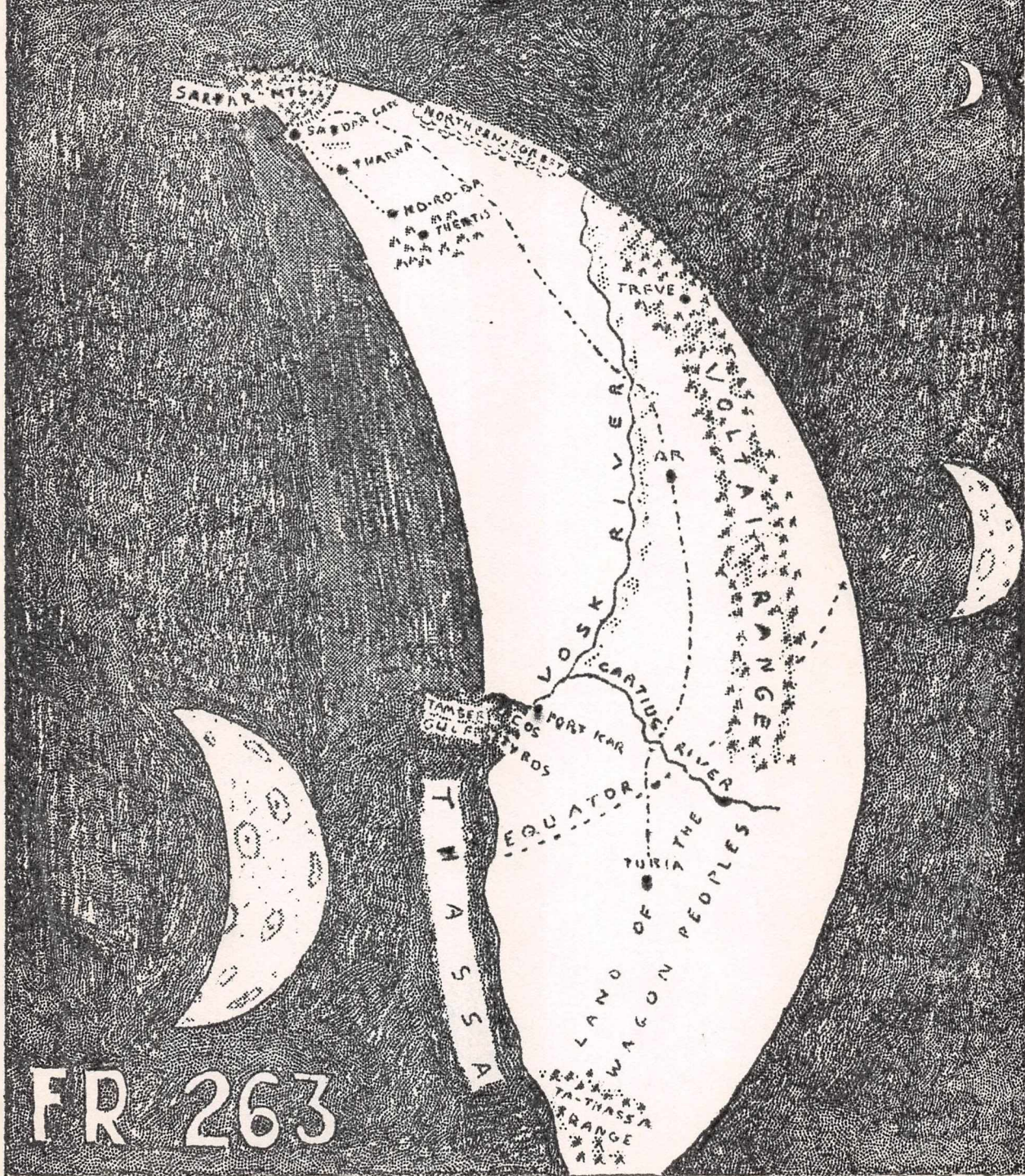


DOL CIRITH UNGOL #6



FR 263



WE MADE IT PUBLICATION #201

Grhultzine .039

And here, coming down the homestretch, is DOL CIRITH UNGOL #6, the 263rd FANTASY ROTATOR of the Cult and dated as of the First Day of the Third Month of the 1970th Year of the Sixth Age (enjoy it while it lasts, if it lasts) of Middle-earth.

Published for the Cult, *Fred Hollander OA*, by *George R Heap*ⁱⁱⁱ and distributed thereby to Them and others.

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THE CONFUSED ROSTER : March 1, 1971

MEMBERS

	262	263	PUBDATE	
1	p	-	Oct 18	*Dick Eney, 6500 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria, VA 22307
2	P	Y	Nov 8	Jerry Lapidus, Box 322, 303 Stadium Pl., Lawrinson Dorm., Syracuse, NY 13210
3	-	P	Nov 29	George R Heap, Box 1487, Rochester, NY 14603
4	-	Y	Mar 22	T J J Opilla, 14210 Parkvale Rd., Rockville, MD 20853
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6	-	pY	May 3	Fred Hollander, OA, #16, 6515 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, CA 94609
7	-	Y	May 24	Fred Patten, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230
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9	-	Y	Jul 5	Ted Johnstone, 3709 Centinela Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90066
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12	-	Y	Sep 6	Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722
13	Y	Y	Sep 27	George H Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia, PA 19101

ACTIVE WAITLIST

1	-	CC		Sid Cochran, Box 607, Tyler, TX 75701
2	-	New		Mike Storslee, 246 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011
3	-	New		Jim Sanders, Room 279, Franklin Institute Research Labs., 20th & Race Sts., Philadelphia, PA 19103
4	-	Y		Sandy Meschkow, 4413 Larchwood, Philadelphia, PA 19104
5	-	New		John P Conlon, 52 Columbia St, Newark, Ohio 43055

INACTIVE WAITLIST :

1	-	-		Jeff Soyer, 465 Churchill Rd, Teaneck, NJ 07666
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Activity: Yy-letters, Pp-published, Aa-artwork, Cc-postcards. The caps indicating an FR, lower-case, a f/r.

* *Eney*, by logic, never should have been pulled out of the Associate Membership. However . . . he was, and having no address in Viet Nam for him (although I know he's back there), the #1 slot seems safest for him.

The bad news is: We have lost Chuck Crayne (non-pub) and Peter Vorzimmer (Ex#5), Dian Girard (Ex#9), and Leon Taylor (ExAWL); the latter three for inactivity. There doesn't seem to be much point in playing with Limbo this time around: there's been plenty of time for f/r's to arrive.

So we have:

New Members: *"Eney", Harness, Johnstone.*

New AWLers: *Cochran, Storslee, Sanders, J., Conlon.*

NEXT PUBBER: *T J J Opilla* -- Letterdate: March 20, 1971.

MUST WRITE: *Eney, Pelz, Sanders, D., Cochran.* (The four new AWLers have until *Harness'* FR 265 to write.

B U S I N E S S

I seem to have taken care of most of *my* business in connection with the Roster. The genuine Official Business is contained in the OA's letter on the following page.

George Scithers called last night while I was at work -- a way of life lately -- and told Sherry that the blitz of Chuck Crayne, mentioned as a possibility in various letters, was indeed carried out and that *Drew Sanders* is publishing the long awaited FR 261. (Congratulations!)

My apologies for the delay here, but life lately has revolved around computer testing at weird hours, thousands of cards to punch, and the worst of it is that when I do get to sit down and type, I'm sort of numb. I'm sure the number of typos herein will bear me out.

Oh yeah! This *is* Business. I am the proud possessor of some 30-odd copies of my edition of TLC II. The OA willing, I will continue to send them out to new Waitlisters. (*Conlon* and *Soyer* this time. Have I missed anyone?) Might as well change the latepub provision by hand while I'm at it.

=====

The U.S.P.O.D. seems to be working even slower than usual these days. I might as well make my usual comment: I swear they treat folded-and-stapled f/r's as third class mail (regardless of the postage thereon) unless they are marked First Class. *Hollander's* last took a full week to get here!!!!

For a while, I was wondering if perhaps the earthquake hadn't done in FR 261, but as of the latest there doesn't seem to have been any connection. What with the amount of snow I've had to move around this winter, I wouldn't mind trying earthquakes ---- just for a change.

The cover this time is sort of an extraction from a planned item called "A Prolegomenon to a Map of Gor" (which may yet appear, but . . .) with a map or maps drawn carefully to scale, detailed explanations, and all. In the meantime, the cover idea struck me. The idea was good; the execution is problematic.

It was not a particularly easy map to draw from the information given; there are a number of (apparent?) conflicting statements which I won't have time to go into this time around. The most problematical items are: the general direction and flow of the Vosk (and the related location of Thassa); the relation of Ar to the Vosk and its tributary, the Cartius; and worst, the relationship of Turia (and all known southern Gor, for that matter) to the Cartius. S*!g*h*! At any rate, I've put together the most logical arrangement as it seemed at the time.

Unlabelled features include:

- (1) The palisade around the Sardar Range, which I have located in the North Polar regions.
- (2) Tari Cabot's route from the former site of Ko-ro-ba north to the Fair at the Sardar Gate (from *Outlaw of Gor*).
- (3) Tari's route from the Fair to (the vicinity of) Turia as described in *Priest-Kings of Gor* and *Nomads of Gor*; seemingly this rep-

[Continued on page 21]

CULTITIS

[As per usual, the editorial insertions will be in the Courier type and, if I am still thinking straight, enclosed in brackets.]

SID COCHRAN -

January ?, 1971

GeXOArge and Clut: I assume from the overdueess and non-arrival of Chuck Crayne's FR that either:

- (a) The Bucket has finally arrived at its destination, 'nor are we out of it.'
- (b) Chuck Crayne has arrived at the long-sought destination of the Bucket.
- (c) For sheer egregiousness, I have been dumped from the edge of the Bucket by Chuck and consigned to its ultimate destination. (Variations allowable.)
- (d) The U.S. Post Awful Has Strook!
- (e) Somehow, Chuck sent everything *via* the British Royal Mounted Post Awful, which is *really* Strook!

I had some further material submitted to Chuck for his thing, which I will reproduce from carbons and send you if desirable, for your FR.

If not,

Writhe in coils on Laocoonsdays!

Sid C.

FRED HOLLANDER -

February 11, 1971

Dear George and Cult,

First, OAfficial Business:

- 1) Since I was misinformed re: Crayne forwarding information to *Lapidus*, he is IN if he publishes within his four week latepub period, judged by me to be that his FR is postmarked by Tuesday, February 16, since the Post Awfuls are closed on Monday due to President's Day.
- 2) *B. Pelz* and *Harness* are both credited on *Drusan's* f/r to FR 261, but this time only since I haven't the spare money to put out another hurried f/r this Period. In the future, people will be credited to f/r's just as they are for FR's: *i.e.* a postcard length contribution is credited as a postcard, and only contributions filling most of a page are counted as full letter-credit. At any rate, they made it this time.
- 3) People who sent out f/r's between the arrival of my f/r and *Heap's* FR, and did not send them to Crayne should do so if he is still in the Bucket at that time.

This is a hell of a job I let myself in for. [Hehh!]

I see by the results of the elections, that mine was the only vote against the two-week latepub amendment. Therefor, since you didn't take my advice that the amendment

would turn out badly for you all, you are stuck with it. There will be no extensions granted during my term as OA (except possibly to myself, heheheheheh....).

Besides, it's about time this Bucket got back on schedule.

By the way, since our vote shows that John Boardman has rights less than or equal to those of a grasshopper, it is interesting to note that one right grasshoppers have is to write letters to *Physics Today*. The most recent issue contains a letter from John objecting to the ecology movement with all his Old and Tired anti-eco-freak attitudes and stories.

And now, on to the biggest thing to come through my mailbox in some time, *Eney's* f/r 261.0205.

There are no clean words left. Not one.

Re: your comments about "appeasniks" and others, I find your use of terms fascinating, since you can always find some word to put negative connotations to, when describing those who disagree with you while holding yourself up as an example of truth and light. I find your comment to me on "homenclature" ("You and Lapidus are working for appeasement; I am working for peace; Boardman is working for the Imperialist interests.") an almost perfect example of the conjugation of irregular verbs.

And I beg to differ that we are working for appeasement, unless you define that term to mean what we are working for. I, at least, am working for an end to war as a means of solution to international problems, starting with this one, and working on from there. I do not see either side of this mess as the Good Guys; there are only two different sets of Bad Guys, and one of them happens to be the nation that I was born in, brought up to respect the ideals of, and grown up to find that these ideals are ignored so much in the breach as not to exist any more for a large segment of the population. And just how are you so sure that what I want is wrong? Huh?

Wars will cease when men refuse to fight them.

People seem to point out loss of drive and lack of desire to hassle things as one of the bad things about pot. Why? A lot of friction in this world is due to the fact that people want things that other people have, and then resort to violent/forceful means to get them. As far as I'm concerned, people's heads are for themselves to fuck over if they want, and not for other people to save them from themselves, unless they start committing crimes against people other than themselves or the property of same. People should be allowed to make durn fools of themselves if they want to.

Further, though this loss of drive seems to occur in some people, I know a lot of others who blow grass, and while they are relaxed and calm while they are stoned, they don't lose drive in between times for doing the jobs that they are doing. And I don't see how this is all that much different from what a couple of martini's do before dinner, and that is not only legal, but an institution.

as for stopping people from driving while under the influence; certainly, and the law is already on the books. DWI is a misdemeanor to a felony depending on circumstances and the State you're in. And I think it's a good law, too; there are enough idiots on the road without all the drunk and stoned ones added to them.

And as for defending the anti-motivational syndrome on the basis of Wright's statement, that's like comparing a sober person to a person who's had a bottle of whiskey

a day. Of course he's not motivated, he's drunk (or stoned). But I don't think that your ant-motivational syndrome hangs together when applied to the occasional user quantitatively similar to the occasional user of alcohol.



And I for one resent being grouped with any portion of the New Left. It is not now and never has been a monolithic bloc on any subject, and I doubt that it ever will be, as such, each individual leaflet, while propaganda of a sort, does not speak for more than the small group of people who put it out and perhaps a few sympathisers.

Argent, within an annulet, a pallet a chevronel, sable.

And if *Lapidus* challenged me to a duel, we would put on our armor, helms, and shields, pick up our swords (wooden) and fight according to the Rules of the Lists of the SCA. At the end of which fight I would help *Jerry* up off the ground and we'd go have a beer. So there.

"Don't take life so seriously. It ain't nowise permanent." --Porkypine

That's all for now.

Flieg OA

GEORGE H SCITHERS -

February 11, 1971

Dear CULT: What *happened* to everybody? This is the first time in the last 180 Periods or so that an FR has been written to by only one person. By *Vorzimmer's* Beard! Is everyone dead or gafiated or worse?

John P Squiggle's last name is *Conlon*. *Heap*, please to amend the Roster accordingly.

Tom JJ did so self-nominate; he threatened to run "next Cycle", which begins right after my pubdate. Accordingly, I listed him on the ballot, so he could run "next" (*i.e.* the current, 21st) Cycle.

And *Vorzimmer's* paragraph, on why FReditorial interruptions are so bad, was too tempting to resist interrupting at every sentence. I didn't think he'd get all that upset, though

Bear in mind: the vote means Boardman has *no more* rights than a grasshopper, not that he has less (unless a majority of voters qualified their votes that way).

Been selling that book, LET'S DRINK TO THAT, at a rate of about three a day, almost entirely on the basis of reviews that appeared in most of the library journals.

["I don't care what Sheelba told you. Thirteen cats in one room is a violation of the Lankhmar Sanitation Codes."]

These appear far more effective than ads in some of the big-circulation fanzines, interestingly enough. Have to sell 200 copies to break even. (\$2.00 a copy; order yours n*o*w!!)

I am sorry to hear *Opi;a* was bent out of shape, especially since his shape was reasonably good, last time we met, even without arms at the full 17".

Conan comics roars oo ---- results are strictly comic-book thinking; pretty ugh. On the other hand, Marvel put out a non-comics-code, black-&-white interior comic book -- 64 pages, 50¢ -- with "The Frost Giant's Daughter", which is pretty pure Howard and pretty good.

Eney's f/ractional is magnificent; I laughed my fool head off.

Hoping you are the same,

George S 13/x0a

[Pretty much agree with you on the first (three?) issues of *Conan Comics*, but the last one I've seen had an adaptation of "The Tower of the Elephant" which struck me as being both authentic *and* good. (The cover was a bit misleading, though.)]

T J J OPILLA -

February 12, 1971

Aloha.

Business first, folks. OPILLA ANNOUNCES LATEPUB!! I may not need it, but March 22 falls damn close to my midterms; so, just in case

This should really screw everything up, what with *Heap's* latepub, Crayne's nonpub, and all. The Cycle's really getting off to a good start.

Since there is nothing to comment upon --Cultwise-- lately, I shall have to inflict my unadulterated self upon you. A few short news items first, and then maybe a small tirade to get the Cycle going.

The Surly Slav joins the ranks of married folk on or about 15 May of this year. Wish the poor girl luck.

I am back in the academic world as of 18 January as a full-time (16 credits) student. Genetics, Creative Writing, The Novel and Modern Man, Philosophy, and The Soviet Union. Be taking Organic Chem this summer. Being a 24-year-old sophomore-and-a-half is a rather weird experience.

Been trying to enlist a fellow Conan-Tolkien-freak in the Bucket, but don't egt your hopes up. Besides, he's slightly to the right of *Cochran*.

Am also maintaining my full-time job at the National Aquarium. Makes for a 58-hour week, what with school, but I need the bread. I only hope that my sanity --what there remains of it-- will survive the ordeal.

For your information, people, my salary, combined with Donna's, combined with the G.I. Bill, comes to slightly over 13 grand per annum. And in the D.C. area, this is barely a living wage. We'll be living in a mobile home; any of you having any experience with such willing to enumerate the pitfalls feel free to speak.

Rather envious of *Jerry's* mini-pub. Looks like *Heap* will have to print up a good-sized volume.

CONGRATULATIONS, FLIEG. The best man *does* win at times. Too bad two people wasted their votes on me; I didn't.

The hell with the tirade; I think I'll give *Heap* a break.

Endure.

TJJO

SID COCHRAN -

February 15, 1971

Dear George: I have just picked up *Dick Eney's* f/r, and after diligent perusal have found my name mentioned one time only. Damn! Outside of going exUIT for a while, I must not have been practicing my *mean and nasties* enough.

For *Dick's* information, the implication spread in the *Texas Observer* was that the \$500 to the *jefe de policia* was a bribe, pure and simple, although I would associate myself with a recent comment of Mr. Secretary Connally: "I would be the last person in Texas to warrant the truth of matter appearing in the *Texas Observer*."

After thinking about it for a while, I think that the emblem so cavalierly dismissed by *Dick* might properly be described as, 'azure, in an annulet argent, a cross counter-pall argent'. (Assuming the symbol were white, you know.)

As for the shields bit, the English were using them in Cyprus and in Palestine before they left. Woudn't doubt they were using them in Ireland now.

Culticly,
Sid Cochran, Jr.

[And in AMRA II, 52, John Brunner described those arms (on a different background) as: "Briquy of sanguine and argent a broken cross encircled of the second three points down, . . .". See also *Hollander's* description (and my less-than-perfect tracing) on page 8 above. *Seithers*: Aren't you reaching these people?]

JACK HARNESS -

February 18, 1971

Dear George, I was awakened at six in the morning by this violent, prolonged shaking of the house from East-to-West, and by flashes of light on the horizon. I wondered for a moment if *this was it*, the fabled time that California nosed into the Pacific, but I wasn't really scared. After a minute, the shaking stopped and I got out of bed to see if the lights and radio were still on. They were, and I got the news (not all the stations were on the air) but it was five minutes before the announcer mentioned the quake. (Was a canned newscast, perhaps.) The light flashes turned out to be generators, or perhaps power lines, going down.

I trooped around inspecting the house for damage. It's a two-story, magnificent old California house with plaster walls inside, some really beautiful stained glass in it, and all the structural strength of wet cardboard.

I have been considering getting a water bed, but this quake made me re-realize how mortal this house was, and I decided against it. When I move, though, I'll get one.

There was only a tiny amount of plaster down, only a couple cracks in the walls, no glass breakage, no interruption of any utility. Other buildings in a three block radius suffered variously from the quake, though; there's a brick apartment house that has *bad* cracks in the front side of it now. The worst thing seemed to be a spray of soot from the fireplace; it was already being swept up.

The quake was 6.5 on the Richter scale, the highest since a 7.7 up north in 1952. *Seven* is a "severe" earthquake. I've experienced, I guess, about four quakes in previous years here, none very intense, and none that had aftershocks. There have been close to 200 aftershocks since the quake, some registering 3.5 on the Richter scale. Richter himself is holding out for another quake of similar intensity to the first quake, but instead, we seem to be having a long series of earth readjustments called aftershocks. So much for Richter's theory that quakes travel in pairs.

It makes for a suspicious feeling, a slight paranoia ---- is that rumble a truck passing in the street, or another aftershock?

There's an estimated billion dollars property damage, most of it uncovered by insurance; quake insurance runs high in California. The USGummint has announced it will pay the cost of repairing *public* buildings.

Most of the dead, however, were at a Veteran's Hospital that was supposedly earthquake proof ---- being so certified when completed a few months ago. But *nothing* is *that* earthquake proof when located right at the epicenter of a quake. It went flat over two and a half acres, and it took literally days to work through the rubble and locate the last survivors. Apart from that, the death toll would be very small.

Twelve freeway overpasses/bridges fell, inconveniencing traffic; some schools have had to be closed as unsafe and this disrupts things for some people. One reservoir was so weakened that over 40,000 people were evacuated for days while the water level was lowered behind the dam. If there *had* been another major quake and the dam went, they'd have been drowned. Fortunately, there was no second major quake and no dam giveaway.

Parts of the city were without water, and I don't know how much work will have to be done to completely repair the water mains.

The public library, fourteen blocks east, five and a half north ---- you can work out the hypotenuse on that yourself ---- had 100,000 books knocked off the shelves; volunteers got them all back on the same day.

Since I'm not living anywhere near the quake area, and there is no interruption of services here, I can't tell from personal experience if the city is back to normal, but the thing is dying down.

There is still speculation about the eclipse, whether it had something to do with it. Since there was no quake on one other eclipse, I am not buying the eclipse theory outright. There have been plenty of eclipses before now, anyway. One fool woman expressed concern that the Apollo landings and experiments on the Moon surface might have something to do with the quake. Which shows how stupid some people can be.

The carbon above is from a letter going to my folks. Which shows you how some people can stoop so low as to send carbon copies of letters to their parents, as Cultac.

There has been local speculation, some time ago, on the prospect of getting (Dr.) Jerry Pournelle into the Cult. It would be a gladsome experience for us all. Ever since Boardman left, the post of Resident Fugghead/Know-Everything (idiot-savant) has been vacant. We need another Universal-Punching-Bag, to help us relieve our tensions, hostilities, and frustrations. We need a Horrid Example to shame us all into respectful silence. We need someone wiser than us all, to bring us back to reality when our Cultist minds burn out from grappling with untenable premises and absence of data. We need an Emetic-Embodied-in-Human-Form to tell us the Divine Pronouncements of transcendent wisdom.

In short, we need a shoring up, and I can't think of a better *bastion* than Dr. Pournelle. Hoping you are the same.....

Jack Harness

[If you had sent me the address of this paragon of virtue,
I could have sent a copy of this FR, to tempt him. Maybe I can track one down.]

Please to give me credit for participation in the *Sanders/pelz/Harness* fractional (the illo of the fellow with the she!!). [Done. But see *Hollander's* Official Pro-nouncement as a guide for future activity in this line.]

I don't know what is with Harcourt Fenton Crayne. Perhaps someone else can tell you how he was similarly not-in-evidence at the Presicon. Last month he was even defeated for re-election to the Board of LASFS Directors for lactivity beyond the call of indolence.

JERRY LAPIDUS -

February 15, 1971

Dear George, (and the Cult, eventually)

By this time, you should have received my abbreviated but nonetheless fully complete FR 262, or whatever. I could have put out something much longer, including a lot of comments I intend to make here to you, but I decided that it would be better to get the damn thing out, on time, despite the fact that I'd announced latepub, and try to get the streetcar back on some sort of coherent schedule. Enclosed with this, then, you'll find the Boardman letter I mentioned, which you may, or may not want to use.

Particularly for you, *George*, "Waiting For Godot" opened last Thursday, and really quite successfully. Although there are flaws, it's still a much better production than one has any right to expect from a college production ---- and the Estragon is tremendous! If you have any chance or time at all, I'd seriously recommend coming up to see it. We're playing again next Friday and Saturday, February 19, and 20, and may also put in a Thursday the 18th performance. The first two performances last week sold out, and the remaining shows are very low; I can either get tickets or sneak you in somehow, if you let me know soon.

Anyway, things are just about getting back to normal here; I'm finally beginning to catch up on mail, finishing sending out TOMORROW AND... (your copy went out yesterday), beginning to start serious work on current projects. Which include: the rest of "godot", of course; Directing III, which is currently Ibsen (I'm doing a rather nice scene from "The Master Builder", a neglected later piece); getting started with a production of "Dames at Sea"; and beginning work on an Individual Research project, for credit, about "Candide". Courses this final time around include that Directing course, a course in dialects, the Project on "Candide", a magazine course (which will culminate in an intensive study of a single magazine [in my case, probably *Analog*, primarily because of its size and history]), a course in makeup (meeting for the first time today), and EITHER a scene design course or a course in audition pieces. I'm signed for the former, but at the moment it meets at a time I can't make. I'll also be spending some time, I don't know how much quite yet, working with the Syracuse Rep-ertory Theatre, the professional company associated with the drama department. The season includes "The Fantasticks", "Indians", "The Time of Your Life", "The Tavern", and "Room Service". I could conceivably get parts in all but the first show, which is the only entirely equity show of the season. [Back there a ways, I had the hyster-ical thought about someone trying to do an "intensive study" of the FANTASY ROTATOR.]

Before saying anything about *Scithers'* superb FR, though, one additional comment. Did anyone out there catch the "LA 2071" episode of "The Name of the Game" a few weeks ago? Scripted by Philip Wylie, it concerned future ecological disaster and was, to put it simply, one of the best things I've seen on the tube this season. Acting, writing, background details were all superb, with none of the expected clichés or easy ways out. Certainly my Hugo nominee this early for 1971, and probably the best visual sf I've seen since the days of 2001/"The Prisoner". [Yes, we caught "LA 2071"

the night it played and it was most impressive.]

George: It's now a week later. "Godot" is over, having not come again, without my mailing this off to you. I simply don't have the time for a longer letter; I'll try to get some kind of decent letter or perhaps even f/r out about *Scithers'*, Crayne's (???) [???], and your [?] FR's. Please note, however, that Crayne DID forward business to me, despite what *Flieg* said in his missive. But I noted in my short FR this fact, and I'd like you to repeat it. Use this letter as you like, however you like.

Be seeing you.....

J

Toronto in '73! [As I said before, I doubt extremely, that we could have made it to Syracuse for "Godot" (pity!), so it doesn't matter much that your letter got mailed yet. We're still not up to leaving Bronwen for extended periods of time yet; although the shock of having her around will wear off in time, no doubt.]

SanD MESCHKOW -

February 21, 1971

Dear Cult: It seems I had better pull my way up into this Bucket all the way before someone starts tromping on my fingers -- or do they start now?

I am standing by, ready to hear a lot of interesting earthquake tales, of which a few are already floating around in one newszine or another. I remember *George* telling me that he had spoken to an engineer friend over the phone who told him that most of the freeway overpasses and stuff that fell were those still under construction and not yet properly anchored, but I am dubious. I saw one picture of one such, but I also saw a few of what looked like a working overpass, NOT one of those loops on single pillars, that had dropped, deadfall fashion, on the road below. If I had anything to do with the Highway Department out there I would start raising Cain, and ditto with the inspectors who are supposed to see that the laws on the books concerning earthquake-proof construction are followed. I freely admit that it doesn't pay to build *everything* able to withstand a Force 9 earthquake, but SOME thought should be given to schools, police stations, hospitals, City Halls, and so forth. And I think it would pay to really look at shopping centers with those nice arc-ing roofs. Considering the number of people that might be there shopping on a Saturday afternoon, they should be built to withstand at least a moderate shock. I don't live out there, so I shouldn't talk, but I get the impression that you folks aren't much more prepared for a big quake than Philly is. Anyway, speaking as an ex-New Yorker, my general impression of the L.A. area is of a marginally habitable region, like Greenland, that has to be abandoned periodically as conditions change. If I had the choice of being marooned in 1400 A.D. with proper equipment (axe, knife, rifle, 100 rounds, *etc.*), I would rather end up on Manhattan Island than Long Beach any day. Of course, I might just get yellow fever from the mosquitos in New Jersey, and New York winters would be Hell, but a man on the West Coast without a horse would not manage as well as he could on the East Coast. If given the choice between San Francisco and Manhattan, well, I think the only reason I would choose New York is that I would know the country quite a bit better (without study) from memory. Hell, I couldn't even draw a useable map of the Bay area right now, but if given an hour or two, I bet I could conjure up a quite useable map of lower New York State and Greater New York. Whether I could recognise any of the features on the map in their 1400 A.D. unaltered condition is another thing! [And more to the point, how many of the features on the map would be an aid to survival in the year 1400? Water wasn't that scarce on the east coast (nor would your map show the smaller streams available then in places like Philly and Manhattan that have since dissapeared.) For my part, I'd rather take my chances on finding food and water in pre-Columbian Los Angeles, than on trying to do both *and* surviving the winters in this part of the world. ¶ An even more important thing, if one had

a chance for research, would be the general temper of the existing inhabitants. Other things being equal, ones chances of survival would not be improved by having to fight off the local inhabitants at every step.]

Only the few Cultists who know me from TAPS know what my present situation is. I am presently in the middle of being forced to develop into a middle-management executive type, and I don't like it. It seems to be far more painful than going through puberty. While I will admit I wasn't paid to go through puberty, I didn't have to do it in six months, either. Early last summer I was happily editing *Powder Metallurgy Science & Technology*, a very techy metalworking abstract journal that goes for \$80 a year, having all sorts of fun scanning for material, overseeing repro typists, proofing, doing promotion, etc. Now, I don't *do* anything; I'm just an executive trying to organize and coordinate three other people's work and I am working like a dog. My department obviously needs more clerical help than I can give it, let alone that I make a scandalously high priced clerk! I am still learning whom I can pressure to do more work and, what's more important, whom I can trust to do a job without me having to do it all over. If I can't learn how to delegate authority better than I am doing, or if I don't learn how to organize jobs better so they CAN be turned over to somebody else to run on their own, I will drop from exhaustion. It would also help if I had a boss who didn't hit me right in the Father Complex as well. All this is proving to be a very good education for me. But, obviously, if I keep this up long enough, I will grow up to be a mean, mean man, capable of galvanizing people into action with a single withering glance. Which is not the kind of manager I want to be, not by a long shot. My big problem is whether I am going to be able to organize things so that I can operate without being a pusher, a brute force manager. I would rather be the kind of boss you work *with*, not *under*. And unless I can get things properly organized in my department, I will just have to start dropping some of my workload on other people in the department and start clubbing at them. Trouble is, they are professional types who know even less about paperwork, production support, and promotion and contract management than I do, and if they have to do it, then nothing will get done.

Anyway, me and another guy (a German architect who works for Louis Kahn, the architect [who did the Unitarian Church on Winton Road here in Rochester]) rent rooms from *George Scithers*. So *George* gets to hear some of my troubles. ("AARGH! Our sponsor on the Plating contract wants an update to the quarterly report! And I haven't done anything for the Plating contract yet this quarter!!!") I assume he enjoys hearing about it, as I suspect he would throw me down the stairs if he didn't. It is a fair trade; I get to pick up some pointers, and *George* gets a few laughs. (*Jim Sanders* works at the Franklin Institute in the same department, but not my office, I might add.) However, it bothers me that my job is so much out of control that it spills over into my free time and my fanac, and has totally halted what little writing I was doing. An 8% raise has brought me 200% as much work. Some great deal! Sooo, if there are any Cultists out there who have lived through the same sort of situation, I would appreciate a little advice. Like, "Find a time machine. Set the dial for 1400 A.D. Get a rifle, 100 rounds of ammo, an ax, a knife. . . ."

Cultishly,

SanD Meschkow

[Nothing *really* helpful on your job as I am (just as well, I do believe) still a technician. However, new jobs *do* lose some of their awesomeness as you get more familiar with the details. Overflow of the job into ones "private" life seemes to be an ever increasing problem: it may *be* one of the prices of getting (and/or staying) ahead. I don't know a good answer, short of re-training into a strictly eight-to-five field. For myself, the work has an interest of its own which probably repays the extra time I have to put in on the job.]

FRED PATTEN -

February 24, 1971

Dear George and Cult, I see by FR #262 that the Cult still lives, which somewhat surprises me, and that I'm still in it, which surprises me even more.. Ever since the P.O. delayed my letter to *Scithers*, I've rather lost touch with things ---- not, with Crayne's defection, that there's been much to lose touch with.

Has *Vorzimmer* rejoined the Cult after all these years just in time to be present at its demise? [Never!]

I feel an editorial coming on about how the Day of the Apa is dead [No! No!], except that I'm not really interested enough to write it. You probably all know the argument, anyway. But the Cult in particular sure does look Hard Up just at the moment. Even when Al Snider was fouling us up, it didn't look this sparse.

Pelz, *Eney*, and *Sanders* were going to raid Crayne's place last Friday to put out a belated FR #261. Dunno what happened, if anything.

But I do want to stay in the Cult to keep getting *Eney's* f/r's, which are regularly interesting, and enough else that's enjoyable to make it worth the while to write a letter like this every three or six weeks. (*Fitch's* printing, *Scithers'* trolley stories, occasional discussions of WorldCon politics, etc.)

Speaking of WorldCons, PROGRESS REPORT #1 of the L.A.Con is now printed and will be mailed out later this week. It's 20 pages, and looks good if I do say so myself. We had 218 members as of press time; I know we've gotten more since, but I don't know how many. It's a slow beginning, but I expect that membership will shoot up drastically in July and early September, as we peddle memberships at the Westercon and Worldcon. Memberships will go up by another dollar as of August 1st, so if you haven't joined yet, you might as well do so now. It's \$5.00 for a supporting membership or \$7.00 for an attending membership to: L.A.Con, P.O. Box 1, Santa Monica, California, 90406. It's not going to get any cheaper. And does anyone have any suggestions as to films they'd like to see in our movie room, or program items they might like to attend? *Drew Sanders* is in charge of program development and I don't know how he likes to work, but I like to draw up a list of about 500 hours of possible program items and then start boiling it down from there to pick out the best 40 or 50 hours' worth. It's still early enough that we're considering everything, and your suggestions can be of help.

The Wall Street Journal had an article yesterday about how many Southern Californians are still trembling two weeks after the earthquake, and many are actually fleeing to "safe" states before the Great Earthquake hits. The other newspapers had headlines today about how twisters in the Midwest and South have just killed more people than were killed here in the quake. Just what *is* a "safe" geographical area? This sounds akin to the people who want to flee to New Zealand or South America to get away from the U.S. police state, or go to Mexico or Turkey because of the greater freedom for hippies and drug-takers. Somehow, the Word never seems to reach them ---- a lot of people have been going around here during the last couple of weeks with a put-upon attitude of, "Well, nobody ever told *me* that California has earthquakes!"; and one of the office girls has specifically blamed Governor Reagan for the quake on grounds of negligence in not preventing it.

Eney: No, the Atlantean submarine in the MGM movie and Disney's "Nautilus" were two different models, though patterned alike. I think Disney's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* paved the way for period s-f films, and George Pal followed with *The Time*

Machine and then *Atlantis*.

Cultishly,

Fred Patten

VII

[I think some of the dismay over earthquakes (and the earlier brush fires too) is caused by not knowing the details of what can, or is likely to, happen. Like I've got three or four comments about the quake in this ROTATOR, but there's nothing there to tell me that if I move to California and buy a house, that I'm going to come home some day and find it completely demolished. ¶ One of the comments here by a recent Californian was: "We only had a big quake every fifteen years or so. You have to shovel snow here every winter." He's got a point.]

FRANK DENTON -

February 23, 1971

Dear George & Cult, An incredibly short FR last time and a few assorted souls who were not sure what was happening and hastened to get out f/r's. Well it's bound to happen once in a while. But I sure miss old *Tom Opilla* and *Vorzimmer's* grotchings, and *Fitch's* bitches, *Scithers'* dithers, and still waiting for *Crayne's* pains. But *Eney* came through. He must save all his nastiness up for a whole year and then really let fly. Hi *Dick*.

That was an interesting bit of news about the discovery of the two new galaxies, Maffei I and Maffei II. Evidence seems to indicate that the larger of the two, Maffei I, may be as large or larger than Andromeda. It seems to be a large, normal, elliptical galaxy. Maffei II appears to be more of a spiral. Cosmic dust clouds are the reason that they haven't been discovered before this, dust so thick it blocks out about 99% of the visible light and 6% of the infrared light.

Scithers: Lets all have unregistered guns! Three incidents in a week's time has just about made me paranoid about guns. My son was shot at on a Tuesday. Wednesday, a friend of my second son was shot as a robbery was attempted at his house. He's still in critical condition in the hospital. Thursday, another friend calls to say that the guy across the street from him shot his dog. Absolutely ridiculous.

The guy who shot at my son was a real jewel. My son, his girl, and another friend were walking across an intersection. First the guy tried to run them down with the car. They managed to avoid it, being young and agile. Then he roared about 40 feet up the street, got out and took a pistol shot at them. They were lucky enough to get the license. Local businessman. The other boy's father is a policeman, so he managed to keep on top of what was happening. The evil-doer wanted to meet with all. Most apologetic; all a horrible mistake; no, he did not take a shot; didn't even own a gun; hadn't for fifteen years. A check of Concealed Weapons Permits the following morning indicated that he took out such just last October. Amazing. The boys stood fast with the story that they had been shot at, and at the moment it is in the hands of the prosecutor. All in all, it tends to make a guy a little uptight about guns. I never thought much about gun control laws before, but I might just get pushed into becoming an advocate.

Lapidus: You should be coming through with a list of your Hugo nominees shortly. I'll be interested in what the rest of the group thinks. Niven's *Ring-world* seems to have a divided reception. If you like hard science, then you like it; although I've read that there are some weaknesses in the scientific thought. Old s&s buffs like me didn't quite finish it. I'll be interested to see if the Heinlein thing gets nominated, even though everyone says it is bad.

Well, 'nuff for now. *George*, you'll probably have a typing job to end all typing jobs; either that or a lot of Roster changes. [A little of both, thank you.]

Sworddily,

Frank Denton X

THE TECHNOLOGICAL HIERARCHY FOR THE REMOVAL OF UNDESIREABLES AND THE SUBJUGATION OF HUMANITY

TED JOHNSTONE -

February 24, 1971

Dear Cult;

I have the distinct impression things are going to hell in a Bucket again; Good Ol' Charlie Crayne folding without hardly a word and a two-sheeter from the subsequent publisher; there has been idle chatter around the back of the meeting hall at LASFS about staging a blitz if nothing more is heard from Chuck.

In the current vernacular, he seems to be having a bit of trouble getting it all together recently. He was supposed to be co-chairman of the late PresiCon, of which a few people east of Pomona may have heard; this was an interesting little affair a couple of weeks ago which had been intended as a small regional with an informal program and only a few hundred people. But apparently nobody told the people about it, because only about fifty showed up. This may have been the first con in fannish history where the banquet was cancelled for lack of interest ---- they'd sold only fourteen dinners, and eleven of them were for the front table. I'm told they took Emil Petaja, the GoH, out for dinner someplace instead.

Actually, for a four-day con, it wasn't a bad twenty-four hours. It had everything a con should have: there was a program which ran late and nobody came to (literally nobody), a card game, an amateur movie they couldn't find a projector for, a one-shot session, and people sitting around reading, all this in the main room; across the hall was the Con suite, a small hotel room with a big double bed full of people (up to eight or ten, more or less equally divided by sexes, alternately), another typer for the one-shot session, people drinking, playing guitars, watching TV, necking, taking pictures, and sleeping. Down the hall was a huckster room with pulps and comics and hardbacks and paintings, and along the corridor floor people sat with their backs against the walls talking, or stood around waiting for elevators. And all this was taking place with a total cast of thirty or forty in three rooms and about thirty feet of hallway. The entire essence of a convention was packed into a thousand square feet.

Charlie, as far as I know, didn't show up for anything except the costume ball, where he didn't take off his mask. There were a total of thirteen costumes; three didn't show up in time, and five were not in competition. So the judges ended up awarding two prizes and three honorable mentions.

Rumor also hath it that the other co-chairman, Brother *Bruce Pelz*, gave up on the whole proceeding sometime early Sunday afternoon and abandoned it to working assistants Cindy Van Arnam and Gail Knuth. Like a good con, it took care of itself pretty well once it got under way ---- and as far as it went. Taken all in all, it was an interesting little con, as little cons go.

Hoping you are the same,

Taj^{*}

EXULTATIONS

HARRY WARNER -

June 16, 1970

Dear George: You will pardon, I hope, my failure to write a loc on the postal card. The card was appreciated despite the envy it aroused because this was supposed to be the year when the Heicon would finally get me juiced up sufficiently to see some of Europe. But a spell of sickness a month ago scared me, and I doubt that I'll venture far from home for the rest of the summer. [We also *had* been planning on making Heicon. Sherry's obstetrician, however, advised against it (Bronwen was born September 15) so the Guadeloupe trip ---- now a happy memory ---- was only a second choice.]

Meanwhile, I definitely owe you a loc on DOL CIRITH UNGOL [#5], in accord with my theory that if I write these Cult locs to publishers of the items loced, instead of to the next Cult publisher, nothing very terrible such as admission to the Cult can happen to me. [It would have, had I been better organized and/or a few more people had gone along with the gag. Actually, what I should have done is promoted you immediately into Membership on the grounds that your known activities obviously make you an asset to the Cult.]

Jim Wright was exceptionally interesting in his bivouac revelations. The use of marijuana in this circumstance sound logical. But I can't forget the frequency with which I hear people talking about so-and-so who had taken pot for months or years with no ill effects, and then all of a sudden tried to jump out of a sixth floor window, or did something equally irrational. Even if most of these stories are fables created by people much more completely anti-drug than I am, even a very rare circumstance of this type would be something for mountain climbers in bivouac to think about. In general, however, I approve of Jim Wright's attitude about drugs.

Does the law throw "as many users as you can catch in jail" in most parts of the nation? It doesn't around here. The police and state's attorney and judiciary would dearly love to get their hands on the person or persons who are getting filthy rich by handling drugs in quantity. But they've done little but lecture kids caught using them. I can remember only one instance in the past few years in which someone got sentenced for selling drugs, and this was a comparatively light sentence involving the sale of pot to someone who turned out to be an undercover agent; the defendant claimed it was a one-shot transaction with some stuff he'd decided he didn't want to use himself and there was no proof that he retailed it regularly. I suspect that the real concern of the law about drugs is the dreadful dilemma that their widespread use creates. If there's to be a crackdown and everyone is to be treated like all the others, where will the prisoners be put? Jails and prisons and reformatories are already overcrowded almost everywhere. If there's no crackdown, the concept of law and order takes another beating because still another batch of laws are going unenforced. [In Rochester, specifically, there are quite a number of user arrests, possession arrest really. All ages of course, but definitely including the 15-20 group. They also tend to arrest others in the vicinity on charges like "loitering" ---- there was an incident like this last summer that took place in a public park. Loitering? Some of the possession chargees are sentenced; I don't know what the ratio is, but feel that arrests are attempts by the police to "throw users in jail". Actually, a mere arrest may well end up being a sentence to jail if you can't afford the bail. Many of the arrests for selling involve such small quantities that one wonders if there really was any evidence of selling. The news ---- papers, TV, radio ---- uses exotic terms like "kilo" to describe the haul, apparently intending to confuse the uninitiate as to how little was involved. (Like 4/10ths of a "kilo" *sounds* more than 14 ounces -- which is how much tobacco I buy at a time.)

Actually, it would be *nice*, if the clots who pass our laws were forced to consider the expected cost to society of enforcing their little efforts to get re-elected. However, this is unlikely to happen. In the meanwhile, we have gotten along with unenforced laws on things like gambling (which apply to home poker in many areas) and adultery (no charges being brought, even though the evidence was presented in court in divorce actions) well enough. Not, you understand, that allowing the police to decide who to enforce the laws on is at any time wise, but where the law is unenforced 99.9% of the time, the effects seem less harmful than where it is enforced 5-10% of the time.]

Fred Hollander's letter makes me realize suddenly that whoever writes the history of fandom in the 1970's will also be writing the history of the nation. It would be awfully hard to piece together the history of the United States from the contents of fanzines in the 1940's or 50's or even the early 60's. But now, fans are where it's at, if I've used the expression correctly. I have this awful suspicion that some day soon a fan will become a national figure because of an incident on campus or in some other troubled area. There's nothing wrong with a fan getting involved in the course of national events, but there's the purely selfish desire to have my hobby remain inconspicuous and separated from the attention of the press and television.

Maybe diction was the real trouble with "Then Came Bronson". The only time I watched it, I couldn't comprehend more than two-thirds of the remarks by the title character. If television is the medium that is supposed to be lapped up languidly without conscious effort on the part of the lapper, then obviously the young generation can't strain to understand Bronson's dialog and still be faithful to McLuhan.

It's hard to express the extent to which I'm jealous of *Don Fitch*, if as owner of a fouse, he can be unaware of insurance and tax rates. I also own the house in which I live, and I'll be darned if I'm better off than he is by not having to pay \$70 monthly on the mortgage. If I calculate the amount of interest I would receive annually on the sum invested in this house, assuming that the sum was in a bank at 6% or thereabouts, and if I add to that sum the annual state, county, and city tax bill, and on top of that the fuel oil expense and insurance, I'm better off than if I were paying rent on a comfortable house in Hagerstown, but worse off than if I were renting a similar house in many other parts of the nation. And it's simply got to be painted this year, so there go several hundred more bucks. [Yes, it can be rather bad! We are currently renting this place ---- have been for the past two years ---- but are looking to buy in two years when the lease runs out (or sooner, if I should be lucky enough to get transferred out of town.) Meanwhile, we ---- mostly Sherry ---- have been looking around at houses in the neighbourhood; and some of the tax rates are really fantastic. And they seem even worse, if you figure trying to pay them out of retirement pay. On the other hand, our rent does not cover fuel (the cost of which has run rather high these last two winters) and I am still paying insurance on our possessions, liability, *etc.* in connection with the house.]

I can understand the temptation which police face in situations like the marijuana frame after murder acquittal. We had a less serious version of the failure of the jury system here not too long ago. The jury convicted a man of breaking and entering and larceny, come to think of it, so it wasn't exactly failure of the jury system, except for the fact that the jury isn't the last word in the jury system. The convicted man's attorney appealed the decision and the court of appeals ruled the case should not have been allowed to go to the jury by the judge on a technical point involving sufficiency of evidence. Meanwhile, before the appeals court ruled, the man had written a long letter to the judge, explaining the circumstances that had made him decide to commit such a crime, and telling how changes of circumstances would remove the temptation to continue a criminal life if the judge would give him a light sentence. So despite this admission of guilt, the appeals court ruling stood, there

is no way to try him a second time for the same crime, and everyone is unhappy, including the defendant for having blabbed unnecessarily. [I can't tell how minor the point of dispute about the evidence was, but the theory as I see it is: If you allow bad evidence to stand, the prosecution will be encouraged to continue to bring in bad evidence in the future. Where it was an honest mistake, unlikely to be repeated, my sympathy is with the police and prosecution; but there are too many police with minimal respect for law and order, as it applies to them (see the New York City police and our anti-strike law) for me to feel that rukes of evidence should be "bent" in cases of certain guilt. (Even in your case, the guy conceivably *might* have been innocent, but thought that a confession would win him the judge's sympathy-- he didn't have anything to lose; if he'd had any faith in his appeal, innocent or guilty, he would have kept his mouth shut. No, I don't take this idea too seriously, but weird-er things have happened.)

The legend about masturbation equalling insanity was alive less than thirty years ago. There's a very funny little yarn about a boy's struggle to decide when to use up the number of masturbations he thought possible before madness struck, in one of Charles Jackson's collections of short stories which I seem to remember as not more than perhaps fifteen years or so old.

Yrs., &c.,

[Thanks. Don't bother to loc. It will be at least nine months before I do another FR, and my publishing schedule in between is most problematical. - grh]

Harry Warner, Jr.

JOHN BOARDMAN -

[Carbon of a letter to *Dick Eney*.]

Dear Dick:

Your Christmas card reminds me of the one which was sent out two years ago by a Colonel George Patton -- presumably a relative of the bloodthirsty World War II general whose career has recently been glorified by Hollywood. His card showed a heap of Vietnamese corpses and was, like yours, captioned "Peace on Earth". The Department of Defense showed what it thought of Patton's views on the war ---- by promoting him to general.

The distinction between the military approach to Vietnam and yours is delicately indicated by your card. The armed forces are out to kill the people of Vietnam, and so the colonel's card showed dead Vietnamese. AID, in training local police to repress the Vietnamese people, is out to make them suffer further. Your card, showing Vietnamese, not dead, but suffering, represents your point of view as truly as Colonel Patton's represents that of the military.

I regret that the enclosed clippings are a year late. However, the letter in which I originally sent them was returned by AID as "Not Known Here". While I don't doubt that the people of Vietnam wish you were unknown there, I do not expect that AID shares those views. Therefore, as I mentioned in a letter to a Cultzine, there is a strong suspicion that you are actually in Vietnam in some other capacity ---- CIA, maybe?

(Or possibly you are the hospital technician quoted in the *New York Times Magazine* of 18 October as saying that, when blood plasma gets too old for use in US hospitals, it is passed on "to the gook hospitals.")

In response to your illegible dittograph 'zine, I am enclosing one of my own recent publications. By this time next year, may your only wars also be on game boards.

Peace,*

John Boardman

* - Your pardon is asked for sending through the U.S. Mails what in your opinion must be an obscenity.

JOHN BOARDMAN -

January 8, 1971

Dear Jerry, For reasons best known to himself, *George Scithers* sent me a copy of FR 260. Apparently the Cult is conducting a vote on "whether John Boardman has more rights than a grasshopper". I thought that all this was settled over four years ago, and I really have no interest now in how it comes out.

("To be blackballed from a black list is allus been my ambition."
- Porkypine.)

I presume that you and the other Members of the Cult have received those Christmas cards from *Eney*, who was recently in this country enjoying a respite from whatever he has been doing in his far-flung corner of the Amerikkan Empire of Asia. My own reply to him is enclosed and may or may not be of interest to the rest of the Cult.

As for the other enclosure, problems 12 and 15 through 20 may possibly be of interest to those few Cult Members who haven't forgotten that this is nominally a science-fiction fan apa.

Stay well,
John Boardman

[Enclosed was a copy of a Physics quiz which would bear re-printing if I had more time. Maybe later. grh]

[Continued from page 5]

resents routes normally travelled
by caravans on Gor.

It's now Friday the 19th, and I don't have to go back to the computer until Sunday, so it looks like I may make it after all. I have *never* put out a ROTATOR that dragged like this one.

Bronwen is over six months old now and is beginning to develope a personality. I am beginning to worry that it may not turn out to be a fannish personality as she is afraid of the typewriter ---- but this may pass. We haven't exposed her to the mimeo yet.

We seem to have a perpetual supply of mobiles and semi-mobiles around these days. We're on our second "Lullaby and Goodnight" over the crib, Peggy Gemignani sent her one, there was a punch out Christmas card that turned into one, and there's a three dimensional model of the stars out to 13 light years done in colored beads.

"No, we don't scramble eggs for breakfast on Barsoom."

Something About Eve is the latest of the Cabell books in the Ballantine adult fantasy

series. I have bought and read, I think, but this day I cannot really understand the interest in them. Once, after a considerable conversation with John Boardman on Cabell, I had it in mind to try and locate one of the sets of the *Biography of Manuel* (25 volumes in the Storisende Edition <credit to Lin Carter's fascinating introductions> ---- I think there has been another edition published as well). but at this point, I might well buy the Ballantine editions of the individual books as they are published, but I'm afraid I can live without being a completist in this matter.

The books are undoubtably clever. The mythological references are exceedingly arcan and I doubt not that I have missed altogether the existence of many. Lin Carter, again in *Something About Eve*, points out the anagrammatic nature of many of Cabell's names (Turoine is Routine, Lytreia is Reality [Arty Lie?], Caer Omn is Romance [Rome Can?][Orc Mane?], and so on). The puzzles are of a certain interest, however it doesn't help serious reading very much to stop and see what the latest joke is, as I caught myself doing. This type of thing bothered me, to a lesser extent, while reading *Silverlock* as well.

Lensman, Lensman, strong and tall;
How's your sense of the Cosmic All?

An author is not, of course, expected to "stop" and make explanations to the reader at every point; and references to legends, history, geography, and such; unknown to the reader are a commonplace in sf/fantasy *where they are pertinent to the story*. But the inclusion of non-pertinent curiosities at every turn reduces a book to a sort of literary puzzle. From Cabell's distinguished following, there must be many who do enjoy this type of thing. However, my own reaction is to waver between story-reading and puzzle-solving and ends up simply not following the plot or caring about the outcome. With the books that I most enjoy, the characters are people I find interesting engaged in actions relevant to the world of the story. And in the long run, Caer Llyr and Caer Dhu seem more relevant than Caer Omn.

Joy Chant's *Red Moon and Black Mountain* (another Ballantine Adult Fantasy) is definitely an enjoyable book. I read it in odd moments when I could steal the time, and still haven't put it all together. It is a fine fantasy novel, somewhat in the mood of *Lord of the Rings*, with a number of original ideas. It may be as good as the publishers claim, and I surely hope this woman continues writing in the sword-and-sorcery field.

Donald Hamilton's *The Poisoners* -- Matt Helm #13 -- came as somewhat of a surprise in that it's been so long since #12 that I thought Mr. Hamilton had decided to drop the series. Enjoyable, and somewhat of an improvement over the last few books in this series. This series is secret agent stuff in the realistic -- as opposed to the James Bond -- style. In some ways, I think they were more fun before events in Viet Nam have shown how realistic they are.

"I don't care if this is DOL CIRITH UNGOL, get that spider off the battlements!"

And for a final note, I had seen in Diplomacy circles, that somebody there was using CIRITH UNGOL as a title (in the Diplomacy tradition of naming 'zines after fictional countries and lands). I had been meditating on trying to run this down, when all of a sudden I got a complete set from Rod Walker in trade for my one (lousy) issue of XUJA -- a dippy 'zine that never got off the ground -- plus a bunch of Cultzines I threw in to fill out the package. Now I'm happy. I still owe Rod a letter, though.

Don Fitch
3908 Frijo
Covina, Cal. 91722
23 Feb 71

Dear George & Cult:

It may be that these periodic lacunae in CultPublication -- events such as Crayne's NonPub followed by Lapidus' Minac FR -- serve a useful purpose, resulting in a sort of catharsis which purges us of those topics in which hardly anyone is any longer interested. But the diet after one of these bouts does tend to be a trifle bland for a while, until new topics are gradually introduced.

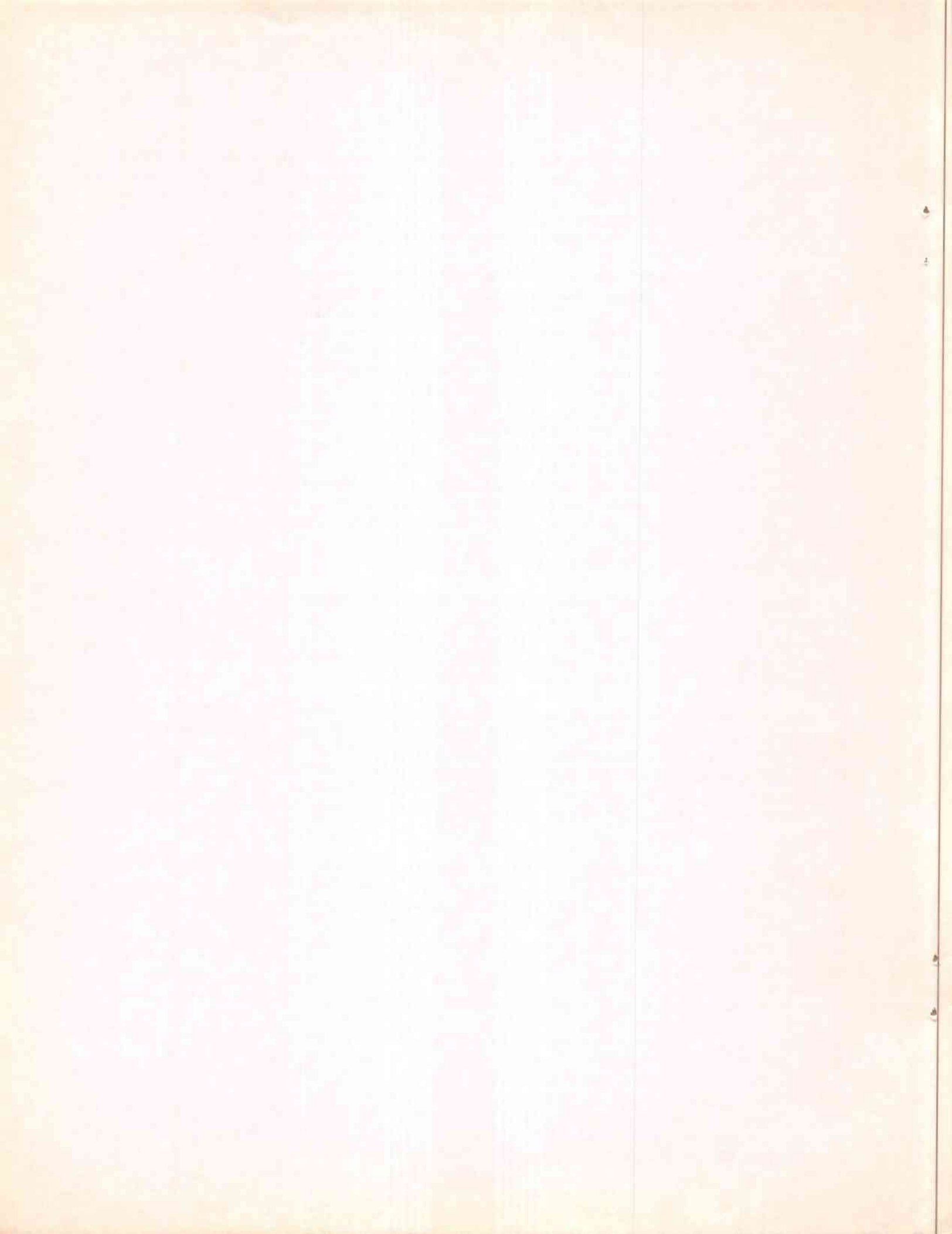
The Earthquake deserves at least a paragraph, I suppose. I had just wakened, and was lying there thinking about getting up, when the bed began to rock, vigorously. I quickly stood up on it, being somewhat apprehensive of the possibility of getting clunked on the head by falling books, since there are ceiling-high bookshelves along one side and at the head, and watched with a sort of gloomy helplessness as the water in the 40-gallon fishtank sloshed more and more strongly back and forth, with about a quart of it finally splashing out the end, where it moistened a stack of papers and fanzines. By this time the aftershocks were subsiding, so I sopped up the worst of the mess, ate breakfast, and went to work. I gather that most other IArea Cultists and fans were similarly only moderately discomfited. (The Trimbles lost a chimney, and 8 or 10 Granada Hills fans -- including one-time almost-Cultist Vanessa-- who lived just below a weakened dam were evacuated for a few days.) There was another minor but distinct shock on Saturday (the 20th) during the annual Lee Jacobs/ Ron Ellik Memorial Wine & Cheese Party at Palz' -- about all it did was to disarrange pictures on the wall, and direct about ten different conversations instantly onto one subject.

Chuck Crayne is usually an efficient and conscientious person, but apparently is headed now for Gafia (or is already there) -- he's not been attending LASFS Meetings for several months, and has shown up at few parties, and seems to have been largely nonfeasant as Chairman of the PresiCon, so one may assume that he'll be an Ex-Cultist for a long time. *semi-Sigh*

Dick Eney came to town last week to attend a LASFS Meeting, and was making noises (along with Bruce & Drew) about blitzkreiging Chuck's place, making off with the FR material, and xeroxing and mailing it, but I haven't heard (even at the party the day after the Raid was planned) what finally happened. If he did go through with it, I suppose it would qualify as a Fannish Event, and will probably get written up. Eney, by the way, was last seen heading West, in the wake of muttered best wishes.

The PresiCon (for those of you who follow the Convention Scene) was initiated this year to take advantage of the new 4-day weekend (or maybe 3) and turned out to be...umm...sufficiently less than a Disaster that another seems to be planned. Unless one considers 4-day LASFS Parties to be Disasterous, that is. My enjoyment was only moderate, because there was a conspicuous lack of those unfamiliar faces which are my main reason for going to a Con. The Economic Situation was to blame for part of this -- a number of out-of-area fans have mentioned that they felt that they simply couldn't afford to attend -- but most of the fault was that of Confusion, the group which put it on. They've done a couple of successful small cons, and apparently were this time coasting on their laurels, as it were. This does not work, especially when the ConCom members depend so completely upon one another that no-one bothers to check and see if the others have been doing their jobs. Consequently, the event was under-publicised (100+ fans could make a good Con -- but not when almost half of them are LASFS Fringefans) and we got very few of the Interesting People who often come out of the woodwork for such things, and even fewer of the local pros who might have attended.

23/II/71:33



Several valuable lessons were learned, I think. (Including one that fans don't Drink all that much any more -- a bar was set up on a 75\$ guarantee basis, I understand, and something like 19\$ worth of business was done; I don't think the non-drinking members of a convention ought to have to subsidize those of us who do drink, to that extent. It would have been better -- and probably cheaper-- for the ConCom to have thrown a Party in its suite, with beer and softdrinks (as the Golds did one night, and Tom Whitmore the next) & maybe a few bottles of hard liquor for those who want/needed it. Err...I don't know whether or not the trend I think I've observed is general in fandom, but it sure seems as though there's much less Drinking -- perhaps the Old-Timers are getting Too Old for really heavy and sustained drinking, and many of the newcomers don't seem to drink at all, even after they turn 21. (What else they do...one may pretend not to notice ... and there is a distinct element of severe, almost puritanical, tetotalism.) I've always been a moderate drinker (well...there were a few Wild Parties in Japan, where the beer and sake flowed by the liter) but did used to have a couple of Scotch & waters or maybe 3 or 4 beers every evening/night at a convention; now, I rarely do this more than one night of a con. Next thing you know, I may stop smoking tobacco.

Frank Denton: When or if pot is legalized in any state, the results will be interesting to observe, but I'd say that it's a Very Big "If"-- at least 90% of the legislators would probably be afraid to vote for such a law unless they felt that they had an overwhelming mandate from their constituents. I tend to follow Pelz' line of thought on a purely pragmatic approach -- better to have it legal, and bringing in a lot of tax money, than illegal, and costing a lot of tax money. More abstractly, I tend to hold that Laws should be as few as possible -- more closely limited to those which are demonstratably necessary.

Jerry Lapidus: I believe your FR would have been completely Legal (isn't that redundant?) had it consisted of only a 1-page Roster; printing the one letter you received makes it Moral, as well.

The separate listing of addresses (Tom Digby's idea) is convenient when stencilled so that they can be run off on gummed-label sheet (or 5, counting crudsheets -- that stock is pure hell to run.)

Procrastination is the thief of 4-page CultLetters; if this is to be run tonight and mailed to George in the morning (as it had better be, considering the closeness of his deadline), it must pause here

until next time,

