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No doubt GMCarr will grotch at this being another single-sheeter, but then, I rather imagine she will grotch anyway, so I am not overmuch concerned. After all, single-sheet zines are little (if any) inconvenience to the reader--the people they bug are the mailing assemblers.

Sobeit.

US vs THEM Dept. Bob Pavlat pointed up in conversation a gap in my otherwise Reasoned argument again Nuclear Tests and The Triumph of Good Over Evil (or: Which is Which?). I did not make clear my pessimism concerning the fate of this country. "What I meant, Bob," I said, "was Creeping Socialism... The Big Mama attitude towards the Government which leads the Government to gain in control and the people to lose in initiative, and to succumb to Apron Stringism. That's what I meant."

"Well, now," said Bob. "I wish you'd said that. I don't have any argument with you there."

Maybe this explanation will save someone else an undue argument. Maybe.

MY SOUL WAS SAVED BY L.RON HUBBARD Dept. I read Curt Janke's expose on Scientology with considerable interest, and, barring differences over personal biases, I by-and-large agreed with Curt. I don't think Curt was totally fair; he left out portions and overplayed portions, and the implied stab at Harness I find extremely hard to believe. Undoubtedly this is where a more objective third person would have seen things in a different light.

Personally, I think that hidden amidst the chaff that constitutes most of the "teachings" of Scn. are some very potent principals, and that a great deal lies in Scn. of worth to man. I myself derived benefit from contact with Scn. principals, and have noticed beneficial results in others--including Janke, who seemed at one point to be almost an addict to the stuff.

But I think most of the people working in Scn. are extremely unhealthy (or "low tone") and unfit to administer it. They brag of their improvements, of which there may be plenty, but basically they are the dregs of humanity, and incredibly low-toned. An improvement brings them up not even into the "bearable" range. The Scn's, when they admit this fact (which is seldom) state that they are working with those who need them. . . .most. I personally think they should have started at the top and worked down. I think Hubbard has vilely mismanaged Scn., and purposely alienated many who could be of immeasurable benefit to the work. He has cloaked Scn. in a categorization of "quack" which is manifestly unfair.

L.Ron himself has assumed the attributes of God Almighty, complete with Pronouncements and a new Book of Commandments each "congress" (written days beforehand)...

All of which is unfortunate in respect to the sincere and intelligent people who have and are devoting their time and money to Scn. Personal friendships aside, I think Jack Harness is to be commended in sticking by the half-scuttled ship. He sure as hell isn't getting monetarily rich at it, but maybe it is doing him and others some good. I applaud this.

HOW BLACK WAS MY wetzel Dept. In this mailing Bill Evans is performing another public service in printing two George Wetzel letters. I trust everyone will take this to heart: George Wetzel is a psychotic individual who should be legally prevented from joining this organization under any name. His is a sick mind, to which any artifice, no matter how devious, how transparent, is better than truth. He will prevaricate, and libel at a moment's notice. He delights in poison pen letters, often signed with other people's names. He is completely paranoid, as his reaction to Trimble's postmailing shows. He has a penchant for creating fictitious personalities. (Upon checking, I found that "Lance's" address is within two miles of Wetzel's.) He is totally vile, totally without principle. We in FAPA have no need for him. Someone in FAPA has been making it a practice to tip off Wetzel of intended moves against him, apparently from a misguided loyalty to the "principals of democracy." I hope Wetzel's latest efforts will persuade this person otherwise.

(It's a pity we never printed his letter in which he accused Dean Grennell of refusing to serve in WW2--the entire attack was on a par with his other vicious distortions and prevarications. And--it could happen to YOU next!)

Vote for the blackball amendment, and then help blackball Wetzel-Lance. He richly deserves this favor...

I GOT THE MOVING BLUES Dept. After thinking we had a place, only to discover that the landlord was fudging at the last moment, we finally found an apartment in New York City. It's a five-room apartment in the Village (it only turned out that way--it was a good thing for any part of Manhattan), a walk-up on the fifth floor. To get it we had to prove a Semi-Professional status before the Rent Commission--and we were sure we wouldn't make it--but the Falls Church Duplicator Service Came Through, and we are now actually established in sooty NYC. Selah!

The address is 107 Christopher St., #15, New York 14, N.Y. We welcome visitors (excepting of the sort referred to above).

YOU TOO CAN BE BANNED FROM THE MAILS Dept. Lacking Eney's finer taste and sensibilities, I will come right out and say that Sam Martinez had better not send any more pornography through the mails to any FAPA OE's. I dunno whether he was the offender referred to by Eney, but his cover for the current SAMBO, while of slight artistic merit (ie: as good as or better than those found in girly mags), is totally lacking in taste and quite conceivably censurable. Since it isn't necessary for credit, we have removed said covers and will distribute them only to those who feel like coming for them personally.

IT'S TRUE, WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT NEW YORK Dept. As I was coming back from the Collesseum the other day (I was visiting the Soviet Exhibition, Gerty--no lip, please), I nearly bumped into a fellow with a beard who was crossing the street towards me. A well-dressed chap with a group of several other w-d-t's, he seemed very familiar to me. "By ghod," I said to Sylvia, who was, coincidentally, accompanying me, "I think that was Nat Hentoff." And it was, too.

(Nat is a jazz critic, coeditor of JAZZ REVIEW, and a writer for such GMCarr-approved magazines as THE REPORTER and THE VILLAGE VOICE. I'd met him once before, in April. He didn't recognize me though...)

yhos, Ted