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Fantasy Rotator #554, AKA Untitled #10. Published for the CULT by  
Alan Lankin, 4 East Mount Pleasant Avenue, Philadelphia PA 19119.  
(215/242-2738) on 23 November 1987.  
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## 553 554 PUBDATE SOLOISTS

01 f/r NO! 28Mar88 Warren Salomon 750 Nat'l Bank Bldg,  
25 W Flagler St, Miami FL 33130  
02 no NO! 18Apr88 Marie Bartlett, 834 W Lakeside Pl, Chicago IL 60640  
03 p/c p/c 09May88 Johnny Lee, 3705 Cedar Hill, Houston TX 77093  
04 yes NO! 30May88 Gregg Trend, 16594 Edinborough Rd, Detroit MI 48219  
05 yes Yes 20Jun88 John P Conlon, 52 Columbia St, Newark OH 43055  
06 yes Yes 11Jul88 Megret Stull, 54349 O'Keefe Rd, Dowagiac MI 49047  
07 Pub NO! 02Aug88 AW-KG c/o Weinstein, 859 N Mountain Ave #18-G,  
Upland CA 91786  
08 no Pub 23Aug88 Alan Lankin, 4 E Mt Pleasant Ave, Phila PA 19119  
09 yes Yes 14Dec87 Dal Coger, 1433 W Crestwood, Memphis TN 38119  
10 p/c Yes 04Jan88 Peter Rowe, 7324 Dennis St, Phila PA 19126  
11 yes Yes 25Jan88 Dian Crayne, 1717 6th St, Manhattan Beach CA 90266  
12 no f/r 15Feb88 YaleF Edeiken, 39 N 5th St, Allentown PA 18101  
13 yes NO! 07Mar88 George H Scithers, POBox 8243, Phila PA 19101

ACCOMPANIST

yes NO! Maj Michael J White, MD, PSC Box 3014, Misawa Air Base,  
APO San Francisco, CA 96519

CHORUS

01 no Yes Kathleen Hodgkinson, 10831 Milano, Norwalk CA 90650  
02 p/c f/r Debra Metcalf, POBox 120, Orangeburg NY 10962  
03 no NO! Janice Morningstar, 49 Leland Dr, Novato CA 94947  
04 no Yes Howard Devore, 4705 Weddell St, Dearborn Hgts MI 48125  
05 yes NO! Donald Lee, 2220 Kim #C, Springdale AR 72764

CASTRATOS

01 no no Dick Lynch, 4207 Davis Ln, Chattanooga TN 37416  
02 no no Michael Sherck, 17688 Auten Rd, Granger IN 46530  
03 yes no Richard Court, 415 S Dixie Dr, Vandalia OH 45377  
04 no no Laura Syms, 1246 E Cheltanham, Phila PA 19124  
05 yes no Michael Glycer, 5828 Woodman Ave #2, Van Nuys CA 91401  
06 yes no Jack Harness, 114 S Rampart Blvd #1, Los Angeles CA 90057  
07 yes yes Donald G Wileman, 404-2 Assiniboing,  
Downsview Ontario, CANADA M3J 1L1  
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Official Business:

Next Pub: Dal Coger (late pub announced)  
Dropped: FitzSimmons for lacktivity  
Moved: Bartlett to #2; D Lee to AWL #5  
In Limbo: Bartlett, Morningstar  
Must write: Salomon, J Lee, Trend, Stull, AW-KG, Edeiken,  
Scithers, White  
Must write to 555 or 556: D Lee plus entire IWL (except for Wileman)

Election results for the petition to amend Article IX Section 4  
of the CULTstitution as follows:

Any member who is suffering from a physical disability may voluntarily become an Associate Member by notifying the OA in writing of the existence of the physical disability and that Member's desire to become an Associate Member. Such an Associate may rejoin the Active Membership by notifying the OA in writing of that member's desire to do so. The Associate shall rejoin Active membership as set forth in Article IX, Section 1.

The vote was eight in favor; none opposed. Voting were J Lee, Trend, Conlon, Stull, AW-KG, Lankin, Edeiken, and Scithers. According to my copy of the CULTstitution, nine affirmative votes are needed to pass an ammendment and abstentions count in the affirmative. I'm not sure if my copy of the CULTstitution has the current rule; if it does, the ammendment passes. Gafiate? It's probably time for a new edition. Maybe MJWhite could publish as part of his Associate publishing requirement.

Nominations for the Vorz award are as follows: J Lee ("but then, he'd be POed as usual" - Trend); Court (as a permanent award - Stull); Rowe ("...for cliff-hanging resuscitation (I would've nominated my predecessor Candice in that regard, too" - Trend); Edeiken; "Yale White"! (Conlon); and from Stull ex-members FitzSimmons ("for an 'interesting' first pub") and Massey ("for the most pointless late, late Pub").

Voting will occur in Coger's FR (555).  
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My comments this time will be brief. Not only am I busy with helping out Pam and Little Fetus, but I'm also changing jobs. This is my last week. My current department seems to be having an exodus: our manager, one of the supervisors, yours truly, and another co-worker have all reseigned in the last month. I'll be basically doing the same thing (systems programming), but with more opportunity. And I'll still be downtown, so I won't have to change my communting habits.

The other interesting thing going on is that I've joined Arbel, a small community choir. Pam's joined Arbel last year and I've decided to give it a try. I can't really sight-read, but I seem to have a halfway decent ear, so I'm basically keeping up. It's kind of fun. I even survived our first concert.

*Alan*

Coger  
 1433 W.Crestwood Dr.  
 Mfs, TN 38119

17XI87

Dear Alan et all,

I announce late publication. For those who missed it last time, I repeat that publication falls in the midst of finals, term papers, faculty meetings and general winding down for the holidays.

This for Michael, but also for those interested in the AIDS affair. There was an item on cable news re a case in Chicago where a young man had died back in the 1960s of such a strange malady that it bothered the doctors. They froze specimens of the blood and tissue. A recent analysis indicated it was AIDS. I have watched for something in print I could send Michael but nothing has come up.

Debra Metcalf: Glad you found that your mother-in-law had the book, 'cause I still can't find mine. Incidentally, the misc. writings of Beryl Markham have been published and I seem to remember seeing an announcement of a biography of her. A new biography is out or announced of Bror Blixen. His book on hunting in Kenya is also out, and of that I have a copy. I haven't found time to even look at it yet.

Books read: A reivew by Budrys of Clive Barker's The Damnation Game led me to buy both it and Weave World. Read both. The first is clearly a masterful piece of work, though since it is a horror story is not everyone's meat. The end is just a trifle weak, or contrived, but Barker is still young. Weave World by contrast is so complexly plotted and the horror is so all pervasive that it left me cold. Also bought and read the second volume of King's The Dark Tower, which was Kingly fare but not nearly as well written as The Gunslinger, the first volume of the series. At Nashville last week picked up a first edition of the just released The Tommyknockers by King. No time to read it.

The local paper just published my review of the last of the Hubbard dekaology of Mission Earth. I read every damn page of the 3,900 and umpty umpt pages, and wrote up 9 of the volumes for reviews. I received, by the way, a personal telephone call at home from someone at Bridge publications--a lady with a lovely voice addressing me as "Dalvan"--thanking me for the review I had published of Writers of the Future Vol.3. How about that!!!

Currently reading two books on warfare for review and a book on South African labor unions for review by a British journal. Just finished a review for the same journal on a Zimbabwe book. More and more I am finding that I can't stand television and want to spend my evenings reading.

Comments on FR553:

Meg: In re Pere David's deer. The emperor of China enjoyed hunting them and had a game park that was walled. For two thousand years they had been extinct in nature, only those in the park surviving. The priest managed to bribe someone to get him at least one breeding pair, which he somehow shipped home. When the empire was overthrown, the peasants killed all the deer for food, leaving only the deer in the French zoological gardens. Assuming the first breeding pair had a number of offspring, the heard should have grown rapidly. To assure the maximum spread of those genes surviving, the Duke of Bedford persuaded the different zoos to co-operate. The s'tory as I gave it, and as

amplified here, is what Moorcroft told me. I have not attempted to verify any of it.

All, on the matter of religion: On entropy: The argument about entropy is an old one by the anti-evolutionists. Asimov did an editorial demolishing the argument effectively about two years ago.

On the beauty of the natural world: Here we are dealing with a subjective quality. To me, for example, there is nothing to compare with the smell of the gunpowder from a "Battery, three rounds." Driving through wooded hills, my eyes seek out good gun positions, with cover for the trucks and at least two access roads and I have been known to stop and oh and ah when a particularly fine position turns up. The Mona Lisa at the Louvre thrills some but leaves me cold. But the winged victory thrills me to my fingertips. In short, beauty is something we learn about and do not recognize automatically. One man's beautiful woman is another man's dog.

The Unitarians and other liberal religionists sometimes equate God with the universe, an extension of Spinoza's pantheism. Fine if they wish. But if I understand Occam's razor correctly, that is unnecessary. Why should there be any reason to the universe? Because we want there to be? But that is absurd. The universe exists. It may have had a beginning. It may well have an end. Our puny minds can no more conceive of the sheer complexity of it than a mouse can of calculus. So we invent God to make it comprehensible. But at some point we have to recognize what we have done and drop God from the equation. What we need to get on with is an ethical system incorporating universal values.

All on the new Weird Tales: The first issue looks great George. Hope it prospers.

On Africa: Today was invited to give a two hour lecture to the Marine Corps Reserve who were meeting here. Chose to do the background on the Cubans in Angola and the three guerilla wars being fought down there. I had lectured from time to time to the National Guard in South Carolina, and even to the assembled officers of the Advisory Group, but this was a group of about 30 bird colonels, light colonels and majors, with a few staff sergeants thrown in. Amusing to the old sarge to have bright eyed 40ish full colonels address him as "Sir!"

Oh yes: The Marines wanted a short biography. I had prepared an obituary when I was feeling punk several weeks earlier so I called it up on the computer, took out the part reading "Died, Professor etc." and sent it to them. Never realized how handy it was. Will have to keep it up to date.

Cordially

  
Cogger

November 18, 1987  
54349 O'Keefe Rd.  
Dowagiac, MI 49047

Dear Alankin and Assorted Others,

It's a cold, wet, windy morning. It's not really raining, and it's not really snowing. I guess one could say it's "slushing" out there. It's also deer season, so I highly approve of the inclement weather. It's miserable enough to keep most of the city-bred hunters in their campers and motel rooms. Which is fine. They can stay anywhere they like, as long as they stay the hell away from our woods. I wouldn't mind if this weather continued all week!

I don't object to hunting as long as the hunter knows what he's doing. But the jerks who swarm out of the cities rarely, if ever, are even semi-skilled. They wound an animal and don't know how (or don't bother) to track it down. They open farm gates and fail to close them completely. They don't even know enough to shoot away from houses, barns, and fields; they just don't seem to realize that a bullet travels more than a couple hundred feet. Some of these jerks don't even wait to see the deer -- and as a result they shoot dogs, cows, horses -- even pigs!

The season has been open a week. For a week I've tucked the dogs into florescent orange sweaters every time I let them out. I've helped chase John's pigs back into their field almost daily. Ed has buried two deer, deer who were fatally wounded by some hunter who couldn't track them -- a total waste of life, since the carcasses were already bloating. Every morning, from 5:30 on, and every evening, there are strangers with out-of-state license plates knocking on the door, asking permission ~~for~~ hunt. Many of them seem to think they aren't asking permission, but merely *informing* us of their intention to hunt on our land. They get very belligerent when we tell them no.

I hate hunting season. I hate it with a passion. There are times when I wish I could hunt the hunters and shoot to kill...

#### Mailing Comments to FR 553

Elst: Uh. Yeah, I know Don, albeit not in the biblical sense. In fact, I've never met the man except through TAPS and phone calls. He's usually a lot more coherent. Enjoyable even. An amusing fellow, full of odd bits of historical fact.

Mike Glycer: It's about time you showed up in these pages! Why was an inflatable orange pumpkin in the pool? And was it as large as the plastic dolphin? It could have been an interesting sight. Pumpkins don't seem like one's average pool toy.

Jack Harness: About the only time I've heard a male actually howl is a) when a female knee gets misplaced or b) when said male zips faster than he tucks when exiting a john. From context I conclude that when you say "howl" you mean something else entirely. Care to elucidate?

Dian Crayne: I can see how lucid dreaming would be advantageous as nightmare control, but generally speaking I think I'd rather just sleep. When my dreams are vigorous enough for me to actively participate in them, I always wake up tired.

Gregg: The biggest problem with the PC-Jrs isn't the lack of memory, but the lack of a second disk drive. The older programs are still floating around, and they overcame the memory problem by using overlays -- but that eats disk space and requires that the program disk be constantly accessible. You need a second diskette to actually hold the data. You *do* know you can get a good, fast PC-Compatible for \$730, right? That's with a mono monitor w/Herc-CGA-Mono switchable graphics, 10 Mgh CPU, EROS BIOS, 640K, dual floppies and controller, I/O ports (one parallel and one serial), keyboard, a current copy of DOS, and 6 empty expansion slots. (MicroComputer Concepts, 1-800-772-3914) It might well be worth it to you to get a better computer.

Dal Coger: The more I hear about Africa, the more grateful I am to live in the US. Was it **60 Minutes** that ran the thing about AIDS in Africa? The "thin disease" where a man can collapse in the street and still be told nothing can be done for him? There's no room in the hospitals, no help of any kind. I hope it never gets like that here! It can't get that bad here, can it?

MJW: Here's a deal for you: if you want to fractionalize and have access to a PC, get the fractional on disk and mail me the disk. I'll mimeo it and send it out, but you pay the postage. Sound good?

George: I sent you a program that should cure your carriage return / linefeed blues. Your XyWrite format would transport admirably into my system (and Word Perfect can, optionally, produce a file without linefeeds/carriage returns except at ends of paragraphs...) Sherck's file was a problem because I received it as a single line -- it was a matter of DOS itself not being able to "see" more than the first 128 characters of it. It was easily fixed once I figured out the problem.

Don: You're definitely blathering. Stream of consciousness is not your best style -- but it's nice to see you here. Hope you stick around for a while.

Go gently all, and go with God,

*Megret.*

*From the flying jaggers of Kay HODGKINSON*

10831 MILANO, NORWALK, CA 90650

November 18, 1987

Dear Alankin, other Members, Wouldbes and Wannabes (and a respected Associate as well):

Brief news from here: Vacation was fun, weather not what we had hoped for, but we saw everyone and did everything we'd planned, including a side trip to the Grand Canyon. Awesome.... Situation at work improving daily, home life as usual, Thanksgiving is almost here and I haven't even thought about Christmas shopping.... Early winter, cool and rainy with warm sunny days just often enough to remind us why we moved here.

MAILING COMMENTS:

AW-KG: I shudder to think of you in the shower when the quake struck. I shudder to imagine me caught in the shower during a quake.

DIAN: Your brief remarks on "She" prompted me to read it again.... Yes, already. When I first read it a couple months ago, I read it with the movie in mind, which made it a little difficult to adjust to the real story. This time I'm able to accept the story as the unique tale it is and I'm enjoying it much more. Any suggestions on where I might come by a copy of "Ayesha"? I thought myself very lucky to have found "She" - one of those serendipitous bookstore finds. I had gone in to check on a paperback set of "Lord of the Rings", and just happened to notice a special (\$8) edition of H. Rider Haggard Collected Novels ("She", "King Solomon's Mines", "Cleopatra", "Maiwa's Revenge" in one volume). "The Name of the Rose" was an enjoyable movie, but shallow and rather commercial compared to the book.

SMOKEY: Thanks for your proposed hospitality. We had thought we might travel through your way as we went first to Pennsylvania then Michigan, and back again through Ohio on our way home. But those plans were changed because of my mother's surgery, as I mentioned earlier. The thought is appreciated, and I certainly would have given you warning of our proposed arrival. Maybe next year....

MEG: When I said I was thinking of getting a Print Shop program I think I used the term incorrectly. What I referred to was a program for my computer which would give me 8 additional type faces. My hardware isn't compatible with anything else that I know of. My computer uses 3" compact disks, so I'm restricted to programs available in that format. Fortunately there are more of them than I'll ever have a use for. RUB HERE << >> for Lottery Luck. Funny thing, winning that money: Now every week we're convinced we're going to hit the big one, and feel cheated if we get only a \$5 winner. I can quite understand how

someone can get hooked on gambling, when one relatively small win makes you feel that you're on your way to the big bucks.

WILEMAN: Be ye hoaxoid or be ye humanoid, it is to be hoped that subsequent letters (if any) might be more lucid. If hoaxoid, see the letters from GOD. See, and learn. Bless ye, and.....

RUB HERE << >> for Lottery Luck, if there be a lottery where you live and if you play such. If such luck can rub off, this will surely do it. (If it does, let me know, will you? I may be on to something....

Happy Holidays, all.....

*Kay*

DEAR ALL:

ON MY SECRET JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF STEVE SWARTZ, I STOPPED TO SMELL THE ROSES.

IN OTHER WORDS, LIFE IS BUSY @ THE MOMENT, AND I FULLY EXPECT TO NOT BE WRITING A FULL LETTER UNTIL FR 555!!!

GEE... MY HANDWRITING IS ALMOST READABLE.

FANNISHLY RON'S

FOR F.R. 554]

9-22 [3] m } m



Peter W. Rowe  
7324 Dennis Street, Philadelphia PA 19126  
(215) 635-0369

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Dear Alan and the CULT,

We had an interesting symposium here at Tyler last weekend, concerning the role of technology in the field of metalsmithing, and accompanied by an exhibit of work by a variety of people, most quite well known, who have pioneered the use a particular technology within the field of metalsmithing. Of course, in most cases this merely means the appropriate adaptation of existing industrial technology to the scale of the individual worker, rather than the actual development of a truly new technology. Even so, however, this is often not a trivial adaptation.

For example, Vernon Reed, a Houston metalsmith, uses microprocessor controlled LCD displays to create strange and wonderful animated and fascinating jewels. The wonderful anodized titanium designs he creates are already rather unique, though he didn't pioneer the use of the reactive metals (titanium, niobium, etc., which take brilliant, iridescent colors from anodizing). The electronics in his jewelry is simple enough to any engineer, though few artists understand enough about it to use it as well as Vernon does. However, he also MAKES his own LCD displays. Compared to what Casio puts on my wristwatch, Vernon's LCD's are crude, with large fairly simple shapes (They are mostly graphic designs of one sort or another, which he can use to create constantly changing patterns). However, the production of LCD displays is not normally within the grasp of the basement workshop. In his case, he had to convert a spare bedroom to a "clean", ie. dust free room, to do the work, and after that, had to pry the information about how to make the darn things out of a lot of folks who said he'd never be able to do it.

Other examples include Arlene Fisch, who first brought the use of anodized Aluminum to the attention of metalsmiths; Stanley Lechtzin, who with others pioneered the use of electroforming (not at all new to industry) in metalsmithing; Daniella Kerner, (Stanley's wife) who's large cast acrylic blocks with imbedded images and stuff exceed by quite a margin the size limits of what Rohm and Haas (the manufacturers of the acrylic raw materials) said could be cast; Elenor Moty or Linda Threadgill with photo etched images used in ways the printing industry never imagined.

Anyway, it's a fascinating show. The symposium itself was intended as an educational thing, and a chance to share views and news on the the technologies, and discuss the values involved. One rather interesting thing was a panel discussion moderated by a fellow who thinks himself a fairly well known critic, and the lady who edits Metalsmith magazine, who was trained as a potter, not a metalsmith.

They set out to discuss the role of technology in metalsmithing, and wound up debating issues that most of us rather took as for granted. For example, at one point Sarah argued that one of the pieces in the show, a pendant with a wonderfully colored and subtle image in anodized titanium, could have been just as easily done in traditional enamels. Perhaps she's right, but the piece would not have been the same. She felt that the image was what was important, not the method used to create it. This is the sculptors' or painters' philosophy that it isn't important what type of medium you use, or whether a piece is welded steel or cast bronze or carved stone, but what the artistic statement is, which matters. (And I should mention that certainly not all painters or sculptors are unconcerned with the method and material) She also maintained that such use of technology seemed to be only for it's own sake, or for "Oh Gee" value, and therefore had no artistic value.

What they completely could not see, was that metalsmithing has as one of it's basic traditions, a concern with materials and techniques (People care whether their jewels

are real, or their rings made of gold or bronze). And artists working in metals become quite attuned to the specific subtleties that one technique has over another in terms of the finished piece. Neither Michael nor Sarah could comprehend that that anodized titanium piece had something essentially different to say than an identical image done in enamels, or another identical image painted on cardboard, for that matter. No layman would get that caught up in such a silly mistake. They'd know intuitively that they liked one more or less than another, or that one had a different effect on them. Somehow, these two "professionals" couldn't seem to accept this. None of the audience had this problem. It seemed trivially obvious to all the folks who actually make things in metal what the importance of materials and methods is, and what role it plays. But the whole thing served well to illustrate at least one of the gulfs which seems to separate the so-called fine arts from the crafts and applied arts. And it also leads me (and others) to wonder why Sarah Bodine is the editor of the Society of North American Goldsmiths official publication, Metalsmith magazine, when she seems so unaware of just what the nature of this craft is, and oblivious to some of the central values that metalsmiths share. Most likely it's just that nobody else wants the job...

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WARREN AND OTHERS: The arguments and discussions regarding religions and Gods are apparently doing here, what they and other philosophical and political debates so often do elsewhere, which is to take the worst points of an adversary position, expand upon it, and treat it as the entire opinion. To one extent, I suppose this is part of the skill of debate. I would like to believe that there are colors other than black and white, and beliefs that can fall in between. I do not personally believe in a God who is some supernatural intelligent being who created the universe and watches over the earth as his special most favorite creation on which man is his supreme effort. Reading the bible literally leads to this sort of interpretation, and certainly, in the history of man's development from the stone age on, there was a long time when such a belief would not only be logical but rather comforting to an animal aware of its own eventual death, but without explanations for it.

I DO, in fact believe in the reality of evolution, the big bang theory (unless it's eventually replaced with something which better explains reality, in which case I too will probably embrace such a new theory), atomic physics, scientific methods, and a basic tenet that reality as we know it is NOT the creation of any controlling hand or force, other than the basic laws of nature, all of which (the physicists tell us) derive from only a very few basic properties and forces of the universe as we know it, and that these properties, themselves mutually consistent, are probably inescapable results of the way the universe itself formed in the first few millionths of a second of the big bang. Questions such as: what caused the big bang, and what came "before", are problems partially caused by limits upon what the mind can truly comprehend: If time itself is defined by the bang, just how long are those first instants of the big bang before time became a separate dimension?... (Nice words, but also just a meaningless word game.)

Anyway, that's where I'm coming from. BUT: I also feel a tremendous reverence for the reality and universe we know, and the living beings, creatures, forces and men within it. And I feel a sense of wonder at the complexity and order of it all, even while I can believe that it's only consistent with the nature of the universe that things evolve into orderly arrangements and that the exact nature of our world contains only the result of random chance and natural selection. A GOD would be much harder for me to accept and comprehend, yet I feel much awe, reverence, and "religion", just at being part of the world I'm in. And I can value and enjoy the experience and atmosphere in God fearing/believing churches and ceremonies: I may not believe in God, but I can partake in the worship of God (It's just that I define what I'm worshipping in a different manner than the rest of the congregation) for the value the emotional experience of being with other humans in that environment can have for me. This is not hypocrisy.

And finally, part of what I believe about humans is the nature of the needs fulfilled by religions, and the causes for their origination. Those are also strong needs in myself. If I have answered those needs and questions with one set of beliefs, and my whole sense of who I am and where I am is rooted in those beliefs about the nature of reality, then I can easily see how other people, believing something else, and by their very disagreement telling me they think I am wrong (and by the nature of their beliefs telling me they think I am not only wrong but in grave danger of eternal damnation) pose a real threat to my sense of well being which could cause me to become very defensive, perhaps even violently so were I of such a temperament. This is of course, the root of religious persecution throughout history. And as any of the lawyers in our group can remind all of us, a basic part of our constitution is the right to freedom of belief, and by extension, the right to be wrong.

While I believe myself to be right, and can sometimes feel great frustration at others who cannot see the logic of what I see to be true, I also can accept that those others must feel the same frustrations in dealing with me and my (to them) misguided and wrong beliefs. I can live with this. Who knows, maybe they're right and I'm wrong. Or we're all wrong, and the truth is as yet unguessed. But I try not to preach my beliefs to others who are already set in theirs, unless they wish to discuss the issues. And just as I demand the right to believe as I do, I also insist on their right to disagree with me. And I refuse to think myself better or superior just because I feel I am right and they are wrong. After all, their beliefs meet the same needs for them as mine do for me, and in a practical sense, a belief in a life after death would be a very comforting thing. I'm envious of the security that brings to those who believe in it.

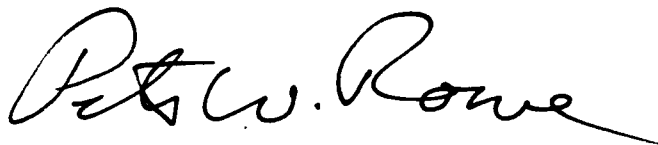
If I am right in my beliefs, then in the end it matters not what any of us believe. And if I am wrong, then I am wrong based on the most honest decisions, thought, and examination of as much evidence I can find on the matter. I don't wish those with whom I disagree to spend their time feeling pity or superiority over me because they feel themselves right. Because that's when I find myself starting to get really pissed off.

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YALE: Congratulations....

MEG: To make printer woes even worse, my other printer, the PRISM dot matrix printer, is "real sick"... It prints, but neither the color change option, or the motor which keeps the ribbon moving along, are working, and I've been unable to trace the problem. All in all, I'm real tempted to just throw it out. (There's no market for it, I can't reasonably expect to sell it).

'Nuff for now.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Peter W. Rowe". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

17 November, 1987

Michael Sherck  
17688 Auten Rd.  
Granger, IN 46530

Dear Sir;

Greetings! You are hereby ordered to report for induction into the Armed Forces of the United States...

Why does everyone keep referring to The Cult as "The Nastiest Bastards in Fandom"? C'mon, people: labels are labels, I know, but isn't this taking things a bit far? I've only noticed one nasty thing since I've been here, and that hardly qualifies you (us?) as veins-in-the-teeth, father raping, horrible bastards. More like cute little kitty-cats, if you ask me. The SOB's I wargame with would consider the whole lot as rather obnoxiously polite and civilized: hardly human at all. If this is the nastiest, I shudder to think what the most pleasant bunch is like.

Were things different in the past? How did this reputation arise, anyway, and what happened to it? Just curious, since the Cult seems to be known beyond it's current immediate circle and I've heard the "Nastiest Bastards..." phrase elsewhere.

Another curiosity: from inspection of a grand total of three separate fanzines, not including my rapidly growing file of Cultish Correspondence, I have come to the tentative conclusion that not many "SF" apas actually carry on much discussion of SF. Conversation appears to center on Fans, as opposed to books and stories and published authors. Not precisely what I expected, although in the case of the Cult it could be said with perfect honesty that this is one of those cases where reality has turned out to surpass expectation. Perhaps this is some small indication of what is consistently referred to as "fandom" or "the phenomenon of fandom" by the critical and the analytical, (of which I am neither.)

One gets the impression that everyone is just one big happy family, with all the sibling rivalry and occasional hair-pulling fights that occur in those loose structures more traditionally referred to with that label. Kind of interesting in a way: sometimes I wonder if this isn't similar to what people in very large families experience. Hard for someone from a small family to imagine life with a pack of brothers and sisters, some older and some younger but all dashing madly about some rambling old Victorian house together. "Who used my shampoo?" and "Has anyone seen this month's Analog?": that sort of thing. Perhaps this is a reasonable facsimile.

Either that or a collection of temporarily interested passersby, like random onlookers at a fire or a traffic accident. Plithy meanderings (like this one,) decorating those awful dull white pages that get mailed back and forth; large

enough so that the outbound bunch is balanced by the inbound new blood, or maybe held together by a "glue" of passionate scribbling a myriad of notes each week. Brief interaction, then the dawning of familiarity and housework spins them away like leaves in the wind. A constantly shuffling maelstrom, a whirlwind of paper that pauses for a moment or a day at one door, then moves on when no-one answers the bell; there are more doors on this street and then more streets after that. By the time you've reached the end, new people have moved in behind and it starts all over again.

\*sigh\* I can't decide. Not sure I want to, either.

STULL: You may not have noticed, but River City Network is back to being a free BBS again. I wonder if he's going to pull all those extra phone lines? // I'm going to have to get a big sign: I AM NOT STEVE SWARTZ. // "...our universe is, at best, extremely improbable." Not necessarily. The mainstream of cosmology seems to accept some form of a Big Bang origin of the universe now. One of the most significant remaining problems they are busy on is to understand exactly why rather than how our current universe was created. We think we know "how", but mathematically the odds of coming up with this universe out of all the alternative possibilities is ridiculously low. Therefore, some current thinking goes, there must be underlying reasons that explain why the conditions we observe were somehow "preferred" over alternatives in the first instants of the Big Bang. Random chance seems so unlikely. For instance, we observe three dimensions to the physical universe. Why three, instead of five or seven or twenty-two? (Incidentally, some of the more recent variations on the Big Bang theory insist that there are more than the three dimensions we sense, but that's quite an involved diversion and not relevant here.)

In this sense, perhaps modern science is looking for God; or at least, as much of Him as we can understand at the moment. Of course, as I tell my wife whenever she gets just a bit more fundamentalist than I can stand, science is irrelevant to religion. The existence of any particular deity can be neither proved nor disproved by science. If you are the sort of person who needs "scientific" proof in God then you're just going through the motions: you don't really believe. And in the same vein, if you accept science as disproving of your faith then again, you're just kidding yourself with pious posturing. The particular fallacy I see most often (on both sides of the fence,) is taking one person's opinion as representative of fact. A particular scientist is an agnostic or an atheist; therefore, "science" is agnostic or atheist and thus anti-religion. Or, one particular minister or priest makes an ass of himself, therefore all religious leaders are asses. Our family gets into some truly awesome arguments on this subject. To paraphrase someone (Clarke?), some people are not only simpler than you imagine, they are simpler than you can imagine.

I seem to have gotten off on another subject. Oh, well: go with the flow, as "they" say. Sandy's church has joined the Fundamentalist revolution, I'm afraid. Gonna become evangelistic

and save the world. As a Christian I approve of this, in some ways: Christ directed us to Spread the Word. But when Spreading the Word is characterised by filing lawsuits to prevent "secular humanism" (don't ask me to define it: I've never heard two definitions that made any sense, let alone were sufficiently similar enough to convince me that they were talking about the same thing,) in the schools and teaching the Story of Creation as "science" then it's time for some serious reevaluation. The separation between Church and State is getting mightly thin, I fear, and I Do Not Like It. I would like to get the pastor over for dinner some PM, but the trouble is, how do you question the actions of a man who your wife believes really did have a Vision from God that told him this stuff was Evil? I would prefer to stay married, methinks, but as I told Sandy after arguing with the Welfare checker for half an hour (years ago, when I was in the process of adopting my oldest daughter. They come around to see if you really exist, don't have faces laying around the dining room, etc.) I'm not going to kiss his ass just to make him feel good.

D. CRAYNE: I've never been in a tacky little beach bar, but they sound interesting. The best bar I was ever in was in Ann Arbor, MI. Strange mixture: rough wooden floors, trestle tables and benches, and the place was lit by what must have been two dozen Tiffany lamps. The friend I was with said that they were real, too: me, I can't tell a fake Big Mac from a real one, so I don't know. It was also the last place I was in that had peanuts (in the shell) sitting in big baskets all over the place. If I hadn't run out of money I'd still be there.

COGER: Unstrange, but still amusing. Half of what I read (not from you, but other places,) on South Africa goes like shrill indignancy: "They're such terrible people and have no respect for basic human rights." The other half is quite holier-than--thou: "South Africa is the last bastion of civilization on the continent," and on and on and... Why the lack of realism? Black African nations have at least as poor a record in their treatment of blacks as South Africa does, mostly worse. And South Africa's defence of their own bigotry as being "less bad" than the alternative is an example of the type of syllogism that most of us learned to suspect in kindergarten, or at the latest on our first date. Both viewpoints are extremes and neither is worth a mound of moldy coffee beans. This is an argument where neither side is right, but where other viewpoints are not permitted by the powers-that-be (defined as the Government of South Africa, the governments of the surrounding states, and the American press, not necessarily in that order.)

Personally, I've wanted to spend some time in Africa ever since I saw Bogart and Hepburn in The African Queen. Hepburn apparently has written a book about that: I'd dearly love to read it.

# Howard DeVore-Expert

☆ 4705 Weddel Street Dearborn. Michigan 48125 ☆

Nov 3 '87

Dear Alan,

I've lost my guide and mentor. Oncet Candice suggested I join the cult and I was mildly inclined to do so but it sounded complicated.

She offered to keep me up to date on rules etc ... and now she's gone ! Here I am, lonely lamb wandering the woods, I guess I'll have to sit down with her and get it all straight and then keep in touch with Greg Trend at the same time.

Candice say's I'm being pushed into "must rite" so I may as well get in the habit.

I may have mentioned my problems at work, certainly I did in SAPS & FAPA. In any case I'll give it real brief. I've been the 'back up' bulk mail clerk at the Dearborn PO for 15 years. Frequently handled the job for weeks or months on my own but always beat out by someone with more seniority .. who I proceeded to train.

In May '85 the last man retired and I was ue to get the job, only someone added a typing requirement to the qualifications and I can't pass it, at the same time we got a new boss who didn't like my attitude and I got disqualified. Some of you will know me as a sweet gentle person, who never causes trouble , always subservient etc. I wrote my first grievance in over 20 years !

The grievance went to the new boss, who rejected it, then it went to the postmaster, who glanced at it and said "Give him the job". The PM may recall that when he got his first foreman job I showed him some of the ropes. I got the job !

The new boss is a pushy, young black woman, whose policy is to find fault with everyone, write lotsa bad reports and thereby cover her own shortcomings. I'm not paranoid, all her employees are treated the same way. I don't much give a shit, my policy is to do it my way regardless.

Now, I could have retired even before I got the job offically, but have been in no rush to do so, anyway we disagreed considerably last year. My assiatmt, the new 'back up' man can handle the job, so I waited till fall. Tom was leaving for Hawai for four weeks and the day before he left I checked into the hospital for an operation and I proceeded to stay home for the next six weeks.

Meanwhile they took our new trainee and put him on the job, paying him overtime some days, switched a girl from midnights to days to help him and paid her overtime for the next few weeks.

Nov 1st and I was getting phone calls at home, wanting to know when the doctor would let me come back to work. I'd been very sick, so sick that I drove myself home from the hospital but still took six weeks to recover ! I pointed out to the Postmaster that Regan recovered from his prostrate operation in 3 days and it took six weeks .. cause Regan did not have 1200 ~~sick~~ hours of sick leave.

I really thought the woman had learned her lesson but apparently not. In May this year I sent a form to Detroit and failed to sign it, just one of the thousands I handle. For this grievous thing I received a "letter of warning", 2 pages of crap detailing my shortcomings and ending with the standardized threat to take me off the job or fire me.

I exploded ! Threatening to fire the only man that really knows the job . My first reaction was decide to walk into the front office and take my retirement on 24 hour notice, but that's too simple. Instead I wrote my second grievance in 25 years.

I admitted not signing the form, a piddle matter and then went on to describe the woman's general stupidity, her attitude toward all of her employees, I used a couple of pages and detailed everything. She read the grievance but made no decision. She thought it over for a day and perhaps considered that if she rejected it lotsa people .. all the way up to Chicago headquarters would eventually read it.

She wound up tearing up the "letter of warning" and withdrawing the whole thing. Sometime in the following weeks she discovered that I can retire at will and perhaps leave the place in a mess if I do so.

Meanwhile Tom ( 'back up' man ) has transferred out and is seldom available. All I have now is a trainee. She's bright enough but does not have my 15 years experience or Tom's 7 years experience.

I had two weeks vacation starting Oct 24th, conventions got switched so I called in sick Oct 9th ( Friday ). Sue enuf the computer broke down and they called me at home 5 PM .... seems I'd gone to the doctor and did not return their call. When I reported Monday the boss was bright enuf not to question it.

I stated flatly that I had to start my vacation one day early to attend a convention in Cincinnati, cause I had to make a speech. The extra day got OK'd altho it was some inconvenience. Perhaps she got the idea that I was going with or without official approval.

Well, I've been on vacation ten days now. There has been computer problems at least every second day. Most of these I have cured over the phone but I've gone up there twice and got it working. Meanwhile Muriel had had overtime help approximately half of the time and has rarely turned in her day's work on time, without this the accounting dept cannot complete their daily work either.

I'll get back to work Monday and continue to do things my way, when someone disagrees I'll likely sign the papers and be on my way. Some people at work have been heard to say " Don't screw with Howard, he'll stick it in your rear".

Some thirty years ago I worked for GM as a gear cutter and learned how to write grievances. For some weeks I wrote two each day and left there with perhaps 50 unresolved grievances. For 2½ years they tried desperately to fire me... we were working 70 to 80 hours per week and I liked the money ... when they cut back to 24 hours per week I solved their problem by quitting and getting another job where I could work 60/70 hours per week.

Perhaps someday I'll do a piece on how to sabotage automation equipment.

Howard DeVore



52 Columbia Street, NerK, Ahia 43055 John P Conlon to the current despoiler of the mails, Alankin.....

Well, Bork got burked, and the second lad departed the scene due to his use of illegal weeds in past. Now, if all the solons who ever did a jar of moonshine resigned..Wouldn't that be one hell of an exodus? Current lad is Kennedy and some Dems will drool and automatically say "YES"

St Daniel Ortega is in DC trying to get a chat with the Great Satan about taking his contras out so the forces of good can consolidate the region. One of his staff faded with many papers and may throw a monkey wrench into things. Inefficiency of the Ortégans is causing the Sovs and East Krauts to wonder about supptg them. Many East German trucks supplied are tagged with initials of IDT, I think. The locals translate as Impossible To Stop..

Someone at Gay Demo flapped the KSU bloody shirt, and as usual, did not observe that for each stude stupidly and uselessly shot to death, 500 000 Cambodians died slowly, dreadfully, and also uselessly..But them is slant eyed gooks a long way off. Chamberlain said much the same of the Czechs in 1938, and Czech weapons did in a lot of Limeys. Chickens oft come back to roost sooner than expected.

Dean Ing did another nasty chase tale-Blood of the Eagle, about a tresure in Albania in 1945 and people still chasing in current time. The Albanians do trend to take vengeance seriously, more so than even the Hatfields and Mc Coys, and more like the Japanese... Good and nasty.

Cool and clear today. Tomorrow to dentist for permanent crowns. The temps cut loose last night and I nearly stuck them back with Krazy Glue but had second thoughts. Now held in by maybe suction and for sure, pressure from below...

AW-KG cover very apropos on 553.. Soviets wishing they had such a mess, as US depression is very like Good Times the way they do it.

Got up roster of old buddies minus a few more names..First one to vanish ws bound for Korea in 1950. I hope he made it home, but do not know. Others bought the farm since.

One guy posed in seat of Freddy O'Neil's Triumph last summer. O'Neil was working on that in 1980, after he retired from machinist job at Palomar Observatory. They sent him to Chile a few years back to help put in a new telescope at Cerro Tololo. That observatory has found a few things not visible in northern hemisphere. They missed the supernova..

Locally, the new Fedaspec sneezr is about to take in its first flock of ill-doers. They have a \$1200 stainless steel scheisser in each of the cells. No doubt the ACLU may protest the cold seat as an infringement of the hood's rights to a warm place to shit( as a resigned helot of Reagan's once said.) 1200 bucks was the 1935 price of 52 Columbia, 48x 196 lot, and uncounted rusty cans of welfare food in back. Took me weeks of pushcart hauling to clear the area...They get 60 degrees in their little boudoirs. I can do that only by lighting a few piles of old FRs.....The wages of sin is warm sleeping quarters...

Megret. The last few Imperial deer in China went when the starving cits looted the place, either in 1860 or 1900. It is a damn limited gene pool, as bad as Adam and Eve..Also read up on cheetah. There is something odd about their genes, and it is thought the idiots who got animals for Roman circuses may have screwed them up by taking too many. No one knows, having little numerical data on what they croaked to get the Caesar's guns off.

Gregg: Bork wouldn't be the first odd Justice. Consider Black, who belonged to the lads in the bed sheets and became a Liberal of sorts. He could have mellowed.

Alankin: Rhodesia/Zimbabwe may be a small preview of the Finale Endlosung in South Africa.. SA is IMPORTANT. Minexals and strategic position. If the deal slides downhill to Chaos, as our clownish Left desires, the kindly Sovs will step in to help, and we will buy the ores from them, and the Red Fleet will start docking at Durban and Simonstown, and we will be up another creek minus paddle....

over

Dal suggests that there are some people there trying to solve the mess without a massacre, and if they can get into the argument and slow down the One Man One Vote Once side and the knot headed Boers on the other it may come to a decent deal for all. Of course, this would not please our doctrinaires or the USSR, but that would be tough shit, no?

Observe the maritime choke points where the USSR has its kindly hand on the worldly larynx.. Some day they'll get Cape Horn, too.

It sounds as if the White clan had a lot of fun getting to their post of duty. I hope the kids do not go on strike about flying back to the Land of the Big PX.. Maybe the good (and worn-out) Doctor may come across some nurses of the local sort who may have been in Davao when young..... I expect their kids will learn a lot of things and come back with a cosmopolitan outlook. Young people learn fast, though as Aki<sup>o</sup>-san said, her son learned much English not found in anything but the works of Henry Miller.

Wileman? Maybe welcome to the Clut.. Bullshit gruel is the best way to spread the byproducts of the bovine on the crops... And in India, the spiritual home of many cults, one worships by spreading cow merde upon the body.. I'll stick to verbal prayer, thank you.. I have noted now and then a Canuck influence at Marcon. Once a couple of guys were singing a folk song about the demise of one Johnny MacBride.. Last Post and All.. The local voice of liberalism, WOSU radio mentioned that thousands of Canadians went to Vietnam, which in my opinion really balanced the lads who went to Canada for holy principles, and to keep their asses out of the wicked military.. Some of ours and their Canuck buddies did not return from 'Nam.. And some of our gallant protesters stayed in Canada. I hope there is no war involving Canada, as these lads may cut out for Mexico.

Harness: Long time no see no Cultoons. Yours are very simple, but the odd and nasty aspect of yours is unique. Others copied, but none have the touch.. Maybe your presence will help to balance the followers of the legal whatisit... I surely hope..

Quaint wicked guns note. Death rate from handguns and birth control pills equals... about 5 per 100 000. Of course, pills kill women and girls. Clearly discriminatory, and someone will have to make a mandatory Male Birth Control pill. Or a Male IUD, which will cause injury or death when inserted into the right place. There Gotta Be A Law!

No NOOKS IS GOOD NOOKS! protesters now find that radon is creeping into their cellars and homes... And one comment on Good Coal Power. It takes 38 000 semis of coal to produce what six semis of nuclear fuel produce. And the waste removal takes a lot more ash haulers than the wicked spent fuels... Not to mention that converting the Zimmer Plant to coal takes 500 acres for storage of coal....

Enough, awreddy. Got to take library books back and drop dry cleaning and get rosters of 1813th Ordnance made up for friends... Take care and avoid going into radon filled basements.. I wonder how the foes of Nuke who live over the Reading Prong feel about living with low-level radiation? And can't blame it on Reagan?

*Merry Thanksgiving*

*Old Smokey*

# Notes from the Bawdy Jade

13 November 1987

Dian Crayne, XI - 1717 6th Street, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

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Dear Alan and Cult,

**Warren** -- in regard to your f/r, you didn't read my comments closely enough. "*The ancient themes of miracles and prophecy were grafted onto the stories of later religious figures in an effort to make them more acceptable to a conservative society.*" Although Christianity is less than 2000 years old it still contains many of the motifs that were common in the older religions, such as the dying and rising god, miraculous birth, foreshadowing, etc. However, that's a quibble.

**YaleF** -- Sorry to hear about the pains in your neither regions.

**Gafiate** -- I am dubious about the proposed amendment. Although this is reductio ad absurdum, what happens if the number of physically incapacitated people associated with the Cult outnumber those that are active? The organization then has a lengthy list of deadwood and the active members have to bear the publishing costs. What next? Dues?

((Speaking of amendments, would anyone out there be interested in an attempt to reduce late-pub from two weeks to one??))

**Mike Glycer** -- Oh goody! Fresh re-treads and more people to play "remember when." I'm sorry we missed the Halloween party; it's one of the few times I get to see a lot of old fannish acquaintances together en masse. Chuck had a bad cold. I guess he *could* have come as a plague carrier . . . I've got a Holy Grail I've been meaning to take to a costume party for years.

**Scribe JH** -- Welcome back, I've missed you. "What is the Cult doing these days?" Same as usual: fighting over this season's Claud Degler, arguing over roster errors, squabbling over mis-, mal-, and non-feasence, and wondering where we got a couple of gentle, sincere souls who apologize for causing dissention. (It's Ed Baker, reincarnated.) Dearie, we *need* you.

**Johnny Lee** -- When I was a kid there was a motel out by El Monte (about fifty miles from here) that had stucco cabins that looked like big teepees, complete with fancy designs and poles sticking out the top. It's probably long gone now, but was quite a landmark at the time.

**Smokey** -- Some friends of mine have gone to The Gambia for A.I.D. and expect to be there for about a year. They are planning on doing some touring around Africa to see what's "really" going on first hand. I'm looking forward to their reports.

**Gregg Trend** -- Jeez, Candice has settled into the Elephant's Graveyard? Eight pages a year and you can go on forever. As I recollect, FAPA doesn't even have a prior distribution rule. // It looks like we're going to get Kennedy, now that Ginsberg has been shot down. There was an interesting article in the Times the other day to the effect that if using mary jane in ones youth is a reason for rejection we might as well wash out most of the college classes of '65 through '70 -- the people who are now moving into top positions in government and industry.

**Dal Coger** -- According to an article in Science a couple of weeks ago, one hospital in Zaire reports that half of their patient deaths are AIDS-related. (Local papers in L.A seldom report total U.S. AIDS cases anymore, and I haven't seen a world-wide report in months. CDC has started very quiet anonymous testing at hospitals and penal institutes. A California hospital is contacting the parents of 700 premies who were given blood transfusions and may carry AIDS. Meanwhile the Presidential Commission is still dicking around. On the bright side, California colleges are now selling rubbers.)

**Michael White** -- Did you know that Japanese tourists to California regularly carry home sacks of rice? It's cheaper over here.

**George Scithers** -- When I was writing for the computer magazines most of them offered a standard 10% bonus to contributors who sent in material on soft-sectored diskette, in WordStar format. Note that they specified the format -- that way they didn't have conversion problems.

**Meg Stull** -- I was irritated by the fund raising bullshit too. You might be amused to know that, after blatantly lying to me about a number of things, a certain party had the audacity to send me a letter demanding to know if I was questioning his veracity. Now, *that's*chutzpah! // Remember that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Marcus Aurelius has some interesting comments on beauty and observation.

**Donald Wileman** -- Meg is a lousy advertisement for the Cult. She's far too nice to be associated with us. This is a letter hack organization with a rotating editorship. Just sit down there on your bottom rung, be a good lad, and we'll tell you all about it for the next five years.

### **More on Lucid Dreaming**

The earliest known mention of lucid dreaming dates from the time of St. Augustine, and the concept has been kicked around by experimenters for at least the past hundred years. Stephen LaBerge (who wrote Lucid Dreaming) has been working with lucid dreams at Stanford for ten years and has published several papers on it. It's important in sleep research because lucid dreamers can use eye movements to signal the experimenters about what's going on in their dreams. (The eyes and respiratory system contain the only voluntary muscles that don't undergo sleep paralysis.) This allows researchers to do things like timing dream actions, partially answering the old question about how long dreams actually take.

As far as any use to average people is concerned, the major impact of lucid dreaming seems to be in anxiety and struggle dreams. Since you can exercise a certain amount of control over your actions in a lucid dream you can find solutions to problems instead of running from them. When you are being chased by a pack of loathsome monsters, for example, you can elect to face them instead of running -- knowing that they can't really hurt you because they're only dream creations. (Suppose you have one of those struggle dreams where you're trying to get your membership-saving f/r written and mailed and everything goes wrong. If you become lucid you can stop struggling and imagine going to the theatre instead.)

As for the erotic aspect of it, lucid dreamers who have sexual encounters claim they are even more satisfying than the real thing. The body seems to respond with many of the same physiological changes it would in actual intercourse. LaBerge suggests that lucid erotic dreams may provide a good outlet for the sexually impotent (and the merely frustrated). Presumably people with aberrant sexual appetites could satisfy them in dreams without offense to society.

I've had two more lucid dreams. (No erotic ones yet, sorry.) They are primarily interesting to me because of the visual impact. For some reason, as soon as you realize you're dreaming, the colors and *reality* of the dream become incredibly intense. So far I haven't done much of anything but wander around and look at the scenery. In one dream I had I was walking along a sidewalk and as soon as I realized I was dreaming a wave of color literally *rolled* across the scene, as if a cloud had passed over. It's the closest thing to entering a parallel universe any of us will (probably) ever experience.

Best and all,



Dian Crayne, XI



First of all, forgive me for typing (myself) this letter,  
but I can hardly manage a pen any more  
and when I try to do so, nevertheless,  
I inflict on my correspondent  
such a forced labour of decryption  
that my strongest wish is to spare you

--André Tardieu.<sup>2</sup>

Donald G.  
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Dear Mr. Lankin and other Cultists,

Liked your lab-coated comments in Megret's issue. What would you prescribe for a coated lab? I remember this one Garage in Linseed which used to advertise a strange and wonderful creature called the "Undercoat!". Was several months before I ascertained that this was only because their sign-painter had gone bankrupt before he could finish the last two letters of the word. Are you aware of the *Journal of Irreproducible Results*? You sound as though you might enjoy it. No one here at York actually seems to *read* the thing —least of all me—, but when the Library put it on its list of possible deletes virtually every copy of the survey form that was returned requested *Irreproducible's* retention.

**XX, 20-26 VII:** Please accept my apologies. The Oops had orders to simply le-ave the letter wherever you were. I should have known better than to trust strangers to execute instructions when they were out of sight and already had my money. Special Delivery will normally be adequate, but no, sir, when there is a postal strike in Canada (a state of affairs which can be relied upon to occur at irregular intervals) that's it! Ahh'no, never néars or him.

VORZ? And must we worship it?

I would like to see the obverse of the postcard from J.M. Lee.

<sup>1</sup> Ruddy Lion courtesy of one Eric Hunting —which seems only appropriate.

<sup>2</sup> (a Past Prime Minister of France,) Tardieu Papers, (catalogue #321 AP in the National Archives of France) Box 119.

<sup>3</sup> Looks like a typo, dammit!

**J.M. Lee:** And Frilled Dogwinkle to you too, Sir!

**Dian Crayne #1:** Have there really been eleven of you? Roman numerals that high belong on Kings or 'F'ance!

Keep me posted on Lucid dreaming and any side effects you may discover. Call me Reactionary but I have this notion that dreams are *doing* something for us — knitting up the ravelled sleeve, or Debussy's waistcoat or whatever. It seems as though seizing power in Dreamland before you know what's going on there might be dangerous. I can remember doing something similar when I was very small: realizing that I was dreaming, conjuring large weapons out of thin air & turning them on whatever vague terrors had been pursuing me (invariably through some sort of invisible force-field that turned my efforts to RUN away into a crawl) before awakening. My triumph was short-lived, I soon stopped having coherent dreams at all & am not aware that I've had any since. It would be convenient to blame all my subsequent personality problems on this.

Will you tell me why you liked *She*? I thought it very overrated & rather wicked.

**Old Smokey:** Hmmm. What's the point in just changing power-relationships within a selection? Fastest gun, biggest muscles, loudest mouth, biggest desk — all are subject to abuse. I'd rather recover from a tongue-lashing than a bullet through, well — *any* part of my body, really... The gradual shift from unmediated to mediated forms of conflict is one of the few non-technological things one can point at and say "Ah, Progress!"

Your spills comment reminds me of the one about the lorry-load of custard powder which collided with a train carrying cakes and wine:

"British Rail reports that trains will be late... —but only a trifle."

Eval?

I hope that I did not understand you to say that there is not a majority of Black people in South Africa. The Government there maintains this of course, but only through a sophistry which, if inverted, would have one believe in the existence of one black race on the one hand, and on the other of the separate races of Macdonalds, Campbells, Gordons and so forth. If you do believe in this, there are some *bridges* I'd like to sell you.... That the blacks of South Africa fight among themselves seems to me a great pity, but hardly reason enough not to grant them self-determination. *We* certainly set them no very good example. I seem to recall several spots of bother in Europe —gather you were involved in helping to settle one of them, in fact

A friend of mine was involved about a decade ago with trying to relay Canadian railroad beds on the same welded-rail principle as is used in Europe. Recalls one very cold morning when the crew heard something go *"SPANNNNNNNNNG!?"* and looked back to see that the rails they had laid were still intact —but now formed

an irregular chord across the arc of the embankment designed for them. This caused some embarrassment, and some delay to subsequent trains. Nowadays they are concentrating on designing railcars that can adapt to current roadbeds —with no great amount of success, I am bound to say.

**Eoger:** Fantasy Rotator?

Have a look at what happened in Gold Coast/Ghana for an example of the remarkable effect that aid and experience can have in modifying extreme Leftist convictions. Better that, than leaving these countries to unpleasant ideologies by default. In the meantime, ask yourself how long Rhodesia was a Crown Colony, and what was done over that whole length of time to produce a native population that would know better than to vote for the first black oppressor strong enough to overthrow the white oppressors.

**Michael White:** This business of the Japanese producing cheaper for foreign markets than for domestic ones. Isn't this called "Dumping"?

**Megret:** Yes indeed, the advantages of being childless. The advantages of living nowhere near them, for preference! Despite the fact that the place where I live is supposed to be temporary accommodation for people working on degrees (and on paying for the degrees) with limited space & no place for children to play; people try to raise families here nonetheless. Was in the laundry room the other day & finally met the crying baby whom I've wanted to throttle for some eight months now. Her name is Mimi —which puts rather a different complexion on matters.

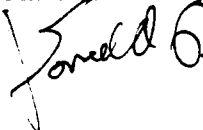
Notice that, for all your praise of the Cult as an interactive place, some of the interaction still tries your patience. For all that I'm irreligious, I appreciated your comments on the "Laws of Nature" very much. Could debate a *lot* of points with you —but somehow I can't see any good result coming of this, and will therefore content myself with enjoying your particular vision of the universe.

**R. J. Court:** Especially liked the line about serious craziness.

"History is fun to read and write,  
and that is its justification  
—a matter of detached curiosity."  
—A. J. P. Taylor

"Then Why do people make such a big deal out of it?"  
"Because people like to think that glory and honour existed in the world somewhere, sometime,  
and that it has aught to do with them."  
—Sharyn McCrumb

Yours sincerely,



Milton Palmerston