

# FIENDETTA

CULT EDITION

FEBRUARY 1955

an amended publication

v3n1

whole #9

FAPA 70

FR #11

CONTENTS OF  
GENERAL EDITION

CONTENTS OF CULT EDITION

CONTENTS OF  
FAPA EDITION

fan fiction

SURROGATE

Mal Ashworth

page 2

fapa reprints

BIAS 65  
page 4

fapans

poem

THE WORM

katharine  
antonescu

column

RUSSELL'S RAMBLINGS

russell k watkins

reviews

QUATT WUNKERY yed  
page 5

page 5

feature THE THINGS THAT yed  
GO BUMP IN THE  
NIGHT page 7

feature LETTERS cultists  
page 7

"At that time he was still Vincent: it was before he'd had his stroke." "-"

FIENDETTA, volume three number one, whole number nine, for February 1955, FAPA 70 & Fantasy Rotator 11, is manufactured by Charles Wells, whose factories are located at 405 East 62 Street, Savannah, Ga, USA. The factories consist of one mimeograph, one stapler, and one typewriter. Obviously, those three factories are not conducive to manufacturing oleomargarine, which is why we publish a fan magazine. FIENDETTA is the only fanzine in the world to be produced in three editions: FAPA, CULT, and a general edition, which is no longer called a subscription edition because we no longer accept subscriptions. This magazine is distributed only to those people whom I want it distributed at. A request is NOT sufficient to put you on the list, but it will make me keep your name in mind, if any. (Name or mind--take your pick). All fanzines to arrive here will be traded at. Likewise, all contributors get a copy. My phone number is 4-5233, but after about April or so don't count on it because it will be changed--Savannah is a Big City now and it is to get exchange names in front of its numbers. The circulation this issue is: general edition--175; FAPA edition--75; CULT edition--20. Total circulation, due to overlaps, is about 255. Return postage in MSS is unnecessary. Covers--FAPA and CULT editions by Hoffman; general edition by David English (front) and by Bergeron (back of most copies of all editions). Interillos by david english, william rotsler, and richard bergeron. Headings (lettering) by the editor. Anyone who can decipher the above contents listings is hereby congratulated.

"Grottoed creeps."

# SURROGATE

(The Gods were watching Johnny Kilminster; they were keeping their eyes on him very carefully--and they weren't a bit pleased at what they saw.)

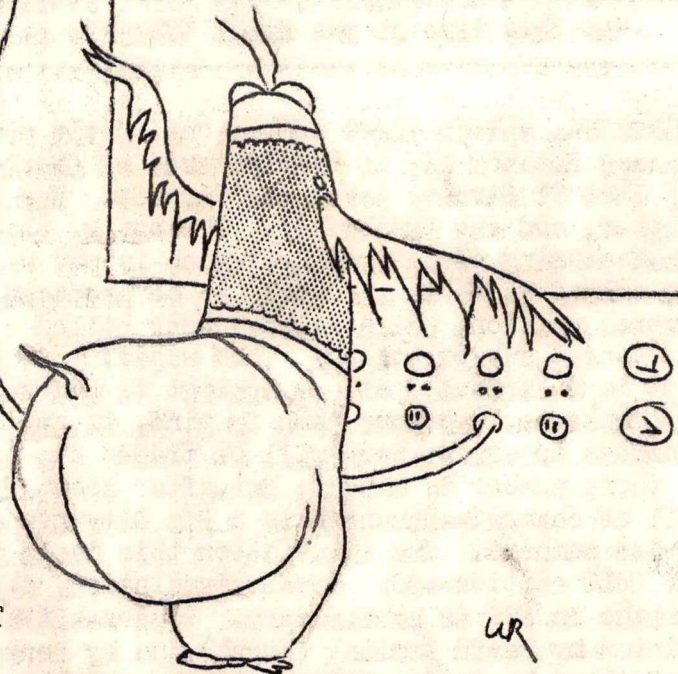
The only thing that happened to Johnny that day was that his elder brother gave him half a dozen old magazines and he took them down in the woods and lay under a couple of old oak trees beside the

stream and read them; it was a very hot sunny day and Johnny had nothing else to

do with his time anyway. All his friends were either working at their new jobs or away on vacations. Johnny himself had finished school only a week before and was due to start work in another fortnight--in an ironmonger's shop. He didn't particularly WANT to work in an ironmonger's shop but it seemed no worse than most things, even if not much better. Anyway after he'd read four or five of the stories in the magazines he realised that he could have been spending his time in a lot of ways which he wouldn't have enjoyed so much because actually they were pretty good. They were all about the future and travelling in rocketships and people who came out of the past or the future or lived to be a couple of thousand years old or something like that. Johnny hadn't read any stories like them before and he was enjoying them a lot. By the time he'd got all the way through two of the magazines he was wondering where he could get hold of some more of the same kind.

Two days later he found out where he could get hold of some more magazines of the same kind. There was a shop in the town sort of squigged in between the ani-

BY  
MAL ASHWORTH



Surrogate (Mal Ashworth)

mal-pet-shop and the raincoat store, which was absolutely packed with old magazines and books and stocked all the new magazines as well. Johnny bought himself another six.

(A definite frown creased the faces of some of the Gods.)

Johnny kept on collecting the magazines whenever he had any cash to spare and when his friends came back off their holidays he tried his hardest to get them interested in them too. Somehow none of his friends seemed to enjoy them in the same way that Johnny did, although he lent them all his magazines and tried to explain anything they didn't understand. Gradually he came to accept the fact that they would never look at the magazines the same way he did and he stopped talking about them. But he still read them--every one he could get hold of--and the piles under his bed began to grow larger, and dustier. Then one day, about two months after he'd first read any of the futuristic magazines in the wood that day, he went to the Public Library and borrowed a book on Philosophy to read up about something which had been mentioned in one of the stories.

(There was a slight shuffling of feet among the Gods and a few whispers of consternation.)



Johnny had changed quite a lot in the ten months he'd been at work; he'd grown up quite a lot which was inevitable after leaving school and being more on his own with the world, and he'd altered in another way too. All his friends had grown up somewhat in that time too but Johnny was slightly different from any of them. Now he never joined with them when they were having fights about which football team was the best, or which political party was going to win the election because their fathers supported it; he didn't even boast along with the rest of them about what he was going to do if he got in the army and the Ruskie's 'started anything'. Instead he would stand with his head on one side, listening to whatever the rest of them were saying and would then say quietly: "Well there's quite a lot to be said for both sides" or "We don't really get to know all the facts about these matters so perhaps we shouldn't judge them". This was all pretty disconcerting to his friends; it didn't seem as though Johnny would fight or argue about ANYTHING any more--and THAT they just couldn't understand. Johnny for his part had become accustomed to not being understood (even by his parents, or perhaps especially by them) and just smiled quietly and slightly cynically about it. Then he'd go up to his room and try and plough his way through a little more of "Science and Sanity."

("There is no doubt about it" rumbled on of the Gods, tucking his robes more closely about him, "This is it. Emergency Plan No. D25CBX must go into operation at once. He is definitely developing a Cosmic Mind.")

All of a sudden it came to Johnny while he was leafing through one of the science fiction magazines that these fanzines which he'd kept seeing mentioned were magazines put out by other people just like himself, people who spent their time reading science-fiction and all the other subjects to which it logically led and developing their minds just as he was. The possibilities, he realised with a shiver of awe, were staggering. Between them they might even be able to save the world from another world war, towards which it was undoubtedly heading and which, as he

Surrogate (hony soyt qui Mal y pense Ashworth)

now knew only too well, would probably mean the end of civilised man on earth for all time. That same night he sent off subscriptions to four of the fanzines, which was all he could afford at the time.

(The Gods smiled bleakly; Plan D25CBX was a very good plan.)

Two months later Johnny was publishing his own fanzine, THE DUSTCAN, was writing regular columns for three other zines and was having a couple of feuds with characters who said that Ninth Fandom wasn't dead, and that the last Convention committee hadn't tried a swindle on with the Con takings, respectively. He leaned back from his typewriter (he'd had to sell nearly ALL of his collection to buy THAT; "Science and Sanity" had gone in the same cause) and smiled contentedly as he remembered his speech at the Convention. He'd told the Ghodblasted, thick-headed morons and he figured that it was his speech that had swung it for the Con to be in his own city the following year; some people, he reflected, were so bloody stupid they couldn't see the wool in front of their eyes. Oh well, best get back to tearing Curlin Jellyson's guts out over this Ninth Fandom business.

(The Gods took a last deep draught of nectar and went blissfully back to sleep.)  
--Mal Ashworth

-----  
"Some instinct told me that you went to High School. Just one  
-----

B I A S - 7 5

. . . reprints from FAPA

You have probably had the experience of composing, in your sleep, some beautiful ((sic)) melody or great poem or perfect story idea only to find upon awakening—if you can remember it—that it is utterly banal and worthless. Robert Louis Stevenson appears to have been an exception, for in one of his essays ((even sicer)) he said that his "brownies" did much of his work for him, acting out in his dream stories which he remembered and wrote down.

I'm no exception, though. My subconscious must be a complete dope or else a lot smarter than I am, because it's no help at all. Not long ago the following lines sprang into my mind as I woke up, so that I was able to remember them until I got some clothes on and set them into type. They rime and one contains the word "love" so, to judge by a lot of poetry I've seen, they constitute a

POEM

I have just noticed, with ponderous shame,  
That the seat of love and the seat of fame  
Are the same.

Don't ask me what it means. I've thought and thought but I can't find a grain of sense in it anywhere. But I'm not losing any sleep over it. After all, when I'm asleep I can always dream up plenty more just as good or even worse. --Wm. M. Danner,  
720 Rockwood Avenue, Pittsburgh 34, Penna., USA, in STEFANTASY, p. 14. (mlg 69)

-----  
of those mysterious impressions, get me?"  
-----

--Eney

--Just room enough to say MERRY CHRISTMAS!—or Happy Easter if this magazine is as late as I think it's going to be.—ed. 4

# RUSSELL'S

# RAMBLINGS

by RUSSELL K. WATKINS

In a recent issue of NEWSWEEK there is an item describing the "Interstellar Prize" of the week. This happened to be a five-ton spaceship thirty-five feet long. It seems that one Richard Bryan Walker, age 10, had won the \$30,000 beauty by naming a planet that was recently "discovered" by Comdr. Buzz Corey, the hero of ABC-TV's SPACE PATROL. He submitted his answer only six hours before the deadling of the contest and won the \$1500 prize and spaceship. (I haven't heard what the name is, as I don't watch Corey's show).\*

This ship is a replica of the model used on the TV science-fiction show and was on a nationwide tour for two years. The ship attracted most of Washington, Illinois' small population (4300). Many of them were Rich's age and wearing space helmets. (Is this Rich another Geis?) It seems that fans are starting out younger these days than when I became addicted to the science-fiction field. Of course, in my young days there was no TV and radio featured rare programs of stf only occasionally. I seem to recall, tho', that Ackerman started out at the age of eight; tho' I guess we can consider him the Super-fan. Anyway Rich's father drove the ship into his back yard while it was upended on a truck tractor. Rich made his tour of inspection in his space helmet and afterwards was going to send the ship back to the town square for use in the March of Dimes campaign.

And after this, what? Of course, you can answer this with your fannish minds. Rich is going to use this ship as a clubhouse. After all, it can sleep eight. The item didn't say whether it was going to be the clubhouse of a stf club or not but let us use our fannish imagination. Wouldn't that be the snazziest thing to come to a con in? And the SAVANNAH STF SOCIETY would just fit the thing.

How far is it from here to Washington, Ill., anyway?

-\*-

While overseas I was fortunate enough to view two science-fiction movies. Or maybe the word should be "unfortunate". They were TOBOR THE GREAT and GOG. TOBOR could have been a very good picture had not the ending been so anti-climatic. The whole thing promised so much to a real stf fan, built up to a terrific climax and then let down in the same manner. TOBOR, as any fool can see, is "robot" spelt backwards. TOBOR was invented to conquer space because of man's puny limitations. This was the promise of the cinema, but never did we arrive at the point where TOBOR was to launch himself out into deep space to record on the instruments the conditions existing "out there".

N., the whole story dealt with a brilliant boy, 10 years or so old (again, these ten-year-old brats--I tell you they are going to take over fandom...Tenth Fandom here I go!) finding out how to work Tobor by mechanical means. His uncle was the scientist who invented Tobor and named him by a childish whim. Of course, Russian

\*As I understood it, the name was not released to the public since, if it had been, others who submitted similar or identical names could sue. --ed.

## Russian Ramblings--II

spies have to enter into the story. They want Tobor as a weapon (he can be controlled from a distance by a pencil affair controlling set). So they capture the old man and child by such a simple method that--but the scientist is naturally absent-minded so we can forgive him for being caught in such an easy manner.

But before we go on to the plot: one of the best scenes in the picture comes prior to the catch. This is when the spies try to catch the professor by climbing over his electrically wired fence via a portable ladder. However, the prof is not to be on guard. He has photo-electric eyes and tv cameras all over the place and knows just what is going on where at any given moment. But, the big laugh comes when the prof releases a sound recording from the sound track of a war movie (Sands of Iwo Jima, I think). With the planes buzzing around, and submachineguns going off, you should see the scared spies running like mad to escape. But back to the plot...

The prof is caught and being tortured. He fools with his pencil (they don't know that he has the control set built in the pencil.) Tobor breaks down the nice \$20,000 house they live in and is on his way to the rescue. But the Russian isn't so dumb. He catches onto the pencil fumbling and breaks it in two. Tobor stops in midstride a mile or so from the destination. Boy starts begging Tobor to come and save him. Tobor loves boy. Tobor is so close to boy that the mental telepathy works. Tobor smashes Russians, saves boy and prof and as the background music shrieks to a crescendo of tearjerking proportions, we rush from our seats so we won't mess up the gunset hut theater when we vomit.

GOG: This one is in some sort of color, so the sight is a little more weird and pleasant to see. Gog is another robot but a different kind than Tobor. He is a big boxlike affair on wheels with four arms.\* This story concerns an underground laboratory out in the west somewhere with all sorts of radar alarms situated around the area. The highly secret work concerns the first space station to be built. All the top US scientists are here working on different aspects of the project. There is a special room training people to work and act under gravityless conditions; there is an atomic pile in the lowest regions of the fortress: there's a room for the study of space and meteorites, and one for the study of sound. Also some professors are working on a giant mirror to focus the sun's rays to a pin point so they can use the energy for use on the artificial satellite.

All at once, men and women start being murdered for no reason and under strange circumstances. In a room where temperature is being studied, a scientist is caught alone and is frozen to death in a minute. The mirror plays havoc with its female creator and chases her all over the laboratory trying to burn her to death. Sound greater than the human ear can stand kills another. Radiation slays still another. Strange things are going on, and something must be done. The plot leads the audience to think that Gog is the culprit because his inventor is foreign and Gog controls the giant switchboard. Then Gog does go berserk and our hero fights him with a large flamethrower. Gog goes down to the atomic pile. He is going to pull the rod out and blow the place to smithereens. Our hero puts it back into place and saves our secret hidaway. Gog has a mate (Magog) (I think these names are biblical) and she comes down and gets into the fight. She is winning when a spaceship is discovered in the atmosphere. It does not take much to decide that the spaceship is causing all the trouble. Visitors from space do not want us to go out there. So, the great US Air Force (hooray) takes over and goes up after that darned cigar. Boy, did we laugh when those F-86's chased up after that streamlined job and guided missile her out of

continued on page 37

\*Whoever heard of wheels with arms? (Sorry, Russ, I couldn't resist it!)--cw SECTION

For Fans Who Just Want To

FAN-FICTION

by JOHN MAGNUS **LIE DOWN**

"What is this?" asked the non-fan from upstairs. Shame on me for reading my back issue of QUANDRY in public.

"Ha ha," I answered, determined not to divulge the secret.

"Is it that Channing club thing? Ah, that's what it is. I might have known. Oh, no it isn't. 'QUANDRY'...my, we are in one, aren't we?"

"Yeah. 'Quandry' spelt with no 'A'. Ha ha," I said.

"Is it supposed to be spelt with an 'A'?" he said, drawing out his wafer-like vest-pocket dictionary from his vest-pocket.

"Yes," I declared. "Right before the 'RY'. Ha ha."

"Oh my, so you're right." (I hadn't assumed I was otherwise.) "DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING CHAPTER AT THIS SAME THEATER IN ABOUT A MONTH! You still haven't told me what this is. This sounds silly. This reminds me of something I used to get from a club I belonged to. The Packard Dare-Devils. Did you ever like to look at pictures of old Packards? I like to look at pictures of old Packards. My father has some gorgeous ones. There have been Packards in the family since 1900...or 1903, whenever it was that Packards became a going concern. Since then we've had a..."

"Ha ha."

"...new Packard every year, and a picture of every one. Beautiful things, my grandmother used to do some of them in oils. Why don't you tell me what this thing is. '15/'...you mean you have to pay for it?"

"Not if you trade. I publish one like it myself. Ha ha."

"Oh, I never published one like it. I had to pay dues for a year to this Packard Dare-Devils club. Three dollars a year I think it was. How long is this? Oh, my goodness, twenty--twenty-six pages. Well, ours wasn't anything like this. About half this big (you don't mind if I fold it like this?) and not as thick. And we got a folder of Pontiac prints. Their 50th anniversary or something...no--it must have been their twenty-fifth. I don't know. Anyway, Pontiacs aren't so gorgeous, but these were lovely plates. Full color and everything, and a picture of every model since they started. It made quite a display. I took it to school, and it was quite a hit. J. T. Oliver. I wonder if it's my roommate's father. I'll have to ask him."

"No, this J. T. Oliver is too young."

"Ha ha. 'A rebel Yeast Production...the South shall Rise.' You know, I like



John the Big lies some more...II

that. Ha ha. 'BRITISH DISTRIBUTOR: Walter A. Willis'...oh, come now."

"Ha ha. He comes from North Ireland. He isn't really British, I guess."

"I wonder if he's the same Willis that my uncle used to play bridge with. No...no, couldn't be. Ireland and all. What is all this for, anyway?"

"It's a hobby. Must like stamp collecting, you see, only it's much more interesting. "

"Well, what do you do it for? This looks like such a nothing. What is it supposed to say? "

"Well, you see, it's mostly for correspondence. See, I know most all of the people there, and...well, you see, that's what makes it so interesting...see, it's facetious and all."

"Yes, yes, I can see that. What do you take me for. Oh, yes, I can see what it's like and all. Like I say, I used to be a Packard Dare-Devil, and collected pictures and all. (Proceeds to read half an article by Rich Elsberry entitled 'Proxyboo Ltd.')

My my. Well, I don't know. But like I say I can see what you see in it."

I could see that he did. He asked me who published it. I said she didn't any more.

"SHE? Oh my. What on earth happened?"

"I don't know. She went to write a novel or punch cows in Oklahoma or something."

He took his book, entitled "Social Teachings of the Christian Church, by Ernest Troeltsch", sat down on a hardback chair, turned to a marked place, and began to read.

I stretched out a little longer on the couch and turned to "From Der Woodvork Out--Quandry's Oldest Surviving Column, no?--"

I remembered a comment in that month's CHAOS anent the purpose of QUANDRY. It in turn was quoted from Roger Price's IN ONE HEAD AND OUT THE OTHER. It described this publication as intended "for people who just want to lie down."

Well, I was.

--John Magnus

-----  
"...except for husband and wife"... Well, that's no problem. I haven't either. "  
-----

I know that I should not fill this extra space here immediately, since something is bound to come up sooner or later which would take just this much space to say--in fact, if I had typed this two days earlier, I would have continued RUSSELL'S RAMBLINGS here instead of where I did--and since all I have to say would be petty pride, like saying that I have all the QUANDRYs published except 5 (there were 30), which would make fans visit Savannah in droves, maybe, but like I said that would be petty so I won't put anything at all here. or.

SPECIALLY FOR

# CULTISTS

I suppose I had better start off this Section Specially for Cultists with a brief autobiography. Everyone else seems to be doing that, and since I haven't got a picture of me to send along, I will have to do something to take me out of the deeps of Anonymity.

I am 17 years old, having been born in Atlanta, Ga., on May 4, 1935, in Emory University Hospital (I deem it a mere coincidence that I am in the midst of college studying to be a teacher at the present moment). I stand a lil over 6'0", and weigh about 148 lbs. Statistics say I am underweight. Statistics never lie, they say. I have brown hair, dubiously green eyes, and glasses. I am agnostic.

I became a fan on February 14, 1952, when I wrote a brief note to one Lee Hoffman, who published a fanzine named QUANDRY right here in the same city of Savannah (whether I had moved in 1945.) This amazed me no end, but in retrospect what amazes me even more is why didn't I call her up? Lee quickly interested me in fandom and has been my faithful tutor ever since. I still don't know one tenth of what I should know about fandom. I am since a Ghuist.

My first Fanzine, called STF STUFF, or STFSTUFF, I was never sure which, was hoktoed, sewed together instead of stapled, handlettered, published in May 1952, and crud. It was belatedly succeeded by FIENDETTA, rexographed on the rexograph presently owned by Russell K Watkins, and cruddy. This appeared first in October, which also came about the time I was admitted into the hallowed confines of FAN, which is the Best Apa and the most interesting organization I have ever been in.

Russell K Watkins moved down here some time in 1950. I now have his micrograph, formerly used to publish DAMN/TIC on, and he has my rex. He is connected with the Air Force, and is a True Fan.

I have never been further north than Stone Mountain, Ga. (true rebel, me), further south than Key West, Fla., further east than Charleston, S.C., or further west than Atlanta, Ga. (much). I like science fiction, writing poetry, reading poetry, arguing about anything, George Gobel, Estha Kitt, the Guinness, and numerous mundane things. I dislike hypocrisy, Gene Autry, western, most tv programs, most movies, and numerous other mundanities.

I am a fake fan.

---

I like candy and money...and, gad, candy in the shape of money is the ne plus ultra.

---

Here we come to AND ALSO...TEN NIGHTS--which two titles blend remarkably.

I am angry with someone. I am not sure just who it is, but if I ever find out...well! Consider: My copy of this serling (no...I'll LEAVE it that way) publication arrived one day later than Watkins' copy; it arrived with the envelope and all the end pages beyond TNIAB's p 26 slitted nearly in two; and it arrived with two pages blank...p 20 of AA... and p 8 of TNIAB. Curses befall yet.

However, this, with all its unfortunings, is one of the best FF's emanate out of the CULT yet, even if it is a little hard to take in (it's so BIC). I think

That Ted White has been a great boon to this organization, and should avoid making statements like, "I am trying to make my personality a little less dominant in zines that aren't mine" (p. V). The fiction in this issue is remarkable for its quality---one gets so tired of the cruddy fiction most fmz publish. The duplication is good, except that I am tired of my cartoons being illegible. They aren't works of art, you know, but I DO like to have the readers be able to see them. Obviously Ted is not using the proper kind of stylus. Use a medium or heavy ballpoint stylus---they are by far the best for artwork. And DEFINITELY using a writing plate helps immensely. Outside of that, Ted is an expert at duplication and should be congratulated. I just decided that I am angry with Ted for another reason...he changed my publication date. It was on Valentine's Day, the third---I think---anniversary of my entering fandom. So he goes and changes it to the 24. I couldn't have got the zine out on the 14th, but I think I'll be able to get it out considerably before the 24---or I would if I didn't have to wait out my deadline.

---

"It is merely a maleficient and dastardly rumor that I saved Courtney's watervehicle."

---

And now we come to the Constitution...so allright, I was wrong. My constitution was good and my rules weren't. But wasn't it odd that everyone voted me down by voting for something ELSE that I did? Sort of like a man running against himself in an election.

I have decided not to put my rules up for a revote. The vote was so decisive that I feel I would be merely goofing off to keep on plugging for something that is lost. But I am proud to have been the author of the CULT's constitution...this puts me, rather dubiously, in a class with Jack Speer, Thomas Jefferson, and Peter Vorwinger (!). This is so even if it was merely a collation of everybody but mine's ideas on governing the Cult.

The Constitution is printed elsewhere in the issue.

---

"I live in North Carolina. North Carolina. NORTH

---



Poetry. Ah, yes, poetry. I violently disagree with Mr. Stark about rhyme being a "shackle" on verse. In my own experience (and, I might add, in the experience of most verse-textbook writers) free verse produces more unharnessed, wild words, in the hands of most poets. It takes a Sandburg, or a Whitman, to have the willpower necessary to work and rework their words till they say exactly what they want them to say the way they want it said. Rhyme (should, historically speaking, be spelt "rime") and meter provide a discipline on the poet---a taskmaster which forces him to work

hard to produce beauty, conciseness, and real thought all in one line. When I think of all the "perfect" lines (in my opinion!) that I never would have thought of if I weren't writing metered and (usually) rhymed poetry, but were writing free verse instead, I am eternally thankful that I have discovered poetry.

Doggerel? Yes, much rhymed poetry is doggerel, but think of all the prose set in lines like this and called free verse!

I haven't written any suitable poetry lately for a Cultzine (my humorous bit before last was mere parody, of course), mostly because I am hard at work on a

a fannish takeoff on THE DIVINE COMEDY, written in the original meter and rhyme, which is a timeconsuming task. But if I have any ideas, I'll include them before this issue goes to press.

For the elucidation of nonpoets: "meter" is rhythm<sup>n</sup> in poetry. It consists of a "beat" of some sort, with a certain number of unaccented syllables (usually one or two) either preceded or followed by an accented syllable. Consider: "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea". This is read: "the LOWing HERD winds SLOWly O'ER the LEA" although in an unexaggerated manner. Verse written in meter, but not rhyme, is NOT free verse, but blank verse, and is not including in the objections I make in the preceding paragraph about free verse. Milton wrote blank verse. Free verse is without either rhyme or meter. Verse with rhyme but not meter is doggerel and is the most objectionable of all verse types--nobody has EVER defended it. My poem in FR-before-last was doggerel.

Good verse, nowadays, does not allow the rhyme or the meter to twist the words out of their proper place in the sentence, or to change the pronunciation of words. Thus, there is no longer any such thing as "poetic license". The "o'er" for "over" in the above line can be forgiven because it was written long ago. In a modern poem, it would be unforgivable.

\*Such spellin.

---

CAROLINA! NORTH CAROLINA! Do you understand? Not new jersey, NORTH CAROLINA!!!!

---

And a note on ethics...I feel that we need some ethics in this organization, seeing how it is so anarchic: 1. A CULTzine should consist mostly of original material by CULTists. Noreprints should be used unless it is unlikely that more than two or three members have previously read the material, and, although non-CULTist material may be used to keep the magazine balanced, it should be kept to a minimum. 2. No CULTist should be criticized for breaking any tradition or unwritten law of the CULT. Criticism should be directed only to material-quality, duplication-quality, and methods of handling situations which are used by editors. 3. The spirit, and not the letter, of the Constitution should be adhered to. Of course, comments on my ethics will be welcome.

---

"Well, I wish you'd make up your mind whether it is New Jersey or North Carolina."

---

The format of this thing: This is perhaps unique that it attempts, on a large scale, to combine dittoing and mimeography. Other magazines with both types of duplication have been done, but these magazines usually didn't stick together enough--they weren't uniform. I am anxiously awaiting the results. / I was annoyed to discover that my plan of having the CULTists send in their letters prestenciled made it difficult for me to comment. I imagine most of the CULTists will fill up the entire stencil--as a matter of fact, the two that have come in so far used more than one stencil, supplying the others themselves. One did leave room for my comments, but the other didn't. It's my fault--I didn't request that they leave space. Too, I should've asked that those who ran over one stencil type all the rest on paper. Would've been more flexible that way. / The combination of printing processes has made pagination impossible. Forgive?

---

"I don't care whether it is flammable or inflammable; it will still burn, y'know."

---

RUSSELL'S RAMBLINGS--concluded: existence. Anyway, they saved the day. We can live to go on now with out space satellite project and conquer space. We walked away from the movie with our hearts light and gay. This time we did not vomit. I hope I have not spoiled your viewing of these two sterling productions when they come to your local theater. --See you in the movies. --Russell K. Watkins

# Χαίρετε, φίλοι μου

May I point out right here and now that our esteemed ghost editor, Ted White, made a horrible error. Geg Albanian is opposed to Tosk Albanian, and not, as he typed it, Tosh.

Watkins' letter, end of 2nd paragraph: Since when is Rike a member yet?...after having met Larry, I find myself wholly in favor of establishing him as the trade librarian for the projected (=poor,dejected) fan aine.

Raleigh's favorite typer? That thing belongs to the Texas Oil Co., and is in the hands of Mr. Multog, who is the Washington real estate agent for the Texaco.

Page twenty--is this a precedent? Does this mean that if I run out of material in Ululume, I can put in a page of Finnish declensions?

I find that now, when someone mentions Bradbury, as LS did, I can think only of that one small passage of his I read in Swedish. I ran across it at the end of a thirteen page article in one of Sweden's leading magazines (B. L. M.), the article being entitled "Nasta: Venus--en orientering i science fiction." That passage breathed style. It probably had added effect on me because I had just finished stumbling thru thirteen pages of a language that I started to study only two months ago; still, I had to go very slowly reading the Bradbury selection.

One of the most amusing things (if not the most) I have seen in a Cult publication was the interlineation on page 23. I paroxysmated.

and as for what appeared below that interlineation, I wish to point out that there are some few publications whose content is so enwrapping that the quality of the reproduction, or the lack of it, is completely ignored.

The Hopkins campus takes up only about seven blocks of area. I don't know what made it seem so big; I have never seen Rutgers or Columbia, though. and speaking of big campi, something I don't understand--and might Deenis help?--is how the U of Chicago is called the most biggest ever and yet is fitted into the middle of the seemingly small (Ich regarde the map) Midway Plaisance. I have seen plans of the giant, and it certainly looks to be about 20 blocks in area. But both my Chicago maps make Midway microscopic!

Speaking of maps, Ted hasn't returned the one I lent him yet.

I had nothing to do with the von B.-L. S. mixup. Oyez: (oh no) Ral was the first to enter his room. I followed immediately. TEN SECS LATER in came the others, and TED introduced them. Nobody was shoved nowhere.

And as for that "breaking point," if Ted hadn't stopped Larry (or did Larry stop himself?), I was all prepared to throw around some Silver Spring, Md., street names and save the day. As usual, my Salvation armadita was much too small.

The Multog-Maple Leaf feud? Simple. Multog is synonymous with crud in Canada, thanks to the consistent aid of Gerald Steward, Daryl Sharp, and Harry Calnek. The first outbreak came in the second issue of Calnek's FIE.

I wish that in all the pages that Stark rambled on, he had touched something I knew something (See? I have a natural instinct in my finger not to be redundant.) about beforehand. Then I could have typed up 3 or 4 masters for ow. As it is, TEN NIGHTS was merely educational.

Books you speak of, Stark? I couldn't recommend any I have read this past year, but I was thumbing yesterday thru Ernest Thompson Seton's Wild animals I have Known. The accounts are better than average cruelty plus-tenderness Nature stories (all true accounts), but what interested

me the most were the sketches of the biographed animals. If these master units of mine (I'm on my own now) weren't so abominable to draw on, I'd reproduce some of the figures for you. Seton is a master at wild animal life, both in literature and in art. Some of his tales give fair competition to the best words of Jack London (wasn't that his name?)

Pages 28 and 29 would not have been so fillerlike if they only bore names under the portraits.

Automobili yet? I am stuck on Dodge. We possess a 1941 Dodge that had been owned the first eight years of its life by an osteopath who lives up in the back roads of Mount Washington. Let me explain. This is an area inside the city limits which is not too exceptionally high, but merely rugged, with rundown roads to boot. Not Falls Road or Belvedere Ave., or Kelly Avenue, but all the rest. Now Shellenburger (the D. O.) lived above the intersection of Falls and Belvedere. You heard me, ABOVE. And the coming down is Wild?! and Shellenburger himself is a car's best murderer. He drove 3/4 mi. over Mt. Washington roads, and then 6 miles more through Baltimore rush hour traffic twice a day six days a week for eight years. We bought the vehicle from him for \$750, and spent, I think, around \$500 on repairs after we acquired it. Now we live eight miles from the center of town, and we sometimes drive it over those eight five or six times a day, and for six years.

It's still as powerful as ever. And correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't Dodge ~~the~~ one of the most common makes of OLD car (1940s) on the road?

Then too, the 1955 Dodge absolutely suits my tastes for looks. It is a veritable dream. Perfect proportions, just the right shades of blue (so far I haven't seen a new Dodge that wasn't blue):

So you see, I'm prejudiced.

Allright, I'll vote YES on Amendment Mónos.

At the present, I am trying to learn a little bit of Modern Greek. I find that it is astoundingly analogous to English--it is in a state of change. Its spelling is ambiguous (H, I, Y, EI, and OI are all pronounced EE.) And its forms of inflection are gradually breaking down the barriers of different declensions to make one great future declension. It's easy for me to learn it, because I understand its various different forms. (The Greek verb form είναι, is, could be spelled 80 different ways) And I understand them from my knowledge of ancient Greek, when all 80 forms of είναι would be pronounced a different way. In ancient Greek, είναι is the infinitive to be, and is pronounced AY-nye. In the modern tongue, it's EE-nay.

Spoken Modern Greek is the closest-sounding language to English I have heard. Occasionally I break into it, and English speaking persons will usually not realize it isn't English until I've repeated it half a dozen times. And try not to get a headache when two Greeks get together and speak part English, part Greek!

The title to this stimulating discussion, ΧΑΙΡΕΤΕ, ΦΙΛΟΙ ΜΟΥ, is Greek for Hello, my friends. For the more practical minded, who would like to know what they are reading, it is pronounced Khe' re-te, fee' lee-moo.

Time to go. For your kind attention to this sheet of mere paper,

John Hitchcock  
15 Arbutus Ave.  
Baltimore 28,  
America in Miniature.

οὐκ εὐχαριστῶ.

P. ΔΕΚΑ

A L A S ? P O O R Y O R I C K.....

Aha, sweet maidens all. At last I have a typewriter that can be read at twenty paces. My micro-elite type typer can't type these furshlugginer wax masters. The type is so small that the letters come off as meaningless globs. I am now the proud owner of a good olde Underwood # 5. A hard-hitting old baybe (baybe?) that has good big type on it. So now I can type poor Char Wells master he sent to me so long long ago.

Just today arrived in the mail PK's # 9&10. Haven't even read the thing yet, but it looks real good. I'll munch on it t 'afternoon. You think I'm kidding? I have a deficiency of bulk in my diet.

I'm sure you'd all be interested in a nine point discussion of the causes of the protestant revolution and reformation of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. But then, a few of you might not even enjoy this multi-faceted subject in disoussion.

I digress.....I tell you three times....I'm redundant.

I'm liable to be well set up one day soon. I'm now bargaining for either a nice Remington executive, justifying typer, or a vari-typer, old model. Besides all of this good fortune, I'm dabbling with the idea of getting some photo-stencil equipment. If I only had my own photo shop, I could do photochemical stencils so cheaply it makes the head swim. But those dirty dogs of photographers downtown want too damn much to make positives the size I want them made.

I also want material. Material concerning CULT. For ...blowing of muted trumpets and strains of "Who Hit Nelly In The Belly With A Baracudda".....  
.....W A M P U S K I T T Y.....  
my cultzine. I'd also like a little artwork. All I have is fancy litho stuff. I'm going to be busy, I am. Have quite an idea for the cover. Might turn out purty good. Combination of mechanical and photographic ~~with~~ methods. If it amounts do anything at all, it should be nearly spectaacular. Of course, it probably won't bee to thick. No enuf huny.

Me & my plans. If I ever do half the stuff I think I will, I'm lucky. I'm the biggest dreamer going. And the proplem is, I can't keep my dreams constant. They switch goals constantly on me.

.....Larry (Andy) Anderson

HEY, WATKINS IS IN the CULT again!

Hello Charles,  
well, here is my letter on master as the new regime requires it. I hope this plan works out; I do think it is rather unique and quite time-saving. The FR 9 and 10 was a fine effort showing some work on the part of the trio who did it. A very cute cartoon on the front with a punch line good enough to warrant it a front position. Maltog's picture was an excellent choice showing the foolishness of a fan. You know I wouldn't have thought that it was Maltog. I would've sworn that it was Stark. Appearances sure are deceiving. From Stark's serious writings I just pictured him as the studious type that the lower pic represents.

Say if all those fellows listed don't write this go-around the CULT is going to be below strength. What do we do (my typer stutters) we do then? It's nice to be (my typer mutters) in the CULT again, but alas, alack, maybe not for long if somebody can't do me a favor. For the sad story of it all is that I can't meet my deadline of April 7. You see, I am engrossed in a tough Calculus course (at night) and also at that week-end I hope to attend the Agathon which just makes it impossible to meet the date. I am hoping that either Ted, Stuart, or Don will trade me dates that will allow me to get together a good issue. Can ye do, boys? Don't all rush at once.

I loved Larry's discourse on Earth Kitt. Her records fascinate me too. I wish I had heard those last two he mentions but I haven't. Yma Sumac will be in Savannah, next week. I have an album by her. I also wrote an article about her voice and strange music but like all my good articles it never saw print. Stan Grouch of Sterling, Va. has it somewhere. Say, Ted, do you live near there? "Guys and Dolls" is playing here this week too which is a musical I'd love to see.

Charles was over this morning and we ran off part of his dittoed section. There seem to be a lot of firsts with him in the CULT. He was the first to use both repro systems in one zine, and first to send out out stencils and masters for ready-to-print letters. One thing, tho', he'd better get a pic of himself in this ish! I've talked to him enough about it. Even showed him it wasn't expensive. And Sam, how about you getting one in somewhere?

Farnham's piece was good. I was wondering what is the policy concerning reprints? I think Charles is going to mention the question too. I don't think we should use reprints but I do believe that we should use outside material. After all, we don't have many talented artists in the CULT. I also believe that any CULT member should be allowed to reprint at will from the FR's in his own general-zine. Okay? Guess that about fills this master. Take it away, Charlie.

Russell



STUART K. NOCK

Dear Chas...

FANTASY ROTATOR Nos. 9 and 10 impressed me as being rather empty. Except for Stark's section there was not much solid substance to the mag. The picture idea is a very good one; I may use pics of myself the next time my turn rolls around. Some of you have seen ol' prune face already. I would not have thought of Stark that way...I often wonder what other people think I look like....before my next issue comes out, I'll ask the member's opinions of my appearance. It will be interesting to see the results.

I'll sorry to see about Pete Vorzimer...he was a valuable member; he will missed. Do you notice how empty the letters were without an endment talk? I personally miss the friendly arguments that arose from the little monsters. Therefore I vote NO for your amendment, Ted, and propose this:

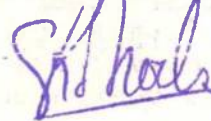
That, hereafter amendments may be permitted in the Cult. They are passed when nine members approve. No vote is a yes vote.

we've learned well now that a lot of foolish amendments merely cause confusion, and we've all proposed enough so I don't think there will be many amendments. I know right now that my amendment will fail, but it may lead the way for new and better suggestions.

About this Cult subzine...there is no reason for one. It would mean more time consumption for the editor...who might like to publish his own fanzine once in a while; and it would be repitious of FR. However, if we did have one, I would be willing to help out. There are a lot of things I could do...layout particulary. I think that is the strongest quality of CF--layout.

I have run out of wind for the present...good luck, Chuck (a poem!).

Habeas Corpus,



Stuart K. Nock

sak/flint

-----  
((Sta, your first sentence in your amendment, "That, hereafter, all amendments may be permitted in the Cult," makes me think that you think that amendments are not allowed now, or that White's amendment doesn't allow amendments. Neither is true. So your 1st sentence won't change a blasted thing if it is passed. Neither will the 2nd or 3rd sentences, since the voting is done that way anyhow. White's amendment concerns nothing but the WAY amendments are to be proposed, and your amendment says nothing about that. But I'm bound to put it up for a vote, so I shall. / Please pardon the wavy lines. Things are Happening to my typer. / I don't think we need to do a subzine either. But if some other Cultists get together to do one, I won't stop'em. Might even contribute...cw)))

Route #9  
New Brunswick  
New Jersey  
Friday, 4 February, '55  
1247 Hours

Dear Charles,

This is almost what any other FRed would receive from me, except that I fold the 8½x11 sheets in half and thereby get four pages instead of two. Also, in the interests of speed and brevity, I have whiffed off two hand-lettered jobs. That might account for "typo's" in SLOB and GHASTLY; they're not "hand-o's" so much as translator's errors, or cryptographer's oversights. There are at least two CULTists (Three; forgot The Great White!) who can testify that I am a miserable writer.

I've seen most of Ten Nights, and I'm highly satisfied with the whole job. I am also overjoyed at the ... the bonus, I'll have to call it, that allowed TeN to appear without any letters at all. You who've read it can judge as to whether or not it was as interesting or as egoboosting as FR#5, or SLOB. I've naturally made my personal decision on it, did long ago as a matter of fact, but I never thought I would get by with an FR that LEGALLY fulfilled my own ideas on what my FR should contain. As some well-known Califan has said many times, "I am indeed a happy fan."

I'd like to thank you, Charles, for those ameboid fans that went to Ted and into TeN. I wanted to request a few for my zine...in fact if we waited the two weeks I might have gotten around to it...but since they were lying around 1014, I confiscated them. (I have an idea for a cartoon which I'll add to this; maybe you can use it.)

Don Wegars' piece of fiction surprised hell out of me. Most of the time, Don's work looks to me as though the frills, those parenthetical notes, asides, commentaries, the running references to Claude Deglar, all of them (supposedly tossed in as extras) are much more valuable in my opinion than the Serious points he is making. Not that Don isn't interesting (or RIGHT) when he's serious, but his manner of presenting an argument seems rather detached and almost disinterested...flaccid is an extreme adjective, but he tends in that direction...and, the pointed bellylaughs scattered throughout only stand out more brightly in contrast.

But this piece of work is SUPERB! Maybe because Don seems to have consciously suppressed the frivolities here, or more properly turned them from Random comments into character-builders. Not only that, Don has a very good grasp of the Ellison situation, and this commentary on it is more than simple satire. Drawing Harlan through the filter of these people's minds makes him stand out all the more as a very unusual character.

(I hope, Don, that this little bit of very honest egoboo will make up for any neglect of that very great piece of work on the part of the rest of the CULTists. Next Sunday (6 Sept.) I'll take it with me to Sberg, and report to you on his comment when I return it. In a very different vein, you seem to have done a yarn in the category of DIRTY

2) PRO... unsaleable fiction-about-fans that can't be labeled straight satire, yet is certainly not imitation-pro material. I wish you would do more of this stuff...or would tell me where any more of it you may have done can now be found.)

Oh, I think I had better confess that I tampered with the story just a little. I added a sentence, so that Don wasn't saying in one short paragraph that "Action was sobering up" and in the very next that "we were both very drunk." Then I added that whole paragraph just before the last sentence. Till there, the speaker is anonymous, and by the look of things he is certainly not the Don Wegars I know or FOG knows; but, by the sense of the story, he has to be made clear as being a FAN. Also, I stretched the announcement of his being a fan into a long paragraph, instead of a short sentence, for the sake of my own idea of balance. There is a long introduction of speakers, which is merely intro to the Ellison story; and THIS is set-up for the realization by the narrator that he is a fan, and that thereby he'd better ask The Great HE for help. Tossing the fan-realization off in an obscure sentence (as Don did) seems to me to be out of proportion of the rest of the yarn. (If you're angry, Don, the preceding page has the address for ticking-packages. I KNOW I made hash out of your very beautifully-handled idiom, and Ted said little (But raised an awfully nasty eyebrow!) at it. If you want to re-state my additions (or toss them out entirely), I think this yarn should get wider publicity somehow, CULTmag or otherwise.)

I like Ted's page-illustrations; I do NOT like his adding captions to cheapen them into cartoons. It would have interested me more if he gave them names, trying to match the illos to characters in stories which all of us have probably read. In that way, he'd not only use his art properly, he'd get practise in the type of work he seems destined to do. These portrait-heads are excellent AS SUCH. They show a great deal of attention to character...but they are NOT snap-shots of men caught in the middle of an action. For that, Fred von Bernewitz is the boy to try. Ted's faces often (Too often, I'm afraid) resemble his own face, though I'm sure they're not conscious self-portraits, nor are they the only Good style he can do. Stuffed into one of his pockets was a very excellent "Baldy" pic, emphasizing roundnesses in skull and cheeks and jowls...something that the white physiognomy (as we can see in his snap-shots) can't be accused of. "Lean-jawed" is the pulp-adventure epithet for Ted.

They are NOT cartoons, not even the Basil Wolverton kind of cartoon... though his one-face-pages represent humorously what Ted will probably be doing seriously later. The Asf character-sketches that used to slink down one wide margin of the page is the stuff I mean. And, trained or not, a lot of Art goes into Ted's little doodles.

I have NOT had a chance to see what went on over on Raleigh's side of the partition, except quick glimpses of letters. There will be two stories, I heard, both better than the usual opinion of Star Rockets' material, by the sound of comments. I was too busy stenciling Wegars' story, and getting my grimy pawmarks all over it, and trying to whoomp out the preliminary CULTlave report. Raleigh'll get my note privately.

Cheers, Larry

THE UNCUT FAN SPEAKS .....  
(GAD, ANOTHER ZROV...!) 2 / 12 / 55

Dear Charles:

Well, I mailed out the last FR9&10 this morning before going to work, so they're in the hands of fate and the US mails--and at 24¢...

I sent a copy to Vorzimer, so you may get a blast when he discovers he got kicked off. I did a great deal of thinking before going thru with it. For one thing, altho we don't always agree Cultwise, I have always enjoyed AB, and would to continue doing so. But, I asked myself, would he bear me a personal grudge? I know I've received no AB#9 but then I never got FOG #5 either. Also, people might say that I was ridding myself of the opposition the easy way. But if I kept him in, I know Watkins would get mad, and others too. There is no sense in our laws if we don't follow them. I have always tried to follow them, even tho I might be dreaming ways to circumvent them. The facts remain: Vorzimer has not commented for two issues. He has failed on the activity requirement. Ergo, he goes. If he is still sufficiently interested in the Cult, or if he vigorously protests, he can get on the w-1, and still be with in spirit if not ditto... Now I suppose someone will say, why did you not kick May off the w-1 too? Good question. I still have hopes for him, and more important, he could re-apply if he wanted, and get back on. If he doesn't comment to you, tho, kick him off. A pity, since Stark and I had great hopes for him.

In fact, I got a great deal out of Stark's visit, and I hope he'll be able to make it down again. You get to know a person a lot better in two or three days, than you do in a year's correspondence. Funny, I first met him thru POTRZEBIE. He had written a script for the first issue, and Stewart said to stencil it as soon as possible as Stark wanted it back. So in sending it back, I enclosed a letter. Thus started what is now a personal friendship. Whilehere, Larry went over the background to the TEN NIGHTS series, and I must say he has it beautifully worked out. We argued over why the Martians would be that way, and how mimical they were ("Are the protoplasmic blohs or can they hypnotize you into thinking they change") and from there to a Shекly story (pubbed by Balentine in either a STAR or UNTOUCHED... .) concerning a man who mimiced the thots of other things, and at last mimiced a fire which burned the place up. Then we got back to the saga of Max, and Geis, at which point I said that someone claimed Geis was a hoax. (I think "Kellog" is a hoax...)(The CanTen think Multog is a hoax...) All this discussion was on Friday night. Then, at about 9:30 I said to Larry (who was planning to sleep at the Plaza Hotel where Lenky was staying), "Why not sleep out here. It would simplify our trip to Balto tomorrow, and if I have to take you into D.C. we might as well pick up your stuff and bring you back." "Fine," he says, "let's go." So then we find the back right tire was flat... We changed it, and in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour, were ready to go. When we got into D.C., I said where is the Plaza. "Over on First, N.E., between the Capitol & Union Station."... So we found First, N.W., and First S.W. and then First, S.E., and then First N.E. It takes only a line or so to say it here, but that in itself took us 20 or 30 minutes...I'm not to acquainted with D.C....

I could turn this into a clave report right here, but I'll leave it for Larry.

Got a letter today from Magnus which I'm forwarding, along with a two-page sketch also by John. I was tempted to keep it, but I'm sending it along too.

So far I've neglected to comment on FR#9&10...but can I keep it up?

I've been wondering just what you Cultists do for money. Some of you are, like myself, in school, but still, most of you work at something or other. How was your job influ-

enced by your experiences in Fandom? How does fandom figure in the way you propose to live in the future?

I know that fanning has interested me in a whole new line of things. In pubbing ZIP, I became interested in mimeos, and other forms of duplicating. Soon, I became interested in various different typefaces, and of course, varitypers. From all this, I began doing outside mimeo work on my large mimeo, and soon developed quite a business. In fact, it was for business reasons that I decided to get the Marr; not because I wanted perfect repro on my fmz that badly. (Of course I DO want perfect repro on my fmz, but I wouldn't pay \$300. just for it. I expect the machine to pay off itself in six months at the least.)

Of course, after buying a lot of supplies for my zines, I got to know the owner of the local store, Phillip Sharnoff, quite well. It isn't too surprising, that come summer, I got a job working there. He asked me to continue working, Saturdays, for him during the winter, and in this way, I've insured a solid position with him when I get out of school--if I want it, I may decide to find a better paying job--I don't know. He pays \$1.00 an hour, but it would be hard to live on this if I had to support myself. Of course I also get a 20% discount as an employee, which helps.

I suppose I'll go into any or all of the three following: Stationery, Books, or Printing. It's not the distinguished sort of thing I dreamed of as a boy, but I find myself more interested in that sort of thing now. Some people might say that I have no ambition. I don't think this is true. But as Stark will testify, I am extremely lazy --no fooling! I don't think I could walk a mile if I had to!--and bigger jobs mean more responsibility, and more work...at figuring income tax if nothing else. Of course, in the back of my mind, I know this is merely for the near future; my true love, art, will win out eventually, and I'll be a sought-out millionaire. Ha, ha.

They say a true inventive genius is a lazy man who wants to get more rest--if so, I'll be famous in short order...

We've got a bit of a problem in our store. A woman named Miriam started working there a couple of weeks ago, and she is the most over-sexed thing I've ever seen. Not sexy, just over sexed. She must be in her forties. One morning she came up to Genny--who works there too, and punched here in the upper regions of the chest, exclaiming, "What a beautiful brasier (is that who you spell it?) you're wearing!" Sharnoff was aghast. Jenny was mad. Neil and I ~~were~~ laughing like hell. Then later, Miriam comes up to me, and says, "And how is your sex life?" Where upon she begins asking me the depth of my sexual experiences. At least four customers were within earshot. It got a little annoying... I'm just waiting for her to say something like that to Sharnoff. In fact, I'm surprised she still works with us...

It had to happen eventually, I suppose...so now I get down to FR9&10...

I am waiting for Watkins to roundly chastize me for that meaningless cover...but honestly, the colors ran.

The story, IMPRESSIONS OF IMPENDING DOOM, was another re-written English assignment. I discovered that I needed another page to even thing out, and that was handy. I used the same pad that was used for the cover, painting in the lower half with black.

I want to congratulate Multog on his material. It would have done nicely in any zine, but the format is poor. I changed the headings slightly, by dubbing in billing type, but I don't like simple typewritten headings. Surprisingly enuf, those Red Feathers

will take artwork & stylus work.

Fannham's story surprised me. It was well written, but out of principle, I dislike fantasies that hint at something, but which are otherwise mundane. But story-wise, I found it quite good.

I find it hard to comment on Stark's stories. They are stf or fts only by background. They are, first and foremost, stories of human nature, which I doubt will ever change. I find these hard to comment on, because I have read and re-read them from time to time since I received them last December. Needless to say, I enjoyed them.

I also got quite a kick out of Wegars' story. I like the pseudo-naive manner in which it and THE SIR FRANCIS DRAKE--I WAS THERE (in AB #8) were told. In fact, I consider the latter the best thing in AB#8. Don, I'd appreciate something along this line for my own coming FR.

A few comments on Wells' letter. The one printed was the first. He also sent a second which he mailed before he received my FR calling the new constitutions to a vote. Then he sent a third after he got that FR, asking that we ignore the second letter, but print the first. I did.

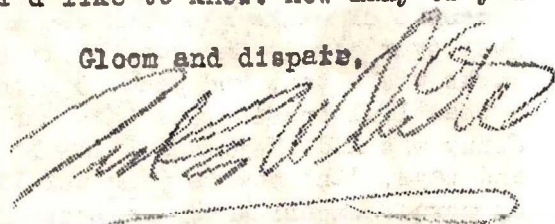
You know, I'll bet if that #28 was called to a revote it would lose? Not that it matters...but that's the way some of those letters sounded. And all the interpretations! Everyone, but everyone read it a different way.

Oh yes. I vote YES on #1 to our new constitution...

And of course I cut those letters like hell. I estimate some got more than half chopped. And some were printed in entirety. I didn't cut arbitrarily, but I did get rid of a lot of amendment junk without cutting the rest. Now in Moreen's and Nock's cases there was no amendment stuff, and they weren't cut at all...

I'd type more, but I'm tired. That's another thing I'd like to know: How many of you do your fanning at night?...

Gloom and despair,



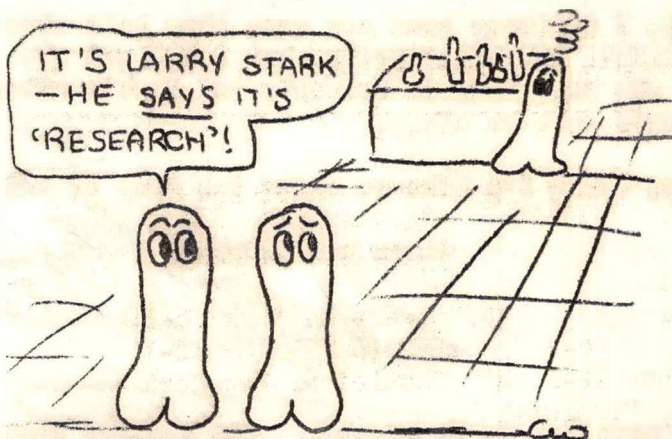
((I'm glad you didn't type more; you left room for me to comment. See remarks elsewhere about that. / Of course you should have kicked Vorz out. As you say, we shouldn't break rules concerning someone even if that someone is the founder of our organization. Likewise, I agree with you about May--that, being a waiting-lister, kicking him out wouldn't do any good since he could get right back on, and that therefore we should warn him first to find out if he wants to stay on the list. / I work in the Savannah Public Library for money. I've long been thinking about selling misc work for money, like you, altho it was Shelby Vick (who does the same thing) that originally gave me the idea. I intended to ask you this in a private letter, but I think I'll do it in public and ask for a public answer: Why don't you give us other fans some hints on running a duper business? And, do you live in an easily accessible section of town (I don't, which may pose a problem) or do you operate by mail, or what? If you would say all this in public, perhaps other fans might like to try what you did. (How did you advertise your business to begin with, and do you now?) Fans are in a peculiarly good position to do this. / You honestly mean you couldn't live--support yourself--off of \$1.00/hour? (fulltime).cw))

John Magnus  
203 Noah  
Oberlin, Ohio

Maybe it's best that I write immediately upon receiving FR 9&10 to guarantee (a) that I'll get it done at all before I gapingly stand holding the next one in my hand, and (b) that in case I do get it written, Wells receives it in time to print.

I've really been a delink about writing, and I feel bad about it, but things should be better from now on. Last semester all my time was spent studying so I could stay in this place. After the grades came in I found out I didn't have to worry as much as I'd expected. Smatter a fact, I'm darn near a cinch to stay in! ((Tsk. I had exactly the same experience, except that since Armstrong is on a quarter schedule, I'm farther along than you, and know more. John, I made all A's and A plusses last quarter, except in PE. All thru that quarter, I was scared stiff I was failing. So, I entered this quarter much more hopefully. And, I have been warned I am failing one subject, and my other grades are plummeting. The Voice of Experience speaks! Work hard this semester, too, John, even tho it may mean less fanning from you.))

Also about two hours ago I pulled a grand coup which should add at least an hour and a half a day to my usable time. I escaped from the college dining hall system. ((Oh, Oberlin has one of THOSE, eh? I don't think I'll go to Oberlin.)) Told the doctor I couldn't eat potatoes and many other starches, got pains in my stomach after dorm eating, and had to drink two quarts of milk and a pound of cookies a day to stay alive on the college diet. He didn't believe me, but at least got tired enough of listening to write me one of the virtually verboden excuses. All this means I no longer have to shape my schedule around the dining hall meal hours, don't have to get dressed fancy for meals, and won't have study time interrupted.



BY SUGGESTION OF LARRY STARK

Think I should publish a monthly in that extra hour and a half?

And speaking of FR...lordy, it's gorgeous. The Vicolor worked out good...better than the separate run. If black printing is to be done over colored ink, the lines for the colored stencil should be cut DEEP.

Stark's editorial was immensely interesting. I'm an Eartha Kitt fan myself((me ditto)). Haven't finished the mag yet, but it seems to have a great deal of interesting reading, for a change. Of course, in 68 pages, there's room for a lot of almost anything.

I'll limit my comments to these few words (I'm thinking of VARIOSO waiting to be stapled), and sign off with a quiet "yes" vote on AMENDMENT I.

cheers,

((I won't print the letter which John wrote to Ted, who passed it onto me. He doesn't say much, except to emphasize that he's still interested in the CULT.))

Mike May  
9428 Hobart St  
Dallas 18, Texas

Dear Ted, Larry, Raleigh--

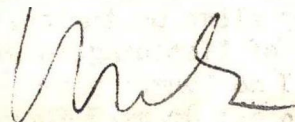
Just received FRs 9 & 10 and let me say that I'm overwhelmed by the size of the

thing--not being fortunate enough to receive Vorzimer's conish--it's the largest fanzine I've ever seen, lads. I also note that I've moved up to #2 on the waiting list. I'll say this: I'm mobing up in the CULT a helluva lot faster than FAPA. In fact, I don't think I've moved up a single notch since entering that organization about 2 months ago((when you get on FAPA's waiting list, you aren't "in" the thing like you are in the CULT. This shows that FAPA is, ah, sane. Doggonit, I never heard of an organization that allowed waiting listers to get all the benefits of the organization without the requirements (all of them)! Not till I joined the CULT. And the reason FAPA's waiting list is slow is because its activity requirements are lowe.))

The reason I didn't write (as if anyone cares) is that I never dreamed you'd get the thing out on time--it's been 15 days--and I didn't exactly understand all this amendment business. I'd say you guys are probably going to more trouble than the original forefathers. (Writers of the constitution to some of you). ((But I wrote the constitution. Does that make me a forefather...or an aftfather?)) Not that I have anything against this, but I'd say that they had a bit more to argue about ((Oh, you mean the UNITED STATES constitution!))

Well, I guess I'd better cut this letter and let you guys recover ((I cut it more'n you did.))

PITifully,



second

((A/letter from Larry Anderson has been received and has been printed at the bottom of the second page with the constitution on it, since I wanted room here for the mambership list.))

"...I'll bet she'd prefer it to X13781-57294F Hoffman."

RB

MEMBERSHIP LIST

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| 1. Russell K. Watkins 4-7<br>110 Brady St 10-6<br>Savannah, Ga.      | 2. Peter J. Vorzimer 4-21<br>U. of Cal. at 10-20<br>Santa Barbara<br>104 Toyon Hall<br>Goleta, Calif | 3. Denis Moreen 5-5<br>214 Ninth St 11-3<br>Wilmette, Illinois     |
| 4. John Hitchcock 5-19<br>15 Arbutus Ave 11-17<br>Baltimore 28, Md.  | 5. Ted E. White 6-2<br>1014 N Tuckahoe 12-1<br>Falls Church, Virginia                                | 6. Stuart K. Nock 6-16<br>RFD #3 12-15<br>Castleton, New York      |
| 7. Don Wegars 6-30<br>2114 Valley St 12-24<br>Berkeley 2, California | 8. Sam Johnson 7-14<br>1517 Penny Dr--Edgewood<br>Elizabeth City, N Carolina                         | 9. Raleigh Multog 7-28<br>7 Greenwood Rd<br>Pikesville 8, Maryland |
| 10. Larry Stark 8-11<br>Route #9<br>New Brunswick, N Jersey          | 11. Charles Wells 2-24<br>405 East 62 Street<br>Savannah, Ga 8-25                                    | 12. John Magnus 3-10<br>203 Noah 9-8<br>Oberlin Ohio               |
| 13. Larry Anderson 3-24<br>2716 Smoky Lane 9-22<br>Billings, Montana | WAITING LIST:  |  |
|  | 1. Mike May<br>9428 Hobart St<br>Dallas 18, Texas  | 2. Fred Malz<br>38 Seville<br>San Francisco 24, California         |

"You mean Redd Boggs' hair is red?"



## THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CULT

### ARTICLE I

**FUNCTION:** THE CULT is a group of 13 people, all known to each other through some form of correspondence, and who have similar interests. The Official Organ, THE FANTASY ROTATOR, is the single\* medium through which they relate their similar interests and correspond with one another.

### ARTICLE II

**MEMBERS:** Not more than 13 people can be members of THE CULT at any one time. Membership is open to anyone acquainted with a member of THE CULT and who can show proof of his interest in THE CULT'S activities. Two waiting lists shall be kept, a formal list of five persons, in order of their applications, and an informal list of an unlimited number of persons, also in order of their applications. The five persons on the formal waiting list will be subject to the same requirements as the members, except that they will not publish an issue of THE ROTATOR. The editors of THE ROTATOR must send copies to all five on the formal waiting list. The first person on the waiting list automatically becomes a member upon the lapse of the membership of one of the members as described in the third Article. A new member takes over the place of the member whom he replaces.

### ARTICLE III

**RENEWALS:** To be eligible to renew his membership, a member must have published THE FANTASY ROTATOR at one time during the Rotating Cycle of 26 weeks and must have met the correspondence requirements. To meet the correspondence requirements, a member is required to comment or reply via postcard (minimum requirement) concerning every issue to either the forthcoming editor or the editor after him. If a member does not meet this requirement, his membership will lapse after being notified by the last editor to whom his reply was due, and he will be replaced as described in the second Article.

### ARTICLE IV

**THE OFFICIAL ORGAN:** THE FANTASY ROTATOR is the official organ of THE CULT, and must be published once every two weeks by a different member of the organization. Each member will adhere to a biweekly schedule, if possible. If a member cannot publish his issue of THE ROTATOR on time, he will issue a fractional issue of THE ROTATOR offering his explanation for the delay, or he will make arrangements with the next person in line to publish his magazine. The next person will have one week to get the delinquent member's issue out. The delinquent member will then take the next person in line's place and publish an issue within two weeks of the last issue. If he cannot publish at all, the next editor will put the question of his membership to a vote of the whole membership of THE CULT. If seven people vote for his retention, he will remain a member; if less than seven vote for his retention, his membership will lapse immediately and the first person on the waiting list will become a member as described in the second Article. Every member and every person on the formal waiting list is to receive a copy of THE ROTATOR. Each editor is responsible for the lawfulness of the material in his issue of THE ROTATOR and may select all material printed therein. However, each editor must print the complete membership list, with all pertinent informa-

\*This cannot be interpreted as forbidding correspondence between individual members, since such action would be outside the sovereignty of the organization.

tion, and he must also print any and all proposed amendments and by-laws within the issue which may be proposed during his period of editorship.

#### ARTICLE V

OFFICERS: THE CULT will have no officers.

#### ARTICLE VI

AMENDMENTS: Amendments must be sent to the editor-at-present of THE ROTATOR to be printed therein and be voted upon by the members via letters to the next issue. If four or more members vote against a proposed amendment, it must be withdrawn to be either reworded or discarded. If less than four members vote against it, it will have passed and will take effect immediately.

#### ARTICLE VII

BY-LAWS: By-laws, that is, anything not stipulated specifically in the Constitution but which needs to be added, are adopted in the same manner as amendments, and are considered a part of the Constitution when adopted.

#### ARTICLE VIII

RATIFICATION: This Constitution will be ratified in such a manner as the editor-at present at the time of its proposal shall propose.

#### AMENDMENT I

All proposed amendments must be co-sponsored by at least three members of the Cult before being submitted for vote. (Adopted February 24, 1955).

#### PROPOSED AMENDMENT\*

Hereafter, amendments may be permitted in the Cult. They are passed when nine members approve. No vote is a yes vote. (Stuart K. Nock).

\* This amendment was proposed before AMENDMENT I was adopted, and therefore needed no cosponsors. I advise all of you to vote against it, since it does not change anything but merely confuses things. --CW

-----  
This bottom line's making me seasick---  
-----

Dear Charlie:

Larry Anderson

I don't know whether to consider that column-letter type thing I wrote on master for you a letter or not. Just to be safe, I'll drop this note... ..AH, ALSO... and TEN NIGHTS were both good. Especially Stark's stories. I'd like to see these ten stories gathered up after all are published, and issued in a single volume, maybe photolith or something. Might be a Cult project. Each member donate ten bucks or something. Of course I'm not encouraging this last part in any way whatsoever. Five bucks I won't object to((I will!)). Then issue it as a booklet to be sold at two bits or fifty cents a throw to the general public and fans... ..I would sorely frown upon a cheaper means of production for such fine material... ..I just hope I can make as nice a contribution to CULT as all previous members have. I'd hate to be the one to fall down on the job. I'm most likely to do so tho ((bah!)). It never fails for Anderson to put out a shoddy product.../Larry/

## The last page ---

First, let's get the amendments out of the way. Amendment Number One (see Constitution, immediately preceding this) passed on a vote of 12-1, as per table at left. Only six people actually voted.

One amendment has been proposed (see also under constitution for comments) as follows: "Hereafter, amendments may be permitted in the Cult. They are passed when nine members approve. No vote is a yes vote." (Nock). Send your votes to John Magnus.

The following members did not write this time: V. Paul Nowell, Denis Moreen, Don Wegars, Sam Johnson, Raleigh Multog, and (waiting listers) Dave Rike and Fred Malz. Five members didn't write this time, compared with four last time. Inasmuch as Nowell did not write the last editor either, he has been notified in accordance with Article III of the Constitution and is no longer a member as of February 24, 1955.

Watkins	yes*
Nowell	(yes)
Moreen	(yes)
Hitchcock	yes
White	yes
Nock	no
Wegars	(yes)
Johnson	(yes)
Multog	(yes)
Stark	(yes)
Wells	yes
Magnus	yes
Anderson	(yes)
yes-5 (yes)?	no-1
*oral vote	

On February 22, the following telegram was received:

NEW BRUNSWICK, N JER  
CHARLES WELLS

405 EAST 62ND ST SAVANNAH GA

PETE DID WRITE MULTOG MAILED IT FEB FIRST. PETER J VORZIMER STILL NUMBER ONE. CALL WATKINS FOR DETAILS. UNFORTUNATE BUT NOT INTENTIONAL ERROR. CHEERS.

LARRY. /Stark/

Today (February 24) the following letter was received (all that is omitted is private matter not officially pertaining to the situation) from Ted White:

Wells:

As you may or may not know, Vorzimer vociferously protested to Stark and myself (Stark got carbon) of his being kicked out. He claimed to have sent an Air-Mail the 1st of February. He claimed to have sent this to Raleigh ((italics White's)).

Today (23rd) I got a letter from Stark saying that he was sending you a telegram that Vorz was still with us and that Vorz had written. I do not believe this was the case. The fact remains that on the 10th of Feb no letter from Vorz had arrived. I was rather perturbed and phoned Multog several times that week.

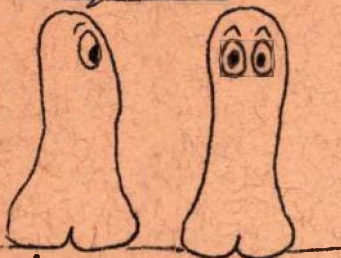
TO MY KNOWLEDGE NO LETTER WAS EVER RECEIVED FROM VORZ!

Now there are two alternatives: the first is that it was misaddressed, and returned. If so, Pete should be able to produce the envelope with cancellation, postmark, and refused-return marks. If not...Vorz has simply made up a good excuse...  
...please do not reinstate him without further investigation. THE LETTER (AND ENVELOPE) MUST BE TURNED UP! /signed/ Ted E. White

White has obviously left out the third alternative: that the letter really was lost in the mails. Since, however, Stark did NOT get a letter from Vorz (whether one

was mailed or not is beside the point) in my opinion--and I am going by precedent of FAPA, and, if I am not mistaken, SAPS--White's membership really did expire at the conclusion of Stark's tenure as official editor. Because there is some doubt as to whether this is the correct ruling, I am interpreting Vorzimer's letter to White and Stark as meaning he wants to get back into the Cult and am putting him first on the waiting list, as a compromise.

ARE YOU RUSSEL K. WATKINS?

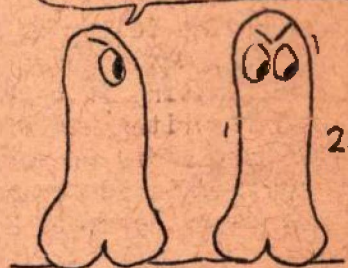


kins'

/letter elsewhere in the magazine for a request by him to change places with someone.

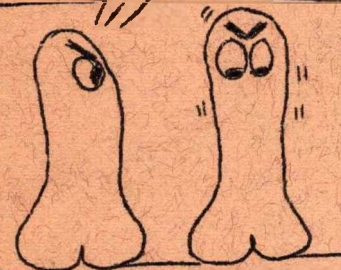
Since Dave Rike did not write Stark, and did not write me, as required by Article II (that if a member or waiting-lister fails to write twice in a row, he no longer is a member), he has been notified in accordance with that article and is no longer on the formal waiting list. There are now two on the waiting list--Hay and Malz, in that order.

I SAID, ARE YOU RUSSEL K. WATKINS?



2.

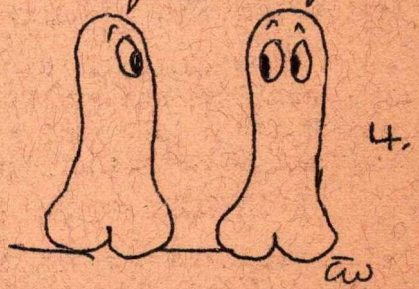
ARE YOU DEAF?! I SAID, ARE YOU RUSSEL K. WATKINS?



3.

If Stark can prove that he got a letter from Vorzimer before his deadline, or if Vorzimer can prove that he mailed a letter on February first as claimed, then he has been a member all along and Watkins was admitted LEGALLY for the first time on February 24, when Nowell's membership expired. This would make no change in the present status except that Vorzimer would be first on the Cycle and Watkins second. So, if the above is proven, Watkins and Vorzimer merely have to change places (unless Watkins has changed with someone else in the meantime!) to make everything legal. As a matter of it could be legal in such a case as it is now, if Watkins and Vorzimer agree to "change" places with one another.

WELL, THEN, ARE YOU RUSSELL K. WATKINS? YES, WHY?



4.

I hope I have made this extremely complicated situation clear.

*Charles*

THE NEXT EDITOR IS:  
JOHN L. MAGNUS  
203 NOAH  
OBERLIN, OHIO  
SEND ALL LETTERS TO HIM---

