





VOX IDIOTORIALIS

On this 1st day of July, (our equivalent of your 4th of July), I am near the end of the stencilling of this issue of MEMORITOR. The Cover art I had expected, hasn't yet shown up, so I may have to put on my normal type covers, but there is still time, since I have, on stencils now, ready to run off, (1) THE ROVER (2) The British Pocket Book Index, to go with the American Pocket Book index already run off, plus a few correction pages, (3). A Universal English Pocket Index to run off. Both #2 & 3 are for the Pittcon MEMORY Book. A total of around 65 or 70 pages, haven't counted them. (4) This issue of MEMORITOR. (5) This item is not on stencils or masters yet, but THE BULLZINE is due. (6) The EXPLORER for ISFCC is also due, and not on stencil, though I do not have all I need for an issue at the moment.

But, this is MEMORITOR, so let's forget the others for a moment. I have a short article on fuel cells from Phil Kohn, one I was going to run in conjunction with an article of my own on fuel cells, with diagrams, etc. I was going to run a lot more on this Witch-Weres-Vampire deal. I have some wonderful letters I wanted to use, planned on using a dozen good ones. I planned on scattering Ken Gentry cartoons throughout the issue. I wanted to review two books, HALF WAY ISLAND, \$2.50 from Miss S. Gordon, Gen. Del. Kansas City, Mo. U.S.A. ... And, like everyone else, review THE FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS, edited by Hans Stefan Santesson... Available for \$3.95 from Prentice-Hall, Inc. 70 Fifth Ave. N.Y. 11. N.Y. U.S.A.

In other words, what I had to omit from this issue, is almost enough to make up another issue of MEMORITOR. But, this issue is already too large, so I had to use my idiotorialic prerogative, and cut out some very good material. Apologies to Phil Kohn both because I had to leave out his article, but I had to leave out letters commenting on 'The Social Engineer', except for Ken Hedberg's letter. Apologies to Clay Hamlin, he has some good stuff here too. Apologies to Ken Gentry, Miss S. Gordon (She's trying to get her second book pubbed now... she may join NSF. Even though she writes a very good Fantasy book, reads some SF, she didn't know anything about Fandom at all), apologies to Hans Stefan (Is this his true name? Certainly appropriate considering his SF interest.) Santesson. Apologies to Ray Nelson for not using his letter on Myths and Mythology this time and to:- B. Jennings, R. Armstrong; E. Richardson; R. Finch, and many others who had been marked for inclusion in this issue.

MEMORITOR # 12 received a mixed reception. Some liked it, some didn't. This was as I expected, but the important thing is that the "Silent Fen" were few, those who did not comment. The "Silent Fen" will not get this issue.

Just remembered, I have to run off, first stencil, pages for GUANO my OMPA⁴ine. I had to hold back the last issue, since it was too late for inclusion in the mailing just received, so now, I'll add pages to what I've already got run off.

The next issue of MEMORITOR will be out early in September, destined to reach you just as you get back from the PITTCON. I regret my inability to be in attendance at the PITTCON. This is the first World Convention I will have missed in the last six years. My first was in Cleveland, and attended the next four in a row, including the London convention. I'm sorry that I will not be able to greet, in person, the TAFF winner, Eric Bentcliffe, (or so I've been given to understand) would have liked to meet him again. But, we don't all get to do EVERYTHING we like. My first day back to work after my holidays, will be the convention's second day. I'm due to be back at work on September 4th.

So, to those who will be at the PITTCON, Enjoy yourselves for me.

Art. H ayes.

3

1 2 4 3
THE GREAT N3F REVOLT.

Mike Deckinger.

Crouching low in his fox hole, Ralph Holland, commander of Royal N3f Army peered out at the scene before him. The parched, broken ground was empty for a moment, but then a shell came whistling through the air, and exploded on contact, as it hit the ground. Ralph ducked lower as a shower of dirt pelted him.

"Hayes," he barked loudly into a walkie talkie phone, "Hayes, where in hell are are you?"

"About 50 feet back," Hayes replied, "one of the shells hit my Gestetner and knocked it out of commission, as well as splattering ink all over the place. How will I ever do the next BULLZINE, how.....?"

"N ever mind that, what about the enemy, have they advanced much?"

Art considered softly, crouched in his foxhole in almost the same position that Ralph was. "I don't really know. Last report from Woolston was that they were over-running his forces and that's all. Janie Lamb is at the Red Cross truck but nothing new from her. Al Lewis is having a trantrum because he's not old enough to fire a gun, and has to propel rocks with his beanie."

"Well Art, that's not too bad. If reinforcement gets here in time, we may be in luck. Guess our forces are pretty well scattered."

"Certainly are, Clay Hamlin went riding through here a few minutes ago on a broom. Don't know where he got it, but he's been dropping old copies of POSTWARP and TNFF on the enemy. It's been slowing them up considerably, but, of course, it hasn't stopped them. Deckinger went by a few minutes ago on a broomstick too, he's dumping cans of mimeo ink on the enemy. Like Hamlin's strategy, it slows them, but doesn't completely immobilize them and their forces."

Ralph leaned closer to the headset... "And is that all you've heard from?"

"Afraid it is. Don't think this is an indication of any advantages towards the enemy though. Could be they've taken prisoners from our side. Won't really know till the war is over. Whoops, a shell just went past me and rattled the whole place up. I can douse an enemy at thirty paces with my zap guns, so I might as well hang up and get back to my guns. Out"

"Out". Holland intoned and replaced the set.

Softly, he moved to the lip of the fox hole and gazed out. In the distance he could see the motion of advancing troops, but they were quite a ways away. Ralph inched over the edge, and clutching his zap gun, began to inch forward along the ground. Therubble was everywhere. He passed one sign reading, in faded and charred letters: "N3F ROOM (illegible) HOTEL." That was all. He let it lay, replacing it almost tenderly on the ground, and continued his crawl. Above him, he heard the whistle of jets, and realized it must be Art Rapp and Ellis Mills at the controls. He swivelled onto his back and fired twice, but missed both times.

"SAPS Fiends," he shouted hysterically and futilely at the speeding plane. Then he resumed his crawl. Bullets whistled past him, but he ignored them. He cursed once, at forgetting to bring along the walkie talkie with him. It would have come in handy in communicating with the others. If there were any others left, he thought grimly.

Suddenly he saw a streak in the sky. It was not a plane, it was too small to be one, and yet it appeared to be travelling at a steady rate of speed, circling over the ground. As he watched, it decelerated slowly and sank to the ground. It was a long wooden stick, at the end of which was attached some brown bristles. A figure was astride it, guiding it to a perfect landing. The figure got off and approached Ralph. Squinting, Ralph saw who it was.

"How you feeling," Mike Deckinger asked, as he wiped his glasses and unslung his plonker.

"Not too good Mike, Tell, have you seen the others?"

"I have," said Mike. "But it doesn't look too good. FAPA sent out a sudden crash force, completely overwhelming three N3F battalions and taking them prisoners. OMPA was set to attack too, but we played a record of "GOD Save THE QUEEN" and as soon as

they all stood up to salute, Bob Jennings and I mowed them down with a fire hydrant. Jennings was taken captive a while ago, unfortunately. I haven't seen him since."

"Then, what do you propose we do?" Ralph asked.

"Do? What can we do? Our forces number less than 50. The enemy exceeds us by at least ten times that number. The only safe thing to do is surrender."

"Surrender?..... surrender?"

"Well. What would you suggest?"

"Nothing Mike. Nothing. I guess you're right, we'll have to surrender to Capt. Tucker immediately. But wait..... Art Hayes is still here, I was speaking to him before."

"I know." Mike told him somberly. "I just picked him up on the broom. He tried to make one last ditch attack on the enemy. We flew low and he dropped a flurry of Welcommittee letters on the bunch. Any enemy they touched, shrivelled up immediately. He would have been safe if he hadn't been so intent on hitting Bloch, that he fell off the broom and into their hands. He's a prisoner too."

"Then, this is the end." Ralph said soberly.

"It is." Mike affirmed. "These brooms aren't very good either. Clay Hamlin had his shot out from under him with a slingshot. I doubt if mine will last much longer. Inferior merchandise from the Koven Klub."

"Then," Ralph said bravely. "WE'd best hurry, we don't want to keep Captain Tucker waiting."

Together the two began to walk across the bombed rubble of New York city, to the approaching enemy hordes. on an impulse, Ralph suddenly dropped to his knees, and on and unlitteed portion of the sidewalk, wrote with a chalk in large letters:

N3F LIVES FOREVER.

"For our ancestors," he said.

N3F member... W.S.HOUSTON 116 Church St. Greensboro 37, N. C.

From Pooka #9, Ompazine of Don Ford. " W. S. Houston is 80, according to his membership application for First Fandom. Lynn Hickman says he has one of the finest collections he's seen for a long time. It's my understanding that he is still a practicing la wyer. Think of all the changes he has seen in his lifetime. I don't know, how active he is, but Dr. Keller (N3F LIFE MEMBER), 55 Broad St. Stroudsburg, Pa. must be older than that.

WHAT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE N3F Ensign? Larry Anderson.

MAN.

The winner of a battle,
An animal called man,
The armies of a leader,
Have all but turned to sand.

Don Anderson.
But in man's heart he can dream
Of those old and warring days,
And fight a great battle
In the old and mighty ways.

CENTAUR..

Harry T. Brashear,
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Baltimore 7, Md.

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CENTAUR, published 6 times a year by the Arrowhead Press is recommended. 25¢ per single issue of send a shilling to Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd. Hoddeson, Herts, England. Rate:- \$1.10 a year (\$1.25 in Canada). Checks should be made out to Harry T. Brashear.

5
NIN E NUDE YOUNG LADIES AND A PAGE OF PIZZA
(Being the Adventures and Misadventures of the Manuscript Bureau)

Ed Ludwig,
455 N. Tuxedo,
Stockton 4, California.

There was once an aspiring writer who, having heard tales of editorial unconcern, decided upon a sure-fire method of gaining his editor's attention. His brain-child was a story of ships and fishermen (a fish story, if you insist), and so he placed his rolled-up manuscript in the mouth of a large codfish packed in dry ice, carried the crate to the post-office, and had the whole kaboodle deposited on the helpless editor's desk.

Whether the manuscript was accepted I don't know. At any rate, we here in the N3F Manuscript Bureau feel a bit of that editor's awe and wonder each time we hear mail swish into our mailbox.

We haven't had any scripts delivered in the mouths of fish yet. I'd much prefer, if someone really wants to attract my attention -- to see some pages decorated in water-proof ink and rolled up in a bottle of bourbon. However, we're grateful for whatever comes our way -- stories, articles, poems and artwork.

In fact, the purpose of this article, frankly, is to tell you something of the Bureau's progress (or degeneration) during the last few months, to try to stir up ambition in new fan-writers and artists so that they'll contribute to us, and to invite fan-editors to request material from us. Too, we want to convince fans of all species and breeds that we mean business and are here to stay.

Maybe you'd like to know just what happens here at the Bureau. Each day, one, two, three or four pieces of mail arrive. Some envelopes contain submissions, others requests for material; and there are always queries relating to the Bureau.

Submissions are card-indexed, alphabetically, under the author's or artist's name. A record is kept of each zine to which a piece is submitted.

We're not perfect. We did send an article to HOCUS, by Art Rapp, and still can't discover what its title was. We recently mislaid a request for material by Edmund Meskys for a couple of weeks too. But, I hope we'll be allowed to goof, say, once every three months.

The amount of fiction submitted is greater than the number of articles or pieces of art. Usually there are on hand some ten to fifteen stories, four or five articles and a dozen or so pieces of art. Articles and art often go out to faneds immediately upon receipt. Fiction, except for short-shorts, may have to wait a bit longer. But, by issuing invitations to either possible contributors or to faneds, we exercise a certain amount of control so that our supply pretty well meets the demand.

Possibly because of coincidence, the majority of sketches on hand are of unclothed females. During the space of only two days, recently, nine drawings of such females arrived. This is NOT a protest. I'm quite pleased, and I'm sure that Fandom will be, too -- if I ever decide to relinquish the drawings. The trend at nudity has dissipated, however, and the most recent art has emphasized devils, BEEMS, and dinosaurs.

When I first took over the Bureau, an anonymous short-short gave rise to an undeserved amount of speculation. The manuscript was well-splattered with massive red blobs which, I, at first, though were dried up stewed tomatoes. Then the horrifying thought struck me that perhaps the struggling writer had, like hippopotami, perspired blood during the fire of creation. However, it seemed unlikely that a hippopotamus could be writing for a fanzine.

An alternative solution presented itself: The writer was an alien, a blood-sweating Martian! The idea was ominously corroborated by the complete absence of a name and address on the script. Obviously, I wasn't meant to contact the writer. I couldn't contact him inasmuch as he lived beyond the Earth.

6
Shaking slightly, I held the paper toward a light. It seemed normal enough, but there was no watermark. And what, I thought, would chemical analysis reveal? And I shuddered. I knew I was on the track of something big.

Then, my dream was shattered. A visitor to the Bureau said, cheeking his bubble gum and laughing, "B lobs of blood? Nonsense! The writer is as normal as you and I. He was just eating pizza!"

Well, for the present, we'll let it stand that way. Pizza. Pfui.

But, to avoid similar problems, I'd like to make some suggestions. Each manuscript and piece of artwork should bear the name and address of its creator. One step in improving fan material (if you agree with me that it could be improved), would be to use a professional format for a script's first page. Like this:

Joe Fan,
1313 Ink Street,
Gestetner City, Cal.

About 1,000 words.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF JOE FAN

By Joe Fan

Once upon a time, there was a fan named Joe Fan who hated Fans, etc... etc...
and etc...

Double spacing will help the appearance of your script and not only ease your Chairman's astigmatism but postpone the coming of the bi-focal period for faneds. In many cases a check on spelling and punctuation and a re-writing or re-typing of a script will result in its being accepted by a better zine. I have little sympathy with the argument, "If I take the trouble to scribble down my stuff, an ed ought to take the trouble to decipher it -- even if it's on toilet paper."

It's my conviction that many a faned, with his stencilling, mimeographing, stapling and drawing and lettering and mailing, spends a great deal more time processing a script than the author did while writing it.

Of course, we have the matter of postage relative to the above matter. If a script is double spaced, more paper will be needed, and so a bit of postage will always be welcomed by the Bureau -- especially from those writers with pro aspirations. (If you want to skip the postage, then go ahead and single-space those scripts, you tight-wads.)

As for artwork, inasmuch as your Chairman is incapable of drawing anything except a draught beer, Mike Deckinger has given me permission to quote from one of his letters:-

"Any fan-ed would prefer art to be done in ink at all possible. Pencil isn't liked too much because it's usually too faint. The best thing the artists could use is India ink, since it's always very heavy. And the drawings should be done on 16-lib. white paper."

The reason for these stipulations is that the drawing must be as heavy as possible, while the paper should be light and transparent. To trace illos on a mimeo stencil, you put the illo under the stencil, place a transparent sheet of celluloid over it, and make sure you don't tear the stencil. You shine a light up underneath it so that you can see the image of the drawing on the stencil. Then you pick up the stylus and trace as best you can. If the drawing is too faint (i.e. done in pencil), it's hard to see through the stencil and drawing plate, and thus is hard to trace.... Most fan-artists are already acquainted with these tips and use them, but there still might be some who don't know of these preferred methods."

Occasionally a script presents a problem. As with one recently by new-Neffer Judy Glad, it may seem a little too good for the average zine but a long-shot for the pro-ztfzines. (The Glad story is at F & S.F. at this time, with verdict unrendered.)

For material of this type and for writers and artists of a near-pro quality, the Bureau is trying to assemble a market list of secondary professional magazines, not ordinarily found on the newstands but which pay for material. THE LINK, for example, is published by the Armed Forces for service men and has indicated that it will consider science fiction and fantasy if it involves service personnel in a wholesome situation. OUR NAVY, likewise, will consider science fiction and fantasy of the right slant. Juvenile markets, like CONQUEST, CLASSMATE, YOUNG PEOPLE, are quite eager to read articles on satellites, rockets, electronics, and biographies of famous scientists. New experimental and literary magazines are appearing, which the Bureau is investigating, and we are exploring the possibility of getting art assignments from editors of juvenile magazines.

It's my earnest opinion that a number of Bureau writers -- Ray Nelson, Art Rapp, Dave Travis, Judy Glad, G.M. Carr, Ann Chamberlain, and others could be selling occasionally if their work were slanted toward the appropriate markets and, of course, if editors were in need of material at the appropriate time.

I remember a few years ago when I was editing a fanzine. A Young fellow who had yet to make a real pro sale did an article for me and wrote, "My chief activities are publishing, writing for fanzines, and adding to a monstrous magazine collection." The fellow -- name of Robert Silverberg -- has added pro writing to his activities. There was another young fellow who hadn't been published even in a zine -- James McKinney, Jr. who went on to publish in IF and other sf mags and then jumped to the slick THIS WEEK.

And then there was a David R. Bunch, then in an experimental, plodding stage, and now in GALAXY. And Forry Ackerman once said, "Here's a yarn by a newcomer -- Charles Beaumont -- and mark my word: The day'll come soon when we won't be giving these away. People will be buying this guy's stories!" Anybody seen "TWILIGHT ZONE" lately?

Well, maybe in a few years it'll be Ray and Art and Judy and Gem and Dave and Ann..... we'll see.

Anyway, we're having fun here. Maybe no one will ever sell anything as a result of the Bureau's work, but we still think we're serving a purpose. Not all faneds need us, and not all fanwriters and artists need us. We wouldn't have time to handle all of Fandom's output anyway -- and if we have too much work, the fun would be gone and we'd lose our sense of humor. But I think we can help new writers and artists improve their work and locate markets; we can supply established faneds with the type of material they need, and we can even send new eds a complete first issue!

There are still a lot of empty cards in our index file. come on in. The water's fine!

A T E D I O S

Wayne Cheek,
317 44th St.
Newport News, Va. U.S.A.

#1. Vol. # 1. A bimonthly publication of the Southern Star Publishing Company -- the pride of the Confederacy. Copies, 15¢ per issue. Copies are also given for contributions, trades, or various other reasons. Contributions also include Letters Of Comments. The issue #1, on hand, is done on Hecto, well done, but to quote the faned, Wayne, "Now I wish I had never heard of a hectograph." Editorial

Policy:- "While other material will be accepted, this is my own zine, and if I see fit to make it 50% by me, I will. It will be a science fiction slanted zine and not a Fandom slanted one, although subjects of a fannish nature will occasionally be presented here. It will also be one that is slanted more toward the fiction line than most zines now out. Wayne would like contributions of articles, and some artwork. This issue has an interesting line-up, no guarantee that Wayne has any copies left, but why not see to it that you get the next issue.

A FREEMAN'S

WORSHIP

QUOTES FROM "MYSTICISM AND LOGIC" by BERTRAND RUSSELL
(George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London)

(1) From "A Free Man's Worship" -- pages 47 and 48:

"That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collections of atoms; that no fire, no herosim, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noon-day brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins -- all these things, if not beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built."

(2) From "A Free Man's Worship".....

"To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness for temporary desire, to burn with a passion for eternal things -- this emancipation, and this is the free man's worship."

(3) From the Preface to "Mysticism and Logic".....

"In theoretical Ethics, the position advocated in "The Free Man's Worship" is not quite identical with that which I hold now: I feel less convinced than I did then of the objectivity of good and evil. But the general attitude towards life which is suggested in that essay still seems to me, in the main, the one which must be adopted in times of stress and difficulty by those who have no dogmatic religious beliefs, if inward defeat is to be avoided."

Quote from "THE WAY OF ZEN" by Alan W. Watts. (New American Library of World Literature, Inc. 501 Madison Ave. New York 12, N.Y.) Page 59.

"Seen from one side (Nirvana) appears to be despair -- the recognition that life utterly defeats our efforts to control it, that all human striving is no more than a vanishing hand clutching at clouds. Seen from the other side, this despair bursts into joy and creative power, and on the principle that to lose one's life is to find it -- to find freedom of action*by self-frustration and the anxiety inherent in trying to Save and control the self.

* unimpeded.

9 A FREE MAN'S WORSHIP

Ray Nelson,
1155 E. 61st St.
Chicago 37, Ill.

Maybe it's just my over-critical turn of mind, but it seems to me that "A FREE MAN'S WORSHIP" is, behind it's veil of purple prose, -- A SOGGY LUMP OF BAD LOGIC AND SENTIMENTALITY. I think Russel is partly aware of this himself (Quote #3) but refuses to follow his own train of thought because he doesn't like it's destination, 'inward defeat'. Yet, it seems clear to me that the moral position advocated in a Free Man's Worship cannot be logically defended without a firm belief in the 'objectivity of good and evil'. Without that belief, one cannot follow Russel's reasoning without inevitably arriving at a position of 'inward defeat'.

The reason this point needs stressing is that a whole segment of modern society, the 'beat generation' has actually arrived at the point of inward defeat (and, in some cases, passed it) and the line of reasoning here indicated by Russel is ONE Of The Roads They Have used.

Classical Jewish-Christian morality cannot really afford to lose the belief in God, but without the belief in an objective good and evil, it becomes mere habit, awaiting only some serious disruption of routine to collapse completely.

Without an objective good and evil, no course of action whatsoever can be urged against the simple all-refuting cliché, "Why Bother?" One cannot advance a reasonable argument for getting out of bed, or eating, or drinking, or breathing, let alone for 'loving your neighbor' or 'burning for eternal things'.

It is this dependence on mere habit which lacks philosophical and more important, psychological, foundations; which makes us the 'hollow men' described in T.S. Elliot's "WASTELAND". The entire modern world is living in or on the brink of what mystics call "the dark night of the soul". Russel fears that worship of the good, will be replaced by a worship of power, and in some cases, this fear is justified by the experience of history, yet -- the real ultimate alternative is not power, it IS the void, the vacuum, the empty hole. Faced with the power of death, the great nothing, even a world dictator is ultimately powerless.

We see, then, that Russell's moral beliefs by no means follow logically from his picture of the physical universe, and that, in a way, no moral beliefs at ALL follow logically from this picture. Behind the purple prose, Russell's moral attitude is fundamentally the same as that of Christianity, but with one difference. Christianity regards its moral imperatives as commands from God. Russell's 'moral' imperatives are only the groundless whims of man.

// Strictly speaking this is true of any possible picture of the Universe. Questions of moral right and wrong cannot be decided by appeal to statements about what is factually true and false. Even a man convinced of the factual truth of the entire classical Christian picture of the Universe, complete with Heaven, Hell, and a flat earth, may still choose to 'sin'. A man convinced of the factual truth of Russell's picture of the Universe can nevertheless advocate the ideals of Christianity, As Russell does. MORAL JUDGEMENTS CAN NO MORE BE DEDUCED FROM FACTUAL STATEMENTS... than factual statements can be deduced from moral judgements.

At one time I thought that the two fields of judgement were completely unrelated, but now I see that while neither implies the other, nevertheless, there is at least ONE important relationship between them. That is, that each DEFINES the field of action of the other, - that each sets boundaries on what many meaningfully be said in the other; or, better, on what is LIKELY to be said. An example will probably make the nature of this relation clearer:-

We have no laws or moral sanctions against a human being reproducing himself, by splitting in half like an amoeba instead of making use of the more conventional methods. Why not? Because it is thought to be impossible. Whether or not it is possible

10
is a question of fact. Whether it is right and good, or not, is a question of morals. We can say that it is morally wrong, without believing that anyone is actually going to split in half... but we are very unlikely to say so.

In practice only those things are forbidden or advocated which are thought to be possible. Thus our beliefs about facts set limits on our judgements about morals.

Another example. At one time it was thought that the greatest of all crimes was to sell your soul to the devil. Today, nobody is accused of this crime, let alone convicted, --- and it would be hard to prove that we are any improvement morally over our great-great grandfathers and grandmothers.

//
The change is in the field of beliefs about fact, nor morals. Few people still believe very seriously that the devil exists.

The converse relation is even more interesting and more neglected by philosophy. This is the sense in which the limits of the field of factual knowledge are set by moral judgements. The most obvious limits set to the field of factual knowledge by moral judgements is that no objective FACT can be verified by the comparison of the experiences of ONE person with the experience of ANOTHER person, unless BOTH feel morally bound to tell the truth. Thus, without a pre-existing moral order in which the truth-telling is common enough for people to trust each other's word, NO science is possible.

Science also requires a pre-existing active desire to discover the truth. If a man believes it is morally wrong to delve into the 'secrets of God' he is not likely to do so. This is true, not only of science in general, but of individual subjects in particular. I think that we can safely say that not King can be discovered unless one person, at least, thinks it is right and good.... that it should be discovered. Fundamental research, as opposed to engineering, is motivated by a moral and religious ideal of the purest sort, the desire to know the truth.

However interesting the discussion of the moral limitations of science, may be, we must put it reluctantly to one side and return to the business at hand. A Consideration of "The Free Man's Worship"... A consideration of the IMPLICATIONS of "The Free Man's Worship"... and here it is more to the point to examine the limitations placed on the moral field, by Russell's conception of the factual Universe.

First, a few reservations. Russell's idea of the "world which science presents for our beliefs" is not actually anything of the sort. None of these so-called 'facts' have ever been scientifically proven; few have even been advanced as theories in science because of the possibility of not being able to subject them to a 'trial by prediction'. All are ideas which have been alternately advocated and denounced since ancient Greece or earlier, and are not new facts.

So far IS this picture from being the accepted universal view of modern physical science that many of the greatest of the modern physical scientists have outspokenly advocated views in flat contradiction to one or more of Russell's 'facts'..... It is even worth noting that in these matters of opinion and dispute, the majority (if not all) of the great modern physicists have gone on record as being downright mystical. Some, like Einstein and Steinmetz, have written at length on their mystical beliefs. I may be wrong, but so far as I know, no professed atheist has EVER made an important contribution to physical science. Please correct me if I am mistaken on this point. (I have made this request before, and to date, no one has called me on it.

What we see here, wearing the mask of science is simply the familiar collection of ideas usually called atheism or materialism. These ideas bear no relation to actual sciences, per se, than does Mary Baker Eddy's "Christian Science"...

However, despite the facts that Russell's ideas are not actually those of Science (with a capital S), they ARE very widely accepted by LAYMAN as being the very substance of modern science. Even people who never heard of Russell, suppose science to be somehow necessarily atheistic; and atheistic 'despair' philosophies, such as the

11
SARTRE Branch of 'Existentialism' dominate a major portion of the intellectual world.

However groundless Russell's ideas may be, they are very real to a great many intelligent, well-educated, and vocally alert people. In the Soviet Union, some of these ideas would be agreed to without hesitation by almost anyone in the early 'inward defeat' stages of being 'beat'.

We must, then, treat "A Free Man's Worship" with the same respect we give to any serious philosophy, such as Thomist Catholicism, which is held in good faith by intelligent people and has a fair degree of inner consistency, but which we do not happen to agree. Russell might well be right, and I wrong, but it would take a very convincing demonstration to persuade me.

My reservation stated, I now feel safe in proceeding with my consideration of the implications of Russell's 'World View'.

I will assume, for the sake of argument, that all that Russell says in QUOTE (1) is true. What are the moral results of this assumption?

First, I think we have already shown that the moral attitudes Russell himself advocates, do not follow from his picture of the universe. A drowsy "Why Bother?" brings all his preaching to a grinding halt. It is really this "Why Bother?" that brings about our inner defeat, more than even the blackest of Russell's facts.

Faced with somewhat the same picture of the Universe, Omar Khayyam advised a philosophy of "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow is the Creditor and we will take the cash of today" and "A jug of wine, a book of verse, and thou, beside me in the wilderness, is paradise enough". In a pinch, we can settle for the jug of wine and skip the rest.

Resorting to alcohol or drugs to dull the pain of 'inward defeat' is as popular now as it was in the days of Omar the Tent-maker, if not MORE so.

There is also the possibility that suicide will be tempting, as an answer to the cliché:- "Well, you gotta live!"

In order to keep things from 'bogging down'.... let's make a straw man of the "WHY Botherists" We'll call him Mr. Strawman, after the other members of his family in T.S. Elliott's "Wasteland"... His sole function will be to ask: "Why bother?" in some form or other until we can think of some decent way to answer his question.

Now that we have provided ourselves with a formidable heckler to keep us from getting "too big for our britches" -- let us proceed to examine other alternative attitudes to Russell's Universe.

One can always become a "true believer" in some sort of authoritarianism, (like T.S. Elliott with his catholicism or Sartre with his communism or Pound with his Facism,) -- the sort of "true believer" who feverishly tries to convince himself of the truth of his new found faith by attempting to convert others to it.

All these reactions to Russell's "heedless universe" share two assumptions. (1) That "inward defeat" is the only possible attitude toward that Universe and (2) that "Inward defeat" is unbearable and must be escaped.

In this they are in agreement with a great many other "despair philosophies" such as dadaism-surrealism, futurism, etc. Are these assumptions really justified? I don't think so.

At least one other possible attitude presents itself immediately. That is, the attitude of the clown. When Mr. Strawman asks the clown, "Why Bother?" the clown answers "Why not?" and turns a few handsprings.

Clownism has never been worked out as a formal philosophy, yet it is the actual philosophy of great numbers of people ... only a few of whom appear in public performances. Faced with what seems a basically meaningless and ABSURD Universe, the Clown is not defeated.

"If you can't beat 'em, join 'em" says the clown to himself, and, taking the world as he sees it as his model, he DELIBERATELY makes his life as absurd and mad as he as he can. Thus he finds a black happiness and peace in living in lunatic harmony with the absurd, mad, world.

Traditionally the clown is "laughing on the outside, crying on the inside"; clowns

12 like Chaplin have been able to project a sense of tragedy of life to millions who are bored by Shakespear. Some of the funniest clowns are the sad ones, and no professional clown ever laughs at his own jokes.

The clown is not only absurd, he is seriously philosophically absurd; gently, sadly absurd, on principle! Even his death is a joke. We feel somehow disappointed, if his body isn't accidentally delivered to a butcher shop or found in the display window of a high class department store.

For the clown, an absurd universe is no cause for inner defeat. It is the only sort of world he would fee at home in. If life is nothing but a joke, -- WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH? Ain'tcha got no sense of humor?

But even if the state of inner defeat is reached, is it necessarily an unbearable state, or even unpleasant? Here, I answer from personal experience, -- NO. The heart and center of defeat is like the center of a tropical hurricane, a spot of absolute calm and peace, surrounded on all sides by the savage storms of emotion. The happiest moments of my life, and my only real experience of what is called 'ecstasy' have come to me in THOSE FLEETING MOMENTS when I lay, utterly defeated, within the eye of the hurricane. Once, the moment came when I was about to attempt suicide; once, as I was freezing to death; once in the few seconds before an auto accident; once as I lay sick and starving without even enough interest in life to make myself a peanut butter sand wich from the bread and peanut butter within easy reach of my cot.

Each time... at the very moment when I gave up all hope, on ce and for all, the great silence fell with earth-shaking roar, and everything was suddenly just exactly as it had beenbefore, only much, much more so.

If you have had the experience yourself I am wasting my breath trying to describe what you know, as well as I do, CANNOT be described.

If you have NOT had the experience you will think I must be kidding you, so I will say no more about it.

Only this.

I think this experience is similar, if not identical with, what is called in Buddhism "The Awakening" or "Sartori" in Zen; ("Sartori" in Zen-Buddhism); this state is so far from being regarded as unpleasant that it is deliberately sought by a technique of posing insoluable riddles to the student until he, at last, in the very heart of his heart, admits defeat. At this exact moment, the flash of "awakening" comes. It is the dim echo of this crash of silence that gives to Japanese Art and poetry it's unexplainable impact; an impact that is felt even by people who are not aware of ever having had any personal experience of Buddhist "Awakening".

After comparing notes with a few epileptics, I think I can say that this state is also related somehow, to the feeling of 'super-reality' which comes to them just before and/or after an attack of epilepsy. It may even be, as Huxley claims, related to the experience induced by certain drugs; but the only way I know of, for the ordinary man to reach this state, is through despair, -- through complete inner defeat.

If you have never visited NOWHERE.... Jazz music can have very little meaning for you. The backbone of Jazz is the blues,-- the "funk"; the "soul" sound,-- the voice from the center of the hurricane. Read the words of an old country style 'blues' (like St. James Infirmary or Careless Love) and you'll see what I mean.

In order to show the practical result of awakening, let me tell you an old ZEN story. Like all Zen Stories, it has a good laugh at the end... with a distrubing echo. It seems a Buddhist Monk was kreeeling at the banks of a river, trying to rescue a drowning scorpion. Every time he lifted the creature out of the water, it would bite him, andfall back in. Soon a "Mister Strawman" came along and watched, and then finally asked: "Why bother trying to fish that bug out of the river? YOU know it's his nature to bite you!" "Yes," said the monk sadly, "JUST AS IT IS THE NATURE OF THE SCORPION TO BITE, SO IS IT THE NATURE OF A BUDDHIST MONK TO TRY TO HELP ALL LI-VING CREATURES."

If you have followed me so far, the rough outlines of the moral world those limits are set by Russell's uncaring Universe are probably already emerging in your mind.

Rather than continue to add to the list of moral positions in such a Universe, let us turn to a consideration of those moral positions which ARE NOT POSSIBLE.

First of all, the classical Jewish-Christian morality is impossible in its original form. It is based on a reward-punishment system and a set of more or less specific moral laws supposed to have been given to a man by God.

Without Heaven Or Hell, the reward-punishment system cannot operate, and without a God to give the moral laws, these laws become, not commandments, but mere advice. If we are to continue to act as Christians in the Russell Universe, we must substitute new motivations for the old. Russell proposes to substitute human love based on the fact that we are all sharing a common doom, or, as he puts it, we are all in the same boat.

This is fine as far as it goes, but if you introduce a complication into the picture, i.e., that in this same boat we are all in there is not enough food for all, the boat 'analogy' becomes rather more sinister than Russell intended. Whether we like it or not (even in our enlightened(?) age) the majority of the human race do not get enough to eat, and I assure you this fact does not inspire them with brotherly love.

A human reward-punishment system can be substituted for the divine system, and the former commandments of God voted into law, but a human system is subject to human failings. All too often, human law can be evaded, or bribed, or fooled by clever lawyers.

Human laws change from nation to nation, even, from state to state.

Human laws change with the times, as well. How can such a rule, by whim and fashion, be a substitute for laws supposed to be divine, Eternal and Perfect, administered by a Being Who is All-Knowing and All-Powerful.

The truth of the matter is that without the foundation of a belief in an absolute God, and an absolute good and evil, NEITHER the old motivations, nor any new ones we might invent, can save the structure of Traditional Morality.. from collapse.

Neither Logic nor mysticism as they are presented to us by Russell can provide a means of making moral choices.

Russell, in another part of the book, argues for the complete exclusion of questions of right and wrong from philosophy, and mysticism, of the type of regarded (falsely but strongly) as typical... by Russell and others such as Huxley are equally impotent to decide questions of right and wrong.

The Mysticism taken as typical (by Russell) is the Blake-style Mysticism, not the far more common Joan-Of-Arc style. In Blake-Mysticism there is a mystic union of right and wrong. All is right! All is Glory! This is fine as an uplifting emotion, but if all is right and good, how can we choose between different courses of action? If all actions are good, the only way to decide to feed a child or murder it, is to flip a coin.

In the ordinary Joan-Of-Arc style of mysticism, none of those things held by Russell and nearly ALL other modern philosophers to be typical of all mysticism. None of them! None, are found.

Yet, it is the Joan-Of-Arc style which is the more common and more widely recognized of the two. In the Joan-of-Arc mysticism, we have, instead of a mystic union of all with all, a vision of Mary, Jesus, a Saint or some other religious figure or symbol and usually, a definite command of some sort. The problem of paralysis of action does not appear at all in this kind of mysticism.

However, visions are not recognized by philosophy, particularly, visions of specific religious figures, any more than miracles are recognized by Philosophy. When they happen, and I am convinced they do happen now and then, even today, a good philosopher is supposed to look the other way. It may be thought that by slipping a few miracles and visions into Russell's Universe (which, of course, would be cheating) we can save the situation.

Unfortunately, this is a solution only to those few who actually SEE the visions and HEAR the commands of them. Any clever con-man can claim to have seen visions or

heard voices. Those who do not see visions or hear voices have no way of separating the false claims from the true, and even those who DO see the visions cannot be sure they are not victims of delusion.

It would seem then, that the Russell Universe it is simply not possible to make any choices at all.

Now, we come to the real nut-meat of the problem. Not only is it impossible to make choices — it is also impossible NOT to make them. Even Mr. Strawman, in refusing to do anything at all, is making a choice. Every waking moment of our lives is spent in making choices. We can either stay in bed, or get up. We cannot do both, or neither. Shall we flip a coin? How do we decide whether or not to flip a coin? Flip another? When do we stop flipping coins? What binds us to obey the decision of a mere flipped coin, even if such a decision can be arrived at? There is only one thing certain; we are going to do something... even if only to go stark raving mad.

We have arrived at the point of inner defeat before even having breakfast. How on earth will we ever manage to reach the end of the day?

Now we come to the real surprise. Inner defeat is not the end. There is another world on the other side of defeat. It is as if we had fallen to the bottom of a deep well, expecting to be smashed to a pulp, then had the bottom collapse under us.

Ten minutes after reaching the point of inner defeat, we realize with a start that... not only are we still alive, but we are either in bed, or not in it. We have not solved or even really attacked it, yet by some miracle our problem no longer exists.

It has, seemingly, solved itself. Most startling of all, we are no longer even thinking of it. Our minds have wearied of sitting on the 'horns of dilemma' and simply wandered on.

Despair is only a state of emotions and can no more be permanently retained than any other emotion. When we try to hang on to it, our hands close on air. In the very act of trying to hang on to an emotional state, we change it! By the time we realize we feel a certain emotion, it has already been replaced by another. Insoluble problems are not solved, yet they cannot permanently block our path. We simply forget them and turn to other matters.

This is post-despair, beyond Philosophy, beyond Jewish-Christian Morality, beyond Mr. Strawman and Mr. Clown, beyond Existentialism and Beatnicism, beyond power and logic and mysticism.

* * *

The trees don't decide to grow, or the sun to shine, or the shark to kill. They have no excuses for what they do, — no banal justifications. All men are in favor of breathing and even those who do not, are not against it. Dead men have no opinions.

Animals see no problem of choice. Their wills suffer from no philosophical paralysis. They have neither philosophy, morality, nor religion, yet most of them have been on this planet much longer than man. They see no problem because there is no problem to see. It is WE who have created the "problem" and we can destroy it simply by thinking of something else.

Why should we be good, or kind, or honest? Because that is the way we are. We give we take, we live, we die. We do not decide to be born or to grow or to die. We simply act. On the other side of despair, there is no solution to the problem of wrong or right — one simply does not "bother" about it any more. We do the NEXT THING. That is enough. There is no effort, yet all is done. We do not try to be good, yet the world sometimes takes us for saints because we seem to want nothing, because we are gentle and understanding. Why are we that way? Because that is how a person is who has passed beyond despair. He is that way because there is no reason to be otherwise. He knows that the world is not as Russell says it is. Even if it were, it would make no difference to the man who has passed beyond despair. He is a ship with nobody at the wheel, but which is driven in a straight line by the wind. He has neither questions nor answers, but speaks and acts without hesitation. Winning or losing are all the same to him — he does what needs doing — then does something else, never glancing back. He eats when hungry, and stops when full, sleeps when tired and wakes rested and new-eyed as a fresh-born baby. This is the post-despair man, at home anywhere.

ARE WE REALLY MODERN

Newell W. Tune.

We are living today in a modern age of progress. Everything around us bows to the wheels of progress. Manufacturers are the quickest to change whenever the progress dictates. Notice how differently our stores are arranged from those of grand-father's day. Our Army and Navy is the most modern in the world. The homes we build today are greatly improved from those of a generation ago. The processes of printing, carpentry, dentistry, cooking, food packaging, road building, communications, sound reproduction—all of these things have been greatly modernized in the last two generations. In fact when you look around you, almost everything has been improved or modernized in the last fifty years. Yes, almost, but not quite everything.

We still use the same written language that George Washington and King George III used. Our written language antedates the horse & buggy, the railroad, the steamboat & goes back to the sailboat. It has an archaic, obsolete, clumsy, inconsistent spelling which attributes to many of our misunderstandings, double meanings and confusions. Yet we are stuck with it because our mothers learned from their mothers. And it will continue to go on, just like that until someone does something about it.

However, the English language should not be condemned in entirety. It has some good points as well as its bad points. Compared with other languages, you can see its advantages, and disadvantages. Compared with Spanish, it is not so regular, nor so easy to learn but yet it is more definite in its meanings and easier to express one's ideas. Latin is even more definite, regular and precise than English but has the disadvantage of being awkward and clumsy. Latin is so formal that it has lost out as a spoken language. Compared with French, our language is less regular but is written more like it sounds and is easier to use in expressing ideas. But English in the days of the Norman Conquest borrowed many of our words from French, because it was more expressive than English in those days. German is a much more complicated language with many words but a more precise and scientifically designed language. But, none of these written languages have changed appreciably in a century. However, there are some European languages that have been modernized.

Practically all the European languages have alphabets with more letters in them than does English, yet, English tries to represent 43 sounds with 26 letters. Most of these languages have fewer sounds than we do to represent but can represent their sounds better because they have enough letters to represent the sounds. Most of these languages did not get to their present state of uniformity by accident or natural growth. Many of the European languages have been reformed along the lines of good phonetic principles. Spain established an Academy in 1781 to reorganize its grammar and spelling. Norway made three extensive changes between 1907 and 1938, dropping its unpronounced consonants as well as making other letters more phonetic. Russia made a number of changes in 1919-20 to make the language more phonetic although it was even then far better than English. Portugal completely reformed their language on Sept. 1, 1911, leaving out silent, unnecessary consonants, doubled consonants, except for c, r, when so pronounced, using ñ instead of an and ão, using h initially when it conforms with etymology, using c for ch (when the h is silent), using f for ph, r for rh, n for mp, t for th, when the former represents a true sound. They also use accent marks to indicate the stressed vowel and syllable. (page 130)

"Georgic is the language of the successors of the old Kalchian tribes on the S.W. slopes of the Caucasus mountain. It is the remnant of a once prolific language group.. Syllabication is entirely phonetical and punctuation is the same as in English" (Pg. 62)

"The Rumanian orthography has recently undergone another of its frequent reforms and has made obsolete 7 of the letters which had accents, leaving only 29 letters now used" (page 142)

"The new Turkish language is practically phonetic; there being no silent letters,

diphthongs or compound consonants, and each is invariably the symbol of one sound."p.182

"The Ukrainian language group is also known as the Ruthenian.... the language is remarkably uniform when we take into consideration the great variation in conditions in the widely separated portions of its realm. The number of dialects is very small."

Page 186.

The following list shows how many letters are in each of the European languages:-

Albanian	36 including 9 digraphs.	Hewbrew	22 consonants / 11 vowel marks.
Anglo-saxon	33 plus 8 diphthongs .		
Bohemian (Czech)	37	Hungarian	40 plus 8 digraphs
Bulgarian	32	Icelandic	33
Coptic	31	Italian	34 plus 8 digraphs
Danish	29 incl. 1 digraph.	Latvian	37 plus 3 "
Dutch	30	Lithuanian	37 plus 3 "
Finnish	28	Norwegian	29
French	30 plus 11 variations of accent marks.	Oasette (Caucasus)	36
Gaelic	23 plus 26 digraphs	Polish	41 plus 9 "
German	29	Portuguese	32 plus 5 "
Greek	24 plus 14 diacritic marks.	Rumanian	29
Slovak	43 plus 1 digraph	Russian	36
Spanish	36 plus 3 digraphs	Serbo-Croatian	30
Turkish	30	Slovenian	33 plus 6 digraphs
Welsh	29 plus 7 digraphs	Swedish	29
		Ukrainian	33
		Wendish	44 plus 4 digraphs.

A THEORY?

BY GEORGE.

Phil
Harrell.

It was a clear crisp September night with a light breeze softly ruffling the leaves, the moon floated serenely in the night sky painting all it touched below it in a liquid silver glow. The stars like handfuls of diamonds and tourmalines flung against a cloth of blue-black velvet sparkled with crystalline clarity and added their glow to that of the moon.

A brook, like a silver snake, undulated its way off into the distance. Beside it, frogs, crickets and night birds added their serenade to its own soft murmurings.

Two men were walking down a sidewalk. One was smoking a pipe that added its own sweetly pungent odour to those of the night blooming jasmine and other scents that were wafted along on the cool night air. His companion, a slightly built man of average height, was talking:-

"I still maintain, Paul, that there are different worlds strung along, one after another, like pearls on a strand. That, on these different worlds, which incidentally, are separated from each other by Minkowski space, every thing that could have possibly have happened here, has. Surely, you can see that."

His companion, Paul Evers, thought about it a moment and then very thoughtfully said, "You lost me back there a-ways, George. What was the name of that space you mentioned, and what kind of space is it?"

"Minkowski space. It's a flat space of four dimensions of which three occupy the position of a point in space, and the fourth dimension represents the time at which an event occurs at that point. To simplify things, first you know the three dimensions, the fourth being time. Well, we take these four dimensions and add a fifth element, change. This change can be as small as fifty persons not being born, or as large as a change in the geology of the land causing a place to stay moist and warm and thus save a lot of the upper Paleozoic era. Thereby saving the sabre tooth tiger, and causing a whole series of interrelated repercussions up through time thereby causing it to be shifted on its spatial temporal axis, causing Caesar to be saved by Brutus in-

stead of being stabbed by him. Does that clarify it for you?"

"Oh sure, it clears it up just fine, in fact, I don't think you've done any better than if you had tried to explain Einstein theory of relativity, something else I don't understand either."

"You mean his special theory which states that....."

"Never mind! I don't think I could go through something like again. BROTHER!!!"

"Well, you didn't have to interrupt me like that? Did You? All I was saying was that on each of these different worlds....."

"Oh No! Here we go again."

"Stop interrupting and listen. As I was saying, on each of these different worlds, anything possible may have, has happened. For example, we could be on one of those worlds where we could walk around the corner and have the earth open up and swallow us and neither of us heard of again."

"That sure is some theory, George. But I have to admit that it's one of the most preposterous I've ever heard of. You say we could walk around the corner and, well, like we're doing, and never be heard from again. How utterly ridiculous, all wool and a yard wide."

"Say what you will, but I still think it's a possibility."

"Nonsense George, sheer"

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A REM

Bill Mallardi.

(To be sung by a group of BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG, FEMMEFANS, at the PITTCON, or anywhere)

By and For BEM. Lovers.

Tune: Sung to:- "There's Nothing Like A Dame".

They've got Saucers they can fly

They've got Zap-guns they can fire--

And the other groups can't claim

That they've got Martians they can hire--They mite take first prize ---

They've got just about all things

That a real, live BEM can get—

What Ain't They Got???

They Ain't Got LUNETTE!!!!

They've got many arms and Legs

And a lot of heads and eyes

And forbein^g kinda scarey-lookin'

-They mite take first prize ---

But the're against theVampires.

Were-things Demons Witches too—

And the Saturnalian fiends the

They "protect" Lunette-- are through!!

Nothing looks like a BEM---

There are no schnooks like a BEM--

Nothing drinks like a BEM--

Or Blinks like a Bem--

Or ~~DE?~~ attracts like a BEM--

And nothing smells like a BEM--

'Cause you can tell it's a BEM--

(Big Finish)

There ain't a single thing wrong with any

Gal here, that can't be cured by a couple of

Near. Goopy. Hairy. Screamingly Scarey.

Genuine, Masculine, BEEEEEEEMMMSSSS!!!!

CHORUS: / There is nothing like a BEM--

No-thing in any world!

And we hope there's a lot of "THEM"--

For... We know they like pretty Girls!!!

THE HED BEAM

Bill Mallardi

TO:- Agent 702 (Hamlin) & his assorted Ghoul friends....

Agent 10,000 (Hayes) and all Saturnalians.

Re:- LUNETTE:

Herewith is my announcement that I've decided to take typer in Pseudo Pod, hold my noses, & jump heads first into this serious feud that has developed in regards to the E.T. LUNETTE.

After deliberating for a long time (bout a week or so!) and having read the arguments pro & con in regards to Lunette, and each sides ranting please for joining their particular side, I've come to the conclusion that I won't join EITHER faction, but will make this a 3-sided feud between the Weres, Saturnalians and last but not least, the best of 'em all, the BEMS!!

Agent 702: I'm serving you notice that I cannot & will not be intimidated by any private letters to join your disgusting group, as in your word to me: "We Odd ones must stick together." and "You won't, certainly, be on the side of those rediculour humans." Speak for yourself, Agent of Beezlebub, I am not an "ODD" one, in your interpretation of the word. As ODD, in my case, means only that I'm a real-live, official-type BEM from Venus. I'm here on Earth in Disguise or course (aren't all BEMS???) tho even as a BEM I'm as close to being human as I can get without actually being one. My disguise is so good that I've fooled regular humans for slightly over 23 years now. Thus, I cannot stomach the repulsive idea of weres and vampires at all!!! As for Lunette, my interest in her is the same as ANY Wholesome, Blue-blooded, alien-type BEM. (Why just look at all the Stf stories with BEMS carrying off the beautiful young heroines!!) Heh. We ALL love pretty girls and females of all planets, as long as they aren't vamps or weres.

Agent 10,000. I haven't much against your group, not as much as against the other group, but since I am confused and undecided as to which (not witch) group to join, & so, I've decided against both sides since to join one would set me against the other, and I feel it only fair and honest to be against both of you this way. Crys of PAYOLA would issue forth from one group if I were to join the other....(and besides, I don't want to be taken off the W/C list if things should get too violent!((or off Hamlin's mailing list either!))) However, if negotiations should be broken off, then we will resort to war!!

Actually, Agent 10,000, some of your faction's ideals are somewhat similar to all of us BEMS, tho the idea of worshipping Bacchus is replleing to us slightly, so tho ur group may protect (?) lunette, the same as ours (!), we cannot stand by all your principles.

So, I'm calling all E.T.'s, & H man-type BEMS, (and any regular Humans that like our platform) to join MY group instead, especially if you are confused as to which of the other two rival groups to join. Mine might seem the darkhorse of the three, but I and my legions of BEMS assure you that we're close to being humans (after all, we like females) than the other two group put together! C'mon then, all good peoples/ BEMS.. UNCLE BEM WANTS YOU/!!!

And to the other two opponents...POO.. POO.. TUT. TUT.. PIFFLE! AND MAY 10,000 angry Bems be upon you!!!! Grrrrr!!!!

Bemically,

Agent 10,0001
Generalbem, C.C. of all
Bems, & Bems/humans.

LUNETTE FOR TUFF (TRANS-UNIVERSE FAN FUND)

THE THUNDER-MAKER

Dick Finch.

(Ran across a copy of a book called PREVIEW which was buried in a footlocker. The book is published in Tokyo, Japan, in English. It contains much about Japanese customs and folk-lore. The following are excerpts from the magazine are a myth and a STF story.)

The Thunder Maker will Get Your Navel.

Little children are warned, in Japan... "If you don't wear clothes, Kaminari-san (Thunder-maker) will come and get your navel!"

To prevent the children from running round nude during the summer, mothers picture to children, the thunder-maker as a huge devil, with horns and tusks, who beats on many drums arranged in a circle which he carries on his back, and as feeding on navels. The belief that he feeds on navels is traditional and is said to have started because one feels the shock of the thunderbolt most sensitively on the navel. This is similar to the boogie-man in the western world. Parents of ancient tribes told their children that the boogie-man would get them if they didn't watch out to prevent them from leaving the fire and being killed by wild beasts. This is partly why some children fear the dark. Also, if you believe in racial memory, that could be another reason.

The Statue of Hamata- E.E.

It is the year 2053 and here in Tokyo for all to see is the statue of Takashi Hamata, E.E. At the foot of the great granite monolith--- the children place flowers and the spring and winter showers ennist his visage--- almost caressingly--

Dwarfed are the oldstone's of Nippon's great --- Pallid are the tales of yesterday - For dwarfing them all.... is the story of he.... whose statue now stands here. This tale bears repeating tho' his fame is not fleeting, for emblazoned ge his great deed -- How he sprang to the aid of his people, (the poor, dazed people) Succoring them in the hour of need The cold war had spread, deepened was dread of pending.. yet curbed... attack... Nerves were worn thin....(When WOULD it begin) And life was an interminable wreck. The Enemy on Mars, far off midst the stars would tauten the thin spun nerves, they planned ways to do it Way sto pursue it.... Out there where Time, even, curves... Then with fiendish glee, they devised the KEY, to crack the thin shell of fear, They knew Tokyo well... (The pedestrain's Hell) And their plans were simple and clear..."We will estop the horns, the shrieking horns, that the people have heard for years.... They've heard them so long.... So loud and so Strong.... The din has deadened their ears.... "When silence will come the mind will be numb... And the void will beget fears, the loss of the din... (That comforting din) Will smash the habits of years... "The absolute oddity of a huge silent City... A city of unvoiced cars... Will snap the minds... Bring fears of all kinds.... And flood the Saki bars.: "And Mars paid men (for a Yen is a Yen) to sabotage Tokyo's horns... Taxis became mute... All cars became mute... And the people became as dazed pawns... Without the squawking they'd heard while walking... They forgot to be careless and lazy... The hurtling cabs. (silent, speeding cabs) Began to drive them crazy.... Mental wards filled, life became chilled and Tokyo became thin and pale, (Of, for a nice riot) For Takashi was ready... To again make nerves steady... He would replace the missing horn... With lightning in this hour of need he mass-made a great loud mute.... The drivers stampeded (it was sorely needed) and proved our hero astute.... Then drivers drove with one hand (there was no ban) and the Noise again had sway... Nerves relaxed once more (it was as noisy as before) and Takashi had saved the day... Now the horns still shriek, and foreigners get weak... But Tokyoites are calm all the day, they like the din (the horrible din) and the silence has passed away....

It is the year 2053.... Here in Tokyo for all to see is the Statue of Takashi Hamata, E.E.... At the foot of the great monolith children place flowers, and the spring

and winter showers enmist his visage.... almost ceaselessly. Dwarfed are the olden tales of Nippon's great, Pallid are the tales of yesteryear, For dwarfing them all is the story of he whose statue now stands here.

Sumiko Arikawa.

W S HOUSTON

A reprint from A L'Abandon #6, Jim Caughran, for OMPA. Article by TerryCarr.

In the last mailing, DonFord put into print one of the most important paragraphs I've ever read. He printed what was, to my knowledge the first information on one W. S. HOUSTON ever to appear in a fanzine. Up until the time I read POOKA #9, this Houston fellow had been a complete mystery to me. Years ago, when I was publishing my first fanzine, VULCAN, W.S. Houston subscribed to it, and I immediately put him down in my mental list of GOOD MEN-- after all, there weren't as many who DID subscribe to the zine, and in those days, a 50¢ sub meant as much to me as a letter from Red Bogg. (As I say, this was in my early days in Fandom) ((He said, stroking his long white beard.)) On the day I received Houston's subscription, I filed him in my mind on the same honour roll as Albert Brandeis, Ron A. Henserson, and Wolfe Dan Oana - subscribers all. And of none of them did I know anything more than that they had sent me 50¢. All were approximately equal in my mind, all Good Men -- each had sent me a 50¢ piece, or a couple of sticky quarters, and his name and address, and maybe a note saying, "Please send me the next four issues of your magazine VULCAN, as advertized in Imagination."

To tell the truth, I think Wolfe DanOana stuck out in my mind slightly more than the rest. I mean, he had thisname and all. And he'd sent me his sticky quarters taped to a card with his name and address stamped on it alongside a woodcut cartoon of a wolf.

But, if Wolfe Dan Oana stood out in my mind as a Personality, W.S.Houston too stood out-- as a Mystery Man. He sent me 50¢ taped to a card and stamped his name and address on it -- and that was all. No note of any kind; for all I knew he was subscribing to some magazine named SCINTILLATING PYROTECHNICS, as advertized in The National Dump Shooter.

But, I entered his name on VULCAN's sublit, and sent him the next four issues of it. He didn't respond in any way to any of the issues except the last one due him on his sub. At that time, I received another envelope from him, another 50¢ with his name & address, and there was still not a word from him.

I folded VULCAN awhile later, and filled out subscriptions by sending my FAPazine. Houston apparently wasn't interested in apazines, though, because he didn't resubscribe when his sub ran out again.

A bit later, Dave Rike and I started a new fanzine and planned it to be completely fannish; the title was INNUENDO. We discussed whether or not we should accept dirty ole money for the zine. I was against it; I'd been in fandom several years by this time, and I didn't want to bother with bookkeeping and sticky quarters and such. I mentioned Houston to Dave.

"Houston?" he cried. "W.S. Houston? The guy who sends sub money and his address and nothing else?" I nodded. "What do you know about him?" Dave asked, very interested.

"Nothing," I said. I explained that he'd never written me a letter, and Dave said he'd had the same experience with him regarding this (Dave's) former subzine, CALIFAN. We fell to discussing what we called the LEAGUE OF SILENT FEN, and decided then and there that INNUENDO would be available only for trade or letters of comment.

Later still, Ron Ellik and I started a newszine called FANAC. We were publishing it every week or so, and it was costing us money -- so we announced sub rates. And almost immediately we got a couple of sticky quarters and a card with W.S. Houston's name and address. It developed that Ron knew of Houston too, from the days when he published his subzine, FANTASTIC STORY MAG.

About that time I fell to thinking quite seriously about W.S. Houston. Here was a fellow, almost entirely unknown to fandom, who went around subscribing to fanzines right and left, and presumably reading them. Certainly he took some notice of the steady stream of fanzines pouring in, because nobody ever had to bother to notify him that his subscription was expiring -- promptly, every time, along came Houston's money for another sub.

He must have a fabulous collection of fanzines, if he collected them. And he must have an amazing knowledge of fannish esoterica, having read all those fanzines. I envisioned myself someday running into a normal, middle-class man and mentioning my name, and suddenly this man would say, "Terry Carr! Why, you published VULCAN and FANAC! Tell me, how's the Tower coming along? Where's Carl Brandon these days? -- still up in Sacramento? What's your current opinion of Sandy Sanderson? How's Miriam?" and he'd go on and on like that, while I stood there trying to place his name. And, worse yet, if I figured out who he was, what would I say to him? I mean, what can one say when meeting someone who's been sending you sticky quarters for years and nothing else?

The figure of W.S. Houston assumed gigantic proportions in my mind. He was a silent figure sitting by the side of the Path of Trufandom, watching each traveller pass by, offering sticky quarters to the fanpublishers among them ("and here's my card, sir"), sitting quiet and meditating. He saw fans come and go, fandoms flare up and pass, customs and mores and running gags enjoy their brief moments in the sun. He saw it all and smiled, and thought about it maybe, but never said a word. At least, not out loud.

This mental image I built up of W.S. Houston was almost that of a god-figure, a father-symbol, a Protector, W.S. Houston, it seemed to me, must be as old as fandom (as old as Tucker!) as wise as Confucius (or Moy Ping Pong!) as patient as Taurasi. He must regard fandom as a busy little anthill, a world-in-miniature whose cycles and tempests could be charted and graphed. He must have enjoyed watching us. He must have thought of Fandom as a spectator sport.

"W.S. Houston is 80," Don wrote, "according to his membership application for First Fandom." He's a First Fandomite! I wonder if Julius Schwartz used to get sticky quarters from Mr. Houston? I wonder if Julius Schwartz ever pondered about that silent subber out there somewhere, reading his labor of love and periodically slipping a coin into an envelope and sending it to him.

"Lynn Hickman says he has one of the finest collections he's seen for a long time!" said Don. Small wonder he has a fine collection! W.S. Houston is studying fandom. He is studying us. He gets ahold of every fanzine published, in one way or another, I'm sure. The subzines he sends money for; those fanzines which one must trade for he gets by buying extra copies of other fanzines and sending them in trade, subtly altering the publisher's name to that of some front-address of his; the apazines he gets in a more roundabout manner which I haven't been able to figure out, -- but I'm sure he gets them. I'm sure he read what Don Ford wrote about him last mailing, and I'm equally certain he will someday soon read what I'm writing about him right now.

W.S. Houston is a fannish institution. You and I may come and go, but Houston will remain. Under one name or another, he'll always be in fandom. Under one front or another.

***** THEOLOGY....

G.M. Carr.

The common notion that Christianity was really a miraculous interposition into and dislocation of the old order of the world; and that the pagan gods fled away in dismay before the sign of the Cross, and the sound of the name of Jesus. This was a view much encouraged by the early Church itself -- if only to enhance its own authority and importance; yet, as is well known to every student, it is quite misleading and contrary to fact. The main Christian doctrines and festivals, are really derived from, and related to; preceding Nature worship. In these Nature worships, there may be discerned three fairly independent streams of religion. (1) that connected with the phe-

nomena of the heavens, the movements of the Sun, planets and stars, and the awe and wonderment they excited; (2) that connected with the seasons and the very important matter of the growth of vegetation and of food on the Earth; (3) that connected with the mysteries of Sex and reproduction.

At the time of life or recorded appearance of Jesus of Nazareth, and for some centuries before, the Mediterranean and neighboring world had been the scene of a vast number of pagan creeds and rituals. There were temples dedicated to gods like Apollo or Mithr among the Persians, Adonis and Attis in Syria and Phrygia, Osiris and Isis and Horus in Egypt, Baal and Astart among the Babylonians and Carthaginians, and so forth. An extraordinarily interesting fact, for us, is that notwithstanding great geographical distances the racial differences between the adherents of these various cults, as well as differences in the details of their services, the general outlines of their creeds were - if not identical - so markedly similar as we find them. I cannot, of course, go at length into these different cults, but may I say roughly that of all or nearly all the deities was said and believed that:

- (1) That they were born on or very near Christmas Day.
- (2) They were born of a Virgin-Mother.
- (3) And in a cave or underground cave.
- (4) They led a life of toil for Mankind.
- (5) And were called by names of Light Bringer, Healer, Mediator, Saviour.
- (6) They were however vanquished by the Powers of Darkness.
- (7) And descended into Hell or the Underworld.
- (8) They rose again from the dead, and became the pioneers of mankind to Heavenly world.
- (9) They founded communities of Saints, and Churches, into which disciples were received by Baptism.
- (10) And they were commemorated by Eucharistic meals.

Here are a few examples. Mithra was born in a cave on the 25th of Dec. He was born of a Virgin. He travelled far and wide as a teacher. He had 12 companions or disciples (the 12 months). He was buried in a tomb from which he arose again and his resurrection was celebrated yearly. Osiris was born (Plutarch tells us) on the 36th day of the year. He was betrayed by god, the powers of darkness and was put into a box and he too rose the third day from the dead. Adonis, the Syrian god of vegetation, was a very beautiful child born of a Virgin (Nature) and so lovely that Venus and Proserpine both fell in love with him. He was killed by a boar (Typhon) in the autumn and every year the maidens wept for Adonis (see Ezekiel viii.14) Krishna, the Indian saviour was born of a Virgin (Devaki) and in a cave and his birth announced by Devas (angels). Everywhere he performed miracles, raising the dead and healing. These similarities aroused the ire of the early Christian fathers, and they fell back on the innocent theory that the Devil - in order to confound the Christians, had, centuries before, caused the pagans to adopt certain beliefs and practices! (very crafty we say of the devil, but also very innocent of the Fathers to believe it!)

In the temple of Denderah in Egypt, and on the inside of the dome, there is or was an elaborate circular representation of the Northern Hemisphere of the sky and the Zodiac. Here, Virgo, the constellation is represented, as in our star maps by a woman with a spike of corn in her hand. But on the margin close by there is an annotation and explicatory figure, a figure of Isis with the infant Horus in her arms, and quite resembling in style, the Christian Madonna and Child, except that she is sitting and the child on her knee....

"The wheels of birth and death turn around and those who once shook sistrums before the Egyptians, now burn candles before the Virgin Mary."

And, herein is the start of another policy. My correspondence is just too much and so, in order to reduce the load by a small amount, I will, henceforth, be mentioning the zines I receive here, in lieu of a written Letter of Comment. I've written to most of the fanzies I've rec'd, but the following have not been condemned to one of my letter for the issue mentioned....

BOYCONS NEWS... Guy Terwilleger, Rte #4, Boise, Idaho. I won't make much of a mention of this one, due to the fact that in the next few days, before you get to see this MEMORITOR, the Westercon will be a thing of the past, at least the 1960 version of it will be. I hope everyone enjoyed the Westercon this year.

ESCONN # 8. This fanzine, accordin to the Editor, is published occa-
R. N. Lambeck, sionally(irregular bi-monthly). Cppies can be obtained for 10¢ (10
868 Helston Rd. for \$1.) as well as contributions, trade, good letters of coments
Birmingham, Mich. If published, and other things. A well reproduced zine, this issue
being black on grey paper. Has a good fanzine review spoiled only
by his review of my N'APA apazine, GUANO. This issue, it seems, is largely pubbed
because he was behind in his reviews of fanzines, since there seems to be a large
number of issues well reviewed. 41 issues of various fanzines reviewed. A meaty letter
col, for instance, Mike Deckinger comes up with the scoop that Astounding/Analog is
changing its name to Sexy Fannish Stories. Exconn is also sent to the new members to
N3F. As a whole, in a hole, it is deep, and recommended.

FACADE... This zine doesn't belong here at all, but I wanted to
Larry Anderson, mention Larry Anderson. When he joined N3F recently, I
3006 Yearns Dr. was given a certain address, and like most members of
Billings, Montana. the WC, wrote him one of our fabulous Welcome letters.
Unless the case of a few members of the WC, my letter
was answered. In the other cases, their letters were returned. Please note the new
address, effective for most of the summer anyhow. This zine, done by the spirit pro-
cess, with a micro-elite typer, is actually meant for N'APA.

Jd-Argassy # #54. This is one of the aristocrats of Fanzine pubbers, in
Lynn Hickman, reproduction and in frequency. A beautiful multi-
523 S. Dixon Ave. coloured Offset (?) cover starts it off. To those of
Dixon, Ill. you who want to get Jd-A send a buck for 12 issues.
Overseas fen should send to Ron Bennett, presumably the
equivalent amount in Sterling. This zine is in its tenth year of publication and it
seems that Bob Madle, with his FAKE FAN IN LONDON, has been running almost that
long. But, Chapter #10 of this series seems to be the end of the run. Since I was
in that infamous Fan Flight, much of the series was of interest to me. Bob Madle, who
went over to London, as TAFF rep in 1957, will be pubbing the whole series, plus
some extras, in booklet form in the near future. This zine is multi-lith and is
excellent throughout. There seemsto be another Fannish Saga, THE SUPERFAN SAGA that
is starting up in Jd-A, with the normal amount of corn that is normal for such Fan-
nish Sagas, and John Berry seems to be the creator. Fanzine and book reviews, and
a good lettercol complete the 28-page issue.

And, earlier in this issue, I mentioned CENTAUR too.

Next time, I should be able to give you a longer Fanzine review, done only as
badly as your editor only knows how.

ORION #25. And, I'm sorry to say, I almost forgot to mention Orion, even tho'
Ella A. Parker, this is the spot, alphabetically, to mention it. Price 15¢ per ish.
151 Canterbury Rd. But, from America, send \$1. for silver is hard to change. 58 pages
West Kilburn, London, N.W. 6, ENGLAND. of interesting material. Next time I'll tell
ya more about Orion, I hope.

D*R*U*I*D*S..

STONEHENGE, Eng.- (AP) Floyd Patterson's knockout victory almost kayoed the Ancient Order Of Druids' annual greeting to summer's sun to-day. Fifteen white-sheeted members of the Cult gathered before dawn amid the prehistoric ruins of Stonehenge for age-old rites welcoming Summer's first day. But they kept their ears cocked to the portable radios carried by dozens among the 3,000 young Britons who assembled on Salisbury plain for midsummer eve revelry. Two minutes before the Chief Druid intoned:

"We have come here this morning to the place of Eternal light."

From beside him came another Druid's stage whisper: "What round did Patterson get him in?"

Because of an orgy at the ceremony last year -- when a beatnik girl danced bare-bosomed on the Stonehenge Altar Stone -- the police were out in force. Twice they heard back excited girls in blue jeans who tried to join the Druids in their observance. The police didn't interfere with the unrestrained drinking or the young couples smooching beneath blankets between the ancient stones. But three or four times they broke up jiving on top of the 60-ton stones.

This is an exact re print of a news-item from the Toronto Daily Star. When you read the above, you'll understand the weakened condition of this Ancient Order, and not be too condemning when you hear that the Druids have joined forces with the Weres and Vampires. They are so weak that they hope to be able to find some way of strengthening their order. We, in Saturnalia are not alarmed by this new development.

S*A*T*U*R*N*A*L*I*A.

Letter from Ken Hedberg... June 6th., 1960. "From reading the statements of Mike Mitchell and Clay Hamlin on witches, it's probably a good thing that newspapers are dying. Reporters are an odd lot. By the way, I intend to major in journalism in college. I, though, am a confirmed Saturnalian. I am with you 100% in your feud with Hamlin. I am ashamed to admit that we out here, have been carrying on orgies in an unorganized fashion. Ignorance is my only excuse. I had no idea that Saturnalians were organized. We have suspended all orgies until we receive the official orgy rules from you. Maybe we can enter an orgy team in the Olympics this year? Who is better qualified than we Saturnalians? Formerly, we had followed the orgy rules outlined in Huxley's Brave New World but we always knew this procedure could be improved upon. Saturnalia forever. A Harem for every man, and an orgy every day! Who would wish for more!"

Answer, June 25th., 1960... "It is odd, but Saturnalia wasn't really aware of how little it was known, and how the various segments of the main body, were without information, until I, as the local Saturnalian agent, took up the defence of Lunette. We had also been objecting mildly with the Weres and Vampire set-up, but we now realize that we must rebuild ourselves, so that the farther groups are capable of the many powers which those of the inner group are capable of. We have had our ups and downs, have made mistakes, for instance our short acquaintance with Bacchus, though he did help us, still, he isn't one to be admired. This is one change, since we now realize that some of our groups do honour Bacchus for many things for which had nothing to do with. At the first, we did have unorganized orgies, certainly, but whereas most other groups of the time continued this-a-way, we of Saturnalia soon realized that these orgies were the possible basis for a great physical and mental powers. A good example of this is the heart. The normal beat of a brown-up is in the 70/min. category. A man with a bad heart, WILL, under some circumstances, die if it goes to 90. YET THAT SAME MAN, WITH HIS BAD HEART, WILL NOT SUFFER ANY ILL*EFFECTS WHEN UNDERGOING THE STRESS AND STRAIN OF SEXUAL CLIMAX, WHERE THE HEART BEATS IN EXCESS OF 150 AT TIMES. The mind, at those times, undergoes great changes too. All the physical and mental processes of a human are called upon. So, with some organization, we soon developed those orgies into organized rites, wherein the process, the orgies, are used to develop us mentally and physically. The central H.Q. Of Saturnalia now realizes that this perfection of the rites is not in effect in many

groups of Saturnalia, and a committee has been set-up to formally set up the rules of the organization so that the maximum benefit of the joys of mankind, can be utilized to better mankind.

I am not at liberty, at the moment, to tell you more, since the committee is setting up a program of education. You will be advised within a few months, of what the proper conduct of such rites are. However, I can say now, that the basic secret is that the enjoyment of the rites, must be undertaken, by the inexperienced, in an experimental and analytic mood. Every sensation must be savoured to the utmost and concentration on these sensations be made, so that they can be recalled at a later time., for further analysis and comparison with other instances of other rites practised. The big secret is the necessity of the mind having absolute control, at the height of the climax. The mind, then, is at its most powerful level, and if the conscious mind can effect control, the benefits that become permanently that of the individual, are tremendous. The psi phenomena is only one... with mental telepathy being the most valuable in the early stages, and teleportation being important in the later stages. The reason for the importance of Telepathy is, that through it, the GESTALT mind develops, on a temporary basis. I say temporary because it is necessary to maintain the individual personality. The Gestalt mind can become a permanent fact, if desired, but this has not been found necessary. In the Gestalt periods, the whole group mind is concentrated on analysis. Even two minds in a gestalt telepathic unity becomes much more efficient than the best imaginable computer. So, with a Gestalt unit of 5,000 individual units, the powers that the individual can gain, for himself alone, and as a part of the group, becomes impossible to imagine by those who are not a participating unit of the whole.

Now, this is only one facet of the organized rites. Think a little of the possibilities of the same process being applied to other facets of the rites. The same procedure becomes applicable to any other sensation or experience and they become the basis for almost miraculous changes in the individual. So, for the moment, until the council comes out with its Saturnalian Catechism, I think you should consider all this carefully, but DO NOT ABANDON your orgies.

Even without instructions, you will get beneficial reactions, if only the above is taken into consideration. Huxley's Brave New World, oddly enough, is not bad, provided the above is taken into consideration. In BNW, only the physical joys are considered, and no benefits realized, but those same practices, if joined to the concentrated analytical powers inherent in each of us, will achieve most of what I said, though it will not give the complete successfulness of the Telepathic Gestalt mind.

I do frown, however, on your expressions. "A Harem for every man and an orgy every day. Who could wish for more." That is bad, not the proper attitude at all. These words imply joy for joy's sake only. There is more joy to the saturnalian methods than you can ever imagine, unless you become a true Saturnalian. It is not the wish of Saturnalia to have harems. We frown on the term ORGY, since that expresses only the lower instincts of humanity. We must work for the higher form, the perfection of all that is human, and the joys that come from it overshadow completely what little joy the ordinary base orgy gives. Another thing, based on objections brought up by some married women in the club, that the Rites do not necessarily mean that there is absolute loss of control in the properly controlled rites. A married woman may take full part in the rites, with only her husband, but preferably, in the same place and time as the rest of the group she and her husband is a member of. Another thing that is important to realize is that the enjoyment must be mutual. The woman, in Saturnalia, is not subservient to a man. She is a full partner. The old idea of female slavery was abandoned a few millenia back, since it was found to reduce the effectiveness of the rites.

So, for the moment, I shall leave you with these thoughts, and the possible realization that Saturnalia is not what you thought it to be, and with the realization that it is a real powerful and beneficial order."

//////////////////////////////////// Saturnalian Agent 10,000////////////////////////////////////

26 LETTER FORUM

Ken Heberg, I have one pet peeve. Phil Kohn's so-called Social Engineer. Some of Rt. #1, Box 1185, his conclusions I agree with, and some I don't. This is not the Florin, Cal. U.S.A. peeve. What irritates me is the title of his article. I didn't see his other articles and I hate to say anything without all of them here. The word engineer implies a person employing known principles to solve known problems. In the field of sociology, most don't agree on the problems to be solved. Mr. Kohn is not working with well-defined principles or influences. Nothing is more uncertain than conjecturing on the subjects that Mr. Kohn takes up. I wish that he would have found a different title for his series.

Phil's statements about farmers being able to stop Communism in its tracks is just so much wishful thinking. China was a country of small land-owners. The Chinese always took fierce pride in the ownership of land. Where are the conservative peasants now? Shouting Anti-American slogans with the rest of the world. Phil speaks about millions of peasants giving the Soviets trouble. Atom bombs are very effective for stopping peasants or anybody else who dares to give the Soviets trouble. As an example, we have the Kulaks of Russia. The Kulaks were the land-owners of Russia. They opposed collective farms with all their might. They even cut down drastically on the production of their own farms. They were purged completely by the Soviets. Peasant parties have many times been the starting point for Communists. Peasants and farmers are notoriously known for being poorly educated and politically uninformed. Most peasants, once they get their land, are too busy to oppose Reds of anything else. I wish all we had to do to stop communism was to give everybody a piece of land. Why should they fight for one evil against another? What else has man ever done?

On imperialism, Phil says that nations want to be free and join in a federation. What is the difference between Algeria being governed by France or being a member of a federation dominated by the U.S.? There is, and never has been, such a thing as a federation made up of equal members. The strong member always dominates the others. If that's what you want, Phil, join the Communist party. The propose to have a world-wide federation with themselves as the dominator. I don't want to be a member of any empire, communist or capitalistic.

I agree with Phil on the colored question but I see no connection between that and our non-recognition of China. I think it is stupid to recognize Russia and not recognize China. If any negro over here is insulted because we don't recognize China, I haven't heard about it. It's no wonder that the rest of the world has such a poor opinion of us if they are as poorly informed as Mr. Kohn. Maybe he doesn't remember that Germany was a beaten nation in 1945, while the Japanese were determined to hold out fanatically to the last man. If we hated Japan so much, why didn't we use nerve gas and bacteria on them? Why are we trying so hard to restore Japan to a position of world leadership? I would personally rather submit to any nation, no matter how much I hated them, than use the atom bomb on anybody. Phil charges don't ring true to me.

Phil says that we twitch as expected whenever pinched. That's true. Who doesn't? If Russia decided to take Berlin, are we to stand aside and let them, so that they will be surprised? If a man enters your house and threatens to kill your wife, do you stand aside and say go ahead? No, you fight him. This is the only thing you can do. I thought Castro would be better than Battista but events have proven me wrong. I don't care whether he's communist or not but he has no right to execute thousands of Cubans or shut down the papers that oppose him, as he has done. The revolution merely exchanged one evil for another. I think Phil should reconsider some of his opinions. Many of them sound very fuzzy to me. I don't think Phil or I can claim to be social engineers, we are just expressing personal opinions, nothing more.

Ken Heberg,
The Lord's 3rd Prophet.

27

INDEX

TO MEMORITOR # 13.

Idiotorialia....	Page 2	There's Nothing Like A Bem..	
The Great N3F Revolt. Deckinger.....	3	..song... Bill Mallardi.....	17
W.S.Houston... Pooka 9, D. Ford.....	4	The Hed Beam.. Mallardi.....	18
Man.... poem... Don Anderson	4	The Thunder Maker... R. Finch.....	19
CENTAUR... Jack Chalker.....	4	W.S.Houston..Jim Caughran/Terry Carr.	20
Nine Nude Ladies.. Ed Ludwig.....	5	Theology... G.M. Carr.....	21
Artemus.. Fmz... Wayne Cheek.....	7	I.O.U. Fanzine reviews...	
A Freeman's Worship... Ray Nelson....	8	Boycon... Terwilleger.....	23
Are We Real Modern.. N. W. Tune.....	15	Exconnn.. R. Lambeck.....	23
A Theory..By George! Phil. Harrell.	16	Facade... Larry Anderson.....	23
		Jd-Argassy.. L. Hickman.....	23
DRUIDS... AP. Toronto Star.....	24	Orion..... Ella Parker.....	23
SATURNALIA... Art. Hayes.....	24	Letter Forum..Ken Hedberg.....	26
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