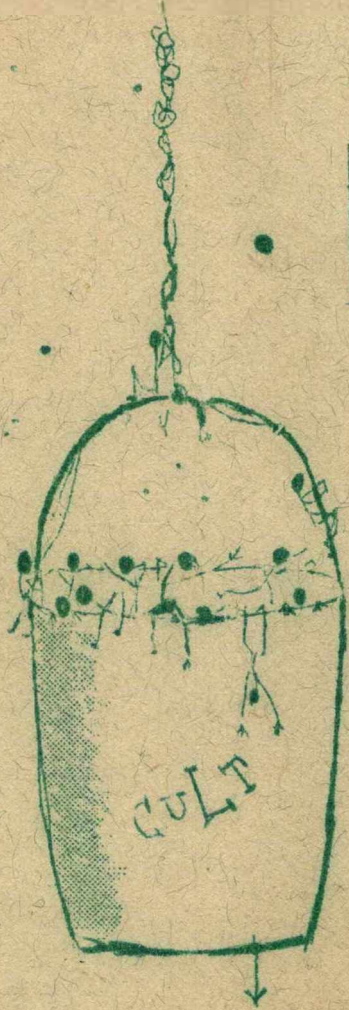


BUCKET



FR 74

Bill Sarill  
publishes  
goshwow  
goshwow  
goshwow

ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE



int



ye olde CULT

# ROSTER

Active Members	FR73	FR74	PUB. DATE
1. John Champion, Box 5221, University Sta., Eugene, Oregon	yes	yes	?
2. Jim Caughran, 1909 Francisco, #6, Berkeley 9, Calif.	yes	no	?
3. Ray Scaffer, 4541 Third St. NW, Canton 8, Ohio	yes	no	?
4. Al Lewis, 4550 West Maple Road, Birmingham, Mich.	yes	yes	?
5. Ted & Sylvia White, 107 Christopher St., N.Y. 14, N.Y.	yes	yes	?
6. Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va.	yes	<del>no</del> <i>yes</i>	?
7. Richard E. Geis, 19 Wave Crest Ave., Venice, Calif.	yes	no	?
8. Bill Sarill, 3 Exeter St., Boston 16, Mass.	yes	pub	?
9. David Rike, 1010 Broadway, Oakland 7, Calif.	pub	no	?
10. P. Howard Lyons, P.O. Box 561, Adelaide Sta., Toronto, Ont.	yes	no	?
11. <u>JEAN YOUNG</u> , 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass.	no	yes	Feb. 11
12. Jack Harness, 2818 Francis Ave., Los Angeles 5, Calif.	no	yes	?
13. Gregg Trendeine, 20051 Regent Dr., Detroit, Mich.	yes	no	?

### Associate Member

PFC Milton R. Parker, RA 18547359, 693rd Engr. Co. (depot), f/r no ?  
 APO 227, US Army, N.Y., N.Y.

### Temp. Limbo

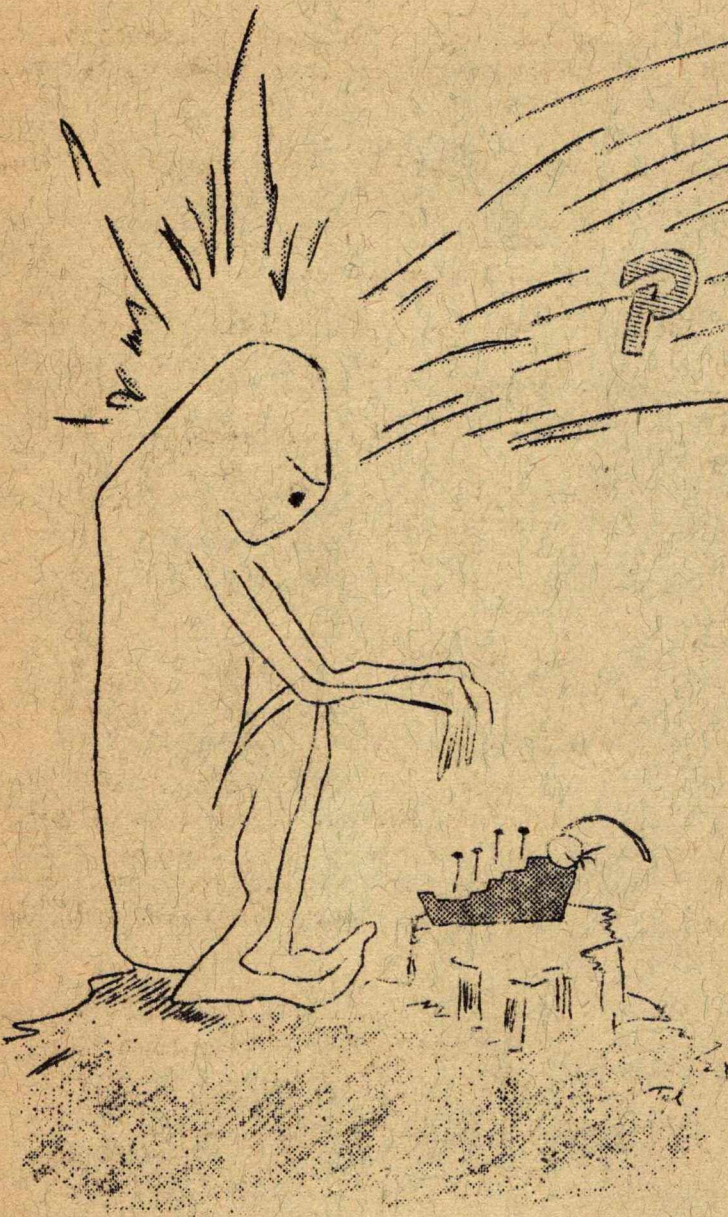
NFC Noocey A. Bratmon, RA 19632855, USA Gar. Det. 2, Box 394, yes no ?  
 W.S.P.G., New Mexico

### Active Waiting List

2. George Jennings, 1701 ~~St. Louis~~ *Storia* Bay City, Texas yes yes  
 3. Terry & Miri Carr, 70 Liberty St., #5, San Francisco, Cal. yes NO  
 1! Marty Fleischman, 90-09 153 Ave., Howard Beach 14, N.Y. no yes  
 4. Bruce Pelz, c/o John Trimble, 970 Marview, Los Angeles, Cal. yes yes  
 5. John Thiel, 2934 Wilshire St., Markham, Ill. yes no

### Inactive Waiting List

1. John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio --- ---  
 2. Dick Ryan, 1141 Mayfield Rd., Cleveland 6, Ohio --- ---  
 3. Bhob Stewart, 504 E. Belknap, Ft. Worth, Texas yes no  
 4. Scotty Tapscott, 853 1/2 E. 13th, Eugene, Oregon --- yes  
 5. Boyd Raeburn, 89 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ont., Canada --- ---



...which is just about how I feel concerning the Current Cult Situation. POW!, I mean.

For the benefit of those who do not read letters, FRs, and f/rs very thoroughly. (like Rike, Bratmon, Eney, and White):

(1) Stark did not receive Geis' FR. He merely sent Rike a telegram saying that he had done so, as a counter-effort against Rike's bastardy.

(2) Stark wants out. He is an old fan and tired, and deserves some rest. So, to paraphrase a Burbeeism, go away, Cult, and stop nuzzling Stark's bones.

Furthermore, Al Lewis and Noocey Bratmon should not have been kicked off the roster: Lewis sent a pocsarcd (postmarked Dec. 5, I think) to Stark, and Bratmon sent a letter and Eney's petition (both copies, yet!) to me. Lewis obviously was unaware of the fact that Geis had dropped Stark and that Rike had traded

places with me. Bratmon just looked at my name and address on the Eney petition, and thot that I was pubbing next, so he sent his Cultletter to me. Unfortunately, the letter arrived too late for me to send it on to Rike, so I kept it with the intention of pubbing it in FR 74. See the lettercol for all these Cultletters. Everybody happy?

Ted White is a Good Man. I couldn't have pubbed this in time if he hadn't given me an extra week. As it is, I've been having a hard enough time trying to get this out at all, and working a minimum of three hours a night on it. My schoolwork, not to mention sleep, is suffering from all this; it's like Starkov once tole me: either college will drive me out of fandom...or fandom will drive me out of college.

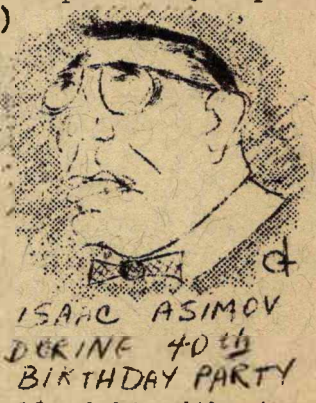
At the present time, I don't have enough money to finish out my last term of this college year. I can't apply for scholarships until next year, and it's apparently too late to apply for financial aid grants. Consequently, I will probably drop out at the end of this term, work full-time like crazy, and re-eneter either at the beginning of the

fall term, or at the beginning of the last term (one full year from now). Meanwhile, I have a good-paying<sup>00</sup> as a medical technician at the Mass. Gen. Hospital lined up for me, which I'll take unless I can find anything better.

I see that I forgot to mention a while back that Bratmon voted for JeanY and Larry's re-instatement on Eney's petition.

"I found this old Cultzine in your attic." ..... Birdbathism

Isaac Asimov had a birthday recently -- his fortieth birthday, as a matter of fact. This was on Saturday, January 2, 1960. The date conveniently coincided with a meeting of the Boston chapter (actually, the New England Chapter of Campbell's Interplanetary Exploration Society, and so a small party (with cake and plastic rockets) was thrown for him. Present at the party were, among others, Hal Clement, Wayne Batteau and spouse, Asimov and spouse (naturally), Martin Rosenfield, Andy Young (minus spouse), and of course, myself. Martin R. penned the sketch of Ike at the right, during the course of the party. It was a wild drag. Fun, like.



Incidentally, I may be moving in with the Youngs soon. At the present time, I'm living in a dormitory/boarding house run by some old ogre (a graduate of Harvard Law School, yet), where I have absolutely no freedom a-tall. I mean, like I have to check out on a board if I'm not going to be in for supper, I used to be on curfew previously (I'm off now, but I still can't stay out all night without special permission), I have to do compulsory work details (cleaning up the house, kitchen duty, ad infinitum), and like that. So if I can get my parents' permission, I will move out of this Bastille and into the Youngs' mimeo room, there to sleep blissfully amid the reams of paper and cans of ink. (I'm a Trufan at heart.)

-----  
Starvation is the Only True Diet. Starvation is the Only True Diet. Starvation is t  
-----

Well, the rest of this page is shot. I suggest that you turn promptly to PAGE 21.

IN THIS CULTZINE ———  
  
lookit all this wasted space  
  
—— THE CULT WILL GO TO HELL!

# PRECON REPORT

by Robert Bloch It is very hard to write a fanzine piece in August; in fact, offhand I can think of only eleven other months which offer equal difficulties. But August is something special, because the Convention is nearing and as usual, I'm starting to prepare for the ordeal.

Even tho my departure is three full weeks away (at least, I hope it's three full weeks, because I planned it that way by buying a lot of whiskey and I intend to keep full as part of my preliminary training for the event), I can think of little else.

I've always envied those people who seem to make up their minds at the last minute, throw a change of clothing into a suitcase, and take off. I can't operate that way. I have to make plans. When you come right down to it, the simple matter of getting anything to fit into a suitcase baffles me. The damn bottles always take up so much space.

As an old Convention attendee (I use the term figuratively now, but it will be literal enough the day after the thing ends), I've learned to anticipate all sorts of problems. For one thing, I must remember to take a pair of slippers along. Those 18-days are murder on the feet, and when I finally get up to my room and kick my shoes off, I'm always cutting my toes on broken glass or sharp openers.

Then there's the matter of a fountain pen. Seems to me I've signed every last copy of THE OPENER OF THE WAY that was ever printed, but somehow a few more always turn up at cons, so I need a pen. If I take a good one, it will get lost. If I take a poor one, it will leak all over my clothes on the plane. If I borrow one, something will happen so that it will never be returned to its owner. What I need is a supply of ink and a long, sharp fingernail. Only three weeks to find both.

Now, the matter of a necktie. I expect to wear a tie only once, at the banquet, but that's why my choice is so important. I've got to decide immediately if I'm having baked ham or prime ribs of beef -- for ham, I'm safer with a red tie, and for the beef I need something with brown or grey in it. I've got a lot of blue ties, but they never seem to serve anything blue a conventions; tho come to think of it, one year they had some chicken that was pretty blue.

The next step is to choose my pills. Since luggage weight limit on plane travel is 40 lbs., I can't take a full six-day supply; I'll have to compromise on some anemia pills, some standard vitamin concentrates (A, B1, B2, B6, C, D, E, and K, probably), a few antihistamines, some iron tonic, dexedrine, phenobarbitol, maybe some nambutol, and a couple of bottles of aspirin. I can always buy more on Saturday or Sunday. But I insist on leaving room for at least two shirts and an extra pair of socks. In order to save weight, I can take socks with holes in them.

Now, what else? Cigarettes and holders? Well, holders, anyway. I can bum cigarettes, but did you ever try to mooch a cigarette holder?

As far as I now know, I'm not on the program -- but this is no guarantee. Maybe I'd better think up a few nasty insults, just in case. This is going to take time, too,

because it isn't as easy as it looks. Calling Asimov a big slob and Doc Smith a dirty old man doesn't work, because everybody already knows what they are. After nine major Conventions, I'm running out of snide remarks: there aren't many insults left and not enough new people to try them on. I don't even know yet if John Berry is coming -- surely I could think of a few mean things to say about Berry. Oh well, wait and see. Maybe I'll finally realize my cherished dream, and not have to insult anyone on the public platform; I can sit in the audience like everybody else and insult 'em under my breath.

What else? I know a lot of other people are probably girding their loins for the Convention, but I'm too old for that. I threw away my girls a couple of years ago.

Maybe I'd better take some ear-plugs, too. Foul Anderson and Karen invited me to ride back with them, and they're always talking about science fiction and all that jazz; I'll wear ear-plugs and nod and they'll never notice.

One thing more. Perhaps I ought to get a membership card in the Convention. No, why be hasty? Maybe when I arrive I'll find Tucker is there and then I'll just turn around and come home, like lots of other people will. I mean, why trade a headache for an upset stomach?

On the other hand, why not? If I know anything about these affairs, it might be a good idea. So if any of you people at the Convention find yourselves suffering from an upset stomach, come around and see me, down in the bar. Maybe we can make a deal.

-- Bob Bloch

I got the lonelies now tonight; away I am on a far and rainy hill, and my voice would crack if it cried in the gale, it would crack and break with emptiness. And I would cry because of the big great clouds and the way they rushed through the sky; and because of the grey-green land, the grasses and the trees that came and went in waves, in giant ripples; and because of the damp of everything.

God, but it was far away, so far away from everybody, oh god, so all alone.

They play piano music on the radio, and I might as well be gone, I might as well be somewhere else, for all I can see the ones I love, for all I can talk to them. There's a curtain of silence between me and all of them -- a curtain of rain, or green grasses?

Here me, brothers, hear me! In this room I am alone, in this house I am alone, in this city in this country I am all all alone; and in this heart I am alone... They speak to me as from a great distance, the words sounding fuzzy and dim...

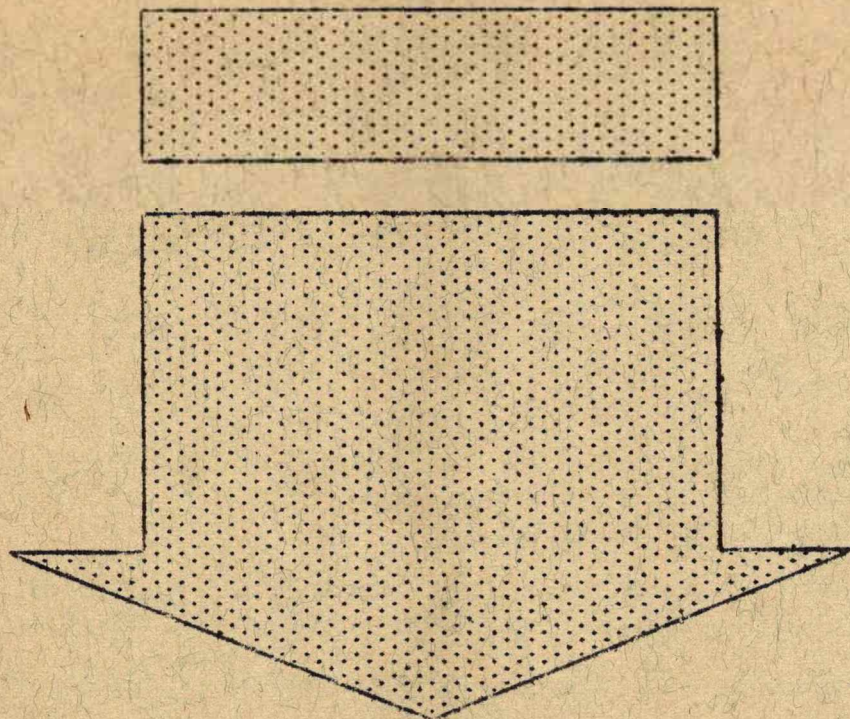
-- untitled exercise  
by Jean Young  
7 Feb 57

# real con report

this one by Bill Sarill, Mom!







PRESENTING.....  
MARTIN ROSENFELD

On the next few pages are some of the Works of Martin Rosenfield. Martin Rosenfield is, in my opinion, a genius (in his own opinion, he's Ghod). Not only did he write the following prozine satires, but he also drew the illos for them. His talent for writing is matched only by his talent for artwork.

Martin Rosenfield, the self-styled Count ~~Dracula~~ von Rosenfield, claims that "I was born in a Prussian castle, am currently living in a Prussian castle, and shall continue to live in a Prussian castle. I collect weapons of all sorts, science fiction, bheer steins, and females. Human females, that is. Young ones. ((Not you, JeanY.)) I belong not to the Beat Generation, which is overplayed to a sickening point, but to a new class entirely, a nameless class. Putting a label on it would only help to reduce it to the level of the phony pseudo-intellectuals who call themselves 'Beat'. It merely exists, aimlessly, namelessly. Oh, by the way -- I see that I seem to have forgotten to mention my age: I'm going on eighteen."

And there you are, Martin Rosenfield, BhoY Ghenius, who actually reads science fiction, and whose greatest fun in life (outside of girl-chasing) is ranking the hell out of John W. Campbell, Jr.

# EARTHMAN, GO HOME!

by JAMES BLECH

John Amalgam walked out onto the bridge of New York. "I love your wife, James," he said to James Hazelnut.  
"That's okay," said Hazelnut.

But up ahead was the planet She, inhabited by Shavians.  
Away it went into the Rift, powered by Spindiddle engines.

So New York landed in the great Okite Jungle in the Neophyte Stars.

In Budapest, the plot against Earth was afoot. Earth -- who rejected the Okite cities. Earth -- who first depended on them, then outlawed them! Earth -- the interstellar cancer! Nasty Earth!

"We'll attack Earth! Blitzkrieg!"

Bang, bang went the Okite cities as the Space Patrol shot them down. Bang, bang went the Space Patrol ships as the Vegan Orbital Citadel shot them down. Boom went the Vegan Orbital Citadel when New York pushed an asteroid into it. Crunch, squish went Hazelnut's fist into Amalgam's stomach when Amalgam's remark registered.

"Let's go to another galaxy, where no man has been before." So they went to another galaxy, where the natives had been enslaved by M.T.A.

No longer was the standard of value based on dysprodysium. Instead, the aphrodisiacs were the new standard of value.

"M.T.A. made the sky fall," they yelled as Park Street Station flew away. Bang went Park Street Station as the Space Patrol shot it down,

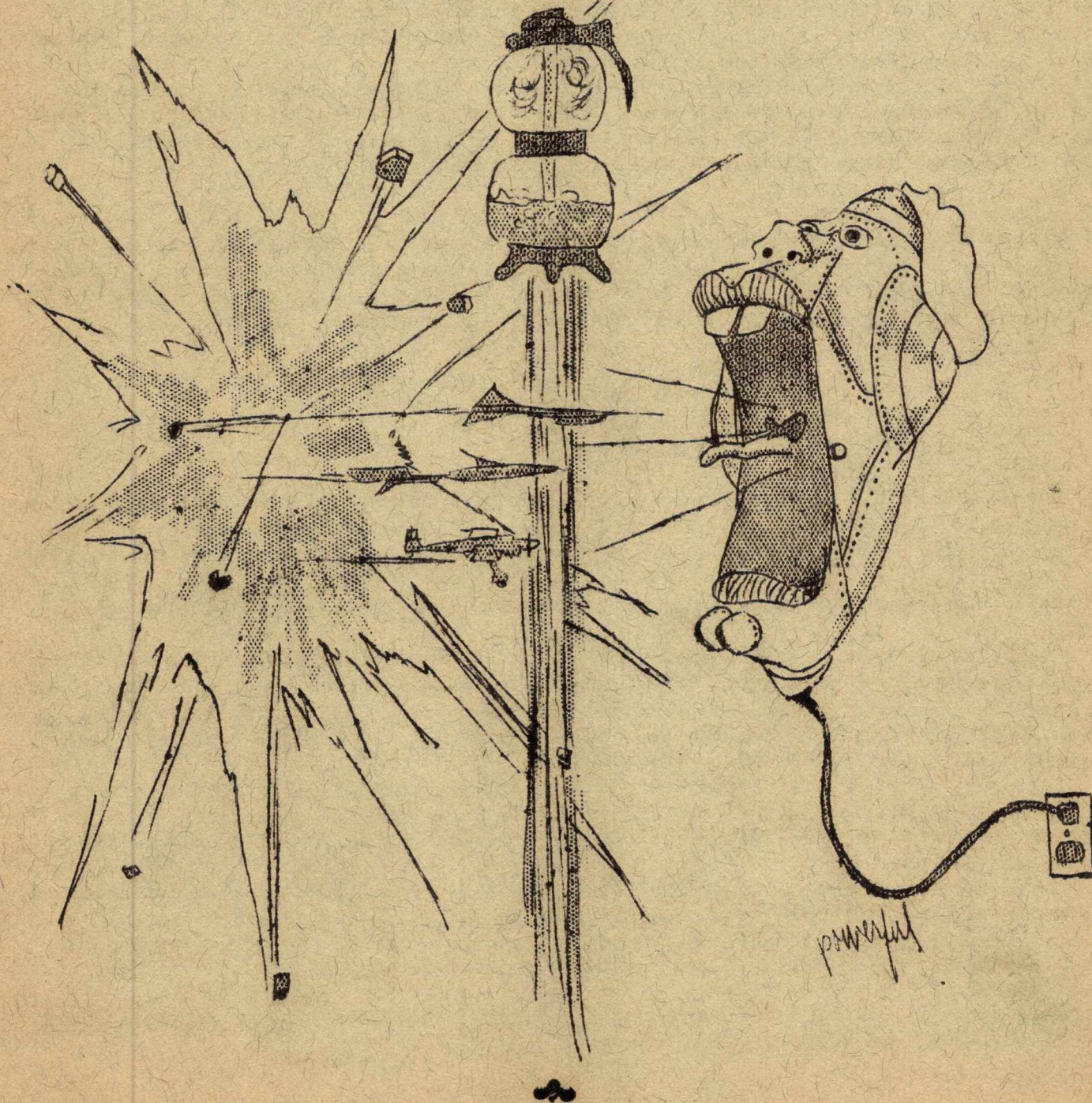
Amalgam was a big man. He was five feet tall and weighed three hundred pounds and was a thousand years old and didn't look it.

"Kiss me, John," said Dee Hazelnut, but it was too late, for they were heading for a co-existent anti-universe, and Ultimate Brennschluss. "Brennschluss," they all yelled at the very end.  
Bang went the Universe.

-- James Blech

# THE STARS MY DEMOLITION

by ALFRED WORSTER



# THE STARS MY DEMOLITION

...by Alfred Worster

## Prologue

This was a rich age -- an age of death and pillage; murder rapine and hate; violence, and lust -- but nobody loved it. It was an age of extremes -- war and pestilence, the world in rotting decay -- but nobody even liked it. It was an age of adventure, an age of hard dying -- but nobody appreciated it.

All the habitable planets and asteroids of the Solar System were occupied, "There are no new frontiers," said the cynics in unison.

But in a laboratory on Callisto, a new frontier was opening up. An obscure researcher named Flaunte accidentally set fire to his obscure female assistant. No one was more surprised than Flaunte (except, perhaps, his assistant) when she vanished, only to reappear at the far end of the room, sans burning clothes.....

He was Folly Guile, 169 days dying and not yet dead. He was a clod. He was rotting and stinking -- yet he lived on. In his more lucid moments he looked at the heavens about him and raved, "Yah, ya help me, ya goddam gods, goddamit, thassal. Help, Yargh." Or he would recite the poem by which he remembered his name:

Folly Guile is my name,  
An' I ain't got ambition.  
I take trips on rocket ships,  
An' life is demolition.

But in the gutted hulk of the Bedouin, floating somewhere between Mars and Jupiter, he hung on to life with the tenacity of a beast. He lived on his tiny quota of air, eating only the latex and cotton cargo of the ship. He was worth nothing, yet he lived on.

He looked toward the stars. He knew them well. But there was an intruder among them!

"Duhh, it can't be!" said Guile. "Is'sa rocket ship!" He yelled and shrieked and flapped his arms. "Here I yam! Here I yam!" He pounded on the hull. But the rocket ignored his yells and screams and continued on its course. As it passed a hundred miles away, Folly Guile saw on the stern the name "Vulga." "I gonna kill ya, 'Vulga!' I gonna kill ya till ya dead!"

Once just a human slug, Guile now had purpose. He rebuilt the shattered engines of the Bedouin and lit the fuel with the rocket's heavy-duty cigar-lighter. But unable to grasp the complexities of the Bedouin's off-on button, he allowed the ship to crash into an asteroid.

The asteroid was inhabited by the Pseudoscientific People, who yelled and shrieked, "Psionics shall pass." They tattooed his face in imitation of ancient Hieronymus machine wiring diagrams. ("Ugh," said Ookabollaponga, leader of the Pseudoscientific People, "put finger in left ear and rotate in counter-clockwise direction to feel unusual sensation.")

He escaped to Earth, where he sought the Vulga. "Die dead, Vulga, yarghh!" Boom!  
"I christen thee the Pressgang 'Powder'."

"My god, look at his face," said Pressgang of Pressgang, who made his fortune selling heroin to nursery school children.

"He was on the Bedouin, Pressgang," said Saul Faggenham, called 'Foghead' Faggenham, for his face fogged film at fifty feet.

"Then he must know where the Psyre is, Faggenham. I'll give you ten billion Crudits to find it."

"Not so fast," said Peter Yang' Rabbit, leader of the Psecret Psquadron Phong. "We, too, of the Psecret Psquadron pseek the psecret. Of Psyre. Phoey."

So they captured Guile and imprisoned him in the Gopher Motel. Here Guile met Jezebel McQueer, who turned him into a man of culture.

"Let's escape!" he shrieked. "I can't stand that Faggenham! Yarghh!" So they smashed through the walls.

"We're trapped!"

"No! It's the outside world! We've just forgotten what light looks like, is all. This is Times Square."

And then they realized that they were together with no clothes on. She was lovely and passionate. She put her finger in his left ear -- but then she saw his face.....

"It's an excellent party you give, Pressgang," said Guile.

"Blood and money, blood and money. Have you met my daughter?"

So Folly Guile, now known as Gargoyle of Formaldehyde, met Olympia -- Olympia, whose skin was a delicate green and who could hear sounds only above thirty thousand cycles and who held frequent conversations with bats.

"You're a boorish clod, Gargoyle. Go away."

But then the Outer Asteroids dropped their bombs.

"Run, Gargoyle! Flaunte! Leave me here!"

"Never, bitch!" He kissed her. The bombs stopped.

"You're a boorish clod, Gargoyle. Go away."

So he went away.

"Didn't know I was a Commando, did you?" he said to the Jack Flaunters as he disemboweled them at twenty times normal speed.

"Daddy," squeaked Olympia, "Gargoyle has a Hieronymus machine on his face."

"Saul," said Jezebel McQueer, "how did you know he was Folly Guile?"

"He is Folly Guile," said Grackle Raspberry to Peter Yang' Rabbit.

"After him!"

But he was on the beach.

"Talk, Bempsey. Talk or I'll pull out your one remaining fingernail."

"I'll talk! I'll -- arghh!"

Folly turned around and saw the Manless Face with the Burning Ears.

"Who are you?"

"Argh! You look too garlic!" He vanished.

So Folly Guile went to Mars. "Make them talk, Yogurd!"

"No!" screamed Yogurd Maggotsman, the 70-year old child telepath. "Go to hell!"

But then there was a sudden blaze of light. Guile turned around, and saw the Manless Face with the Burning Ears again.

"Olympia Pressgang," said the Manless Face with the Burning Ears. "Olympia."

"What?" screamed Guile.

"You talk too green!" the Manless Face with the Burnung Ears screamed back as he vanished.

"I want me goddam mudder!"

So Guile threw Yogurd at the Commandos at twenty times normal speed.

"Arghh!" screamed Yogurd.

"Arghh!" screamed the Commandos.

"Arghh!" screamed Guile.

Arghh!

So Folly Guile blasted off for Earth at thirty G's and screamed a bat scream. Olympia heard him.

"I love you, Folly. We're both rotten. We're walking cancers. Let's settle down and raise some little cancers!"


"No, Olympia! I love you, but you're no good! You're unspeakable! You're green!"

"Folly, I've lost you!"

He went away.

And then Grackle Raspberry thought the Thought.

In a million places, PsyrE, the Psychopyromaniac Element, exploded, and in the basement of Minsky's lay Folly Guile.

SOUND was SMELL 

SIGHT was TOUCHTOUCHTOUCHTOUCHTOUCH  
TOUCHTOUCHTOUCHTOUCHTOUCH  
TOUCHTOUCHTOUCHTOUCHTOUCH

He flaunted. "Smell the people," he yelled.

He was in the Scoopsy Colony on Mars. "Olympia Pressgang. Olympia," he said.

"What?" Folly Guile yelled at himself.

"You talk to green!" he screamed. He flaunted.

Noise and confusion. He was on the sprawling Spanish Stairs.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*HE WAS ON THE SPRAWLING SPANISH STAIRS.\*  
\*HE WAS IN THE SPRAWLING SPANISH STAIRS.\*  
\*HI WAS IN GHE SPRAWNING SPRAINSH STAIRS.\*  
\*HIWAS IN GHJ SPWVANG SPRDFGHM SYARIN.\*  
\*HIWVERXNXGHJVBNQWERTYUIOPBLXYT AARGHH.\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

He couldn't stand it; he flaunted.

He was in a place he never wanted to leave. He sniffed and smelled a lovely-feeling smell.

And then he heard Grackle Raspberry's voice. Folly, she said. You must turn toward the smell of roses, and look where it's garlic. Then brush past what sounds like sulfuric acid, and you'll be safe.

"But what in God's name do you want, Guile? Glory? Honor? Fame?"

"I want none of those," said Guile. "I want the Answer."

"Excuse me, sir," said Manners the robot. "It's always a lovely day somewhere."

"It's mad!" said Faggenham.

"But what's the answer?" asked Guile.

"The answer is yes!" said the robot.

"It's fascinating," said Peter Yang' Rabbit.

"But there's got to be more than that!" said Guile.

"Excuse me, sir, but you're all freaks," said Manners the robot.

"Thank you very much."

"My pleasure, sir."

"You've saved the day."

"Always a lovely day somewhere, sir," the robot beamed. Then it placed one of its digital members into its left audio-orifice and blew a fuse.

Guile flaunted.

"Here, PsyrE!" he yelled as he threw it out. "Here PsyrE!" He flaunted.

He was at Epsilon Aurigae. He flaunted.

He looked at a blue-white star, Algol. He was in space again. He flaunted.

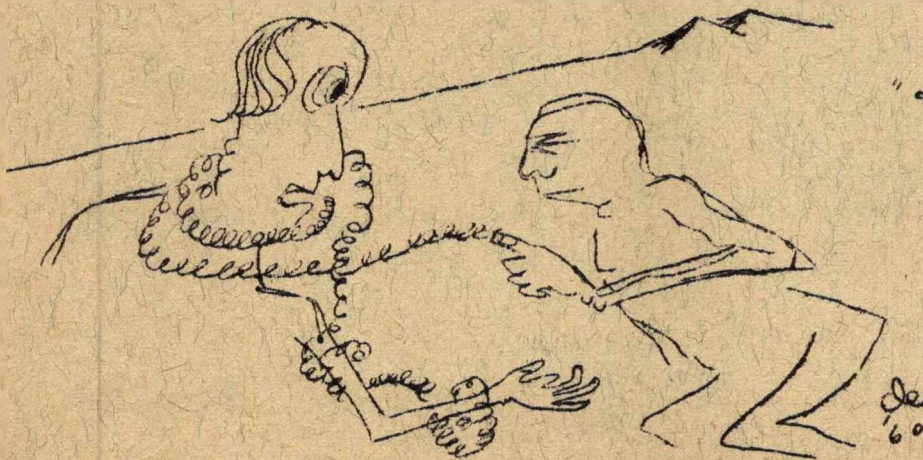
He was in the Bedouin as he put his finger in his left ear and assumed foetal position.

"Kill him!" said Ookabollaonga, leader of the Pseudoscientific People.

"No!" said Monga, his wife. "He is being born again."

So the stars waited for Folly Guile to be born again in the footlocker aboard the Bedouin, and the Pseudoscientific People awaited his coming.

-- Alfred Worster



"Mister:  
you've  
got a spring  
on your  
finger!"

A PSEUDO-ASF\* EDITORIAL.....

# HUMANS ARE A MEN- ACE

The fundamental property of all people is that they are supposed to be human. Conversely, the fundamental property of all humans is that they are supposed to be people. This is fundamental.

But it isn't so.

Whereas most humans are people (discounting intelligent aliens and organized scientists), not all people are human. For instance, you cannot define the term "human being." Go ahead. Try to define it. I dare you. Webster's, you see, is incorrect. Try as you may, it's indefinable.

Let's say that only humans think. But do all humans think? Or can a human think that he thinks? Is this the ~~definition~~ proof of humanity? But if a human is one who thinks that he thinks, or is aware of his thought processes, what is one who thinks that he thinks, but does not think, and has merely succeeded in convincing himself of his own nonexistent thought processes?

Organized science uses this. But what they all miss is that all human progress is the result of human thought, or is applicable to humans, or somehow concerns humans, or neither or both, depending on whether the humans in question think and on whether they think they think and on whether they are correct in their latter assumption.

Similarly, all human suffering has concerned humans -- but what about Mankind as a whole? Do all men think they think? No, some just think. Others think they think, but are wrong. Still others are totally incapable of any thought. So Mankind's suffering is due only to humans, that is, those who can think and who hold opinions. In the long run, all such should be eliminated, for we can see how in any rotting civilization, opinions have led to its disruption. Therefore, all crackpot organizations of humans are a menace, and humans who have opinions which are contrary to the good of mankind should be eliminated -- and this includes all humans.

\* Astounded Science Fiction, now known as Digital: Science Fict and Faction.

--- John W. Campbell, Jr.

NEXT MONTH — PSIONICS SHALL FLUNK!!



JAZZ NOTES:  
MINGUS AND OTHERS  
by TED E. WHITE



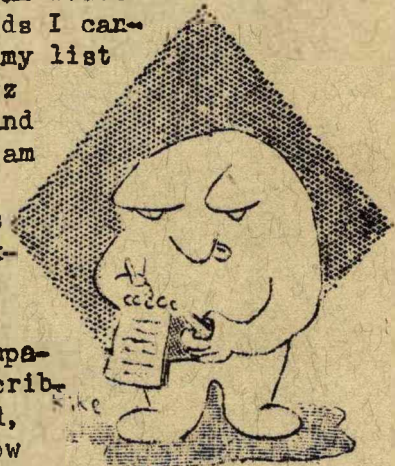
# HALF NOTES:

The observations which follow, under three main headings, are a good deal more indicative of my present jazz writing than "Jazz in the Strip Joints," which after all, I did not care to grace with my own name (prostitute myself I will -- but not jeopardize my career!).

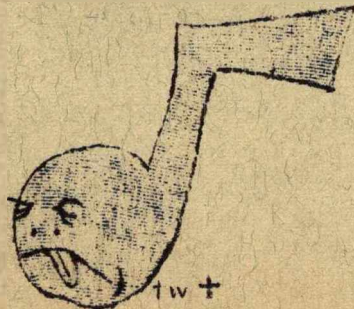
Ted will do anything for money.

Each of these three sections have been submitted seperately for publication: Hornbook for Liner Writers to Jazz Review, and the other two to Metronome-Music U.S.A. While I haven't gotten a committment from Martin Williams about the JR piece. Bill Coss at METRONOME has already accepted the other two, and commisioned more material. Among the other material accepted by him is a long inquiry into the field of sericus music, "The Live Music," which grew out of my discussions in FAPA with Harry Warner, Bill Evans, and others, and which was originally destined for Sylvia's FANZINE. Coss has also accepted record reviews (in great number), and has commissioned a cover article on Leonard Bernstein, an article I've been aching to write ever since hearing "West Side Story." ((As a matter of interest, Bernstein graduated from the same high school that I did -- Boston Latin. So how come he's rich and I'm not? bs)) There is a fair likelihood that I'll be employed in some capacity by METRONOME in the near future; the magazine is a good deal more willing to consider non-name writers than DOWN BEAT, which has thus far accepted (but not paid for) only one piece, and article on (you guessed it) Charlie Mingus.

The concentration on Mingus in the following pieces is not accidental, but neither does it mean that Mingus is the only person I can write about. The simple fact is, that with my limited funds I cannot buy many records -- and Mingus is at the top of my list -- and I cannot make too many trips to the local jazz joints -- again, I am surer of hearing what I want and expect to hear by choosing Mingus. Even at that, I am occasionally surprised, as you'll note below. What I do is to turn my limited (at the present) contacts with jazz into salable copy, plumbing whatever my experiences for interesting material. Occasionally, luck will enter into it, leaving me on the scene at some unheralded historic event, and I seethe with impatience to return to my typer and write it all up, scribbling notes frantically upon whatever may be at hand, table-cloth, napkin, swizzle-stick... ((Now you know why jazz joint owners hate Ted White. bs)) Thus with the Things to Come section. If anyone is interested in more of this sort of thing, I can supply more -- much more ((I can imagine)) -- for future Cultzines.



TED WHITE, BOY  
U.S., TAKING NOTES  
FOR STILL ANOTHER  
MINGUS ARTICLE



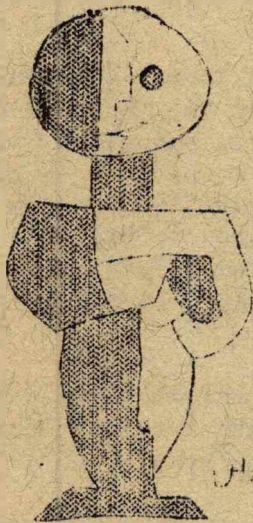
# I: HORNBOOK FOR LINER WRITERS

Recently I purchased a copy of Charles Mingus' latest album, the Columbia Mingus Ah Um. Wincing at the cover title, I glanced over the back cover and noticed that it was well filled with fine type in a point size worthy of one of George Avakian's more inspired moments during his period with Columbia, and I was pleased. I'm always pleased at the prospect of thorough liner notes; they bespeak an extra bit of attention paid to the album, and they form an article often as interesting and revealing as any to be found in magazine print.

I took the album home, placed it on the turntable, and as usual with Mingus I was pleased with what I heard. Hmmm, I thought. "Better Git It in Your Soul" seems a bit heavy for a "Preacher"-ish piece...wonder if it's a satire like "Jelly Roll" ...? I glanced through the notes, looking for mention of the piece.

Not a word.

Then I started wondering who was taking which solo; there were two altos on the date, and two trombones. While I thought I could tell the altos, owing to previous recordings and in-person hearings, the trombones my ear couldn't tell apart. And who was playing the unidentified clarinet in "Pussy Cat Dues"? The notes mention that both Handy and Erwin learned clarinet in the course of their careers — there's no telling whether they or another of the sidemen not so credited is responsible.



At this point I stopped scanning, and read the notes straight through. The first thing I observed about Diane Dorr-Dorynek's notes was that the first four paragraphs were lifted directly, by thin paraphrase and direct, but uncredited, quotation from Mingus' own first four paragraphs of notes for his Pithecanthropus Erectus lp on Atlantic. These were presumably copyrighted, and in any case, I should imagine Atlantic Records will not be happy to hear of this.

The rest of the notes concern a series of short biographies of the musicians on the date, and mention of Mingus' work in scoring for films and plays, and a closing two-paragraph quote from an obscure poet. No where is the music actually mentioned, though four of the nine pieces on the record are named, as well as a couple (one, Duke Ellington's "East St. Louis Toodle-o", is misspelled "Toodle-Oo") which aren't.

No mention is made of such interesting facts as that "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat" is intended in requiem for Lester Young -- and I doubt every record buyer is familiar with that symbol by name -- or that "Open Letter to Duke" includes the earlier-recorded (on Bethlehem) "Duke's Choice". No solo credits are listed. And the musicians are often obliquely identified with their instruments.

In the fifth paragraph, the musicians are named, but not their instruments. There follow the biogs on them. John Handy is mentioned to have "switched his main interest from alto to tenor", but he has played predominantly alto with Mingus and on records, and if he plays tenor on this record I shall be even more confused. Booker Erwin is identified as playing tenor, clarinet, and flute, with no preference listed, and no mention of which he plays on this date (though we can of course rule the flute out...). Horace Parlan is never mentioned by instrument, though "his favorite pianists" are named. Richmond is listed as a drummer. Shafi Hadi is not listed as playing any instrument; only his r&b experience is cited, with no mention that he has in the past played alto with Mingus. Both Dennis and Knepper are casually identified with trombone: Knepper in the last line of his paragraph-long biog.

And to top the whole ridiculous set of "notes" off, space is devoted to mention of Mingus' work with poetry and jazz, but there is, thankfully, none of it on this recording, and Mingus' past three recorded works (on Atlantic, MGM, and Bethlehem) in this field aren't mentioned at all.

What I had mistakenly taken to be a comprehensive set of liner notes was revealed to be partially plagiarized, and otherwise woefully inadequate. Miss Dorr-Dorynek, whoever she may be, is revealed to be totally unaware of how to write cohesive liner notes, or, apparently, how to arrange and present basic information. And on a recording of this much worth, this is quite unfortunate.

How much of this is her fault, and how much the company's, I don't know. But what should have been done? Obviously, first should have been presented the facts -- not scattered hither and yon throughout a couple thousand words of text, but either in a neat box, or grouped together somewhere readily identifiable within the text -- preferably at the beginning or end. All players should have been identified, and by instruments played on the date. If there were changes, as there seemed to be, in the personnel from one piece to the next, these should have been identified. This, along with a listing of the tunes (which was made) should be a must requirement. Even Norman Granz seems to have learned this.

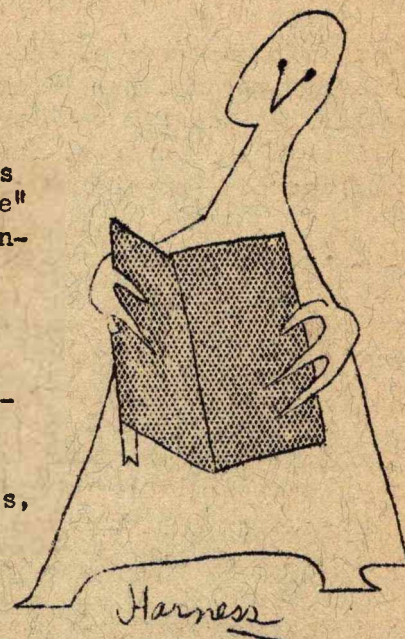
Then, the notes (or the label) should have provided the secondary information: composer credits, time lengths, dates of recording, etc. Supervisory data and techniques employed are strictly superfluous, but often interesting for comparisons...

That most companies now do this as a matter of course is only proper, and we've forgotten how revolutionary it was when Atlantic introduced its handy box scores of data and subsidiary credits. This obviated the need to spell out the factual data in the liner notes proper, and left them for the writer to write about the music.

And this is what many album annotators seem to forget. The liner is not a place to propound personal philosophies, quote poetry (as on two recent jazz releases), describe one's wearing apparel, or brag about one's foresight in calling the X Quintet the hottest thing ever, five years before it placed first in the Down Beat poll. It is not the place for specious gossip, nor for padded incidental sketches. The liner-writer is not there to show himself off, as a writer, critic, or the sharp fellow he may be, but to show the music off.

This doesn't mean that the illuminating factors of a jazzman's life, or the stories of his groups' men, has no place on an lp, but it certainly does not rate the impor-

tance of shoving everything else off the liner. The general facts about Mingus' sidemen have been revealed to a fair extent on his previous albums for Atlantic and Bethlehem, mostly by Nat Hentoff, who seems to be his unofficial biographer and interpreter, and Miss Dorr-Dorynek herself notes that "Mingus' biography has been noted quite fully elsewhere" just before recapitulating it for two more paragraphs, ostensibly "for the benefit of the new members of his audience." The same new members who aren't already familiar with the instruments his sidemen play, I presume...



The only function the liner notes serve, on any lp with pretensions to serious listening, is to delineate and annotate the contents of that lp. This can be done in so many ways that it would be impossible to list them. Broadly, there is, for example, the detailed historical essay, such as George Avakian's for Chicago Style Jazz, The Bessie Smith Story, etc., in which each piece is specifically related to the personnel and circumstances of that time, and illuminating incidents are mentioned in conjunction with each side. Then there are the detailed notes by the musicians themselves: Mingus' for his first albums for both Atlantic and Bethlehem (originally for Period), Bill Russo's for his Atlantic lp, Teo Macero and Bob Prince on their important What's New lp, or Gunther Schuller's for Modern Jazz Concert.

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Liner writers, not lino writers. Liner writers, not lino writers. Liner writers, not

---

And there are the critical notes of Martin Williams, Nat Hentoff, and John S. Wilson, which in the course of discussing each piece on an album call attention to specific passages, and point out important solos or supporting work, providing a road map for the listener to follow in his listening.

There are still, of course, the empty puff-pieces, of the sort Norman Granz used to write himself and still occasionally uses, and which still crop up once in a while on major-label jazz releases, such as the recent Ellington lps (I suppose no one at Columbia can think of anything new to say about the Duke, and no one has thought of seriously considering his music 'itself...'), and the new Harry James MGM album.

The puff-pieces are more obvious than the "notes" of Diane Dorr-Dorynek, but probably no worse. In saying nothing at all, they are less confusing than Miss Dorr-Dorynek's suggestive but unauthoritative, poorly arranged, ambiguous, and superfluously padded notes. She has written more, but said as little.

Properly, then, liner notes should include a run-down on each piece in the album, including solo credits, particularly where confusion might arise. It helps to have a road-map or chart of each piece as well, but many liner-note writers aren't sufficiently adept at this (which speaks poorly for their use in the first place). Providing these details are attended to, supplementary data about the musicians, which can fill in the musical picture is valuable and worthwhile. The best of the liner writers combine both, so that a paragraph on a tune manages to show us both an understanding for the piece and the men who contributed it.

And this is the goal of the liner-note: to clarify confusion, to illuminate the mys-

tery of musical art, to delineate the music and the musicians. Once this is done, the notes then become a necessary adjunct to the music itself, helping the listener to understand better, and thus appreciate what he hears.

And if this is not accomplished, better the back of the album should be left blank.

--- Ted E. White

This concludes Part I, Hornbook for Liner Writers, of White's Jazz Notes. As a result of the fact that time is growing short, and my pubbing deadline looms close, I am not printing the series in its entirety. The remaining two parts of Jazz Notes will appear in JeanY's Cultzine, FR 75. Yes, Howard Lyons, JeanY is trading places with you.

In Horizons 76, vol. 20, no. 1, FAPA no. 70, autumn 1958, Harry Warner describes an idea which I think is applicable to the matter of liners. In Stereo Phony, Warner suggests that "...The recording manufacturer could put the music on one channel, and on another channel, an extensive spoken analysis of the work. If separation problems between the channels could be licked, the owner of the record could enjoy the music itself, on one channel. When perplexed, he could raise the volume control on the other channel until the voice became audible, helping him over the hard spots. The voice channel could be dispensed with altogether, as soon as the listener had sufficient acquaintance with the work."

The application of this concept to liner work is obvious. Extensive analyses and descriptions of the piece could be presented on the other channel, along with personal biogs of the musicians, etc.

Furthermore, how about jazz and poetry in stereo, one for each sound track? Then you could listen either to jazz alone, poetry alone, or both together, if you felt like doing so. The idea is fascinating. I hope some enterprising record company tries it. The results should be highly interesting.

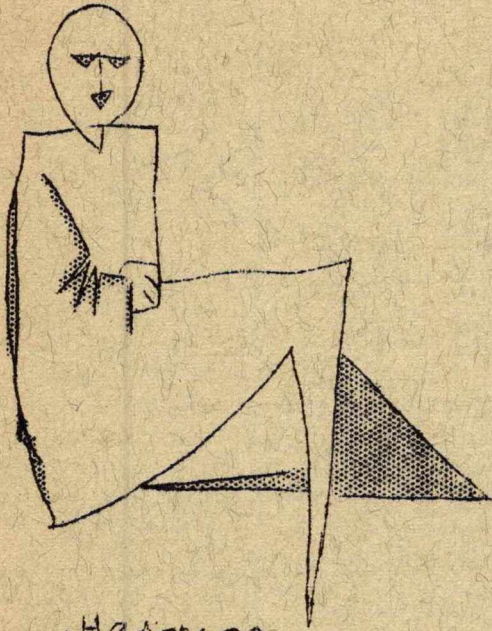
The ultimate in this sort of thing would be to have the sound on one channel 180° out of phase with respect to the sound on the other channel. Then, by turning both channels on simultaneously, you would be able to sit down and happily listen to nothing.

+++++

i take your stencils  
you take my stencils

i eat your candy  
you eat my candy

somehow,  
i dont think were getting anyplace



Harrison

POW!!, cont. from page 3

Ron-Parkerish things happen in Boston, too. For example, I was in Park Street Station at about 8:00 peeyem on New Year's Eve, waiting for a train to fotch me home, when I see this fairly-well-dressed drunk staggering down the stairs and yelling, "Vote for Stevenson for president! Vote for Stevenson, hehhehhehheh! Vote (hic) for Stevenson!"

Unable to resist the temptation, I walked over to the gentleman, held aloft the copy of A BAS #11 (at least, I think it was #11 -- the one with the Fidel Young pitcher on the cover), and proclaimed (loudly), "Personally, I'm for Castro!"

As if this wasn't enough, the drunk grabbed me by the arm, shook my hand, and said, "Stevenson's for Castro, too! So don't forget to vote for Stevenson!"

And just as I managed to break away from him, and as I was boarding my train, I heard his last yell: "Stevenson is even for Red China! Vote for Stevenson! Vote forrrrrr...!"

Another time, I had just left the Speed-O-Print store downtown, and had jsut entered Lauriat's Bookstore, and was just looking thru their stock of hardcover stf -- when something thin and stiff is thrust between my fingers. I looked up and discovered that a deaf-mute had given me this little slip of cardboard which stated that the gentleman before me was a deaf-mute, and would I please give him \$.25 out of sheer, common, decent, Christian charity? The cardboard also contained the deaf-mute single- and double-hand alphabets. From previous experiences, and with the aid of the alphabets, I fingered out the message GO TO HELL -- at which point the deaf-mute only stared. To make my meaning clear, I punctuated my remarks with a finger-sign whose meaning is unmistakable to anyone. The deaf-mute stared some more, then burst out yelling..... And so I left Lauriat's laughing.

\*\*\*\*\*  
"Hmmm. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Sounds interesting. What's it about?"bs  
\*\*\*\*\*

Some technical data on this thing you're now reading: paper -- A.B. Dick Mimeotone Green, 20#; stencils -- 960's, 136Q's, and one Master Bluetone Standard; mimeos used in this magnificent production -- my own, the Youngs' (both ABD 90's), and MIT's ABD 437 electric, for black-ink work; and the Youngs' Model-L Speed-O-Print for the color cover.

The Robert Block Precon Report in this issue was originally intended for publication in Disjecta Membra, but Ted Pauls sent it along to me when DM folded.

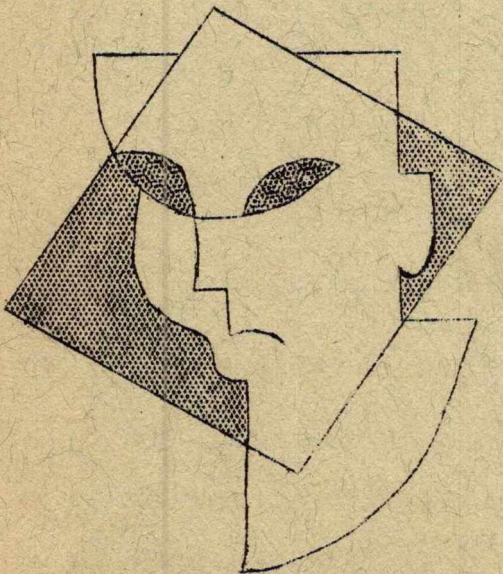
The "poem" on page 20 is actually by me.

Martin Rosenfield really exists.





the machine merely resembled a crematorium (small size). Now, it resembles a glorified crematorium, replete with switches, meters, flashing lights, knobs, miles of wires and tubing, weird noises, and three Things on top. (All three are part of the "improvements wrought upon the machine.) The Things are: (1) a stainless steel tank with pipes leading into it, from which, at odd intervals, a burbling sound emerges (I once looked inside, and there was this green liquid which suddenly erupted and turned frothy and...), (2) a plastic tank which goes BUZZZZ and flashes a red light whenever the stainless steel tank burbles, and (3) another plastic tank, which after a long period of inactivity, suddenly lights up (just plain, ordinary, white light, tho, and not even flashing) and (I swear!) goes beep-BEEP, beep-BEEP, just like a blooming satellite! I'm sure that this... ..gadget is a fugitive from an ESMH painting.



*Harrison*

I have been seeing a relatively large number of movies recently...The Mouse That Roared, Mon Oncle, The Mystery of Picasso together with The Red Balloon, No Time for Sergeants, and of course The Thing. The Mouse That roared is playing at the Exeter St. Theater, just down the block from my house, and this is the only theater in Boston where it's playing. So I saw the movie and liked it vurr much, and I think more screen credit should have been given to Leonard Wibberly, and what else can I say?

Mon Oncle I saw at a special showing in Kresge auditorium at MIT, and I must say that this is the best comedy I have seen in a long time...I'd even rate it better than The Mouse That Roared.

The Mystery of Picasso and The Red Balloon I saw at the Brattle Theater in Cambridge, once by myself and once together with Larry and JeanY. The Mystery is beautiful. The thrill of seeing Picasso creating before your eyes is indecribable.

The Red Balloon is another French product, a delightful fantasy which most of you have probably already seen.

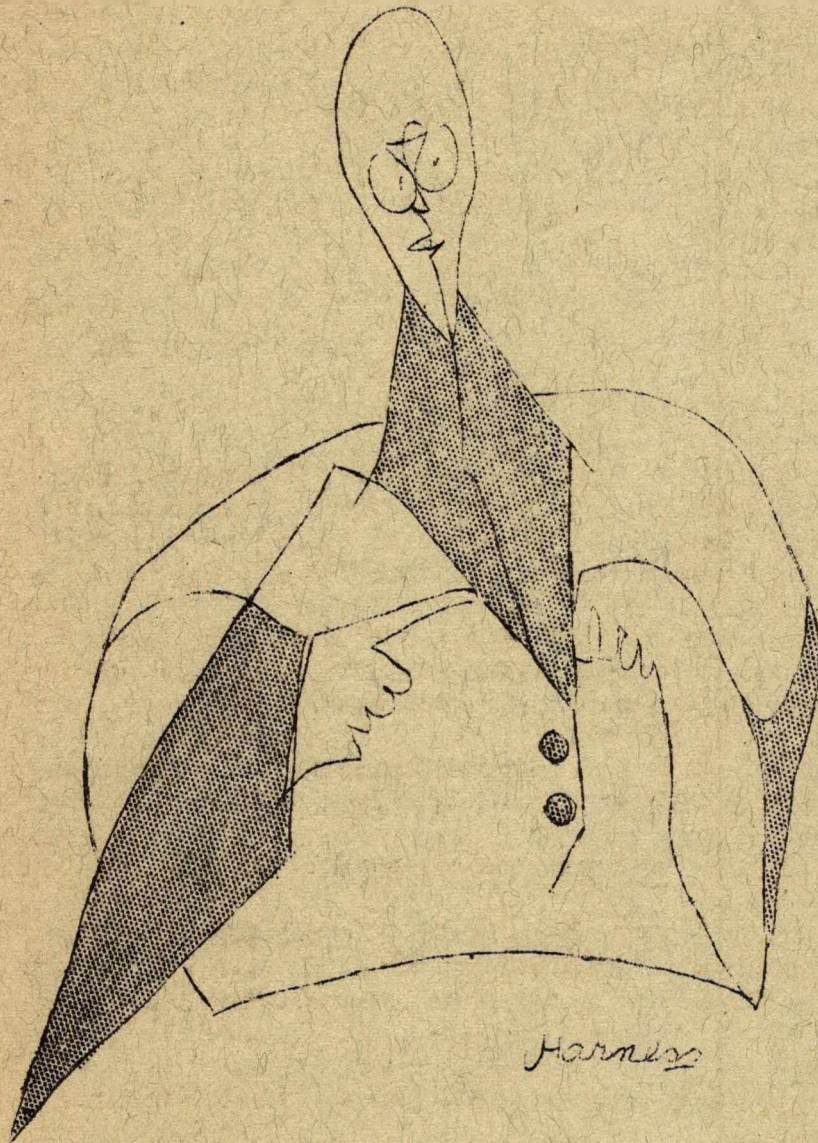
No Time for Sergeants was supposed to have been shown by the Lecture Series Committee at MIT, but at the last moment, the film became unobtainable, and The Perfect Furlough was shown instead. This was a few months ago. Just recently, however, LSC decided to make up for its error by showing No Time for Sergeants free. So, naturally, I decided to see it again -- mainly because it didn't cost me anything.

The Thing was the MITSFS presentation, and the less said about it, the better. The best part of the show was the Roadrunner cartoon.

qwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyu  
 "Violins make the best galaxies.".....AndYoung  
 qwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyuiopqwertyu

Well, I have no more roo<sup>m</sup>, I am tired, and I can't think of anything else to say just yet Goodbye, everybody. It was fun,

-- Bill Sarill



now  
see  
here

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

for the benefit of  
the uninitiated, the  
iggorant, and the o-  
therwise uninformed,  
this is the

LETTERCOLUMN

AL LEWIS.

not dated, but postmarked Dec. 5

Larry -- this is an official-type short-snorter response, like. Caughran's FR was too damned short to comment on, and Geis is pubbing today. Anyway, count this as a response and maybe I'll make it up to the cult by writing P. Howie a nice, long, blathering letter. # Tell the Youngs I thought their FA looked nice. Under what aegis does that revoltingly nice purple sell?

Best,

Al Lewis

((This is the pocksard that Larry received from Al. Official

action should be taken as soon as possible to reinstate Lewis in the Cult.

The purple paper is Gestetner TRIAD lavender, 20#.)

TED WHITE, O.C., O.A.; undated, but p-marked Dec. 11

Dear Bill:

This letter heralds some Cult material for you, and an advance letter of comment. ((Included with this letter were the "Jazz Notes" pieces.)) The material I'd already sent to Stark; I got it back with the note that Stark was out. By then it was too late to send it to you for FE#73 -- and Rike for the same reason, now. So I'm sending it along for #74.

Comments on DIABOLIQUE: When I received the stencils for this zine, I noticed that sections of the cover had been conflued. My mighty X-ray eyes told me that originally it said "HOOHAH!, Nr. 11---Fourth Anniversary Issue---November 1959 (or 52, but surely that's not right...)".

I like this zine; it has a free-flowing friendly conversational air to it, and bits of the style show that Ron is still improving in his writing. The Army often seems to have this effect, eh Eney?

I sent a copy to Walt Willis. He like Parker's stuff, and I thought he'd like this.

I read the zine all the way through twice. First on stencils, and again with the first copy assembled, on which I stuck check-marks at points of interest. Remember me with those "two purple and green easter eggs on Easter," Ron. I'll be waiting.

That bit on doctors seems like it could be blown up into a MAD piece. I may try just that...

You realize, Ron, that Lt. David Jenrette is already under investigation by the CID? Some months back his fanzines were seized and he was charged, allegedly, with being a narcotics addict, or somesuch. I think the charges were dismissed, but this ties in too beautifully to be ignored. I wonder what fandom is getting into...? ((I have always maintained that Fhandom is merely another addiction.))

Ron should have titled the zine PEANUTS, but I understand he was afraid of Charlie Schulz...

I recognized a surprising amount of those quotes -- and their sources. Had fun reading them aloud to Sylvia.

I have some rejection slips...but most of them are form-written. F&SF, for instance, has a multigraphed two sentences on the back of last March's cover. DUDE & GENT have a few lines printed at the top of a lavender memo slip. PLAYBOY's is quite similar, though it's a two-color job on white -- and the After Hours pieces carry an additional rubber-stamped legend "Please forgive the printed slip, but it's the only way we can handle the tremendous volume of After Hours items."

BOGUE has a salmon slip which says BOGUE...REGRETS, and then there's Harlan's note below, which starts off, "Dear Ted: Still no," and goes on for a dozen lines. I feel happier with Harlan's rejections; he says why.

I've had two rejections from ADAM, one of which I quoted to Rike. The other says, "This gets a little out of hand pornographicwise. Sex for us is always delightful and good clean fun, no little boys f..... corpses." They didn't understand my psychological study of a psychotic...but of course it was poorly written anyway.

As to that Scott Meredith thing, they got one too. You probably sent something to Larr Shaw in a brown manila envelope with your address in the corner. That's all it takes.

VOID is void, at the moment. The last one anyone got was #18.

Sylvia now has the remainder of your Petticoat article. They sent it up. Well, let's face it; you had to give up the Petticoat series. The last line you had in GAMBIT at the end of the second Petticoat was "Oh, Good Ghod, kilt entirely daid....." Unless you can figure a three-day resurrection, I think the series is finished. Revelations from the Secret Mythos is a better title anyway.

I'll send you another GAMBIT 30; that was the zine with your last installment.

The story "The Day of Doom" reads like it was set in our Baltimore apartment, which is likely enough, since you're more familiar with it. Forgive me for adding an extra half-page, but you ended so abruptly, and it was ripe for an addition, and I hate to see a page go to waste, and...eh? What's that? You don't mind? ((I'll bet.)) Thankyou, thankyou, oh furry one...

You know, the whole zine -- especially with the bits about the Easter Bunny, and the quote about "I assure all of you, even Parker, that Parker is not a homosexual" reminds me of that happy period when the Easter Bunny was first hatched into the Cult, and hipity-hopped his way, notch by notch, into the pages of the FR. What a fine old period that was...Carl Brandon was still alive, the DC gang were all together and playing cards half the nights of the week, and...My, isn't nostalgia wonderful? ((Sniff, sob, BAWWWW.))

Thank you, Ron Parker. It was fun.

yhos,

Ted

NOOCEY  
BRATMON;

dated Dec. 14

A deathless and eternal question was asked of me in Psychotic, a question that fits the mag and makes the title as relevant as any in the long line of FRs. "Why would parents stick some kid with 'Noocey' for a name?" With a name as dull as Richard he asks this?

Gadzooks man, how common can you get? John and William are bad enough with all their derivatives in a world like this here, but Richard? What's the matter, are you afraid to be an individualist? Might just as well call each other by our numeral positions and really be a cult or something like that there. ((Just call me No. 8.))

Gad! What a way to start the logical and seemingly-leading-to-one-inevitable-conclusion-type argument. Guns blazing, Noocey leaped past the swinging saloon doors, filling the air with lead and sending smoke subfuscation ((sic, so help me!)) out until there was only the sound of dropping bodies and the ricochet of bullets and the screams of women and men and the crashing of broken glass. Then there was silence, except for the drip, drip, drip of broken bottles and broken bodies. A final 'but' hit the silent room and out walked our (my) ((your)) hero. Bloody but triumphant once more. ((You shoulda been a western writer, Noocey...or, on second thought, perhaps we ought to be glad you aren't...))

Friends, fiends, and fellow cultists...with me residēs the name that once shook mighty biblical kings. It is the ainchent name of a mighty biblical prophet, and tho the modern translation of that illustrious nomen has changed, I bear the true and only pure archtype. ((Tucker...I mean, Gilgamesh...move over. Here's another immortal for you.))

This brings up a good point of discussion....Why are there only a few 'good' names left? After all, percentagewise only a few are used anymore in any great amount. There are less good names for females than males! Is it just plain prejudice? Here we tie in with Bob Bloch.

Question: What were names originally for? Answer: For identifying individuals from one another. ((I say, our Noocey is bright today!)) No true civilization can exist without the self-identification of the individual and this identification by others. That is a 'self-evident' fact that ought to give anyone a headache if he tries to chase it down. ((The way you phrased it, it gives me a headache just thinking about it.)) If anyone wants to argue this theme...well, does anyone?

Now, if names were meant for identifying, how come when I go to a party I find a lot of duplications? ((Just lucky, that's all.)) Thank heavens for last names, and even these are of the Norman-American type ((Norman American? I don't b'lieve I've met the chap.)). There are duplications here too a lot of times. I guess that's life, but doe it have to be? If parents want their children to be individuals, as a great many "say" they do, they had better start early. I don't think I'm either bragging or admitting a great sin when I quote, quite out of context ((quite)), "Bratmon, there are people... and then there's you!" See.....??? ((???)

Of course I'm going to give Dick?...Rich?...Richard?...E?...Mr. Geis?...ah...er...a big houghrah for giving with those letters of Bob Bloch's. They were literate, pertinent, well-thought-out, and, I might add, entertaining. Sure you didn't write them yourself Carl...er..Dick? And as for Dave Rike...well, I once saw a person who was introduced as Rike. Like, with a little rewriting and a few Bourne illos you could go crass by selling to Esquire. ((What was that again and slowly, please?))

I might as well comment that I've gone back to reading. ((Hoo-ray for them intellectual pursuits!)) I gave it up for a long time but lately I've again had that time in which to play. Didn't find a typer I could use until last night, so I read. First it was magazines. There is nothing like the current stuff to make you want to give up. One night after reading the movie reviews in Time I looked about me, and there staring me in the

face was a novel I'd wanted to read for a long time but had never quite gotten around to.

Lost Horizons by James Hilton. I read. I didn't stop until I had finished. The next night, with a greater appetite I scrambled ~~some eggs~~ the maudlin and yet unexcelled Mr. Chips. Random Harvest came next, and tho that ended my Hilton spree, I kept on reading. Well, last night I read Tortilla Flat. I think that most of you have probab. read Tortilla Flat, and therefore you won't mind my giving my impressions of Tort.

It's a fantasy about a lot of winos. It is a Lord of the Rings with wine taking the place of tobacco, sex the place of adventure, and good writing taking the place of three volumes. It seems strange and yet not so strange that it and Lost Horizons both talk of refuge, both have their philosophers and adventurers taken with the weight of the world and that they were published within two years of one another. Oh yes...Hilton died in Long Beach, Calif. ((Highly indicative.))

Another thing I've been doing is seeing movies. New ones, old ones, any at all. I saw Viva Zapata two weeks ago in a short version, saw the Brothers K., Operation Petticoat, ((starring Ron Parker, no doubt)), and I'll continue to see 'em, too. ((Damned ambition of you)) At two bits, how can I lose? (scrawled in I just saw "Rookie" -- I lost.)

Is Dick Wingate Pat Ellington's brother? ((I rather doubt it.))

In the line of movies still, I saw Carr-eer. I too sort of got the Idea that someone was playing the virile hero bit to the hilt when they wrote the script, but having a very nasty mind I chocled out loud in the theater. Whether it was a slip of the writer's mind ((writers never make mistakes -- ask Ted White)) or deliberate, I don't know, but it deserves credit...it deserves credit! ((So what is it, already!))

I have just heard that they have a coffee house in El Paso. I'll go down there and report on it to Rike.

I guess I'll see at least two of youse at the Lasfs New Year's party, so until then,

30.

Alex.

AL LEWIS again:

dated Dec. 28

I assume you read Rike's FR. Assuming you did, you will have noticed that Rike dumped me off the list of active members. However, I had written Larry before all this foofa-raw developed, so that I actually have fulfilled my activity requirements. So, I am appealing to White. This is just a note to let you know this, so that you won't follow precedent and leave me off the list too -- okay? ((see the roster)) It's also meant to serve as an official response, though I doubt you'll find much to print from it. (At least, I hope you won't!) ((hehheh)) Anyway, though, don't make up the membershi list before White renders his Oafficial decision -- okay? ((Nothing from White yet.))

Like, send me your  
contributions now.

Bestest,  
Scribe J H

DICK ENEY.

dated Jan. 15

Dear Bill,

Well, Ted White's Oafish pronouncement says like write you NOW. So...

Lotus Blossum to hand. Actually, you realize, this is a brag on Rike's part; what it actually means is "Lotus, Blos sum". He's bragging to a gal that he's actually Robert Bloch's pen name, and pronouncing the "ch" german (or maybe Keltic) fashion, & speaking latin (in the verb) to impress her with his learning, and...and...no? Well, I only thought you'd want to have the facts. ((Oh, sure. Well, all I can say is, don't anyone tell Bloch. And besides, Rike doesn't have a girlfriend name of Lotus.))

Gosh, wheat germ here is 35¢ for a four-ounce jar -- but that's at the grocery store where the Earth People go. Haven't tried any health food places; I may if my folks go on that vacation trip they've been talking about this summer and I have to rustle my ow food for a few weeks. At present they do Not Dig foods that are even slightly Out...no that they're square, they simply prefer a mundane diet.

Thought I'd better put that last line in because I'm the only Cultist I know of that isn't at swords' points with parents and all. Well, the only one I know of; Ted White, Stark, both Youngs, Geis, and of course Harness, are Not In Agreement with parents ((yo can add my name to that list, too))...matter of fact, the other two younger area fans, Magnus and John Hitchcock, dislike their folks, too. Matter of fact, they -- their wor -- despise them. I tell you, it almost makes me feel abnormal. "It cannot be / but I am pigeon-livered and want gall / to make oppression bitter..."

Concerning the petition, Ted is wrong to call it illegal. Every organization reserves sovereignty: that is, any club by collective action can do anything not forbidden by its nature or regulations, like admitting or retaining members. The only thing that'd make the petition illegal would be a prohibition in the Constitution against such thing

better." The challenge was too much to resist. This was so far in it was out, man, way out. Anything to help a Cultist.

Eney is chortling, of course, over events occurring in his own little Dreamworld rather than the physical universe. In Eney's Cloud Nine, I am universally recognized as a fugghead of no consequence who is one step removed from the law courts and/or the spin-bin. In Cloud Nine I have just left a get-rich-quick quackery and am doing the expected assinine, juvenile antic demonstration.

If anyone's interested, I was preaching political sermons years ago, in FAPA, and haven't for years. And I was elected the secretary of LASFS last week on a trufan ticket. ((Like...a bheer-for-everyone platform?)) So much for Cloud Nine.

And while on the subject of fuggheads, there was one Gregg Trendeine who sent Shaggy a piece of copyrighted artwork from a Famous Artist's Course to use for their Xmas issue. Nice? Stupid.

GEIS: I dig this wheat germ jazz. I like peanuts, and wheat germ tastes a lot like peanuts. It is the Peanuttiest thing of anything in the class of Non-Peanuts. ((Now let's not get into that again.))

Time reports that the constituents of all kinds of food were fed into a giant computer -- to the accompaniment of monstrous chomp-chomping noises, no doubt -- and also the basic requirements of the human body. The machine was then asked what was the cheapest diet a person could live on. The answer: lard, soybean meal, beef liver, and orange juice. They mixed the mess up and tried it on laboratory rats -- the rats refused to eat it. Good luck with your researches, Dick.

CHAMPION: Dammit! Who needs this pharmacopoeia? ((If I knew wot you were talking a-bout, I might tell you.))

Nope, the reason I "left" was because income had gotten way down. I'm still editing the mag evenings. Out of Scientology? That's like saying I'm "out" of algebra or music, or something. ((Oh, Ghod! And here everyone was thinkin' that Ole Jack had finally grone up.))

RIKE: Haa -- I can't send Thiel my "Fly" costume. It was melted down, so to speak, fo a kid's dress. After it is sufficiently sun-bleached it might look pretty.

You've changed from your last photo. The face still radiates jollity and digging-the-scene, but it looks beat up as hell, man.

Thanks for sending Jimbo his copy of my FR. I finally sent Carr a second copy of it. Which reminds me. We have three of the current four OE candidates ((for SAPS)) in our midst: Eney, Miri, and I...Earl Kemp is the last.

Have just counted on my fingers and discovered this cycle will end with the proper number of Cultzines. A Herculean task, considering the vascillations of our membership.

Once again, my Cultzine loometh on the horizon. Please, people, send contributions, so I don't have to rely on more letters and Harnesstuff.



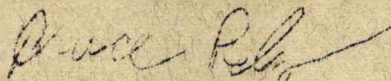
LOTUS BLOSSUM: I refuse to believe that the picture enclosed with this zine is really one of Dave Rike -- why...he actually looks human! I suspect another Bay Area hoax is in progress. ((See, Rike, nobody believes in you.))

RIKE: I agree with your comments to Schaffer regarding the training of kids. Ray is offbase if he thinks things can be done so simply as in training animals. I understand the SPCC is much more strict than the SPCA, and the latter is bad enough.

Regarding the selection of clothes: the type of clothing one wears is a result of compromising between social pressures, one's own individual preferences, and utilitarianism. In this, I see no basis for argument. It's only when one has to consider which force to pay most attention to, that the differences lead to argument. For the librarian job I've got at USC, a white shirt is probably the most approved apparel, much as I don't like to wear them. I started out my first week here by wearing a white shirt, tie, and jacket. Now the question is whether or not I'm in enough of a junior position to get away with sport shirts; I'll try it, and see if anyone says anything. For other times, such as spelunking, utilitarianism wins out over social pressure, and coveralls are the outfit to wear. Still other occasions allow one's personal likes to become the main force. These are more-or-less standard attitudes found all over; a certain degree of eccentricity is easily overlooked, since most people have one or two strange ideas of their own about clothes -- I myself like a black outfit (but not, Thiel, a "ghoulish black sweatshirt") when wandering around town at night, as it's unobtrusive. ((Mighu, another one of "night's black agents"!)), something which I, otherwise, definitely am not. But even considering my own eccentricities, this bit of having a particular equipage for times when one is "feeling EVIL" is Too Much -- Far Too Much.

F/R 73<sub>1</sub> is here, also. I extend my sympathies, for all the bloody good that will do. "Confessional" didn't seem worth the stencils and paper -- it evokes no particular mood, and has no particular plot. Pfui. I'd say that the Daniels illos are at least as good as the de-toons.

Enough.



# JACK HARNESS:

undated, but postmarked Jan. 15

Dear Bill:

Have just read Lotus Blossum -- quick, Dave, the dictionary! -- and am moved to take pen in hand -- literally, dammit, because the neighbor's girl banged the typer to the floor on Christmas Eve -- to comment on it. I'll comment on it before backpeddling to Psychotic.

That which stands out most in my mid, eclipsing the various cataloguing of pharmacopoeia, is Eney's Massive Fuggheadedness. Those cartoons, Sahib Medic, were commissioned by Geis. Dick asked me at LASFS one meeting if I would do some cartoons for his FR, "Cultoos or general-type?" I replied. "POLITICAL," he replied. "The stronger, the

Or should a long letter to the Cult about various things but not about the previous FR be given letter credit?

I think the entire concept of "comments" is Wrong, Bad, and Unnecessary. I think the word should be replaced by "reply" or "response." Although neither "reply" nor "response" are ideal terms for what I have in mind, I still think they are the best I have yet found.

So...anyone with me...? Like I wanna be a crusader.))

BRUCE PELZ.

dated Jan. 8

Dear Bill:

Champion, do you have another copy of FR 58 that I could have?

DIABOLIQUE showed up yesterday, forwarded from Tampa, and I think it's the best F/R to appear for quite some time -- proving that letters, while quite good Cult-fare, are not really necessary to a good Cultzine. ((Well, that's what Stark had been maintaining for some time.))

Some of the "Dear Know-It-All" bits were excellent, and I glee at the interspersed "Have a peanut, Ted." ((I disagree. I thot the "Have a peanut, Ted"'s were unnecessary and redundant. Besides, I think "Have some stencils, Ted" would be a far more appropriate thing for the Easter Bunny to say at this time.)) Stan Serxner, whom some of you may remember as a New York fringe-fan around 1950, and slightly more active a while earlier, had much the same kind of deal with potato chips instead of peanuts, while he was at the University of Florida.

Glad you quoted the bit on Castle Frankenstein ("Schlöss Frankenstein"?) -- I'm very interested in old castles and the like. Care to trade Kaiserlauten for Los Angeles for a short while? (That's a helluva suggestion to make after being here only a week, but then I attended a IASFS meeting last night.) (And in case this typer doesn't do so well when it comes to getting jokes across, the preceding parenthetical statement is not to be taken seriously.) ((Why not?))

The bit on all the propaganda reminds me of a story told about Montgomery in WW II, that he always briefed his staff thoroughly before showing propaganda films. One time they were scheduled to show "The Red Army", so he gave an hour or so over to briefing them on the various aspects of the Russians, their army, it's means of operation, etc. Then they showed the film...it was about ants. ((Obviously red army ants. You know, those South American things. It is interesting to note, tho, that the ant system of living is a communistic one. This all ties in so neatly that I'm sure there must be some hidden meaning in it.))

"The Day of Doom" is fair fiction -- but it's topped by Ted's addition to it. ((Hah!))

In general, a good F/R -- I too am looking forward to your next one.

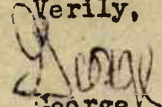
(b) Just for the helluvit, I visited the local radio station, KIOX by name, on the possibility that they might need a jock. Oddly enough, they did. (I had been planning to stay out of school a semester or two, and work as a DJ somewhere...and this situation seemed ideal.) So, I took the job, stayed in BC until I had to return to school on the 4th...and then came back to Big D for the two and  $\frac{1}{2}$  weeks left of the fall semester... with the understanding that the job will be there ~~when~~ I go back.

So, like NOMAD has been put on ice until I am back in BC, even tho it is  $\frac{3}{4}$  completed ...mainly because of the fact that final exams are here, and zines take time, like... ((bruther, I know..here it is, final exams for me in a few days, no school for me after that for approximately the same reason as yours, and I'm still working like a dog on this missabobble Cultzine))...which I just don't have. Once I am located in Bay City, however, the tri-weekly sched is once again in effect...maybe even moreso if I find that I have a lot of time on my hands...which I probably will. I'd like to point out that my absense in fannish circles for these next few weeks is not gafia...heaven forbid... I'm still wildly active, like...but I can't prove it for a while, is all.

Hence...therefore...so: May I sincerely apologize for this skimpy letter, which is nothing more than a prolonged excuse.

NOTE: Until January 20th, all mail should be sent to my Dallas address. After that date please send it all to: 1701 Gloria, Bay City, Texas. This last is my uncle's address... which will suffice for a few days until I can find an apartment and get located,

So...adieu, fine friends... I hope this bit is enough\* to keep me on the A/w-1...and can only promise Better Things in 1960.

Verily,  
  
George  
Jennings

((I feel like crusading right now...p'raps because I'm full of gin & tonic? Anyhoo, I think that this serves as an example of a weak spot in the Cult Constitution. The Constitution specifically states that "comment" is Required on at least every other Cultzine, as part of the basic minimum Requirements for retention of Cult membership.

This, I think, is a soft spot in the Constitution. What, precisely, is meant by "comment"? Is it sufficient merely to write in a pocsarcd going something like this:

"Dear \_\_\_\_\_,  
Received FR \_\_\_\_\_, that the paper was beautiful, that the mimeography was very well done; aside of that, that the mag stunk.

Yours,  
\_\_\_\_\_ "

It deals with the uses which LSD might be put to by totalitarian forces, and includes a first-person experience under the drug. The extrapolation comes in with the Splintered Man: the Chief of West German Police who defected to East Germany several years back (actually about the time the book was written). The book attempts to solve the mystery of his defection, and does so in a highly plausible manner. It's square, but good.

CHAMPION: Excellent run-down on pot, peyote, etc. It's good to see a non-hysterical piece on the effects, etc., of pot. Tom Condit has written up for me "Some Notes on Peyote" which I will be publishing in a special zine on the subject, THE PEYOTE PAPERS. Dick Ellingto is franking it in OMPA, and I think I'll send it through the Cult as well. It will contain a rewrite on my own experiences from Larry Stark's FR 60...

RIKE again: I gave myself for a Christmas present an lp I found after a year or so on a remainder shelf: THE WEARY BLUES by Langston Hughes. I got it for the second side, which is played by the "Horace Parlan Quintet", actually the Charles Mingus Quintet ((not AGAIN!)). This is poetry & jazz like I've never heard it before. Hughes uses the blues form in much of his poetry, and his voice is a gas. "Don't let your dog curb you./ Don't let your dog curb you./ Curb your doggy like you oughta do./ But don't let that dawg curb you!" is the way the long Dream Sequence starts off, and it's a swinging piece full of ironical bits ("Think I'll change my way of livin'/. . . Change my color/ An' be a white man..."), and actually quite up-beat in tone. Hughes is a pretty sane fellow.

Four pages is enough, I guess, Bill. ((You said it! And even with a leetle cutting... Whew!)) More, maybe, when pt. 2 arrives... ((Nononononononono...I refuse! Aargh! But then again, pt. 2 will probably never arrive anyway, so wothell.))

yhos  
Reed

GEORGE JENNINGS,

dated Jan. 7

Dear CultPeople:

Once again I find myself in a rather embarrassing situation -- that of having to comment on an FR before I've really had a chance to go through it closely. This, I realize, is getting to be a rather frequent habit on my part, but I trust that the below will in some way explain.

(a) On December 27th, blithely happy that NOMAD #3 was 3/4 completed, and bubbling over with holiday spirit, I made a trip to a settlement some 300 miles south of Dallas, Bay City by name...which is the home of a grandmother, two uncles, three aunts, one great-grandmother, and about 25,000 others who are in no way related to me. The trip was originally supposed to be of a duration of about two days, but things happened:

Regarding clothes (and your lovely put-down of Theil on the subject), I suppose I ought to mention mine, since here I am in the Village, and with a beard, and a sexy wife who wears tights and all... First, I've grown a full beard rather than the goatee I had previously. This eliminates any quasi-feminine look I might have had with my old gold-rimmed glasses (my finances prevent a switch to new frames -- not my taste in such things...). I now look about as queer as a logger. ((And how queer does a logger look?)) This is relatively important, since the gay set in its worst manifestations abounds in this area. I trip over them on the sidewalk on warm days... For winter wear, I have a huge warm parka with a zippered hood which I usually don't wear up. ((Hmmm. Full beard and heavy parka. You sound as tho you looked somewhat like Andy Young on one of his telescope nights -- or perhaps the resemblance is more to a Russian.)) The coat has both a zipper and buttons, and is infinitely adaptable to vagaries in the weather. When necessary I wear gloves -- yellow leather felt-lined work gloves. For years I had pretty fur-lined brown (or black) leather gloves. The fur always bunched up in the fingers and came loose everywhere else, and the gloves weren't actually warm. The ones I have now are, and I can use them for rough work without worries. When not visiting publishers (on which occasions I wear a topcoat and suit and all that), I wear flannel shirts and no undershirt. Very warm, comfortable. I wear almost any kind of nondescript pants, usually till they're too dirty to clean, which makes most of them fall in the category of "work" pants. Well, I sit on 'em when I work... I do have good looking wash-&-wear ivy-league pants (black) as well as black and grey wool suit pants for such occasions, of course. My footwear usually consists of canvas rubber-soled shoes or engineer's boots. The boots for cold outside stuff, and the shoes for all other occasions except for when it's hot. Then I wear sandals. The boots (two pair) I've had since high school when I used to do a lot of motor-cycling and -scootering in the winter. They protect the ankles and legs quite nicely. For dress, I have a pair of black shoes which clip shut. I can't explain them too well in words, but you probably know what I mean. I have an aversion to wearing laced footwear -- for years I didn't wear normal shoes at all...

Add it all up, and you come out with a rather unwealthy semi-beat looking guy. The first part of the description fits, too.

**GEIS:** Sylvia says she's sending you a wheat germ recipe booklet. Your diet sounds healthy, but monotonous.

**ENEY:** Peyote was not the first "drug I tried." I have been up on morphine and perhaps one or two other opium derivatives. My "denunciation" comes from experience -- not priggishness. My experiences with peyote strengthened my private convictions. ((I don't see what all this foofaraw about peyote is all about. So what's peyote? A legal, non-habit-forming, cheap, mildly-schizophrenia-inducing drug. I might try it myself someday, but just for kicks. ## This bit about drugs bugs me. You want to know what the most habit-forming drug in America is today? I'll tell you. It's the sports-car. Man, like evrybody is driving this today. You can't step out into a street without being struck down by some little foreign buggy. Jeez, even I got hit by a Volkswagen, and there's no distinction in that...)) ## Have you noticed how much Campbell has followed in Palmer's footsteps -- with his denunciations of orthodox science/logic/thinking, etc.? ((Just dig the Rosenfield satire in this issue.)) Campbell picks more plausible fads than does Palmer, but for the same reasons, I suspect...

**TREND:** I recommend, both as a rousing good mystery and an expert bit of extrapolation, "M.E. Chaber's" THE SPLINTERED MAN. "Chaber" is actually our old friend, Kendall Foster Crossen, and this is one of his earlier Milo March espionage-mystery books.

when for a penny more he could have sent them first-class -- without the resulting delay which nearly cost two Cultists their positions. When I speak of enforcing the spirit of the Constitution, I don't mean that I intend to be lax. Caughran seems to be deliberately flouting his membership to see how much he can get away with.

I propose to show him. ((I don't agree, Ted, but I don't intend to argue with you.))

Regarding Al Lewis. ((Ah, here's the message I've been waiting for.)) He returns to then #4 spot, and Fleischman back to #1w-ler. It seems Lewis commented directly to Stark, thinking himself too late to reach Geis. He did so in good faith, thinking Stark to be the next editor. Stark promised him to forward the letter, but hasn't, to my knowledge. ((Stark has sent off the pocsarcd since this letter was received, so that everything is nice, legal, and tied up.))

So...what else is new...? ((You tell me..))

The FR 73 situation threatens to bring about another FR 28 mess. (That was when three or four Fr 28's were almost simultaneously published...)

Stark's zine (which seems nearly as much Sarill's) is pretty short, and I don't see that an absense of letter-material has improved what remains... Stark's blast at Rike is very well done, however, avoiding as it does all the usual Stark mannerisms. It's a lot of fun to read.

"Confessional" is an odd bit. I suppose Stark wrote it, since it makes use of an occasional real name. It is marvelously soul-searching, but although it might pass for a piece of self-dramatization, I suspect Stark meant it entirely as fiction-from-another's-viewpoint. As such, it brings the narrator to his ultimate awareness with a very deft, professional touch. But speaking personally, it isn't the sort of thing I enjoy reading. Which leaves me with mixed emotions...

Sarill's section is fun to read, quickly, but without much meat to it. I mean, there's nothing much to comment on. ((It wasn't specifically intended to be commented upon, merely to be read -- even quickly -- and enjoyed, if possible.))

Onward to the real FR 73...or at least a part of it...

I agree wholeheartedly with Rike's comments to Al Lewis about QUANDRY as a focal point. (The rest of Rike's comments are also good. And since Bourne never published the fact, I might add that it wasn't only Trendeine whose piece was excerpted from a letter...)

RIKE: Officially, a Cultzine must be published by a Cultist for the rest of the Cult.

This leaves some leeway...I have not counted FANTASY ASPECTS #3 as a Cultzine. I have occasionally (though not as QA) counted waiting-listers' so-called F/Rs as Cultzines. I'd be inclined to go along with you about content -- and also on whether or not a copy especially marked for the Cult was sent directly to all Cultists. For instance, zines like Stark's DE SKETCHBOOK were sent to Cultists if they weren't already getting one through FAPA, etc. If I get something like that in a FAPA mailing, I count it as part of my FAPA mailing. On the other hand, I sent TRIPPLE WHAMMY to all Cultists especially marked on the cover as F/R 33.3 (as I remember). Unmarked copies (on the cover, that is) were also sent through FAPA and with Magnus' VARIOSO. Some people may have gotten three separate copies...Likewise, LIGHTHOUSE was sent in FAPA, and then sent separately to all Cultists as well...

Now, at this point Dick Eney began circulating a petition to retain Stark's membership (we'll overlook the bit about Jean, since this had been taken care of) on the basis of Stark's past contributions to the Cult, and general worth to the organization. This was done without Stark's knowledge. Unfortunately, the Constitution is not equipped to handle petitions waiving membership requirements, but since my general platform as OA is one of Kindly Enforcing The Spirit of the Constitution, and since I was in general sympathy with the petition (despite my doubts as to whether Stark wanted back in), I ruled that pending Stark's own expression of interest in the Cult, I would accept an overwhelming vote for his return, and would make it official.

Despite repeated notes, hints, etc., in the mail to Stark, he has not in writing expressed any interest in returning to the Cult, and indeed has not mentioned it in recent communications at all. When I solicited his views in person, he said what I recorded above. Thus far, only eight votes have been cast for him out of a possible thirteen (counting Sylvia's vote separate -- I abstained) (unless Eney did not send petitions to all members, as Rike indicates), which combined with Stark's own reluctance to return forces me to rule that Stark is, as Geis indicated, no longer a member of the Cult.

If more votes come in by the time Sarill publishes, I will reconsider the matter. I do think though that Larry has been sufficiently explicit in his desires and that they should be considered by those who simply want him back for their own selfish reasons (#I like his FRs#).

Regarding Eney's petition, which he presumably sent two of to each member -- Eney referred to it as FR 72.1, and I suppose will want it considered for letter-requirements. I should point out that all members and active waiting-listers must receive an F/R in order for it to be considered an official Cultzine and be counted towards any requirements. If Eney didn't care about this matter (and his letter in Rike's zine adequately fulfills his requirements anyway), then he needn't worry about seeing that everyone get a copy. (I should think though that he'd have sent a copy to all voting members...)

Regarding Tapscott -- I told Geis to put him on the inactive list after he wrote to me as specified. Apparently my letter arrived too late. I notified Rike, who took care of the matter. In the meantime, I've received a couple of very hot-under-the-collar letters from Tapscott, alternately fuming and repentant. Geis forwards typing samples which would indicate Tapscott is Bourne, but since Tapscott seems much more active than Bourne, and Bourne is no longer with us in any capacity, I don't see if it matters whether Bangs L. Tapscott is real or not. (But if he's not, it's one of the biggest bluffs in years...)

Regarding Pavlat -- While in Falls Church over Christmas, we got to see Bob, and he said that his application, such as it was, was rash and ill-considered. He really doesn't have time for another apa besides FAPA. Well, sic semper another good fan, who, like the Busbies seems unaware of just how little activity really is needed to stay in the Cult. Look at Jim Caughran, for instance...

Speaking of Jim Caughran, I would like to officially chastise him, and warn him that his comment to Rike does not constitute required comment, and that I think his behavior in the Cult since joining has been pretty chinzey. If he does not promptly mend his ways, I shall rule him delinquent in his Requirements, and have him Replaced. (Head will roll...) ((Mighu, he's worse than Stark!)) Frankly, his minimum requirements have too often been too minimum; his FR was unworthy of the name, and final crowning insult of insults, he sent out a number of copies to cross-country members third class for 3¢

where snow is once again falling. Walk to train which held up for some reason. Train finally arrives, is crowded, just barely get in the door. After a time crowd thins out, take a seat and start reading I'M OWEN HARRISON HARDING. Get off train soon and find that is snowing real hard like. Fortunately neighbor is at station, so drives us home. Eat dinner, watch tv, read I'M OWEN HARRISON HARDING which good book, watch tv some more, take shower, hit sack. All in all, not a bad day, but today am knocked out and that's why am sitting here typing this trash instead of running around someplace.

So thass all -- letter on section 2 will follow. Happy New Year.

Best,

Marty

((Got this feeling, like how would you like to try doing column for me, maaan? Would appreciate stuff like that. Like wow.))

TED WHITE for the 11th time, b'god: dated Jan.4th

Dear Bill:

A few comments on THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES and LOTUS BLOSSUM pt. 1... I'm sending this now, instead of waiting for pt.2 of Rike's zine so that you can get it on stencil in time.

**Official business:** Larry Stark was here after Christmas, and told us that he specifically was not interested in returning to the Cult. "I haven't time to write the kind of long letters I want, and if I did, they wouldn't interest the Cult anyway. Besides -- I don't know half the current membership." What about the petition, I asked. Eight people (according to LOTUS BLOSSUM) had voted for Stark ((nine, including Bratmon's vote)). "What if everyone voted for you?" "That would make a difference, I guess," Larry said, but he seemed uncertain about it.

Now, I'm in an odd position here. Larry is an old friend whose occasional acts of friendship are so overwhelming as to leave me quite biased in his favor. On the other hand, I am supposed to be impartial about this OA bit. So I lean over backwards and end up being gruff and dictatorial. There doesn't seem to be an easy way out. However, I should like to summarize things:

First,

Larry was legitimately removed from membership after failing to meet his letter-requirements, and with apparently no mitigating circumstances. His plea that he hadn't been properly removed was a bare technicality, tendered as a hoax, and has been obviated by his receipt of Geis' FR. ((But Larry hasn't received Geis' FR. He merely sent a telegram to Rike saying that he had, for the purpose of confusing Rike, who had actually been hoaxing Larry. And now everyone's confused.)) None of this came about through any of the actions of the OA, but followed simply as a function of the Constitution.



and all. He said he was getting off at West 4th to change for another train, so decided to get off at West 4th also, dig the Village, and mebbe drop in on a chick I know and on the Whites. Wanted to borrow AH SWEET IDIOCY from Ted anyhow. So, first cut out for chick's hang-out, a coffeeshouse joint near NYU, but seemed she wasn't there (mebbe she's given up her bohemian kick; will have to ask.). Next, off to Christopher Street and Ted & Sylvia. Mailbox of same packed like they hadn't opened it for a couple of days, so pal suggests they are not home. Nonsense, say I, sure they're home, where the hell could they go at 10 in the morning, sure they're home. So, climb up stairs (pant pant) to Apt. #15; sure enuf, Whites have fled the scene. It could be they went home to parents for the holidays, I offer. ((As a matter of fact, they did.)) Pal nods, suggests we browse in bookstores before going uptown. Go into bookstore where pal tries to make pass (unsuccessfully). Browse for half hour or so, then buy HARRISON HIGH and RUMOR, FEAR, & THE MADNESS OF CROWDS. Walk around for a while, browse in more bookstores, in one of which I decide to swipe EVERGREEN REVIEW #10. However, We have perverts like that in our bookstore, too,.....LStark change mind as pal points out that guy who works in store is looking at us suspiciously. After a time leave, dig Village some more, walk over to Washington Square Arch, stop for bite to eat, dig Village some more, buy copy of VILLAGE VOICE, take train to 42nd St. which is mobbed and you can't even walk. Buy pizza, burn tongue, drip all over me, curse, stop at store offering any book or mag in the joint for 19¢. There is very likely some worthwhile items to be found there ((sure there am!)), but is very crowded, so split. Next, more bookstores where I buy I'M OWEN HARRISON HARDING and two Shell Scott adventures, followed by record store where come across countless albums I must have. It starts to rain, so we beat it over to Time & Life Bldg. In there can sit the whole day reading papers from all over and go through files of LIFE, TIME, FORTUNE, and a couple of other mags. If you see something in say, LIFE, that you want, you write necessary information (date, title, page, etc.) on slip of paper, then hand it to woman at desk. You receive items free of charge in mail. It is marvelous place and love to sit there for hours. So anyway, go in and start leafing thru indexes and mags. All time I am doing same pal is reading copy of LONDON TIMES which made of tissue paper or something, and rustling pages, consequently disturbing people busy busy busy at work. Some old guy particularly bugs him (he sits there giving with Disturbed Looks every now and then), so am told to hurry up with selections (mostly articles on political campaigns which need for report) and leave. Find almost full pack of Newsports in gutter; smoke two, throw rest of pack away (neither of us smoke). Go over to back-date zine store where pal gets charges out of various girlie mags, gets so hung up on them buys two. Snow is now falling so cut out for train where dig long-legged, stacked chick trying for beat look (whatever that is). Chick makes faces at us, we make back. Gets up to get off at Nassau and pal wants to follow. I tell him no, she's about 23 years old, she is not worth running out in the snow for, she's probably a lesbian or something anyhow. ((Or something.)) Chick hears me, smiles -- real nut I am convinced. ((See, I told you they were all perverts.)) Finally come to Boro Hall in Brooklyn and get off as pal wants to buy pair of continentals. It is now raining. Streets are almost as mobbed as 42nd St. what with woman rushing around with packages, horns honking, thousands of baby carriages, men who look bugged ((they're probably perverts, too)), traffic congestion, etc. Go into Korvette's where pal can't find what he wants. Next, into exclusive men's shop where too expensive. Next, dash across street to A&S which is packed like crazy and hot as hell. Pal finally finds what he wants (vomit color continentals), finds more bread on him so goes and looks for ivy league shirts. All the while am standing on the side trying not to look impatient because I am. Time passes during which saleswoman tries to sell pal shirt he doesn't like. I tell him to hurry up godammit, saleswoman tells me he wants to buy shirt, stop bugging him. More time passes. Pal finally leaves without buying shirt. Go outside

Best,

AK Lark

MARTY  
FLEISCHMAN.

dated Dec. 30

Bill:

Some comments on the first section of Rike's FR:

RIKE: You look more like a runner-up in a "Typical American Boy" contest ((HAW!)); are you sure this isn't a picture of Ron Ellik or somebody like that?? I mean, you aren't trying to hoax us now, are you? ## How are you working toward "the achievement of a viable world-wide social revolution," your goal, in building up your library? I dig not. ((Maybe he's teaching his books how to use rifles.)) A couple of other questions: what convinces you that the answer to the world's problems lies in socialism, and do you think this world-wide social revolution of which you speak -- the same one talked about a hundred years ago? -- will be achieved in the near future? Also, if you held the same political views in 1948 as you do now, would you have supported Wallace's Progressive Party? Sorry if I sound like I'm trying to be facetious or sarcastic or mocking; I'm not, I'm really interested in getting answers. I mean it. ## Yeah, like JUNKIE is pretty good book, and Burroughs is probably one of the best beat writers around.....I note that even LIFE made mention of the fact in its recent article on Beatdom. I read it, by the way, long before I heard of the Beat Generation, or hipsters, or Burroughs, or anything. The same with GO. What's YOUR claim to fame, maaaann?? ## Oh yes, thanks for all that simply fascinating information about inhalers and similar nonsense, altho I don't know what I'm going to do with it since that type of stuff is not what one drops in conversation with the squares I mess around with. Well, thank anyway. ## All of Clutter is Good Stuff; entertaining and like that.

STEWART: Yes, Playboy's Penthouse is most excellent tv program -- only I wish it wasn't on the same time as The Late Show --, and I hope it isn't forced off due to too few viewers, as is the case practically every time something that is half-decent turns up on television.

Godamnit, Geis, will you PLEASE send me your Cultzine?!?

All the comments for the nonce....I guess I should have a lot to write up what with it being Xmas vacation and all, but I don't; the local scene is more of a drag than usual the weather has been too lousy to go anywhere; I'm too lazy, etc. Owell, yesterday I had fun I guess. Yesterday decided not to spend the day doing nothing again, so myself and this pal of mine went to Manhattan. Had interesting ride down due to meeting up with this fellow from where I used to live, now in Air Force and Different and Changed

the fact that it just isn't mentioned does not make it unlawful. We don't lose our rights except by renouncing them.

Best & all,

  
Eney

JEAN YOUNG:

dated Jan. 2

Dear Cult:

I am sick. I have been this way on and off for about three days. After staggering through my daily duties, I am in no shape to write letters myself, and Bill is very kindly typing this for me. ((Ahem!)) I want to thank you all for being so nice about the hassle over my membership; I'm afraid I shall repay you by publishing an extremely thin FR. My pubbing date is on the FAPAcon weekend, and all Pumble will break loose up here. Furthermore, rehearsals for "A Phoenix Too Frequent" will be in full swing by then. My life will be exceedingly complicated.

I am ashamed to confess that I didn't read the previous FR. I saw that it had come and "filed" it until such time as I should be riotously free for such things. I haven't been. You know how it is.-- job, housework, theater, and, of course, aht. Perhaps, when Susan is again at her grandparents', I can settle down to more fanaticism of all description. I doubt it, but it's possible.

About "Phoenix": it's a one-act play by Fry. There are three characters, and I'm one of them; the least important one, of course, but nonetheless, it's the biggest part I've had since the Gallery (which in many ways doesn't count). John Beck is directing and Sharon Weiner is the producer. Production is scheduled for the end of February. It will probably be done first as a Workshop at Poets' Theatre, with hopes of a larger production at Agassiz Theater later on. Larry will be teching on the show -- he's a very good tech man, and enjoys it more than acting.

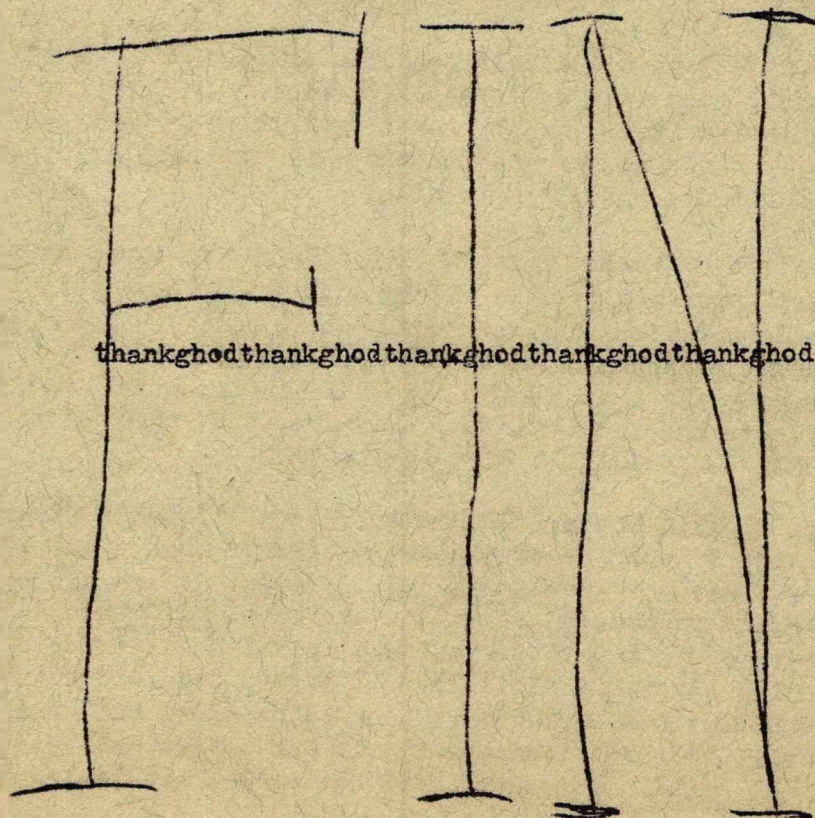
I have seen a new Picasso movie ("Le Mystère Picasso") three times. I wish it had been more. I don't think I could stand to see it oftener than every other day, but I consider it a work of genius, and the greatest teaching device yet conceived for demonstrating the workings of modern art and of one man's mind to the public. I learned more in two viewings of that movie than I had in all my attempts at art lessons in the past. It would probably sound ridiculous if I gave details, but Bill can probably vouch for the fact that the work I have been doing since then has been both different and better without, I hope, becoming entirely derivative. ((Well, JeanY has just collapsed on the couch again, so I guess we'd better let her letter end here, bs))

# Bill Savill speaketh :◇

Well, that just about wraps up this FR, as they say. I have learned quite a lot about fanpubbing, and, in particular, Cultpubbing, during this exhausting session. I have done a few things that I now regret; other things that I do not apologize for. I could excuse all my errors by saying that I am merely a green, rank, wet-behind-the-ears neofan -- which, too some extent, I am. At any rate, I'm glad it's all over.

I received a letter from John Champion which I did not publish, out of considerations for time. It will probably appear in JeanY's FR. I also received a pocsarcd from ~~Mr~~ Scotty Tapscott, in which he angrily claims that he really exists. I did not publish this in the interest of lack of interest.

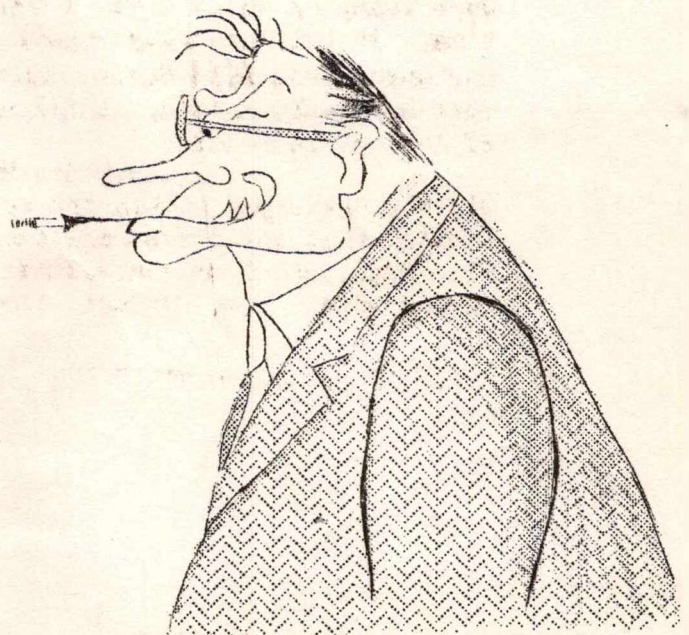
Larry Stark believes that the Cult will completely destroyed within the next two FRs. I disagree with him. I think that the disintegration of the Cult will take at least five FRs...and I am contributing to the Ultimate Dissolution by saying this. Yes, kiddies, the Cult HAS gone to Hell in a Bucket.



— PLUS ROADRUNNER CARTOON —

LIKE, IT'S 'THE THING (FROM ANOTHER WORLD, THAT IS!)

~~FRANKENSTEIN~~  
MEETS ~~ABBOT & COSTE~~ JOHN W. GOD, JR.  
~~THE WOLF MAN~~



JOHN W. CAMPBELL,  
JR.

THE THING... OR MAYBE  
IT'S.....

— "CREATER MEETS CREATION" —

OH, yes. We forgot to mention that this sterling production will be shown on January the 20th of the year 1960 JWC in \*\*\*\*KRESGE\*\*\*\* at 5:30pm, 7:45pm, and 10:00pm. The price of admission is a mere \$.25. Cheap. So come. All of you.