

Here be the R*O*S*T*E*R of FR 475, from George H Scithers, ~~speaking for Bob~~ publishing for AW/KG, aka Elst Weinstein, for the C*U*L*T, James Gilpatrick ~~presiding~~ OAing.

474 475 ntxpub The Thirteen Windmills
01 no yes 03Oct3 Warren Salomon, 1230 City Natl Bank Bldg Miami FL 33130
02 yes yes 24Oct3 Richard Court, 415 S Dixie Dr, Vandalia OH 45377
03 yes f/r 14Nov3 Johnny Lee, 3705 Cedar Hill, Houston TX 77093
04 yes yes 05Dec3 Gerri Balter, 1270 W Larpenteur #106, St Paul MN 55113
05 yes yes 26Dec3 John P Conlon, 52 Columbia St, Newark OH 43055
06 FR! yes 16Jan4 Dick Simth, 710 S Scoville, Oak Park IL 60304
07 yes FR! 06Feb4 AW/KG E Weinstein, 1190 S Winery #112, Fresno CA 93727
08 no p/c 30May3 Alan Lankin, 4525 Pine St #14, Philadelphia PA 19143 NEXT PUBLISHER!
09 no yes 20Jun3 Dal Coger, 1433 W Crestwood Dr, Memphis TN 38119
10 yes yes 11Jul3 James Gilpatrick, PO Box 216, Whippany NJ 07981 THE OA!!
11 no yes 01Aug3 Michael White, 199 Tallo Ho(!) Dr, Warminster PA 18974
12 f/r f/r 22Aug3 YaleF Edeiken, 3715 Durness Wy, Houston TX 77025 NEW MEMBER!!!
13 f/r yes 12Sep3 George H Scithers, PO Box 8243, Philadelphia PA 19101

(Dropped: ex#12 Pam Hitchcock, 4525 Pine St #14, Philadelphia PA 19143)

474 475 The Five Millstones
01 yes yes Meg Stull, 54349 O'Keefe Rd, Dowagiac MI 49047
02 no yes Dian Hardison, 7215 Ralph #6, Norfolk VA 23505
03 yes f/r Dave Rike, PO Box 11, Crockett CA 94525
04 no yes Gale Kaplan, 617 Grove St, Evanston IL 60201
05 yes yes Candice Massey, 8701 Brace, Detroit MI 48228 NEW AWLer!!!!

474 475 Grist
01 no no Suzi Stefl, 2811 Pittsfield Rd, Ann Arbor MI 48104
02 no yes Cadence Gainey, 38 Jenkins Av #610, Lansdale PA 19446
03 no no Larry Propp, 7035 N Greenview #1-S, Chicago IL 60626
04 no no Peter Rowe, 8458 Auburn, Detroit MI 48228
05 yes no Nancy Kress, 50 Sweden Hill Rd, Brockport NY 14420
06 yes yes Micky DuPree, 26 Suffolk St #1, Cambridge MA 02139
07 yes no Robert Schadewald, Rt 1 Box 129, Rogers MN 55374
08 no no Janice Morningstar, 2041 Suffolk, Ann Arbor MI 48103
09 yes yes Jessie Heller, PO Box 361, Norge VA 23127
10 no yes Joyce Scrivner, 2732 14th Av South (lower), Minneapolis MN 55404
11 no yes Mary Ann Drach, PO Box 485, Temple ME 04984
12 yes no Dian Crayne, 18021 Darmel Pl, Santa Ana CA 92705
13 yes no Cathy FitzSimmons, 107 Leafwood Crc, Seague City TX 77573
14 yes no Robin Beal, 9747 S Minnick, Oaklawn IL 60453

(Dropped: ex-iwl#6 Dick Lynch, 4207 Davis Ln, Chattanooga TN 37416
ex-iwl#10 Kathy Rohleder, 14006 Cove Ln #204, Rockville MD 20851)

(Wrote, not added to iwl, failing TEC III,1 and IX,2: Joseph Mating-Toad)

Next FR Publisher, Alankin, threatens to publish late. No one has to write to him!

Here be the words of the OA:

Dear George & CULT: Well, the roster looks pretty quiet for a change. Only a few things to say: 1. Lynch and Rohleder will be OUT with 475 unless they wrote to you. Likewise Hitchcock, to whom I will grant clemency only if she wrote to you. If not, OUT. 2. George, you get credit for fractionalizing to 475, as if you needed it. So do YaleF, Lee, and Rike. In Dave's case I forgive him for the mislabeling of his missive as a d.o in places. Give credit to all. Of course, Dave also wrote to Smtih. 3. I promise to more IWL writing requirements for the nonce. As for your sugges-

tion, Johnny, of requiring the IWL to d.o instead of write to a FR, I do not believe the OA has the power to do that. The OA may only require the IWL to write, but may not dictate the form of the writing. At least that is my humble opinion in the matter, and I so Rule. I always strive to be a law-abiding and constitutional OA.

In all, a very interesting and readable FR 474. Very good job, Dick. As usual, I cannot give all the mailing comments the material deserves. A few will have to do:

STULL: Read your comment about my comment about relationships. I can see your point. Indeed, the giving is the getting, and that is the most important thing about a relationship that works. I did not mean to imply a quid pro quo regarding what is expected in return once something is given, nor did I refer to intellectual giving and getting. I was speaking to the emotions, and making the observation that some of my past partners-in-relationships have not met my emotional needs, which I will not apologize for having. It is not their fault. Indeed, perhaps I should have had the good sense to not become involved in the first place, but I do try to not exclude someone as a possible relationship-partner arbitrarily. I have helped friends through their crises many times, and find that to be richly and emotionally satisfying, but that is not what I'm talking about here.

HELLER: Re my ct Dian: This matter of "the game" is not an easy one at all. It is true that "the game" as it is played today is rigged toward white males (not just male wasps, as I can detect little difference in how well the game works for white male Roman Catholics, Jews, wasps, in the aggregate), but the solution, imho, [?] is to change the game so all can play, not to arbitrarily elevate excluded persons to the levels they might have held if they could have played. That is, quotas and affirmative action leave a bad taste in my mouth, although I accept them if it helps change the game, which I think it will, in the long run. The danger lies in blaming one group personally for the problems of another, when it is a system that is at fault. Hell, for a long time, the only players were white and male, and that was accepted as natural and proper. The system evolved slowly to fit their needs, and it does. Now there are new and different players, and the system must change again. So change the system. While it is true that the beneficiaries of discrimination never perceive themselves to be discriminated toward, this does not mean such discrimination does not exist. I have yet to meet, for instance, a woman who feels that "lady's nights" at bars are anything less than perfectly fair. Affirmative action is the top of a slippery slope of possible legal actions that could eventually turn one group into another group's scapegoat, overturning the game without fixing it. Perhaps we should strive for a state of affairs whereby everyone feels that they are being screwed by the system, at least until nobody gives a damn what "group" they belong to, and that day is not likely to arrive anytime soon.

That is all for now. And so it goes....

/s/

Jim/10, OA

Here be the words of the FR editor pro tem:

YaleF is being a bit too coy about the cover of FR320, so that the cover of FR364b makes no sense at all. Tedron (Ted Johnson ((which was the fan-pseudonym of David McDaniel; most of knew him as "Ted" or "Tedron")), the "Rape" of the ARBM ((Arson was Jack Harness; Bloody Murder was Bruce Pelz))) found a book of very explicit homoerotic artwork through Jerry Jacks. The book contained a drawing of a spectacularly well-muscled and well-endowed man, chained to a wall, naked and fully erected, in spite of the small dragon an equally naked jailer had on a leash, and which (the dragon, not the jailer) was apparently intending to roast the muscleman's -- ah -- virility by breathing fire on same. Tedron obtained a copy of the illustration, had it photocopied someplace a friend worked (causing no little panic at the office copying facility) and used it as the cover to his FR. Ted, then and later, worked on some pornographic films -- though none homoerotic.

/s/

G the Scithers

Dear George & Cult:

Meg Stull has forbidden my making a move in the Grand Ol' Space Opry. So be it, although we should all be suspicious of power-hunger manifesting itself this early in her CULTship -- she's merely on the AWL, y'know. I cannot, says she, pursue my aggressive way among you; yet I am not entirely without options. Observe: 1. I have set the OA free, so he can join the general screwings-up; however, the condition of his release was that he remains perpetually sealed in his costume, and whenceever he goes, he dangles 500 flaccid ding-dongs, each a different hue. 2. RING(*)WORLD can be used as an abbreviation for Ring (Around the Collar) World. 3. Some of my Conlon-legions have come down with Herpes, a possible consequence of rotating Cadence through several troop transport ships, but we're not sure. It could be spontaneously caused by the putrifaction of space in the vicinity of RING(*)WORLD. It might even be the work of Dian Hardison or Michael White, both of whom knew a suspiciously great deal about such things. Anyway, I'm cloning more conlons all the time, preparing for the big showdown. Besides, Weinstein on Social Diseases has long been my army's standard reference, so the Conlons are likely to pull through. 4. I offer Micky DuPree the opportunity to become Imperial Propaganda Minister. How's that for an insult?

JESSIE HELLER: Spring Break has come and gone, so I guess you're deliberately tormenting yourself by avoiding me.

COURT & GAINNEY: Okay, I'll give you a hint. "M" could be for Matine-Toad.

OMNES: Speaking of Joseph, I'm enclosing a letter from him -- his third attempt to join the CULT. I hope George includes it with this FR, and adds the guy to one of the waiting lists. I ruled him in, and the new OA hasn't repealed the ruling.

Enough. Y'all carry on.

/s/

Warren Salomon

Here be the words of Richard Court:

Dear George & Cultizens,

This will be another quickie. It's approaching deadline, and I'm hard at work chasing what W.C. Fields called "the elusive spondulix." Re FR 474 -- Why should we give Robin a chance before we pounce on her? I didn't get one. Besides, I suspect she can take care of herself. FitzSimmons -- welcome aboard! You will receive a secret communique about the plot by attorneys to take over the CULT. Janice --

Cookies? Heller -- "fair" and "unfair" mean the same when applied to pornography as any other kind of writing. Any other questions, numb-nuts? Smokey -- Isn't that glucose too high? I don't know your exact condition, but I know the numbers. It'll screw up your marksmanship. You don't have a shooting range, do you? Edeiken -- In Ohio, we don't ask for religious preference on jury forms. Without thinking about it, I have a hunch it isn't kosher.

In Vino Veritas

/s/

Richard

Here be the words of Gerri Balter:

Dear George and Cult:

I thought I'd better do this while I still have the chance. I'm back at work now but sometimes my foot acts up bad enough so that typing is something that it's tough to do. I survived the surgery on my foot. The recovery is more painful than I thought it would be. The pain pills I was taking made me sick so I'm doing this cold turkey. The bone chip turned out to be a bone fragment. It's much bigger than

I or anyone else (including doctors) thought it would be. The doctor gave it to me as a souvenir. Being handicapped, even for a short period of time, is the pits. I'll be glad when all this is over.

MAILING COMMENTS ON FR 473:

Jim G: (ReCtMeg) Gee, you and I have the same problem; we give and give and get nothing back when we need it. I have found one person who will give as well as take. I hope you will find someone too. I think you are a nice guy ~~for/ad/DA~~.

JESSIE H: (ReCtSuzi) I just finished reading Friday and was disappointed in it. I think my problem is that I can't accept the fact that Friday is an AP (Artificial Person) and that people are so prejudiced against something they can't see. I mean, Friday acted so much like people I know and she didn't look different. It seems to me that most prejudices (race, color, sex, etc.) is based on some supposed difference that one can see. No one knows Friday is artificial unless she tells them. She doesn't stand out and, frankly, to me, she isn't artificial. I also did not like the rape at the beginning. I'm enjoying 2010 and Foundation's Edge much more.

[Reminds me of a chap that sent me a story in the early days of editing IA'sf; he carefully asked us, in the cover letter, if his being Black would lessen his chances of selling SF stories. So -- we carefully explained that it could not possibly, since we couldn't tell any of his personal characteristics other than his ability to write -- especially if he didn't tell us such matters. There is, however, a definite convenience (as well as possibly being built into the way humans are wired up as The Way Things Are) in being able to tell at a glance something of the status of people one meets in the course of business or work. Having wandered into -- say -- a barber shop, it really helps to see at a glance who are the barbers, who the other customers, and who is shining shoes. Clothing -- quasi-uniforms -- can help. So can sex: all the barbers being men, all the customers women -- and so on.

-- GHS] MEG: I'm glad you enjoyed WisCon, in spite of everything. I sure had fun talking with you.

WARREN S: Are you ill? Do you realize that you actually paid me a compliment? It's a good thing I was sitting down when I read this.

NANCY K: I'm going to WorldCon.

MICHAEL W: (ReCtLarry) Homosexuality isn't a threat to me. If I'm a hoax of yours, please stop my foot from hurting and let me have some fun. [Dunno why you assume a hoax -- or any other character invented by an inventor has to -- or will do -- what the inventor wants. GHS]

PETER: I'm glad 31 is great for you. I did go through an age crisis when I turned 30. But my thirties have been better than my twenties were. I was too staid and old in my twenties. I'm much younger now.

MICKY: Consider yourself insulted. (I always try to give people what they want, if I can.) Your "Galactic Enquirer" is absolutely putrid. I loved it. (ReCtCadence) I'm a Bette Davis fan. ### Your apa voice is female, therefore, I think you are female.

DIAN H: I left my copy of your f/r lying around until someone at work saw it, looked at my foot in its cast, and said, "Is that the newest treatment for Herpes?" ## I liked what you said about Das Boot and I agree. ## I heard that there is a study being done measuring the correlation between those who are cruel to animals and those who are cruel to people. I wonder what that may tell us about scientists who use animals cruelly for their experiments.

MAILING COMMENTS ON FR 474:

DICK S: Lovely job. [It certainly was! GHS]

ROBIN B: Welcome. NANCY K: Thanks for telling us about your jury experience. [Here in Philadelphia, we have a one-day system: if you haven't been put on a panel on the first day, that's it; you're excused. If you do get on a panel, it's that one trial, and you're excused. Both times I've been up, I was excused simply because there were

too many prospective jurors available those days. Pennsylvania no longer exempts lawyers -- or even judges -- and there was a local judge among the prospectives.

GHS] (ReCtMeg) If you're defining lovers as primarily sexual partners, I agree.

CATHY F: Thank you for the kind words about secretaries. I'm a secretary and I think my job is just as tough as most other people's.

SUZI S: (ReCtJim) Whatever I give, I give freely. But there are times when I need someone to give to me. And until I met Herman I found it difficult to find anyone who was willing to do so. I heard a lot of "Don't worry, everything will work out fine. You are strong." It's not that we give with the idea that someone owes something (at dlast I don't mean it that way). It's that we sometimes need someone to give to us and when that happens, everyone runs away. [Couple comments: if, most of the time, you give and don't have much need to receive, you might be short of friends who are comfortable givers. And people (built-in wiring, maybe?) are awfully sensitive to moochers, so if you have no practice in asking gracefully, the situation operates and an (unintended) 'danger' signal to many of the people around you. GHS]

JESSIE H: (ReCtMe) I strongly suggest that you never swear at me again, especially if you don't know what you're talking about. If you would have bothered to ask (I know, it's much easier to blame someone before you find out the facts) you would have found out that what was unfair was my answer to what you put in the letter I typed for the FR that I pubbed. I realize it was unclear. But you could have asked. Next time I strongly suggest that you do

⁵⁰. CANDICE: (ReCtMe) I'm sorry we didn't get a real chance to talk at MiniCon. PMS and read of my upcoming surgery caused me to become very antisocial.

JOHNNY L: Is the printer you used to type your letter a daisy-wheel printer? It doesn't look like one. (ReCtJessieH) "I sometimes wonder if you are, in person, the way you come across in print" I sure hope not.

Life is painful, physically, at the moment. Otherwise all is well with me. I just found out that I have been picked as the University Person of the Week this week. Wow! Tomorrow a photographer will come to my office to take a picture of me and the article and my picture will appear in the Friday edition of our college newspaper (Minnesota Daily). I'm very happy about this. It will look good on my resumé.

That's it for now.

/s/
Gerri Balter

Here be some words of John P Conlon:

Hon. AW-KG Himself:

Or authorized ersatz:

I went to see a 1930 SF movie recently: Just Imagine. I saw it when it and the local theater were new and I was a lot younger. The 1983 laffs did not always come in the same place, but some 1930 quips still worked. [The movie's] NYC in 1980 was a long way off, and minus muggers. People went by numbers. J21, a transAtlantic airship pilot, wants to marry LN18, and someone with a bit more cash gets his oar in first. Appeal in 4 months. He gets a chance to fly Z4's rocket to Mars and wins the girl. There is a sub-plot of a man knocked out by lightning in 1930 who is revived and goes with them. And they thought the USA would still be dry in 50 years. Art Decco backgrounds and a lot of flying machines. The liner Pegasus was a double-hulled zeppelin hitched to a skyscraper for J21's farewell party. A lot of musci that da Sylva probably wanted forgotten. I associated "Sing Something Simple" with that pic, and it wasn't in. Would have been perfect for El Brendel. Maureen O'Sullivan was young and pretty in it. She was LN18. They preceded it with something by 20th Century Foss, called Hardware Wars, starring Princess Ann Droid, Fluke Starbucker, Augie Ben Doggie, Ham Salad, and a mass of mistreated appliances. Electric irons simulating

star-craft, a toaster shot down in flames, a hand-powered egg-beater likewise, and such doings. Amateurish and hilarious in spots. [ExCULTist Craig Miller reports that George Lucas enjoyed the thing so much that he bought a print of it for himself. GHS]

[...]

Today it snowed. Big feathery flakes. I am dripping from the nose and the shooting matches I go to have been cut a bit. Old Camp Sherman range closed. No doubt to cut smoke pollution on Chillicothe landfill. When firing there, one adds right wind for greater stench, as the dump is on the right flank. Or maybe the Friends of Furry Folk are avenging the death of the groundhog which ran across the range in 1977 while my company was firing rapid fire at 200 yards. She drew 50 rounds, of which 2 hit. Says little for the 211th MT Co. fire skill or discipline. Back in the late '30s, a bunny did that at Ft Knox in front of a company of the 13th Cavalry firing tommy guns. He faded out in rags and they disqualified the whole relay. That was an RA line unit, though.

[A most impressive demonstration of what one can do with a small mortar: The hills above West Point, back in '47 or so. Company of us were watching a couple of experienced mortar men firing the thing; we were all on a hill, overlooking the target area in a small valley. A deer bolted from cover -- fast-moving target, but the men -- estimating strictly by eye -- got him (& not too close, either -- a mortar does deer (& people)) in with fragments, not by blowing them to bits).

[Most horrifying episode -- one I didn't see, but heard about -- couple years later, same area, but this time on a rifle range. Guy in charge was going through the traditional "Ready on the right, ready on the left, ready on the firing line: commence firing!", had reached "commence . . ." and saw someone jogging along the ridge just behind the targets, completely oblivious to what was happening. Guy in charge had the superb presence of mind to just not say anything -- yelling "Cease firing!" would have set off a volley of shots -- and staying silent until everyone on the firing line realized that something was wrong, and then -- very slowly, saying, "Cease firing." There was, however, a good bit of yelling when he laid hands on the jogger. GHS]

[...]

More papers with quaint tales of the Great California Election. Seems the Pro Gun people outspent the antis only 3 to 1, though no one added in the huge amounts of free plugs the antis got from the press, TV, and radio. [How about the free plugs from routine news items about routine drunken brawls and similar spur-of-the-moment killings with pistols? Goddamnit, can't you get it through your head that the real carnage from pistols is not by evial, sinister, career criminals but by well-meaning twits that killed somebody because a pistol was handy instead of a beer bottle when a domestic or drinking brawl gets a bit overheated? Sheesh! GHS] The one which tickled me was the No Nukes people. They spent a million or so against the other side's \$5,000, and only managed a 10% edge, 55% to 45%. Gunsels did far better with relatively less. Maybe the No Nukes ain't as well backed as they think.

[...]

The GHS theory of guerilla warfare sounds reasonable. A person used to civilized living would wear out fast unless a very-well-motivated sort. [...]

As usual

/s/
Old Smokey

Here be the words of Richard H E Simth II:
Dear George & Culties:

Just a quick note, since I'm still recovering from the production of FR 474. Enclosed is a letter from Joyce, which arrived too late to include (or count, for that matter) in my FR. Also a small amount of miscellaneous junk that Smokey sent me, which I did not use; do with it what you wish. [And it was indeed a splendid FR!]

Smtih

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GHS] I continue to be unexcited about the various proposals, or rather suggestions, since none of them have been made formally, for improving the CULT. I can't get excited about lengthening the Period to 4 weeks; one of the good things about the CULT is that it turns around fast! Nor do I think that the members should contribute somehow; the 13 contribute in their turns, and the AWL will get their chance soon. The IWL gets punished by not receiving every ish when the current pubber is cheap, but that isn't so bad, especially when the IWL doesn't write very often. If we were to send money around, or stamped envelopes, that would be just one more thing to get lost in my or Smokey's houses; and if the OA were to be a banker, that would result in OAfish financial errors, and more trouble for the OA than it's worth. I like the present system. [So do I. Most suggestions really come to saying that the CULT ought to be some other apa -- like TAPS, which beats to a monthly pace, or FAPA, in which there is a central mailer for 'zines duplicated by the members. In truth, of course, those Other Things are all inferior, since the CULT is as CULTic as it is possible to be!

GHS] The Chicago City Council has started out just like a WorldCon business meeting, but I'm not sure where the fault lies. I persist in disagreeing with Cathy Fitz-Simmons about the city's bad-luck/good-luck with Mayor Washington. He will do no worse than any of the other candidates; and the thrashing you hear now is the Machine falling apart. Watch and see. [In watching the difference between the Black Mr. Washington, whilst campaigning, and the also-Black Mr. Goode, now campaigning for the Democratic nomination for Mayor of Philadelphia, I am struck by what an utter twit Mr. Washington has been, all the way. Jesse Jackson came to Philadelphia and exhorted Blacks to vote Black. Mr. Goode told him to go peddle his racism elsewhere. Mr. Washington perhaps perceives that he has no issue but reverse racism; more likely, he's just too dense to campaign any other way -- even now, when the campaign is over. I suspect that the way things will shake out will be that Washington will be the least effective mayor in Chicago's history, to the vast future detriment to any competent Black who might seek office in that city in the future. GHS] Must run now;
hope to see many of you at MarCon in a week or so. /s/
Smthi

Here be the words of Elst Weinstein, aka AWKG, on a City-of-London-map postcard:
George et CULT,

Having a great time here. I have learned quite a bit of new TORTURE methods in the Tour of London. This place is designed to get lost, but everything is so very interesting it doesn't matter. They even have slot machine in video arcade. [sic & ?]
So until we ever meet, DROP DEAD IN YOUR TRACKS AND ROT IN YOUR BOOTS,

/XX/ (his mark)
AW-KG

Here be the words of Alankin, boy next FRed, on a USPOD postcard:
Dear George and CULT --

Just wanted to announce LATEpub while I remembered. (Which I may or may not do -- depending on whether or not I go to DisClave.) Just get those cards and letters in early, folks . . .

/s/
Alan

Here be the words of Dal Coger:

Dear George and friends [perhaps he's addressing some other group?],

Since I missed writing to Smtih will get this in the mail before another crisis intervenes. On Easter afternoon I was admitted to the hospital for observation based on the possibility of a heart attack. It obviously was not since was discharged 48 hours later. But as the nurse on duty in the emergency room, a Lt. Sr. Gr. and ex-Special-Forces medic with 200 jumps to his credit, told me, I am in 5 high risk categories: Sixty years old (was 30 days short of that), overweight (about 30 pounds), by occupation sedentary, and a consumer of tobacco and alcohol. While my chest pains

might be something else, they were not going to take chances. So, as I lay on the gurney, with wires attached to buttons on my chest, and they were putting in an I.V. and hooking oxygen up to my nostrils and drawing blood, I amused myself by practicing bio-feedback. There was a 'scope' on the ceiling showing my heart rhythm and pulse, and the latter I discovered I could regulate by depth of breathing and relaxing. When I answered questions as they filled out my medical history to supplement my records the count was at 80 plus a minute, but before I was wheeled off to intensive care I managed to get it down to 57 on a couple of occasions.

One 24 hour period in intensive care and I was sent to an open ward. I managed to read almost continuously and snaked a couple of cigarettes. Just before discharge on Tuesday I got stuck in the elevator and was there for 45 minutes. I smoked two forbidden cigarettes, looked at the NO SMOKING sign all the time, and cursed myself for ignoring the first rule I learned about military hospitals: "Never go anywhere in the hospital without a book." As I waited impatiently to be freed from my temporary confinement I heard Greta's amused voice calling down the elevator shaft, "Are you in there, Dal?"

Fan Memoirs:

Camp Haan was spread across a barren set of fields and hills, outside Riverside California, and across the highway from March Field, now March Air Force Base. The first week there we saw two B-24 bombers crash almost in the middle of our camp and burn, killing all the crews. They were fillow soldiers in those days and not a special branch.

Haan was a tent city, with very few all-wood buildings, built mostly of canvas stretched over wooden frames. We arrived there, a train-load of us, in the small hours of the morning after a trip across country by troop train that seemed to last an eternity. Our first formation, as soon as we were in our camp area, was a short-arm inspection (just to be sure none of us had VD). Only after we "stripped it back and milked it down" were we allowed to sort out our barracks bags -- the duffle bag was still in the Army's future then -- and find our bunks.

We had been in Haan only a couple of weeks when I applied for a pass one evening at the Orderly Room (that office, for the benefit of youwho have never worn the olive-drab horse-blankets called uniforms, is the administrative office of the First Soldier -- the First Sargeant -- and his clerk). Since we were in training, there were not supposed to be any week-night passes, but I showed them a letter with Forrie's address at Ft. McArthur, explaining that he was a friend, and that he belonged to a club that met only on that night. I got the pass but the First Soldier snorted when he saw Ackerman's address: "4F's" was all he said. (Because of poor night vision, Forrie was in a limited-service unit.)

A bus ride to LA, followed by a walk -- asking directions -- brought me to the Bixel Street clubhouse. I recall of the meeting only a few things, like meeting Phil Bronson again: I had first encountered him at Michicon II, and with Phil his attractive sister, Beverley. Beverley, despite being only about 14, was very attractive; and the LA fans were fawning on her like puppies about their master with a bowl of food in his hand. She obviously enjoyed all the attention. More importantly, I got to meet 4SJ and Morojo for the first time. I had corresponded with him and purchased his fanzine, The Voice of the Imagination. All too soon Beverley and Phil and some of the others were driving me back to the bus station and I was going back to Camp Haan.

As I settled into the routine of training, we were allowed weekend passes (providing we passed Saturday morning inspection and did not have guard duty or KP on the weekend). I hoarded my pay, about \$43 a month in those days, and managed to visit LA about two weekends out of five. The other weekends I was either in the field, or had duty, or was broke. To while away the lonely hours I read at the Special Service library and wrote long letters to the Slan Shack gang. Those letters, reinforced by my

enthusiastic descriptions of LA fandom during visits to the Slan Shack during leave, had a significant influence -- I have always felt -- on the decision of the Shack fans to move to LA after the War.

The social life of LA fandom was an active one. Just across Bixel Street from the club house was a rooming house where Jimmy Kepner and Mel Brown lived. Later on other fans moved into the house. The club room was open all weekend and there was a cot in the corner with a blanket or two, so one could always count on sleeping there as a last resort. The clubroom included in its furnishings a mimeo and one or two typewriters. Someone was always cutting stencils or running them off, and they were always glad to have willing hands to assemble them. There was a short-wave receiver on the windowsill that was the property of Mike Fern. I recall Mel Brown commenting on that set: "It gets some of the finest static I've ever heard."

Mel Brown was of average height and weight, was generally unkempt if not slovenly in his personal appearance, and had been divorced. He had one bad eye, the result of an accident when he was fighting a forest fire. He laughed with a sort of a snort. Mel was collecting science fiction magazines -- his third collection, he said, since twice before he had disposed of his collections. He also collected swing records, with his favorite band being Glen Miller. Jim Kepner told me that Mel was afraid of losing his eyesight and was turning more and more to recordings. (This was in the days of 78 rpm only.) With Mike Fern, Kepner, and Bronw, I drank innumerable cups of coffee and went to a number of movies. One movie we all enjoyed I had seen before and saw many times afterward in London: It was Fantasia. Mel lacked sophistication and the "Dance of the Hours" sequence in which hippos, crocks, and ostriches burlesque ballet he couldn't comprehend as satire. He simply found it all silly and repeatedly commented on that sequence as we were walking back to Bixel Street after the movie, until we were all sick of hearing about it. Mel was the oldest of the four of us and he was the one that informed me that Kepner had decided he was a homosexual. I had thought of Jim as a close friend but this complicated our relationship. More of that later. Mel had a good mind, and with a formal education and some social polish would have made his mark on society.

In retrospect, I feel that all the LA fans I knew had been, to some degree, blighted by the depression and the scarcity of opportunity to go to college that was common to those days. They all had the potential of being professionals, yet generally tended to drift into deadend work.

It was Fran Laney who acted as the catalyst on the LA fan culture, but in that role he had the able assistance of T. Bruce Yerke and Phil Bronson. Only after Laney arrived in LA did the group reaction to "the establishment" take form. They were impelled to organize by what they saw as the perpetual adolescence in mature adults, the trivialization of a literature they admired, and a life-style which -- in their view -- was callow and absurdly narrow. They found an object on which to focus those discontents in Ackerman, and in his absence, Walt Dougherty. This became especially apparent with the development of the Knaves.

It is probably useful to explain the origin of that term. T. Bruce Yerke was writing an article which was to appear in a fanzine; he entitled it, "Have at Thee, Knaves!" In doing the stencil someone accidentally spelled it "Knaves."

Bumper stickers:

A student of mine pulled up behind a car at a stop-light and observed that the man had a bumper sticker that is common here on the buckle of the Bible Belt, reading: "HONK IF YOU LOVE JESUS." So he honked. The driver of the car ahead stuck his head out of the window and bellowed, "Hey you dumb jerk can't you God damned well see there is a red light!?" I was reminded of the incident by a bumper sticker I saw today: "Honk if you love Buddha." Also observed: "I brake for unicorns."

Stay fannish

/s/ Dal
Coger

Here be the words of YaleF Edeiken:

Dear George:

Along with a batch of CULT material in my mail last Saturday was an interesting communication from the New England Journal of Medicine. The MMWR (Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report), published by the CDC in Atlanta, is one of the basic sources of epidemiological news for health professionals. It's a short (usually four or five sheets printed quarto style) bulletin that contains a weekly summary of all reportable diseases and some select notes and reports of current problems. Despite its unpretentious appearance it is a significant publication. The prevalence of Toxic Shock Syndrome, for example, was first reported in its pages. and the reports of the various studies of TSS were basically disseminated by the MMWR. Drafts of proposed medical guidelines for public health problems are often first published there. It is the first, best source of news for anyone tracking or concerned with highly contagious diseases (legionellosis, rubeola, rubella, rabies, and AIDS especially) for it is one of the few places that gives current reports of outbreaks. In short, it is a publication vital to the work of most epidemiologists and many public health professionals.

Troubles for the CDC and MMWR began when Bonzo took office. This administration has been exclusively concerned with reformation of the reimbursement system for medical care with the intention of the eventual "rationing of medical care" (that phrase has been used by David Stockman and several health planning specialists in HHS). Part and parcel of Reagonomics is the elimination of preventive medicine except as fee-for-service reimbursement within the private medical establishment. The CDC, despite -- or maybe because of -- its record, became one of the first targets of the Stockman budget cutters. The CDC slashed programs, preferring to eliminate them rather than do them ineffectively, with an emphasis on saving programs dealing with child health. After a close fight on the floor of the House of Representatives (during Phil Gramm of Texas characterized the program as "another failed social experiment"), the measles inoculation program (cost: \$25 million) and a one million dollar emergency fund (now exhausted as it was the only funding available to use for AIDS research) were saved from the axe. Nobody was able to save free distribution of MMWR. [Look, it'd be Just Awful if there were no toilet paper in grammar schools, but that doesn't make it the Federal government's responsibility to set up National Commissions on ass-wiping. Similarly, it's about time and then some for the several states to pick up the measles inoculation program, with just a small Federal presence to keep track of incidence of the disease and to suggest the optimum time for such shots. And -- someone, a couple of years back, was telling me -- and I think it was in the CULT, even, that CDC's problem was that the organization has worked itself out of a job. Prior to the emergence of AIDS, there wasn't all that much to keep 'em busy. Is (rather was) that so? GHS]

The directive came down from Washington that MMWR was now "to pay for itself" and the 150,000 subscribers were informed that if they wished to continue receiving this unique source of information they would now have to ante up \$75.00/year. [This is the oldest bureaucratic shell game around: threaten to cut out -- or grossly overcharge for -- something really essential, whilst shoveling money into something that should never have been started. GHS] Effectively this cut off the majority of current recipients who could not afford this extortionate fee. [Extortionate? Maybe, but Science costs more than half that, and Nature costs almost exactly that. Any recipients actually in this field could afford \$75 a year; whether it's more than actual costs, though. . . GHS] That is, of course, until July 1, 1983, when MMS (the sponsoring corporation of the New England Journal of Medicine) will start immediate reprints of MMWR for a fee of \$18.00 or so, approximately 1/5 (less when you realize that MMS has to pay postage) the cost Bonzo's henchmen [or some mid-level bureaucrats intending to embarrass Stockman and/or Reagan -- GHS] are asking.

The real question is not availability of MMWR but the question of availability

of information. The consistent stand of this administration is that citizens are not entitled to information held by the government even when that information has a direct bearing on their health or well-being. Citizens of this country are currently dying of AIDS, and instead of mobilizing the scientific and medical establishments to fight it, our government has instead mobilized to fight the dissemination of information about it. [Sounds as though a generally good principle, viz.: take into account the cost of collecting information, for a generally good end, viz.: don't harrass the citizens with questions unless the collected information is of more good than the inconvenience of that harrassment, is forcing people to justify something that is justifiable, with attendant misunderstandings and bad feelings all around. Please remember that the government doesn't have these data delivered by the Arch-angel Michael -- lots of people have to send the stuff in, and then a smaller number of people have to get those data into order; all of this costs -- and the simplest way to justify something that costs is by setting prices and fees. GHS]

Mailing Comments, FR 474 & f/r 474.05:

GILPATRICK: I believe that there was an OA in the past [yes: me -- GHS] who imposed a very specific writing requirement on the IWL on the order of telling them to send in a postcard (nothing else would do) stating that they were still interested in the CULT; we thereby eliminated deadwood on the IWL without placing a burden on a few FReds. Overall, I am not convinced that writing requirements for the IWL do much to reduce its size unless a lot of it is deadwood that has lost interest in the organization. At present most of the IWLers are fairly active and imposing repeated writing requirements on them is only telling them to do what they are doing anyway: writing to the FRs. [The most critical time to prune the IWL is when the roster has been stable for a long while (in one of Tapscott's reigns as OA, f'xample, there were no droppages from the 13 at all), because of the risk that, should there be a sudden spate of droppages, someone may process through the AWL to Membership without being required to meet the AWLish writing requirement before reaching the status of instantspub. GHS]

KRESS: According to Texas law the first thing a jury does after they elect a foreman is have one of their members read the judge's charge to the jury. My jury experience was quite different from yours: I was far more impressed by the agonizing that most of the jurors did than by the work of the lawyers and judge. Part of this might be that most people imagine, when called to a jury, that they will be deciding guilt or innocence in a criminal proceeding rather than deliberating about the welfare of an innocent two-year-old. I noted that many of us were mentally unprepared to make a judgement and did not like the process one bit. [Apparently there is a trend in many states to include lawyers -- and even judges -- on juries, instead of automatically excluding all such. Specifically, the Chief Justice of one state got called up, appeared, was empaneled, and served. He said he learned a lot. He also (with the help of the trial judge and the court personal) kept his status a secret from the other members of the jury till it was all over. Question to the lawyers amongst us: were you to serve on a jury (or when you did so serve), would/did your profession mean that the other jurors would-be/were led to vote the way you did, just on that account? GHS]

SMTIH: Very handsome FR. I still like a well-mimeoed or re-typed FR best for it looks as though the FRed cared about what he put his name on. ## I don't know that it is really accurate to say that the Con-Tex matter is similar to Confusion's problems. For one thing the concom from the past two years is intact and, if it were not that he has the legal right to use the name, the activities down here seem more like the expulsion of a local trouble-maker than a factional split.

CRAYNE: Welcome back. By the way I got your address from the LASFS mailing list (a handy thing; I wish more local groups would do that) for my f/r.

BEAL: Also welcome. By the way, did the Osborne software I sent north ever make

in one piece through the mails? I have access to more if I knew what you needed.

[CULTCOMPUTERHACKERS: (While we're on the subject -- is there any word processing program which uses a few function keys in order to call up "the" and "is" and "are" and "and"? Or is the convenience of being able to get these very common words with one key-stroke worth the trouble to arrange this to happen? GHS]

RIKE: Thank you for the correction about W03W (it will appear as such in future editions). I think you are wrong about the meaning of ARBM (for one thing, "arson, rape, & bloody murder" would translate into "asshole, rectum, & bowel movement" nicely, while "arson, rape, bombing, & murder" would not. Strangely enough Joni Stopa insists that it was "arson, rape, & bloody murder" but that there were four regulars in the clique; she states that Ron Ellik was the fourth. [Again: it was "arson, rape, and bloody murder": Jack Harness, Ted Johnstone, and Bruce Pelz. Ellik went to UC Berkeley, hence became a part of Bay Area fandom when he and Terry Carr were putting out Fanac; later, Ellik moved back down south, but he was closer to Fred Patten and Al Lewis than to the ARBM crowd. GHS] Scithers can plug his own books. ## Did any of you expect the CULT to last as long as it has? (I remember that Moreen was a bit bemused to find that it still existed)? Incidentally have you checked the local phone books for Moreen who lived in [San Francisco] when he was last contacted? ## I remember FR 286 very well. I was not still living in Chicago then, I had just moved there to start law school. That was not only my first FR by also my first extended session of mimeography which I only got through with the help of step-by-step instructions from Flieg Hollander over a long distance line to Iowa City (a hidden expense of mimeography, if not CULTac generally). The typewriter also had fannish connections: it was an old IBM Model B that Scithers had given me to deliver to Buck Coulson whenever possible (I did that fall when invited to a party for that purpose at Jackie Causgrove Franke's place. That was my first introduction to Chicago fandom.) so that it is the typer used both for Amra and for the Coulsons's various fanzines. As I remember, all those fannish associations did not help: it still looked very much a first effort.

DUPREE: You were correct about dysentery generally. In addition to the dehydration there is also a general lowering of resistance to disease so that even rehydration is not enough. Medical workers will often complete rehydration procedures only to have the weakened patient killed by a disease that a healthy baby could easily resist. MASSEY: Gee, I only knew a few myself on a face-to-face basis as the CULT had changed so much from the last big get-together.

Enough for now,

/s/
YaleF

Here be some more words from G Himself Scithers:

Dear CULT & All:

Have just committed a mailing of about 6500 names -- 1500 from the Owlswick mailing list, the rest from Steve Rosenberg of Nova Publications, who used to do mail order bookselling but now just sells at conventions. Went in with George Price and Advent:Publishers, thus split the cost of the thing. I've been awfully negligent about direct mail plugging of the Owlswick book list; that and the cost of fixing up the house I'm now living in (across the street from the one I lived in from '69 through the middle of '81) have left Owlswick is a capital-short posture. I have a couple of books essentially ready to go -- a poetry/SF anthology and a Schweitzer study of the works of Lord Dunsany -- but capital sortage is delaying 'em both.

Dunno about YaleF's doubts about the durability of the CULT -- George Heap once worked out which FR would fall on which date well past the middle of the next century. Oddly, no pubdate falls on Leap Year Day till somewhere past the year 2100 (which, you may recall, is the next time that we skip a Leap Year because of the Gregorian three-out-of-every-four-centuries rule.

Everybody (the 13 plus the AWL) wrote. The next volume of this oversized FR will contain as much as I can manage of the AWL and the IWL.

/Scithers exOA/13/