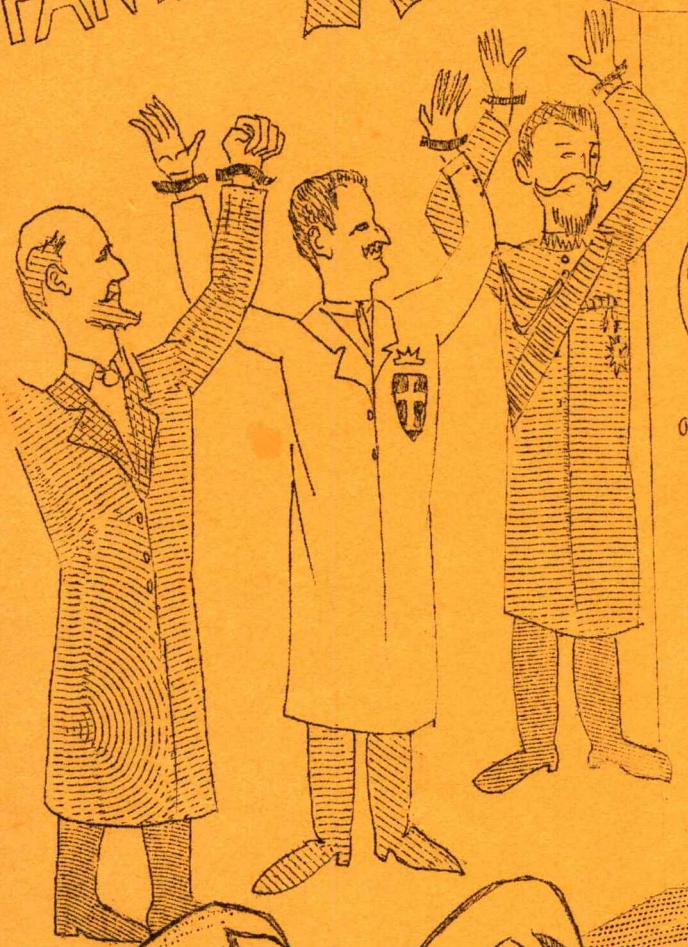
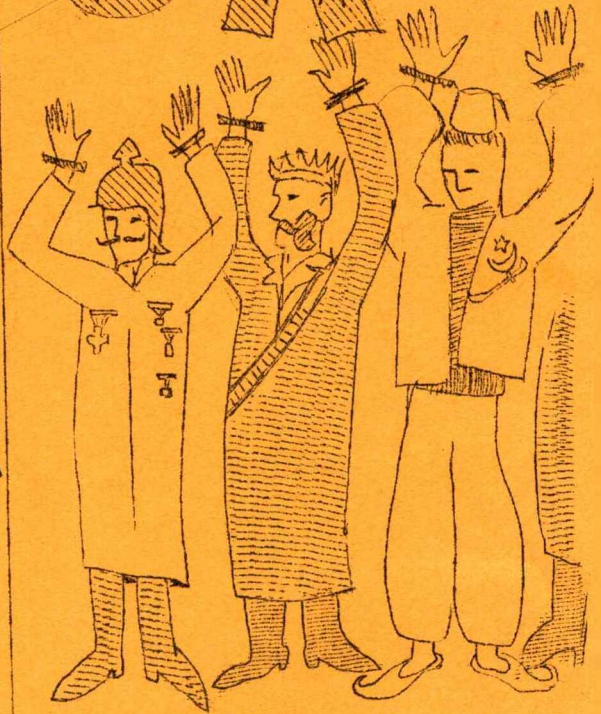


FANTASY ROTATOR



THE UNDIPLOMATIC
LEAGUE
CON MUCHOS
ARBOCLES
#3

OF THE OLD WORLD



FRED PATTEN & Jack Harness

This is FANTASY ROTATOR #137, but if you hold it up to the light, the words CON MUCHOS ARBOLES #3 will come into view. The trees are the Black Forest (Cultishly appropriate title) in Germany; in a dim clearing near the center of which sittith a mystic, Nordic-complexioned individual who calls himself von Strange guilt. The Herr Strange guilt is bent over, deeply engrossed in a cartographical exercise which seems to consist of placing as many black counters upon a map of Europe as it will hold. While he ponders ways and means to remove counters of other hues (including painting them black, if he can get away with it), let us observe his pictorial notes of the progress of the exercise to date; interspiced among the letters in this Cultzine.

Fred Patten, publisher - 5156 Chesley Avenue - Los Angeles, California, 90043.
December 2, 1963 LASFS Rex Rotary Salamander Press #35.

Ted White voids old fanzine interests — 1

Nov. 12

Dear Fred:

I finally found my GOOD INTENTIONS #8, as I mentioned, and I rather like the topic Bruce brought up about the fmz we publish and why. It's too bad that the hectic qualities of the period either stifled or killed any discussion, but perhaps the following will help revive it a bit.

My interests in fanzine publishing are constantly changing. As I mentioned in GAMBIT #8, in observing ten years of fan publishing, I tend to regard each type of fanzine as a challenge, and when it's met, I loose interest in it. Each of my successful fanzines represents a building up towards whatever goal I had in mind for that fmz, and then either a sharp break to a different title and goal, or an evolution of the title towards new goals. For instance, GAMBIT continues the numbering of my first fanzine, and in so-doing traces a long pattern of challenges and changes.

VOID has pretty much gone by the boards with me on several occasions, for instance. The first time I let it slide was after issue #18. I'd published five issues in which I'd pretty much realized my initial desires for the zine, including monthly publication. Then I moved to New York, and too many other things demanded my time and money. I intended to give the zine to Sylvia, after completing #19, but when I did I found I'd picked up the spirit again, briefly, and Sylvia decided she didn't want to publish "somebody else's" fanzine anyway. So I put out four more issues, on a monthly schedule, this time loosening the zine up and using more local talent in it, and then again enthusiasm waned. (It was about then that I began to Make It as a professional writer. I simply switched horses.) Perhaps VOID would've died, the annish never completed, but for the fact that Pete Graham decided to become active again, and Joined The Staff, and we put out the rest of the annish and three or so more issues, with yet another evolution of policy and style, and this time pushing the TAWF campaign. Then, of course, Terry Carr showed up in the middle of the summer, and VOID took another turn and we had a regular den of fanac at Towner Hall.

VOID more or less perished in the breakup of Towner Hall; it was by then as much Terry's work as mine, and it took the combined enthusiasms of both of us to publish it. Terry spent most of his time at Towner Hall then; now, of course, he not only is not so handy to where I live but also works regularly. (Scott Meredith gives him about ten hours' work a day, so that his nights are as often spent working as not, too.)

"All of my fanac is 'play'", says Ted -- 2

I plan to publish V29 this month, abandoning the elaborate plans we'd had for it in favor of getting Something out, and then the zine will fall into the hands of Gary Deindorfer, and I'll only mimeo it.

Of course in addition to genzines like VOID and, currently, MINAC & satellites, I publish my share of apazines. I've been publishing NULL-F in FAPA since 1955, and the most recent was #35. That might make it appear that I haven't missed a mailing, and indeed I didn't, until 1958, when I became OE. Then I missed at least a year, and did not have a NULL-F in every mailing again until only a couple years ago. But due to a couple of postmailings and a mailing or two in which I had two issues, I've caught back up with myself, and indeed am one ahead...

NULL-F is utilitarian, and observes little policy. It is one zine which has no set logo, although from time to time I use a logo for several issues in a row. The earliest issues were quite ambitious, culminating in a 50-page or so #3 which used a lot of interior color work. The early issues also went into OIPA, most of them into one mailing, which I dominated. As a rule the zine carries my mailing comments and about anything else I feel like putting in. It has carried Walter Breen's mailing comments on and off for a couple years until this mailing, when I decided to put them, and those of other w-lers like Paul Williams and Gary Deindorfer, into PROXYBOO. Periodically I get ambitious with the zine; a couple of years ago I reached another culmination of ambition with #25, which was quite large and had a mimeo-ditto cover abstraction by Reiss. The issue in the latest mailing is stapled to Sandi's TURNING ON #2, which is far more ambitious and interesting than NULL-F itself.



Despite the fact that NULL-F is the most haphazardly edited of all my zines (possibly excepting the last couple VERKLARTE NACHTS), it has rated high in FAPA's egoboo polls, and I've placed in the top ten or near it quite a few times. And curiously enough, the title, one coined from desperation with every intention of scrapping it as soon as I could think of a better one, has stuck, and has even been admired. In fact, various people have stolen it for their own use from time to time.

Of my Cultzines, they are largely activity-requirement zines, especially the recent ones. During the first few cycles, climaxing around the fourth or fifth — 1958 — I made an effort to publish large, ambitious zines. There were several factors operative then: 1. I was still enthusiastic about the Cult, as were we all; it had not yet become fashionable to degrade the group, especially among the members (and as a result, a great deal more good material was put into it). 2. I had a good deal more time for fanac, and fewer and less demanding outlets for it. 3. I had a lot more cash (until I got married) for first-class postage on fat zines. (This time I planned it so it wouldn't cost more than 5¢ a copy.)

Apex, when it was formed, represented an outlet for my interests in areas of serious discussion generally not tolerated in the largely superficial pages of most fanzines (and I include the pretentiously superficial, like most of the political discussions, and all of KIPPLE), and I published a good bit there. Now it appears to have died, and Sandi has started a zine outside fandom in which I can contribute to much the same sort of discussion I'd enjoyed in Apex.

I publish MINAC, surprisingly, mostly just for fun. Actually, it shouldn't really be surprising — all of my fanac is "play", funstuff, recreation, done for the enjoyment of it. If I want obligations, chores and heavy and unrewarding responsibilities, I don't need fandom to find them. ((How goes the lawsuit, Ted?)) Fandom is for fun; for escape, in a sense, and also for simple spontaneous expression of myself. At the moment MINAC (and "FANAC") is what I feel like doing. We've set it up so that it represents as little work as possible for what it is, and I'd like to further eliminate only one area: the addressing (which is largely Les's job anyway).

So much for Why Am I A Faned.

Walter Breen: Aren't you just coming on a bit too strongly with this bit about Art Castillo not being "easily understood by people without considerable background in literature, psych & social sciences"? I think that's stretching it a bit. Castillo always struck me as a very one-sided individual totally obsessed by one aspect of the world- and social-situation, whose notions of What To Do were themselves quite confused. (Actually, in practice, they seemed to boil down to withdrawing from the world -- and reality -- and quite indicative of a rather sick outlook.) His sense of humor was as one-sided: he could devastate areas which he was concerned with and despised. But he couldn't understand the more gentle humor of the Willis sort, and was incapable of laughing or finding humor in his own ideals, goals, and enthusiasms. A very rigid sort, actually. And his infantile blasts at fans who weren't doing something World Shaking betrayed this monomania quite obviously. Brilliant he was, sure, but unbalanced, too. I think you tend to overlook these aspects of him, and to ignore the essential pointlessness of his aspirations because he represented to you an apparently concrete means to your own goal: the Hollingworth School. I am personally willing to bet that had he lived his plans would have foundered, and you'd have been as disappointed as you are now.

It figures that Va. Rike's "dearest friend and mentor" would be Betty Blank — and a more repulsive female I've yet to meet. I met her when Dave (whom I like; I've often wondered how he gets messed up with these types, but then...) came east with that Peace March. Betty was quite tall; somewhere around over six feet. And she'd apparently decided that a woman of her stature could never be dressed attractively or, indeed, appear

attractive. Accordingly, she was at all times the most slovenly girl I've ever seen. Physically, she wasn't that bad looking, since she was, by and large (disclaimer), well-proportioned. But she did a good job of ignoring the fact. And she seemed to think that life had dished her out a pretty raw mess of pottage, so she retaliated. Upon visiting our apartment she did nothing but criticize (and she was criticizing the subways before we got there), putting down everything she noticed. She wondered why anyone would waste time on such "trash" as science fiction. I said science fiction had its moments and its writers, and she challenged the statement. I cited Sturgeon, whose VENUS PLUS X was then current. She said Sturgeon was terrible. I asked if she'd read VENUS. No. Had she read MORE THAN HUMAN? No. What had she read? Well, a lot of his stuff. Any of his novels? Yes, several. DREAMING JEWELS? SOME OF YOUR BLOOD? No, no. But that was all the novels he'd written! Well, she'd read him. He wasn't any good; none of those sf writers were. End of subject.

Throughout this she was and spoke sullenly. I was glad to see her leave.

Walter, why do you consider making out with a cow (metaphorically speaking) and a mentally deranged would-be nympho to be "Cultish"? Just curious. (At least the latter of the two, Bonnie Sue, is mildly attractive; something which could not be said for Chris.) (No, no relation, I'm sure, to the Newark Chrises...)

You missed the point of my suggestion for guided buses. I'll go into this more thoroughly in reply to Scithers, but as I pointed out, in the city the buses would be

"What's wrong with Constantinople?" ---- HmVS.

totally electrical in operation (and on their own right-of-way), and thus the fumes would be much less important. And at any rate a constant-speed internal-combustion engine can be made to run far more efficiently, and the fumes much less voluminous and noxious.

George Scithers: "Scithers's Primary Theorem" has obviously never heard of several successful combinations of principles, including (to keep to relevant subjects) the diesel-electric locomotive, the trolley-bus, and several other similarly outlandish transit devices.

You're arguing by analogy here, and largely out of a distrust of the word "bus", I think. My bus would not need to open bear cans.

The concept is not entirely original with me. I found a description of the basic guided-bus concept in a mid-fifties book (English) describing the London skyway to their new airport. The guided bus, running on narrow concrete strips not much wider than the wheels, elevated over normal streets, was proposed here. Several other alternatives have been independently suggested for a train which, once out of the congested areas, can split apart into component parts and take to the public streets. During those times when the train is on private right-of-way, it is guided by a center rail, and apparently this guiding mechanism is already been made practical.

My contribution was the power idea. I postulate the bus-train being powered by electric motors at the wheels, this requiring no mechanical power-train of any sort. While on guided trackage, the electricity is provided directly from either the guide-rail, a second rail, or overhead. In any case a ground would be required for current return. Once off this trackage, a small constant-speed diesel generator would be started to provide the power.

Diesel-electric buses are not new; they were used widely in the east in the late twenties and thirties, before fluid clutches and fully automatic transmissions were introduced. The d-e's were apparently quite successful, and it seems to me that with modern technology they could be much more so. The smoothness of the electric motor is well-known, and I suspect such a bus, even without a guidance system, would find favor today.

Thing is, you're a trolley fan, a steel-wheels-on-rails fan. So am I. But modern cities which are not as self-contained as New York (not built on islands with rigid boundaries) tend to evolve and grow in a way which the fixed-rail system can't cope with -- at least not without prohibitive expense. Imagine putting trolleys or subways throughout Arlington and Fairfax counties as widespread as the WV&M bus lines!

But wouldn't it be lovely to board a bus in Falls Church, say, and ride it, as a bus, over to East Falls Church, there to join a line of buses linking up on the former Old Dominion RR right of way, and then enjoy a fast trip, interrupted perhaps by one or two stops -- one of them at the Pentagon -- smooth and silent all the way into the heart of DC? In DC of course, you'd be underground, in a subway comparable in speed and silence to the rubber-tired Metros in Paris.

Me, if I still lived there, I'd buy that.

Ruth Plumly Thompson's OZ books may be "as good as" the Baum books -- Lin Carter contends they're better -- but they're different. This fact was brought out to me when I was reading my OZ books to my four-year-old, Kim. She greatly enjoyed WIZARD OF OZ, LAND OF OZ, and OZMA OF OZ, but when I tried to read her THE SILVER PRINCESS OF OZ, she lost interest. The vocabularies are quite different. Thompson is writing for a much older group. She is constantly making plays on words, and usually these words have a minimum of three syllables. I think she tries far too hard for cleverness, and gives her books a brittle feeling. There's something far more comfortably real about Baum's -- like an old easy chair broken in just right. He never rushed things; his humor (and he made puns too) was more gentle, and somehow one felt his Oz was a real (if very strange) land. Surprises lurked in many corners, but much of the countryside was fairly ordinary. Thompson's Oz seems to be a constantly shifting number of stage-sets, all very ingenious but quite two-dimensional. I think she was much less consistent, too.

Fred Patten: Subways were new to me when I came to NYC too, and I still haven't lost my fascination for them four years later. I spent much of the fall of 1959 exploring the system, riding in the front cars and peering out at the tracks, while occasionally consulting my Hagstrom map (50¢, and not stylized out of proportion as the city maps are). I've ridden all the system more than once, now. Just recently I began re-exploring areas I'd not ridden in three years with Calvin Demmon. There are changes, some of them disheartening, others fascinating.

From what I've read about monorails (three books, two of them in favor of the monorails, but realistic about the problems), I've lost a lot of my former enthusiasm for them. They don't seem nearly as practical as I'd thought they were, and a number of special problems, such as switches, could cause a lot of trouble. (Switches may sound unimportant, but when running fast trains during rush hour, on headways of 90 seconds or less -- as is done in the subways -- you need switches which can click over in a lot less time than the huge things monorails need have thus far been able to attain. Most existing lines are carefully built to avoid switches wherever possible, too; a rather easy feat, since the extant monorails are quite limited.) Monorails don't seem to have proven themselves for heavy day-in-day-out traffic. Possibly the LA Transit Board is as bothered by this as a number of experts in the field seem to be. Other alternatives for rapid-transit seem to be opening up. (And my idea is among them.)

Phil thinks Mike provides "a refreshing change". Well, yeah... -- 1

11/7

To Whom It May Concern:

McQuown: This has nothing to do with your FR, but it's been bugging me lately: how the hell do you pronounce your name?

You, sir, provide a refreshing change from the usual run-of-the-bucket type Cultist. I don't know what it is, unless you seem to have a



Phil prefers sandy trolleys to buses --- 2

more realistic look at the world, at least what you discuss. The trouble with people like Boardman is that they have this ideology which is The Answer. They forget that the population consists of people. Their logic contains the illogical assumption that people react to external stimuli in a simple, predictable way. And when occasionally they run into someone who acts, rather than reacting....

Actually I wasn't thinking so much of asking you to send Charlene's address or measurements -- send Charlene!

White: Don't know how practical your ADEBT idea is, but Pittsburgh is one place where buses of any kind are not the answer. Over the years, trolley cars have proven themselves to be the most reliable on the snowy and icy hills in the winter. The sand which they carry year-round to provide traction to stop is quite sufficient. Even with tire chains, buses can't safely make it up and down the hills when the streetcars just make like Ol' Man River. Course, the trolleys are nevertheless on the way out; since about 1950 over half the streetcar lines in Pgh have been replaced by bus lines.

Lerner: Christ, you're not another Boardman, are you?? No, I guess that's not possible. I hope.

Scithers: You find Dian luscious in person? Whoops, I'm not going to fall into that trap again! Wrai Ballard called her "delicious" in SAPS, and in trying to comment on that I decided to be more careful about my final drafts of anything.

Eklund: I used to be on guard all the time about talking to people, too, at least when talking about myself. Otherwise I was pretty much of a blabbermouth. Not that I was as much a gossip as certain other fans I could (but won't) name, but often I just wouldn't think of how much I was blabbing might have been meant as DNQ. Lately, however, something has caused the reverse situation to prevail. I haven't yet gotten to the point of broadcasting the details of, eg, my sex-life, but I have surprised myself at how much I do tell about myself. Likewise, I'm good at keeping DNQ's NQed -- which is good, since lately I've been hearing all sorts of things that would turn FTLaney thirteen shades of green. Fortunately, I've forgotten a lot of it, since not being able to tell anyone anything gives me no occasion to think about such things. I only hope that my ~~spies~~ informants are as cautious in choosing others to blab to.

The
Cult "hasn't been at its best for quite some time now"?? Makes me think of Pelz' remark, "Well, the Cult is back to sub-normal again." Which reminds me that Bob Bloch made a remark recently which sounded like he was talking about Tapscott -- "an incestuous, ingroup, cultish thing".

Tapscott OA: If you ever see this (I have a hell of a time getting my letters printed! Wish Grishnakh House weren't ten miles and two buses away!) I'd appreciate a ruling on the situation I now find myself in, but which this letter is extricating me from: I wrote to White, but he claims he got the letter after his deadline. So he claims I must write to Patten. Couldn't that letter count toward Fred's FR? Has this question ever come up before? Aren't you glad I wrote this letter so that the more vociferous portion of LA fandom wouldn't climb all over you (DISCLAIMER!) for the umpteenth (yeah, and how do you say that in Esperanto, Ed???) time? Don't all of you wish I could type two sentences in a row without interrupting myself two or three times?

Breen: I think I owe you some answers to some questions you asked me. I may have answered some of them in letters that never got printed, but in any case I've forgotten them all. And I lent a bunch of recent Cultzines to Harness. And right now I just can't spare the time -- I'll send you a copy of my upcoming W'APazine, The Book of the Dead, if you really are interested -- or are you in W'APA -- I understand there are nearly 50 in it, but I haven't the smoggiest who all they are.

Are you making up some of those f/r titles, or is the Cult getting wise to my bribing certain FR editors to list me on the Active roster in an attempt to try the Big Lie technique, like our beloved OA gets away with? I guess you have to be a natural born tyrant like Tapscott or Pelz to succeed at that sort of thing. But I thought that AWLers (and I am one of them kind) were entitled to f/rs, too. (What do you mean, Scotty, "Read the constitution!"? -- I've decided to go all the way and doubt your validity along with your ersatz constitution. I saw Ron Parker a couple of months ago and he reminded me of Believism, a religion or something he started -- you know, sort of an anyone-for-solipsism? kind of thing. So I practiced up on him, and now no one can find him any more. You're next, Bang-Bang!)

On the race problem, McQuown sounded pretty sensible to me, Walt. You seem to forget that 1) external force (and the kind of laws/Supreme Court decisions we've been getting have pretty largely constituted force) has somewhat less than a tendency to resolve problems which are basically emotional in nature; 2) the aforementioned legalities have not exactly been designed with the soothing of all tempers in mind; 3) the Tapscottlike assumption by both the Supreme Court and the Chief Executive of extra-Constitutional powers in largely misguided attempts to deal with the problem compounds the confusion by clouding the issue with another dollop of murky peanut butter.

Look, Walter; as long as this country is populated by people, any solution is going to have to recognize this fact -- something the liberal Establishment in this country refuses to do. No law, no Supreme Court fiat, no Presidential invasion of a state is going to change the mind of a single Redneck; they'll either resist in

force, yield to the strategy of demagogues, or sink into a less-than-total apathy. In the last case, any easing of the pressure will result in an explosion -- study up on the conditions during and prior to revolutions if you don't believe that.

The more intelligent of the intransigents will merely resort to additional rationalizations of their bigotry; this is where the demagogues will come from -- well, not all; there are opportunists, too, of course.

Please note I merely mentioned revolution -- well, call it insurrection or whatever -- to cover all possibilities.

The answer is of necessity going to involve at least temporary compromise. Steady, if too slow, progress has been made for many years. Lately, the rate of progress has been increasing. Unfortunately, the segregationists do not have a monopoly on demagoguery. Not even on fanaticism.

There are hot tempers on both sides. Lately, with reason on both sides, at least on occasion. But the Rednecks (or whatever their Florida counterparts are called) and demagogues are not basic to the problem! No real, lasting solution to the race problem will be found until the largest part of the Negro population can be relieved of their collective apathy. In fact, this is the real problem.

The lack of understanding by the white of the black is caused by the fact that most Negroes are different from most Caucasians -- not physically, but mentally, and for Chrissakes don't stop reading here! The Negro is the victim of an emotional problem. Everyone knows the cause of the problem, but few realize what it is or even that it exists! These people, for the most part, simply cannot conceive of being the type of person that any of us is. They cannot understand us, not having any real knowledge of why we act as we do. They exist in ghettos. They have their ways and we have ours. "...And never the twain shall meet" seems to sum up the situation as of 1963 as well as any other phrase.

Sure, integration would solve the problem. It will solve the problem. But you can't destroy a culture, a social milieu (I can't think of the word I want now) by force without violence. And you can't destroy it without force with any sort of celerity.

I work with these people. I see the wasted lives. I see a basically intelligent man who could be a useful member of society, an important person in the community -- yes, and a good fan, even -- I see him going thru the motions of wiping down cars, waiting only for quitting time so he can get a "sho't dog" -- a 42¢ bottle of Sneaky Pete. I hear him in the morning asking me for "a good one" that he can laugh at, to give him something to think of that doesn't remind him of the hell he drinks to try to alleviate. It is not possible to convince him that he can rise out of the miasma of despair and apathy into which he has sunk -- he's lived with it too long, and is constantly reconvinced of his own opinion by his environment. NO LAW CAN CORRECT THIS SITUATION. THIS MAN'S CASE IS HOPELESS.

You can legislate from now to doomsday but you can't thereby give this man back his self-respect. This generation is beyond help. You can, however, pass laws which rile tempers and contribute to ill-feeling -- this causes the violence we see today. Thus the lack of understanding deepens, the problem worsens.

What can be done?? What is being done. All over the country progress is being made. It continues, tho it never gets into the newspapers. Sure, it's slow. Too damn slow. But the only real progress that can be made will be, and is, made with the help of people who realize that tho a man be of another race, he's still a man. Your bureaucrats, your lobbyists who are in large part responsible for much of federal legislation, your liberal politicians for the most part and conservatives in too great part don't consider people as people. Some regard people as votes; some as economic units; some as foils for their own ambitions; some as numbers in an IBM card system.

When these people are understood by those with the ability to help them, when they are understood, at least to the point of being accepted like other minorities such as the disabled, or sf fans, or police (to name a few highly disparate examples, none more analogous than any other), then the problem will have ceased to exist.

In the first place, the magnitude of the problem makes it analogous to Prohibition in one respect -- there are so many people who are either actually and actively engaged in racial discrimination, as well as bigoted (and the latter are not included in the former mostly because they don't have the opportunity to do anything actively) that even if it were possible to legislate against discrimination it would not be possible to effectively enforce such laws.

Secondly, discrimination is, in itself, merely a moral wrong. The affront to the rights of Negroes (in a few areas, of other minorities, such as Jews) is a result of the extent of such practice, but the practice is maintained on an individual basis -- there is no nation-wide conspiracy of importance -- and so Congress is attempting to pass (or not to pass) a law which would legislate morals. This is in violation of the First Amendment as that article is now construed by the Supreme Court. (Tho they could, I am sure, revise their understanding of the First Amendment if such a law were passed and attacked on these grounds.)

As a firm believer in Private Enterprise second only to Ayn Rand, it grieves me to admit that under a system in which the government operated businesses in which discrimination were practiced, it would be morally obligatory for the government to do all it could to discourage such practices; but in a free enterprise system, the owners and managers of business establishments should be guided by their own morality. Government legislation of morality is not only morally indefensible, but is the beginning of an erosion of liberties of all men. Hugh Hefner points out, in a recent installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" that in ancient Rome a law was passed prohibiting obscenity. Then obscenity was redefined to include criticism of the emperor. In this day and age, such actions would take place more slowly and subtly, but we see the beginnings of them today. Facts which might prove embarrassing to the Administration are labeled "Top Secret"; the Diem administration in South Viet Nam proved too antiCommunist to fit our foreign policy, so it was smeared with a completely phony accusation of religious persecution to justify a Hitler-like betrayal; you could find dozens of examples if you really wanted to.

You'll sooner legislate narcotics addiction out of existence than do so with discrimination.

Scithers: Pittsburgh has commuter trains yet, but the railroads keep petitioning the PUC to let them drop them. Streetcars are the answer in Pittsburgh, but Pgh Rwy's keeps on replacing them with buses. And the interurban routes (if they're still running) were cut off at the county line because all the local bus companies are to be taken over by the County Port Authority. Progress, it's wonderful.

Osten & Jacobs: Perhaps the alkaloids in question engage in a catalytic reaction in the body. This way they can effect chemical changes, yet be eliminated by the physical processes of osmosis or whatever it is that gets waste products from the blood to the bladder. In the old nitrogen method of producing sulfuric acid, NO and NO₂ are introduced, take part in a complicated reaction which results in the formation of unstable compounds which break down into (among other things) NO and NO₂, and are then returned to active duty, as it were. The only loss is due to the fact that the two compounds are gases and it's impossible to prevent loss from their dissolving in other substances present. No doubt some alkaloids do not fall into the class under discussion merely because they're too soluble.

Cult: Save a place for me in the bucket. And another on the AWL. I think what the Cult really needs is a revolving door on the side of the bucket.

I can't think of a more appropriate closing than "Go to hell!"

Arnie Katz bows in with a formal essay. Think we're a literary group, Arnie? -- 1

PATRIOTISM IN MY HIGH SCHOOL - by Arnold Katz

Great Neck is a prime example of upper class America. The standard of living is so high there, that New Hyde Park residents sometimes feel underprivileged in comparison. South Senior High School draws its student body of 1400 from both communities. The school itself is a virtually new split level affair surrounded by acres and acres of fields and woodlands. Into this idyllic setting has come patriotism.

Until this year our school was just like any other. At assemblies, we said The Pledge of Allegiance, and if our principal was feeling American we sang The Star-Spangled Banner. Our school system has had a change of heart, however. To inculcate us with patriotism, a rule was passed which said that The Pledge of Allegiance had to be said at the start of each day in every homeroom.

The first day, the class rose with reverence from their seats and said the Pledge with solemnity and feeling. Our homeroom teacher, who hadn't said the Pledge in so long that he forgot "Under God", was dissatisfied. He said that we should say it faster. We did.

Every day, he says, "Stand". Everyone moans and rises to a posture that man supposedly evolved away from thousands of years ago. Each student listlessly throws his or her hand to the general vicinity of the heart and intones as follows:

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands on a nation under God indivisible with liberty and justice for all." As soon as the last syllable is spoken everyone plops back into his or her seat and continues doing important things like gossiping about the football team.

Ah, instant patriotism! Ah, the majestic ceremony of the Salute to the Flag! As long as we have such Patriotism, America will be secure in the knowledge that its people can say The Pledge of Allegiance in 1.2 seconds.

Anyone for instant religion?

Norm reports on mysterious experiments in Palmer's basement -- 1

15 Nov 63

Dear Fred,

Good Intentions, §8.5, FR 133 - Girard

Breen: Palmer & Graham repeated the Michelson-Morley experiment in a basement instead of using the grounds of Case Institute of Technology and later the Mt. Wilson--Mt. San Antonio baseline. It was Palmer's basement as I recall. Graham either wrote it up for FAPA or mentioned it there sometime during his tenure there. I think Graham also mentioned it in Amazing. It did receive some attention, people are still laughing about it. In digging through A Sense of FAPA I've found part of the discussion it generated, starting on page 283. (This was Rothman trying to straighten out Graham's apparent misconceptions.) You ought to read that discussion of the scientific method. It's most illuminating.

Girard: If you think Rike should take up writing on the heads of pins you've the wrong tense. Rike didn't mention the job that keeps him so busy but it's inscribing the Communist manifesto onto pin heads.

Norm mellows after no longer having to worry about being shot -- 2

Fitch: Why take over the National APA? It's a far, far better thing to do something for FAPA. (FAPA doesn't need improvement as much as the National APA but it seems to be largely resting on its laurels these days.)

Ah, the learning process can well be stimulated by egregious errors. Doing the research to establish the veracity of the work is a large part of the fun of reading an imperfect work. And often the works encountered in research are more interesting than the work which triggered the research.

Pelz and I were standing around at the Little Men's Halloween costume party laughing at Apex's sillier manifestations when we remembered that Don Fitch said we were rivals concerning knowledge of Apex. Pelz drew his sword and rather easily got the best of me. It was such a mortal wound that I fear I won't live much past the age of 100.

Marcab - Owen Hannifen

Benford: I couldn't stand living in that hamlet either which is why I'm back in Berkeley. Actually it wasn't too bad in itself, except for the enforced contact with people I'd rather not associate with. By one of the prime ironies of my life the most obnoxious person there does now live across the street. But he's changed considerably -- passing from extended adolescence into young adulthood and being married (possibly these are inter-related) have made him much more tolerable. Or perhaps not having to worry about whether or not he'd have a nightmare and shoot us with his .38 Police Special has mellowed me. (We locked the gun in the trunk of a car after he fired it indoors.)

Grand Guignol #1 - Mike McQuown

Lerner: What is the Kipling Society? If they publish a magazine how does one go about obtaining it?

Verklarte Nacht #12 ((sic)), FR 136 - White

Scithers: I think the story you're looking for is by Cartmill. Try re-reading "Guardian" in the Feb 43 Unknown. It's bylined "Michael Corbin" which may explain why you might have missed it while searching.

I wonder if Unknown has had a higher percentage of its stories reprinted than any other sf magazine? When Walt Cole's anthology index appears it will be a help in making such a determination.

I haven't read any Oz books besides those of Baum so I can't give you my opinion of Thompson's ability vs. Baum's.

It's time to knock off writing Cult comments and get back to reading Eric Ambler's one and only sf novel. I've just begun it so I'm wondering if he can handle sf as well as he's handled his thrillers. (It's also a thriller so that's one point in his favor.)

Tom expects a big FR. Satisfied? -- 1

20 . XI . 1963

Dear FR-ed,

This should be quite an issue, just counting the number of 'must write's listed in FR136. For that matter, I wrote to McQuown apart from my f/r credit to 135 but that

seems to have gone the way of all combustibles. Only thing I can remember from that is a comment in re the gender of 'succubus' which came up a while back. Tried checking with Cassell's Latin-English dictionary but it wasn't in there. Tracked it down in the (much-maligned) Webster's 3rd International which defines it as a demon (male) taking on female form with the intent of seducing some saint(?) into the sin of lust. The word is derived, however, from an older Latin word ('succubus' is Church-Latin) 'succuba' = 'prostitute'. I don't believe it would be grammatically impossible in Latin, on the other hand, to have a feminine 2nd declension noun (ie, ending in 'us') -- after all, the first declension 'agricola' (= 'farmer') is masculine. Speaking of derivations, the word 'kteic' (which is the fem. counterpart to masc. 'phallic'; eg, 'a kteic symbol' might be a bagel) is apparently derived from a Greek word for a comb. Anyone have any idea by what chain a comb would become the paradigm for a feminine symbol? After all, it's the rooster, not the hen, that has the comb. Another interesting chain is that from Lat. 'nescire' (= 'to be ignorant') to the modern Eng. 'nice'. Along the way a 'nice girl' once (c. 1606) would have been wanton and lascivious. Which reminds me of a song:

Violate me in the violet time in the vilest way that you know.
Ruin me, ravage me/Treat me quite savagely/On me no mercy bestow.
I'm not like some girls/To love I'm oblivious/
I like a man who is lewd and lascivious/
Violate me ...

Anyone know any more verses? This was first sung to me by a young fairy of my erstwhile acquaintance.

Breen: You beat me to recommending 'Bach's Greatest Hits' to the Cult -- I came across it recently while visiting a math. prof. (U.) whose 16-yr.-old daughter had just been given it by her boyfriend. To add to the coincidence, the latest Record Hunter catalog just came in and lists it (\$3.19 mono, \$3.79 stereo) with the remarks: "Bach for the Adventurous The chorale-prelude Wachet auf and a dozen other gems in a unique jazz vocal treatment by the Swingle Singers. Every note as Bach wrote it, vocalized with bass and drums...not for laughs...refreshing and exciting, musicality on an exalted level". While recommending things -- 'Catch as Catch Can' on Experiences Anonymes.

Osten: Would you expect any 'educative Process' to encourage individualism and assertiveness? Hell! Processes produce products (like packaged bread and processed cheese). The advantage is that one can process the cut ends and remnants of left-over cheese and doctor this mess up so The Public will pay money for it. So, too, one can 'process' the prospective 'wage-slaves' and 'cannon-fodder', the 'hewers of wood and drawers of water', the (God help us) Consumers, the amorphous doughy mass of flesh-lumps thrust annually into the bottom end of the System (to be squeezed like tooth-paste up through 8th grade, high (sic!) school, college). To continue the dough-metaphor, occasionally a good teacher will act like yeast to leaven that portion of the mass with which he comes in contact but (alas!) there just aren't enough of them. And then there is always (lucky, lucky, lucky!) a few, who can, somehow, generate their own individuality. Read, also, the article by EZFriedenberg in the latest Commentary, 'The Modern High School, A Profile'.

I had intended to say something here about the sermon I delivered this past Sunday at the Edmunds Unitarian Fellowship (a return by request after speaking there once before last Spring) under the title, 'Experiment and Encounter' -- on a parallel between the role of 'myth' in religion and that of 'inferred constructs' in scientific theory. No time now.

"A week from now, Austria-Hungary will be known as Austro-Hungarian
fudge!"

--- famous last words of HMvS
(next week)

"Austria-Hungary and I are going to turn Italy into Peanut Brittle-y!"

--- more flw of HMvS

Nov. 14 or so.

Fred:

Herewith a brief (he chortled) Cletter.

Official Business: And maybe you think I'm not getting a little tired of typing that phrase. I believe it was Breen who lately said something pompous like "...in a limited game such as the Cult, virtually all contingencies are already covered by the constitution, hence there is very little need for decisions on the part of a ruling official..." Shit.

Of course, We All Know that the roster in FR 135 is fu-bar. McQuown didn't bother to reveal his CoA's to anybody, so (evidently) didn't receive either Fitch's Ffractional, or Oaf/r 134.99. Poor Mike; everything he undertakes turns to metabolic residue. Which goes to show, I guess, that the forces of Good do prevail in the cosmos.

FR 135 is illegal as hell. If I followed my inclinations, I'd say that McQuown is Out because of it. But if I did, I wouldn't be sure whether it was because of the illegality, or because of the fact that I consider McQuown to be a horse's ass. So I won't say that. Instead, McQuown has until Bruce's pubdate (23 Dec.) to make it legal. Or to get it done for him, if anyone wishes to volunteer. It'll be legal if, on or before December 23, copies of it are in the hands of Fitch, Eklund, Choate, Baker, and Shar (Lanctot can be forgotten). Otherwise, the Cult is rid of another fugghead.

White's roster is accurate except for a few minor items. Scithers is henceforth to be listed as an Associate Member. His new adds. act to my records: USA R&D Group, APO 757, New York NY. Once again, I encourage people to air-mail Cultstuff to him. The inclusion of Hannifen's name is a mistake; it should be deleted. Also, Castora should be credited with having written to FR 136. I have a carbon of his letter around here somewhere. It'll be forwarded if I can find it.

Evidently, the only vote in favor of reinstating Harness was Patten's. That's six too few, so Jxtn stays cut.



Many many weeks ago I received a letter from some lad named Truzzi, the gist of which was "Boardman has told me I should join your cult, but he didn't tell me anything about what it was. Could you please send me some information?" Some time since then I wrote a letter about the matter, but I can't recall when or to whom. Possibly it was one of the many unpubbed letters I wrote to McQuown. Anyhow, the following is especially for the eyeballs of J. Boardman esq: if you're going to recruit your friends to the Cult, goddammit YOU explain to them what it's all about. Be it known that I categorically refuse to entertain any applications of like nature.

Verklarte Nacht 12, FR 136:

BREEN: The aitch in 'yhoa' is initial for "hated", a SoCalism of yestercycle. I presume you'll immediately recognize its appropriateness.

SCITHERS: You deserve world-wide acclaim for pointing out the self-evidence of the Scithers Primary Axiom (you incorrectly refer to it as a 'theorem'). It brings to mind a Sellers flick I saw recently, one of the central characters of which was a product called "Tranquilax", advertised therein as "...a sedative, a stimulant, & a laxative", and regarded as a universal panacea. My thought at the time was, "How if you followed it with a Kaopectate chaser..."

It seems to me, incidentally, that the inverse of Your Axiom is also true; namely that the fewer jobs a thing is designed to perform, the more things it will do well. As a few examples, I'd cite: the vise-grip wrench, the Model A Ford, the Mason jar and the single-edge razor blade.

Grand Guignol #1, FR (it sez here) 135:

McQuown: You are indeed a twisted and simple-minded little person. Your refusal to argue in favor of your views, your insistence that the only thing you will do is repeat them and repeat them and repeat them "for the benefit of those interested in the Southern viewpoint", and your ad hominem justifications manifest your personality much better than the descriptive diatribes of anyone else could. OK charlie, you won't argue. That makes refutation all the simpler. Let's start by taking apart a few of the platitudes you seem to regard as deep insights.

1: "The government cannot legislate morality." I've heard this mouthed about time and again, and so help me I've never been able to figure out what it's supposed to mean. If it means that one cannot, by an act of the legislature, immediately create a nation of decent, ethical people, along the line of (say) the Aristotelian ideal, the obvious reply is: nobody ever thought that we could. But if it means that the government can't make it illegal to do the wrong thing, and then enforce the law, it's plainly false. The government can't make you like negroes; but that's irrelevant. On the other hand, the government can goddam well force you to treat negroes in a certain way. In the sense that if you don't treat them as prescribed, you go to prison.

Sure, there can be violations, just as there were violations of the Volstead Act, and just as there are violations of every section of every criminal code going on all the time. No law is violation-proof. All a law can do is prescribe a penalty for violations. On the other hand, there is a vast difference between Prohibition and legislation to outlaw racial discrimination. In the first place, Prohibition had almost no popular support. It's only supporters apart from the bootlegging circuit were a minute handful of WCTUers. But anti-discrimination laws are a horse of a Different Color. They have tremendous popular support notably among the negro population of the south, as well as among a considerable segment of the non-negro non-southern population.

In the second place, the moral iniquitousness of spirituous liquors is highly dubious at best, whereas the wrongness of depriving citizens of their rights solely on the basis of their racial

heritage is manifest. I notice that not even you care to say that racial bigotry is a symptom of moral rectitude.

2. "Prejudice has existed in the South for a Hundred Years, and you can't get rid of it overnight." Prejudice has existed in the South for a hell of a lot longer than a hundred years, son. Also in the North. But, negroes are to the point where they don't really care whether prejudice is gotten rid of or not. They aren't interested in "being loved"; they already know how to do that. Just play Uncle Tom for the fugging ofays; and they'll love you up a storm. No, what the negro wants is rights, and if the whites don't like it, that's tough luck. Everybody knows that you can't change the attitude of the South. That's been amply demonstrated. But you sure as hell can change their practices, and that's just what's at issue.

3: "The only answer is time -- time and education." Sure, how much time would you like? A thousand years or so? It took the RC church two thousand years to recognize that Jews are human beings. Maybe you'd like to take until 3865 or so for Mississippi to recognize that negroes are people? "Education" is right -- but on both sides. A lot of negroes are shy of academic education, but a lot more whites are shy of moral education.

4: "The negro has to make himself acceptable to white standards." What for? In order to be sincerely accepted by the Southern whites as a social equal? No doubt about that. But why should he have to make himself acceptable to white standards in order to be able to sit in the front of the bus, or in order to be able to pee in the same urinal as a white man? Also, what would count as "making himself acceptable"? Changing his color? Are there no negro doctors, lawyers, merchants, teachers, service-station attendants, bookkeepers, mailmen, or grocery clerks in the South? If whites in these positions are acceptable, why not negroes? Bah.

Lerner: You seem to be fairly intelligent. Why are you a Kipling fan? Or are we thinking of the same Kipling?

Eklund: I second your remark on Breen's Inability To Staple. Ironically, he's the same (Fandom's Own) Walter Breen who once bellyached at Raeburn about "using teeny weeny staples that fall out when you're half through the zine". With all of his pretensions to being a BNF, I find it incredible that he's never gotten around to spending \$2.50 for a good Bostitch.

And by the way Gordon sweets, the OA didn't "start throwing people out". The OA can't throw anybody out unless they screw up. ((With the OA defining screwing up.)) And then it isn't a case of throwing, it's a case of enforcing.

So that's why you told me you were leaving for the Air Farce on the 15th when etc. I'd noticed that the onset of puberty was making you pretty Snotty; but I didn't realize it had also led you into the paths of Untruth.

- - - - -
"This is insane!" --- HmVS.
- - - - -

There are several other FR's and f/r's here to comment on, but time presseth so I'll save it for another day.

Enclosed are a couple of letters of application to the IWL. In spite of Katz's assurance (("No censorship problems at my pad")), it might be a good bet to Breenmark him for a while.

I believe that Alan J. Lewis fits the description "obviously well-known fan", so unless somebody protests he goes on the IWL without having to meet the letter requirement.

For the record, Alan J.'s note. So we've Scithers to blame --- 1

12 Nov 1963

Scotty:

I'm not too sure just how it happened, but I called up George Scithers tonite to say goodby, and he talked me into trying to rejoin the Cult.

So please put me back on the WL.

My current address is: Alan J. Lewis, 490 E 74st apt 3B, NY 21, NY.

After December 15 it will change to: Al Lewis, 430 E 70st apt 18, NY 21, NY.

Owen's active enough once he's dropped -- 1

Dear Fred & Cult:

First, let me apologise for not writing sooner and trying to get the latest Tapscott Ukase cleared up, but when Scott went, apparently, from Extremely Stringent but Constitutional OAing to using (or misusing) his office for what can only be a personal grudge and not at all in keeping with his self-righteous answers to my request (in LURGY) as to how he would rule in certain cases, well I just had had a bit too much and have just recently gotten around to realizing that Tapscott is not the Cult and that I still have an interest in Cultish doings.

But let's get specific. During the recent foul-up in pubdates (from which the Cult is just now recovering) I lost track of just when it was time for me to write-or die. What with a move to larger quarters (with a concurrent packing away of all kipple ~~eyes~~, Scott, Cultzines too) and a ~~4~~5 week hiatus in Official Cult Publications, I feel that this was understandable. Fool-hardy, as it turned out, but understandable. Well, as you all know, Scott struck and kicked me out of the Cult on a technicality - well, OK, I suppose I should have kept track of pubdates, but face it, I HAD lost a lot in interest in constitutional wrangling. I accepted the fact that I was O*U*T with resignation, and said to myself with my mind "So, now to the bottom of the waitlist, where, if all goes as usual, it'll take you a year to get back in. And by that time, your interest in the Cult will be back to the old 3-page letter level." So I thot.

Then comes the blow. Not satisfied with having me out of his hair for the remainder of his term, Scott perverts one of his old rulings to try to even keep me off the IWL for a year, f'r God's sake! In Eklund's FR, Scott made an OAfficial ruling that "Any member who drops out of, or is dropped from the Cult to avoid publishing will not be allowed back on the IWL for a full cycle from the time of his dropping. Upon publishing a f/r of no less than 15 pages, this ruling may be waived and the recalcitrant member will then be admitted to the IWL" the quasi-quotes due to the fact that I'm typing this at Tara Hall and haven't my file of FRs handy. However, I think I've quoted the pertinent parts well enough. Now, this ruling was, as I remember, specifically designed to stop BLOB from trying to drop out just before his pubdate, thus getting out of his obligation and enjoying the privileges of membership for free. Well, BLOB was the one who was threatening this at the time, so actually it was a general safeguard-and a good one. BUT it did not-repeat, NOT-apply to a member who was dropped just for not writing. I suppose that Scott will change the ruling now, and make it Ex Post Facto so's he can keep me out. Or he has already. But remember this-if he is allowed to set this precedent, he will then have the power to keep any other member out for a full cycle, if the member is 1) forgetful enuff to not write-or just wants a rest for a while; and 2) at present Having Words with Tapscott-like I was. So, if Scott gets tired of the usual Cultish baiting he will then have the

Hannifen's "Hate Tapscott" campaign swings into full stride -- 2

power to PURGE the baiter. Think about this, Bruce, Mike, Fred, George, Ted, and Walter -especially you, Walter, if you still remember HATE and The Ballad Of Walter Dreen. In fact, think about this, all of you and then see if you want Scott to have this power. I frankly believe that good sense will prevail and you will overrule Tapscott in this matter and allow me to remain at the spot in the IWL I now occupy and have, indeed, occupied for two successive FRs. Is that a faint cry of "Fiat accompli" I hear in the background? To quote one of the other IWLers, "Geez, I hope so!".

To sum up: I hereby petition the membership of the Cult to overrule OA Tapscott's decision to keep me off the IWL for a full cycle, and to in fact allow me to keep the spot on the IWL I now hold.

I await your decision.

Dick suggests we ask the Turkish embassy about dogcatchers -- 1

22 November 1963

Dear Fred,

Kindly note that last Monday -- in your hands by this time -- I posted off a F/Rac-tional from George Scithers, representing the 15-or-more page f/r that he had to publish in the cycle to retain his place as an Associate Member during the 39 weeks beginning on 16 November.

In case you didn't recognize it, it was an issue of AMIRA; V2://27 -- the one with the blue cover showing a band of raggedy folk making their way through a deserted city. This is probably the most widely circulated f/r in Cult history. Probably the most widely circulated ever, unless tew sneaks an f/r number into an issue of F&SF when nobody's looking.

I don't claim any credit for the pages I put in, lest some kat with a tabulator mind think of that point.

METCALF: The point is that Islam does not dignify dogs and has people told off to watch 'em and keep them out of mosques. The pagan Greeks did the same; I believe, though I can't swear to it, that the Byzantines did the same for their churches. This was the point of my selecting dogcatchers as a possible office continuously occupied since Alexander's time. Another is application of the spoils system; higher officials might expect to be ousted even if their offices were kept operative, but who'd want to replace a dog catcher? I tell you what; next time we're by the Turkish embassy why the hell don't we ask somebody? Maybe the data is already available, if only we knew.

GIRARD: Honest opinions on how we impress you might be interesting, if the prospect is terrifying, but aren't honest opinions horribly unCultish? But if we really are bugging you with this Sex Queen of the Cult gag, please accept apologies for any annoyance from this direction. You are rather good-looking, after all, as well as witty.

HANNIFEN: My remarks about your misuse of the term "Pavlovian conditioning" were not "gratuitously nasty"; you asked for them. The idea of establishing which of us is right by matching the number of hours' study we've had is a novelty -- frank appeal to authority is a form of shamelessness the Cult doesn't go in for much. Well, by chance I also had 18 hours of behavioral sciences while an undergraduate...and that wasn't my minor. (It wasn't even runner-up.) I guess this means we'll never be able to decide which of us is right. That's about par for arguments in the Cult, of course.

Eney proposes he and White form a club. Who gets to use it first? -- 2

EKLUND: Hey, maybe you can settle the problem. Have the Air Force people taught you to drool on command yet? Or are they training you to do your MOS job by utilizing your reflex twitches rather than thinking about it?

WHITE: So you too got rescued from a drop ("Old Cult joke...") by having sent a carbon to the OA. Let's form a club.

McQUINN: Your argument for segregation manages to be defective on all three counts. (1) That the Government cannot legislate morality: it can support moral stands which are otherwise repressed by violence. (2) That prejudice can't be altered by Federal action: prejudice is learned from watching examples, not by occult superior-race instincts. Federal action can suppress those examples, and alter prejudice by giving people less chances to learn it. (3) That time is the only answer: an answer we must have and a hundred years have shown that time just isn't it. ** I suppose I ought to suggest a general solution myself, just for the record. Without prescribing for specific cases, I think about the coolest ploy we could work -- limiting it to a single move of the broadest application -- would be to make any discrimination on overt grounds of racism a disturbance of the peace. Grounds sufficiently subtle to amount to covert racism could be dealt with by the techniques the negroes already have for applying pressure to individual cases. Of course, the idea has the same old failing: where it would be needed, the civil authority cannot be trusted either to prosecute or to try fairly.

FRED LERNER: A Diplomacist, exegete of Kipling, Irregular, Tolkien fan...good lord, if John Boardman touts you onto the Hyborian Legion, you'll be as complete a fan as any of us.

BREEN: Aw, c'mon, Walter; how common are educated (with MS or above) fundamentalists? No fair exclaiming "very". Bet you a pepsi they're not common enough to make statistical statements about. ** The point of the story about the Busby's breakup being due to Buz chasing Dian Girard is that Dian was not there to be pursued, as should have been common knowledge; thus the whole yarn was nonsense.

FITCH: Remember, Pavlat's Fanzine Index was coming out contemporary wit' Cy2, so fanzine-bibliographical data included by me would have been duplication. Maybe we can imagine a HyperFanCyclopedia with a Fancyclopedia, Pavlat's Index brought up to date, and the appropriate issue of Broyles' Who's Who all bound together. The rapidity with which it would date croggles me, but you can imagine it if you want to.

"If we sent these moves to Calhammer, he wouldn't believe them!" --- HfvS.

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Mike admits he Comes On Too Hard -- 1.

(NV 23 postmark)

Dear Fred,

I should have answered your remarks in previous FR's a long time ago, but I didn't. You gave me an out of sorts, and I appreciate it.

I wish I could get to meet fen under more personal and individual circumstances, because then they might not find me such a terrible person. I have a tendency to talk too much, and to try too hard to make friends. I've tried to combat the tendency, but this usually tends to make me more self-conscious and even worse. I was under a great deal of pressure from other, highly emotional sources at the time, which added considerably to the problem.

I do have friends in fandom; Don Ford, Betty Kujawa, Bob Bloch, the Vicks, and others who know me better than LASFS does or ever will.

Some people in LA didn't help matters, either, as is beginning to be apparent; they acted with preconception and prejudice. LA is interesting in that it contains some of the best and worst of fandom under a single roof. I know what many outside the area think of most of the inhabitants, and not a lot of it is good.

LA has the burden of a big reputation, built by many who are no longer there, and people who do it no good whatsoever. It was hard to believe this was the same LA that turned out 'the Genie,' and 'the Mesquite Kid Rides Again;' the same LASFS that Rich Brown described to me in such glowing terms. Perhaps some of my rather bad behaviour was due to disappointment; I had expected too much.

I regret that I am in such a non-fan area. I hope to organise some activity around the U if I can only find the time. I work 13-15 hours a day, and this leaves me too tired and wornout to even write, let alone socialise to any great degree.

You, Fitch, and damned few others, have tried to be fair about the whole thing; I hope to get to know you better as time goes by, and even, someday, be friends.

COMMENTS ON FR 136:

BREEN: No, I don't say, "Do nothing; I say, "Educate, don't Legislate." People are not willing to accept what is crammed down their throats. Both whites and Negroes had better come to the realisation that there must be some common ground reached. In 1957, the South was doing a fairly good job of local integration, which they had carried into 1960. The pressure brought to bear by the Federal gov't after that date, however, undid much of the good that had been done. Of course, there has to be a change, but it will not happen overnight. Already the younger generation had begun to realise that, but the tactics of the Administration did much harm in that respect.

The rest of Charlene is as well set-up as the legs. Had I taken the picture, I'd have used more contrast.

SCITHERS: The thoughts of Heaven and Hell you mention are parallel to some of my own. After all, it was Satan who led Adam to the Tree of Knowledge.

SNAFU (USPOD type) DEP'T: I just received eff-are one thirty-four, and some Cultletters from Choate which he must have mailed quite some time ago. I will pass this on to Patten.

I had a fairly large collection of Nazi medals, flags and stuff which I'd collected as a hobby; I gave it up for the Cult. ((Why, Mike, that's one of the nicest things anybody's ever said about us.)) See how easy it is to degenerate?

Bruce talks politics -- 1

28 November 1963

Dear Fred,

It's been quite a week. Assassination Week, I guess it could be called, and I'm glad it's over and things are returning to normal. I may be unpatriotically unemotional but I'm quite sick and tired of the eulogies and dirges and "human-interest" sidelights that have overwhelmed the newspapers, radio, and television for this past week. This in spite of my inability to realise that it has actually happened...that someone has been stupid enough to think that the murder of a President would make any difference in the operation of the government...that someone would think such an event, a tragedy to the people of the country, more than a nuisance to the government.

But in more calculated consideration, let me offer some food for thought: Once again we have a President Johnson as a result of an assassination. The last time, Congress tried to impeach President Johnson -- over civil rights.

// I suppose everyone has already been made aware of the fact that the 20-yr Presidential jinx has struck again -- that every president elected at the 20-year intervals since 1840 has died in office -- and that the next one, 1980, will lead immediately to 1984. // The problems of the 1964 election are obvious for both parties: The Democrats will have to run Johnson for President as they have no one else; their VP nomination will probably be Bobby Kennedy, and with this combination -- assuming a reasonable amount of success in Johnson's program for the next year -- they should have a walk-over. The Republicans, who have geared up to fight Kennedy, find themselves fighting a much less-known factor, and will be shadow-boxing for the next seven or eight months. I've heard the suggestion that the Republicans might run Rockefeller and Margaret Chase Smith; it looks like their best combination, as far as I'm concerned. If they run either Nixon or Goldwater, I vote Democrat this time. (I may anyway, but that depends on next year.)

And so, having talked more about politics than I have done for many a year, I return to Cult matters.

In regard to the ruling that Hannifen must publish 15 pages before he may be re-admitted to the IWL: I checked Scotty's original ruling, and although the ruling says that any dropped member must publish or wait a cycle, the context of the paragraph preceding the ruling indicated that only those who are dropped to avoid publishing their regular FR must comply. If the contextual interpretation is the correct one, Hannifen is back on the IWL, and we have no problem, but if the broader interpretation is being used, Hannifen cannot rejoin, and I will call for an over-ruling of Tapscott. It is not fair to penalize those who get dropped for lack of correspondence requirements with the same punishment meted out to those who are trying to shaft the Cult by lousing up the publishing schedule.

WALTER BREEN: I dunno why Dian thought Apex was in worse condition than the Cult, but I should suggest that the lack of publications from the former these past couple months would substantiate such a thought.

No other comments to make on FR 136, but a couple on Assassination Week return to mind: Would anyone care to evaluate the relative worth of four people who died this past week -- John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Aldous Huxley, C. S. Lewis...and Amelia Galli-Curci? I'd hate to do so to an audience of Hyper-Americans. (At UCLA last Friday, someone in the crowd around the radio at the student union said "Well, at least that solves the problem of what Kennedy would do after his second term--", and someone turned around and slugged him. Some people can't judge their audience before making remarks. I may or may not have done so myself.)

John endorses Lerner's intellectual independence -- 1

Cultcard, 25 November 1963

Dear Fred,

I fully intend to bring out an f/r on Wednesday, but in case something comes up to prevent it, this card is intended to maintain my membership. Pren Choate will have a dittoed rider with the f/r, which was sent me when it appeared that I would be bringing out FR 136 or 137. So, even if presently unforeseen circumstances keep me from bringing out Pillycock #7, I want to make sure he has activity credit for this cycle.

I want to assure the Cult that Fred Lerner is positively not a foil for my own opinions. He is an intelligent and articulate libertarian (he hesitates to call himself a conservative after some of the things other conservatives have been up to lately.) For the rest of it, he's quite capable of speaking for himself.

John observes historical parallels -- 2

Have any of the historical minded in the Cult noticed the parallels which seem to exist between the careers and characters of Lee Harvey Oswald and Marinus van der Lubbe? (Wait till Otto Eisenschiml comes out with his evaluation of the President's assassination. Any guesses as to whom he will assign the eventual responsibility?)

Gordon prefers the Air Force to Suburbia -- 1

(NW 30 postmark)

Dear Fred,

A rapid type letter would seem appropriate this evening, what with me finding that I have approximately 4 days in which to get a letter written and mailed to you prior to your pubdate.

First, a brief, but happy announcement. My overlong stay in the wilds of Mississippi is due to terminate in a very few days. As of December 10, I will be found back at 14612 18th SW, Seattle, Washington, 98166. Approximately 30 days later, I will be found at Travis Air Force Base, located somewhere in the wilds of Northern California. Send your FR here to Greenville, Fred, but make a note that Pelz should send his to Seattle. I'll have a CoA for the California base in a few days, and should manage to let someone know. If I don't, I suppose knowing my new address won't be overly important.

A few, very brief comments on FR 136:

BREEN: I spent nearly 18 years living in suburbia; the pure unadulterated suburbia, in fact. I was never wholly a part of the environment, nor were my parents, certain circumstances strongly separating us from them. I found that those living and actually participating in -- and suburb life actually includes participation -- were never really satisfied. I never liked living in the suburbs, finding the people dull, mostly, and the life uninteresting. I'd rather be in the Air Force.

I still have not been able to obtain use of a typewriter which is a reason, although only one reason, why my letter writing has been sporadic. I've tried to maintain at least some contact with fandom, particularly my closest fannish friends, but I'm afraid I haven't done the most satisfactory job. After having privacy for the last few years, trying to get used to writing with 30 odd other people running around most of the time has been anything but easy. Even this letter, which is going to have to go out special delivery, is being written at 10:30 in the evening with people running around making all sorts of drunken noises, singing and yelling things like: "Three more fuckin' days!" But I have enjoyed the last few weeks I've spent here. I do prize my privacy and its total disappearance has hurt and led to a totally different sort of life than the one I left 5 months ago when I was a civilian.

SCITHERS: I may as well mention that not only did McQuown apparently fail to list me on the roster of his FR, but also failed to send me a copy. No big thing maybe, but I dislike discovering that even a small bit of my prose has seen the light of day without me having the pleasure of seeing it with my own eyes.

Your comparison of European police tactics to American is over simplified to say the least. You exaggerate more than a slight in stating the Americans do not censor Communist writings. Same, too, pornographic. West Germany maybe doesn't, but you were comparing the U.S. against Europe weren't you, not just one portion of Europe?

I'm beardless and wiveless. So sue me. The Air Force prevents the beard and my own good sanity, the wife.

PATTEN: I can't remember whether I voted on the question of Harness' reinstatement in my last Cultletter. Anyway I'm against, with some regrets. I'll miss him and his Cultcons, but his less than infrequent activity hardly rates reinstatement. By the way, who's counting the votes, anyway? I forget.

OSTEN & JACOBS: Youse ought to live in the South for awhile. Even the 4 months I've spent down here in the very Deep South has taught me a great deal about race relations in this area. Segregation can't be changed by laws. The illegal acts of segregation, perhaps, but not the attitude of segregation. The latter is nearly in-born within the heart of 90% of the South. When you grow up with the consensus of opinion agreeing that negroes are inherently inferior, the natural reaction is to believe. I can't forsee the situation in this area changing for many years. Segregation has been here too long; has been too readily accepted by both black and white. Sure, I'd like to see the situation remedied, but what can you do except pass laws? or start a new Civil War?

I quit here having run out of material and time. Bye for now, or some such.

~~~~~  
Patten discovers a numismatic oddity -- 1

December 1, 1963

You black-hearted so-&-so's,

BREEN: Hey, Walter, is a (rather worn) Series 1935G Silver Certificate that does have the "In God We Trust" on the back worth anything? (More than \$1, I mean.)

WHITE: My copy is packed away where I can't check the date of publication, but I think Sturgeon's novelization of Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea came out in time for Betty B. to have read it before your meeting with her. Theoretically, at least; from your description of her, I doubt she'd've read it even if it were possible to.

I don't know that much about monorails, but all the publicized talk around a rapid transit system for central LA is devoted to monorail vs. subway, and it's a little late in the game to start tearing up our busiest business sections to lay down a subway. Your guided-bus bus-train sounds nice, but nobody's considering such an idea that I've heard of. I seem to recall reading a long time ago a Winston juvenile sf novel (I think it was Philip St. John's Rockets to Nowhere) which had a cross-country monorail train in it. The train would never stop, but individual cars would detach near a station & ride in on their own power system, while others would shoot out from the station to merge with the train as it passed by the other side. Ever read this one?

I've just started reading the Oz books lately, and I'm afraid I haven't been looking for stylistic differences between the different authors. Besides which, I've been reading them catch-as-catch-can, in no particular order; the only thing that's struck my attention is that there are more human-to-animal-or-object transformations in the Baum stories than in the others. Maybe if I study the series more, I'll catch some of these differences. There certainly are enough writers in the series, though; Baum, Thompson, Neill, Snow, somebody else, and now Eloise McGraw. I've read an advance copy of McGraw's Merry-Go-Round in Oz (presumably out for Christmas or early next year); it's about the same as the others - not spectacular, not a clunker. Andre Norton likes it and recommends it, too. I don't care much for Dick Martin's illustrations, though; they're so sickly cute that they make Bjo's children look like Prosser demons, by comparison. I have heard this debate, though, as to whether any of Baum's followers were as good as Baum himself, or better than Baum, and if so, which? Let's see; to date, I've read Oz books by Baum, Thompson, Neill, and McGraw (and the Big Little Book by Baum's son). Nope, I wouldn't say that any are noticeably worse than any of the others; not even Ozma of Oz, which I understand the fans consider to be Baum's own worst.

HETCALF: I don't think Walt Cole's index would be needed to say that UNKNOWN has the highest percentage of reprints of any sf mag. (With the possible exception of STAR SCIENCE FICTION, and other one-issuers.) That Pyramid anthology edited by Bensen just came out to swell the ranks, plus an anthology in England of Cartmill's Hell Hath Fury and 5 or 6 others. (Incidentally, I've always thought Hell Hath Fury was a great fantasy; I've been wondering why anybody waited this long to reprint it. Now how about Bit of Tapestry?) A list of stories reprinted from UNKNOWN would be larger than a list of material never reprinted from UNKNOWN, I'm sure. I'll tell you what I'd like to see: a collection of some of the stories sold to UNKNOWN but never printed after the mag folded. There must be enough around; both Asimov and Bradbury have said they sold stories to UNKNOWN which were never printed, and for quite a while after the last issue, fantasy was appearing in other Street & Smith zines, such as Kuttner's "Housing Problem" in the October 1944 CHARM. There should certainly be enough for a paperback collection. Of course I doubt such a collection will ever be produced, but it's something to dream about.

CHOATE: The following just appeared in the Nov. 30 LA CITIZEN-NEWS, in the "What Your Name Means" column, in case you're interested. "CHOATE is English with a variety of sources. It was primarily a variation of Coate meaning "Cottage owner". In addition Choate was a personal nickname for "Stout one." It can also be from an ancestral butcher shop trademarked by a picture of a "Shoat" or "Young pig." How about that?

Hannifen says that the reason Jim Lanctot hasn't written anyone lately is that he never got any of the various editions of FR #134, or FR #135. On this basis, it would seem unfair to drop him, if he really didn't know he had to write. So I'm sending him a copy of this FR; if he writes to Bruce, an appeal to Official clemency should seriously be considered, I think.

George must be happy; there's trains in Germany, too -- 1

28 November 1963

Dear Cult, being a letter to Bruce Pelz, Fred Patten, Scotty Tapscott, & Dick Eney:

I am a bit confused. I thought that Boardman was supposed to publish next, and so wrote him a Cultletter. Now I realize that it isn't his turn, it's Patten's, and that Mike screwed up the roster. Now, perhaps, it's too late to catch Fred. Oh, well...

One doesn't feel particularly sorry for Volkswagens over here -- they bully pedestrians quite as much as the big cars bully Volksses in the States. Besides, the trains of streetcars bully all automobiles with a fine lack of discrimination. Anyway, the little beetles make up maybe a third or a half of the cars around here, and they buzz around in an altogether vicious manner, like swarms of honey bees among doddering, placid bumblebees, if you get the picture.

I did go to the ballet the other night -- over at Weisbaden. The opera house there is a magnificent thing, all over caryatids and cupids and plaster drapery, with three horse-shoe balconies and a crystal chandelier that has to be seen to be believed. The ballet was the Nutcracker (Der Nussknacker) in all three acts. The supporting corps de ballet, the costumes, and the scenery were magnificent. Oddly, the leading dancers were only mediocre -- not as good as any of several U S ballet companies. Scene-changing too was splendid -- backdrops were whisked away, props went on and off stage, and scene was transformed to scene within each of the three acts without a break in the action.

While it's possible to travel and to eat and even to buy many things without knowing more than three or four words of German, it is very much a nuisance in not being able to ask anything but the simplest questions. ((Sorry to cut, but no more room.))



THE ROSTER

The Terrible Thirteen

|   |                                                                     | 136 | 137 | Pub.           |
|---|---------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|----------------|
|   | 1. Bangs L. Tapscott, OA, 2216 E. Mercer St., Seattle, Wash., 98102 | N   | Y   | 27 Apr.        |
| # | 2. Gordon Eklund, Box 1318, 3505th Sch. Sqdn, Greenville AFB, Miss. | N   | Y   | 18 May         |
|   | 3. Dian Girard, Box 300, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif.    | N   | Y   | 8 June         |
|   | 4. John Boardman, 592 16th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., 11218              | N   | Y   | 29 June        |
|   | 5. Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., 11220                  | pub | Y   | 20 July        |
| * | 6. Mike McQuown, 308 S. Franklin Blvd., Apt. 7, Tallahassee, Fla.   | Y   | Y   | 10 Aug.        |
|   | 7. Fred Patten, 5156 Chesley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90043       | Y   | pub | 31 Aug.        |
|   | 8. BRUCE PELZ, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif.     | N   | Y   | <u>23 Dec.</u> |
|   | 9. Norm Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley, California, 94701               | N   | Y   | 13 Jan.        |
|   | 10. Tom Seidman, BSRL, Box 3981, Seattle, Wash., 98124              | N   | Y   | 3 Feb.         |
|   | 11. Dick Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va., 22307            | N   | Y   | 24 Feb.        |
|   | 12. Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo Ave., Covina, California, 91722           | Y   | N   | 16 Mar.        |
|   | 13. Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley, Calif., 94704           | Y   | N   | 6 Apr.         |

Associate Evildoer

- |    |                                                                |   |   |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| 1. | George Scithers, USA R & D Group, APO 757, New York, NY, 09757 | Y | Y |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|

Active Waiting List

|    |                                                                    |   |   |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| 1. | Phil Castora, Rm. 307, Burbank Hotel, Burbank, Calif., 91502       | Y | Y |
| "  | 2. Prentiss Choate, 1326 Blake St., Berkeley, California           | N | Y |
|    | 3. Ed Baker, 3056 1/2 Leeward Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90005     | Y | N |
| -  | 4. Bill Donaho, Box 1284, Berkeley, Calif., 94771                  | N | N |
| -  | 5. Ted Johnstone, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. | N | N |

Inactive Waiting List

|    |                                                                        |   |   |
|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| 1. | Darrell Best, 471 Tualatin St., St. Helens, Oregon                     |   |   |
| 2. | Tom Armistead, Qtrs. 3202, Carswell AFB, Fort Worth, Texas             |   |   |
| 3. | Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90056           |   |   |
| 4. | Bill Osten, Box 7133, Apex Station, Washington, D.C., 20004            | Y |   |
| 5. | Enid Jacobs, 3914 Brookhill Rd., Baltimore, Md., 22215                 | Y |   |
| 6. | Fred Lerner, 916 Fernald Hall, Columbia University, N. Y., N.Y., 10027 |   |   |
| §  | 7. Owen Hannifen, 3056 1/2 Leeward Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90005    |   |   |
| *  | 8. Arnold Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, N. Y., 11043           | Y |   |
| #  | 9. Alan J. Lewis, 490 E. 74th., Apt. 3B, New York, 21, N. Y.           |   | Y |

Dropped: Jon Shaw, from the AWL, for failure to write FRs 135, 136, or 137.

Symbols: #, note coming CoA in letter; ^, see ruling in Tapscott's letter; ~, note CoA, \_ , must write FR #138; §, in Limbo (see Hannifen's & Pelz's letters); \*, Breenmarked.

Must write to the next FR: Fitch, Breen, Baker, Donaho, Johnstone.

Next publisher: Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024.