

HONNEUR SOIT

QUI MAL Y PENSE

FANTASY ROTATOR 207

The Cult Roster

Members

		206	207	PUB.
1.	Lee Jacobs, Box 38232, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038	yes	yes	Jan 22
2.	Fred Lerner, 98-B The Boulevard, East Paterson, N.J. 07407	no	yes	Feb 12
3.	George Heap, Box 1487, Rochester, N.Y. 14603	f/r	yes	Mar 04
4.	Gordon Eklund, c/o Donaho, Box 1284, Berkeley, Cal. 94701	yes	no	Mar 25
5.	Al Snider, Box 426, West Covina, Calif. 91790 /84106	yes	yes	Apr 15
6.	Scotty Tapscott, 1222 Crandall Ave., Salt Lake City Utah	yes	yes	May 06
7.	Fred Patten, 1704-B S. Flower St., Santa Ana, Cal. 92707	yes	no	May 27
(8.)	Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, L.A., Cal. 90027	no	?	Jun 17
9.	Dick Geis, 5 Westminster Ave, Venice, Cal. 90291	yes	no	Jul 08
10.	Chuck Crayne, 1050 N. Ridgewood Pl., L.A., Calif. 90038	yes	no	Jul 29
11.	James Wright, #405, 1101 Campus Parkway, Seattle, Wash. 98105	yes	no	Aug 19
12.	Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif. 91722	no	P.yes	Sep 09
*** 13.	<u>George Scithers, OA, Box 0, Eatontown, N.Y. 07724</u>	yes	yes	Jan 01 ****

Associate Members

1.	Jack Harness, 19, Mill Way, East Grinstead, Sussex, England/	no	yes
2.	Milt Stevens, USS Coral Sea(CVA-43), FPO San Francisco, Cal. /96601	yes	

Active Waiting List

(1.)	Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarsborough, Ontario, Canada	no	no
(2.)	Margaret Gemignani, 67 Windemere Rd., Rochester, N.Y.	no	yes
3.	Dian Pelz, 1231-J 12th St., Santa Monica, Cal. 90404	no	yes
(4.)	Len Bailes, Box 474, 308 Westwood Plaza, L.A., Cal. 90024	no	yes
5.	Alva Rogers, 5967 Greenridge Rd., Castro Valley, Cal. 94546	yes	yes

Inactive Waiting List

1.	Alex Bratmon, 281 Norton St., Long Beach, Cal. 90805	no	no
2.	Dick Eney, 6500 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va., 22307	no	f/r
3.	Earl Evers, 250 W.16th St., Apt 5FE, N.Y., N.Y., 10011 /15213	yes	yes
4.	Tom Seidman, Math Dpt., Carnegie Mellon Univ, Pittsburgh, Pa.	yes	no
5.	Dave Van Arnam, 1730 Harrison Ave, Apt 353, Bronx, N.Y. 10453	no	no
6.	Dave Hulan, Box 1032, Canoga Park, Calif. 91304	no	no
7.	Bill Donaho, Box 1284, Berkeley, Cal. 94701	Pub	yes
8.	Dan Goodman, 250 W.16th St., Apt 5FE, N.Y., N.Y. 10011	no	no
9.	Arnie Katz, 42B Oxford Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 14226	yes	no
10.	Bob Love, Jr., 647 S. Hilward Ave, West Covina, Cal. 91790	no	no
11.	J.G. Newkom, 5308 Cartwright Ave., North Hollywood, Cal. 91601	no	no
12.	John Koning, 2008 Sherman, Apt 1, Evanston, Ill. 60201	yes	no
13.	Fred Phillips, 1278 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N.Y. 10456		yes

See Overleaf for Details, Official Business, and misc. nattering.

This is HONNEUR SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE #6, Fantasy Rotator #207, published on 11 Dec., 1967, by Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif., 91722, for the Cult (and for the Terrean Amateur Press Association, of which it is A.S. 36.11)

To be strictly accurate, this is HONNEUR SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE #6-A; Part B (with the remaining letters, plus any additions or corrections which I discover in the meantime, should follow in five or six days.

Why, here's one correction already -- Add, at the foot of the Waiting List:

14. Ken Goldsmith, 3874 Willowcrest Ave. North Hollywood, Calif. 91604.
(Pending OA confirmation)

Roster position numbers in parentheses indicate LIMBO: Pelz informed me, on the telephone Sunday afternoon, that he was even then in the middle of producing an f/r; Nelson may have fractionalized (though I doubt it); Gemignani has sort of Appealed and sort of requested a petition of re-instatement; Bailes has appealed to the O.A.

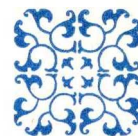
Gold, having (to the best of my knowledge) not fractionalized, is OUT.

NEXT PUBLISHER: George Scithers. 30 December 1967

MUST WRITE SCITHERS: Eklund, Patten, Geis, Crayne, Wright, Stevens. (who should have been listed as NOT writing to this FR.



LEE JACOBS



Lee Jacobs, Box 38232, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038; fone 213-467-5704

Dear Cult:

This will make my third consecutive FR without a miss; if this keeps up, I'll have to turn in my Minac Badge. Incidentally, I'm doing my own Gestenciling for this FR -- if I seem incoherent or unspell your name, blame me and not DON FITCH. There's no correction fluid here so FITCH's impeccable repro will reveal many typo's and crossed-out mistakes. Mea lousy typist. DONAHO published a fine FR, which should prompt an equally fine FR from FITCH (GORDON -- FITCH has assured me that his FR will not be written in Japanese; comments on your comments, perhaps, but not the entire FR...). It's all actually the Cult's fault...

OMNES: This is Warning Number Two. I'm publishing in approximately six weeks. My typing is worse than SCOTTY's Sense of Eviol, so if you really want to read your material in its original state, I suggest you pre-master. I'll be publishing via ditto, so use the color of ditto masters you wish; I'll try to use white bond. If you cannot type ditto, my next suggestion is that you send me 35 copies of your material (the IWL might expand, and so many Cultists sent me their FR's while I was on the IWL, 'tiz only right that I should send the IWL a copy of my FR. Only as a last resort should you send me a letter. I'll publish everything, of course, subject to the usual postal regulations, and it should be relatively legible, but not necessarily intelligible.

Also, in August '67 CHUCK CRAYNE and I changed positions (on the Cult roster). In January '68, after my FR, we are going to trade back. CHUCK maintains he'll be too exhausted after the F-uncon, but I think he'll be too busy planning the next one! I asked CHUCK about the F-uncon at a recent party.

ME: Are you going to have the usual type of formal program? You know -- Guest of Honor, Maskerade Ball, Art Show, ~~Art Show~~, Banquent, and so forth?

CHUCK: Of course. But I haven't picked a Guest of Honor yet. Do you have any suggestions?

ME: Sure! How about Phillip Jose Farmer. He's been a Big Name for fifteen years, has influenced the whole field by breaking unwritten tabbos and exposing The Literature to modern ideas, and all that jazz. He deserves to be honored.

CHUCK: But Lee, the Baycon is going to have Phillip Jose Farmer as their Guest of Honor.

ME: So what? Your convention will be held before theirs!

Fifth Fandom is not dead -- but it's aging...

I don't think CHUCK will follow my suggestion...

The major topics for discussion in DONAHO's FR seemed to be continuing topics -- drugs, convention politics, Cultish psychodramatics, etc. Nothing really fresh. However, many of DONAHO's comments remind me of the Sam Moskowitz introduction at a relatively recent Worldcon.

Some of you might remember. Sam Moskowitz was introducing the celebrities in attendance. "Larry Shaw and Norreen Falasca," he said. Much of the crowd broke up. They had been married for a few years. Sam was a little out of date.

So seems DONAHO...

At least in regards to LArea Fandom.

But let's get into specific comment on FR 206. Naturally, I begin with:

DONAHO: I must admit I'm prejudiced. I was born and raised in the LArea, joined LASFS in '43, and while having fanacked in several American geographical locations (including yours) firmly believe that Los Angeles is the only place to live. But one can be both prejudiced and objective. Throughout your FR you made many generalizations which did not seem to jell with the facts as I know them, tho admittedly I might not know the facts correctly. Please tell me where (not if, but where) I'm wrong. Also, could you be a little more specific in defining your terms?

For example, what constitutes an X-area Fan? My main point in the last FR was that the Pan-Pacificcon Committee consisted of people who were (with the exception of FRED PATTEN) inactive in LA fandom and therefore the '67 Fight was not between the Bay Area and Los Angeles, but between the Baycon Committee and the Pan-Pacificcon committee. In fact, as I noted in the last FR, the Baycon had active support from Los Angeles, while the Pan-Pacificcon had to Bay Area fans on the committee. You denied this by your comment "not in spirit". Therefore, I repeat my question: "What constitutes an X-area Fan?"

Is it location of original fanac? By that definition, the Trimbles are Los Angeles Fans, while you are basically a New York fan who is currently living in the Bay Area. How about me? I've fanacked in the LArea, New Jersey, Europe, Washington DC, the Bay Area, and Georgia. I think I would be classified as an LArea fan, tho I was admitted to the Southern Fandom Press Alliance as a bonf-fide Southern Fan (I published APAzines in Georgia at various times from 1951), and I was active in the Washington (DC) Club in '52.

I think we have a basic point of disagreement. My definition of "X-Area Fan" is the physical location of the fan (permanent, not visiting or in transit) at the time of definition. Not two years

or more (or less) earlier. Granted, the Trimble's first achieved BNF status in the Los Angeles area, but they've been active in Bay Area fandom for...how long now? A year?

Of course Bay Area fandom is, I expect, as fully fragmentated as Los Angeles fandom, or New York fandom. Different fans move in different circles...

I expect that late '67 LArea fandom has more parties than the purveyors of the LAFG would suspect; images are a long time achangin'. Even after 20 years, the Insurgent mythos of LASFS homosexuals is still alive. "But that was the old LASFS," is a phrase which is still heard -- usually in jest.

Probably the LAFG image is due, to a large part, of the sheer number of active fans in the LArea, undoubtedly more than any other city in the USA. Check the APA rosters, for example. But I must agree with you, the LAFG does exist. I too have heard questions like, "What happened to Fan Y? Ever since he's been in LA, he's..."

About the capitalization bit -- it comes up from time to time. I think most fans are in the APA's because they like to see their name(s) in print, consequently I generally capitalize the names of apa members, so they can spot their name(s) more easily. I intend to capitalize only the names of APA members, but sometimes my poor typing fouls me up. Therefore, you goofed in response to my goof. Your question should have been: "Wowcum Lewis rated all caps", not "Howcum the Trimble's didn't rate..."

Of course, many members of current Bay Area fandom are former members of LArea fandom -- Redd Boggs, Bill Blackbeard, the Trimble's, Bob Lichtman, etc. In physical location, anyway.

THE DRUGGISTS I'm curious. I'm not putting you down -- you have your thing and I have my thing and who is to say who swings wildly -- but I was talking with a psychologist recently. This character was violently against the use of psychedelics. When I innocently mentioned that I had friends who said they shouldn't be classified as dangerous narcotics, because they weren't addictive, she interrupted me. It's true they were not physically addictive, she went on, but except for the one-time experimenter, they seem to be psychologically addictive. Was she right? Can one take it or leave it alone? I'm sorry if I seem so naive, but I'd really like to know. Like don't make any decisions until one gets data from all sources...

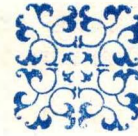
GORDON I don't know if you've started working yet -- it does take time to adjust to civilian life -- but if you haven't, have you ever thought of becoming a go-go boy? Good loot, and you'll have lots of time for fanac!

SCOTTY Your attitude is understandable, although a little baffling. Most people like their work so much that they carry it over into their non-work hours -- in some areas. Engineers who build things, writers who join APA's, musicians who go to jam sessions, etc. I guess you really don't like philosophy...

Worry Warly on Wotensday



LEN BAILES



I suppose it was (or is) inevitable that my last minute tactics would get me bounced from the Cult, but I do have one small creeb. As far as I know, it was impossible for Bill Donaho to have received my special delivery letter on a Sunday. Since Bill has worked in a post office himself, he should know that there is no one on duty Sunday, and mail cannot be placed in the box. Only pickups and deliveries to the post office are made. What's more, I've asked several people working in the L.A. post office and have been informed that Friday's mail is always flown to San Francisco in time to reach there Saturday afternoon at the latest. The letter was sent on Friday in the morning, and several people saw me writing it Thursday evening. Bruce Pelz saw me mail it on Friday.

I suggest that Donaho checked his box on Saturday morning and then figured nothing else would come in. He may have returned on Sunday, but the letter had to be placed in his box sometime Saturday. I'm well aware of how the Cult works. This is one of those borderline cases where I have no real claim for reinstatement. But the Cult has been very lively these past few FRs and I hate to miss issues while I climb up the waiting list again; if the OA will reinstate me, I'll show good intentions by writing to every FR for a specified period. If not, then I hereby request to be added to the bottom of the IWL again.

Donaho: Your comments anent my dislike of drugs are perceptive but incorrect. This is understandable because, as you've said, you know me very slightly. If you said that I exhibited fear of strangers I'd be inclined to go along with you. I'm a completely different person around people I like and trust, and not at all controlled or careful. ((Witness: DF)) I enjoy sleeping a hell of a lot, as a matter of fact. To me it's the equivalent of what grass is to other people. There's a period right before you really conk out where everything seems incredibly surrealistic. I've solved all the secrets of the universe any number of times, but then I always wake up. Once I trisected an angle, and once I journeyed into a science fiction type sequence of dreams which was so vivid I started writing a novel about them.

I'm reminded (in my trivia-oriented way) of a story in Capt. Marvel Adventures. Sivanna dreams up a Marvel disintegrator, but can't remember the formula. The plot concerns his attempts to get back to sleep so that he can finish the disintegrator and Capt. Marvel's chasing him all the way to the dark side of the moon. Jinally Sivanna lets himself be captured, Captain Marvel slugs him and he goes out cold. He finishes the formula, which turns out to be that for lye soap. Captain Marvel consoles him by remarking that he'll be able to use it to clean his cell.

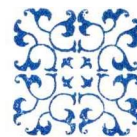
None of which is very significant.

I'd comment at greater length, but Ken Goldsmith misplaced my copy of the last FR.

Len Bailes



GEORGE SCITHERS



All: The New York Times Magazine, couple weeks ago, also shot down the Hippie scene; obviously Evers and the NYT were talking about the same deteriorating conditions, allowing for differences in maturity, viewpoint, et cetera.

Newcomers: Eklund's line, "I can't imagine..." is a take-off on W. Breen's habit of appearing to deny when in fact he didn't; the bit has become something of a Cult Tradition. ((I'm sure I can't imagine what you're accusing us of denying, George. DF)) The original point was that saying "I'm sure I can't imagine what /specified wickedness/ I am supposed to be guilty of" sounds like a denial, but really isn't. At this point, I rather doubt that Breen ever put it that way, but we blame him for the phrase anyhow.

Wright: One possibly lost letter: that of Love, who wrote me, noting that the original (I got a carbon) was going to the next publisher. While it is common for one publishing for another to take over all editorial & publishing responsibilities, it sometimes happens that the publisher merely prints and distributes, while the nominal FRed cuts the stencils. Hence the request for you to clarify. However, the bobble isn't important enough to warrant attentinn -- except, of course, if Gold claims he wrote to you at one of your previous addresses in sufficient time. Or Schumacher, ditto.

Geis: I rather agree with your reaction to Wright saying "Haw haw; I've been kidding", except that I'm too responsive to completely ignore him in the future. ## Yeah, I saw the SIX SECONDS book condensation in the Post, immediately spotted where the author had, by quoting out of context, completely misrepresented the opinion of Dr. Helpern, Chief Medical Examiner of the City of New York. I recommend you look into Helpern's book WHERE DEATH DELIGHTS -- if you can open your eyes to reality for part of your stupid life. ### Yeah, I am dicked off at your characterization of anyone who doesn't agree with your "gigantic conspiracy" view of reality as living "stupid lives" -- your phrase, Dick; your phrase.

Jacobs/Donaho: Then I used to think LASFS Deserved Bjo too, until I lived in the area about nine months. ((OK, so what's Wrong with the LASFS, that it doesn't deserve her? DF)) The area is enormous in geographical extent and diverse in fannish personalities -- as sensible to lump all the LA fans as to blame ESFA for the antics of FISTFA. ((sic.; did you intend them in that order? DF)) I agree, though, that the incestual fanac of APA L has not been A Good Thing for LA fans.

re: Goodman: Obviously, if the address supplied by an iwler appears to be incorrect, then he can be dropped 'soon's you assure yourselves that it's his fault, not the Post Awful's that the mail won't go to that address.

Seidman: Does the Cult qualify as a semi-Group? And does that make the OA an Operator?

Rogers: My objections to a pre-bid "Progress Report" are that it tends to freeze the program prematurely -- I'd like to go to a con whose program is relevant to the time of the convention, not 18 months earlier -- and that this premature programming leads to overprogramming to accomodate developments whic occur later on. As I've pointed out several times before, a successful con program can be put together on a rainy afternoon about three months before the con itself.

Evers: Some cultures ascribed enormous reality to dreams -- the Amerinds, for example. In answer to your question on d.O ac -- publication of a letter via a decimal oscillator (loosely defined as a publication by an iwler which gets f/r distribution) counts for follow-on correspondence requirements imposed by the OA -- but not for the initial correspondence requirement. The wording of that one is tricky -- in the absence of a wavier, the iwler must have the application letter published in an FR or f/r; he thus must get the cooperation of a Member, AWLer, or Associate. Writing and submitting the letter is not enough.

Donaho: More and more I am getting tired of hearing from people Who Were Not There all about how they did this and that. You ought to credit J Ben Stark more -- lots more -- than you have to date. And -- just how much of this vaunted and valued critical feedback will you continue to get if you keep stomping on anybody who sounds critical? ### You really aren't that much of an expert on the way past cons have done things -- your claim to infallibility & wisdom lies with (1) winning the current bid, a very big achievement, (2) putting on a convention, which lots of other people have done too, and (3) lots of noise about your "image", which isn't all that accurate. ### Both DisCon and TriCon printed up "Progress Reports" which were distributed at or previous to the bid presentation, and Syracuse, if memory serves me correct, did almost the same thing with a campaign folder that was designed to look like a PR. ### The Convention Committee is never able to judge if their convention was an outstandingly good one -- it's something that even their best friends won't honestly tell them. Virtually all con committees hold to the idea that their con came out with just the image they intended all along; virtually all think theirs was the most successful ever. I can name the mistakes made by the con committees of every con I ever went to but two: the first con I ever attended, and the one I was chairman of. Face it, Bill (and Alva too): Pacificon II wasn't perfect, and there is room to make BayCon better!

The legitimate gripe on the separate/combined Westercon/Worldcon is that people thought that they were getting one and got the other. Rules won't help here -- full disclosure of intentions will -- if you intended to run hard for the Worldcon and to combine them if you won, and if you had said so, at Westercon XX, the matter would have been disclosed and the voters would have known what they were getting into. Okay, so conditions changed -- mark it up as a lesson for the next group with the same situation. ## I feel that a con committee -- regional or World -- has more right to give away a convention than to put on a bad one.

All: There are several very practical reasons for a con committee to avoid taking sides in a con bid fight: for one, somebody has to impartially run the voting. For a second, why run the risk, in mid-con, of staking a concommittee's reputation, so to speak, on an endorsement of a bidder that might get rejected. For a third, the following con committee shouldn't be in a position of trying to deal with a committee that supported the "other side".

More All: Though I am in a relatively poor position to judge (for reasons explained above), I think the Westercon XX costume ball was the best handled yet. The reasons for that success -- and earlier and later failures -- deserve some discussion. (The singer before the Westercon XX ball, I omit from the discussion. We goofed.) The standard mistake in putting on costume balls is to have the contestants parade across the short dimension of the room, as in Pacificon II and LonCon2. The parade must be along the longest dimension possible, in a relatively uncrowded room. A U shaped path is best -- as at Westercon XX, TriCon, and NyCon3-- first leg on a ramp, with announcement, judges, etc., following two legs on the floor, around the sides of the room, with (if possible) a chunk of the path reserved for photographers.

The second standard mistake is letting the costumed contestants get in line -- this blocks the view of the contestants and the audience. Better have runners go

and get costumed ones as needed. This can best be done if you are employing Lewis' Innovation: Which is, tell everybody in the middle of the room to "sit down, please" at the beginning of the parade. This immobilizes the costumes so the runners can get at them and vastly improves visibility of the spectators. Of course, one virtually must use the Halevy/Scithers innovation: make the costumed people wear or carry slips of paper for the judges to use and the M.C. to announce from.

Obviously, it is necessary to have lots of people at the costume ball putter-oner's disposal -- do not make Halevy's Mistake of Trying To Do It All Yourself. Specifically, the costume ball needs someone to announce, a couple of people at each and every stair along the parade ramp, several people to collect costumes, a set of judges, and someone to Take Charge. The Popular Vote is a Good Idea (Briney's Inspiration): in practice, it keeps the audience occupied whilst the judges are making their decisions, it takes care of the otherwise possible bad feeling if the judges don't pick the crowd's favorite, and it isn't all that hard to run. It's necessary, of course, to announce that the popular vote can be awarded to either somebody the judges have already selected, or not, and to have lots and lots of paper & pencils.

The biggest drawback at all costume balls seems to be that the announcer cannot be heard by all the crowd, and inevitably, some costumes depend on the title for their effect. I don't know what's to be done about that. The larger the crowd, the worse that particular problem gets. This was one of the three reasons that the NYCon3 ball was less good than the Westercon XX one. Westercon had about 300; the NYCon had 1,300 or so, and even though the room was big, the sheer size of the audience was a drawback. BayCon shouldn't have that problem. The second drawback of the NYCon3 was that the costumes were too many, and too many of them were sight gags or barely costumes at all -- we had about 98 individuals or groups in that line, and that is Too Many. WesterCon XX had about as many top notch costumes, but lots less weak costumes. Presumably, we should have rejected insignificant costumes, but I didn't realize the extent of the problem, and I still don't know how to go about telling somebody his costume isn't good enough to go on. Suggestions?

Third point -- Westercon XX's advantage -- NYCon3 couldn't duplicate because of union rules -- was that Zuber arranged for a tape recorder and a good selection of music. As a result, a number of the costumes got appropriate mood music played. I tried the same bit at DisCon 1, with a live orchestra, but there, it turned out to be not really worth the expense. For the record, too: Zuber, not I, was in charge at the WesterCon XX Costume Ball -- I just helped, Lewis announced. Also, Fred Hollander is as fully aware as I am now on the way to run a costume ball; he's helped me through three (along with a number of other guys who seem to show up every year, and are invaluable help).

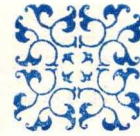
Donaho: Don't sweat that lost pc; it just told you to disregard part of the pc you did print, since I added a couple of amendments to be voted on alongside Heap's, instead of sending Heap's back for rework.

Heap: You are Right, and the Metcalf reinstatement petition therefore has two signatures -- yours and mine. Anybody else? ((Yes, mine. DF))

George Scithers



FRED PHILLIPS



Dear Mr. Scithers:

Please permit me to re-introduce myself, as I have had the honor of your acquaintance at NyCon III and the misfortune to have submitted six sonnets on a science-fiction theme to AMRA last year (which you returned as unfit for a fantasy fanzine). I am at present president of the National Horror & Fantasy Fan Association, originally a Lovecraftian group, but now an open science-fiction/fantasy club which is a springboard between reader-collectors and New York City Fandom. My record in Fandom dates from August, 1965, as follows:

Chairman, Publications and Publicity Committee, CCNY S-F Society; Member-in-Good-Standing, NY S-F Society (Lunarians); MGS, FISTFA; Founder, NHHFA; Founder, Albany College of Pharmacy S-F Society; Founder, Camp Freedman S-F Society; Publisher, "Ser" & "Con" (1-sheets), MYRMIDON (fanzine), CANTUS MAGUS (House Organ of the NHHFA etc.; Editor, Cunctator Press; MGS, Cycadus (Yonkers S-F Society); Speaker, Open ESFA Con, 1965; Member, Philcon, 1966; Member, NyCon, 1967 (NyCon Committee as Ass't Sergeant-at-Arms); Novice, Sons of the Egg (Franklin V. Spellman, CCNY); Contributor to ZEUS (Jim Sanders), ALGOL (Andy Porter), NO-EYED MONSTER (Norman J. Masters), DREADFUL FANCTUARY (Gregg Wolford), LUCIFER (Jurgen Wolff), FOCAL POINT (John Boardman), APA L (Fred Patten), NIEKAS (Ed Meskys); Founder, M.I.S.H.A.P.S. (Middle-earth In-group Subterranean Hyrkanian Amateur Press Society, apa of the NHHFA).

In short, sir, I am a somewhat avid science-fiction fan, having been continually reassured of my right to claim such identification by prominent local fans such as Dave Van Arnam & his wife Cindy, Mike McInemney, Frank Spellman (presently Sergeant-at Arms of the NHHFA), Bill Gaines (publisher of the now-deceased "Wierd Science" & "Wierd Fantasy" comics of EC fame), Harvey Kurtzman, Al Schuster (resident printer of the late CCNY SFS), Frank Dietz, Charlie and Marcia Brown, etc., etc.

New York Fandom thought I'd gaffiated when I took on a night job at the Bronx Grand Concourse Bookmasters which conflicted with City Sci-Fi's schedule as well as that of FISTFA and the Lunarians. I have been at some pains to rectify this tragic misapprehension by founding a science-fiction society replete with its own fanzine and apa and by inviting Lester del Rey as a guest speaker. The only way I, as an advocate of the sercon, can orient the young neofans in my own group to the history of science-fiction and fantasy fandom in the U.S. is to expose them to the leading exponent of fandom who can provide them with the historical perspective necessary to demonstrate that theirs is not an isolated and spontaneous participation and that they have a place in fandom if they are willing to earn it. The way I put it to them was, "Think in terms of the contributions you, as an individual, are making to your own club; think of what your club means to the Fannish Community of your city; think of your community's place among similar communities in National Fandom; think of what Fandom means to American Science-Fiction; think of American S-F's relationship to American Literature; think of how American letters influences America's world image abroad, and you will begin to see the reason you are a science - fiction fan; not merely for the diversion and relaxation which S-F and Fantasy provide, but for the purpose of adding your presence to the forces now in motion which are striving to preserve the Western Intellectual Tradition..." I suppose that sums up my creed as a Fan. If there is any aspect of Fandom which I have overlooked, I would be grateful for your guidance.

In an effort to become more active in Fandom proper, I considered that my inclinations as a builder (as opposed to a destroyer) might serve Fandom in its small way by applying to one of the more reputable Amateur press Associations. ... If the Cult has room for another independent voice...I should be flattered to take my place among you. ...

In Fandom, Veritas,

Fred. Phillips



BILL DONAHO



A BERKELEY CONVERSATION AMONG L.A. EXPATRIOTS

"17 heads in the LASFS??? Well, there may be 17 people who have tried one puff or so on a joint, but 17 heads I do not believe."

"Yes. I shall always identify the LASFS with A & W Root Beer."

"But you're wrong about the LAFG. It's not just a matter of image: they're really like that. Even Fitch. Hell, when we first moved to L.A. he liked us a lot because we were creative and energetic and wouldn't put up with a lot of that L.A. crap... And then we found out that amongst the L.A. crap we wouldn't put up with was most of the things he liked about the ~~XXXXX~~ LASFS...."

"I shall always think of the LASFS as healthy and green."

FRED (PATTEN): One thing I forgot to point out: at one point you were trying to have things two ways at once. You were getting as much mileage out of the awful NYCON Statler Hilton (which certainly was a factor in your loss) but practically in the same breathe trying to blame your loss on the "walk-in trade." The walk-in trade wouldn't have had too much contact with the hotel.

GORDON: Since you sneakily stenciled your own letter I do have some comments for you. *

I saw "The Seventh Seal" while on peyote--the second time I saw it. That was a tremendous experience. Very, very appropriate too. But in general I find I'm very intolerant and demanding while up. If the work of art isn't extremely good I just can't be bothered. I recall once listening to Bach's Magnificat and realizing suddenly that the singers--and magnificent voices too--were bored to tears. That rather spoiled things. Not too different from you bit about realizing the play was actors trying to act and not real people.

Actually you weren't Very Silly and that party when you were drunk and dancing with Sid. You weren't all that drunk either. Of course it might be said to be Very Silly to try to dance the Swim with Sid who doesn't dig all this "loud krappy pop music" and who doesn't ~~xxx~~ know the steps, etc. But then I'm not sure it was your fault that Sid fell into the middle of the high fi.

I have the same reaction: when people like Milt start attacking the Hippies I tend to come rushing to their defense. Yet, objectively speaking, I probably have much more in common with Milt than with the Hippies. Maybe.

Speaking of homosexuals flocking to hetrosexuality after taking acid. Phil Mellman once took acid every day for a month. He was almost a semi-alcoholic and this caused him to give up drinking. "Nobody told me it'd cause me to lose my taste for likker he complained bitterly." Taking acid do have some hazards.

Phil is actually a very swinging type. He is an old anarchist and wobbly organizer who has spent several years in jail as a "criminal syndicalist." But he's 75 years old now and gave up politics some time ago. In fact three or four years ago Phil single-handedly sabotaged a wobbly political conference. He brought along a pound of pot. Somehow or other no political discussion took place. For Phil may have given up politics, but he sure hasn't given up drugs. Or Sex. He's still regularly making it with 20-yr old chicks. And he had his first homosexual experience when he was 72.... Phil is an example to us all....

I would say that the major trouble with Dope Fiends, cats that abuse drugs, is not that they "are using dope to jerk themselves out of their wretched lives for a few hours" but that the cats don't have any life at all apart from dope. This of course is just a difference in emphasis, but I think it's an important one.

Researchers and psychologists are now admitting what we on the fringes have known for some time: addiction is more of a psychological problem than a physical one. Of course, physical addiction to many drugs does exist and withdrawal symptoms are Unpleasant, but they are not as lurid as depicted in popular mythogoly.

For the normal person tobacco addiction is harder to lick than heroin addiction. The withdrawal symptoms for heroin are much stronger of course, but as is the case with the withdrawal symptoms for tobacco, they are soon over. But tobacco fills a non-physical need for smokers: the ritual of lighting and smoking a cigarette has become quite important. On the other hand heroin is a High, and though Quite Enjoyable (from all available evidence anyhow--I've never taken H myself, nor do I intend to) it is not something that can be done casually or as part of something else. It only becomes dangerous to those who don't have much of a life, so they are drawn to the drug again and again as the only meaningful part of their existence. Naturally this is a vicious circle as the Dope Fiend's life becomes more and more wretched as he continues to devote his life to the drug. But in the beginning his life wasn't so much wretched as empty.

In spite of much mythology to the contrary most Dope Fiends have little or no education, skills or experience. For the most part they come from broken homes, urban ghettos, that sort of jazz. And they begin quite early.

And it's not that these are the only people lead to try dope: a hell of a lot of people play around dope--even Heroin. They may even become physically addicted, but those people who have some kind of life of their own don't stay that way. They quit. It's not that hard.

On the other hand I'm not all that sure that Hippie s have that satisfactory a life--in spite of their largely middle-class background. Hard drugs may be very dangerous indeed for Hippie types. Or even for kids going through the storms and perils of adolescence.

GEORGE (HEAP): I don't think that objecting to bring "European (and other non-North American) bidders in under the Rotation Plan" ~~xxx~~ reflects a provincial attitude. You see, I object to it myself. My reasons are simply that I want to attend as many worldcons as possible and don't expect to be able to attend very many. (And I also think that holding a three-day non-con on Labor Day Weekend when the worldcon is off the N.A. continent is, if not stabbing the whole idea in the back, at least rending it nil. There seems to be no reason at all for holding the worldcon elsewhere unless a lot of Americans attend and the Non-Con would obviously draw many fans who might otherwise have gone to Europe.)

But I'll admit I see little reason for the 4-year plan either. American fandom has a great many ties with British fandom and will give the con to them as often as they want to put it on. But, while a couple of individual fans from other countries have been active in U.S. fandom, American fandom has no ties with any other world fandom. It would be nice if we did. But we don't. And I doubt if we will: the language barrier is too strong. More Foreigners speak English than Americans speak foreign languages, 'tis true. But if provincialism it's still a mutual provincialism and much more of a practical barrier than a matter of attitude.

I don't think having the worldcon in Germany in '70 would build up ties between German and American fandom either. And even if it did I don't see that that's the best way to go about it. I shan't waste any energies fighting it of course. I don't really care very much one way or the other. Besides I think it'll be voted down anyhow. As it would have been at New York if a lot of people had known it was coming up.....

OMNES: Scithers kindly sent me (and Alva too) a carbon of his letter to Fitch, so I may as well comment on it. After all, since the FR editors set the pace, people do comment on the "current mailing" in the Cult....

GEORGE SCITHERS: Actually I'm sort of pleased with the picture of people rushing to the aid of a beleaguered L.A. But I am fair bemused by the thought that L.A. needs defenders and C*R*O*G*L*E*D atk the idea of you're defending L.A. Of all the unlikely people!

But in Charging Off to the wars, George, you've got a couple of things Wrong. In the first place, as you well know, the way to drop any discussion is to ignore it, not to keep jumping up and down about it. And especially not to drag in new ideas and comments into the discussion as you do in your letter.

For that matter the Cult discussion has not centered around "people Who Were Not There (telling) all about how they did this and that." It's been all about what L.A. did wrong with said discussion gradually broadening out to How Aweful L.A. is. (And this is a discussion in which I'm much more interested and quite prepared to talk about at considerable length.)

And even your irrelevant point "People Who Were Not There" is a rhetorical one without any substance. As a military man you should know that people getting back many different reports from a crisis point ~~xxxxx~~ can frequently know much better what's going on than anyone actually there.

Your point about not giving Ben Stark sufficient credit is just so much nonsense. He is equally entitled to all the credit of the planning, etc. as Alva and I, and the committee as a whole was given this credit. As for Ben's sterling efforts at the NYCON itself, I pointed out in HOW WE WON that one of the major reasons we won was the superior performance of Ben (and Ed & Jo Ann Wood too) at the NYCON. I didn't go into the details of what Ben did, but neither did I go into the details of what was in our PR, or what Ben and our seconders said in their speeches. You are making a point without substance because you are ted off.

pissed

And it's obvious that you are ~~ted~~ off and not bored or "tired of hearing" about it. This do seem strange: I can't imagine any reason why you (and very little why anyone not from L.A.) should be pissed off about it. Bht there it is.

We're getting lots of feedback via letters about the BAYCON itself, which we are considering and answering. Some of it is eminently sensible and we are changing our plans accordingly: the Program is not all that frozen. We have yet to stomp on anybody except L.A. (unless you consider this stomping; I don't) and that only about the bidding matter, not about the con itself. We've heeded several L.A. suggestions about it. As for the stomping of L.A. re the bidding fuss, we learned Long Ago (long before the Breen scene even) that when L.A. starts reising a fuss, you'd better get in there with your hob-nailed boots, otherwise the fight's All Over ~~xxxxxx~~ because your opponet is incapable of reason or compromise or whathave you. (O.K., O.K., she's moved to Berkeley.) But hell, even when fighting the LAFG with tooth and nail, we still get along fine with individual fans in L.A.

I fail to see the relevance of your point about the TRICON or Syracuse or DISCON PR's.

I likewise fail to see the relevance of your point about the Convention Committee never being able to judge the success of their own con and about all Convention Committees having made mistakes. I agree with both parts of it as it happens; I just don't see what you are trying to relate it to. I also agree that Even Your Best Friends Won't Honestly

Tell You--in fact I pointed out that one place the Pan Pacificon Committee Went Wrong was only listening to their best friends. After all, you can ask people who aren't that close to you and not ask "Am I doing right?" or "Did it go well?" or "What do you think of what I'm doing?" but rather "Am I overlooking anything?" or "Do you have any suggestions at all?" etc. Hell, even your best friends will unloosen a little with questions where they can criticize but still be tactful...

And of course, after a con you can judge by con reports, what fans say to each other (not to you) and even by the degree of enthusiasm shown by your "best friends", though not their specific words of course...

But as I said, I don't see what point you are trying to make by saying all this. If it's that we aren't a perfect committee and have made--and will make--mistakes, no one ever claimed otherwise. But each time we put on a con we get better at it--and we started off Damn Good... But 1972.....

As I pointed out to you the first time you made the point in '64, an adequate con program can be put together on "a rainy afternoon" three months before the con or even two weeks before the con as was done at the NYCON. However, a Godd Program takes more thought and work. I think our first draft of the program for the BAYCON was better than that at most cons. And the considerably worked-over version which appeared in the PR was even better yet. And it has been improved since then. Printint it like that has brought in suggestions, some of them good, for improving it.

I agree with you about the dangers of overprogramming; overprogramming is probably worse than underprogramming (though it's difficult to choose.) However, we are cutting out the duller parts of ours, not going in for adding things except more Fun Things during the evenings.

I also agree with you about the Westercon XX Masquerade. That was the best masquerade I've seen since the '55 Clevention one. And Westercon XX had much better costumes.

I don't think your point is valid about the Legitimate Gripe on the separate/combined Westercon bit. When the same group is bidding for both Westerconx and Worldcon everyone expects it to combine them if it wins both. It's always been done. No one expects the same group to put on two cons in the same year. And Alva made it plain enough at Westercon XX that this would happen again if we got both.

FRED (LEFNER): After thinking it over some more I'm now for the idea of selling prior memberships and only letting the Advance Members vote for the next con. Not only will it get the next Con Committee more money in advance, it'll get them more money period, as memberships will be sold this way that wouldn't otherwise be sold.

I still think that the ~~xxxxxx~~ "host" Con Committee shouldn't sell them though. It's far too big a burden to add to them. However, the bidding groups can sell them, combining it with their campaigning. It should work out well.

However, I would recommend that distinctive receipts be given out rather than membership cards; the winning committee can product it's own cards later. Everyone would prefer a distinctive card rather than a general one I think.

But you know this isn't going to solve the main problem I gather it was supposed to. Neofans in the first flush of their enthusiasm are more likely to buy Advance Memberships in the next con than blase old fans--even if the neos have little or no hope of getting there.

I've already thought out several ideas for the '71 campaign--with or without Advance Memberships--depending. It should be fun....



CHUCK HANSEN



I had intended this letter to make it in time for Bill Donaho's FR, but the pressing need to get a fapazine into the mail to make it by deadline took precedence and my cultac was derailed. Ironic; too; the fapazine didn't reach Bob Pavlat in time to make the bundle, although a stencil mailed at the same time made it. Both went 1st class, the stencil arrived in time but the bundle was late. Hoo ha, sometimes you just can't win for losing. No Fapac, no Cultac, nuttin...nutz.

Bill Donaho: Yeah, Bill, you're right. I am sort of in the wrong company here -- but tho there is grave danger of picking up bad habits or becoming contaminated in some way, the company is so intriguing that I may risk hanging around for a while. Stand by to throw me a line or do a rescue if I begin to sink.

George Scithern: Hey boy, what do you mean the waiting list is too long? Don't misunderstand me, as a mere humble IWLER In'm not trying to tell you how to run the Cult but it seems to me that a good waiting list is a healthy thing and the Cult's is not long, surely? I don't mind having to write, was planning to anyhow. When are you going to be in the Denver area again?

Milton Stevens: Involvement, in war or anything else, is usually "uneventful" only to those who are uninvolved onlookers or commentators. When one is personally involved it is much less likely to seem uneventful. Sounds like you had a fairly eventful and exciting evening.

Scotty Tapscott: Congratuatiations. You'd be a bit weird if you didn't feel pleased and uncultish about it. You have a very formidable reputation as a real mean, ornery feller in the cult, judging from what I have read. Rather aweinspiring.

Fred Patten: Thoroughly enjoyed the comments to Donaho on the unsuccessful LA con bid and his bracketed replies. For whatever my opinion may be worth you hard working con bidders from LA put on a much pocrer campaign show than Berkeley. I guess that is no news to you. Just a quick example which comes to mind, Roddenberry made a lousy speech for you. He said little about L.A.'s bid but wandered aimlessly a lot about Star Trek and mostly about himself. As creator of Star Trek he is respected by lots of fans but the man is a very poor speaker. a good crisp bidding speech means a lot. I think your hotel hurt you too. For all I know the LA Hilton may be a con-goer's dream, but we were going through a rather bad time at the NY Hilton. Berkeley had a fine luxury hotel small enough to be practically taken over by the con, and, lets face it the Bay area is rather attractive compared to smoggy LA. But mainly your presentation at the business meeting was poor, much poorer than that of Berkeley.

Earl Evers: I'm not trying to be offensive Earl, even tho that seems to be natural and understood in Cultish circles. I was intrigued with your comments to Bill Donaho about Milt Stevens. I don't know any of you well enough -- with the exception of the half dozen or so I've come to know at cons -- to know who is or who isn't "fuddy duddy" or to evaluate your use of that term. What ticked my funnybone was the line: "I don't doubt he'll be turning on sooner or later."

Must everyone "turn on" or be a fuddy duddy? I'm sure I' am not alone in having no intention whatever, now or ever, of "turning on" or risking the balance and clarity of what it pleases me to call my mind with any sort of drug, mind expanding, addictive, or other just for kicks. Are all of the sane normal people who value a clear head and refuse to use drugs square or fuddy duddy? Not that I mind being so labled. I've been called worse things. My tastes in art and music and other things has been characterized often as square or even "cubical" so fuddy-duddy sould be quite comfortable. ((I think one of the prime characteristics of the fuddy-duddy is that he likes to feel comfortable, so avoids anything new, original, unusual, or the least bit dangerous. Maybe you'd better move over (I've been exhibiting symptoms, lately). ...DF))

Gordon Eklund: Puhleeze don't refer to Fred Lerner as old, or growing old. Have just a modicum of respect for the growing silver in my hair and don't refer to Fred as old -- he's still just a cub, a rather likable cub, but a cub nevertheless.

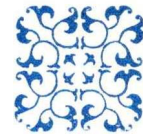
Lee Jacobs: Thanks a lot Lee, not only for the valuable and helpful information on the Cult, which I much appreciate, but even more so for the warmth and spontaneity. I think that I will, in time, come to feel quite comfortably at home here if I don't get bounced too soon. Even FAPA seemed a bit strange and awkward for a little while, and the Cult is a very far cry from Fapa ... even if some of the faces are familiar.

Omnes: I had several more things to say to several of you but this letter has sort of dragged its way though three evenings, it is now Wednesday the 6th and time to mail or I will miss this FR too. Before signing off I wish to thank all or at least most of you for sending me the FRs and f/rs. I know I haven't received all the fractionals but I did get a lot of them and all the FRs. Thanks.

Chuck Hansen



ALVA ROGERS



Dear CULT:

So. Another good hefty FR in the form of Donaho's Lamentations #3 -- or #4, as the case may be. And with a lot of good meaty discussion of conventions, past and future. I like that. But before getting off onto Topic #1, a few random comments.

EVERS: You're, right, of course, alcohol is abused every bit as much as, if not more than, drugs. And a wino is just as pathetic as a hopeless addict. And both pose monumental problems to society. But in spite of the risk (remote, I would say) of my ending up on skid road slopping up cheap muscatel or canned heat, I'll stick to alcohol. Besides, I don't drink all that much, and I've been drinking enough years to know how to handle the stuff.

SCOTTY: Congratulations to both you and Fran, man.

EKLUND: A couple of Sundays ago I spent the better part of the day on you former turf, Travis AFB. Very interesting. I drove son David up there to catch a MAC (is that right?) flight to Honolulu, where he's stationed at Barbers Point NAS. We got there at 900 hours and checked in at a likely looking counter in the main terminal to see about hooking a ride to Hickam Field on the 1300 plane. An airman type there told David he'd have to go to the Enlisted Men's Manifest (?) bldg. across the parking lot to see about getting a seat on that, or possibly a later plane. So we hiked over there, leaving David's bags sitting out in front of the terminal, went into the Manifest building, and bellied up to the ~~V/A/~~ counter. A female airman type scribbled a bunch of stuff on a card, told David she wouldn't know until 1100 hours whether or not he could get a seat, and sent him down the counter to a male type airman. This guy took the card the gal had filled out, filled out another card, and then sent David further down the counter to another male type airman who reluctantly put down his comic book, got up from his desk, sauntered over to the counter with a bored look on his fresh young face, asked David for his shot card, studied for a long minute, and then with an ~~xxxxx~~ inflection to his voice that strongly implied that all sailors should be kept in after school told him that his cholera shot was outdated and he'd have to go to the immunization trailer for a new one before he could even think about getting on t he plane. Back we went across the parking lot to the immunization trailer which I'd spotted earlier next to the terminal. When we got there we found a note neatly attached next to the door stating that the immunization trailer would be open for business at 1100 hours. Kee-rist! that was the time he was supposed to have all the preliminary crap finished and be standing by for a seat on the plane. So back David went (this time by himself) to find how this would affect his chances of catching the flight. A few minutes later he came back and said the bored smart-ass airman had goofed. What the bored type had overlooked was that Honolulu was in the good old United States of America, and who the hell ever heard of having to get a cholera shot to go from one state to another? Well, anyhow, after all that he did get on the plane along with a whole slew of other sailers, airmen, soldiers, and marines, most of whom were bound for Guam. Quite an operation there at Travis.

GIES (woops!) GEIS: The trouble with the type of game LBE Jimmy Wright keeps playing in the CULT is that one can never be sure when he is playing "Haw-haw, I've been kidding!" and when he isn't. And, of course, he's playing the game by his own rules so that when he's challenged on something (like the communist bit a while back) he always has an out by claiming it was just a big put-on and we're a bunch of jerks for taking him at face value.

Telly me, Dick, why can't you apply Occam's Razor to the assassination? It seems that with each new "revelation" concerning the assassination it gets increasingly more complicated with more and more conspirators involved. Now it's four shots from three different directions. Or is it three shots from four directions? For my money it's all a lot of horse shit.

JACOBS: Oh my yes. We are Soul Brothers. I too turn on with science fiction and fantasy. And as you say there are distinctly different highs obtained from Analog, If, etc. But the real pervery highs are achieved with back issues, as you suggest, the older the better the high. When I really want to go out of my skull I have but to eye-track, fondle, and inhale the delicious aroma of pulp paper of old magazines. One evening I might turn on with my Clayton and early Street & Smith Astoundings; another night it might be Unknown or Weird Tales; and for some reason I get a particularly soul-wrenching high from the early Munsey Famous Fantastic Mysteries and Fantastic novels -- perhaps it's because these twenty-five year old mags have stories in them that back as much as fifty years before then. Sort of an added jolt. You're to be commended, Lee, for reminding us of these almost indescribable highs. Pity the poor hopheads who've never experienced these highs. Their lives are the bleaker for the lack of such an experience.

On to Topic #1.....

LERNER/CRAYNE: I owe both of you an apology, of sorts. After it was too late I realized I had read your ideas on taking memberships prior to the site voting a little bit wrong. I'll concede that there might be some merit to the idea, but I'm still not very convinced that it's at all necessary. So convince me fellas. Not that it's so important in the scheme of things that I be convinced or not, but if the idea has any merit your arguments to convince me might convince others. But as of now I prefer the traditional method.

CRAYNE: After talking to you the other night at Emil Petaja's party, Chuck, and reading what you had in Donaho's FR, I gather that your primary concern in making the pitch for two year bidding for Westercons is to guarantee minimal preplanning for a con. But, as I tried to explain to you in my semi-drunken condition, all that is a needless worry if committees would do a little intelligent and painless preplanning. And it isn't always necessary to really do the heavy preplanning before the bidding session, either -- although it does make it a little easier later on. It's easy enough to line up a hotel prior to the bidding, but sometimes you can work a better deal if the committee has the con in its pocket, so to say. Halevy, Stark, Donaho, and I won the bid for the '63 Westercon with absolutely no preplanning. In fact, the decision to make the bid was arrived at only the day before the business while more drunk than sober down in the Alexandria Hotel bar. It was after we returned to the Bay Area that,

after a process of elimination, we settled on the Hyatt House. The four of us had never put on a convention before as a committee (however, Ben had been on the '54 concom and the '61 Westerconcom, and Bill had had something vague to do with NyCon II), but I think most of the fans who were there will agree that it wasn't a bad con as cons go. ~~What~~ What it really takes is not a lot of laborious preplanning (although intelligent preplanning helps a lot), but imagination, fan and pro contacts, a knowledge of the arcana of science fiction conventions, a sense of responsibility, a bit of ego, and a desire to do a good job.

But what really counts is experience. Now, in '72 with three big cons to our credit...

KATZ: Your comments, Arnie, regarding the "bad taste" of the BayCon committee distributing PR #1 prior to the voting and the "pressure" it puts on the pros and fans listed therein as part of the program show a singular lack of knowledge of how pros, in particular, regard s-f cons. It just ain't like you said, as Donaho pointed out. I personally contacted several of the pros before we printed their names, and in all instances it was put to them in terms of "If we win the bid for the convention will you appear on the program?" In spite of being listed in our PR on our program, it is a dead certainty that these same guys would have agreed to participate in the Pan-Pacific program if they'd won and if asked. It's as simple as that.

There's hardly a comparison between distributing the type of PR we did before the bidding, and announcing your proposed Guest of Honor months before the bidding. The PR merely shows the type of program and entertainment contemplated if the bid is won, announcing the name of your Guest of Honor before the bidding is in extreme bad taste because it then becomes an issue in the voting. Ted Johnstone announced Marion Zimmer Bradley Breen as the LA Guest of Honor months before the San Diego Westercon and received almost universal condemnation for doing so. The same with Columbus. But the Columbus thing you can mark down as a goof by relative neos -- TAJ, by Ghod knew better. Or, at least, he should have known better.

PATTEN: YYou continue to impress me Fred.

SCITHERS: You tend to puzzle me, George. Never in the past have you boggled at making value judgements about events at which you were not present. Why make such a bitch about Bill and me commenting on and analyzing what transpired at NyCon. A number of people whose opinions we respect were there (including Ben), and from listening to their opinions and evaluations we can draw certain conclusions of our own and make educated comments. So, we Were Not There -- so big deal.

Nonsense, George, we give Ben a tremendous amount of credit for the way he handled things in New York. Remember, the three of us had planned the general strategy well before the con so that Ben was well armed by the time he hit New York. He knew what he had to do and he did it handsomely. He was an excellent field commander. Ben may not make as much noise in print as do Bill and I, but he is an integral member of our committee, and let no one think otherwise.

Granted, other committees have passed out what purported to be progress

reports in times past prior to the voting, but none so complete as ours at NyCon.

Nobody ever said Pacificon II was perfect. But from all reports it was a good convention. But perfect? What's a perfect convention, anyway. Different people react in different ways to any given con. At the end of the Hyatt House Westercon in '63 Jim Blish told me that it was the best con he'd ever attended except for the Pittcon when he was Guest of Honor. As far as I'm concerned my favorite two cons were Pacificon I in 1946 and the 14th Westercon in LA in 1962 when I was Fan Guest of Honor.

But, George, there was no contest for the Westercon at LA and we were given the bid by default and had it confirmed by acclamation at the banquet, so ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ our intent was never given a formal question. However, we did tell anyone who was interested, you included, that we planned to combine if we won the Worldcon bid.

Y our discussion of masquerades, both Worldcon and Westercon, was very good. I anticipate you putting on a great masquerade at the BayCon.

Well, that about does it for this time. Oh, yes. The above comments to Scithers, it should be obvious, are made on the material he has (hopefully) in this FR. George sent Bill and me carbons of his letter to Fitch.

-- 5 December 1967



SCOTTY TAPSCOTT



Donaho: Determinism isn't the same thing as predestinarianism (though they are both antithetical to "free will" -- supposedly). Talk of "destiny" and whatnot is predestinarian talk, not determinist talk. Arguments for determinism generally center around ((not "on"? DF)) (supposed) scientific facts, e.g., that the universe operates along a rigid causal chain, and that every event is completely determined by antecedent causes. We are all just batches of chemicals, operating in accordance with the rigorous laws governing the interaction of chemicals, and therefore there is no such thing as free will. On the other hand, predestinarianism always involves mysticism of some sort -- that there is a pre-established Destiny for each of us to fulfill, a Destiny laid down by some divinity or quasi-divinity such as Jehovah, The Cosmos, etc. Both of these are different from Fatalism, which is the stupidest of the lot. It starts out with the tautologous premiss that whatever is going to happen is going to happen, and invalidly derives various conclusions therefrom.

Stevens: I'm tempted to request that you Have It In Your Ass, and let the matter drop there. (Disclaimer.) Instead, I'll deign to lay some Words on you, without much hope that they'll do any good. You seem for some reason or other (stupidity being the most likely candidate), to be unable to distinguish a case of Pulling Rank from a case of asking for your credentials. ((It seemed to me rather like Pulling Rank; "credentials", here, might better lie in the validity of what is said/written. A degree or a lot of courses in academic Philosophy is no absolute guarantee against fugeheaded statements, nor is lack of such formal background necessarily an indication of abysmal ignorance in the field. DF)) You strike me as one of those insufferable folks who feels himself qualified to make Pronouncements on any and every subject, whether he knows anything about them or not. However, there is one way to show that you are qualified to speak out on the subject of philosophy, or on philosophical subjects, that does not involve presenting credentials at all: simply give a defense of your views. And I might point out that giving a defense involves more than making a bunch of scantily related assertions. It involves giving reasons for accepting your assertions, for supposing that they are true. So far as I can tell, this is something you've never learned how to do. In FR 200 you made a number of unsupported, and what I consider to be absurd, statements about philosophy, logic, etc. In FR 201 I requested, at some length, that you either defend your absurd claims or Be Silent. Did you do either? No. In FR 203, there you are back again, making new statements without the slightest attempt to defend them. Oh, yes, perhaps you did attempt to defend your absurd claims about logic; but all you succeeded in doing was showing that you don't know what logic is. (Logic, by the way, is the science of distinguishing valid from invalid arguments.) In FR 204 I quoted one of your undefended absurdities from FR 203, and asked the same question as before: "What reason do you have for supposing it to be true? Or are you, as before, simply uttering your own opinions as Self-Evident Truths?" Have you answered this question? No. Here in FR 206 you accuse me, apparently, of Pulling Rank. I might point out to you that in rational argumentation, Rank cuts no ice at all. That's a fact that I'm well aware of, whether you are or not. Now, for the third time, if you have any defense of your claims, present it. Otherwise, stick with a subject you are more familiar with, or (preferably) clam up altogether.

Don't beat around the bush. If you wish to claim that the existence of free will is a Self-Evident Truth, then say so. But don't go on to defend it; self-evident truths neither need or are susceptible to defense. On the other hand, if

you wish to defend the claim that there is free will, do it. But do it so we can understand what you're driving at. Your only defense is the question "How on earth could you operate without it?" The answer to that one is easy: the same way we operate right now, if in fact there is no free will. I take it that your argument is something like this: We could not "operate" (whatever that means) in the way we do, if there were no free will. We do operate the way we do. Therefore, there is free will. This argument is formally valid, but proves nothing since we have not the slightest reason for supposing the first premiss to be true. Defend that premiss, please.

It has just struck me that perhaps this is your argument, instead: We could not operate in the way we do, if we did not believe that there is free will. We operate in the way we do. Therefore, we (must? necessarily?) believe in free will. This argument is also valid. Also, its first premiss has a good chance of being true. But this doesn't establish anything about freedom of the will; what it establishes, if anything, is something about our beliefs. Namely, that we believe in free will ((Or act as though we do. DF)) ((Or doesn't logic/philosophy take into account the function of useful lies in human behaviour? DF)) But the fact that we believe in it (or even the fact that we are somehow psychologically necessitated to believe in it) says nothing at all about the truth or falsity of that belief. Of course, being the way you are, you may not be interested in truth or falsity (are they, perhaps, "professional irrelevancies" of philosophers?).

1 No, I don't deny your last sentence. But so what?

~~(Why don't you two get together and flip a coin? DF))~~

Anybody: Who gives a shit about who won the Worldcon? ((I rather do, since it either would, or would not (this year) give me a chance to visit the Bay Area. I could scarcely be less interested, however, in how somebody won or lost. DF))

Evers: Still haven't managed to pull your head free and stand erect, I see.

Fitch: I vote NO on the Heap amendment. It strikes me as a pack of crap, since it, in effect, puts the burden upon the FR editor, rather than upon the applicant.

I am willing to cosign, and vote for, the proposed amendment to eliminate the waiver altogether.

I vote against the amendment to require that the FR be sent to dropped Members. I can think of no good purpose it will serve. ((How about Rubbing it In to them what a marvelous thing they've let slip through their grasp? Or, giving them the opportunity to see any remaining comments on their last letter? DF))

Kill a Commie for Christ,

Scott VI Tapscott



DON FITCH



Maybe getting a couple of stencils cut well in advance will enable me to avoid the habit, common among cultists, of not writing to my own FR.
In rerum FR 206, plus some other bits....

Bill Donaho: A rather monumental job, that -- 37 pp is Too Much for an FR: I find myself with something like 10 pp of comments in mind, and it would be ridiculous to stencil & publish so much verbiage.

Re. your comment in an earlier zine -- wouldn't it be more correct to say that Snider's description of me in the VALSFA "fits the Donahovian picture of Fitch," rather than "fits the Fitchian picture"? As you know (err...I think I finally got around to finishing answering the letter from you and Gordon a year or so ago), I don't hold with Friedenberg's theory/dictum that anyone over 30 who says more than "good morning" (or "afternoon", etc, as the case may be) to anyone of his/her (but usually his) own sex who is under 20, is thereby revealing/indulging in a homosexual interest. (I think he's probably Projecting, just as I suspect that you might be Projecting in hinting that this applies to me.)

Perhaps your dislike for Japanese food stems from the fact that an attempt is made to make each material taste like itself, so the diner doesn't have the fun of penetrating various disguises until he can believe that he has fixed upon the Real Nature of whatever-it-is he's eating.

'T seems to me that things were kind of drooping in the Cult before Baker Did His Trick -- perhaps that Esperanto FR was only an Excuse, rather than a Reason, for the subsequent Decline.

Glad to see an Expert bear out my assumption on LSD -- that it often simply re-enforces the user's self-certainty. That's the way it appeared from here when various N.Y. people were describing the effects it had on them -- though making a Big Thing of being Absolutely Sure of Oneself is not exactly a New Thing in parts of New York Fandom. Might it be that Acid merely releases that degree of not-so-fearsome-after-all beast underneath which the individual is able to face/accept, and gives him confidence that this is all there is, so he doesn't have to look any deeper?

The Image you conjure up of L.A. as tea-and-cookies fandom has its points--- there has been a general tradition of non-drinking at LASFS meetings per se (because of the number of minors and sometimes their parents who are often present), a few members don't drink at all (or hardly), and even most of the Parties aren't very Drunken -- perhaps because most of the things are too interesting to be boring, or perhaps because L.A. fans' boredom thresholds are higher than those of Bay Area fans. (Or maybe we're just more capable of facing Reality.) There is, however, and has been for at least five years, something of a fragmentation in L.A. fandom; a lot of the Good Parties (poker & otherwise, at which considerable drinking & cet. is often done) are unknown to what might be called "The LASFS Ingroups" -- even, much of the time, ex post facto.

There may be some cavilling at your "anything that's fun & doesn't cause damage is a rational end in and for itself" It might be argued that long-term goals are or may be, rationally and logically, more rewarding than immediate fun.

By what standard do I judge if/when people are making fools of themselves? Umm... Partly or mostly by that of my estimate of the embarrassment/unhappiness/whatever I think they would feel if they knew what (some of) the onlookers were thinking about them.

I disagree that "wanting people to be predictable is almost as bad a symptom ((of what?)) as wanting to be 'in control'". The latter implies messing around with other people's lives, the former is merely a matter of detached knowledge. Nor, (if you're referring to me) do I want people to be predictable, exactly. I just feel much more comfortable if they respond in some way which is within the framework of logic & emotions which I've come to consider their make-up. Random responses, founded on no consistent logical or emotional bases, indicate either that I don't know a person at all as well as I thought, or that he/she is acting unsanely -- neither of which is pleasant.

I still like Sid Coleman's remark "The LASFS contains more people whose actions I can predict, but whose motivations are completely obscure, than any other group of people with which I'm familiar", and I quote it frequently, in an attempt to assure it a sort of fannish immortality.

Milton Stevens: Somehow, you don't seem quite as pessimistic in print as in person-- at least, the quality Bailes described doesn't come across -- "Milt Stevens is really pessimistic, not just Pretending, like the rest of us," was about the way he put it.

That bit, "My definition of "metaphysics" is also from Aristotle, but it is a little closer to the original Greek" is a neat put-down, passing the ball to Scotty in no uncertain terms, and he probably can't prove that you know no Greek. As for me, I've been puzzled exceedingly by that book of Aristotle in three translations, and have about come to the conclusion that there's no point in trying to understand Metaphysics until I understand Physics, which is not something for which anyone is advised to hold his breath.

Tapscott: "Aphidistra" was inspired, even though Aspidistra eleator (the commonly grown species) is more frequently afflicted with mealy-bug and red- and two-spotted- mite than with aphids.

Evers: Yes, the meaning of "high" -- "relaxed & feeling good" (though I think a trifle more than that is implied, or at least a greater degree of feeling) brings up the topic of differences of use in slang/colloquialisms... something of an objection I have to the New Lexicography. For example; a few of us were sitting around at The Hill after a LASFS or VALSFA meeting a few weeks ago, talking about the Hippie scene, &cet, and someone said "Heads like us can understand this point easily", and two other people agreed, implying that "head" applied to them also. My understanding of this word has been, for many years, "someone addicted to heroin, morphine, opium, or cocaine," so I Crogged a bit, because I was sure that there was at least a 65% probability that this definition did not fit any of those three people. I didn't interrupt them to request a specific definition, but I suppose that it's simply another example of the Dilution effective words undergo in colloquial usage. Talking about this with _____ at a later _____ meeting, he defined "head", "user", & "dabbler", but not to my satisfaction -- it still appears to be an area in which one will almost be required to ask for a definition of terms for each specific usage. (And I must remember to take along a copy of the current LASFS phone & address list, to challenge his claim that he can tick off 35 names of "users" from the ca. 90 persons listed on it. I'm reasonably sure there aren't more than 15 who are dabblers or better, unless he includes lavender as well as pot.)

Gee, do you think I would qualify as "liberal"? I believe people ought to have every right to use all the drugs they want - that they should be subject only to the regulations governing everyone when it comes to un- or anti-social actions (theft, assault, auto accidents, &cet), and that they should not be supported at public expense if their use of drugs renders them incapable of earning a living. This latter bit presents a Problem, and cannot be realized fully -- perhaps the solution, if they become Psychotic or otherwise unable to get along in the real world without causing too much trouble, would be to lock them in small cells and feed them a balanced (but cheap) diet until they die of old age or whatever. (This is predicated on the idea that anyone who starts using drugs with the knowledge of what they are and what they're likely to do, takes upon himself all the responsibilities for the results.)

Gordon Eklund: The only fan publication I've considered doing in Japanese would be one for the Victorian Digest ("In plain paper wrappers, delivered by hand -- you can't get V.D. through the mail") -- and even that wouldn't be entirely in Japanese; fans' names would be interspersed in Roman letters.

Is it that Fred Lerner does not change as he ages, or that he does not change in the Cult? GregJim Benford had, for quite some time, this habit of acting like 16-year-old neofans whenever they were in a fannish scene, because that's the Response they learned when they first got into fandom, and for one reason or another they didn't bother to adopt new behaviour patterns.

Gee, your impression of T.V. while on a Trip is much like mine ...err... when at home -- actors trying very hard to Act ...the general reaction on my part is also laughter.

Humm...your comment to Alva may explain why I hesitate to try even the milder drugs; it requires only a very moderate amount of alcohol to get me "high" -- release inhibitions as much as they're going to be released, &cet -- and beyond that my sensory perceptions and understanding start going downhill. I suspect that (or deduce that) most other drugs are more potent, and less easily controlled as to dosage.

That statement re. my "philosophy" wasn't really Qualified ol' Don Fitch, as per your Image -- my Hedonism is simply of a long-range nature; I'm out for Pleasure, but have discovered/decided that long-run pleasure is usually more pleasant than short-range pleasures (which leave one with a Hangover, or like that).

James Wright: Since there are no such things as "hippies", by your statement, it's obvious that "society" cannot have stolen "psychedelic art & music" from them. This makes me unhappy, because I was going to point out that most "art" which is labeled "psychedelic" betrays such strong kinship with styles popular towards the end of the 19th Century as to be easily considered derivative (stolen).

Most of the hippies (by the Crayne/Donaho definition) I've met seemed to have read very little outside a narrow limit -- like, published since ca. 1960; their dislike for The Establishment appears to extend to that literature of the past couple of thousand years which "society" has Accepted.

Is it true that one of the "hippies" in H.A. make quite a Reputation for himself in "hippie" circles with an "essay" on "The Hippie Philosophy", until some ~~square~~ straight interloper pointed out that it was simply a translation into "hippie" colloquialism of some 75% of the Sermon On The Mount? ## OOps, sorry, my error back there; I shouldn't have implied that "hippies" generally dislike "The Establishment" -- errr...I suppose I'm expected to take your word for it that at least 50% of the people I think of as "hippies" like The Establishment?

Arnie Katz: I can, categorically, assure you that there is no white-slaving at/in the LASFS (well...within 5% error; I don't know everything that goes on in L.A. fandom) -- people out here do things of their own free will.

Donaho: That "...even the worst sports in L.A., desperately searching for reasons and ways to put us down..." sounds rather ...er....well...may I say, "paranoid"? I got the impression that no more than 6 or 7 people in L.A. were really interested in getting the WorldCon to start with, and that only 3 or 4 bitched much about losing; probably only one or two would still be talking about it, but for your bringing up the topic so frequently. Why, there's even talk that some Bay Area fans have such a surfeit of Guilty Conscience that they had to invent "The L.A. Fan Group" (or whatever-it-is) Image, in order to avoid admitting to themselves that they acted so underhandedly towards Real People. ## I still don't, by the way, really understand that LAFG bit; could you explain the attributes of the gestalt more fully & clearly? ## Actually, Pelz is the only one I know of down here who genuinely enjoys (& is skillful at) Fan Politics, & I don't think he gives a damn about which city holds the WorldCon next time.

Re. your next comment(to Geis, p.25) I sucked in a deep breath, as is my wont when I suspect I might have been Wrong, but let it out easily & took a swallow of ale without choking, because (though it's still tentative) I don't accept the doubts you scatter. I think Dick Geis is one of those Honest people -- mixed-up, fuzzy-headed, even Wrong, sometimes, perhaps, but Honest in that if he says something, he believes it. (If he does use satire/humor, he's skillful enough a writer to make it effective while being honest enough to make it apparent.)

Dick Geis: My apologies for saying all those un-Cultish things about you. ## Yes, PSYCHOTIC (New Series #1) was good, and I even started a loc on it before being inundated by Deadlines. Maybe next year...

Wright's blown the gaff several times (which is, in itself, a sort of honesty -- better than playing Games without telling us) and Eklund sometimes/often gets into the same sort of mood, though in his case it's usually possible to sort out the Serious Passages ... I think. I don't go so far as to put Wright into Coventry -- if he wants to play like a puppy (Donaho can clew him in on that reference) I'll play with him for a few sentences, but naturally I can't associate with him as though he were a real human being -- that would require more skill at acting than I possess, and I'm not about to be suckered into an avoidable situation of "Ha, ha, I was just Putting You On" -- I don't like that schtick either when it's accurate or when i-'s used as a Cop Out.

Lee Jacobs: I must confess to doing some Editing when publishing letters, both in The Cult & in TAPS; sometimes this is deliberate, involving cutting out a few lines to avoid having to carry one item over to another page -- but it never involves more than a few lines, usually redundancies or natterings of minimum general interest. The unconscious editing may be more culpable -- my mind sometimes recasts phrases between mss. and stencil; if this seems to distort the Meaning, I'll conflu it out & redo the passage, but otherwise will let it stand, and hope that the writer will never know or notice that I've messed around with his Immortal Prose Style, inserted a few commas or hyphens, &cet.

You provide a Blinding Insight, LeeJ --- well...it was something I was Stupid not to notice before. I, too, can get "high" on Science Fiction. Not all Science Fiction, by any means, but some sf works do it, and the percentage is 5 to 10 times as high as in works of mainstream literature.

Donaho (again - you do interject those comments): Actually, Snider is more of a Pelz protégé than mine -- after seeing a couple of his zines, and meeting him at ValSFA, Bruce said, "Don, why not try to get Snider interested in the Cult? He's definitely Cult Material, and now that Boardman's gone..." And, being a genuine Pelz satellite (actually, I'm a Bailes satellite, but he's a Pelz satellite, I'm told), I naturally complied.

Chuck Crayne: Your definition of "hippie" (as modified by Donaho) seems to cover the situation well enough for useful generalization -- though I suspect that Wright's opposition (if genuine) is more to the concept of Generalization itself, possibly because it might threaten his Identity. ("If you include me in a generalization, you thereby imply that I am not Absolutely Unique and The Center Of The Universe, so any generalization (which might include me) is invalid.")

It might be more helpful/useful if you/we could come up with more specifics in the area of attitudes which are necessary if one is to be accepted by the group. I gather that (in general) they resent any sort of compulsion, social or economic; they not only reject "the value of middle-class moralities," they reject anything which can be categorized as "Establishment". Since this includes all accepted social and cultural traditions, they are left with only the most elemental (child-like or animalistic) of inter-personal relationships. Except for a few who maintain this even in their dealings with "straight" society (well, there goes another word-- "square" would have been perfectly adequate, but it was too "Establishment" for the "hippies" -- what are we now to call non-homosexuals?) they seem to live with a double standard. They have discovered that they do have to live in some sort of a society or sub-culture, and so have established one of their own. Exactly how it's set up, I don't know; some of the aspects of it I've encountered seem to be almost identical with corresponding sectors of mainstream society, only Named with different Words. That sort of foolingness always turns me off, when I can detect it.

Bruce Pelz: Your f/r arrived before this stencil was run off, and I suppose it's Not Proper to comment on it already (besides which, it's been ...er.. misplaced -- a Gran Cleaning-up is called for before the end of the year), but as I recall it was composed largely of two elements, neither of which seemed proper -- for introduction into the Cult discussion, or for practice. Um...it's late out, and Tired; maybe I'd better be more direct. Internal squabbles in the IASFS are not likely to be of absorbing interest to Cultists (though, admittedly, it's most difficult to avoid dwelling on them), and Goldsmith is hardly a worthy opponent to gang up on.

Best,

Don Fitch

Best wishes to all for a Merry Christmas, and a Happy, Prosperous, Peaceful, and Productive New Year.



DIAN PELZ



This is Dian speaking for Boskone, or something like that. I must say FR 206 was certainly one I'll remember -- oog -- my eyes haven't recovered yet. Actually, red on white is supposed to rank pretty high on legibility, but the shock!

Donaho: I really enjoyed the Cult when I first got into it; it was very lively then. As a matter of fact, I feel very nostalgic about the old Cult. Why, I started my first fannish feud in the Cult. Gary Deindorfer referred to me as a "mundane protege" of Ted Johnstone, and got snitty back at him. Ah, those were the good old days. White and Eney were backstabbing, and Harness and Lichtman were making snappy comments from the sidelines, and Rich Brown got reinstated every other FR. But the Cult is sort of fun now too. I just got bored when everyone was discussing political views -- or seemed to be. Now at least the Cult is fighting about other things, like should we impeach the OA and other world-shaking proposals.

Stevens: No, no, Milt, you guys have it all wrong: the Navy is supposed to be on our side. Hey, you walk for pleasure like I do. Just sort of amble in some direction and see what happens. Unfortunately, it isn't as safe for a girl to do it as it is for a guy. I drive for pleasure the same way, which sort of bugs any passengers I have, who show a disconcerting desire to want to go somewhere. ((Gee, that sounds like a Hippie Attitude, though I'll JW will probably say that such a thing doesn't exist. DF))

Tapscott: Hey, congratulations on your heir. Err..are you waiting for the local witchdoctor to tell you what his name is?

Patten: I think I've just discovered the funniest line in the FR: "The L.A. image is sercon and serious and sober." Wanna bet? I think it's beginning to sound like about as much of a snake pit as New York or Berkeley ever did. ((Yes, but L.A. fandom is sercon about being a snake pit. DF))

Earl Evers: As far as I know, Audrey just liked to chew the erasers. She liked the taste of them. One of the fellows in the art group tried them, thinking she was getting some sort of a mild high out of them, but he said they were really nauseating to the taste. I never tried them myself. (Actually you're rihth and I am "Audrey" and I also nibble book bindings for the glue. Yum!

Geis: The latest assâssination nut I've heard about claims that it was really an imposter who was killed in Dallas, and that another imposter, posing as Connoley, was wounded instead of the real governor. I think I may start making a collection of Kennedy legends. ((Actually, the real JFK was wounded in Dallas, but has recovered, and is now impersonating King Constantine of Greece. DF))

WHAT EVER HAPPENED to Cult Seances? There was one held at TriCon, but that seems to have done in the membership. Everyone come to the FUN Con and bring your Cult robes. ((Gee, I've worn mine out already (they're useful when investigating the Hippie Scene) -- do you think the OA will issue a second set? DF))



JACK HARNESS



I fear me this epistle might take longer than usual to reach you, and that I would be thrown to the tender mercies of the Exult, but perhaps Her Majesty's mails will forward this to you in time after all.

My coin collection continues. Remember I mentioned 70-year old pennies still in circulation? I now have a pair of '61 pennies with Her Royal Highness on them, Victoria, not Liz. Yes. 1861 -- 106 years old. Oh, but they're worn thin. Britannia on the back is no more than a faded shadow, a nothingness that might be patina rather than stamping. HRH a ghostly memory. But 1861 is still discernable, even if only a few other letters remain. Thin, incredibly thin; not quite half the original coin is left. But -- 106 years!!!

St. Hill in Winter. No snow yet, occasional rain, mist, and frost. The polyglot of Swedish-English, Danish-English, Greek-English, Dutch and Dutch-Australian (you have to hear it to believe it) mingle with less intelligible regional accents like Bronxian, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain, France, Greece -- people from all over, from places I knew only as Supply Centers, here in East Grinstead for their training and processing. Busy place. ((And how are you getting along? DF))

KATZ: Anyone who feels compelled to rush into the CULT just to tell us about his White Slaving simply isn't CULT material. What are you trying to do -- bore us to death? Try FAPA or READER'S DIGEST, sonny. Besides, you must not be very efficient. Last I heard, Ted and Robin were still running around in NYC. Didn't you check the little box: "I have been () have not been() a White Slaver" on your CULT application form when you joined?

Geis: No, there is not particular opinion on Reich's theories, but you might be interested in the following critique based on Donaho's rundown. I don't see that a healthy person would have much tension in the first place or that it would discharge simply by orgasm, were he to have tension. Nor would this be a function of the orgasm. Tension would result from a less-than-optimum solution to the problems of survival, and would be erased by a better solution or the accomplishment of a better survival potential. Sex, while fun, is terribly limited as a means of knowledge or experience. Better sex life would be achieved if a person handled his problems ((Hem!)), not vice-versa. This is Topic A.

Seidman: Something I said struck a nerve, I see. Welcome into the yak-yak I was directing toward Milt. Topic B. I quite agree with your point that maximal freedom consists in doing the "Will of the People" developed into Naziism. And I'll add that "the People" probably do not exist; it's individuals who are, often, bull-headed as individuals and pig-headed collectively. But trust German Philosophers to claim "The Will of the People" means something in actual fact. Like, how many people, and do they really want it or are they temporarily misguided? are points to consider. Well, that's TOPIC B. Actually, I was discussing Topic C, that, through organization, man can achieve more than he can individually and achieve greater freedom, if a proper "organizational plan" exists. Division of labour, for example. Listing of necessary tasks/posts and people selecting what they want to do, for another. Like, voluntary choice. Definition of "proper" here being "resulting in greater freedom". In fact, I advocate Total Freedom. Reread what I said, and you'll see that it's in the spirit of individuals opting into the group, not their being told what their "Will" and the consequences of that "will" are. We are in a particular condition and we are in the here and now, with X amount of Freedom and power of choice and like, man, it's rough sledding.

Donaho: (Topic D) Whaddaya mean, Logic doesn't lead you anywhere? And that Logic is only a method of checking your thoughts, not a method of thought? Are you attempting to Brandonize me? Pooh. ## Who did your typing? Mad Marguerite?



KEN GOLDSMITH



Dear Cult:

I sent a postcard to George Scithers applying for membership in the Cult, and I am sending him a copy of this letter. I understand from Chuck Crayne that this is a proper way to go about being placed on the IWL. I read the last Cultzine, and I must confess that the rules tend to confuse me. ((Welcome aboard, though you probably won't fit very well into the Cult; you're a nice, friendly, open, vulnerable person, somewhat prone to emotional and unconsidered statements, and the Cult has a reputation of being Nasty and Bitchy, (if not backbiting) to uphold. ...DF))

Many of you do not know me, so I will tell you a little about myself. My wife was the one painting buttons at the last Westercon. This may identify me, or my wife, to some of you. I have been in fandom about 6 months, and I think I represent a new faction in the Cult. I am a Los Angeles Head.

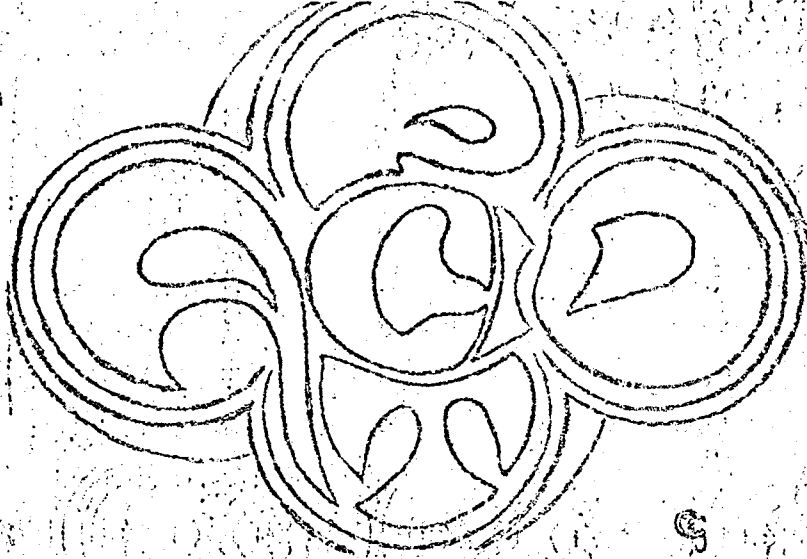
Yes, Mr. Donaho, there is such an animal. As far as my position concerning LA fandom, and the LASFS in particular, I am enclosing some copies of an article I wrote for APA L, to be included in the next Cultzine. (If my material is agreeable to the editor, of course.) ((That's not quite the way we work; within postal regulations, the FRed is more likely to include something he does not find agreeable, so that he may rip it to shreds in Commenting on it. DF)) There was quite a stink raised about the article. A number of people thought it would bring the police down upon the LASFS, and due to arguments the article's publication was delayed one week. ((Until you had rotated into APA L collatorship-- perhaps you have some glimmerings of Cultishness after all. DF))

After reading FR #206, I found myself wishing I lived in Berkeley. Unfortunately, my job is in LA and I should keep it for at least another year. My resumé is starting to look pretty bad. (5 jobs in the last 3 years.)

The Heads in LASFS are what you might call juvenile pot smokers. Most of them do it because it is an in thing to do. I doubt they really enjoy it. ((You mean it doesn't have pleasant effects? DF)) They talk about taking LSD as though it would destroy them for life. I have been in some pretty deep (and pretty ridiculous) discussions with some of them concerning LSD. If some of them would just try it and stop worrying about it, they would probably find something. ((Maybe they would even Find Themselves -- which, in some cases, might be Good Reason for avoiding it. It's difficult to tell, of course, what with confusion between cause & effect, and the unanswerable question "what if...?", but I haven't been particularly impressed (favourably) by any of the people who claim to have used LSD. DF))

I hope you people up north will stop in and visit Theresa and me if you ever are forced to come to smogville.

Ken Goldsmith
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Tel. (213)YUK-HO-HO



This is a one time truthzine from the typor of Ken Goldsmith.
3874 Willowrest Ave., North Hollywood, California, 91604. Telephone
number YUK-HO-HO. A Kowardly Publication #2.

The LASFS is suffering from a form of mental illness. It is not an uncommon form of mental illness, but it manifests itself in many strange ways. The only name I know for it is "Pot Paranoia." Basically it is fear of the law. A certain amount of pot paranoia is necessary in order to remain outside of jails, but the "heads" in LASFS have an extreme case. Non-smokers also contract this disease by association. In a non-smoker the disease usually shows up as a desire not to be around pot, not to know if someone smokes it or not, and generally a three monkeys attitude. My particular case is slight or I would not be writing this article. If your particular case of pot paranoia is an acute one don't read this article. I do not want to be responsible for chasing anyone up an imaginary tree.

I smoke pot. This should not shock anyone. I also take LSD. This may surprize some people, although I do not know why. These particular facts are really of no importance to anyone but Theresa and myself. The smoking of pot is merely an alcohol substitute for me. I enjoy the euphoric state it places me in. Sometimes my perception becomes more acute, sometimes it does not. In any case I use it and I like it. A description of my experiences under LSD would be very long and that is not the point of this article. If you are interested ask me about it.

It appears to me that it is time to destroy some of the paranoid fantasies that have been built up within the LASFS concerning the use of marijuana. Most "heads" publically deny that they smoke pot, and as far as they individually are concerned that is their business. I am not about to publish a list of "LASFS pot heads." Many of you can relax now. What I am going to attempt to do is destroy some of the myths that have been created within LASFS.

Just how many members of LASFS smoke pot? There has been much speculation on the subject. I heard of a recent piece of trash writing where some LA fan stated that he knew of only two or three people in LASFS that smoke pot. It takes a great deal of guts (or possibly stupidity) to publish such a statement. I have been in a room with that fan where there were at least a dozen people smoking pot. These statements demonstrate extreme cases of pot paranoia. All the heads knew that he is lying, and so do all the non-heads. If Bruce Pels, to my knowledge a non-smoker, were to make a list of all the members of LASFS he thinks smoke pot, he would probably be 99% accurate. He is not stupid. Neither are the rest of the non-heads. I have personal knowledge of over twenty heads in LASFS. There are probably more.

Sure pot smoking is illegal. I am not about to hang a sign on my door proclaiming the fact that I smoke pot. There is a certain amount of secrecy necessary to insure freedom, but LASFS is not the place for it. If some head wants to deny that he uses pot that is his privilege. I am not going to expose him. But there is no reason that people should fabricate stories that are deliberate lies. There is no reason to tell the non-smoking fan, that pot is only used by two or three fans when in reality it is the most prevalent "high" in LASFS. There are a lot more people in LASFS getting stoned on

pot then there are getting drunk on alcohol.

On to LSD. LSD is not used by many LASFS members. It is a totally different and much more personal experience. Most of the LASFS heads are afraid of it. I guess a certain amount of fear is normal, but noone who is truly afraid of it should take it. Under LSD you go where your subconscious wants to go. Unless you are pretty sure of your mental stability you should stay away. LSD can be a beautiful experience, but if you want to have a "bad trip" you will. With all the pot paranoia how can the heads be mentally stable?

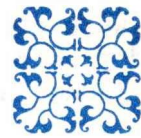
Why must the heads build up this ridiculous facade of innocence? Sure pot is illegal. Adultery is also illegal, but is practiced far more openly in LASFS than pot smoking. Do any of you heads out there think that the non-smokers in LASFS are going to call a cop on you? The LASFS is supposed to be a group of friendly people with a similar interest in SF. Why should any of them give a damn what you do as long as you do not step on their toes? Stop hiding behind doors and phony stories.

In Berkeley they talk about LASFG. Los Angeles Science Fiction Galt. It is not a good thing. Pick up a copy of the latest cultzine and see what I mean, I have neither the time or the inclination to go into it here.

The Berkeley fans are open with each other and the LA fans are definitely not. The Berkeley people have the decided advantage. Listen carefully "pot heads"; do the Berkeley people get busted? Do the Berkeley people hide the fact that they smoke pot or use LSD? Do the Berkeley people suffer from pot paranoia? I think theirs is a better way. I hope you do.



AL SNIDER



ADVENTURES OF A MISGUIDED CULTIST

I woke up on a bright and sunny Sunday morning. Of course, I say it was sunny because that's a nice way to start a story. However, it was cold and foggy. I felt extremely unfannish, and I wanted to do something mundane. Clad only in my undies I ran outside and looked North.

Through the billowing smog I thought I could see an elusive peak or two. Yes, it had been rumored so. Why, just last week someone had told me that someone had told them that there were mountains up there, and that it was green and grassy on those mountains. Of course, being an evial pessimist, I scoffed at the idea and told them that that was utterly ridiculous. Why, everyone knew that this rambling bit of suburbia stretched on and on until it reached something called the Polar Ice Cap.

But, on this one morning I thought I saw mountains. I knew then what I was destined to do. I would go to the mountains. I ran in and called the one man who I knew would have guts enough to go with me, Jon Don. Why, in years past we had done such things as discovered that there really was an ocena somewhere to the West, and we had even dared to swoop down on the abode of that fearsome ogre, Don Fitch, and steal old copies of TAPsZines in the name of Lord Triffid III. I finally got through to him only to hear him swearing at me. "But Jon," I explained, "it's only five in the morning, and who cares if you took the SAT yesterday, today is a new day, and something to look to as a challenge!" He told me where to put my challenge.

I knew then that my chances of talking Jon into going were very slight at this point. However, I knew the key to his heart, girls. I hastily invented a reason for going that involved girls, and then I said to him, "Say Jon, why don't you call Donna, I'll call Sally, and we'll get them to make a picnic lunch, and we'll all go up into those fabled mountains on a picnic?" He was astounded. He stammered and tried to cloud the issue, but the fact remained -- he was ready to go.

A quick call to Sally was made, and I was greeted with this response, "Now I can try and make deviled eggs again! How wonderful, and how thoughtful of you to give me this chance!" I remembered the last time she made deviled eggs, and I wondered if I wanted to go after all. I swallowed my pride (as she usually makes me do) and decided I would just have to stand those deviled eggs after all. I hung up and rushed into the kitchen.

I knew that I could save myself from the deviled eggs if I used enough foresight, so I mixed up a huge vat of the Universal Antidote. Disguising it as lemonade was a little bit harder, but at last I did it.

About 9:45 Jon rolled up in his beast. Jon drove a small but ferocious looking red Volkswagon convertible, which at times seemed to be endowed with a life of its own. Jon and I preceeded into the garage and there made our moves for Spring, 1903. Jon was Turkey and I was Russia, and this particular Diplomacy game seemed to be coming along nicely. We then roared out of the driveway and off in the direction of Donna's place. We screamed into her driveway and helped her and her packages of food into the car. I carried the packages and Jon helped Donna. After a few choice puns we were off in the direction of Sally's place. We got there and I roused her out. Zorro, her dog, was anxious to go, but I decided that with him there would be one too many males on the trip, and that might make Jon nervous.

We were off, and before long we were in foreign territory. I could tell that we had passed out of civilized lands by the strange sounds of the names, such as Monrovia and Azusa. Soon the pavement turned yellow and we didn't meet any more traffic.

After what seemed like days (mainly because Donna had turned on a "Country and Western" station -- Jon was an excellent violinist, and Sally could play a mean cello, so they were offended also) we began to see strange things on the horizon. Every once in a while a great burst of wind would come in from the strange and mystic ocean in the West and blow some of the smog away. When this happened we could see lofty spires of rock and dirt towering somewhere above us, and before long the ground was starting to rise. Soon we were in a deep canyon, and there was a lake down at the bottom of it. We were actually climbing the mountains! The lake followed us for miles, but soon it got tired, and there wasn't as much of it in the canyon as there had been before.

Then we came to a large fork in the road. To the right led a road over a high and somewhat airy looking bridge. To the left was a road that continued to climb. Jon picked up Donna and flipped her. She landed on the right side of the car, and so Jon went right. I closed my eyes as we went over the bridge, but soon that was all past. We went several miles up the road and the surroundings became quite dark. Large and twisted trees covered the road, and we seemed to be moving through a tunnel. I could have sworn that the trees had eyes, and before long I was given such a shock that I forgot even that.

Out of the forest came a ranting and raging monster. When I set eyes on the leather band still over its shoulder and the torn cloth splashed with flowers still clinging to its body I knew what it was. It was a tourist that had been trapped here and driven mad. It rushed at the car and began growling in front of us. Jon was screaming that it was surely going to eat us, but I kept my cool. I stuck my hand into Sally's lunch pail and pulled out a deviled egg. I heaved the egg at the monster and it grabbed it out of mid-air with its foaming jaws.

Immediately it began screaming in pain. It turned blue and then it rolled over on its back. It took its nails and ripped open its stomach with wild pain. It took out its stomach and examined it with its bloody hands. It gave a sigh of relief as it took the egg out of its tortured stomach and threw it away. Then it shoved the stomach back in its body and ran away. We could hear its wild screams of bliss even as it jumped over the cliff.

This section of the mountains rather disgusted us, so we went back to the fork in the road. Jon was rather shaken, and wanted to go back. So, we came to another decision -- did we go up the mountains, or back home? I said that nobody could really take responsibility for the choice, so we flipped Sally out of the car, and sure enough, we were bound to go up.

We proceeded up the road, and soon we were among tall pines and rushing streams. Jon brightened up at this point, and he drove with zest. Soon Jon pointed out a beautiful little spot to picnic. We pulled over and got out. I was happy until I looked over the slope. There was a slope of about 100 feet of slippery and sliding loose dirt and gravel between myself and the spot.

"Go on," said Herioc Jon, "prove to us that you are a man!" I proved it to them, and then I went down the slope, zipping my zipper up as I went down. I was carrying my jug of antidote-lemonade, and soon I was running down the hill with glee...only to fall on my butt. Then I began to slide. Almost all the way down, and leaving a smoky trail, I was stopped by a convenient tree. Jon thought this looked good, so he began to slide also. He didn't get very far before Donna told him with some scorn that I hadn't done the sliding purposely.

As I had been sliding down I noticed twigs going by with pieces of my flesh clinging to them. By the time I was stopped I was well lacerated. I stood up and examined the blood that was dribbling down my legs, and began to scream.

Jon told me to shut up and climb the slope. I was able to follow the same route up that I had used down, since the trail was clearly marked by blood. After two or three hours I reached the top and Donna offered me her condolences, which didn't help my throbbing limbs very much. "Why don't you put some mud on those cuts," said Jon, "I hear it is very beneficial." I just gave him a smear and planned my vengeance.

When I got in the car I made sure that I bled all over Jon's upholstery. Sally gave a few sounds of disgust as I rubbed the red liquid all over the back seat of the car. I was laughing uncontrollably, which led Jon to suspect something was happening.

After a while we found a convenient turn-out and used that to picnic on. I squeezed some of Donna's sandwiches over my cut legs, and soon I felt better. The high point of the meal came when I made Sally eat one of her own devilled eggs. She accepted death calmly, but I brought her back with the Antidote just before she ripped her stomach out.

After that we went for a walk down a nearby stream, and soon we were jumping from rock to rock with relative ease. I jumped over a stream and asked Jon to do the same. "After all," I commented, "if I can do it, surely you can."

He didn't.

Jon missed the rock he was supposed to hit by about two feet, and landed in the middle of the stream. However, his fall did something else. The entire weight of his body drove his knee against a rock, and when he hit I could hear the resounding thud above the splashing. Jon arose from the water howling and holding his knee. "Gee, Jon," I said with a smile, "the water can't be that cold!" Jon responded by throwing a rock and a curse at me. "Why don't you put some mud on that knee," I said, "I hear it is very beneficial." Jon roared a response and rushed at me, only to fall over a log and hurt his knee again.

Donna carried Jon back to the car, and then we decided we would sing a few songs to take Jon's mind off his pain. Jon started to play the guitar when we noticed something startling about our musical talent -- we didn't know any clean songs we could sing in front of the girls. This disgusted me and I suggested a walk.

Jon protested, but I responded with the line, "Gee, You are the last one I would expect to refuse a walk through the woods with a beautiful girl." Donna blushed, but Jon turned purple with rage. He then agreed, and I lusciously treasured every groan he made as he walked. However, Donna sensed his pain and we went back.

Our trip back was uneventful, except for the fact that when we all moved our forces in Diplomacy that night, I (Russia) took Ankara and Bulgaria away from Jon (Turkey).

The day might have been painful, but at least it was satisfying. For weeks afterwards people would come up to me and say, "Were you the one who said that there really are mountains up there?" I would merely polish my nails and say, "Yes, somewhere, beyond the smog-bank and over the rainbow, yes, there are mountains." However, I soon lost this happy point of view when I caught the Black Mass in my cuts, and now I am slowly dying. Now I go into fits where for hours I range on about getting George impeached. Now I have only my Cultzines to look forward to, and that, dear friends, is sinking pretty low.

Yes,

Al Snider

((The foregoing was forwarded by Donaho; the following is a Cultletter designed for this FR. DF))

In the past FRs I have pretty much been constantly using the old ploy of comments. However, this time I will try to elucidate a little on my own life, since many of you out there haven't the foggiest idea of what or who I am.

To be quite honest, it will be about 15 days after Fitch's Day that I will move out of the neo stage. ((In the Technical sense of an arbitrary, calendar year. DF)) It was last December that I was introduced to fandom via a ValSFA meeting. Since then I have gone on to become a member of and Official Editor of GESTALT, the Chief Collator of the West Covina Science-Fantasy Society, a member of the Cult and also of TAPS. I have written for many apas, or so it seems, and I have even published a genzine, so to speak. The next issue of my genzine (different than GEOPOLITICUS) will be out in a few days, if it isn't already circulated.

However, to fandom I am still somewhat new. I haven't a good knowledge of the inner workings of fandom, and I am sure that it will take me a few years to learn.

I am 17 (so young!) and a senior at West Covina High School. I am a Varsity Debater, a National Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation winner, and a minor official in our student government. However, I still lead a very blank life. Recently my fanac has been severely cut by my increasing burden at school and in my activities within the community. ((You've been Organizing for the JBS? DF)) But I imagine that whatever happens I can always find time for the Cult, seeing as how it is so much easier to stay here than in the roster of GESTALT, for instance.

Looking at my palm I see that I have a wonderful life ahead of me. I will live to be at least 105. After age 20 I will have a perfectly healthy life until the end, and then will die peacefully. I have a long and exotic love life, with many different women to be involved. The bottom portion of my palm seems to indicate that I will be reincarnated in a much better position, which seems to indicate that I will lead a virtuous life. I am supposed to have all kinds of talent in writing, but I guess I just haven't found them yet. I will be unhappy in marriage, but also, and this is most saddening, I will lead an unimportant life.

But, now my horoscope says....

My recent problems have been academic, financial, and somewhat romantic. I got a lower reportcard this time than I had expected, with half B's and half A's. My financial problems are linked to my romantic problems to some extent, though the problem of having to publish this month's TT did enter into the picture, but she seemed to dominate my money problems. So, I solved it. I stopped spending, and then got a raise at work. Wonders never cease.

We took a jaunt down to the beach the other day to get a load of seawater for a salt-water aquarium, and while down in that area we dropped by and looked around at UC Irvine. Gee, it's a swell place, but still a little too small for my tastes. If you're going to go to UC, then you might as well go to a big school. The advantages of UC are price and size, and if you're going to go small, go to a private college. ((And UC next year, I understand, will be about the third most expensive state university in the nation. DF)) Anyway, at the ocean we got a load of old chlorine bottles out of the back and carried them down to the water. We made a few comments on the way down that kind of mystified people. "Gee, Bob," I said, "I think it should be their turn to put the chlorine in this week." A little later, "Gee Al," said Bob, "I wonder how much we can steal before they

notice it?" ((You realize, of course, that in doing this you lowered the level of Lake Merritt, and may draw down upon you the anger of Chuck Crayne. DF)) We stuck around, wrote a few obscene words in the sand, and then we cut home.

Gee, I almost crushed the "so-called" pot ring at the Hill the other day. I said that either iwler Schumacher pays up, or I spring to the narks. It was obviously a jest, but Jim still owed the GESTALT treasury to me. Soon I was receiving threatening letters in the mail, and Schumacher even pulled a knife on Greeley at one of the ValsFA meetings to demonstrate his seriousness. Scon I got word that I was going to be killed, and then....all a misunderstanding, but entertaining nonetheless, though I imagine Hill-people didn't think so.

Crayne's FR was a good one, eventhough it was somewhat poorly organized. I found it hard to tell who was writing what and where. There was plenty of meat in that FR, and if I wasn't so averse to comments right now, I would reel off pages and pages of crap. See, Don Fitchness might rub off on me.

((In the interests of being sure to avoid over-running this page, and of not antagonizing the Cult overmuch, I'm Editing out two paragraphs dealing with Snider's Tribulations in publishing his TAPSzine. Al, it is Not Wise to dwell much on TAPS in the Cult, or on The Cult in TAPS. Why, I even managed to resist the Temptation to publish my TT and FR stapled together, dos á dos. DF))

I I have never had to publish a f/r, but then that can be easily explained. I remember Len Bailes once mentioning something to the effect that he had a little alarm in his brain that went off every six weeks reminding him to publish or write. Well, even if it doesn't work for Len, it seems to work for me.

Fitch is a good cliffhanger; I received his f/r the same day I received Crayne's FR. Fitch has a way about him, but I know that one of these days he is going to be a little careless, and then he is going to be dropped. Of course, Don will be too lazy to jump on the waitlist, and no one will sign his reinstatement petition just out of spite. "So there! That'll teach ya, you old cliffhanger you!" But, for now, the machinelike actions of The Garage go on and on. When will it ever end? ((Anxious to become a Member, aren't you? ...er...oh, you are already. # It may End fairly soon; a cycle of GAFIA seems to be approaching. DF))

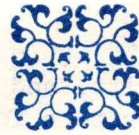
Well, so much for this FR. I am glad to see so many people dropped on to the waitlist, since it makes me, in my innocent youth and neoishness, feel much better.

Wright doesn't know that I, too, am a music fiend. I sit down and listen to the Doors, Airplane, and Vanilla Fudge for hours at a time. How about that! ((Wright would probably not be Impressed, unless you were to go into Details about the use of the proper Teaching Aids required for the full Understanding of this type of music. DF))

Al Snider



MARGARET GEMIGNANI



Dear Don & Cult:

I hope I haven't dont caught you after a LASFA meeting, because you would never remember me after one of those ...er...social sessions.

I am writing this letter with the typewriter on my tummy and tear in my eye. The darn mail took too long on my special deliery air-mail letter and I got dropped form the CULT.

Now if I can make anything out of the Constitution which is written something like everything else in the Cult, I have to write a letter to a Cult member (that's you.... you remember the cult, you remember you....) who is printing a Cult zine with fifteen pages of unpublished matteral in it (that is your zine and knowing the Cult, if they can't producted fifteen pages of new matteral, noone can.) and ask for reinstatement. Which since Joan Koning got it right away and Bill Donohoe got it right away (oh, you're trying to forget Bill, Bill who?). the Cult should have no objecting to reinstated me in the huh...Inactive list... something out of which one must get. So do it and Bill Donohoe (you remember Bill) will be happy and gave John Wreight something to do before he stated picking on you (Ohn, fate worse then death).

Inclosed is stamped (and you thought I was going to stick you with the postage. I'd do that next time), self-address envelope to tell me if anything else is needed to be reinstated. And if the reinstatement has gone through. Let me know so I can make some more comments. And don't forget to credit me with my letter in "Lementations" so I can move up the IWL.

I feel kind of good tonight. I just wrote a nasty letter to John Broadman (Bore...man), because he has been doing his little part to dig in. I understand even the Cult can't stand the Doctor Fraust. How old is LASFS? ((Err...I forget exactly -- somewhere around 38 years...I checked FanCy II, and discover that the LASFS was founded in 1935, so it isn't that old after all. DF)) Still raising Bail money. I always wondered where the dues went....

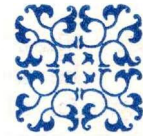
How come you fellows are so afraid of Harlan? Harlan is a nice fellow with a lot of talent, but he forgets sometimes he came up the usual way in fandom and seemed to feel that little fan groups, who can't gave lots of extra and young fans should be exterminated. If they were who would grow up to buy his books... that should worry him. Good old Harlan concent to come to a mini-con, a group of fans had at the convention. And he is still coming to this day (never showed up). ((I think most of the members of the Cult like Harlan, and much doubt that any are afraid of him -- though anyone would hesitate to tangle with him in a Public Debate...but then, to be Overcome by Harlan in a situation like that would be no Great Humiliating Disgrace; he has a Talent. DF))

Let me know about the Cult. I ...er... appreciate it.

Peggy Gemignani



EARL EVERS



I haven't spoken up in the con-bidding debate yet, mostly because I've never been on a ConCom and can't conceive of myself ever wanting to. Besides, I'm thinking of moving back to California within the next year, and I wouldn't want to get involved in any feuding or side-taking out there unless I thought the issues were so important to Fandom as a whole that I'd be in the wrong trying to stay out of it, or unless friends of mine were being unfairly attacked and I thought they really needed my help. Since neither seems to be the case so far, I'll just speak my piece once and then keep quiet.

First, I can identify with members of a ConCom who are Hurt and Angry over losing their bid. If I were in their shoes, I'm sure I'd be feeling just as bad as they are, and I can even see myself accusing the winners of Unfair and Immoral practices. But I also realize that this would be a childish imotional reaction, and if I engaged in it I'd be in the wrong.

Second, I realize that there's such a thing as Immoral Tactics in fan politics, and if I really though the Baycon people had engaged in it, I'd be all for L.A. But I've read most of the accusations, and I don't think there was anything at all objectionable in the bidding tactics of either side. I intend to stay out of it.

What would I consider "unfair tactics" for a Con bidder? Spreading deliberate falsehoods, for one thing. Like promising certain speakers and program events that the ConCom knew full well they couldn't deliver. Or putting pressure on fans to support a bid -- like threatening to feud with them if they didn't. Or blatant vote-buying -- like putting on a special program for supporters only, or distributing publications only to fans who are pledged to vote for you bid. As far as I know, the BayCon supporters are guilty of none of these things. If they are, the L.A. supporters don't seem to know about it, because all of their accusations so far have concerned practices I consider perfectly all right.

What's wrong with spending time and money on your bid? I figure if you're on a ConCom, and you want to put out for Fancy Expensive Publications and lavish bidding parties, that's strictly your business. Whether or not such practices help to win a bid is open to debate, but I see nothing immoral about them. I also see nothing wrong with getting anyone associated with SF or Fandom to second your bid, help you campaign, etcet. I do think it's impolite to list people as agreeing to appear on your program without asking them, but no one seems to be sure whether or not either side in the present debate did this. In any case, I wouldn't consider this immoral unless it turned out that people listed had said they wouldn't appear.

The only accusation against the BayCon committee I'd consider an "unfair practice" if proven true is first informing L.A. that they intended to make only a token bid and then going ahead with a serious campaign to the the con without so informing their opponents. And I'm pretty sure this accusation is false -- I know about the BayCon bid several months in advance, and I'm pretty sure the L.A. fans did too. After all, I was a lot farther away and not directly concerned.

So I just don't want to get myself involved in the whole thing. About the only way I can see myself being dragged in is if the L.A. supporters start going after individuals with exclusion acts, slander, Etcet ((Oh, I thought that was the exclusive prerogative of Certain Bay Area Fans. DF)) So far, there's been no sign of an open outbreak of this type of fuggheadedness, and I hope none occurs. ((As far as I know, no more than 5 or 6 L.A. fans are at all that interested -- perhaps a total of 6 or 7 % of those in the LArea. And most of the Fuggheadedness seems to be being expended on internal combat. Laney, thou should's't be here at this hour. DF))

So good luck. May the best fan win. Have a happy feud.

Stevens: What happened to "the kid who drove a tractor off the flight deck"? Did he manage to jump clear of the machine before it hit the water, or did he play captain of his own ship and go down with it? A ninety-foot drop into water isn't necessarily fatal -- did the guy survive? You conservatives often forget to mention minor details like that. And if he'd lived through the experience, would he have been courtmartialled? Would he have been forced to pay for the tractor? And if an Officer was involved in a similar incident and lived through it, would his case be handled any different than an EM's?

I've often wondered what happens when someone falls overboard from a carrier and doesn't immediately sink, especially in combat situations. I've heard all sorts of Grisly Stories about this -- like how they can't stop or turn a carrier for fear of planes getting messed up in landing, and how plucking someone out of the water by helicopter isn't quite as easy as it sounds. So, if a pilot has to ditch in landing, or someone falls off the carrier deck, just what are the chances of getting rescued? Or is that a Naval Secret?

Tapscott: I don't think either you or Milt Stevens really qualifies as an Arrogant Ass -- you don't either of you work hard enough at it. "Arrogance" implies a real effort to inflate your ego at someone else's expense, and so far both of you seem to be writing pretty honestly. But both of you obviously have a Real Talent for being bastardly if you care to develop it.

As for "philosophy being irrelevant to the important things in life", I'll concede that this is untrue in your case, at least. If it wasn't for philosophy, you might have to work for a living.

Wright: If your writings are really "all soaked in LSD", why don't you send me a few pages? Then I could eat the paper and honestly say some of your writing has turned me on...

Most of the people I've known before and after their first acid trips spoke less, read less, and wrote less. Like they've suddenly discovered Sturgeon's Law, and they're trying to cut down on the 90% crud in every-day speech and writing. ((And was what they did say & write that much improved? DF)) But most veteran acid heads go back to being just as vocal as they ever were -- they find out that there's more to life than just sitting and grooving with the vibrations, and that communication is one of the grooviest of human activities. But at least most of them are trying to have something to say when they speak. Of course, a few get trapped in the belief that everything worth knowing is nonverbal, but these are only a small percentage of all acid heads.

It wasn't acid-heads who were responsible for most of the artistic innovations attributed to the "Hippy Movement" -- it was mostly speed freaks, and people who had been on the scene several years before the term hippy came into use. I got to know a number of the artists who started the "psychedelic poster" thing in San Francisco -- Mouse and the other Family Dog artists. Most of them have been strung out on speed for years, and those that don't use the stuff regularly at least turn on to it before they start drawing. And most of them still dress and act like late-fifties beats and live in North Beach instead of the Haight.

Here in NY, all the "hippy leaders" (at least in the arts -- I'm not counting people who run crash pads and pseudopolitical things like the Diggers and Provos) are leftovers from the beats. Look at Ginsburg and Sanders and all the rest. The Fuggs and Mothers have always been mostly speed and smack people, and most of the big West Coast Groups are mostly into speed also. For that matter, I can't think of a single major music group that's strictly on acid. Bob Dylan and Donovan are speed freaks. Some of the Stones were busted for speed and hash. When the Grateful Dead commune was raided, they found several ounces of crystal.

For that matter, even Phil Dick is said to be mostly a speed freak, though he's also had a good many acid trips. His writing is almost all typical speed work -- the scenes are short and jerky, and it's obvious the author was fighting to weld the various elements together into a coherent whole. That's the way it is writing

on speed -- you have enormous energy and capacity for verbalizing all sorts of imaginative concepts, but your attention span is very short, and it's difficult to get any sort of long range view of your work as it progresses. ((Also characteristic of certain psychotic conditions. DF))

I'm not defending speed -- it's Bad Stuff, rots the brain away and all that. But it increases ambition and confidence, and the ability to concentrate. It makes all sorts of ideas run full blown thru your head, parading one after the other, and it makes you very verbal and vocal. So it's great for most forms of artistic work. You might say it takes the sweat out of "genius is 10% inspiration & 90% perspiration."

I've had psilocybin a few times, and find the effects similar to acid except weaker. But I hear the Mexican Sacred Mushrooms are a different thing entirely -- they contain other drugs as well as psilocybin, and people who've tried them say they're one of the most hallucigenic substances known.

Katz: "White Slavery" my ass. White Slavery is forcing unwilling girls into prostitution, and I consider it one of the lowest, raunchies, least-human things a person can stoop to. It's a sad commentary on our society and your head when you can use a term like "white slavery" as a euphemism for smoking grass. ((Well, that's what Using Drugs does to people. ## I think you meant "euphemism." DF))

If you ~~ever~~ get turned on to acid, how will you phrase that -- "I'm into a new thing now. As well as being a White Slaver, I've started to Fuck Dead Babies."? ((Hardly; that'd be a contradiction in terms vs. "new thing". DF))

Jacobs: Again we run into the dual definitions thing I mentioned to Stevens last time. When you say reading SF makes you high, you're taking about an entirely different feeling than I mean when I say pot and LSD make me high. I read SF and get a big kick out of it too, you know. I'm not putting you down for not turning on, but let's get out definitions straight. Maybe I'll leave "high" for the non-drug state of elation I get from music, literature, and art, and use "stoned" for the feeling I get off pot. ((And how do/can you know LeeJ or I or anyone else does not get precisely that feeling off of SF or whatever? DF))

Bill: You're right that the mass media have done more to create the "Hippy Movement" than anyone inside the "movement" itself. The same happened with the Beats, the Hell's Angels, and kid gangs here in N.Y. Teenagers and a lot of adults have this Thing about Belonging. So if they read in the papers about this Big Bad Movement that's forming, they run off and want to join it. And if they can't find anything like what they've read about, by Ghod, they'll sit down and start acting like the media say they should, and pretty soon you have more kids flocking to their leadership, and the Movement exists after all. At least, when the papers finally decided the movement was dead, a lot of the kids took that as their clue to split, leaving the scene to people who belong there. It takes a certain type of mentality to live the "bohemian life" and benefit from it, and most of the kids who flocked to the Haight and the East Village just don't have it.

Koning: No, I don't know "what they do with Bulghour wheat". I don't even know if by "they" you mean the Greeks, the Turks, the Bulgars, or people in general. But in any case, it sounds frightfully obscene, so please tell me.

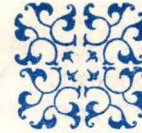
Geis: TSNLBA/EBMGS means

Thou Shalt Not Live by Bread Alone / EveryBody Must Get Stoned

Earl Evers



FRED LERNER



In today's Christmas issue of The New York Times Book Review, "some parents and their children" were asked to list the three books they would provide their child or parent if he were "going to a different planet to help settle a new society." Of course I read the article with interest, looking to see if any science-fiction writers or editors were polled, or if anyone cited any science-fiction or fantasy for his space-traveller's library.

I was considerably disappointed: most of the choices were self-serving lists of books written by a parent or spouse, or published by a contributor's firm. And there were even more conventional replies than I had expected: The Bible, Shakespeare, Freud, the Greek Tragedies, the O.E.D. Only one respondent mentioned stf at all: Christopher Buckley (William F's teenage son) would give his father Robert Rimmer's The Harrad Experiment; Robinson Crusoe; and The Hobbit. Young Christopher feels that Harrad would "clear up any misunderstandings between a boy and a girl"; and The Hobbit, he says, is "an example of good colonization".

I wonder what a similar survey of science-fiction people might turn up.

Jimmy Wright: Basketball season is upon us again, and the National Collegiate Athletic Association is perpetrating its customary outrages. Already Rutgers has been banned from championship competition in all sports for two years. That university's offense: permitting a "disadvantaged" freshman to play basketball while receiving financial aid. The NCAA has a "1.6 rule", which disqualifies a college from championship competition if it gives financial aid to a student-athlete whose scholastic average is below 1.6 (on a 4.0 scale). For freshmen who have not yet received term-end grades, a "predicted average" is computed from their High-school grade average.

This means that a college which admits, and aids, a student from a "ghetto area" (as all of the good colleges are doing" is subject to NCAA persecution if it allows the student full participation in student life, including athletics. So Rutgers and Pennsylvania and Yale are banned from championship competition, while the University of Alabama, which nobody has ever accused of being an academically respectable college, has the blessings of the NCAA.

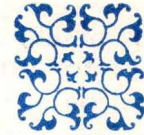
I have never been prouder of Columbia than when she, with the other Ivy League colleges, renounced post-season competition in an expression of solidarity with Penn and Yale; this is the third year of this situation, and I feel it's high time that the Ivy League colleges, and the other standards maintaining high scholastic standards, set up their own National Collegiate Amateur Athletic Association, leaving the NCAA to the state universities and the southern institutions where sports talent is purchased by the pound. No arrangement wherein the University of Alabama has any say whatever in the academic policies of Columbia University should be permitted to exist; and the Ivy League, which invented intercollegiate athletics, needs neither the sanction nor the companionship of the flesh-peddlers who control the NCAA.

Yours Faithfully,

Fred Lerner



MILTON STEVENS



My first impression of FR 205 was that Crayne had stapled it backwards. I should have known better than to have expected anything that simple from him (these Mensa types are often inscrutable you know). Finally his meaning became clear. Of course, I said, this is an example of psychedelic fanzine layout. For indeed, every available inch of space was filled and the work had a suitable mind-bending effect (these are the two precepts for the genre set down by that well-known art critic and master euphorian JAMES WRIGHT). So with a well bent mind I shall embark on comments on FR 205. If I end up insulting the wrong person, it's all Crayne's fault.

Dan Goodman: Granted, I still have a desk job, although it is now in the communications department. My job is mostly supervisory with the exception of crypto work which is operational. Probably the most significant things that I have done are in the nature of proofreading outgoing messages. I once discovered that a tape cutter had inverted two numerals in a JCS target number and on another occasion substituted a "9" for a "0" on the location of a downed pilot. Someone else would probably have caught the error in the daily strike plan and the pilot in question was already quite dead, but still I caught the errors before anyone else.

Surely you must realize that our operations are so complex that only a small percentage of our personnel are directly engaged in combat. For instance, there are 100 pilots aboard as compared to 3900 other people.

Jack Harness: I don't really consider freedom and order to be paradoxical goals; but I was trying to point out that logic was limited by the choice of premises. In his History of Philosophy, Bertrand Russell credits Nietzsche with being a completely logical philosopher. Not that Russell will accept Nietzsche's conclusions, but he admits the inability to refute him on purely logical grounds. The only way to get around Nietzsche is to not accept the premises to begin with, and this is somewhat outside the bounds of logic.

Also, I can visualize situations in which even a slight preference for freedom or order would be a deciding element. For instance, if it were discovered that one out of twenty people would run amok under the influence of LSD (I'm grabbing figures out of the air at this point) and do damage either to themselves or to other people, those persons who favored order slightly would probably not favor legalization of LSD, while those who favored freedom slightly might say that a person should have the right to take LSD and bear the consequences.

Dian Pelz: I can think of at least one obscene suggestion that isn't sexy, "Hey, baby, let's fuck." The sorta humor that is involved in that statement is that is a completely anti-sexual invitation to sex.

Bill Donaho: When I first read your letter I was under the impression that I was still reading Dave Hulan's. So your comment to me caused me to search my memory for any law flouting that I had done. The worst I could think of was LASFS poker games, and that isn't enough to shock anyone. ((Waja do in the Bay Area?DF))

Gordon Eklund: Never heard of an ensign getting clap, but the odds are certainly in favor of some of them getting it sometime. I've never asked and none of the other junior officers have chosen to tell me about it if they did.

Earl Evers: Your account of the activities of the Diggers has renewed my faith in human nature.

Milton F. Stevens

Xαίρε: Well, we're off to finish up the vacation in December so best I do a Thing for the Cult. I won't be seeing Fitch's FR until the middle of the month and God only knows when I'll get around to commenting.

VOTES: [Fitch: This is a repeat of my vote as expressed in SHAGRAT #Ω]

I automatically vote Yes on the petition to change Art I, para 2 (notifying protested iwlers); Yes to *Scithers'* ammendment to Art III, para 3(h) (notifying persons dropped); and No to the *Wright-Patten-Eklund* ammendment eliminating the waiver provision altogether.

I don't quite get *Scithers'* call (in FR 206) for a rewrite of the iwler-notification ammendment as he had previously called for a vote in C&LE RED DEVIL.

LAMENTATIONS #3B (FR 206) {Donaho}

A very meaty issue indeed! Much impressed with the Publisher's personality; more so than usual in my opinion.

All: The discussion on the late bidding contest seems a bit overdone; now that we're addressing comments to Other Apas.

Donaho: I guess I can see how a really good typist on the older machines would be bothered by the Selectric; but as a rather poor one, one set of controls is about the same as the next. The carriage rolls (manually) up and down just about the same as before and I solve the fast backup problem by hitting Return and Tabbing to strategically located stops. ¶ Relying strictly on memory, it seems that back around August or so it looked like a wholesale shakedown of the Actives might reduce us below 18 (really 20 is the key number with two Associates). And at any time, it seems that rather few iwlers last very long once they make the awl. I'll have to do some statistics on this one. ¶ It is #3B. LAMENTATIONS #3 (now #3A) was the dittoed FR 175 of February 7, 1966.

Stevens: You can't blame everything that goes wrong on the *Coral Sea* on the Cult. We don't have that much influence. ¶ You're right; walking is the best way to see a city. Trouble is I'm out of shape myself. It took three days to recover from Mexico City.

Donaho: Hell! I considered myself reasonably affluent as a Corporal at \$170 a month. Rather little of this was expenses, you could spend almost all of it on riotous living and go back to camp when you were broke.

Eklund: Hunter Thompson (*Hell's Angels*) thinks that the Angels were rather peaceful on LSD. This may have been only relative, and temporary, but it does suggest that acid brings on attacks of non-violence.

Stevens: The early Calvinists who believed in predestination (determination), recognizing that this implied that God had set you up for Heaven or Hell in advance as it were, thought that you could gain comfort by "observing" your behaviour and deducing where you were bound. Of course, if you weren't predestined to "observe" - - - -

Crayne: My mailing to *Goodman* has not, at this point, been returned by the U.S.P.O.D. Perhaps a new letter carrier on the route????!!