



"When you said you were collecting old fanzines,
Bruce, I didn't understand just what you had in
mind for them..."

AVANC 2

Fantasy Rotator 97

CERTIFIED GENUINE CULTZINE even if it don't have no dirty pictures in it.

WITNESS: (x) S. Lovingood
(x) Mulberry Sellars
(x) J. Moriarty, Ph.D.

This is AVANC, Fantasy Rotator 97, second of this name -- it would be the third if I hadn't almost dropped out in '60 at con-time -- and Operation Crifanac CXCIV. It is distributed to the Cult and certain Outsiders of godlike and incredible virtue -- if the Cult happens to last that long; White's dead silence and failure to send on the unprinted letters from last time suggests that the Evil Ones may have opened one of those FRs, and The Wrath is about to descend on us. As Pavlat remarked when I made a rather less offensive blunder of this sort, Postal Inspectors can usually see, even the ones that can't read. Well, if It Happened at last, you can't say

It's Eney's Fault

CRAZY MIXED-UP COVER: I've been fooling around with the color-change kit on my Gestetner, that's all. I hope there are enough for all the folk this goes to; inactive waiting listers, I fear, will have to be satisfied with the less desirable or worse registered copies. I'll skip the hearts-and-flowers bit.

THE LAST TIME AROUND: That GLEE pamphlet, Dave, was quite bloody superb, but the letters were cold crud and I don't feel equal to reading any more about Jazz for a while yet. Aside from the deus-ex-machina or whizzbang out of the works character of Geis' story, must we go through the aggressive-businessman-is-in-reality-sicksicksick bit once more? Most of the aggressive businessmen of my acquaintance probably are, but why plague us with it here? Quick, somebody, write a story in which the aggressive businessman is well and everybody else -- no, it's been done. "Firewater".

I hope White realizes what an ass he's made of himself, trying to put down Lichtman with the old gag about Psychic Repression and other hobgoblins. ("If the lady's not willing, / she must be old fashioned...") It do become dull when any dislike for Tedrick's tastes in anybloodything can't be expressed without pushing the button that makes TEW ask whether you've no curiosity and no desire to try anything different. In case he makes it to the SeaCon, how's to start a game of Russian Roulette and if TEW refuses to take part we'll ask him whether he's got no curiosity and no...

Note that Lee Thorin, though a doll, is wrong about the source of the Curse of the Atreidae: Atreus served not the gods but his brother Thyestes with human flesh -- that of Thyestes' five sons, to be exact. (Dig that crazy sibling rivalry!) It was their father Pelops who was cooked and served to the gods by grandpappy Tantalus; but They caught on, restored Pelops to life, and fixed Tantalus up with his famous punishment. (Some folk just don't dig practical jokes, like.) It was Thyestes who laid the curse on Atreus, when the latter brought out the heads and hands of his victims to show him what the entree had been.

DISINTERMENT OF A FOUR-YEARS' CORPSE DEPT: It was about the end of 1957 that we were struggling to the end of the first and only round-robin committed in Ted White's unlamented "fan-fiction" magazine, STELLAR. For those of you who weren't on the scene at the time, or have mercifully forgotten, the creation was a grisly yarn entitled "The Death of Science Fiction", in which an abortive Russian attempt to pull an ICBM Pearl Harbor on the United States secured only an overwhelming reply. ("I think we were all surprised to find just how many thermonuclear missiles we had fired in return. Not much of Russia was inhabitable any more.")

Stop now and have your laugh out.

The rest of the world went leftish in revulsion against this short way with dissenters, and was on one pretext and another occupied by American troops; more important, at home a Sedition Control Authority was set up to deal with home-grown dissent.

There were a few stories involving overseas folk busily resenting the occupation troops, but this line wasn't much developed; as Pat Lyons said, the chance to represent ourselves at home being martyred by the Wicked Authorities was too much for our self-control. Various fans (Larry Stark, John Magnus, Dick Ellington, and myself, to name some) told of themselves and friends fighting the SCA in all sorts of melodramatic ways; but we never did finish the series (Ted got tired of it) and the last it was heard of the Fanarchists were out on Long Island plotting skullduggery.

I have this Thing about unfinished serieses, even tho I remember what happened when Kuttner tried to finish the Baldy series after it had lain dead too long. No reason not to give the Cult a quick rundown on what happened when the Evil Ones tried to accomplish

THE Death of Science-Fiction

This portion of the story began when Jacob Edwards (the penname Ted White was making play with at that time) escaped the wiping-out of Washington fandom about half a jump ahead of a flock of SCA bullets, made it to Baltimore, participated in a raid on the local SCA office in company with John Magnus and Sean Hitchcock, picked up some official ID material, and took it to New York. There he joined up with Bob Silverberg and one Murragh O'Dudwy --

Pause while I explain the gag. The terminal "gh" is soft in Keltic, and Murray Leinster lives at Ardudwy. Just thought he'd be an ironic choice for an opponent of the SCA, or for one with the murderously effective Underground-fighting techniques of Murragh -- who appears on the scene slipping a knife into the SCA man who tries to arrest Jacob Edwards in New York.

The SCA identification material was used by Agberg's faction of the anti-SCA underground in one of those ploys fans would love. The tendency of the SCA, of cuss, was to convert the contry into a totalitarian state; to that end, it would want to knock over all competitive social organizations. (The extinction of fan clubs, Pat to the contrary, was merely a facet of the first stage of this process.) Obviously, the really strong ones would make a fight for it if they realized their time had come; the SCA's intent would be to delay this realization until a fight was hopeless, so Agberg's people took the other tack of faking a series of raids which would give the impression of imminent suppression when the SCA was in fact unprepared to tackle really formidable opposition. (We conjecture that its status is roughly that of the HUAC with a private FBI of its own and the support of known worldwide hostility to America.) I recall that the raided groups included the CIO-AFL, NAACP, and the Roman Church -- Agberg himself led the other two in a book-burning expedition to the Bishop of Brooklyn's episcopal palace.

It's the early summer of 1964 by this time; the Agberg group's next move is a raid on SCA headquarters in New York -- well, a quote raid unquote; it's out of the question to have a bangbangshootemup match with a whole buildingfull of SCA people. What actually happened was that they strolled thru and set off about fifty pounds of thermite in the record files; the original collection of this material had been protected even with quasi-wartime conditions to excuse it, and they hoped for great things from a revival of this protest during an election year. (The New York delegation, after all, is big enough to raise a question at Conventions all by itself.)

After a lot of hooraw and carryin' on the lot of Fanarchist New York Fandom wound up at the Shaw place on Long Island, West Cupcake; that is, Dick Ellington (he was in New York at the time) and most of his surviving friends; Agberg, Edwards, and O'Dudwy; and a few assorted insurrectos. There Murragh O'Dudwy found out that they knew who he was, and tried to make a break for it. Murragh's skill in Underground techniques, you see, is explained by the fact that he was the senior surviving Communist agent in New York; and naturally when he found out how far along the, er, natives' plans for revolution really were...

Pause again for a note on the organization of revolution. The necessity for a useful revolution is that it not be a haphazard occurrence (never mind that kack

about spontaneous uprisings of an outraged populace), but something organized and directed by a conscious clique...one that knows at each step what to do next and can present a program to the Inert Masses. When two incompatible cliques exist, as with the Communists vis-a-vis "us" in this case, the remedy is to settle the competition first. The Communists are acceptable allies neither to Agberg's more or less Constitutional group nor to the anarchistic Ellingtonites, while the third group is unacceptable to the Reds...and, indeed, the first O'Dudwy finds out about its link with the other two is after he's been bound and gagged.

Out in the Macrocosm other movements had been progressing; in the last published installment I'd begun to tie them in with the fan-crewed revolutionary movements. The gimmick that interferes with use of a large conscript army for repressive work is that, where it can't draw officer material from a devoted class trained in indoctrination techniques, the armed forces become infected with the domestic disturbances rather'n developing into an agency that restrains them. (See the Russian and Austrian cases, and the end of Imperial Germany, for instances in point.) Here, of course, it was even easier; after all, the SCA had built itself up in four years to the point where it was shooting down dissidents in the street. An efficient secret political police corps can hardly be built up from scratch to impressive size in that length of time; the SCA had lots of notes on technique to refer to, but no long experience like the Russian and German services, and no reserve of trustworthy trained personnel. Come on, now, Eney, confess another point: you wanted to bug the squares by having some military persons defending liberty, just as if draftees were Americans or like that. Draftees and recalled reservists, I should say.

At any rate, construct yourself O'Dudwy's croglement when two people drive up in an Army ambulance to pick up our local Communist. I'd gotten a call the afternoon Murragh was due to be picked up by Ellington's people and ran out there, in company with an antiaircraft man I won't name, "to pick up a casualty from one of the missile batteries out on the end of Long Island" and take him in to the nearest Army hospital. (Not the first time, of course, that the trip-tickets Army vehicles are required to use have been employed as coverup.) Things were disturbed when we arrived; there was Agberg sitting on O'Dudwy, Jacob Edwards having hysterics in a corner, Larry Stark and Dick Ellington hurrying over from the house, and one of the Fanarchists leaning out the window waving. O'Dudwy had affected to stalk out of the house in dudgeon, earlier, taking Edwards with him; Silverberg had caught up with him at the barn and stopped the getaway. (By slugging him over the head with a 2x4. Bob ain't proud when he has to deal with expert knife-fighters hand-to-hand, thank ghod.) We were just starting to load Murragh into the ambulance, not even having to fake injuries in this case, when in came the chap who'd been waving out the window.

He wanted to tell us that the revolution had started. People pick the damndest times for bad news.

The SCA was unpracticed, as I said, but so were we -- practiced revolutionaries are sort of a contradiction in terms. In this instance, the trouble lay in not foreseeing the timing of the reaction to the burning of the SCA files. The Evil Ones had started their information-gathering at once. And in hoping for vigorous protest to this, we hadn't thought that the protest would actually be vigorous.

Not that it was the revolution; it was just a large-sized riot. But it would cut us off from any place the other side of New York, which raised a Problem. We had to get away from West Cupcake; if the SCA found us there with both Fanarchists and O'Dudwy the s--- (there I go on the Cult's old topic!) would hit the fan instanter. We'd risked it in the first place only because we had facilities the others couldn't supply for dealing with the O'Dudwy problem; properly cellularized parties take a lot of uprooting, but with a high official to work on, plenty of truth drugs and psychologists to use them, and the facilities of a hospital psycho ward to keep our patient plausibly incommunicado, we expected to inflict crippling damage on the competition.

What we eventually decided to do was to head for our alternative drop point: the base hospital at New York Port Defense HQ, at the end of the island nearest the city. That would do for an overnight stop (it had a psycho cell); the following day should

be plenty of time to get O'Dudwy back into the boondocks for examination at leisure. If the riots lasted over a day, we'd need to revise our plans anyway...

Well, we made it. Indeed, we were escorted there by the SCA. A roadblock stopped us outside the post; our papers explained our presence, and we were shoed in. There was an SCA picket at the gate, too, though I saw none inside the post. Then the rest of the blowoff came too quickly for me to do anything but play along with it. If you'll forgive the euphemism.

With no chance to do a historical survey, I had to make a guess from what I saw: the SCA had its hands full and had imported all the extra personnel from neighboring jurisdictions that it could get. That riot must have been a hair raiser; I can't say why they didn't care to trust the local police or National Guard (our movements were cellular, too, and I can't guess what may have been going on there), but they preferred the idea of importing SCA agents by airlift.

Pessimist that I am, I suspect that somebody fell into the same trap we set up for the Unions and the Churches and so on: assuming the SCA was About to Pounce when 'twas no such matter. But somebody may have known for sure; anyway, someone certainly, either thru pushing the panic button or from definite information, figured that the SCA pickets outside the gate were just an earnest of things to come. Whatever the cause, this is what happened:

I'd dropped O'Dudwy off and consigned him to the hands of my local contact -- who was MOD that night; that's what made the HQ available as an alternate -- and was taking the ambulance around to the motor pool. (No, it wasn't my proper job, but we had decided against taking more than the two-man minimum along on this caper; since Ar-- well, the other guy -- and myself were both fans, getting caught with the Fanarchists could be explained without tying in the other Armed Forces people.) As I turned onto the access road, which paralleled the fence around the post, a caravan of buses and trucks passed along the civilian road outside. They weren't any of ours; mostly New York Transit Authority buses, two panel trucks, and one riot-car bringing up the rear. The last item tipped me off to their identity; a riot-car is a thing like a light tank, mounting a quadruple .30 calibre machine-gun turret instead of a cannon. It's strictly SCA equipment, and is air-transportable; this lot must have come in about 10:15 and were now on their way from the airport to the city. There must have been two full planeloads and an air freighter, judging by the number of buses and the other vehicles, I was thinking as the glare from the motor pool's floodlights washed them from my view. I presented the trip-ticket to the Ord man at the gate; he stepped up to direct me to a parking space, a faint flash lit the cab, and the jar of an explosion-wave hit us.

I whipped the ambulance out of the entrance, stopped, and bailed out, slipping my .38 into my coat pocket. My companion went out the other door; the Ordnance man was still at the gatehouse staring. We, too, stood at gaze a moment. Another flash bright enough to be seen against the lights; it was the furnacelike backflare of a recoilless rifle. The riot-car spun halfway around -- threw a tread, I suppose -- and stopped. At that point my companion killed the floodlights over the gate; in a moment we could see something of the fight that had started.

The first shot from the recoilless rifle had stopped the leading bus; a continuous clatter of automatic weapon fire explained why the others had piled up behind it. The riot-car, instead of turning left and running up the disengaged side of the column to the head, had turned right to attack the gun and gotten the second shell for its pains.

In the light from the street lamps, we could see figures popping out of windows on the near side of the buses...not very many figures...and sprinting for the apparent open field to their side. When they were about halfway to the fence, they were fired on from two points on our side: rifles and burp-guns from just ahead and just behind the stretch where the column of vehicles had been stopped.

Whoever set up that ambush made a slip there; he'd arranged his firing lines to ensure that none of them would be shooting at each other, but I suppose he did it in the daytime. Anyway, he missed the fact that in the darkness a lot of escapees would

get through the crossfire and make it over the fence. (Despite the ads, you can get over a Cyclone fence, especially if somebody's shooting at you.) There was a back-up line, so he probably didn't worry much about that point; as the first few fugitives ran into the circle of light around the motor pool, shooting started again -- from behind the motor pool, firing toward the road.

Art, the Ordnance man, and I had scrambled out of the light, up the access road, a few seconds after we realized what was happening, and were sensibly hiding in the drainage ditches beside it by the time the fight got there. (People with pistols don't mix it with other weapons beyond rock-throwing range, especially not at night.) As the few who made it to the road came into the light, we could see that they really did wear SCA uniforms. One of them dropped; the others turned away from the motor pool and ran in our direction. We ducked lower. I heard a bullet bang past. (Rifle bullets don't screech unless they hit something and ricochet; when one is fired at you you hear an unusually loud and sharp shot, is all. If you're lucky.)

I assumed that it was a random one, but two others followed right behind and I suddenly realized what was wrong. My ghod, I thought, it's my white lab coat! For a wild moment I thought of taking it off and throwing it away, which will show you how panicky I was; then I jerked my right hand forward and snapped off a shot. I don't know whether the joker who was shooting at me was hit or ducked; but one of his companions snapped a shot at me, missed, hit the ground and tried again. The third man of this group tried to go on, but I saw a flash from the other ditch dart at him and he started down...then I had my sights lined up on my own opponent and squeezed off an aimed shot just as his weapon fir

"Are you going to let it go at that, you idiot?" I asked myself.

How do you mean? Some Cultists will find it a highly satisfying ending.

"I mean with a revolution on the point of breaking out, but with no hint of its outcome. Do the repressive forces win, or not?"

Well, it isn't something that's easy to predict. However, righteousness and virtue will triumph. They always do.

"All sides are right and virtuous. Is the SCA going to win? And why have the Army take the first step toward revolution?"

I told you before: a conscript force is easily infected with civilian dissent. In this case, remember why armies are supposed to be conservative: their members get hung up on the political thought of their civilian lives, and political thought has been getting more and more liberal for the last century and more. But now the SCA is trying to make it more conservative; consequently, the lag between military and civilian political attitudes has made --

"Never mind that. Will the SCA win?"

I don't know if the SCA will. Their kind will, yes.

"Why not our kind? We can use weapons as well as they, if only we would."

There's no would to it. People who use weapons to keep their enemies down are the SCA's type; it doesn't matter which side they belong to. And now it's come to a fight they've got the eventual victory ahead of them.

"Look, what do you think will happen when we've put the SCA down?"

Well, we'll have to set up a new government -- or didn't you think that the one we have simply can't let people dictate to it at gunpoint what police agencies it's to maintain? They won't yield until they break.

"What happens after that?"

Well, if they win while defending the SCA, it'll be established for good. If we win, we'll have to set up a new government with a new Constitution.

"What happens after that?"

Then we find some way of keeping down the people who want to overthrow the Government.

"The SCA people will be dead or in prison if we do a proper job."

Idiot. What about the people who supported the SCA? And what about the other factions of our own group? And things blew off before we could get enough out of O'Dudwy to knock out the Communists for a while, too, so we'll have to worry about them.

"What about the other factions of our group?"

Well, did you think the moderate Constitutional revisionists and the extreme revisionists saw eye to eye with each other about what to do to the government? And how about the Libertarians, Ellington's anarchist friends who want to get rid of the government instead of curing its defects?

"Well, then, what will happen? Incompatible political ideas have existed in the government of this country before, you know. In fact, that's the idea."

Incompatible ideas whose owners had a long tradition of settling things by politics. Now we've set the example of settling a political question by main force; and our rivals will have assisted us in making one revolution already.

"What then?"

Well, we'll get more and more concerned with guarding ourselves against a repetition of our own revolutionary tactics. And that'll mean a close surveillance of the possible sources of dissent. And the possible sources of dissent will be everybody who doesn't see eye to eye with us...see how it'll go?

"What happens after that?"

Well, we'll have a sharp and maybe bloody struggle for power, one side up and the down. It'll become more and more intense and disruptive. The prophylactic purges with each shift of power will get rougher and rougher.

"What happens after that?"

One side will get the upper hand for a longer than usual period. Then they'll 'restore order' with a blood bath that will paralyze their rivals. And then only historians will remember that this used to be a free country.

"And what happens after that?"

I don't know what happens after that.

CHORUS CULTURE

What black magician conjures up this fiend, / to stop devoted charitable deeds? Why, DICK LUPOFF:

I wonder how that term "hung up" came into the hip argot at about the same time that computers were coming into widespread use and programming terms were coming into use by a sufficient number of people to (maybe) affect widespread circles.

In computer talk, hung up is what the machine gets when there is a bug in the program. This can happen in many different ways. You can try to dump an empty I-tank. Or to fill one that is already full. Or you can try to write on an interlocked servo. Or get into a closed loop. Open loops are dandy; they're what programmers use for all sorts legitimate data-processing purposes, not to rhapsodize about such gimmicks and games as playing Nativity Hymns and like that.

As the term is used, the computer "hangs up" or "gets hung up", although sometimes times the programmer or operator will also say that he "got hung up" when the red light goes on.

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

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

And the turnover in the Cult is nothing compared to tape reading. UNIVAC III transfers 200,000 characters per second.

And fandom could certainly use some high-speed readers and high-speed printers. The fastest of these handy devices that I know of are a reader that can read 2000 cards per minute and a printer that can print 1500 lines per minute. Up to 7 copies, too. Great for SCRAP.

So Metcalf thinks that sex with an unloved person is not much better than none at all? You got stardust in your eyeballs or what, Norm?

I dunno how it is for you, Norm, but (back in the days before I was married, of cuss) I found it great. And I think I'm on the side of the angels here. /Yes...but which fraction of angels?/

I mean what the hell, as far as sheer physical ~~*****/del> whoops! pleasure is concerned, it makes no difference who the gal is. And as for the psychological factor -- I only wish I had had my first piece (speaking scatocuphemistically) about three years before I did.~~

Face it, Norm, ****ing makes you feel good, if you're anything like normal, quite aside from the sheer physical gratification. /Maybe Norm meant unlovedness in an active sense, rather 'n non-lovedness. Imagine with GMC or Anne Steul.../

Speaking of incest, does anyone besides me remember Rog Phillips' monumental ante-diluvian feghootling in UNIVERSE/OTHER WORLDS back around Winter 1955-56? The one that ended "Mammy's little baby loves short 'n' inbred?"

Anybody? Anybody?

Anybody seen the new Shaver mystery (reprint?) magazine/paperback series that Palmer's publishing?

Anybody seen Palmer?

Anybody want to do an article for XERO on (first incarnation) OTHER WORLDS? I personally think that OW (first series) is the most underrated stfzine ever published.

I was standing in a combination newsstand/magazine stand/paperback-bookstore in Indianapolis around 1956 when a strange, strange, dirty looking little man tottered in. His eyes swept from shelf to shelf until they came to the Fawcett 75¢ slick paperback section and alighted on Fawcett's Flying Saucer book.

Standing on tippy-toes and stretching his short right arm (down, Walter!) to its extreme, he still could not reach the book. Turning to me he asked if I would get the book down for him. I did. # He took it over to the counter, showed it to the chashier, and asked in an accent never duplicated in my hearing, "Iszz thissz edit-ed by H'rraee Pal'm'rrr?"

"No," said the cashier. # The little man mubled disappointedly, shook his head, padded over to me and asked if I would put the book back on the shelf.

I did. When I looked back, he was gone. "Who was that strange little man?" I asked the cashier.

"Little man?" asked the cashier in response.

I knew then that I had seen a dero.

I bought a copy of Africa South and left the store. ## You can't tell me Shaver isn't true.

Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?/ Or rather, do I not in plainest truth tell you it's NORM METCALF:

Lichtman/White: The reason for not having many subways in LA (in fact, the only one they had is no longer in use as a subway) is that the area has several faults (not Eney's) running through it. There's too much chance of damage during an earthquake. The faoults plus the fact that it's about 2,000 feet to bedrock under downtown LA have brought about a legal limit on skyscrapers in LA. (The city Hall exceeds this limit but special care was taken during its construction)

Breen: Your account of the Privincetown nightclub reminds me of a story told me by Shapiro. Just after he shipped to Ladd AFB, Alaska, he went into Fairbanks to look over the situation. While sitting at a bar this beautiful babe sits down next to him. She wants to know what Hal wants to drink. He tells her that he's down to bus fare. So she offers to buy the drinks. While they're sipping away he's angling for a date. She excused herself to go to the restroom around the room's corner from the bar. As soon as she left the barkeeper came up and told Hal that she was a he. Hal made tracks back for base. When he got back he found out that nearly everyone knew about "him". Hal says he's still wondering which door "he" went in.

Scitheps: For a "tame queer" remember Carl (last name??), one of the Little Men? I don't know whether or not he was queer himself but he was always talkina about his "gay friends". He's the one that always dressed in blue demims, red flannel shirt to match his complection, had uncombed white hair and a generally sloppy appearance. He had taken to drink after some emotional crisis and was prematurely aged. During the Spanish Civil War he had fought in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. One time he staggered up to the Radiation Laboratory at Cal and asked for a job. "There's no need to run a security check on me. The FBI has a two-inch file on me."

Eney: Look, the persons most susceptible to brainwashing don't care one iota for the American Legion, Barry Goldwater, etc. compared to what's for chow, can I goldbrick the rest of the day without getting caught, etc. Sure, to you the Legion, Goldwater, etc. are important (or I assume so from your letter) but they're not important to GI Joe. /I thought you were talking about tha Air Farce?/ The type of person who is going to fall for brainwashing is the buy who has no concept of tomorrow, the one who has trouble thinking of abstractions like honor, virtue, the actual meaning of democracy. If he voices an opinion on these subjects it's more than likely that it's a platitude he learned during high school, basic training or whatever. He has no real belief in these platitudes. If you can reach him on chow, details, etc. then is the time to give him a new set of cliches. Go back and re-read Major

Mayer's speech. It might give you the idea (and then again it might not).

Do you mind if I join the Reds in laughing at you? #O'course not. You're laughing first. #

Sorry to have given you the idea that I was complaining about enduring "brainwashing". I'm not trying to enlist anyone's sympathies on my behalf. What's done is done. What I do hate is the fact that such tactics continue with little opposition.

#My point was not that brainwashing people to believe in the American Legion, Barry Goldwater, the NAM and so on was important to me, but that it was important period. If all your superiors do with their "brainwashing" is to try and make men gung ho about policing the area and standing inspection and spit'n'polish, orbs! De minimis non curat Cultac. #

It is a damned and a bloody work; / The graceless action of a heavy hand, / if that it be the work of any hand, eh, BRUCE PELZ:

93.601: You don't need a sponsor to publish a f/rational, Scithers. Any waitlister can put out a f/rational any time he wants to, provided it is sent to all members of the Cult.

As for the Wult/Exult, I think you're loose in the flue, but far be it from me to object to activity on the part of the IWL. Of course, our esteemed OA has been thinking of railroading thru a by-law that says the IWLers would have to publish a decimal ocillator (or, actually, a f/r) within 6 months of getting on the IWL, in order to stay there. With the slow rate of movement of the membership, it might be an idea -- but it would be your fault!

You're confusing the terms "cycle" and "FR period". The former means a round of 13 FRs, from member #1 through member #13. The latter means the three weeks between publication of FRs.

94: It occurs to me, prompted by the lack of commentary in FR 96, that the ARBM series of Cultoons probably aren't one iota as funny to Cultists who have never been to the places depicted as they are to us. Some of them may be general enough, but most of them require some knowledge of the locale -- such as page 2 of PEARLS, which is based on the fact that there are a large number of bubble-blowing tubes sticking up through the fountains and pools which surround the entrance to Pacific Ocean Park. In any case, we have only a few more ARBM series done, and I have every intention of running the third one, Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town, in my zine. Maybe some day the rest of the members will have occasion to visit the places mentioned. #I think you forget how little comment art work ever draws. I, at least, dug the cartoons & adventures-of-the-ARBM series idea; but what's to say about them?)

STEWART: I'll withdraw the Ackermanism charge; you're not as wishy-washy as you seemed to be at the time I made it. But you know, that wishy-washiness of Forry's really isn't such a bad thing -- it's actually a survival factor, enabling him to go on fanning, and roll with whatever punches the current active and positive crew may throw. It would be better if he could have fannish longevity and be positive and active, but I suspect the two are mutually exclusive. After all, after 30# years... #Hmm. Why don't you start some sort of a petition to get the other half of Tedsyl White back into Cultac again? I'll sign.

RUTH BERMAN: If you don't use the ploy of turning TAJ's Gilbert and Sullivan quotes back against him by quoting the lines which follow those he quoted to you (in both instances), I'll have to point out to the Cult how you could have done so -- the opportunity is just too good to miss!

Just for the record of punsters, the trilingual Berlitzkrieg "Don Cochon" was the result of trying to learn a song from Lift Every Voice (the 2nd People's Songbook) called "Don Simon de mi Vida." I have a natural tendency to twist words when I'm learning something #the Folk Process strikes again...#, so that the last line

("Ha, que tiempo, Senor Don Simon!") came out "danke schön". (For one of the most horrible examples of this word-twisting, there's always my first-verse parody on "The Ballad of Andy Young" -- a parody of a parody. I'll probably put it in the August FAPA mailing, assuring everyone concerned it is merely a parody -- or rather, a travesty -- and doesn't mean anything.

Oh, they've got no room for morons in astronomy,
Oh, they've got no room for fuggheads highly strung --
But one fan has burst the bonds of mere astronomy,
And in Fandom, "swine"'s the name of Andy Young.
"Swine"'s the name...Andy Young...
Bitched and raved at the FAPS he pubbed among!
In the ever-blasted glory of the sick-sick-sixty-five
Shines the story of Dr. Andy Young.

On the other hand, maybe I better not run it through FAPA -- people may not believe there's nothing meant by it. People like Andy, maybe. And there's no sense starting out with something to annoy someone. However, any of you who know the original parody that Ellik did, and the tune, can see how the words could get twisted. Bear in mind that I have a somewhat weird sense of humor.) /You could print it and sign Ted White's name...then NOBODY would believe there was no malice in it.../

A brute who had limbs just like logs
Spent most of his time in the bogs.

When they asked what he did,
He replied from the id:

"Men, women, small children, and dogs." - - - BEP 6/27/61

And that takes care of that limerick line. Got any more, Ted?

95: I can't remember if I wrote you about those zines or not, Boyd. If I didn't and you still have them, go ahead and ship them at the ~~1/2~~ an ounce rate, FAPA stuff and all, no matter how recent.

96: TedW: Just why should TedJ's comment about being glad to have Champion swining with us again croggle you? Perhaps the wrong interpretation? Considering that TAJ's zine is called PEARLS, it stands to reason that Cultac would possibly be referred to as swining. And Los Angeles is already 4/13 of the Cult... ** The definitions for "ethnic" and "authentic" are purely Johnstonian, though I and a number of others subscribe to them in the field of folknikism. ** I refuse to be included in any condemnation of LASFS for "Tramping on Laney's Grave." I know you've formed this opinion of the club because of the Schultheises' anti-Laney song that showed up in SHAGGY, but what you don't know is that the song was originally anti-LASFS and pro-Laney, until Steve and Virginia took it away from TAJ, who'd started the thing. In any case, I've read all of Laney's writings I can get my hands on -- ASI, FAN-DANGO (from about #15 on), and various Insurgent Publications. I still don't remember that particular use of the term "Sensitive Fannish Face". Would you care to cite a reference for it in Laney's writings? It's quite likely, of course, that I've merely forgotten it. /The main reason you can't recall it in connection with Laney is that it was coined by Burbee. Or rather, it was coined by Isobel; Burb introduced it by a quotation from her in one of his articles./

METCALF: Cite reference, flyboy, as to where I said Andrews-Meyers-Adams-King were the original members of CRAP, or shut up. I say they were members of the original BEM circle, but this was not the CRAP.

BREEN: Sure, the key to acting, music-playing, and the like is in the interpretation. I think Ted was trying to point out that this is not really creative, as is composition -- or ampubbing, when you write the stuff.

"Fijagh" very good, Koning. Will have an answer or two for it in the next zine, or in my own.

If this man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in the looks of BOYD RAEBURN:

I can't find my copy of FR 95 at the moment. I do remember though Johnston's blast at me. The position is thus. One day while wondering when Johnstone's FR would turn up, I suddenly remembered the stupid Cult rule that even though one member is delayed publishing, the next publisher has to publish on schedule. Consulting my calendar, I found that my deadline was several days previous. "Foop", thought I. "There's nothing I can do now. If they want to throw me out under this stupid rule, they'll damn well have to hold yet another election for OA", and sat back waiting for something to happen. Fortunately Champion came through with a sound ruling.

FR 96. That's the sort of cover which one has to hide, even more so than the old Berge covers. Judging by the position of the partners, either the male has an unusually long member, or he is practicing inter-crural intercourse. Well, you know how these things get started; Ted was sitting around one day and suddenly realized that when you write 96 backward... ** Huzzah to Bob Lichtman for spelling "buses" as "buses". I thought Lichtman's stuff on semen-tasting pretty damned funny. Phoo to you, TEW, I don't think Lichtman made an ass of himself. Stop plonking. Lichtman makes a few funnies, and you come on like Mike Deckinger. You mean, he steals it to feed a starting family?

TEW: You mean in NYC you can't make unlimited local calls on a private phone? Gad. ** Look, you made the remark about Lerner and Lowe aspiring to the Crown of Broadway (or whatever your exact phrasing was) and my contention is that commercial success is the basis for such, same as an actress can be the "toast of Broadway" tho she be a lousy actress. I don't think that MFL is the "best" (whatever that means) that "Broadway" has produced. It does seem, though, that both critics and public consider it the best musical Broadway has ever produced, and if you're trying to equate musicals and drama you're a bit off beam. Look, I'd get sick of a Brandenburg Concerto if I heard it too often on the radio, "in jazz versions and etc." (Especially in jazz versions -- when are we going to have Shelley Manne and Andre Previn and his Friends Play Bach at Brandenburg Inn? This "jazz version" of complete musicals is just too much. And I have yet to hear a "jazz version" of West Side Story which comes anywhere near the original score.) And the music from MFL is a damned sight more ephemeral than Bach. ** I don't mind your "small zines deserve small comment" crack at my FR, but I would point out that bulk is not necessarily always a criterion -- a four page GOLDEN APPLES from Grennell is more worthy of attention than a 100page STELLAR full of Larry Stark "fan fiction". ** Is not the spelling "condom"? Yes. All I have read on the subject claims that they have pretty poor efficiency.

METCALFE and others. I take it that the fugghead votes for Sanderson were not because of his triangular activities, but because of his slavish following of the Dietz line, and his tendency when editing APE to rush off in all directions with loud cries over the smallest of things, and in general making Great Big Fuggheaded Noises. Haven't you heard the old expression..?

I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was BOB LICHTMAN:

Here is my

new Cult-only address as to be published in your Fantasy Rotator: Bob Lichtman, PO Box 4222, Inglewood, Cal. This is not for personal correspondence in general and all other mail, unless I otherwise arrange it with individual parties, is to go to the usual 6137. But all Cultzines to the box! Reason not stated, but maybe we can put 2 and 2 together. If that suggests nothing to you, put 2 and 67 together...

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Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of
BANGS L TAPSCOTT:

Can it be that $853\frac{1}{2}$ lies at the focal point of a time-warp zone? I managed to receive #96 four (count 'em) days after receiving 96.1. Pity that I received the latter at all.

TED E WHITE: Since when does blood in the stomach cause vomiting? The late Bram Stoker would no doubt be highly interested in hearing this. How many prize-fighters have you ever seen toss their cookies because of a bust in the mouth? Or dental ~~patients~~ patients? I have heard tell of butchers and slaughter-house workers, obviously not hung-up in the least, who relished nothing so much as a tumbler of sangre hot from the critter after a hard day's work. It is more likely that blood in the stomach only causes vomiting in those who have some kind of strong emotional prejudice against ingesting it in the first place. Like, certain European cultures regularly chow up on blood puddings and the like, and among certain African tribes a fermented mixture of blood and milk is a staple item of the diet. So...? ## My own reaction to bleeding is evidently the opposite of yours (all amateur analysts gather 'round for this); I can generally manage to stay conscious and administer first aid to bleeding or burned tissue, so long as it belongs to someone else. Unfortunately, when I happen to be the one who is burned or bleeding, I almost invariably go into shock. This of course is only true with fairly severe injuries. The first time it happened was when I was about seven or eight and managed to give myself a dandy cut while playing with my father's pocket knife. Since then, the cause-effect sequence has proved constant enough that whenever I cut (or burn) myself anymore, the first thing I do is apply some kind of compress (usually a bare hand), lie down, elevate my feet, light a cigarette, and wait for it to go away. It usually takes a minute or so for the shock to set in, and generally a half-hour or so to go away. I've never passed out completely, but several times have come close to it. Trade symptoms, anyone? ## (re Boblicht Man) Who made an ass of whoself? While we're on the subject of oral prejudices, what have you got against urine? Surely you, who are so Clear and all, won't put down the drinking of anything without having tried it first...will you? Aren't non-urine-drinkers just as hung-up as non-semen-drinkers, or non-feces-eaters (a minority of the Cult, according to some)? C'mon, Ted, tell us all about oral prejudices. ## I may be misinterpreting your misinterpretation of the constitution, but the way I have understood previous (mis)interpretation, the publishing of an FR is automatically counted as commenting upon it to the publisher of the next FR. Is or isn't this the case, Johnstone?

LUPOFF: Considering the iwl and everything, I think I prefer your spelling of "Cult" to the one ordinarily used.

BREEN: I was talking about Koning's remark, in regard to his inexpertness with the spirit duplicator, that he was "not a Ditto master". ## I still haven't read CRY 149, but I suspect that the problems you treat of (e.g. omnipotence, etc.) center around such questions as, "Could god make a stone so big he couldn't lift it?" et al. I am certain that a moment's consideration will reveal to you that this sort of paradox is also resolvable under the Russellian type-theory. ## Freud is a Dirty Old Man.

KONING: I'll buy that. I hereby apply for a charter membership in the LIJAGH League.

(White cut three of Tapscott's four pages from the letter in FR 96 and, no doubt, snickered proudly, if you can imagine a way to do that. But, cynical fellow, Bangs sent me a carbon just in case White did something sneaky like cutting three of his four pages. Shows what a low mind Eugene fandomites get.)

JOHNSTONE: Oh fudge, man, whathell kind of games are you trying to play? Whassis "aim my shots closer at the exact truth" jazz? If you want a really competent run-down on the problem of self-referentiality (e.g. in "no-one should be dogmatic"), I

suggest you go get hold of a good standard reference work on Logic and read up on Russell's theory of types, for instance "Mathematical Logic as Based on the Theory of Types" (B. Russell, Logic and Knowledge, RC Marsh, ed., U of Minnesota 1959). ## What do you mean, "my logically false statements appear to have some weaknesses"? You mean, by careful misinterpretation of the words in them they will come out to be non-contradictory? That's true, but it still doesn't obviate the distinction between empirical and logical falsity. You want to say that the Grennells have a cat that's black all over? But that it has a white patch under its chin? That, if you'll pardon my filthy mouth, is bullshit from the word go. There is no such thing as a cat which is black all over but which has a white patch under its chin. ## I can give better examples of contradictory statements if you'd like. Speaking of Santayana, someone has characterized him as believing that "there is no God and the Virgin Mary is his Mother." Contradictory enough for you? What about "some bachelors are married"? Or what about "Louis XIV was not Louis XIV"? /Good thing you didn't make it, "James I was not James VI".../ I suppose that by cavilling properly you could misconstrue these examples as well, to show that they "aren't really self contradictory". OK, go ahead... ## I just looked back at the TAJ paragraph wherein he refutes brilliantly my examples of logically false propositions, and promptly got shook up all over again. Whaddya mean, "they suffer from over-generalization"? It's OK to criticize generalizations when there's a likelihood that there exists a counter-instance, but I can think of nothing more idiotic, or more indicative of an absolute lack of knowledge about the nature of the world & of philosophy than to criticize someone for "generalizing" about matters for which it is absolutely impossible to find a counter-instance; namely, the truths of logic and mathematics. You care to say that I'm over-generalizing when I say that $2/2$ always equals 4? Or that the sum of the angles in a plane triangle is equal to 180° ? Fout. You care to say I'm over-generalizing when I say that " $P \vee \neg P$ " is always true? Fie and bah. Those things which are called "mathematical truths" and "logical truths" are true in every case, and to call this an "over-generalization" is to demonstrate an almost incredible ignorance of what these terms mean. ## Kindly pardon my hasty action in indicting you as a non-pubber. I see that I was wrong to the tune of fifty-odd pages worth. Guess that'll teach me to go getting nervous. I shudder to think what might have happened if you'd taken me up on that noble "I'll do it" business. ## Bhy ghod, maybe the Cult is right about my Low Mind. I think I enjoyed your roster title more than anything else in the magazine. I wish I'd thought of it first.

WHITE again (re Champion): O fer ghodsake, will you shape up? Without a doubt, one of the major sources of misunderstanding and fallacious argumentation on any philosophical level is the failure to distinguish between (a) logical and (b) empirical truth and falsity. Your remarks anent John Ugly's attempt to clarify it to Taj demonstrate only too effectively that (a) you don't know what the hell you're talking about, and (b) that you have no desire to find out. And you were wiggled out at my extraneous remarks! ## If Arizona's Senatorial representation is in any way indicative of the quality of their atmosphere, I doubt not that it will repel not only buzzards, but boojums, snarks, and pterodactyls.

PELZ: On the subject of lingual gags, both bi- and hetero-, you may or may not already have the following couple on record.

There once was a gaucho named Bruno,
Who said, "There is one thing I do know;
That though women are fine
And sheep are divine,
Esos Llamas son número uno!"

A gentleman and scolar /coop! make that "scholar"/, about to visit Boston for the first time, was cautioned by his friends not to miss the opportunity to partake of a serving of Boston Scrod. After completing his business, the gentleman remembered this advice and crawling into a taxi said to the driver, "Can you take me to a place where one might have scrod?"

"You bet I can," answered the driver, "but you're the first who's ever asked for it in the passive pluperfect subjunctive."

The barbarous Scythian, / Or he that makes his generation messes / to gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom / be as well neighbored, pitied and relieved / as thou,
JACK HARNESS:

As usual the deadline encroaches on my free time and I will have to make do with a pocsarcd. Of note in recent CULTzines have been the two stories by Koning...in which he takes off on themes current in the Cult and proceeds to mash the hell out of them. I refer to his bit on sex in his own FR and to the survival themes ("Life was itself a hobby") in his recent story. ## The Ring Fellowship almost has some membership cards printed. I Palantir is another story. Ted may have time to type stencils this summer. ## Pursuant to the Cult, I am reminded of something Ted said in SAPS: you ken, the intellectual wife and brilliant mistress menage-a-trois? And the girls found out about the deal -- like, Ted showed them his SAPS-zine? /Gee...I guess Tapscott was right about TAJ's absolute lack of knowledge of the nature of the world.../ Well, the gal slated for statutory marriage posted a couple cards at the Fan Hillton lately: "Help Draft the Hobbit" & "Ted Johnstone for PVT". She evidently thinks a stint with Uncle Sammy would help him. I find the situation amusing...but can't evaluate from personal experience!

He was disposed to mirth, but on a sudden / a Roman thought hath struck GEORGE SCITHERS:

Rike (and White) seem to think it's not pornographic if it's drawn badly enough. ** I haven't received an FR since Champion's -- though I've written to them all. /He's been borrowing mine./ Got a few f/rationals. ** No need to explain all over again, Walter; we heard you the first time, we just didn't believe you.

Just at the point of winding things up came an air special letter from Lars Bourne, portions of which we reproduce here:

The sentimental strains of "I wonder who's baiting who now" seem to be pervading the Cult lately. All this talk of "I was trying to bait A but B took the bait, and actually I was casting my line for both A and B, and perhaps C and D, but really I was..." has the same ring as does Eithman's defense of himself, where it wasn't his doing but that of Hitler or Goebbels or John Furd or however. Whoever has been baiting whom, I'm afraid the East Coast contingent of this curious organization is suffering from a severe case of hook in mouth disease.

As far as scatology is concerned, I think perhaps you (TEW) are making an issue out of one incident -- which is frowned upon heavily in Scientific circles by the way; but then you, being so brilliant, have no need to use the scientific method. If I were to, say, use the word a**hole a number of times in my conversation I would not necessarily be anally oriented; but if I were to talk endlessly about how nice a*holes were, or how good s**t was, or to discuss anal processes, this would mark me as being anally oriented. I'm afraid you're confusing the use of anal points for derision with a particular type of orientation. Honest, Ted, most people who refer to other people as s**t-heads aren't anally oriented. One would think you were Hung Up on this subject.

Breen, is this Howard God Lots of kat who tried to visit my home at 1:30 ack emma reall a friend, pupil, or whatever of yours? I hope he's not a specimen of the gifted children.

ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE CULT:

wrote to

96 97 pubdate

1. John Champion (204 LINCOLN BLVD., APT 13 , VENICE, CAL.)	yes	no	25 Dec
2. John Koning (318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio)	yes	no	15 Jan
3. Norm Metcalf (Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Fla.)	yes	yes	5 Feb
4. Boyd Raeburn (89 Maxome Ave., Willodale, Ontario, CANADA)	no	yes	26 Feb
5. Ted White (107 Christopher St., New York 14, NY)	pub	no	19 Mar
6. Dick Eney (417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Va.)	yes	pub	9 Apr
7. Bangs L. Tapscott (853 ¹ / ₂ E. 13th St., Eugene, Ore.) * * * * *	yes	yes	31 Jul
8. Bruce Pelz (2790 West 8th St., Los Angeles 5, Cal.)	no	yes	21 Aug
9. Dave Rike (1507 Twenty-Seventh Ave., Oakland 1, Cal.)	yes	f/r	11 Sep
10. P. Howard Lyons (Box 561, Adelaide Sta., Toronto, Ont., Canada)	yes	no	2 Oct
11. Bob Lichtman (PO BOX 4222, INGLEWOOD, CAL.)	yes	pc	23 Oct
12. Jack Harness, (2790 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 5, Cal.)	no	pc	13 Nov
13. Bhub Stewart (237 West Tenth St., New York 14, NY)	no	pc*	4 Dec

Yep, that's right. Our QA has failed to write to two successive FRs and is out on his ear. I suppose the thing to do is have Scotty Tapscott hold a special election, but why don't we wait till the SeaCon and have a Cult Seance to elect somebody on the spot? If that word for a face-to-face Cultsession catches on, I claim the discredit for it.

ACTIVE WAITING LISTERS:

1. Andy Main bem (c/o Breen)	yes	no
2. Walter Breen (1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, Cal.)	yes	no
3. Lars Bourne (3790 Hilyard, Eugene, Ore.)	no	yes
4. Pat & Dick Lupoff (215 East 73rd St., New York 21, NY)	yes	yes
5. Gregg Trendeine (20051 Regent Drive, Detroit 5, Mich.)	--	--

ALL-CAP addresses represent changes.

*Stewart promises a f/rational before 10 July

INACTIVE WAITING LIST:

1. Rick Marcuse, 1763 Prospect Ave., Sta. Barbara, Cal.
2. George Scithers, Box 9006, Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Va.
3. Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minn.
4. Tom Condit % Ted White
5. Fred Patten, 5156 Chesley Ave., Los Angeles 43, Cal.
6. Greg Benford, 204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Okla.
7. Rich Brown, Box 1136, Tyndall AFB, Fla.
8. Al Lewis, SA 338-873, ET E-5, USCG Tng Station, Groton, Conn.
9. Ed Baker, 2215 Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles 16, Cal.
10. Dean & Shirley Dickensheet, 348 North Ogden Drive, Los Angeles 36, Cal.
11. Les Nirenberg, %Coexistence Candy Store, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ont., CANADA
12. Bill Donaho, 1441 Eighth St., Berkeley 10, Cal.
13. Calvin Demmon, 1002 East 66th St., Inglewood, Cal.
14. A/2c George W.P. Reinhart, 51st A&E, APO 235, San Francisco, Cal.
15. Bruce Henstell, 815 Tigertail Rd., Los Angeles 49, Cal.
16. Craig Cochran, 467 West First St., Scottsdale, Ariz.
17. Paul Stanbery, 1317 North Raymond St., Pasadena, Cal.
18. Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo St., Covina, Cal.
19. Tom Seidman, c/o MIT Lincoln Lab, Lexington 73, Mass. (until 1 Sept)
20. Milo Mason, 728 Hay Ave., Apt. 2, Los Angeles 22, Cal.
21. Bill Martin, 118 South Bowling Green, Los Angeles 49, Cal. (will the Blue Grass State sue?)
22. Lee Thorin ~~Delk~~ Box 2101, Philadelphia 3, Penna.

