This is the first of a highly irregular series of contributions to APA-L, namely:

SAGANA

#1 8th Dispensation . 10 December 1964

However, since I have recently fallen behind in contributions and comments to the Cult, it is also:

PILLYCOCK

#13 f/r 154.1967 28 November 1964

And, since I haven't contributed anything to APA-F for over a month, owing to a temporary spell of fafia caused by the necessity to compose several exams, this is also going to be:

DAGON

#11 APA-F Mailing #22 4 December 1964

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Aside from the copies going to the above three apa's, additional copies of SAGANA #1 PILLYCOCK #13 DAGON #11 are available at 25¢ each. A dollar's worth of subscription to any OPERATION AGITATION publication will be given to the first person correctly identifying the source of the title SAGANA of my APA-L 'zine.

Entries are now being accepted for another postal Diplomacy game; send your $2.00 in to be sure of taking part.

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TEN SECONDS THAT SHOOK THE PACIFICON

by Gretchen Schwenn

(In the belief that the best historical accounts are those which, like the writings of Thucydides, Joinville, Reed, and Churchill, were set on paper by people intimately involved in the events they describe, I am devoting this page to Gretchen Schwenn's account of the set-to between her and Sergeant-at-Arms Buechley. Equal space is available to Buechley for his side of the story - in one of Donaho's serpentine fanzines.)

Redd Boggs, Kevin Langdon, and I went into the lobby of the Leamington Hotel. No trufans were immediately visible, but the house dick, supervisor grade, gave us a noncommittal scrutiny; he did not seem oversuspicious. Then, Sid Rogers swept out of the hotel coffeeshop, calling out to me in a friendly manner, "Gretchen, you're a fink!" and, to Redd Boggs, "You're one, too." Me, she embraced, but not Boggs, nor Langdon. She took us into the coffeeshop, but no one said much to us. I remember A. Rogers there, and D. Pelz, B. Pelz. Tom Hall crawled around on the floor with me, looking for a lost ring.

Unwanted, we returned to the lobby. We heard that the action was up on the hotel mezzanine. As we walked across the lobby to the stairs, I heard a voice say, "They're throwing out people who have no..." And I heard Redd Boggs say, "Ha!"

The mezzanine was crowded with fans of every phylum, each with its classes, orders, families, genera, species, and even a few odd varieties, all chattering with great seriousness and high volume, and drinking beer provided by the ConCom. There were knots and clusters of people scattered around and between the massive pillars of the hall which snaked around the meeting rooms. The mezzanine was connected with the staircase to upper stories, so that anyone using the stairs would have to go through the mezzanine, and it was considered by most people, and the hotel, to be a public part of the place. Boycotters would enter the open mezzanine, but not the meeting rooms opening therefrom -- at least, this was the theory.

At once the three of us were caught up in the whirl, meeting new and old friends so rapidly that we could hardly recall who they were. I remember introducing a vague but friendly Busby to Redd Boggs. I wasn't entirely sure Busby knew exactly who I was, and this was the only time I saw him on this trip. Many other people greeted me, and I tried to introduce some of them to Langdon and Boggs, as they, too, were trying, but the confusion was great, and while we were technically together, we were also always getting pulled off into separate conversational groups. Redd was in animated converse with some pretty girls, when Al haLevy came up to greet me. Al threw his arms around me, said, "I'm glad to see you, Gretchen!" and kissed me heartily. I am not unused to this form of salutation, common in some parts abroad, but... Al haLevy wandered off for a moment, then, but he returned. He returned often, generally with a new message each time. I will try to remember them all, but I don't know if I may have omitted one or two.

First, haLevy talked about the free beer. He told me the committee had purchased it, and it, by God, wasn't going to be wasted

(continued on p. 26)

NIG OF NINETY-NINTH STREET

One of the beneficiaries of the current boom in adventure and fantasy paperback publication has been the long-forgotten classic Nig of Ninety-Ninth Street by Edgar Corn Borer. (Deuce Books, 50¢) The original hard-cover edition, which was run off on a hand press in the basement of the Nigerian consulate in 1961, is now a highly sought collectors' item.

The book begins with the arrival of the hero's parents, Prince Adibwah and his wife, in New York. The Prince, heir of the chief of a Nigerian tribe, has been converted to Christianity, and given a scholarship to study at Columbia. The young couple takes up residence in Morningside Heights amidst the strange and unfriendly tribe of Tarmangani. There a child is born to them.

Tragedy strikes one night on the Seventh Avenue IRT, shortly after their son's birth. On an almost deserted subway car, the Adibwahs are attacked by a Tarmangani tribe called the "Royal Bishops". The Prince and his wife are stabbed to death. The only witness, a stout Tarmangani with a crew-cut, tucks a heap of varicolored mimeographed pages under his arm and leaves at the next stop, muttering something about "not getting involved".

The Royal Bishops flee with their loot, and the baby is left alone on the subway seat. Fortunately, at the next stop the car is boarded by a Puerto Rican girl named Concepcion Ruiz. Conchita, as she is usually called, lives with her mother, her mother's current boyfriend, and several half-brothers and half-sisters in a tenement in East Harlem. She had recently borne an illegitimate child, a sickly girl who died that very day of a chill brought on by the landlord's refusal to heat their apartment. Wandering distraught on the subway, she finds the helpless Adibwah baby and takes it home.

The boy, ignorant of his royal Nigerian heritage, is brought up by the sprawling, brawling Ruiz family on East 99th Street. They call him "Nig", meaning "dark-skinned one". He is a healthy, agile, and intelligent child, and grows up on the streets of New York City to be a fearsome fighter. He learns the languages of the Tarmangani to the South, and the Gomangani to the West. Unlike most boys of the neighborhood, he does not run with gangs but goes his own way. During his youth he has many adventures which the book records: his feud with the Royal Bishops; his narrow escape from the strange Blue Men, or "Fuzzy Ones"; his fights with Conchita's boyfriends; and how he drowned three numbers runners in the East River after they refused to pay off on a winner.

His blood revenge upon the Royal Bishops, who unknown to him were responsible for the murder of his real parents, began when his foster-mother was fatally beaten at their hands in a street brawl. Within three months, striking silently and unexpectedly, he had killed half the gang and decoyed the rest into a trap set by the Blue Men.

One day he crosses the realm of the Gomangani in search of a horse pusher who had given a hot-shot to one of the Ruizes. He loses his way, and stumbles upon a small colony of Gomangani in Morningside Heights. They are African students at Columbia. Among them are a beautiful Ghanaian girl named Jane M'porta, and a Nigerian prince named Edward Adibwah who is actually Nig's cousin.

The author's great abilities as a story-teller are shown at their best in the subsequent chapters, during which Nig learns of his true African heritage. His cousin Edward, who had been engaged to Jane, gives her up when he learns that Jane and Nig have fallen in love.

As the book ends, Nig returns to Africa to take up his rightful place in his people's country.

It is to be hoped that the subsequent volumes of Nig's adventures will also be reprinted. In these stories, Nig becomes homesick for the city streets on which he grew up. He returns to East Harlem with Jane, preferring the wild free life of New York to the artificialities of civilized society in Africa.

I REMEMBER LAMURIA

The Club APA, originated by New York's Fanoclasts, has recently been taken up by LASFS. I am not an apa-fan as such, and find the Cult and the Fanoclasts' APA-F to be sufficient apactivity. But my connections of old with Los Angeles led me to take out the necessary LASFS membership, and make this contribution to APA-L.

Cities can be like women. I am happily married to New York, and have had brief affairs with London and Vienna. But the first love always maintains its own place, and I still keep an interest in Los Angeles. I lived there for 7 years, one in the Crenshaw District on the west side, and six in the San Gabriel Valley suburb of El Monte.

I usually date my interest in s-f from the day I read the Predicted Issue (November 1949) of Astounding during my first year of college in Chicago. But during the previous few years in El Monte I read s-f in a desultory fashion, usually from prozines at the more tolerant magazine stands. Thus I worked my way through such deathless prose as "The Green Man"; "The Giants of Mogo"; "So Shall Ye Reap"; a wretched sequel to this latter, of which I have mercifully forgotten the name; various Shaverian idiocies; and the usual Campbell editorials.

At that time I knew nothing of organized fandom or the LASFS, two categories said to be mutually exclusive. So there was no trip into LA on the red PERY cars every Thursday evening. If there is any truth to the stories circulating about LASFandom at that time, it is probably just as well that my tender teen-age anus was not exposed to the malevolent influences then so prevalent thereabouts.

I did make regular trips into LA during that time, but they took place on every fourth Saturday morning. I would fill an oilcloth shopping bag with books from the downtown branch of the LA Public Library, walk 1½ blocks to the PERY stop at the corner of San Bernardino and Cogswell, and travel in on the single red PERY car at a cost of 55¢. I disremember how long the trip took, but recall that the car went past the site of the former El Monte High School campus (largely demolished by a 'quake in the '30's; I attended a new WPA-built high school about a mile to the South), over the dry bed of the Rio Hondo, past our ancient rivals at Mark Keppel High School (Rosemead High then lay in the future as dimly seen by a parsimonious Board of Education), past a golf course where I sometimes caddied (thus acquiring a permanently lowered right shoulder), past a vast prospect of blockish white one-story stucco houses, and into the PERY depot on the east side of Los Angeles (connections for Gardena, San Pedro, and Long Beach). I then walked across downtown Los Angeles, sometimes detouring to see the posters in front of the Burbank Theater, or visiting a stamp shop in the Arcade. My route took me through Pershing Square, which was a cluster of sidewalk speakers and miscellaneous loafers. If an interesting argument was

in progress, my trip to the library would be further delayed.

During my earlier visits to the library, I would most commonly follow the black line that led to the children's room. Later, I found ocassion to trace out most of the varicolored lines by which the visitor is led to the various divisions. Usually I had trouble limiting to the maximum of ten the books I wanted to take out, and since the trips were so frightfully expensive I had to take only 28-day books. During one period of time I was on an H. G. Wells kick, and read everything of his that I could get my hands on, from science-fiction through mundane novels to political comment and prophecy. For some reason, my particular favorite was his 1938 novel The Holy Terror. I'm afraid that I didn't find that book's chief character, the dictator Rud Whitlow, as unattractive as Wells meant him to be. I probably saw myself as one of the intellectuals who followed Whitlow's movement (a sort of internationalist Fascism, without racism or the glorification of war) and eventually got rid of the unpleasant little man under whose leadership they had helped smash the Old Order of nationalism.

Sometimes my itinerary would be varied, and instead I would visit the tarry skeletons in the Exposition Park Museum, or the Griffith Planetarium. It was the latter building probably as much as anything else that caused me to become a scientist. Of the museums I have seen, only the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago provides better stimuli to the imagination, and clearer illustrations of the scientific principles behind the exhibits.

I have no doubt that much of this is changed by now. Even in 1949, the last year that I lived in El Monte, half the golf course fell to the subdividers, and the rest has probably followed by now. (Pity; it was a very challenging course. The 7th hole was a straight 3-par hole, but the tee was located about 30 feet above the level of the green. I saw men use everything from a 4-wood to a 7-iron on that tee.) The PERY and its terminal are long gone, as are the yellow LATL cars in the city itself.

A return to Los Angeles at this late date would probably be as unsatisfying as a love affair with one of the now long-married women I used to date in high school. Still, I may find myself in the vicinity within the next few years. My parents now live in San Jose, and one of my brothers is a chiropractor in Torrance, so one of these summers might find us in the Golden State once more. Schedule permitting, I'll probably make a private pilgrimage to as many of these landmarks of my youth as are still standing.

MIXED MARRIAGE

Marriage between a man and woman of different backgrounds is always a popular topic with writers and dramatists. Recently this situation has been made the subject of several pieces of fiction which also embody another, ancient, belief: that, in addition to humanity, other sentient man-like species inhabit this planet. These species in folklore have been variously called demons, ghosts, witches (and warlocks), jinn, fairies, or elves.

Marriage between humans and non-humans is a venerable theme in folklore. In his Witchcraft Today Marvin Gardner tells how the fourth Chief of MacLeod married a "fairy woman" who brought a dowry of "fairy cattle" and the "fairy flag of Dunvegan", a banner which still exists. In the light of modern anthropology we know that these "fairies" were

a race of small, dark, pre-Keltic people, but for centuries the myth was believed to be an account of how non-human blood got into Clan MacLeod. (The "fairy cattle" were probably the small, hardy Kyloe breed of Scotland.)

A more recent legend originates in Tennessee, and involves well-documented events taking place during the 1840's; a minor role in the tale is attributed to ex-President Andrew Jackson. The Bell Witch (actually a ghost) was a cruel overseer who worked for a Tennessee farmer named John Bell. The overseer fell in love with Bell's daughter, and cruelly maltreated Bell's slaves, and one day Bell killed him. The ghost, however, continued to court Bell's daughter and to plague the rest of the family mercilessly. He finally obtains Bell's grudging consent, and carries the daughter off in a fever. (B. A. Botkin, Treasury of American Folklore.)

Several of Lovecraft's stories deal with crossbreeding between humans and the obscene monsters lurking around fourth-dimensional corners. This is a theme popular since medieval times, when the demonaic Plantagenet temper was traced back to a marriage between a demoness and Count Fulk V, grandfather of England's Henry II. The offspring of these marriages are superficially human, but are betrayed usually by some hellish characteristic of temperament.

Sometimes the consequences of human-demon marriages show up in subsequent generations. Ray Bradbury once wrote several stories about a family of ghouls, warlocks, and other interesting types, whose presumably recessive human genes crop out in a thoroughly normal boy regarded by his kinfolk as mentally deficient. And the offspring of the elf-human marriages in Tolkien's works seem to inherit the elvish characteristic of immortality according to a strict interpretation of Mendel's laws, assuming immortality to be recessive. Elrond's father Eärendil was the offspring of an elf-human marriage, and his mother Elwing, a mortal women, was the grand-daughter of another such marriage. Though human, Elrond's parents thus each carried a recessive gene for elvishness. Elrond inherited these genes; his mortal brother Elros did not.

This year a mixed marriage has become the theme of a very popular television program: Bewitched. The heroine, Samantha, is described as a "witch", but does not meet the traditional description of that ilk. The program continually contrasts "witches" with "mortals", though as long as people have believed in witchcraft they have supposed witches to be mortal women and men who have learned special powers by which they may command spirits and work magic. Samantha apparently is a demon rather than a witch, as the words are usually understood - or perhaps the Arabic "jinn" would be better.

Samantha is married to an account executive in an advertising agency; this profession was probably chosen as being as mundane and dull as a profession could possibly be. She has resolved to give up witchery and be a good "mortal" housewife, but is continually hedging on her resolve, to meet the emergencies around which the show's episodes revolve. Complicating matters is her tart-tongued and thoroughly witchy mother, Endora, who regards this marriage in much the same way as a Bronx Jewish housewife of my slight acquaintance regards the marriage of her daughter to a muscular Scandinavian from the Midwest.

The shows are mildly amusing; usually the difficulty of the current week revolves around some crisis of life in the suburbs, and Samantha's spells are a sort of deus ex machina which get her and her husband into trouble in the first half of the show, and out of it

again in the second half. Like The Flintstones, Bewitched rarely has a plot in which the peculiar nature of the family is a basic element.

One such plot took place recently when Samantha's father paid his daughter and son-in-law a visit. The show's writers would have done better to keep the father offstage. With witches' known preference for spectacular amours, the viewer could imagine Samantha's father as something fearsome and fiery. Instead, he turned out to look like an elderly rake or stage magician.

Another new television show recalls to mind the Bradbury stories, in that the entire family is demonaic except for one normal niece. The Munsters consist of a father who looks like Frankenstein's monster, a mother with a grave-like pallor, a vampiric grandfather, a sinister-looking little boy, and the normal niece. The show is much funnier than Bewitched, with the family's peculiarities made the subject of many throwaway gags. (Grandfather: "What smells so good this morning?" Father: "I cut myself shaving.") Almost every show depends in some way upon the Munsters' - er - oddities.

If it had not appeared at the same time as The Munsters, The Addams Family would be regarded as a poor imitation. The family, based on Charles Addams' famous cartoon characters, lives in a similarly decrepit Victorian home. But the characters do not bring it off nearly as well as do the Munsters, and Gomez, the father of the Addams family, seems uncertain whether to imitate Ernie Kovacs or Groucho Marx. Wednesday, the Addams girl, has a room which looks like any little girl's room - a far cry from the original New Yorker cartoons.

Bewitched and The Munsters are among the ten most popular television shows, so in the next couple of seasons we may expect an inundation of monsters on the TV screen, comparable to the cowboys or doctors who have dominated past seasons. Thus far TV monsters have been played for laughs; the 1965-66 season may see them played for chills instead. A televised reconstruction of Lovecraft's Dunwich or Innsmouth, calculated to scare the britches off the 9-year-olds at whom most television programs seem to be aimed, might well be in the cards.

These three shows, and particularly Bewitched, are a thought-provoking commentary on television's maturity. No producer would think of putting on the screen a series based upon a Christian-Jewish, or a Negro-Caucasian marriage, and the family and social strains caused by it. Yet a marriage between a human being and a "witch" is a subject not merely for television, but for laughs.

THE SAGA OF OLAF LOUDSNORE

Chapter CIC

After Olaf entered the service of King Erling of Norway, he spent much time fighting off the attacks of Finnish raiders. Under his leadership the Norse defeated all the Finnish bands except that of Waino the Wineskin. When the King saw that Waino was too powerful to be overcome, he sent Jarl Olaf to treat with him for peace.

Jarl Olaf found Waino to be a fat, drunken man, very proud and with many strong warriors. Waino mocked at him and at King Erling, and said he would cease his raids only if he could wed the King's daughter, Hedwig the Headstrong.

"The King of Norway agrees to your terms," Jarl Olaf told him. "Princess Hedwig will be sent to you, and with her a priest to wed you to her."

"No priest of Rome will wed us," Waino replied. "We will be wed in the pagan fashion of the Finns, as is the custom of our land."

Jarl Olaf returned with this message to King Erling. The King did not like this rebuff, but for the peace of his land he agreed to Waino's terms. Princess Hedwig was sent with Jarl Olaf and a great escort, to wed Waino by the pagan rite.

When Jarl Olaf presented the Princess to Waino, he asked, "What is the pagan manner of wedding?".

"On the day of the wedding," Waino replied, "I will enter one door of this hall, in a robe with a long train. The Princess will enter another door, and will also wear a long train. Acting in the place of her father, you will tie the trains together. Such is the manner of our marriage rite."

On the appointed day, Jarl Olaf escorted the Princess into the Finnish chieftain's hall. But Waino was so drunken that he fell on the floor and spewed up his drink. So far from the Princess did he fall, that Jarl Olaf could not tie their trains together.

"Norse traitor!" demanded Waino's men, "Tie their robes. Does your King mean to mock our chieftain and us?"

When Jarl Olaf could not tie the robes together, the Finns attacked him. But the Finns were drunken, and Jarl Olaf and the Norsemen withstood them. They slew many of the Finns, burned the hall over them, and returned homeward with the Princess.

King Erling rejoiced that his daughter was safe and his enemies slain. "But how came it," he asked Jarl Olaf, "that the Princess did not marry Waino?"

"Norse is Norse and souse is souse," Jarl Olaf replied, "and never the trains shall meet."

NYCON III IN 1967!

SCENE: The waiting room of Dr. Charlene Hasnowitz, a gynecologist. Several very pregnant women are seated. Some of them read fanzines from a huge heap on the table.

TIME: May, 1968.

Enter Dr. Hasnowitz.

DR. HASNOWITZ: Ladies, the results of your tests have just come back from the lab. I have here a list of the dates on which you can expect your babies to be born. (She takes out a sealed envelope and opens it.) Mrs. Marsha Bruin, June 4. Mrs. Marion Breed, June 4. Mrs. Perdita Broadman, June 4. Mrs. B'jo Trimbuild -

MRS. TRIMBUILD: Bee. Jo.

DR. HASNOWITZ: Excuse me. Mrs. Bee Jo Trimbuild, June 4. Mrs. Patricia Leapoff, June 4. Mrs. Karen Anderweise, June 4. Mrs. Diana Pilz - hmmm - June 19. (Pauses.) Might I ask you a question, Mrs. Pilz? Why is it that all these other ladies are expecting for June 4, and your due date is June 19?

MRS. PILZ: I'm the only one who didn't go to the WorldCon in New York last year.

NYCON III IN 1967!

GETTING CAUGHT UP

(APA-F Mailing Comments)

First Draft #32 (Van Arnam): Time was when poetry was supposed to rhyme or otherwise show some evidences of disciplined thought. Now the only difference between poetry and prose is typesetting.

OPO #16 (Lupoffs): I was quite surprised by Mutiny in Space; it does not in the least resemble what one usually thinks of as an Avram Davidson story. I like most (not all) of the usual Avram Davidson stories, but this space opera is good too. My major complaint with F&SF under the Davidson administration was that too many authors wrote poor imitations of Avram's stories, and Avram bought them.

Dave Kyle is Off His Ass. Syracuse can't bid for the 1966 WorldCon because the Rotation Plan is part of the WorldCon rules, the Rotation Plan puts the next WorldCon in the Midwest, and Syracuse is not in the Midwest.

Besides, recall what happened the last time Dave Kyle got hold of a WorldCon...

FanoMatiC #15 (Van Arnam): So far Randy hasn't shown any further interest in starting the Darcy Diplomacy game described in FREDONIA #11. When last I heard from him, he thought that instead of a running bulletin during the game, a full account of moves and propaganda should be published after it's over.

SAPS gets the OE it deserves.

FanoMatiC #17 (Van Arnam): When Al Halevy was Big on Zionism, he spelled his name ha-Levy. The present spelling seems to have replaced it. The next step will probably be "Al Hale".

When FDR became President, 15 million people were unemployed. When the Second World War broke out, 9 million were unemployed. Under the circumstances, that was a major accomplishment. And ever since, war or the preparation for war has been all that's kept this condition from recurring. I'd say that an economic system dependent upon the preparation for war to get anywhere near full employment needs a major overhaul.

The Republicans are going to be dazed by this bloc of 26 million votes just as the Democrats were dazed by better-than-ever bloc of 6½ million votes which the Boy Orator of the Platte brought to them in 1896. In hopes of building on this base, they put up the same man twice more - and got clobbered twice more. I hope that Dean Burch keeps the Republican chairmanship for the rest of his life.

Wigglemiggle Remembrancer #8 (Wilimczyk): Referring to the West as Das Abendland was no invention of Spengler's. The contrast between the West and the East as Abendland and Morgenland, Eveningland and Morningland, existed in the Middle Ages. The symbolism is common to several peoples. The imperial Japanese emblem was the Rising Sun, rising out of the East over the Eurasian continent. The Latin names for East and West, Oriens and Occidens, literally mean "rising" and "setting". Spengler, casting his customary gloom all over the place, linked the name Abendland with the decline into which he felt that Europe was sinking - a concept later taken up by Lothrop Stoddard, Charles Lindbergh, Robert Welch, and others who pass for intelligentsia on the right wing.

I enjoyed your analysis of Man in the High Castle. If I understand you correctly, Abendsen could be interpreted as a man living in "our" world, who is living under a delusion that the Axis won the

Second World War. (There have been such actual cases, some of them concentration camp inmates whose minds became unhinged by their experiences and who could not accept the fact that they had been liberated.)

When I read Man in the High Castle, I thought of Henry Kuttner's last novelet, "Two Dooms" (Venture #10, July 1958). This was the lead story in the last issue of Venture, and marked the end of a great author and of a good magazine on a sour note. The hero of "Two Dooms" is an atomic physicist at Los Alamos, who discovers a way of getting U-235 in critical mass quantities, thus making the atomic bomb possible. He then has qualms about announcing this discovery, fearful of the uses to which the discovery may be put. These qualms, incidentally, are quite unhistoric; people who were at Los Alamos then have told me that no such thoughts ocurred to them or to their fellow-workers. It was only after the war, when it became painfully obvious that the atomic bomb was not going to be placed under an international authority but instead became counters in an armaments race, that scientists developed consciences about it. Be that as it may, the scientist detours into the future via some hallucinogenic mushrooms and finds he is 200 years into a world in which the secret of the atomic bomb was not discovered. The world is a German-Japanese condominium - never mind that Nazi Germany had surrendered several weeks before the story begins - and neither Nazi nor Japanese outlooks on the world had changed in the slightest since the "War of Triumph". As in Man in the High Castle, the United States is partitioned along the Mississippi between Germany and Japan. The hero lives first under a Japanese imperium of a static oriental sort, which the Japanese were in fact abandoning even at the beginning of the 20th century. He then escapes to the German zone, and finds that 2 centuries of history have made no change whatsoever upon Naziism. Finally he returns to the present and, having seen what lack of the atomic bomb will do, piously announces the new discovery, and sets in motion the chain of events leading to today's nuclear deadlock of fear.

One could have wished that the creator of Galloway Gallagher and Sam Reed had not ended his career on so gloomy and didactic a note. With the advantage of hindsight, Kuttner announced in this story that lack of the atomic bomb is a Bad Thing, and that by implication Atomic Bombs are Good Things. The story carries the clear message that anyone who opposes nuclear armaments favors the state of affairs in Kuttner's alternate future.

If you are to recommend a book by Infeld for McInerney's list, Infeld's biography of Einstein would be a better inclusion. Infeld worked closely with Einstein for many years, and is one of the best interpreters of Einsteinian field theory.

Tonight's the Night #13 (Stiles): I enjoyed "Nguma the Nigerian" tremendously. Reading it impelled me to put down on paper at last some notions which had been batting around my brain for several months. They're enclosed under the title "Nig of Ninety-Ninth Street".

OPO #17(Lupoffs): In January 194?, in a vacant lot in Los Angeles, parts of a beautiful dark-haired girl were found scattered around. The victim, one Elizabeth Short, had been nicknamed "The Black Dahlia", and the as yet unsolved murder was consequently called The Black Dahlia Case. Within the next six months, six other women were murdered and mutilated in Los Angeles, and to the best of my knowledge only one of these murders was ever solved. Crimes seem to run in streaks like this - witness the "Boston Strangler" - and now the big

shtick in crime seems to be museum robberies. Since Topkapi came out, museums from New York to Moscow have been hit.

The New New New Tarzan series is allegedly written by one Barton Werper. This is not the first time the names Tarzan and Werper have been associated: read Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar.

Your account of a CotBotW marriage ceremony is about what I might have expected. The most surprising thing about that outfit is that anybody takes seriously anything done by its "patriarch".

FanoMatiC #16 (Van Arnam): In commenting on the Lupoffs' Con report you cite his "rundown of the banquet speakers". As I understand it, the main trouble was that one of them didn't run down.

This I have to say about Paolucci, the Conservative senatorial candidate for whom you voted: he is refreshingly frank. He openly opposed the idea of "one man, one vote". I had always suspected that conservatives opposed the universal adult franchise. Now I am waiting for specific proposals: from whom do conservatives wish to take the right to vote?

Dagon #10 (Boardman): Since this issue is also going to the Cult, through which I sent Dagon #9 with the speculations about Lovecraft's Gnoph-Kehs, I'll repeat Sprague de Camp's comment here. Sprague pointed out that the Greek word for "darkness" is gnophos, and suggested that this might be a more reasonable source for "Gnoph-Keh" than my hypothesis that it was derived from the Yiddish nafka, "whore". Lovecraft was well-acquainted with Greek, as well as Latin and several modern languages.

Crait #1 (Goodman): I once heard of a case where one of a pair of lesbians had a baby. You see, the dyke of the pair had a brother who resembled her greatly, and he used to join them sometimes. The girls raised the child as would a normal married couple.

A critique of None Dare Call It Treason is now out. It is, of course, entitled None Dare Call It Reason, and is available for 25¢ from Box 233, Placentia, Calif.

Crait #2 (Goodman): As long as we're getting this off our chests, I voted the straight Liberal ticket except for Surrogate. Since this year the Libs endorsed the Democratic candidate for Surrogate, I voted Republican. The Surrogate's Court pours too much patronage into the Democratic organization, and was the major reason why Tammany and its allies in the other boroughs were able to keep going during the La Guardia administrations. The gesture was, needless to say, futile; the Dem-Lib candidate won in a landslide.

Care to speculate on what would happen if the world of Heinlein's Starship Trooper were hit by a Gandhi-like civil disobedience revolt against the ruling class of war veterans? I'd bet that the "citizens" would shoot down a few crowds of passive demonstrators, and then give up when they started starving as a result of being cut out of the economy by the revolutionists.

OPO #19 (Lupoffs): His and Her labels on your books???

FanoMatiC #18 (Van Arnam): I learned it in Iowa as "Allee Allee All's in Free!", which I suspect is an original version. Now does anyone know the origin of "King's X"?

Tonight's the Night #14 (Stiles): I never saw a roach in California. Our main insect pests were ants of various colors, including a big red one commonly identified as the "Argentine Fire Ant".

Open Letter (Dick Lupoff): I never knew that Harlan Ellison was ever in danger of "trying to lean over backwards so as not to 'disfavor' himself unfairly".

WHERE ANGELENOS FEAR TO TREAD

(Mailing Comments for APA-L)

Dave Hulan, the LASFS treasurer, is on record in Kipple with some pro-rebel and anti-Reconstruction comments. Since LASFS membership (from which, I understand, Death Does Not Release You) is a prerequisite for APA-L membership, I sent $1.00 to Dave, in Confederate currency. It's surprising how many partisans of the Lost Cause refuse this ultimate act of faith; Dave insisted on, and got, currency of the present realm.

Even so, no Fanoclast need go at a loss for current trends of thought in APA-L. Most weeks, a good third of the APA-F mailing seems to be made up of APA-L material, contributed by both Fanoclasts and LASFans.

maLAise #1 (Van Arnam): But APA-F already has an Official Organ - it's the large musical instrument located in Ted White's basement. Ted once casually remarked at a Fanoclast meeting, "I have an organ down below," to which Perdita replied, "I don't doubt it in the least."

APALling #1 (Van Arnam): The Cult WL has showed so little mobility, it seems to me, because everyone has been leaping into the fray with comments on the Exclusion Act, and thus no one has been dropped for lactivity.

The different ways in which APA-L and APA-F collate their mailings tells a lot about the differences between Fanoclasts and LASFS. Fanoclasts dispense entirely with such things as minutes, formal motions, and Rob't's Rules. I've heard that there's a constitution around somewhere, but I've never bothered to ask about it.

If you keep up your "Nixon was really elected" argument for another 20 years, you can write a Man in the High Castle about it. When you do, have President Nixon, when he invokes Paragraph 102 of the Internal Security Act of 1950 which he helped write, send me to the concentration camp in Avon Park, Florida; it has a better climate than the other five.

APALling #3 (Van Arnam): How do you get the notion that the President most likely to preserve the peace is the one most hated in the Soviet Union?

maLAise #4 (Van Arnam) (Doesn't anybody else write for this apa?) Yes, the rumors are correct; ex-Senator Keating will become Commissioner of Baseball. His first act will be to void the contracts of Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris. Since they come from Oklahoma and North Dakota respectively, they're carpetbaggers, and have no right to play for a New York team.

In the LAAPA of the Ghods #1 (Blackbeard): And Vice-President Humphrey is Lyndon Johnson's assassination insurance. How many conservatives would bump off LBJ to put a member of the ADA in the White House?

Mauldron Bubbles #3 (Blackbeard): There are few fans whose writings I read with as much sheer delight as yours.

A few years ago Ayn Rand came to Syracuse to speak before the student body. She took exception to a comparison the student paper made between her views and Naziism, and walked off stage in a fit of temperament. She was finally prevailed upon to reschedule her talk for the evening, and according to people on the arrangments group whom I knew, she was all upset about whether her husband back in New

(continued on p. 24)

WITH GRIM BROWN EYES AND A SCYTHE-WHEELED CHARIOT

(Cult mailing comments)

It has been three or four months since I sat down and systematically commented on recent Cultzines, but now that final examinations have been made up and a holiday approached I can handle the job with the attention it deserves. For Cultish comment is by no means so inconsequential as some of us like to believe. Our major topic of comment this past year has been the extent to which suspicion of criminal activity justifies society in taking sanctions against the suspect. This is an issue which is as old as society itself, and will probably still be an active subject of discussion a thousand years after Walter Breen and Bill Donaho exchange a warm handshake with each other upon the groaning dais of a future World-Con.

Oh, Bloody Hell! #12 (f/r 147.001, Dick Eney): Oats fit for human consumption? There's always Dr. Johnson's famous remark in his dictionary that " Oats are a grain fed to horses in England, but eaten by people in Scotland." To this an indignant Scot replied that this was the reason Scottish men and English horses are the best in th world.

When hitchhiking in France in 1959 I was picked up by a young Scottish couple who'd been prospecting for oil near Soissons. We got to discussing the variations among dialects of English, and I pointed out that the word "corn" is applied to maize in the United States and to wheat in England. They were rather surprised at this, and told me that in Scotland "corn" was another grain, neither wheat nor maize. Further questioning determined that they knew no grain under the name of "oats", so I presume that oats go as "corn" in the land of the tartan.

Dick is not the first among people with whom I've discussed the present situation in the South, to come 'round to the conclusion that resistance in the South is going to be a tough nut to crack. The Southern Moderate, like the Judeo-Christian God, is a being in whom people believe more for their own comfort than from any objective evidence for his existence. Recall that not one southern member of Congress has yet repudiated the seditious "Manifesto" of 1956, and that, though the identities of the murderers of Emmet Till, Herbert Lee, Medgar Evers, William Moore, James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, Mike Schwerner, and Lemuel Penn are known, none of them is or will be in jail for their crimes. The "responsible" officials of southern states have, through open sympathy with these murderers, protected them from prosecution. All other methods have failed. The only thing that is going to cause racists to stop committing murder is stark terror.

RPM #7 (f/r 147.4187, published in a fit of pique by Norm Metcalf when he realized that anti-Exclusionists would publish the next three FR's): Eklund: We already have a whole slew of anti-discrimination laws on the books in most northern states. The main difficulty is that they're not enforced. And if you want to put up an expulsion petition against me, you're welcome to try.

I'm afraid I don't hew to your notion of what the liberal position ought to be. I do not agree with what seems to be a liberal view on mental health; my opinions on this matter are more in line with those of Dr. Thomas Szasz. This may not be liberal, and I may not be a liberal, but I do not recall giving you the right to put words in my mouth.

Donaho: Later with those WATF's, please. We're still unpacking our prozine collection, and Perdita is now building bookshelves to accomodate them. For the time being, #5 is from Moore's Shambleau.

Verklarte Nacht #13 (FR 148, Ted White): Scithers: Can you imagine the following words appearing in a future fanzine:

> "My position is that I'd like to see this Atheist Fan X ridden out of fandom on a rail -- not because he's different, unorthodox, or like that -- but because he's clearly been exploiting children by promoting his views among them in a quasi-society, fandom, where tolerance and permissiveness are such strong traditions that he can get away with it."

Whenever attempts to purge fandom on the basis of the political or religious beliefs of certain fans are made, remember who started the idea that anyone who proselytes fans for unpopular notions ought to be ridden out on a rail.

F. M. Busby and various other fans have the nasty habit of eliciting confidential letters from their correspondents about their sex lives, and then violating or threatening to violate the DNQ by publishing the letters whenever they fall out with their correspondents. Of course, anyone who tries this tactic will eventually run up against someone who doesn't care about publicity.

Blackbeard: I can see one difficulty in interracial marriage which could cause strains in the unlikely event that the government emulated Alexander's subsidization of mixed marriages. Most Negro families are matriarchal in structure, partly because marriage is a relatively new institution among American Negroes as the history of institutions goes, and partly because a Negro woman is more assured of a steady job than her husband. And most white families are patriarchal. About four years ago, my engagement with a Negro girl foundered on just this difficulty.

Van Arnam: Why not vote for Donaho for HAFF (Hemi-Atlantic Fan Fund)? The contribution is 50¢, to get him halfway across.

As for a vote of No Confidence in the PacifiCon Committee, this has already been provided by the FAPA vote (41-14), by our Con weekend party, and by the NYCon III Committee's refusal to Exclude. I think the TAFF vote will provide additional repudiation of the Exclusion Act.

Granted, this whole Exclusion Act is a pretty disgusting mess by now. Our first concern as fans, therefore, should be to see that nothing like this ever happens again. Since the proximate cause of all this squabbling was the Con Committee's campaign to exclude Walter Breen, the obvious remedy is to reject Exclusion Acts categorically. This the NYCon III Committee has decided to do. Any fan who pays the two dollars is a member of the 1967 New York WorldCon, and we're not going to be diverted from our main business of putting on an enjoyable Con.

F/rig (f/r 148.148, S--tty Taps--tt): Certainly, liberalism carries with it the obligation to consider a situation carefully before taking a stand. But it also necessitates effective action to bring about the goals thus decided upon. Otherwise liberalism degenerates into futile quibbling, divorced from any practical application.

The prohibition of boxing or auto racing, like the prohibition of prostitution, alcoholic beverages, gambling, or narcotics, is an utterly unworkable attempt at sumptuary legislation. Despite the

popular mythology that we progressives or left-wingers or whatever you choose to call us are in favor of Big Government, I'd just as soon see government on all levels step out of these fields. These are not fields into which individuals are forced to engage. Government has the right to tax these activities for purposes of revenue, to regulate them in the interests of public health and safety, and to permit people to get out of them should they wish. But it has no business forbidding them.

Here in New York we have a group called the "League for Sexual Freedom", which is applying the tactics of the Negro freedom movement to a drive to repeal most of the state's laws on sexual crimes. It is their belief that no sexual activity not involving coercion, underage children, or public exhibitionism, ought to be a crime. Among their activities have been picketing the Women's House of Detention on West Tenth Street in Greenwich Village. They also plan to hold an Auction of Banned Books. The membership of the League for Sexual Freedom consists mainly of college boys looking for some. A few old-line Anarchists are also involved as are a couple of local leaders of the Old Catholic Church, a schismatic group which broke with Pius IX over infallibility and has since wandered off in directions which make interesting hearing when someone as knowledgeable as Walter Breen recounts them.

God does not exist? I don't have to adduce any arguments to support this view. If I recall my high-school debating correctly, the burden of proof lies with the affirmative. Let's hear some of these arguments for the existence of God first.

I am not going to take a categorical opinion on the rights of parents to direct the lives of their children. (That's the liberal thing to do, isn't it?) But if you're seriously interested in kicking the question around - hmmm - at last count the total number of children appertaining to Cult members is Patrick Russell Breen and two stepchildren. (Though I don't have complete information on this point, the whole number of CultKids can't be more than 4 or 5. If you bring in the WL, how are we to count one IWLer's bastards?

Left ~~Bower~~ Bower #2 (FR 149, Phil Castora): Castora: The Constitution of the United States does prohibit "separate but equal". My authority for this remark? Brown vs. Topeka Board of Education, U. S. Supreme Court, 17 May 1954. Period. End of argument.

Nor did the "Confederacy" have the right to secede. (U. S. Supreme Court, Texas vs. White, 1869.) At no time in the period from 1861 to 1865 did any part of the South cease to be part of the United States of America, just as the famous Isle of Barataria remained part of the United States even though LaFitte's pirates set up shop there.

Fitch: You still as enthusiastic about Lerner now that West Coast fandom's had a chance to see him in person?

Seriously, I would favor a separate police force to enforce the civil rights laws. As matters now stand, suppose an FBI man goes into Alabama on the trail of a hot car ring. He goes to the High Sheriff of John Wilkes Booth County and says, "We have reason to believe that a hot car ring is stealing cadillacs in Miami Beach, bringing them here, sawing them up into Volkswagens, and selling them in Germany. Here is a list of the license numbers of the missing cars. Have you seen any of them around here?"

Whereupon the Sheriff replies, "Screw you, Yanks. Your outfit has arrested all my buddies in the Klan."

Giving the enforcement of the Civil Rights Act to the FBI would have this complication in addition to the known widespread

racism among FBI agents. (See Jack Levine's revelations in Nation about two years ago, or JEHoover's recent vicious blast at Dr. King). There have been other countries where the chief of the secret police went out after Nobel Laureates.

Breen: So tell us about the Yorkville Nazi group that was busted by infiltrators in the 1950's. This sort of thing is still going on; New York City's current rightist groups are the National Renaissance Party, the Nationalist Party, the National Citizens' Union, and a branch of the NSRP, and all of them are being infiltrated by the Anti-Nazi League, the Anti-Defamation League, and a few free-lancers such as the author of the article in PILLYOOCK #8 about Mana Truehill.

I'm still using dollar-a-quire stencils - and these are Gestetners!

Simon Petlura, for the benefit of the rest of yez, was a Ukrainian nationalist leader during the Russian Civil War. He was, like his national hero Hmielnitsky, responsible for several anti-Jewish massacres. He was assassinated in Paris after the war by a Jew named Schwartzbardt whose kinsmen had been murdered by Petlura's men.

There are similar Jewish executioners going around today rubbing out Germans who were involved in the Nazi pogroms. Expect to hear more of their activities now that the German Federal government has not extended the statute of limitations against the Nazi war criminals it had done so much to protect. (A stormtrooper is now the West German foreign minister.)

Castora: Let's dismiss this canard about Communists supporting Roosevelt once and for all. In 1932, 1936, and 1940 the Communist Party ran candidates against Roosevelt. And in 1944 they refrained from doing so only because of the wartime American-Soviet alliance. Technically speaking, there was no Communist Party in this country in 1944; it was a "Communist Political Association" and did not run candidates for public office to the best of my recollection.

Does anyone know what happened to the pornography indictment made in Wisconsin against Shaver and RAPalmer?

Allen Sundry: Identification of the members of the "Rebel Amateur Press Exchange" is as follows:

"Maggie Howell": The pseudonym under which Jeff Davis attempted to escape in female disguise.

"Quantrell": This Kansas rebel leader was on the way to Washington to assassinate Lincoln when Booth beat him to it.

"Kirby": The rebel "general" Kirby-Smith in Texas. After the surrenders of Lee in Virginia and Johnson in North Carolina he briefly considered holding out on his own. He could have made quite a fight of it, too.

"Andy": Vice-President Andrew Johnson, a southern slave-holder with Unionist sympathies. During his subsequent administration he permitted unreconciled rebels to regain strength and deny the freed Negroes their rights.

"Nate": Nathan Bedford Forrest, a rebel "general" who, after the war, founded the Ku Klux Klan.

"Jesse": Jesse James, whose activities as a bank robber may have been for the purpose of financing further resistance by the "confederacy".

"Ben": Judah P. Benjamin, the eminence gris of the rebellion.

"Bob": Robert E. Lee, who else?

Seidman: Odd definitions of property? Well, for years the Chicago Tribune has been advocating that radio and TV wavelengths be regarded

as private property, to be owned outright by the stations which broadcast upon them.

Labyrinthodonts: When may we expect the next CoA?

Fitch: Double Bill has an article of mine on the Harlem riots coming up. S'pose you save your comments till then?

Purple Prose #4 (f/r 149.941, Prentiss Choate): The only thing for which Donaho expresses regret in his Apologia is that his accusations against Breen drew so many attacks. And, when all the backing and filling was over, Walter was still out of the Con and Bill still felt that circulation of the Boondoggle was a good idea. The only reason the Apologia came out at all is that Donaho is afraid for his TAFF candidacy.

And bedamn if I want something like him representing us to British fandom.

The Con-Committee Chairman's Guide (f/r 149.126, George Scithers): Thanks very, very much for making this available to all. The DisCon was thoroughly enjoyable, and those of us planning future Cons have wanted to know How the Trick was Done. The NYCon III Committee is relying heavily upon your recommendations. (That is, your program recommendations, not your pogrom recommendations.)

Con Muchos ~~Arboles~~ Arboles #4 (FR 150, Fred Patten): Busby: You bet I'm not going to quote Donaho's slanders about Marion. Let Donaho put his remark in his next Cultzine if he's so goddam proud of it. Or, better yet, why don't you? The tale is actionable, and you always seem ready for action.

Scithers: There were no cuts in the US version of Tom Jones, at least not in the scenes you cited. Naturally, Paul Harvey made it the subject of a sniveling column about Moral Decay.

Lerner: "Nobody who defends the institution of private property includes human beings under that classification." Go read Fitzhugh or other southern apologists for the Peculiar Institution. The abolition of slavery is a classic application of the principle, now universally accepted in civilized lands and even a few barbarous ones, that society, through its agent the government, may limit the right of private property. This limitation is phrased in the principle: "There can be no property in human beings". Once this principle is accepted, the right to make other limitations follows. This includes eminent domain, zoning laws, and public ownership of whatever facilities the people through their elected representatives feel should be publicly owned.

Clement Vallandigham was a Copperhead politician who advocated surrender to rebel demands. Lincoln, applying his fine sense of humor, exiled him across rebel lines. The rebels could no more stand him than could the loyal, and he finally wound up in the British West Indies, bitching at the world. In Ward Moore's world-of-if in which the rebellion was successful, Vallandigham served a term as President of what was left of the United States.

Donaho et al: Thanks - glad you liked my ancestor's remarks; I had fun writing them.

Much of the current controversy over whether and how to desegregate can be thrown into proper perspective by comparing them with the aspect that the race question took a century ago. In either case there can be no alternative to firm and overwhelmingly powerful enforcement of the law, no matter what resistance is made by racists. And today, as during the rebellion, there are those in the North who decry racism and segregation but are opposed to any effective methods of bringing them to an end. Saul Joshua Boardman called them Copper-

heads; and the name will still serve today.

Reconstruction was too harsh and at the same time too lenient. On the one hand, it tended to assume a collective guilt on the part of the South, and came down as strong on the loyal "Red String" or "Buffalo" as it did on the rebels. On the other, the instigators and leaders of the rebellion were not even tried, let alone punished. Such leniency encouraged rebels to continue a guerilla war against the federal government, loyal whites, and freedmen, which lasts to this day.

Suppose , for example, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee had faced trial for their deeds. (In Col. Lee's case it would have been a court martial, since he had been a career officer.) It would have been hard for the South to make heroes out of men buried in the lime-pits of a federal prison. Or, let us say that rebel records in Richmond revealed that Private Jared Cottonpod of the Mississippi Volunteers had killed six Yankees in the defense of a still in the Shenandoah Valley. Well, since murder is a civil crime, you place Jared Cottonpod on trial in the civil courts of Virginia, on six charges of murder. To let him go free is to imply that murder committed in the course of rebellion is less heinous than murder committed in the course of, say, a robbery. It implies that the rebels were right in saying that they belonged to a separate nation, which could wage war according to that accretion of custom known as "the Law of Nations". In fact, on the precedent established by the non-prosecution of Pvt. Cottonpod and his more highly placed accomplices, the murderers of the three civil rights workers in Mississippi could claim that their deed was an act of war, not punishable as murder.

Gretchen Schwenn: So you "have no respect for God nor man"? Okay, but how does the question of having no respect for the police enter into this comment?

Celebration of the next Winter Solstice with Bruce Pelz is a great idea. We'll even loan you Karina to help make up the youngest Triad of the Ennead. And, since Dian is volunteering to be High Priestess of the Cult, perhaps she could serve with you in the second Triad.

Hank Stine: Yea, verily yea!

Katz: Last Friday night at Ted's we cast patterns from the I Ching to see whether New York would get the WorldCon in 1967. Up came the 12th hexagram, Phi, with the interpretation, "In Phi there is the want of good understanding between the (different classes of) men, and its indication is unfavourable to the firm and correct course of the superior man." (That sounds like fandom, all right.) "We see in it the great gone and the little come...Phi is the hexagram of the seventh month." (In the Chinese lunar calendar, the WorldCon falls in this month.) "Genial influences have done their work, the processes of growth are at an end. Henceforth increasing decay must be looked for." (Sounds like the aftermath of various previous WorldCons.) "Naturally we should expect the advance of the subject of the first of the three weak lines to lead to evil; but if he set himself to be firm and correct, he will bring about a different issue." (Which is the usual divinatory double-talk.)

Eklund: Ballots for the Second Eleven-Foot-Poll will be out with KNOWABLE #9. Do yer worst.

Busby & Patten: Castor Oyl? What in the name of Comics Fandom is going on here - I thought that he was totally forgotten; hadn't seen him around the Thimble Theatre in ages.

Metcalf: Are you sure it's a good idea to announce generally the price at which you Can Be Had?

Van Arnam: In this country's history there have been International Jacobin Conspiracies, International Masonic Conspiracies, International Papist Conspiracies, International Jewish Conspiracies, and now Internation Communist Conspiracies. Don't you think people are getting a little tired of this crap by now? For any of the above-mentioned groups you can sort through their writings, pick up statements out of context or representing a now-abandoned phase of militancy, and come up with neatly catalogued and totally fatuous evidence of an International Conspiracy.

If you ever get tired of your International Communist Conspiracy, you can always dig up the 59th chapter of the Koran and try to scare us all with an International Moslem Conspiracy. (Or has Heinlein already pre-empted this one?)

Gretchen Schwenn: I can't seem to find my copy of RPM #8; do you still have it?

Pelzes: The real experts on Expansive Love ought to be a race cited by Mandeville in his travelog: "And in another isle be folk that be both man and woman, and they have kind of that one and of that other. And they have but one pap on the one side, and on that other none. And they have members of generation of man and woman, and they use both when they list, once that one, and another time that other. And they get children, when they use the member of man; and they bear children, when they use the member of woman."

Eklund: As I have already said, the word "Fascist" is overworked by leftist polemicists. "Fascism" is a definite political ideology, including strong nationalism, militarism, and a corporate organization of the economy. It is not ipso facto racist; there could be, and have been, Jewish and Negro Fascists. In present-day America there is to the best of my knowledge only one Fascist group, James Madole's National Renaissance Party.

If you want a label to attach to me, how about "Progressive"? This banner was carried proudly through four presidential campaigns, and while it was defeated it was not dishonored. In fact, much of the 1912 and 1924 Progressive platforms are now accepted parts of our way of life, and there are even hopeful signs that the 1948 platform is in process of being enacted.

Dian Pelz: The Hurt Looks elicited by your article on the sex lives of femmefans reminds me of a story Sinclair Lewis once told - that, on the same Sunday, in the same Midwestern city, two ministers in their sermons accused him of modelling Elmer Gantry after themselves.

Fitch: Let us suppose that at the PacifiCon Walter Breen had not been excluded, and had leaped with lascivious howls upon Astrid Anderson, Gordon Eklund, Christopher Waters, or some other child below the age of reason. Certainly he would have been arrested, at the summons of the first person finding out about this. How does that make Bill Donaho liable for a $75,000 judgment? And what in Walter's previous activity at WorldCons or CoinCons leaves the remotest suspicion that anything of this sort would have happened?

Here in the relatively more sophisticated East fandom is not unacquainted with the problem which was agitating Donaho. Two New York fans, and one pro, have done time for child molestation. After they "paid their debt to society" (and in our culture this ought to mean that the debt is settled and the ledger balanced - credit our Protestant heritage for this notion) they were re-admitted, albeit gingerly,

to fannish activities. If either of these fans shows up at the NYCon III (the pro is dead) his membership fee will be accepted. And local fans who know about them will keep an eye on them when [illegible] kids are around. That's all that should be necessary.

In Part Scal'd (f/r 150.300, Dick Eney): Your reply to Karen Anderson leaves something to be desired. It cannot be denied that the whole fuss was kicked off by the Con Committee's exclusion of Walter Breen. Without this there would have been no resignations, no excesses by either side, no Starfink #69, no vicious slander by Donaho against Marion Breen, and none of the largely unjustifiable attacks on you which have emanated from McInerney, Brown, and White. (Well, maybe White would have found something else to complain about. I have noticed that neither you nor he seems able to give a coherent account of the origins of the Famous White-Eney Feud.)

Panting Sphincter (f/r 150.8, S--tty Taps--tt): In June, three civil rights workers in Mississippi were brutally murdered.

Are you for this or against it?

The next month, Lemuel Penn was shot by Klansmen in Georgia.

Are you for this or against it?

Col. Penn's murderers were set free by a jury of whites.

Are you for this or against it?

Dozens of Negro churches in Mississippi have been burned or bombed this year.

Are you for this or against it?

Voter registration workers have been beaten mercilessly by southern law enforcement officers.

Are you for this or against it?

Presumably you'd go on record as against these things.

WHAT EFFECTIVE ACTION DO YOU PROPOSE TO STOP THEM?

Put up or shut up.

Angmar #13 (FR 151, Bruce Pelz): The caricatures on the cover are hilarious - you particularly have Gretchen and Fred dead to rights.

Eklund: The liberal interpretation of the Constitution seems something like the Roman Catholic interpretation of the Bible. In either case they regard the document as a statement of first principles, to be interpreted as the need arises by a continuing body (the U. S. government, the Church) which is flexible enough to change its interpretation as the times change and public needs change. The basic principles remain, but the Warren Court differs from the Taney Court as Vatican II differs from Vatican I or Trent. When the United States of America returns to the Constitution as Jay or Marshall saw it, oaks will return to acorns and the Roman Catholic Church will return to the catacombs.

Bruce Pelz: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his greed" is a concise statement of capitalism. In the 19th century, when capitalists weren't ashamed of capitalism, this was expressed more openly. Several English philosophers of that period stated that in some mysterious way the pursuit by each man after his own material well-being led to a society which benefited all.

Bill Osten: You're correct; socialism is a natural trend of democracy. That is why opponents of socialism usually turn out to be opponents of democracy as well.

What ran whorehouses out of business was too much amateur competition. If you regard free economic competition as good, then the decline of the old-fashioned whorehouse is no more to be regretted than the decline of the horse and buggy.

Lichtman: What kind of a game is "Dale Hearts"? Something Bilbo Baggins picked up when he was out east?

Isn't McCutcheon best known as the author of GRAUSTARK - sorry, Graustark?

Enid Csten: With Gretchen Schwenn and Dian Pelz doing various aspects of the White Goddess bit, maybe you could find your Cultish role as what Robert Graves calls the Black Goddess. No melanin is implied here; Graves means by the "Black Goddess" the lady of hearth and home as opposed to the White Goddess, the eternal "other woman". Among poets, for example, Phyllis McGinley would qualify as a "Black Goddess".

Eney OA: When I signed the petition to re-instate Castora, I did it with the caveat that he should have time to rebut the charges made against him. So when you categorized same, I wrote him for his side of the story. As he didn't see fit to reply, I voted against granting re-instatement.

Oh, Bloody Hell! #13 (f/r unnumbered, Dick Eney): I am against any change in the Constitution regarding the IWL. At present, the only obligation any Cult member has towards the IWL is to list their names and current addresses in order when he publishes. I send my CultPubs to the whole IWL, but doing so is an act of compassion (?) on the publisher's part and in no way obligatory upon him.

Then how do we tell if a member of this motley crew is still interested in CultAc by the time he works his wav up to the top of the IWL? Well, the Thirteen Founders in their wisdom provided an institution to determine this question. It's called the Active Waiting List. Continued interest in membership will be indicated by the new AWLer's acknowledgment of his status. If he doesn't acknowledge interest, throw him away and get another one.

(f/r 151.3908, Don Fitch): No, no one expects to end racial prejudice by statute. The Civil Rights Acts of 1957, 1960, 1964, and the ones which will follow, aim to end the effects of prejudice.

As for the favorite conservative bogey of Big Government, the pattern of such accusations is very tiresome by now. It's my custom, when I hear such complaints, to ask the complainer what Big Government is keeping him, personally, from doing. You get some interesting answers this way, and usually leave with the impression that it's a damn good thing that the government has the powers it does.

The Supreme Court's ruling on state legislative apportionment throws out many bicameral legislatures in which one house is apportioned by counties instead of by population. The question naturally arises: If the United States Senate can have two Senators from every state without regard to population, why can't the state of West Carolina have two state senators from every county without regard to population? The answer, of course, is that the United States of America is a federal union of its states, but the states are not federal unions of their counties.

The concept of "who doesn't work, doesn't eat" started on the way out with the first Minimum Wage Act. In a strictly capitalist society, as Senator Goldwater correctly if callously pointed out, there are people whose productivity is worth less than $1.00 per hour. Yet a minimum standard of living is guaranteed them, whether by the Minimum Wage Act or by welfare aid. It's a pretty low minimum, and no uniform legislation governs it, but the principal does exist. The New Deal, economically, was the first American attempt to repeal the Protestant/Capitalist Reformation. Further attempts will be made in the present Anti-Poverty Program. The future will regard the Protestant/Capitalist/Individualist economic and ethical system as

a transitory phase between the feudal collectivism which preceded it and the democratic collectivism which is now in process of succeeding it. The vast increase in productivity, actual and potential, is capable of disposing of the predatory individualism of Protestantism and Capitalism just as those related systems shattered the feudal image of a right little, tight little, homogeneous world. "He who does not work, shall not eat" is on the way out as a way of life.

Related to these developments is the present rapprochement between Protestantism and Catholicism. The economic differences which caused these creeds to diverge are no longer as important as once they were, and the church which once excommunicated usurers and tax-gatherers for grinding the peasantry (Cervantes got it on this count) is no stranger to the notions of democratic socialism.

This is not to say that Protestantism and Capitalism will disappear. There will continue to be men who think of themselves as entrepeneurs, and join churches which in name are the heirs of the present Protestant de ominations. But the conditions under which they do business, and the sermons to which they subject themselves on Sundays, will be far removed from Capitalism and Protestantism as they existed during their 19th-Century apogee.

(Maybe at this rate we ought to co-opt Ted Pauls for the Cult. The political and economic topics which he and his correspondents belabor would make a more wholesome discussion than the present reflections upon each other's personal hang-ups which seem to be generated by the Exclusion Act.)

What makes a work lasting? I'd say, appeal to lasting themes. King Lear was a great favorite in the Yiddish theater, because it deals with stubborn, tyrannical parents and ungrateful children, a universal human theme. So much of Shakespeare has this quality that he is continually appreciated by successive generations - and those of his plays which don't appeal to a basic human character, like Titus Andronicus or Pericles, are forgotten. If our society were ever to abandon the family as an institution, replacing it with creches or the old Polynesian system whereby everybody raises everybody's kids, King Lear would probably lose its impact.

To refer to a more recent writer: decades from now Alan Paton's Cry, the Beloved Country will be read and enjoyed - not for any racial conflict, but because it deals with the eternal failure of communications between fathers and sons. On the other hand, Too Late the Phalarope won't last in this fashion. The plot turns about a sexual liaison between a white South African man and a Negro woman, and the effect of the relationship's discovery. A century from now, people will find it difficult to believe that so much furor was caused by interracial sex.

If Kevin Langdon wants to extend the Langdon Diagram to the East Coast, he'll be able to attach to it such eminent non-fans as Joan Baez and Paul Krassner. Write for details.

Walter Breen, incidentally, informs me that I am responsible for the existence of the Langdon Diagram. (All of it?) It seems to have developed from a casual suggestion in PILLYCOCK #1.

RPM #9 (FR 152, Norm Metcalf): Scithers: Your distinction between "libel" and "slander" is considerably at variance from that given by Morris Ernst in his book You Can't Say That!, a popularized account of libel and slander laws and cases. You don't mind if I accept Ernst's explanation rather than yours?

(Exact quotes would follow, except that the book got so overdue that even I had to return it.)

Choate: Chapter 2 of Conscience of a Conservative was repudiated, together with the rest of the book, on 3 November. In fact, as the campaign got warmer, several unions and Democratic HQ's were distributing Conscience of a Conservative as Democratic campaign literature. It must've worked!

Eklund: I've read 4 or 5 of the James Bond books, and I utterly fail to see why Fleming is so highly regarded. Bond seems to be just a jet-set Mike Hammer. And the characterizations of his villains seem to be straight out of 30-year-old pulps.

(FR 153, Seidman): Scithers: I read Candy a few years ago before it was legal, and enjoyed it greatly. The latest trend in pornography seems to be humorous and parodic writing, which is a much healthier attitude than the flagellomania and coprolagnia of much of the output of Olympia Press and its imitators.

We have settled the matter of what will happen if a fan with "dimensions approaching Donaho's" gets D&D at the NYCon III. Elliot Shorter, whose dimensions also approach Donaho's, has been enlisted as Sergeant-at-Arms. (Elliot is currently an MP in Germany.)

And I don't seriously doubt that, when it comes to a choice in the voting, fans will choose this infinitely kaleidoscopic and interesting city over a colorless backwater like Baltimore.

Enid Osten: Jazz first came to the attention of the Law in Chicago just after the First World War, when a jazz piece called "The Oceana Roll" was the basis for a suit alleging musical plagiarism. The judge listened to a performance of "The Oceana Roll" and then decided that since it wasn't music it couldn't be musical plagiarism, case dismissed.

Lerner: You're asking me are there dirty words in Yiddish?

Revelation #641026 (Gretchen Schwenn): How can a Cultist write a Cultish letter of comment on a CultZine when he loudly applauds everything in it?

Whence did you lift the comments that appear at the bottoms of pp. 2-3? I don't know about "going off in tongues", but I've known women who go off with them.

Thanks a lot for the postcards from the planetarium.

RPM #11 (FR 154, Metcalf): Not you again?

Thanks for summarizing the various amendments so concisely, but while you're at it couldn't you have reprinted their text ? In the present state of my fanzine files, I'll have to do a lot of rummaging to get them out.

(Consider this space to represent time spent rummaging.)

On the amendment submitted in RPM #10 and signed by the Pelzes, Metcalf, and Scithers I vote NO.
On the amendment suggested in Oh, Bloody Hell! #13 I will vote NO when and if it comes up for a vote.
The amendment suggested in FR 153 seems to be the same as the Pelz-Pelz-Metcalf-Scithers amendment.

From time to time Exclusionists have been reminding us that since the PacifiCon is over, we ought to forget all about the Exclusion Act and stop arguing its pros and cons. (Yeah, and why put a hold-up man on trial, convict him, and send him to jail if he's already spent the money?) Now in comes Rick Sneary with his goddam silly FAPA amendment. (Thanks, Norm, for telling us the point of it.) Exclusionists have been get-

ting their stories fouled up with each other ever since they started this wretched business, so this is nothing new. But if this amendment passes in FAPA, I'm going to draft an amendment to the Cult Constitution. Would anyone care to guess about its text?

(For those of you who came in late, the Exclusionists are making one more try to throw Walter Breen out of FAPA. Nothing daunted by the 41-out-of-65 vote by which Walter was voted in, they have proposed a FAPA amendment that would have the effect - if I understand Angmar #14 correctly - of expelling every member of FAPA who has ever been a member of the Cult. The main purpose of this, according to Tirosome Norm Metcalf, is "an ingenious method of getting rid of Breen from FAPA".)

Scithers: Then there was the secretary of a monorail executive, who claimed that he had a one-track mind.

Eklund: State legislatures have one great advantage that few political theorists have appeared to notice. In effect, the United States is 50 political laboratories in which various laws and policies may be tried out before being adopted on a national scale. Much New Deal legislation was based upon progressive legislation enacted earlier in the century by several state legislatures, principally those of Wisconsin and New York. And if you want to imagine what a conservative government in America would be like, just imagine the Mississippi legislature making laws for the whole country.

Donaho: Peace on you, O Patriarch!

Angmar #14 (f/r 153.02, Pelz & Pelz): I see that Dian suddenly changed from brunette (p. 1) to blonde (p. 2).

Midge West sends me Private Eye regularly, and I reciprocate with Monocle. I sometimes have to ask for extensive amplification of various running gags, though, and I still haven't figured out who is Bailey Vass.

Scithers: We both enjoyed "The Masked Marvels of Mollusc-on-the Marsh", and I hope to see your fiction appear in more remunerative outlets than the Cult.

Talk about fantasy - imagine a Democratic town administration in Oyster Bay!

(And is it just my imagination, or do Don and Sandy bear a certain physical resemblance to two Nehwonians of our acquaintance?)

WHERE ANGELENOS FEAR TO TREAD

(continued from p. 12)

York would get word of her changed plans. She reportedly sounded like any housewife delayed at her bridge club who was afraid she wouldn't get home in time to start her husband's supper.

Cauldron Bubbles #2 (Blackbeard): C'n I have a copy of CB#1, please?

I haven't read Atlas Shrugged, as I already read it earlier when it was entitled Fountainhead. But Ayn Rand has discovered what other philosophers before her also knew - that no intellectual who championed the rights of the wealthy and powerful has ever been in danger of starving to death.

It would be very interesting to see where Rand fits into the history of philosophy. Most people try to relate her to such maundering 19th-century German idealists as Schopenhauer or Nietzsche. This does her an injustice. Her notions are the consequence of a good deal of intellectual effort, and if she is to be fitted into

any philosophical tradition it must be the Elitist beliefs of Vilfredo Pareto and Gaetano Mosca.

Though they are almost forgotten now, Pareto and Mosca had a great influence on conservative thought when Ayn Rand was in her formative years. They rejected absolutely the democratic notions which had been prevalent in political philosophy since Locke's time, and Mosca in particular argued that human society should be run by a natural elite, superior in intelligence and abilities to the common run of people. Like Nietzsche, but in a more orderly fashion, Mosca argued that democracy permits the ignorant mass to drag down the superior man.

Mosca was not without political influence. His writings exerted a considerable impression upon a young countryman of his named Benito Mussolini; in fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that Mosca was to Mussolini as Locke to Jefferson, or Marx to Lenin.

Another error in Rand's philosophy lies at a far more basic level than her politico-economic beliefs. She seems to think that Life is a qualitatively different thing from Non-Life, and that what promotes Life is Good and True, and what retards Life is Evil. (This, at any rate, is how I understand her speech at Syracuse and For the New Intellectual.) This is clean contrary to the facts of biology. There are viruses which cannot definitely be classified as living or non-living. Better, they could be described as either very primitive living things, or as highly complex organic molecules. This is not a point which should have any bearing upon laissez-faire economics, but Rand makes a big deal of separating Life from Non-Life.

She is not the first philosopher to partition Life from Non-Life and erect an ethical system on the difference. I quote:

"The soul gets no abstract rules from outside itself, and does not move towards a goal set from without; thus it goes under no circumstances 'out of itself' but 'approaches itself'. Nevertheless an entirely different comprehension of Truth is indicated; that for us Truth means no logical True or False, but that an organic answer is required to the question: Fruitful or Sterile; Autonomous or Controlled?"

These words come from Alfred Rosenberg's Der Mythus des 20ten Jahrhunderts. To Rosenberg, who was hanged at Nürnberg in 1946, the "Myth" was the same democratic doctrine which Mosca had opposed.

Bete Noire #58 (Boggs): Your notions of a Goldwatery future were amusing, but after 7 years of Goldwater would the United States Post Office still be publicly owned? Or would there still be elections? Goldwater, after all, is on record as saying, "I don't object to a dictatorship as violently as some people do because I realize that not all people in this world are ready for democratic processes."

The Grand Vizier's Horsetail #5 (Gretchen Schwenn): 'At's telling them!

A few years after writing a thundering defense of Freedom of the Press in Areopagitica, John Milton accepted a post with the Cromwell government as a press censor. Even in Areopagitica he advocated banning and burning the works of John Skelton - and Skelton wrote better poetry about an old woman chasing hogs out of her brewery than Milton did in justifying God's way to man.

TEN SECONDS THAT SHOOK THE PACIFICON

(continued from p. 2)

on those who had not paid their membership. I pointed out to him that I wasn't drinking the beer, but that, if I were, how not? I had a fully paid membership, number 10 on the list, which I was sure haLevy could recall. He granted that he could remember it, very well, in fact; he never intended to deny that I had a valid membership, he said. It was just my friends he objected to; Langdon and Boggs. I pointed out to Al that Langdon never drinks, as heLevy well knows, and that Boggs was not drinking at present, and surely could refrain if need be. HaLevy departed.

Al returned, this time with membership badges. He wanted me to wear mine, so that there would be no confusion. I commen that everyone on the committee knew me and knew that I was a member, so there could hardly be any confusion. Al insisted that I must wear a badge. I asked why. He insisted, holding out a badge, then trying to pin it to my left breast. As I was wearing a tight sweater, and my breasts are somewhat delicate, I drew back, and suggested to haLevy that I would rather keep my badge in my pocket, to be produced if needed, than have it attached to me -- after all, there isn't much free space on my chest for putting badges, but that's hardly my fault. I could have worn a Mother Hubbard, I suppose. Al kept saying, "but you've got to wear it" but he couldn't seem to get it on me without holding my breast in one hand while attaching the badge with another, and the problem confused him. Finally he went away again.

The next time haLevy returned, he said, "All right, Gretchen, you can stay," (a great concession to a paid member?) "but your friends are going to have to go!" Al pointed angrily at Kevin, who was nearby at this moment. "My friends are here as my guests, Al," I said. "He's leaving, that's all," replied haLevy, grabbing at Langdon, who drew back. "Now, Al," I said, "take it easy." But Al haLevy couldn't see me; he was infuriatedly ordering Kevin out of the convention. And then Al noticed Redd Boggs who was chatting to one side with another pretty girl. "And you're going, too!" Al yelled at Redd. Boggs glanced back at the source of disturbance. Al was waving his finger under Redd's nose, and Redd was laughing. "Ha!" Then haLevy went off.

This time when Al haLevy returned, he was not alone. He had with him Bob Buechley, a fellow as tall as Donaho, but only weighing about 215 pounds. HaLevy said, "I'm sorry, Gretchen, but YOU'RE GOING," the last half of the sentence directed to Kevin Langdon, the youngest and least ferocious of the three of us. I received an instant sensation that we were about to be dealt with one by one, peeling off the most vulnerable first, the usual ConCom tactic. And it could have happened, for it's hard to attract the attention of Boggs when he's chattering with pretty girls. I pulled on Boggs's shirt, saying, "Redd, Redd, they're throwing us out!" but Boggs merely laughed, glancing around, "Ha! Ha!" He didn't seem to take it seriously at all. It was a little hard to believe. Everyone at the party was happy and chattering; there had been no disturbances except those of the ConCom.

At this point, haLevy said something to Buechley, who responded by lunging at Kevin Langdon. Kevin naturally drew back, and Buechley couldn't reach him. Redd was behind me, talking to friends, and hard-

ly glancing back. I was nearest to Kevin, and when Buechley missed Kevin, he grabbed me, and started to drag me forward to the staircase. At first I couldn't do much, but I quickly got my feet under me, and twisted around. Buechley continued clutching at me, and I bent down to get a hold on him. He was pulling me around a pillar, and a mob of excited people was suddenly clustering there. Boggs was trying to get through to where the action was. I got a hold on Buechley, but not a firm one. Finally I tried an old, and simple, wrestling grip on his leg, took hold, straightened up, and threw him. Naturally, I landed on top, but my glasses were knocked off. I yelled, "Get my glasses!" not knowing if there were anyone to hear me, but Boggs heard and snatched them up. He had just arrived at the center of the melée.

Buechley, though down, was getting the best of it, when people began to pull us apart. Buechley got up, and I was getting up, when Redd Boggs jumped between us. Boggs's expression was enough to paralyze me in my getting-up process; I don't know what Buechley may have felt. There were crowds of people by this time struggling with every participant, so Boggs couldn't reach Buechley. Boggs said, "I'll kill you; I'll kill you!" and did rather seem to mean it.

Al haLevy returned, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave; you aren't wearing badges." We went, I don't know just why. My glasses were bent and I couldn't see very well, and there didn't seem to be any way of making the crowds understand what was happening -- people were all scattered around, asking, "What is it? Who are they?" -- and so we went down the stairs and out of the Leamington into the streets of Oakland. Panting a bit, and a great deal more tired than we had been. All this happened within one hour and a half of our arrival from Big Sur. They are correct who say that one should rest before a reception.

(In a letter received some time after I got this account from Gretchen, George Scithers tries to claim for himself the "credit" for instigating Buechley to throw out Gretchen et al. I guess it doesn't take much to make some people feel important.)

C A R R for T A F F

DETROIT-CLEVELAND for the WorldCon in 1966 (unless, of course, Syracuse can be moved to the Midwest by then)!

NEW YORK in 1967! NEW YORK in 1967!