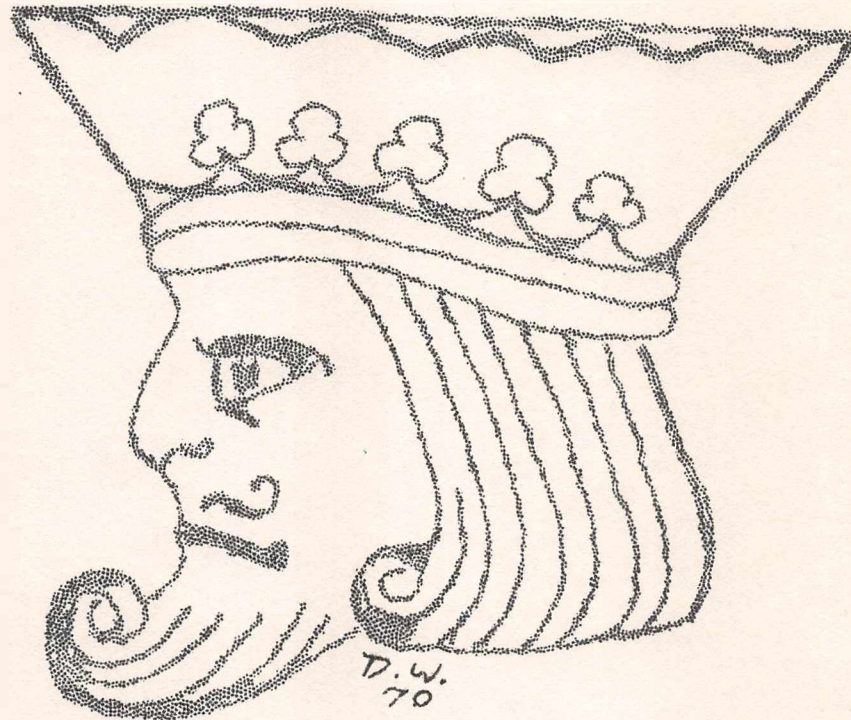


DOL CIRITH UNGOL # 5



IS THIS REALLY A PICTURE of
PETER VORZIMMER?

FR 250

WE MADE IT PUBLICATION #196

Grhultzine .034

And yes, later than ever, this is DOL CIRITH UNGOL #5, the 250th FANTASY ROTATOR of the Cult (which would be celebrated, were we not on a base-13 system). It is dated as of the First Day of the Sixth Month of the 1970th Year of the Sixth, and Last, Age of Middle-earth.

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Published and distributed to the Cult, and others, by *George R Heap*

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CULT ROSTER : June 1, 1970

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	13	YY Y	Dec 28	George Scithers, Box 8243, Phila., PA 19101

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* COA's: Please note

NEXT FRed: *Tom Opilla*; letterdate is June 20.

REINSTATED: *Fred Hollander*

RESIGNED: *Sherry Heap*

NEW AWLER: *Jack Harness*

MUST WRITE: As last time, look at the Roster. A "-" for the 250th Period means you didn't do anything and had best write to *Opilla*, or fractionalize. You had also best not wait for an FR to tell you this, what with latepub and all.

The *Scithers* Code used for activity (slightly expanded) is:

	PUB- LISH	LET- TER	POST- CARD	ART	TELE- PHONE
FR Activity:	P	Y	C	A	T
f/r Activity:	p	y	c	a	+ (!)

at any rate, it's concise.

Lapidus gets a slap on the wrist for failing to pick up the coa's from FR 248. They were buried in the body thereof, but OAic letters often do contain Matters of Interest. Some of them aren't all that important, but I would suspect that *Eney's* mail might be considerably delayed. (Probably should have left off your coa, mutter, mutter)

My latepub (in this quantity) is regrettable, but sort of unavoidable. I had to go to Philadelphia for a doctor's exam the weekend before *the* weekend. Then three days before that, my boss "suggested" that I attend a computer class at Bucknell on the way back. So that was another four days shot. And so it goes . . . Better organization would help.

And the Mail does seem to be deteriorating. A lot of the letters recently seem to have taken longer than should be expected to arrive to the Publisher. Be warned! *Hollander* was reinstated, but there is an accumulative limit to these things..

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////////////////////////////////////
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////
//// AND NOW, THOSE WONDERFUL FOLKS WHO GAVE YOU:
////
////                               My Lai
////
////                               Kent State
////
////                               Jackson Satte
////
////                               Augusta Georgia
////
//// Proudly present - - - -
////
//// -----
//// THE VETERANS ADMINISTRATION HOSPITAL
//// -----
////
//// See: THE HERO'S REWARD!
////
//// See: THE AMPUTEES vs. THE RATS!
////
//// See: THE REAL ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION,
////       "What Can Your Country Do For You?"
////
//// (COMING SOON ----- Dachau! ----- Auschwitz! ----- Belsen! -----)
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////

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CULTITIS

O.K. kiddies, here's your part of the ROTATOR. My comments, if any, will be in this typeface (Courier 12, if anyone is interested) and [in brackets]. - grh

Jim Wright -

April 28, 1970

Dear George & Cult:

What*s happening? Eh? (Shout real loud and maybe I can pick up the air-waves with my notorious Hawk-Ears. . .) Well, here's a letter of comment for the gang, which you can forward to the next FR publisher if you like, or retain for your forthcoming FR (is it really 250?). Don't break your back whatever you do (bad scene, breaking your back on a letter. . .).

Scithers is in fine form as usual. I know for sure I'm in the Cult because only here can one find rebuttal based on poor reading. (Actually, now that I think about it, one can find that sort of thing just about everywhere, particularly in political dialogues these days; it's heartening to know, isn't it, that the Cult plays only a minor part in this grand scheme.)

Back to *Scithers*. Well, I congratulate you on your feats in Yosemite as I know the climbs and they are excellent ones. My own best climb there was the Direct Route on Washington Column (III, 5.7 if you savvy the grading system). I'm somewhat crog-gled to read that you climbed with John Harlin and I would be interested to know anything you cared to say about him. From the tone of Dougal Haston's book *Directi-cima* (about the Harlin Route on the Eigernordwand), JH sounds like a strange fellow indeed.

You give the impression to others that I am doomed to die at the hands of dope (which may be, although I doubt it as I rarely use the stuff) but you only reflect to me your ignorance of both dope and climbing. My exact comment was that I occasionally enjoyed smoking a joint in a bivouac. A bivouac, for those who don't know, is a forced (or planned) camp on a mountain or cliff wall that is too difficult to surmount in a single day. Bivouacs are normal in Yosemite as the extreme size of the walls (the best climbs are 2000-3000 feet in length) combined with the sheer nature of the granite does not allow for easy ascents. There are many two-day climbs; some are as long as six days (and the first ascents usually take about twice as long, although the first ascent of the Nose on El Capitan took 55 days total. Okay, so on a bivouac a climber has one duty: sleep. A bivouac lasts until the first rays of dawn, total time of bivouac averaging around eight hours (it usually takes an hour or two to set one up). Now ideally, eight hours of sleep would put one in fine shape for the next day's climbing. Unfortunately, the act of climbing all day, though physically trying, produces large amounts of adrenalin in the body which tends to release certain chemical elements in the brain. These elements are thought to be similar to those triggered by LSD. At any rate, after a full day of climbing, though the limbs are tired, the mind is usually running away at pell-mell rates in all directions (I can honestly say I've gotten higher from climbing than I have from drugs). Sleep is often difficult. And that is why, at this time, when sleep is desired on a bivouac, a joint of excellent weed can often bring the needed mental relaxation (a beer would work as well but is more bulky and heavier to pack). Climbers have traditionally used sleeping pills for this purpose, but in the early sixties many Yosemite climbers started smoking weed in bivouacs and this is now becoming almost a tradition in itself. Marijuana is a relaxant, *George*, and is of course a hindrance to the act of climbing when physical effort is called for. But as a sleep-inducer in a bivouac it is quite excellent, and far safer than sleeping pills

or modern medication which produced hangovers. (Need I point out that eight hours is plenty of time for the effects to wear off?)

As to music, I plead alienation from the tastes of *Heap* and *Sanders*. The records I cherish are classical in nature, though they differ in approach. My favorites are Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, the Columbia release of Robert Johnson's Delta Blues ("King of the Delta Blues Singers"), a Folkways release of Blind Willie Johnson, anything by Jelly Roll Morton, anything by The Swan Silverstone Singers (a gospel group that outstrips any other vocal music I've ever heard), and anything by The Band, Dylan, and the Stones. Also Hank Williams. [This last was a marginal note: not sure where it should go.]

Admittedly "Nashville Skyline" is not great in the scheme of things, but it is damn nice, a quality that I find more admirable than the most frenetic of Hendrix's freak-outs or Clapton's overdrawn runs. Dylan's best is probably "John Wesley Harding" I suppose.

Actually, *Jim*, I would consider the Yardbirds more of a force in rock & roll than the Cream. Although the Cream did start the trend of the "super-group", I find very little of value coming from most of these super-groups, whereas the Yardbirds were one of the first innovators of hard blues in rock, a trend that has been quite productive. Listen to the Yardbirds first American album, "For Your Love", which features Clapton on lead (contrary to the jacket notes), and tell me what you think.

I don't care for Iron Butterfly at all in any way, shape, or form, and have personally broken copies of their record which people tried to play in my presence (well, I was extremely drunk at the time). Having seen them live and adjudged them worse than believable, I have severed all contact with them. You may consider it a flaw in my character if you wish.

You must be weird if you say the Band is not listenable while I consider them pre-eminently so. A rock group you might pick up on, if you don't follow them already, is the Kinks who are releasing top quality albums these days.

Basically though, I think rock & roll has somehow blown it (I was sure until the Band came along and produced a ray of hope). I'm not very much informed on the scene any more, so I can't really theorize too much, but Greg Shaw has many many coherent thoughts on the future of rock & roll and is extremely articulate about them. If Greg were in the Cult we might be able to have an excellent discussion, but I feel reluctant to proceed without his scholarship. (Do me a favor, *Heap*, and send a copy of your FR, with this letter, to Shaw and prod him to join. After all, he was responsible for prodding me back. His address is 64 Taylor, Fairfax, CA [94930])

W.

[Alright Greg, consider yourself invited! But *Jim*, if Greg joins, I'll have to do something else to get METANOIA!]

Finally, *Jim S.*, there is no "beyond drugs" stage. That is a shuck worked out by Hindu mystics to corner the transcendentalism market. I will occasionally smoke weed for the rest of my life, as I will continue to imbibe bottles of beer when the situation demands. Getting on is part of being human (it certainly has a long tradition!) so fuck the teetotalers. Fuck 'em in duh ass. I prefer to be "straight" most of the time because I enjoy the experience more when it comes along; also, it is less expensive. However, if at all possible, I wish you would use peyote or psilocybin for personal exploration, as almost 100% of the LSD available in this country contains impurities, from ergotamine impurities to speed and strychnine. Organics are much easier on your head, although it requires more effort to get the actual organic product (synthesizations are generally fucked up by amateur chemists).

Right now I am getting together the wherewithall to spend three months of bliss high in the mountains of Colorado. I've been included in an extended climbing expedition to the San Juan range by a group in New Mexico; the schedule calls for many, many first ascents. Most of the peaks are over 13,000 feet, some over 14,000; the land base is around 10,000, so operations will be in terrifically thin air. Many beautiful granite walls are in the area too, mostly unclimbed. This is more than an end in itself, however, as it will serve mainly as a proving ground for a more extended trip, possibly to the Andes next year. I trust that sounds adventurous. I'll let you know what happens.

Take it easy.

James Wright

Jim Wright -

Mayday 1970

Further to the Cult

Fitch: Glad to see some fans are realizing the potential of wilderness existence, if only for abbreviated holidays. When I was a student in high school, I thought people who went hiking and camping were slightly weird, just a wee bit off their nut; my major recreation was sitting at home guzzling beer and writing crud for fanzines, for correspondents, and for self-satisfaction. What a life! So now here I am, between mountaineering excursions, guzzling beer and writing crud for fanzines. At least I can select good beer now.

But two years ago I moved to the mountains of New Mexico and lived in a crude adobe shack with nothing but a wood stove, a bed, and an old icebox full of elk meat. For entertainment I had one of the world's finest collections of *Marvel Comics* ever assembled. Well, I wasn't camping out, but there weren't too many people around, the forests and hills were extremely beautiful, and the air was suitably thin (9,000 feet elevation). Then some friends took me rock climbing on some of the gorge cliffs that one can find throughout the New Mexico mountains. It scared the daylight, the precious pee, right out of me. I was determined never to try that again.

A year later found me in Seattle, taking week-end camping excursions in the Cascades with the members of a commune where I was staying, mostly because there wasn't much else to do. Smoking dope gets a little on the dull side when you're consuming a couple lids a week (at least) since you're always too layed back to do anything (except score more dope). Then a friend, one of the "commies", introduced me to Alpine climbing which deals with snow and ice, mostly. This attracted me because the angles of exposure are never as dramatic as on rock and strength is more of an attribute than extreme technical skill (which is the case in rock climbing). Within a matter of two months I had left the world of dope and the streets far behind. I had discovered and embraced that most dramatic of environments, the Alpine world.

Though I enjoy any environment that is natural, from the desert to the woods, it is the environment of the high mountains, above timberline, on snow and rock, that attracts me most of all. The thin air is exhilaration supreme and the very act of movement on the side of a mountain makes the whole body tingle pleasantly. Clarity of thought is so overwhelming that there is little need for words, either in the mind or on the tongue. These things, and good companionship, is what I find in the mountains and is the reason I return again and again and always will.

Your comments on solo mountaineering are interesting because your conclusions are very much similar to mine. I've spent prolonged periods in the mountains alone (most notably in Montana's Glacier National Park in the pre-summer season last year) and

though it is desirable to experience, it is not really fun. Considering the difficulty in acquiring hiking companions, you might be able to comprehend the difficulty in finding climbing partners (where the elements of compatibility and skill are much more significant). This is the reason why most climbers seldom associate with people who are not climbers; they tend to congregate so as to be able to pick and choose well. The cause of a good deal of solo climbing is this difficulty in finding partners; this, in turn, causes many accidents.

On to dope: Your conjecture of a possible shift in Western Culture from Apollonian to Dionysian comes well after the fact. The way I see it, in fact, is just the opposite. The real revolution these days, that is being carried out by the more level-headed of my generation, is an attempt to create sanity out of chaos by returning to a more Apollonian style of culture (*i.e.*, agrarian, family-oriented, generally communally, with much emphasis on creativity). Many youth are carrying the banner of Dionysian frolic quite proudly however (myself included), though drugs are a much less significant element than sex.

I think the main reason why drugs are so highly touted and harangued is simply and truthfully due to stupidity. Most people recommend the LSD experience so highly because they have never even approached any kind of mystical experience in their middle class suburban lives. This is what I considered it at first, simply because I didn't have the background to fully appreciate the experience; when that background was filled in. I lost most of my interest in LSD. Mystical experiences which I have found much more significant in my lifetime are: freight-train rides, climbs, jail terms, and survival problems. It is the extreme monotony and orderliness of a teen's life that causes him to embrace LSD so enthusiastically.

The cause of the campaign against drugs is pointless, foggy-minded, desperate stupidity. Art Linkletter stands as a symbol of this thing. The government puts down drugs because it doesn't know what's going on and it's grasping at straws. That's the best I can say for 95% of all campaigns against dope. Legitimately, over-use of drugs is bad, but man is basically gluttonous and must be satiated before he can realize the Error. And it is apparent that legalization of most drugs would make things much easier to handle. The availability of pure, pharmaceutical LSD would eliminate most bad trips; even the legalization of methadone would help junkies. As for speed and barbs, only education can help there. At any rate, legality has no effect on availability as any drug is available practically anywhere in the U.S., even in the small towns of Oklahoma.

Enough is enough is enough is enough is . . .

J W

[You seem to have been leading an interesting life since you left us. The mountain climbing sounds quite fascinating (it always does when I read about other people doing it) but it's not for me. You may read why eventually. ¶ You're being so uncultishly rational about rock makes it difficult to comment further on your tastes. You are right in implying that taste is somewhat of a personal thing. For my part, if I like a piece, or a group, after a reasonable amount of exposure; I find it difficult to believe that I can be argued (logically or otherwise) into changing my mind. At any rate, I catch a certain amount of the rock that comes through here (and little enough there is) plus other types of music as well. The last thing we caught was Copland as guest conductor doing some of his own music on a generally modern, and enjoyable, program.

Somewhat taken out of context, I was amused at your description of a teen's life being monotonous and orderly. My own, seen in retrospect, had its good points and its bad, but monotony and order? And considering everything, I'm not all that sure that things have changed much.

[I think you misunderstand the government's interest in drugs. Their major point against them is the perennial claim that drugs "cause" crime. This pleases the law-and-order freaks who apparently see a criminal behind every bush in any case. Then there is the fact that some drugs cause physical or mental harm. You put them all together, you ignore the report on marijuana by LaGuardia's group, and you've got a hell of a lot of jobs on the federal level and a major activity for your local police.

[What do you do if you want to decrease crime due to heroin addiction? Why you make a real effort to reduce the number of addicts, using everything you've got, including methadone; if that isn't enough, you issue heroin on prescription. Do you?

No, what you really do is play games with narcotics treatment centers that accomplish little, if anything. You make methadone illegal, and in general do everything possible to force the addict into a life of crime and keep the heroin trade in business. And that keeps an awful lot of narcs in business!

[Same with speed, barbs, maybe LSD, and anything else that has, or might have, genuinely harmful effects. What you do is throw as many users as you can catch in jail. This has three neat social effects: it harms the users about as much as the drugs would, it gives the police plenty of chances to make the headlines, and it does absolutely nothing to reduce the problem (the last is an observed fact).

[Actually, you are quite right that the only possible help is education. In a day when people are looking for highs from airplane glue and freezone (?) gas, I don't see anything else short of 24-hour surveillance for everyone. So you start out by telling everyone that marijuana is addictive. Then you tell them that it causes crime. And you tell them that it leads to heroin. And once you've got everybody believing that, you can get them to believe just about anything.]

DICK ENEY -

Cao Lanh
May 6, 1970

Dear Jerry, or GeOH, and Cult:

It occurs to me that the reasonably rapid service *via* US Mail from Can Tho isn't going to work so well from Cao Lanh, where our facilities are a bit austere even for Viet Nam. This just may get to *Lapidus*, but if not I'll send *Heap* a copy.

Wow gang, ~~11/6/1111gator~~ I sure chirped it when I said I'd be closer to the Heart of Things up here in Kien Phong. Of course you can read about the operations in Cambodia in your paper, so I won't go into those here, except to say that it still gives me shivers to recall the time I was idyllically admiring a beautiful armored sweep which didn't quite nail Military Region II Headquarters and, charmed by the gracefull swooping of the jets I could just see, turned my binoculars on them for a closer look and found that our air cover was being provided by a flight of MIG 15s. Gluk! The Cambodians have kept up some semblance of air operations, which surprises me -- I having more or less taken it for granted that complicated stuff would be the first to go. So far as I know the FANK -- *Forces Armees National(e?) Kampuchienne* -- haven't put in any air strikes in direct support of our (*i.e.* us Viets') ground probes, but that's because most of our commanders don't trust the effectiveness of the liason system yet.

However, leaving this cloak & cannon stuff out of it, the thing I'm sweating right now is the influx of refugees we're getting out of Cambodia -- Viets who have cut out to avoid either mob violence or the threat thereof. As well as anybody can make out, the Cambodians are acting sort of like the Indonesians. Both had several years to contemplate their Glorious Leader carefully tying them up for delivery to the Empire (SWAK), and now both are responding to a chance to show their feelings by lynching

everybody who even looks like a collaborationist. That got a lot of innocent Overseas Chinese killed in Indonesia, and is getting a lot of innocent Vietnamese killed in Cambodia. (Unfortunately one prominent guilty Vietnamese got away: "Hak Ly", the "Chinese businessman" who ran the VC trucking line from Sihanoukville to the Communist base areas, skipped town before the new Cambodian government took hold. However, they did close down his company and seized about a hundred freight trucks.) I can't read this quite clearly -- the Cambodians are friendly enough toward Vietnamese from Viet Nam, and their liaison officers don't give us any static. It is not impossible that this allegedly anti-Communist campaign which looks like a pogrom really *is* meant to be anti-subversive and not racist, despite the long record of mutual throat-slitting that divides the nations of the Indo-Chinese peninsula. For the time being, the only thing I'm sure about is that we've got nearly 3,000 fresh refugees to take care of just this side of the border. And three hours ago, I got the word from Can Tho that an air lift is being run into Binh Thuy (the air base just upstream from Can Tho) and guess what, Dick, Kien Phong's share is 1,200 refugees from this lot, just let us know where you want the Chinooks to set them down. *Choi oi*. But little does he know that the Regional Deputy for CORDS had a refreshing laugh over that story of the MIG 15s and impulsively told me to call directly on his office for support if we got in a bind. I wonder if that Refugee man will be as surprised as I was when he gets *his* bombshell tomorrow morning.

Hoping you are the same,

Dick Eney

JERRY LAPIDUS -

May 15, 1970

Dear George,

News first: with your FR, please change my Cult address back to the above. [See the Roster.]

Letters, second. I sent the copies of my FR all off Monday afternoon, First Class. You should have your copy by now, certainly. I received the enclosed letter from *Hollander*, whom I threw OUT, by airmail on Tuesday; on Wednesday, I got the *Wuchters'* letter (which wasn't needed) and *Pelz's* f/r. With this, *Pelz* should be back in; you can make your own choice about *Hollander*.

No time to talk now, gotta go back to work.

Will try to write sometime before your pubdate.

Be seeing you

Jerry Lapidus

Rotsler for TAFF!

FRED HOLLANDER -

May 7, 1970

Dear Jerry and Culy,

Oops, looks like this goes out AIR MAIL so I don't miss the deadline. I was going to write a little earlier, but a sudden burst of activity called the student strike and working to get public support for Peace in Cambodia and Southeast Asia finds me

here on Thursday evening with letter deadline fast approaching. [Your faith in Air Mail seems to have been misplaced.]

Wow! The U.S. is going to hell in a bucket slightly faster than usual last week. And I feel that it's about time that we told them to find their own bucket, too. Nixon says that he's de-escalating and Vietnamizing the War, and then announces that U.S. troops are going into Cambodia. This is de-escalation? And at the same time that he is doing this (which, by the way, seems to be un-Constitutional, since this is not a declared war and all he has as authorization is the Tonkin Gulf Resolution which doesn't include the power to authorize invasions into neutral countries) there are persistent rumours that it was done in a great hurry and under pressure from the military, who wanted a 30,000 man landing at Sihanoukville.

[As I understand the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, from recent press discussion, it gave the President powers -- whatever powers are implied by its wording -- throughout Indo-China, which includes Cambodia and Laos as well. Unfortunately, there *are* governmental traditions about using U.S. troops in foreign countries without a Congressional declaration of war. Such "limited" invasions have never been legally limited by Congress; but of course, they have never been carried to the length of Viet Nam. The problem is that Congress has effectively defaulted the power of war-making to the Presidency. As it stands, the President can claim Congressional approval for Viet Nam. Congress (or, more to the point, individual Congressmen) can claim that they never meant the President to carry things to the present extent.

[Congress could, at any time, end the war in Viet Nam by any number of means. But their failure to do so doesn't seem to imply guilt in the minds of the U.S. public. Again, the individual resistance to such a move is largely invisible, and unlikely to be penalized at the polls.

[Your definition of Cambodia as neutral is mere verbalizing. There is a quote, source unknown to me, to the effect that "neutrality has duties as well as rights." In other words, by permitting its territory to be used for military purposes by the VC and North Viet Nam, Cambodia has given up its right to be considered neutral.]

The campus has been pretty much in a turmoil for some time, as those of you who have been reading the papers may have noticed. Tuesday I actually went down on campus to attend a noon rally and to see if I could do something about keeping the demonstration non-violent. The noon rally was all in favor of non-violence, but it seems that there are people who just like to throw rocks at police, and they are enough to make a peaceful march into a confrontation. I managed to get clubbed in the leg trying to put myself between the rock-throwers and the police. The police didn't want me there; they wanted to crack heads. It didn't really feel like much at the time, not any worse than bruises I've gotten at Society Tourneys, but when I got home much later I found that I had a gash 1/2" long and 1/4" deep on the front of my leg, and blood all over my trouser leg. So I got that patched up the next morning at Cowell Hospital on campus and went to attend the Convocation that the Accademic Senate and the ASUC had called.

There were something over 15,000 students in the Greek Theatre where the Convocation was being held, which is something over half the student body. So Reagan closed down the campus and now we are all free of class obligations *officially* for today and Friday. As a result we can work full time on the job of getting the community aware of the problem in Cambodia and getting petitions signed and letters written. The Boalt Hall Law Students are setting up canvassing and petition centers and all sorts of other services out of the "closed" campus. The campus feels more open than it ever has before, while I've been here. Even the frats are working for the anti-war movement. After I delivered my 200+ signatures collected in beautiful downtown Oakland

[Regardless of the typestyle, the words immediately below here are *Hollanders*.] to Boalt Hall this afternoon, I went down Bancroft and found a car-bashing set up on the front lawn of a frat with all proceeds to the Bail Fund for those arrested in the protests the last few weeks.

Speaking of protests. Have all of you written to your Senators and Representatives? I don't care which way you wrote, though I should hope that it would be mostly anti the expansion of the war; but one thing I have noticed about the Silent Majority is that it's so damn silent that it's very hard to count, thus even with the letters and telegrams opposing the war in the millions (if they ever get there), Nixon could still claim the support of his "Silent Majority".

The Dead, Too, Are Also Silent.

And a Majority.

So for the time being, research is put off a little and politics take hold. But I really feel that now is almost the last time that many of us will have to really test whether the System is actually responsive to the people. A lot of the young people who are working right now to try to get public opinion mobilized are working with the System one last time to give it a chance to prove itself. And if it lets us down this time, I think that a lot more people are going to start believing that the only solution lies "in the streets".

Not myself, for my opinion is now and will remain that violence breeds violence and does not accomplish anything worthwhile except in very rare instances. But a lot of people of my own age seem to me to be almost on the verge of complete frustration and rage.

See the letter from a girl at Monterey Peninsula College in the latest *Time* (May 5, 1970) for another view on the same subject.

I'm reminded of some lines by Yeats:

"Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand; . . . "

I hope so. Things seem to be happening faster and faster nowadays. Whole weeks of living are compressed into days, and things change on a similar scale. But our bodies still have their limitations on speed and need their rest, and so nerves grow taut and high-strung and there builds in everyone a long-lasting desire for peace and rest, which is strong enough in some that they are willing to commit violence in vain attempt to gain it.

May the Gods watch over you and keep you and give you peace.

Flieg
VI

DAVE WUCHTER -

May 10, 1970

To J. Lapidus
and the Cult;

I hereby apply for whatever the Cult wishes to apply on me! If this application is approved by the Bucket Squad, do I become anything other than iwl #6? If so, what?

Everything received from the Cult so far has been quite disjointed, and confusing to me. I spoke with *Sid Cochran* the other evening and came to the conclusion that I was receiving only a fraction of the pubs. Certainly would like to have all the mail delivered, if the Cult sees fit to include me. I say me, as C -- of D & C Wuchter -- feels that all this is a little too much. Can't say that I blame her!

You might be interested to know that *Sid* has the uncanny ability of driving his auto without looking at the street. Have seen him, on a number of occasions, intently reading the newspaper or the Cultpubs while navigating through traffic. I suspect that *Sid* will soon become a D.M.V. statistic.

Kent, Ohio. Now there's a nice little town, if I ever saw one. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! You dead, four times. We all knew it would happen sooner or later, but it's still a terrible shock when it actually happens. I feel the students have all the justification in the world to protest against whatever pleases them; but in a peaceful manner. A Guardsman, scared, surrounded, perhaps panic stricken, fires his gun. Is this murder? I think not. I feel I would have reacted in the same manner. You'll notice that I said reacted. I doubt if the Guard really acted with a clear mind. Who judges what, now that it's done? Would you like to sit on the jury? Not I. Will this incite the average student, or will it make him think twice about demonstrating? The electric chair does little to deter crime, people just don't think about dying while committing murder. That is, their own death. Is there a solution that will come to us before it's really too late? Perhaps you good folk have some comments.

Looking over the above ramblings, I see that I've made little sense and many errors. Such is the story of my life. If this doesn't pass as a letter of application, too bad!

Chickenman is alive and well, but hiding in Dnepropetrovsk, USSR.

"Whiskers"

[As to the letter-of-application, it wasn't necessary as such, but it's nice to hear from the iwl. It, and future activity, *may* help to get you more Cultpubs. There seems to be a positive correlation there, but . . . Read your TLC II for more information.

[Rightfully, the Guardsmen who fired at Kent should end up before a jury or a Court Martial. A trial might be able to determine whether there was reasonable cause for the shooting. I think not, from the news accounts. I will not believe in "snipers" or danger from rock-throwers until I hear something about Guard casualties therefrom. Like a good sniper could have picked off 10 or 12 As for the mental state of the Guard, if they were all that excitable, they shoudn't have been there; certainly not with live ammo. Which brings up certain questions about the usefulness of the Guard in *any* situation, but that's another story. Oh yes: that should be "the Guardsmen who fired and/or their officers" up there in the sentence about jury trials and Courts Martial.]

May 13, 1970

Dear George and Cult,

When I called up *George* tonight to ask for official pardon because the U.S. Post Awfuls had screwed me up on an Air Mail letter to *Lapidus*, I said that I would comment on the student dissent that is going on across the nation and especially with respect to the "strike" here at U.C. To do so I will tell you what I've been doing and what the attitudes of my friends have been towards the strike.

In my previous letter I mentioned attending a rally which started out peaceful and then went into rock-throwing and tear gassing. This was the usual method of protest at Cal up until this last week. As a local columnist once observed, the use of the word "peace" is a good indication of how violent the rally is going to be; 40 times is cause to declare a state of emergency, 50 times is cause to ask for outside police help, and 60 times in one speech or set of speeches is cause to call out the National Guard. So was that rally, too, peaceful and the students sat and thought they were for peace and non-violence, and the leaders then told them they should march around instead of thinking for themselves and they did march around, a few people threw rocks, and a lot of people threw insults, and pretty soon the cops started throwing tear gas and nightsticks, and that was it for the afternoon. Hatred and misunderstanding spread across campus and it was a "normal" Berkely protest.

But even then there were indications that the protest was not going to stay "normal". There were more people than usual in the picket line that preceded the rally, and most of them were serious and sad and wondering if it really was time for protest as "usual". We had just heard about the killings at Kent State and were wondering just what they meant. And as I wandered around campus I saw many things that were wonderful and strange. People who had not joined the march through campus, talking with professors. People who had talked with professors and decided that now was not the time for "business as usual" and who were putting up signs that Such-and-such a Department was on Strike. Not just the students, but the professors, and there was a growing feeling that everyone was involved this time. And there was a mood of growing non-violence, too, as more and more people joined in and the extreme radicals, always a minority to begin with, now became a minority even within their own movement.

And the next day at the convocation, with word that Berkeley was not alone in its concern about the war, but that there were even people in Washington who agreed with us, I think that the people who for a long time had deplored the war, but disliked the militant Left as much, found that they suddenly had company and were not alone and so could act. That convocation listened to the speakers, but rejected the violent solutions, and as we left the Greek Theatre there was general feeling that we would not let the two days free vacation that Reagan had given us close the campus and stop the dissent against the war, but rather would use it to build up that same movement.

And the next day I found out, while trying to get petition signatures in front of a PayLess drugstore in Oakland, that others had shared my commitment to action and had done me one better by organizing their action with others. I was the lone wolf going out into enemy territory, so to speak, only to find that I was in the midst of a well-organized army headed in the same direction and on my side.

Boalt Hall, the center of this organization, is the Law School here at Cal, and has long been a center for protest against amny of the inequities of our Government and the System. But even they were overwhelmed by the response that this new issue was generating. I talked with one lawyer-to-be who had been active in anti-war protest before this, and he said it was almost bewildering and had caused a whole new frame-

work and way of working to be set up. Before, he said, they had had to use their few numbers in the most effective way possible, and so the dramatic approach was the best one, and everyone knew everyone else. Now, with so many people on their side, all they could do was to say, "Do what you want, and try to get together with other people who also want to do that." Eventually, he said that this approach got committees formed that really wanted to work on the problems they were working on, and that was the organization, and because there were so many people now, tactics could be used which just hadn't been feasible before, like leafleting, and passing petitions, and house-to-house canvassing, all of which were being set up just as fast as could be managed and material run off.

That's what I did most of Friday and Saturday, use my fan talents for the anti-war movement. I was working Friday addressing letters in Boalt, when someone called out for anyone who could operate a typer. I could, so volunteered, was given an address, and told to go there and type. It turned out that the address was the home of several Boalt Hall students, and it had a multilith in the basement. I found this out after typing camera-ready copy for a couple of things that were going to be printed up. Someone else took them off to a professional shop to get plates burned, and I went down to see the machine. It turned out to be a very slightly fancier model of the multilith that *Chuck* has, so of course I could use it after only a slight brush-up on technique. Running off infinite quantities of SHAGGY had its advantages after all. Saturday, I ran off something like 30,000 pages of material, and by the end of Saturday the Boalt Hall people claimed to have run off over 100,000 pieces, mostly Friday night, but a lot on Saturday in addition to the stuff I ran.

And on the seventh day He rested.

Monday, the school was supposed to be "open" again, as if it had ever really been closed all that weekend. The Chemistry Department had a meeting to decide whether or not to call a strike and to vote on various "sense of the body" resolutions. These latter took up most of the time, primarily because the chairman stuck to Robert's Rules instead of breaking them in a constructively creative fashion. A Boalt student who came to observe said as much in noting that the lawyers, a group of individuals who like to talk and don't care much which side they talk on, managed to do away with political and procedural matters in a very few minutes and get on to the task at hand. At any rate, we finally passed a resolution which said that it was up to the individual student to decide whether or not he or she wished to engage in a "strike" and that the faculty was urged to show flexibility in rearranging courses and grading requirements, so that students who wished could participate in anti-war activities. Most of the faculty and the Dean had indicated that such flexibility was their desire. A few people were dissatisfied because the meeting did not pass one of the other possible resolutions calling for a strike and ending of classes. But, as I pointed out to one of them, who was to enforce such a strike vote? Whichever proposal had passed, the reality would have been the proposal that we did pass, whether they liked it or not.

And as it is now Wednesday, and there is still peace on the campus, but not business as usual, I think that this commitment to non-violence and individual freedom of choice is coming more and more to the fore. Most people are working both on their school-work on modified schedule, and on the strike. (Strike is a bad word for what is actually going on. It isn't a strike which stops work, but rather a strike which transmutes the work done from one subject to another.) At least that's what I am doing, and I know that a lot of people in the Chem Department are doing much the same. Many of the teachers have indicated their willingness to allow students to take an exam at the end of the course, or make up work later for what they don't do now. Some have assigned grades on the basis of work done so far, and some have just cancelled classes for the rest of the quarter. So far, the Administration hasn't done anything,

so I cannot vouch for the continued peace on this campus from that standpoint. I don't think that we will have much violence from the other end for a while at least, because of the general feeling that any violence will destroy the coalition of people of widely varying beliefs that are working at present on the one belief that they have in common, that the Cambodian "incursion" and the Viet Nam War shall end, swiftly and without stalling.

To this point, the campaign is being carried to "middle America", whoever they are, with canvassing, leafletting, petition passing, and informational speakers available to civic groups. Letter-writing campaigns are being waged, with tables set up in convenient locations with paper and envelopes, and people are invited to write at our expense, we pay postage and everything. This last gets quite good response from people in the street, America is fascinated with "free" things, and this has the personal fascination that you are not signing a pre-prepared statement as on a petition, but voicing your own opinion in your own way.

Right now it's getting late out and tired, and I'm going to read the FR 249 now and see what it says, then go to bed. See you tomorrow or the next day.

A quick example of one other tactic that is being used on classes in schools on "strike". Criss' class in Linguistics is having a midterm this week, take-home, and the question is with regard to the application of a certain theory they have been studying to the changing linguistic uses of terms describing what is Going On in Viet Nam and vicinity. This is called taking the subject you are learning about and applying it to the Real World as it exists. It's not a bad idea.

And now it's Friday, May 15, 1970 and about 9:00 in the evening, and I just got home. It has gotten very, very hot around here after being cold for about a week. Summer is icumen in, or something, but it feels more like it sneaked in the back way when no one was looking, and then crept up behind the cold weather and pounced. Anyway it's hot, and the people up on the Avenue were water-ballooning and squirt-gunning passers-by. It sure helped cool off, and I'm told that I missed the best of it.

Back to striking for a moment, and then I don't know what, but I read an article in the *Daily Californian* today about how the strike is disorganized, and each department is doing its own thing, and there isn't any real central authority except for things like Boalt Hall coordinating the leafleteers, and Wurster coordinating the canvassing, things that really need to be done, and the two departments mentioned are doing them, not by any agreement or like that, but simply because they had the best organizations to start with and have continued to get volunteers, and kept the organization. This seems to me to be the only reason there is for organizing something, and that's what's happening. The article was sort of querulously wondering why all this disorganization was so, and I think bemoaning it a little, but I think that it is one of the best things about the whole anti-war movement at this time; it is disorganized, but not in a way that cripples a movement, but in a way that furthers it. The things that really need to be connected with something else are, because people really feel the need for that connection. But things that can run along on nothing more than an exchange of information with other groups, aren't connected into a bureaucratic structure with them, but are just fed information that they need. This makes the movement free-running, encourages ideas (since they don't get caught up in red tape), and effectively prevents a take-over by any one narrow point of view, since there is no headquarters to take over.

And a lot of the former radicals are really kind of upset because now they can't pull their little power plays and organize rallies and forment demonstrations, because now there are too many people for that kind of thing and the people involved know it. I hope it keeps on that way.

And of course, some of the radicals are angry because a lot of the people involved are not making the strike their *whole* life, but merely re-arranging their priorities and doing the strike in addition to the other things that they used to do. As one speaker at a rally pointed out, "We don't do just one thing all the time, if we did, we'd be sitting on the can all day."

Now, comments on the thick FR 249:

Opilla: Yes, my brother did have duty two other places, on a ship in the Pacific shuttling between Japan and Hawaii, and after Yap, at the Coast Guard Station at Key West, where he was a Stores Clerk. He's out now, and doing tutoring in Venice, California for disadvantaged kids in the ghetto, but I haven't seen him since he got out. Maybe July, when I get down as far south as Santa Barbara for the Westerncon, I'll see him.

Hoffman: For a long time I was in a situation somewhat like the one that you describe. A lot of my friends smoked, but I didn't, but it was cool as long as no one pressured me to smoke, too. They knew I didn't think I was ready for it yet, and respected my wishes to be left out of the circle when the joint was passed. That was really cool, because as long as they didn't pressure me, I could relax and enjoy the scene. And I've known several people who have been in that sort of situation. As long as you don't let it bother you, it will be groovy. But why are you so anti-drug? Are you really that anti if you can sit in a room where it is being smoked? I think that a bit of introspection on why you are anti-drugs might clarify things in your mind and help you relax. You might never turn on, but if you can figure out your phobia for drugs other than alcohol (which is a drug) I think you'll be at better terms with yourself and your friends who do use.

Morra: Were you stoned, man? That letter is the most disjointed I have seen in a long time. I especially don't understand your remarks about the Society of Strangers, who seem to be a viable group as is, now.

VorZimmer: Family Memberships are purely a matter of taste. *Dian Pelz* and *Sherry Heap* have decidedly different views on some things than their respective spouse. [Amen!] On the other hand, it looks very much as if the *Wuchters* are going to just take one membership and share it between them. As such, they will only be allowed one vote and one copy of the FR, so take up no more "space" than if just the male *Wuchter* were in. ¶ As for female members, just keep in mind that "The female of the species is more deadly than the male . . ."

and guard your back.

Warner: Thanks for the straight dope (you should pardon the expression) on reporters and reportorial life. It's good to have an expert on something to tell it the way it is. (Now I could tell you about crystallography, but nobody would listen.)

Boardman: *Lapidus* took care of most of your more illogical comments, but didn't work your attack on ecology over enough. It is, once again, a question of priorities. Right now the War is one of the most important things to think about, but so is ecology, and not just the Ecofreaks (and anyone who will swallow that argument about wearing the charge off an electron is certainly a freak), but the people who are honestly interested in doing something about our rapidly deteriorating environment. San Francisco now has smog as thick as L.A.'s and it's getting worse by the year (not by the decade, by the *year*). This is environmental deterioration with a vengeance; and the Bay stinks, and piles of old car bodies rot so slowly on the bottom. We have reached the point where we have to stop just throwing it away and letting the sea swallow it up, because the sea isn't going to swallow that much more.

And certainly it is easier to clean up the Hudson than the bodies out of the Mekong. That just means that it *ought* to have been done that much sooner, and just like the bodies in the Mekong, the crud in the Hudson (and the Susqueheanna, and Lake Erie, and the Delaware, and . . .) should never have been there in the first place.

The problem I see with you, John, is that you are insisting that we only do one thing; yours. Sorry, John, I am a free man (to a large extent still) and I won't do just your thing, and I won't stop looking at your statements for lack of logic, and if that makes me a hawk and a racist in your eyes, so be it, but if you really think that I am any of those things, then I must conclude that your eyes are at least partially blind.

Well, that's all for now, *Heap*, now aren't you sorry you let me back in the Bucket?

Be Nasty,
(in a nice sort of way)

Flieg

[Yes. Thaanks for the four-plus pages. And a one-fingered Peace sign for that (my index finger is sort of worn out).]

DREW SANDERS -

May 18, 1970

Dear George and the Cult,

As I sit here at the typer, it's Sunday, May 17, 7:30 in the afternoon, in the middle of L.A.'s first heat wave of the year. I wish I were almost anywhere but home today. This should keep my mind occupied for a while.

Background music is especially nice at the moment. Joni Mitchell. I am, at the moment, part Joni Mitchell freak, part Moody Blues freak, and part Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young freak. I have all of the albums of the preceding, including a bootleg CSN&Y album called *Wooden Nickel* which is highly recommended, if you can find it.

School ends four weeks from tomorrow, thank Ghod! At that point, I'll have enough time to put to fannish writing, and the like. As it is, I feel guilty when I'm writing letters or fanzines, and should be studying political science, or the like.

There are things I feel like saying to various people, but haven't, so I guess it's time to live dangerously and get caught up.

FR 246

Lapidus: You obviously haven't heard the last couple of Chad and Jeremy LP's. They haven't gotten much air play on the AM stations, but there is a lot of material within that merits notice. The progress suite, on the album *Of Cabbages and Kings* is vaguely stfnal, and has been discussed in an issue of SHAGGY, I believe. Their latest, called *The Ark*, is also quite nice with some good material on lack of communication and the like. Nothing fantastic, but still worth listening to, and worth more comment than they have been given.

Ted: Apparently Ed never made it. [Presumably Ed Baker. This isn't APA L, you know.] Somehow, I don't regret this very much. I'm not sure the Cult wants a member of the National Guard right now.

FR 247

Morra: You're putting us on, right? I suppose knowing *Harness* helps, because I knew what the cover meant. (Hell, the cover was my idea to begin with!) *Jack Harness* does not do such intricate symbolism as you attribute to him. Not for the Cult anyway, and I find it somewhat sad that we haven't gotten more Cultoons out of him lately. When I talked to him Thursday, he was talking about being unable to take on any additional fanac. This would be really nasty, since I would like to see him doing Cultwork again. As the story was told that the OA of the Cult was standing in the living room at *Peiz'* place, and *Jack* dropped a live poker hand to rush out and re-apply. I don't remember whether the hand would have won or not, but it's highly unusual for *Jack* to fold a losing hand, much less drop a winning hand without folding it.

Lapidus: The Chickenman album is advertised in most of the paper album protectors put out by Atlantic records. It's Atco 33-207. I've never seen it. A Louisiana fan named Don Markstein has been running transcriptions through Capa-alpha, a comics apa. You might be interested in contacting him.

FR 248

Opilla: You, sir (and I use the term loosely), are out of your mind. Since when does a person have to be an expert in a field's practice to be able to criticise it? I'm not an artist either, but I can tell when artists are good or bad with some degree of objectiveness. The Venture's aren't bad, but neither are they good, and I don't have to be the world's greatest guitar player to be able to say so. I do however, agree that an intelligent conversation with you would be an impossibility.

GeOArge: What size VW do you have? I was living in my bug, a little over a year ago, and sleeping in the front seat. I had to park in such a way that I could let the emergency brake down, and even then, it was awfully small and highly uncomfortable. L.A. itself has only two rock stations that I know of, KRLA and KHJ, but there's KEZY in Anaheim and KGBS somewhere in between, the latter two being chicken rock stations.

[I was referring to my old beetle, or to *Sherry's* newer one. I'm driving a microbus around the city now, which really doesn't count, of course. I never tried living in my beetle (1957-1965, 120,00 miles, R.I.P.) but drove it over much of the Northeast. What I normally did on long trips, alone, was drive until I was too tired to, then pull over and sleep. I was usually able to, without much trouble, however you are quite right about the brake. (In the *really* old days I could drive 24 hours without sleep, but those days are far behind me now.) ¶ I goofed in calling them "L.A. rock stations". I specifically set one button for KRLA, then twiddled the dial during commercials until I found four more stations that seemed worth setting the pushbuttons for. I never really thought about their actual locations. I'll take your list along next time for reference. What is "chicken rock"?]

f/r 248.nein

Bruce: While I agree that Southern California is the best area to live, I still prefer San Diego to L.A. for lack of smog, more temperate climate, etc. If it weren't for LASFS, I'd probably go back there. I don't know how *Scithers* would like living in a Navy town, though.

Denton: Anyone who watches a Trini Lopez special to see the Ventures deserves it.

Morra: Yes, an interpretation like you gave deserves to be blasted, just for attempting to fake it and failing so badly.

Omnes: *Scithers* apparently sent out many and various of his FR to different people. Jerry Pournelle got one, and after being told that Boardman had a letter in the following ~~issue~~, ~~nothing~~ whatever, decided that he might join, just to debate him in print again even though he claims that "I haven't even thought about John Boardman for about four years now."

AWL 2 !?!?!?!?!?!?!: Thank Ghod that *Pelz*, at least, fractionalized. I don't think I'm ready for full Membership yet. Just when I thought the Membership was looking awfully stable, too. (Of course, I'll prob'ly have to publish, if I last that long, just as school starts again.) ¶ Oh well, at least I get to stay around until *Hoffman* pubs, anyway, and that gives me six or seven weeks to think of something intelligent to sax nextime.

Drew Sanders

DIAN PELZ -

May 19, 1970

Dear Cult,

By the time you read this I may be one of the "acceptable" unemployed. That's okay -- it's about the only way I ever get a vacation. I would like to be able to claim that my company is being hit by the nation-wide recession, but 'taint so. I work for an electronics division of Eagle Picher, which builds radio fire alarm systems. Unfortunately the FCC -- Hallowed be its name -- decided to change a few requirements, which brought the wheels of progress to a grinding halt. Then, several prospective buyers decided they wanted a recount on the basis of the new FCC ideas, and sent out for rebids on several contracts the company thought it already had. So, here we are with no work in house, and about six contracts hanging fire. Luck being what it is, everything will probably come in at once and we will be in that paper hanger's position, and wind up having to pay penalty clauses because everything wasn't done a month ago. This is a very small division. When I started out we had a staff of about 28, allowing for the normal fluctuation. Two months ago the Great Attrition began when they laid off one engineer, one assembler, a secretary, and a field technician (they're nothing, if not impartial). Now we're down to ten people and why I'm still around, the Great Ghu alone knows. The powers that be have always snarled that the Drafting Department (all two of us) is superfluous, so why the ax hasn't fallen since we've come upon hard times, I dunno. The ghastly thing about this is that EP has virtually no competitors worth speaking of in the field. In fact, a little competition might do them good. (A couple of you bright fellows out there ought to found a company. . .) So, I've been playing cards, doing crossword puzzles, and working on a pastel portrait of one of our fire boxes.

Speaking of artwork, I treated myself to some velour paper a while back. Not too expensive a treat, certainly -- 35¢ @ for 20 x 30 sheets. It is comparable to working on velvet, but less expensive. An interesting medium, certainly. A tricky sort of thing to learn. It almost approaches a craft, rather than an art. One of the problems with this sort of thing is that the material so often becomes the master. Velvet and velour are used most commonly for pictures of luscious vahines for the tourist trade. (And everyone says "Oooo, velvet oaintings, aren't they *Lovely!*") I have

felt for a long time that working on nap can lend a richness and fullness to artwork, but I feel that if the material is that obvious, the work is not successful. Considering that for the past several years my portrait studies have all come out looking the same, I'm rather more interested in doing some astronomical and landscape studies. Being caught in a pattern for an artist is somewhat comparable to having a writing block, and until I manage to get rid of my particular hangup, I had better just stick to still life. Of course, some artists manage to make a living off of turning out the same thing over and over again (Big-eyed kids, or that ever-lasting Bird in Flight), but not in the big leagues, after all. Anyway, it will be interesting to try different types of pastels, oils, etc. on nap and see what I come up with.

[I don't think I'll be able to face another Big-eyed Kid without breaking up. I wonder how/if mimeography would take to velour -- say white and a colour on black?]

I started reading John Brunner's *Stand on Zanzibar* the other day. I can't make up my mind if I like it or not. My first impression is that it is an unpleasant story about a lot of unpleasant people. Unfortunately, I can't regard that as valid criticism. It is fascinating, certainly; well written, undoubtedly. Enjoyable -- I really don't think so. Of course, I am only up to page 106, so that gives me over 400 pages to change my mind. In a way it is a typical "scare" novel of the future. Overcrowding, overjurisprudence, and an awful lot of outer-directed hatred stemming from egocentric causes. Not nice, not nice at all. I think my primary distaste stems from the feeling that, like Steinbeck, Brunner's unpleasantnesses are gratuitous. Isn't it odd that novels seem to have to be all sugar & sweetness artificiality, or all sour and ugly artificiality. I'll let you know in 400 pages.

Cheerio,

Dian Pelz

GEORGE H SCITHERS -

May 22, 1970

Dear Cult:

I am more than a little fed up with John Boardman's appearances in the FR's; the less I see of his brand of nastiness, the better I like it. Specifically, Boardman's ridiculous and repeated claim that *Dian* is a racist is both vicious and stupid. His misunderstanding of *Eney's* attitude isn't much better (*Eney*, let me remind you, hasn't said the massacre did or didn't happen; he has simply brought up points which make the story seem unlikely [to *Eney*]. <my position is that the sooner there is an open, searching investigation, the better>).

Boardman's claim that he was expelled for refusing to allow Tapscott to censor his FR is an outright lie. He was, to be precise, expelled for refusing to withdraw his threat to censor from his own FR anything by a "racist", Boardman's definition including, among other things, anyone defining himself as a conservative. The Cult, being at that time a bit fed up with Boardman's label-thinking, voted almost unanimously on the motion.

[The Cult, finding someone too nasty for even *them* to take, climbed all over themselves converting what may have been a light-hearted fannish threat into a Major Issue which John refused to back away from.]

On *Lapidus* and the Strike: I think that you can do a great deal more in getting your political point of view across out of college than in. Even more important would be that your departure from school would leave a

space which could be filled by someone who can still benefit by education. (Of course, there is also the fact that being out of school and in politics is pretty effective as an educational process too . . .)

[The theme is familiar and somehow implies that the price of a higher education is the acceptance of second-class citizenship for its duration.]

On *Lapidus* and The Church: "There may, in fact, be a racial angle involved -- the Church wanting to be sure there are enough good Catholics around, no matter what the rest of the heathen do." Now really! In fact, that sentence reveals an incredible lack of understanding of the Catholic Church, its missionary position in particular. Good Lord! Maybe you'd better stay in school after all.

[But, but, I thought the missionary position was in keeping with the end that *Lapidus* suggests, statistically speaking that is.]

On *Opilla's* typos: I dunno whether I introduced 'em, or you. Probably me. I refer to *Opilla's* comment anent his letter in my FR. As for your physical statistics: ?? The 5'9"/180# I can easile believe, but the 17" arm, I think I'd have noticed when I met you at the Phillycon, less'n you've been doing a lot of weight-lifting or the equivalent since then. (See, *Jerry*; the Cult is so *that* sort of organization.....)

Lapidus again: Well, depending and all that, but I can't consider a crowd with "baseball" sized rocks to be "unarmed".

Yes *Morra*, I am in the habit of chastising people for things they know nothing about. (1) They aren't so apt to hit back, and (2) since they *don't* know better, they don't feel as bad as they would if, for example, I'd been equally put-downish about their taste in gong music.

But *Lapidus'* advice to *Morra* (if you aren't sure of your facts, don't open your mouth at all) would, if taken, put a stop to practically all discussion in the Cult. Some of us merely *sound* sure of our facts. (It'd put a Hell of a pall over the War discussion, con and pro, come to think of it.)

Somehow, *Vorzimmer* hasn't realized that his GreatestCreation, the Cult, owes its longevity and activity to something else besides exclusivity. Or does it? People who join are generally those who already know someone attached to the Bucket; there is that much community of interest. I rather agree with *Peter's* suggestion that artists should be able to write letters, at least to apply to the wl. On the matter of family Membership: we really ought to have your assurance that your children's father won't object to the kind of material that gets discussed in the Cult; otherwise, get 'em to write letters of application and keep up the activity. (The Cult did get turned over to the Post Awful, back in *Johnstone's* reign, or thereabouts, by an indignant set of parents, and Madame Trimble once retailed a threat from a party unnamed that unnameless would do the same.)

As for your problem with the telephone; the machinery is probably just breaking down. Or else John Boardman is making annoying phone calls to his present list of suspected evilthinkers.

Business: I object to *Lapidus'* "calling" for vote on *Hoffman's* Petition, since there haven't been the requisite co-signers yet. The matter should either have explicit co-signers or be dropped; otherwise the "no vote is a yes vote" rule will pass Petitions which have virtually no support. (If it comes to that, I vote against

the *Hoffman* thing.)

George S

13
XOA

[You are right, *sigh*! The Petition lacked a third co-signer. Actually, you, *Hoffman*, and I seem to be the only ones interested in it, pro or con. Sign-of-the-times, I suppose.]

FRED PATTEN -

May 26, 1970

Dear George,

This is going to be membership-saving minac, I'm afraid. Right now, I'm so wrapped up in getting the WesterCon's PROGRESS REPORT #3 out that I don't have time to go through the latest Cult stuff to expound the comment hooks. And as soon as this is in the mails, we've got the PROGRAM BOOK to begin.

WesterCon membership preregistration is up to 337 as of last weekend. It was only up to around 175 at this time last year, and the Westercon finally totalled an attendance of over 640, so there's no telling what we'll end up with this year. Santa Barbara won't be able to produce the walk-in trade that Los Angeles/Santa Monica contributed to last year's Con, but that may be balanced by the larger-than-usual number of fans coming from out of the area, presumably part of Con fandom who can't afford the trip to the HeiCon and who're making the WesterCon their substitute. The WesterCon has always been the biggest regional up to now, but we'll have to go some to beat this year's LunaCon attendance of 733. Still, who knows?

The PROGRAM BOOK will have a print run of 1,000 copies -- that should be enough. It'll have a four-color wraparound cover on glossy postcard stock, like last year's, plus other special features to make it a desirable collector's item. We don't know yet how large it'll be -- ads and other material have until June 8th to come in, and you know how everybody always crowds the deadline -- but we hope to top last year's total of 60 pages.

In addition to this, I've got various LASFS ads and Los Angeles in 1972 ads to coordinate getting drawn up and mailed in time to reach the Noreascon's PROGRESS REPORT #2, the HeiCon publications, and the WesterCon PROGRAM BOOK. All of a sudden I seem to be buried in Convention fandom. Well, the schedule'll relax soon enough. In the meantime, what're peoples' chances of coming to the WesterCon?

And my pubdate falls on August 24th, when I'll be at the HeiCon. Well, I suppose I might as well announce latepub now -- and since I'm not planning to get back to the U.S. before Labor Day, everybody can plan accordingly.

Cultishly,

Fred Patten VII

FRANK DENTON -

May 21, 1970

Dear Cult,

Well, it says right there in bold black and white (blushing pink, actually) that I am really #6 of those in the basket on its merry way to hell. But I don't think I'll put much faith in *Jerry's* Roster in THE STORIES OF THE STREET. The same day on which

I received the FR, I also received ANGMAR 33, a f/r from *Bruce Pelz* and I can't help but think that when *GeOArge* gets back from far and exotic lands, something will be done about the status of *Flieg's* Membership. So I'll save the celebration for a while. No champagne for a bit.

And how about that *George* and *Sherry*? You get postcards from the strangest places. At least it made me go to the encyclopedia and look up some basic information on Guadeloupe. What I want to know is why they chose this particular place in the West Indies to visit. Enlightenment, please, you two.

[Would love to ramble on a bit, and had planned to, but the general lateness of this FR means I'll have to save that story for later.]

Lapidus: You certainly have been involved in the strike activities back there and I suppose it is fortunate that so many schools are giving alternatives for the grading and credit situation when so many young people are involved. I suspect, however, that much of it boils down to the individual professor who, academic freedom being what it is, is going to screw students involved in the strike if he's not in favor of it. I don't care what the rules handed down are, he'll find a way. Strike activities at the University of Washington have sort of petered out for the time being. I got caught in the first day's demonstration when 7,000 students closed the freeway for an hour while they marched from the campus to the federal courthouse in the downtown area. All very peaceable, and no violence, either that day or the day following when the same thing was accomplished with about 10,000 students. Now, the daily activities have only involved about 700-1000 students, with most of the rest of them back in class. I visited a couple of campuses last week in more conservative parts of the state and very little was going on.

Re: Your comments about the Church and Catholic life. I think too many people refer to the organized hierarchy of the Catholic Church as The Church. It's hard to think of The Church as being those people who belong to the Church. We have had 400+ years of structure and stricture which grew out of a response to the Protestant Reformation, and it's only just beginning to break down. The liturgy is more meaningful, but that's only a small part of Catholicism. Catholics are like any other group, religious, political, or social. There are liberals, conservatives, and the silent majority. I attended a dialogue Mass recently; a Mass said very informally with a small group of supposedly like-minded people. The sermon in such a Mass is replaced by a give and take dialogue of all the people participating. The particular priest who said this Mass is fairly liberal, wanting to see a lot of changes in the Church, and before the dialogue was over, there were a lot of up-tight people, who couldn't even agree within themselves, but had polarized and were arguing with each other. This during a religious service. Ah, charity. I guess people need to be reminded that statements by the hierarchy do not represent the thinking of all Catholics, nor do these statements even mean that these are obligations that are binding. It's been some time since a pope has spoken *ex cathedra*. The recent encyclicals which have disturbed many people both within and without the Church do not place Catholics under any obligation. They are much like the early epistles; the thinking of one man on a given topic, but not necessarily binding.

Interesting comment on "Bronson" in the Sunday paper. The critic claimed that "Bronson" did not hit with the younger generation at which it was aimed. They are too busy, he claimed, with studies, recreation, other types of entertainment, movies, etc., to watch television. Well, *Jerry*, I enjoyed the show very much. It was the only one I watched regularly, and I will miss it.

Camping has managed to hit cultzines pretty regularly, and I am still begging anyone who has the address of the *Whole Earth Catalog* and its price, please mention it some-

where. I want to take a motorcycle run up Vancouver Island this summer and camp out along the way.

Hoffman: Thanks for the discussion of the Seder. Although I have Jewish friends and have been invited to various kinds of services, the Seder has not been one of them. I suspect that younger people might invite a gentile, as in the case of *Jerry's* experience. But people of my generation would not, I suspect. At any rate, it was most interesting to hear your discussion. I, like you, have passed up the opportunity to partake of mary jane. I don't condemn, because I'm thoroughly convinced from reports that I have read, that it is less harmful than alcohol. What I resent is being somewhere where it is being smoked and knowing full well, the laws being what they are, that I am liable to be busted along with the smokers. Recently I was at a party where some older people smoked it, and the younger people got up-tight. Two reasons: a sherrif's deputy was also at the party and could have arrested everyone, and secondly, the first person of all the others at the party to whom they offered it was a Black, which everyone agreed was patronizing as hell.

Scithers: I don't know who dreamed up the bright idea that National Guardsmen were capable of providing riot defense. They are totally unprepared for the kind of vituperation that can be hurled, they have nothing to defend themselves with except that goddamn rifle, which, if memory serves me, Guardsmen don't know how to handle properly. Perhaps given some training in how to handle situations, and equipped with something with which to defend themselves, they could be taught how to handle the situation. But it's ridiculous to put Guardsmen against their peers (in most cases they are the same age) armed with a rifle and bullets and expect them to know how to comport themselves. Why not a face guard and a shield? There are reports of structural steel being hurled. I have a scrap of it on my desk right now, a piece of steel about a foot long, which is the end cut off from the steel used in reinforcement of concrete. I wouldn't care to get hit with it. A shield would at least give a method of warding off missiles and perhaps somebody wouldn't have given the order to shoot, if indeed there was one. I wonder if we will really ever find out what happened at Kent State. If National Guard troops are going to be called out for every crisis or demonstration to protect the property involved, then there had better be a training program and the proper equipment to do the job.

[Well, between your discussion and *Chuck Crayne's* (in his f/r), one would wonder if the National Guard is of any use at any time. At this point, however, the only real question is "Was there reason for the Guardsmen to fire." Were any of the Guard actually hit by rocks or steel? Were they ordered to load their rifles? Were they ordered to put a round in the chamber? Were they ordered to fire? If there was such an order, the officer (or non-com) giving it should damned well be able to justify it. More whenever I get to *Chuck's* f/r.]

Well, of all the people to come out and tell the rest of the administration that they had better start listening to the young people, it's old Walter Hickie. I'm glad he had the guts. He may become something of a folk hero. And last night's paper had the story about Mrs. Mitchell: "Why, they all love me." Bull shit. And with that rise in blood pressure, it's time to fade off into the sunset for another Period.

Swordidly,

Frank

Dear George & Cult:

MUSKY #3 (FR 248) {Crayne}

Sid Cochran: I usually think of the shift from radical leftism to moderate conservatism as being a function of developing maturity and experience and wisdom, so I hesitate to cry "senility!" even in the case of Bertrand Russell -- and his thought processes, even in later years, do not seem to have degenerated all that much. For the most part (I get the impression) he simply changed his basic evaluation of what is important ... and maybe -- like so many people who get old and realize that they're going to die -- he just decided to say what he believed, regardless of the opinions of others.

Gee ... thanks for supplying proof towards my point. I assume that most robberies are committed in order to get money for Expensive Pleasures -- women, fancy clothes, cars, gambling, &cet -- and of course if marijuana cigarettes were sold for \$3.50 per carton (which could be done profitably, even without Government subsidies such as those given to carcinogenic tobacco) being held up by a pot-head to support his indulgence would be no more common than being held up by a nicotine-head who needs money for tobacco is now. (I suspect that in Texas the use of Marijuana is still largely limited to the lower social strata, where robbery and crimes of violence are more common; this is not the case in large segments of the country, apparently.)

George Scithers: I wouldn't like to go in with anyone on buying a/the Place In The Country, but would consider leasing out a small corner of it to someone who wouldn't object to my ...umm...somewhat unconventional friends and visitors. ¶ The place I now have (you've seen it -- 3 small bedrooms, 1 bath) cost \$13,000, and should bring \$18,000 (more, if redecorated). Insurance and taxes I don't recall -- they're included in the \$70 per month mortgage payment. Gas (for heating & cooking) runs ca.\$150.00 per year.

Finding a large, old house in the LArea would be a matter of luck, I think. Those close to downtown are likely to be in rather depressed areas, or in those where land is becoming extremely valuable for apartment houses. And there are enough women-who-like-to-fix-up-Old-Houses around to bid up the prices of such places even as far out as Covina. I suspect it would be possible to find Something Good, but it'll require patient searching. [The first sentence of this here paragraph is supposed to say: "Finding a large, old house at a reasonable price in the LArea . . ."]

Tom Opilla: I rather suspect that "Desire To Learn For Learning's Sake" does somewhat more than "aid the taxonomical classification of a certain genus . . ." A very good case could be made for the idea that DTLFLS (possibly a retention of the play instinct possessed by most young animals) is the reason *Homo sapiens* has become the dominant life form over most of this planet. My approach (strictly amateur and anthropocentric) to ecology is that man jolly well *must* develop a greater understanding of the result of his actions on the balance of nature, and to cease the destructive exploitation of natural resources which has been his general practice in the past, if he is to survive. (This is more pragmatic and selfish than bleeding-heart.)

I'm somewhat bemused by the amateur ecologists who don't seem to be willing to admit that Man is part of the ecological community, but ... can we do without amateurs? They do the Mobilization-Of-Public-Opinion bit which is the only way the findings of the Professionals (such as they are) can be put into action. Perhaps, indeed, part of our trouble is that there haven't been *enough* amateurs -- that's why we do things like exterminating those species of whales which are the most efficient in converting plankton into humanly-usable food.

Stan Hoffman: The logic in saving the child before the mother is that the child is free from Sin, I think.

I don't know about that "consenting adults" bit . . . or rather, I agree with that, but feel that the laws ought to be changed; while they are in force, it is the duty and obligation of the Authorities to enforce them.

Bob Allen: This is Vague, but so are the laws: I gather that the pornography situation here is about the same as in Canada, with a general tendency towards liberality in the Higher Courts (one recently held that since it's legal to own pornographic material for one's own use, it must be legal to buy it <and have it delivered> through the U.S. Mails -- the Post Office is appealing the decision, of course . . . and postal delivery is slower and less efficient than it used to be) and sporadic local over-enforcement (often depending on who's running for office) -- many of these local statutes are clearly unconstitutional in the light of recent Supreme Court decisions, and are used primarily to harrass those who can't afford a long court battle.

Tim Kirk: The artwork you contributed to the Cult whas been much appreciated -- and now that you're no longer on the Roster, members will forget to send you copies of their 'zines, and you'll pass from our ken. *Sigh*

CHOLE. #6

Jim Sanders: Perhaps the fact that algae don't do much in the way of saving people is an indication of their Superior Intelligence. (In fact, they use up carbon dioxide, and produce oxygen and starches and sugars.)

Mmmm.. on The LAW, and the selectivity with which it must necessarily (and regrettably) be enforced, you seem to be correct. Unfortunately, the Law can hardly be less than ten years behind-the-times -- and social changes are now taking place more rapidly than they ever have before (outside of a few Revolutionary situations). The only solution I can think of -- submitting all Laws to a public referendum every five years or so -- would be impractical.

I suspect that my aversion to The Drug Scene is based partly on the fact that most of the participants in it whom I know most intimately are really excessively young, as well as immature (*i.e.*, they didn't have a well-developed personality to start with, so the psychedelics haven't made much of an Improvement, and certainly not as much as they Believe -- some of them Talk Nobly, but seem to be using drugs mostly as a cop-out to avoid facing the problems of the Real World. In my era, they might have been alcoholics.) and partly because I tend to go much by the example given by The Heads -- those who have latched onto Drugs as a Way Of Life --- and it is not my nature to be favourably impressed by monomania.

Humm... *Lapidus'* FR (I'm reasonably sure it arrived some time ago) is...er...misplaced in the clutter (this weekend I *will* File Stuff Away)...and probably just as well, considering the lateness of the hour and the number of typos I've been making.

Best,

Don

SID COCHRAN -

May 29, 1970

Dear GeOArge:

Sorry that the preparation of title opinions doesn't leave me sufficient time to respond to the idiocies that fellow denizens of the Bucket have mouthed these past two Periods. I am alive and kicking somewhere out here in the wilds, but not now.

Howsomever, I do notice that our resident Head does now allow that his preferred variety of NOXIOUS WEED does very definitely have that groooovy side-effect, in that upon inhalation of partly heat-cracked 2-cannabinols a definite expansion or contraction of the time-sense is subjectively observed. Doubtless, in a sufficiently bad case, intoxication (marijuana), and thus DWI (marijuana) could be proven upon parties sufficiently stoned by something characteristic of this tuned-up or tuned-down time-sense. One is reminded of a story from the folklore of the 40's:

The leader of Band Avis (all right, if it wasn't Benny Goodman, maybe it was Gene Krupa; who remembers?) was heard to grumble about the high price and bad results of a pound of tea he had procured for his drummer. The theory of the time was, that with his time-sense speeded up by the precious weed, the drummer would be enabled to beat out a blinding rhythm on his skins, all in a days work, and think it was just a steady beat he was sending out. Unfortunately, instead of the desired effect, something else happened. Either the drummer was turned off by the stuff, so that his time sense was slowed and he was hitting about 40% of his natural licks, or else it turned up, all right, but he had the difficulty that his sticks seemed to be moving through molasses: *i.e.*, he still couldn't beat any faster.

One other proponent of the NOXIOUS WEED insists that "How could anything that makes you feel so good be bad?" They said that about opium, they said it about heroin, and they are saying it about marijuana, and it doesn't change the character of any of them one bit, brethren. Not only that, but the rap seems to be that some of the GI's, accustomed to blowing marijuana, got onto hashish in the Nam and elsewhere and the stuff like to blew their tops. (This, of course, is the counsel of moderation, if a moderation imposed by the characteristics of the locally produced goods. It may be interesting, and I suggest that it does point up that when you play with your internal gearing, as with marijuana, you are definitely playing with fire, and are apt to be burned.)

By the way, I notice that *Mr. Lapidus* still has omitted to give a direct response to my inquiry into the impaired mentality of the late Lord Russell.

Squidley von Cochroach xi

DAN GOODMAN -

May 28, 1970

Boardman: The way I see it, you were expelled from the Cult because you insisted on your property rights -- the right of use and abuse. The rest of the Cult took a socialistic position on the matter, and you were outed. In any case, you seem to be haunting the Cult. ¶ I've only seen *Eney* once -- at Loncon II. Unless he's undergone some change since then, he'd never pass the CIA's physical. ¶ I'd have to see the item in question; but so far, sounds like *Dian* has no real cause to complain about being called a racist. (Whether she is or not, I don't know -- yet.) But -- hasn't anything happened to either of you since '63? I realize that both of you stay out of arguments as a rule, and probably neither has said a harsh word about or to anyone more often than once every seven years; but there *should* be a statute of limitations on this kind of thing.

[So endeth "Cultitis". The rest of *Goodman's* letter, as well as *Opilla's* own (One Day Late) letter have been forwarded/backwarded to *Opilla*. Neither was lacking in interest, but this FR is already Too Damned Late and its Publisher is Too Damned Tired.

THE COMPLEAT ROSTER

"For the benefit of latecomers, Compleat Roster entries come in two parts: a listing of Members in the chronological order in which they entered the Cult, together with the Periods of their Membership, and a Cycle summary, indicating which Member occupied which of the 13 positions during which FR Periods. A Compleat Roster of the first 13 Cycles was published as one of the volumes of FR 169." - Scotty Tapscott

In addition to Compleat Roster in FR 169, Tapscott continued the Compleat Roster for Cycles XIV-XV in FR 202, and for Cycle XVI in FR 214. Certain items of interest were discussed and (in my opinion) corrected in f/r 215.86 (PHALLIOPE no. 1 - Tapscott) and f/r 218.020 (SHAGRAT #10 - Heap). Said corrections are included below.

And so, in honour (and imitation) of Tapscott, here are the entries for the last three Cycles. "As always, only fully legal Memberships are counted, and an asterisk (*) indicates a person's first Period as a Member."

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CYCLE XV - correction.

5. Dave Van Arnam (--183,186-192)
Alva Rogers (*184)
George Heap (*185)
Len Bailes (193-194)
Lee Jacobs (195)

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CYCLE XVII FR 209-221

OAcy: George Scithers 209-217
Scotty Tapscott 218-221

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Lee Jacobs (--209)
Chuck Crayne (210--) | 9. Dick Geis (--209)
Derek Nelson (*210)
Len Bailes (211-220)
Dave Van Arnam (221--) |
| 2. Fred Lerner (--) | |
| 3. George Heap (--) | 10. Chuck Crayne (--209)
Lee Jacobs (210)
Dian Pelz (211--) |
| 4. Gordon Eklund (--220)
Earl Evers (*211--) | |
| 5. Al Snider (--) | 11. James Wright (--211)
Alva Rogers (212-213)
Chuck Hansen (*214)
Dick Eney (215--) |
| 6. Scotty Tapscott (--) | |
| 7. Fred Patten (--) | 12. Don Fitch (--) |
| 8. Bruce Pelz (--) | 13. George Scithers (--) |
| | Assoc: Jack Harness (--212)
Milt Stevens (--) |
- =====

CYCLE XVIII
FR 222-234

OAcY: vacant 222-223
George Heap 224-234

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- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Chuck Crayne (--) | 8. Bruce Pelz (--) |
| 2. Fred Lerner (---230)
Jerry Lapidus (*231--) | 9. Dave Van Arnam (---228)
Jim Sanders (*229-233)
J. G. Newkom (*234--) |
| 3. George Heap (---) | 10. Dian Pelz (---) |
| 4. Earl Evers (---224)
Peggy Gemignani (*225--) | 11. Dick Eney (---232)
Sid Cochran (*233--) |
| 5. Al Snider (---) | 12. Don Fitch (---) |
| 6. Scotty Tapscott (---226)
Fred Hollander (*227--) | 13. George Scithers (---) |
| 7. Fred Patten (---) | Assoc: Milt Stevens (---226)
Dick Eney (233--) |
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CYCLE XIX
FR 235-247

OAcY: George Heap

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- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Chuck Crayne (---235,237--)
Sherry Heap (*236) | 8. Bruce Pelz (---236,241-246)
Scotty Tapscott (237-239)
Ted B. Tom (*240)
Dian Pelz (247) |
| 2. Jerry Lapidus (---) | 9. J. G. Newkom (---239)
Fred Lerner (240-246)
Tim Kirk (*247) |
| 3. George Heap (---) | 10. Dian Pelz (---236)
Sherry Heap (237--) |
| 4. Peggy Gemignani (---244)
Thomas J. Opilla (*245--) | 11. Sid Cochran (---) |
| 5. Al Snider (---239)
Scotty Tapscott (240-244)
Stanley Hoffman (*245--) | 12. Don Fitch (---) |
| 6. Fred Hollander (---) | 13. George Scithers (---) |
| 7. Fred Patten (---) | Assoc: Dick Eney (---) |
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MEMBERSHIP: CYCLES XIV - XIX

- 0. Ron Ellik, deceased.
- 5. Ted White (1-29,30 1/2-123,125-133,135-138,140-171)
- 22. Jack Harness (22-104,106-108,113-133,assoc 199-212)
- 39. Dick Eney (35,60-164,168-176 res,215-232 res,assoc 233--)
- 52. Dick Geis (66-79,201-209)
- 56. Bruce Pelz (77-197,201-236,241-246)
- 59. Scotty Tapscott (80-226,237-244)
- 62. Ted Johnstone (83-96,98-121,200-201 res)

- 64. Norm Metcalf (93,95,97-133,135-140,142-159,193-200)
 - 67. Fred Patten (109--)
 - 69. Bill Donaho (109-123 res,155-192 res)
 - 72. Don Fitch (122--)
 - 74. Gordon Eklund (124,131-166,197-220)
 - 75. Dian Girard Pelz (132-191 res,211-236,247--)
 - 76. George Scithers (132-136,assoc 137-156,Member 157--)
 - 78. John Boardman (137-184)
 - 80. Fred Lerner (163-192,202-230,240-246 res?)
 - 81. Arnold Katz (165-180)
 - 82. Len Bailes (167-198,211-220)
 - 83. Dave Van Arnam (167,172-183,186-192,221-228)
- XIV
- 84. F. M. Busby (177-199)
 - 85. Dave Hulan (181-200)
- XV
- 86. Alva Rogers (184-196,212-213)
 - 87. George Heap (185,192--)
 - 88. James Wright (193-211)
 - 89. Lee Jacobs (193-210) deceased.
- XVI
- 90. Tom Dupree (198-200)
 - 91. Al Snider (199-239)
 - 92. Chuck Crayne (201-235,237--)
 - 93. Milt Stevens (Assoc 202-226 res)
- XVII
- 94. Derek Nelson (210)
 - 95. Earl Evers (221-224)
 - 96. Chuck Hansen (214)
- XVIII
- 97. Peggy Gemignani (225-244)
 - 98. Fred Hollander (227--)
 - 99. Jim Sanders (229-233)
 - 100. Jerry Lapidus (231--)
 - 101. Sid Cochran (233--)
 - 102. J. G. Newkom (234-239)
- XIX
- 103. Sherry Heap (236--)
 - 104. Ted B. Tom (240)
 - 105. Thomas J. Opilla (245--)
 - 106. Stanley Hoffman (245--)
 - 107. Tim Kirk (247 res)

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 And it looks like Scotty managed a better layout than I did. About half-way through, I found I had to re-write part of the Cycle XVI Compleat Roster (in order to avoid having 14 Members at one point, among other things) but I am in no mood to reprint it now. Perhaps, at some later point, (Real Soon Now),

I won't be printing any Cultic longevity statistics this Cycle; possibly in my next ROTATOR if I'm in the mood then. However, it's worth mentioning that *Bruce Pelz* has passed Ted White in Almost Unbroken Sequence category with 171+ Periods at the end of the 19th Cycle. *Bruce* should also end up with the largest number of Total Periods, assuming

Anyway, all questions and complaints will be carefully considered (and probably answered at interminable length).
 -grh

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CULTOSIS

YGGDRASIL NO. 1 (FR 245) {Cochran}

Seithers: The matter of sailing balloon-ships was covered, I think, in a story by Poul Anderson (in *F&SF*?) and his later discussion of the subject. Apparently you are quite right that the concept, as drawn, is invalid. I've seen the idea illustrated in a number of old prints and it was tried, at least once, by a balloonist named Andre who tried to fly over the North Pole.

My drawing was for artistic effect only -- I'm glad you liked it. It was "after" the copper creations of Brian Wilson, a local artist whose most magnificent creation was given to the hospital ship, *Hope*.

Actually, there seem to be two ways that you could navigate such a flying ship. One is to tow a drag/centerboard device below you in water. Short stretches of land could be passed over by waiting for a favorable wind. The drag could either be emptied of disposable ballast and carried aboard, or cut loose entirely and re-constructed (of wood?) before setting sail over the next overwater stretch. The other idea is to have your ship, particularly the sail carrying apparatus, separated vertically so that you would be able to set sail in two different air currents at the same time. It appears that with two different wind directions to work with (or possibly even with two velocities in the same direction), that aerial navigation would be possible. Both of these suggestions ignore the difficulties of actually constructing such a device, but a good writer should be able to make it seem reasonable without presenting theoretical impossibilities.

Wells: Welcome back and hello. When *Cochran* mentioned your name, I could only think of its frequent appearance in Diplomatic matters -- not connecting it with that *Wells* who was one of the Original Thirteen.

I have *never* been able to get anything out of Panshin's Villiers series -- everyone else seems to like it, though.

Cochran: Do you really think it that much of a Good Thing for the police to determine that a person (Candy Barr/Phillips) is guilty of murder (or manslaughter) in spite of a jury decision to the contrary; and follow up their beliefs by a framed-up marijuana charge. The system of trial by jury may not be perfect, but it's a damn sight more objective than "police justice".

Society has "determined" marijuana's harmfulness only to the extent that it "determined" that the value of pi was three, in some 19th Century state legislature. Society has *defined* marijuana to be illegal, regardless of the harmful effects (unknown) of marijuana and the harmful effects (known) of the law regarding same. Society has produced a situation (much like that produced by Prohibition) where organized crime is benefitted, individuals are subjected to police persecution, much public money is wasted, and really--- do you see any sign that the use of marijuana is being curtailed? If you want to go puritanical, there may be no "use" in marijuana (or in ciggarets, alcohol, automobile style changes, and so on, and so on); but can you see any real "use" in the anti-marijuana laws and their random enforcement?

Who is "America's greatest general" who lies buried at Norfolk? I was under the impression that he was at Troy, New York.

HONNEUR SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE (FR 246) {Pitch}

Chickenman: According to memory, I first heard this thing about five years ago as a series of spots from WKBW in Buffalo. You had to catch at least one presentation a day to get the full effect. Eventually it died, as these things do. Then, maybe two years ago, the same station started broadcasting what was, to my recall, a *new* series of Chickenman spots. This second series was repeated on WBBF here in ~~River City~~ Rochester a little later, so I probably heard most of it. The whole

thing was a tekeoff on Superman and the other double-identity caped heroes -- really very funny. Didn't think the humor was particularly Midwestern, though. ¶ Has anyone else been hit with a series of radio spots called "The Story Lady"? Very good, if you like sick fairy-tales.

OH, BLOODY HELL! 28 (f/r 246.00001) {Eney}: Legalistically, you didn't *haveto* make this so long. You already had credit for seven or eight pages for the Cycle. However, I'm not complaining. The writeup was quite interesting, though mostly not commentable. I was intrigued to find out that the Triad Society had a real existence. It appears -- is mentioned -- in the Fu Manchu books, and was also used in a pseudo Sax Rohmer movie we caught in last summer's drive-in season. The movie, while not about Fu Manchu or the Si-Fan, caught the general style ---- evil secret society, stupid hero, *etc.* Come to think of it, they might have stolen the plot from the Sumuru books

THE OLD OAKEN WINDMILL 7 (FR 247) {*Scithers*}

Scithers: I seem to have missed your original suggestion on the formation of vigilante groups, but rather dislike the idea, feeling that a vigilante group is only one step away from a lynch mob. I further dislike the idea of our local Far Rightists (who have mentioned the idea) seizing the "right" to stop and interrogate other citizens on the streets -- which is what is implied, isn't it?

On your cover: the police assumption that drugs and crime are interconnected is like a similar assumption about masturbation and insanity ---- a scare story that was still lurking around 30-odd years ago. In both cases, the people who made the claims had spent so much time dealing with the "sick" that they felt that sick behavior was the norm for everybody.

Dian: A capacitor is the antidote to an incapacitor.

Opilla: Yes on *The Pnume*, of course; I was recollecting from an advance notice in LOCUS and didn't do too well. Have read the two Norvell Page books, and liked them well enough. Was somewhat turned off by his naming a male character "Bourtai" who, in real history, was Genghis Khan's first wife. In the same era, John Cleve's *Mongol!* is somewhat interesting (and probably more historically accurate).

As I remember, I could follow Tros' naval evolutions fairly well; more easily (should I admit it?) than some of Hornblower's. The *Companion* has been a revelation in certain cases. Didn't really dig *The Golden Rooms* -- I tried reading that, and several others of Vardis Fisher's series some time ago, but none of it really stuck.

Scithers & Harness: The "R" I'll buy, but an "A"???

Denton: In case the question is still open, John Norman (Lange) and Michael Crichton (writing as John Lange) aren't the same, damn! I bought two of Crichton's "John Lange" books before I got it straight. They're not bad, but I won't be buying any more. Would have made up my mind on this if I'd read the first before buying the second.

On an earlier subject, I find that I now have two or three of Dudley Pope's books, also two more by Alexander Kent. Perhaps I *am* getting a hangup on sea-warfare of the Napoleonic period. However, Forester's writing seems more realistic than that of the other two. I don't have any outside information on which to base this opinion; it's just that Forester gives an impression of knowing what he is writing about that the other two lack.

Bookmasters in NYC has the *Whole Earth Catalog* at \$4.00, but the ad I have does not suggest mail order solicitation. Perhaps if you know somebody there, but their *must* be sources closer to you than that.

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