where many of the greatest composers have been students of the theories and philosophies of music and art—and others equally great have preferred to get along only on technical training. Same is true in jazz—with something of a clash between the formalists and the naturalists, and a good deal to be said for each.

BENFORD: I sure do hate to see you equate Wagner and Bartok, but



*Harness*

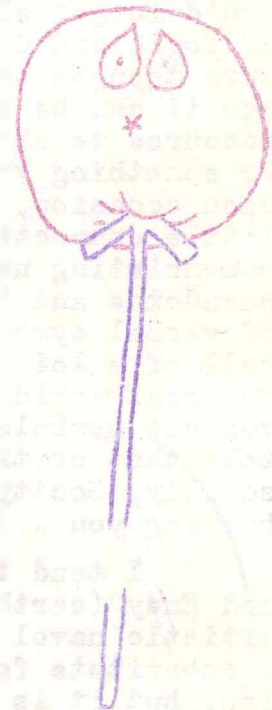
this may be due to personal prejudice against the former and for the latter. Bartok may be hailed the composer of his generation.

The rest of the zine was interesting, but not inspiring of comment.

42 (A letter from Dave Rike written in highly readable script but so tiny that I'll probably go blind halfway down this page...)

I'm not in a position to type my letter at the moment. I'm flat on my back in bed, resting. A 25<sup>lb</sup> pole (weighing maybe 200-250 pounds) fell off a pile the other day at work and hit me on the back. It hurts only when I sit up, so this'll be handwritten.

First off, I became a scientific experimenter by virtue of the fact that I have been making it with a chick who was taking oral contraceptives. Full and complete information can no doubt be had at the nearby Planned Parenthood Clinic. The brand-name of the pills are Envoid and they can only be had by a doctor's prescription. They cost \$2.50 for a month's supply (20 pills). While more expensive than the jelly than Planned Parenthood dispenses (60¢ a tube...which will last a month or more), it's a lot less bother (besides no taste) and places control of the contraceptive more fully in the hands of the woman, where it belongs...after all she'll be the one who'll be having the kid. It eliminates physical defects which may arise with the use of condoms, diaphragms and like devices, besides the anti-erotic effect that may come about from the interruption of sex play to administer a contraceptive like the jelly. There of the problem of knowing when to take it, when not to take it, and making sure you take it, but these are slight. Its active ingredient is a hormone that is produced in the body after the fertilization of an ova in a woman to inhibit the production of further ova. A caution tho...cessation of administration of the pill supposedly increases the fertility of the woman, greatly increasing the chances of her becoming pregnant. Wonderful if you want to have kids.



Tapscott &/or Bourne: In case you missed it at the time, my main point in Oh Fout! #9 (Jan 1961) about "Greetings" was the anonymity of its perpetrators and not any attempt at moralizing over any alleged obscene or pornographic content of the drawing. In fact, in case you forgot, I specifically mentioned that it wouldn't be turned over to the P.O. This was done to remove any apprehension or doubts on your part about any possible harassment by postal authorities, so that you would come out and reveal yourselves. But this is all in the past because you then sent me a signed copy. I still don't understand your modesty about not sending "Greetings" to the Cultas a whole. I thot it was a nice silk-screening job.

The point that you seem to be trying to make is that I'm taking all of the fun out of your Cultac by claiming that it wasn't dirt-shovelling. Perhaps, symbolically, this is a carry-over from childhood of the thrill you derieved from possible punishment (and the pleasure of attention) by your parents when you went to the toilet in bed or with your clothes on. Appreciating this thrill and pleasure, and enjoying it, you would of course (in some manner or form) tend to re-



peat this act in order to be turned on again. Of course, if mama did spank you for being a naughty boy, it'd hurt and you'd cry. Likewise, you might get a charge out of anticipation of possible attention and/or action by the post office, but you wouldn't care to be taken to court and/or jailed for what you did. But...boy...what a charge! Now, for myself, I consider going to the toilet to be a natural function and not dirty or nasty (tho unpleasant to clean up...I've had to take care of younger brothers and a sister). And if a child goes to the toilet while in bed and/or with his clothes on, of course he will shit his diaper and wet the bed. This is to be expected. In babies.

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Whether you consider that you were dirt-shovelling or not, however, is irrelevant to the point I was making, and that was...that within the context that Eney made his comments on the Cult and the visit by the postal inspector, his labelling of White, Tapscott, and Breen as "the most enthusiastic dirt shovellers" denoted, from a person who was a member of the Cult and who had read this material, that they were indeed guilty of some offense against postal regulations. This, as it turned out, was not the case; in fact the PO didn't charge them of the Cult with any violation of its regulations. The inspector was just inspecting a complaint. But, from Eney's account you'd be led to believe that they were either on trial or doing time by now. (Incidentally, I find the persons singled out to be an interesting selection. Tapscott, no doubt for The Cult Hymnal (which isn't pornographic, just sick; I really feel sorry for someone who has such a low, anti-life view of humanity). Within the context of Eney's conreport, White and Breen appear to have been added because of his antipathy towards them, stated elsewhere in the report, with the dirt-shovelling labelling being another handy splotch with which he could further clarify his image of them.)

By the way, have any of you seen "The Mark"? It is the most mature and adult treatment I've seen on sex deviation, the problems arising, and the attempt to solve these problems. It also gives a wonderful picture of the interchange between doctor and patient in psychotherapy, without going Hollywoodish (it's a British film) and creating a God-like image of the psychiatrist. It is not just a mere distraction from the pap on TV, or an enjoyable divertissement, but a genuine, worthwhile film. I heartily recommend it to all of you.

For those of you who did stf-fzy flicks, I guess you're aware that "The Innocents" is based upon Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw." It's also a good film.

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twenty-one pages of Cult letters ... that's not too many  
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It is now Saturday, 3 February, and anything<sup>not on master</sup> that comes in after this will be forwarded to the next publisher for disposition. I start school on Monday and my schedule is otherwise busy enough, letting along this Cultzine, that I have no time to do more than the Roster pages on Monday. Those writing after this cut-off point will be noted on the Roster Page. ++ There is absolutely no prize for anyone finding the most number of typos, strikovers and so forth in this FR. --Bob



# old cult joke

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ACTIVE MEMBERS:

	<u>105</u>	<u>106</u>	<u>Pub</u>
Bangs L Tapscott, 1147 1/2 Fairview ave N, Seattle 9, Wn.	P	N	15 Oct
Bob Lichtman, 6137 S Croft ave, Los Angeles 56, Calif.	f/r	P	5 Nov
TED JOHNSTONE, 5337 Remington rd, #231-2, San Diego 15	Y	Y	26 Feb
Boyd Raeburn, 89 Maxome ave, Willowdale, Ont., Canada	Y	Y	19 Mar
Ted White, 107 Christopher st, #15, NYC 14	N	Y	9 Apr
Norm Metcalf, PO Box 336, Berkeley 1, California	Y	N	30 Apr
John Champion, 1019 Bay st, Santa Monica, California	Y	Y	21 May
Bruce Pelz, 738 S. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, Calif.	N	Y	11 Jun
Dave Rike, 75 Waller st, #11, San Francisco 2, Calif.	N	Y	2 Jul
Andy Main bem, apt 112, 410 W 110 st, NYC 25	N	Y	23 Jul
Dick Eney, 417 Fort Hunt rd, Alexandria, Virginia	N	Y	14 Aug
Jack Harness, 222 S Gramercy pl, Los Angeles 4, Calif.	f/r	Y	3 Sep
Walter Breen, 2402 Grove st, Berkeley 4, California	Y	Y	24 Sep

ACTIVE WAITLIST:

Lars Bourne, 1529 Olive, Eugene, Oregon	Y	N	
Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater blvd, Mpls 17, Minn.	Y	Y	
Fred Patten, c/o Harness, 222 S Gramercy pl, LA 4	Y	N	
Greg Benford, 204 Foreman ave, Norman, Oklahoma	Y	N	
Alan J Lewis, 338-873, USCGC Spencer (WPG-36), Pt St George, Staten Island, NY	Y	N	

LIMBO:

A2c R.W. Brown, 36 Tactical Fighter Wg, APO 132, NYC	N	"N"	
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INACTIVE WAITLIST:

Ed Baker, c/o Harness, 222 S Gramercy pl, LA 4		
Bill Donaho, 1441 8th st, Berkeley 10, California		
Calvin W. "Biff" Deamon, 1002 E 66 st, Inglewood, Calif.		
A2c George P. Reinhardt, 51st A&E, APO 235, San Francisco		
Bruce Henstell, 815 Tigertail rd, Los Angeles 49, Calif.		***
Craig Cochran, 467 W 1st st, Scottsdale, Arizona		
Owen Hannifen, 16 Lafayette pl, Burlington, Vt.		
Paul Stanbery, 1101 NE Campus Pkwy, #220, Seattle 5, Wn.		
Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, California		
Tom Seidman, 1919 University ave, Madison 5, Wisconsin		
Bill Martin, 118 S. Bowling Green, LA 49, Calif.		
Gordon Eklund, 14612 18th ave SW, Seattle 66, Washington		
Ed Meskys, 723A 45th st, Brooklyn 20, N.Y.		
Gary Deindorfer, 11 DeCou Drive, Morrisville, Pa.		
Dian Girard, 4620 Twining st, Los Angeles 32, Calif.		

Breenmark



The next publisher is Ted Johnstone, erstwhile Official Arbiter. His address is correct as above, and those who must write him to maintain membership or AWL status are Bangs L. Tapscott, Norm Metcalf, Lars Bourne, Fred Patten, Greg Benford, Alan J. Lewis, and possibly Rich Brown.

Note changes of address for Main and Brown. Brown is in Limbo because all I got from him was an Air Farce form giving the above CoA and saying "Do not write until you hear from me." I am not sending him this FR until TAJ directs me to. If Rich writes me, I'll pass his letter on. In the meantime, the CoA card is being taken as continuing interest of a sort in the Cult, and Johnstone can decide what comes next.

Bruce Henstell, by having his father write that utterly preposterous letter which you'll find in the lettercol, gets to be on the Breehmark list. I had planned on dropping it altogether, but if what that letter says is true, Bruce needs this mark after his name. Doctor Henstell may have a mind as wide as all outdoors, but...who knows...he may not know that Hemingway wrote The Sun Also Rises, either.

I guess that's all of the Official Business. Thanks to Champion for mastering his own letter. Ditto to my ol' drinking buddy, Harness. Thanks to Deindorfer & Eney for stencilling their letters, and thanks to Don Fitch for not only stencilling his, but running it off as well! It certainly was neat to gain four pages, just like that. While I'm at it... Thanks to Selfhelp Paper Company for its swinging \$1.15 a ream ditto paper, and to Mar-Lee Duplicator Supply Company for its keen 2½# white envelopes in which this is being mailed. Thanks to the store around SC where Bruce Pelz used to buy ditto fluid for the spirits on which the Silverdrum Press runs. And thanks to Stationers' Inc. for the staples which bind this issue together, as well as for most of the masters on which it was typed. (Thanks for masters also goes to Selfhelp and to Inglewood Book & Stationery.) And last of all, thanks to the USPO for carrying this to its many destinations (except for those copies I hand over in person.).

Wunnerful, wunnerful...

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## LETTERS ANNEX:

Andy Main airmailspecialdelivered a lastminutemembershipsavingletter, from which I quote sparingly (it will be passed on to Johnstone):

Greetings from your old friend, the Capitalists' Lackey on Wall Street. Scott's FR was a Most Certainly Wonderful Thing, and by far the best (& most pleasant) FR I have seen from the Bearded Philosophy type with the Beautiful Wife (Yarst!). I have been reading, or re-reading, really, this thing on the subway today, on the way back and forth on messenger trips. Today I just found out that a building I go to once or twice a week, sometimes more, up on 850 3rd Avenue, is the same bukliding in which is housed EC Publications. (But I thought they were at 225 Lafayette?) We do business (under a different name--a "wholly-owned subsidiary" as Avram quaintly puts it) with a bank (private-type) at that address, and today I came out of the door from their office, and went to the elevators, pressed (touched, rather, as the building is a new one, and has "Autotronic" elevators) the down button, and then wandered a bit, awaiting the elevator. I went to the hall on the other side of the elevators, which has some kindofAtomic Research bunch behind a door bearing their name; I looked down the hall, and lo! there was a door bearing the familiar MAD logo, and the EC Publications inscription. My elevator came at that moment, so I didn't have a chance to look at it or go inside or anything like that. I had to get back down here on Wall St so I could take lunch and write thishere letter.

During the course of the past three weeks, in my wanderings on & about Wall Street, my formerly not very high opinion of the American Way of Life (at least the economic end of it--and the way of life of those connected with this end of it) has been lowered considerably. The people around here depress me. Let me tell alla you, the Common Image of the Wall Street White Collor Worker is not exaggerated. There are people in this office who commute from way out on Long Island; who take 2 or 3 hours to get to work every morning (like commuting from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles). I take an hour, myself, from 110th Street, but that is little compared to most commuters. You ought to see Grand Central Station during rush hour...



THE CULT HEARS AGAIN FROM THE UNSPEAKABLE (HE'S BEEN PRETTY UNCOMMUNICATIVE LATELY)

## Jack Harness

Yeah, I haven't written much lately because I've been fiendishly (what else?) busy and like that. Scotty, I haven't received that copy of your FR yet. If you sent it, could you send another, please? Honest, I wasn't giving you a snow job (disclaimer!) because I was nice to you in my postcard requesting your FR. I realize that you could have decided my artwork on SEASON'S GREETINGS # 2 wasn't adequate CULTac and so you dropped me --that's understandable, so no hard feelings. I disagree and Tejon disagrees, however, and I hope you have no hard feelings about that. (injunctive!) Your IMPURITY TEST was a gas and an obvious comeback at Braenological writings. Now, I suppose the ARRA will have to make up a questionnaire so we can keep up with the Joneses. Sigh.

BRENNAN: KIZMAIAZ rec'd and apprec'd. And thanks for your contribution to PAL JESUS "I'M JESUS THE SAVIOR MAN." It's one variant on Savior/Sailer that I hadn't thought of. The last verse will include, however, "I'm a weirdo from Greenwich / 'Cause I eats my spinach" because we have to put that one in; it needs a spinach line for completion of the parody. # INCREDIBLY SECRET Clearance is an invention of Rhency's.

I CAN DO WITHOUT: neocrudshines from non-LA types...eclipses and planetary conjunctions...astrologers who predict the end of the world because of item # 2... Scandinavia...the Southern Fandom Group...horseshoeing...the Boston Pops...H. L. Gold... Coventrian Genealogies and Battle Formations...people who don't know how to operate the Rex Rotary...flying saucer publications...Judo...cheap plastic toys...magic...San Achievement Awards...Richard Harris Eney...deadlines... "k.v."... Aquilonia...

LICHTMAN: If you get a kick out of reading material you've written while drunk, maybe I can oblige you. I still have that letter you wrote me for my SWINE-sine, and for added measure I can show you the red-pencil marks I used to cut it down to readable and non-rambling shape.

PELZMAN: Why don't you real gone types disclose your plan for doing away with the FAN ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS in the CULT? I've been wondering if the CULT could function in a new capacity--that of Secret Society to Throw Bricks at Fuggheads and Fandom in General.

SUNDRYMAN: INAUGURATION OF THE PLEASURE DOME (1952) shown at the local quality art cinema. I went because of the description, which was great: A feature length COLOR film by Kenneth Anger, the creator of the highly controversial film FIREWORKS, ..the most extravagant and malefic film by Kenneth Anger. The audience is invited to attend the extraordinary ceremonies of the Secret Society presided over by the Great Lord Shiva...Spells are cast...Witchcraft and Sorcery abound...Black Magic vies with Scarlet Magic. A victim is chosen among the assembled members of the society, and a powerful aphrodisiac is administered at the "Banquet of Poisons." This unleashes a frenzied orgy led by the Great Beast and the Whore of Babylon, in the "Coroner's of Fire" which bring the film to a frenetic and startling culmination. The weird music is composed in the 43 tone scale, and played on synthetic instruments. Due to the unusual nature of the film, screenings are necessarily "restricted to ADULTS ONLY."

In other words, a typical CULTISH fare. The settings (a private home) were too meagre, and the costumes not elaborate or varied enough. (Unicorn Productions could have done better). Lighting good, exceptional in parts; the musical score was too unconnected & discontinuous. Plot? If I hadn't read the blurb, I'd never have known what took place --for that matter, I still don't. Certain scenes, such as people eating jewels, were moving; they would have moved other observers differently, however. Action too slow, and the fact that one of the leads was a well-known faggot didn't help much. But it was interesting to speculate on how it could have been staged effectively and less ramblingly. And has anyone else in the audience seen the film?