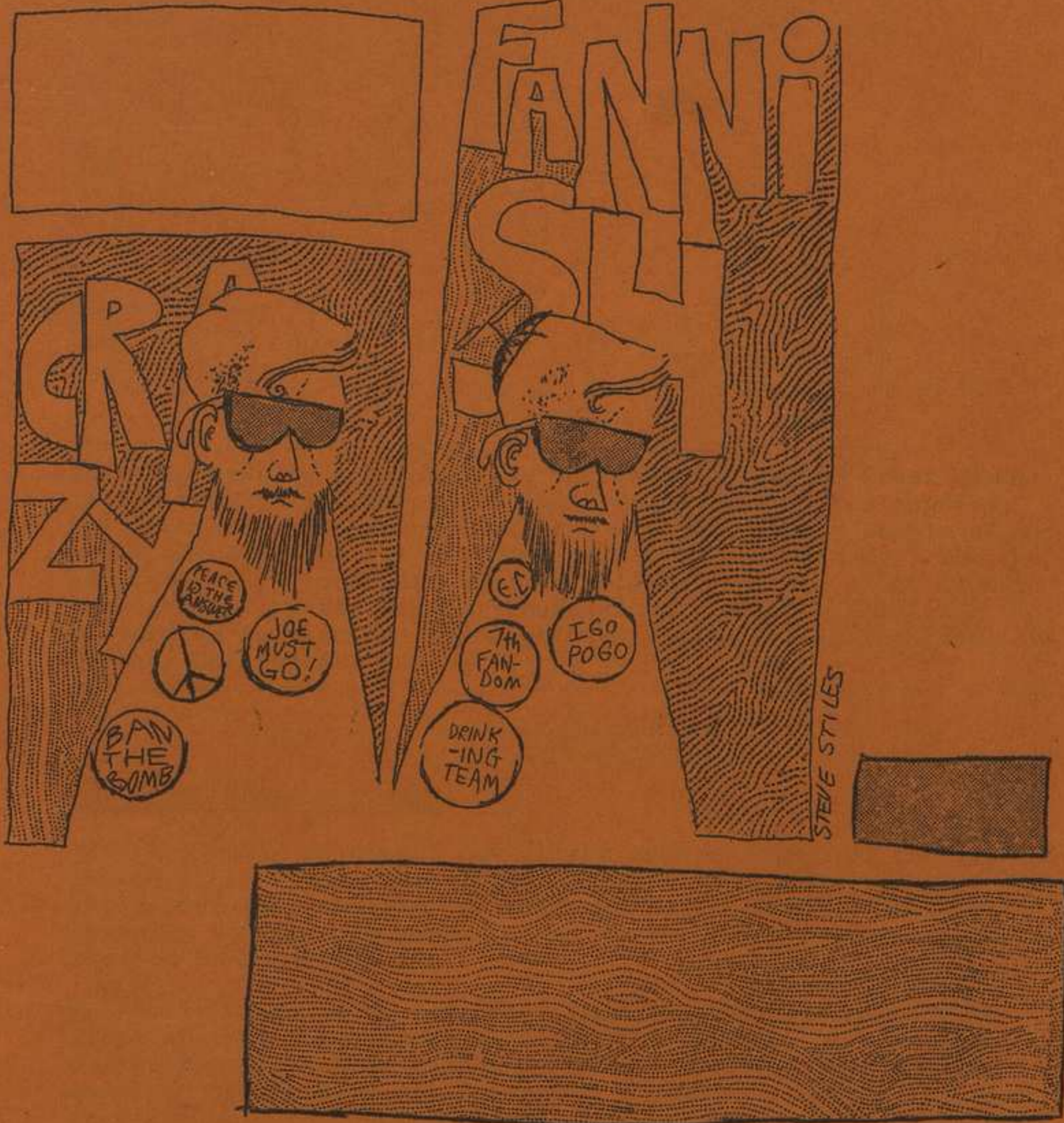
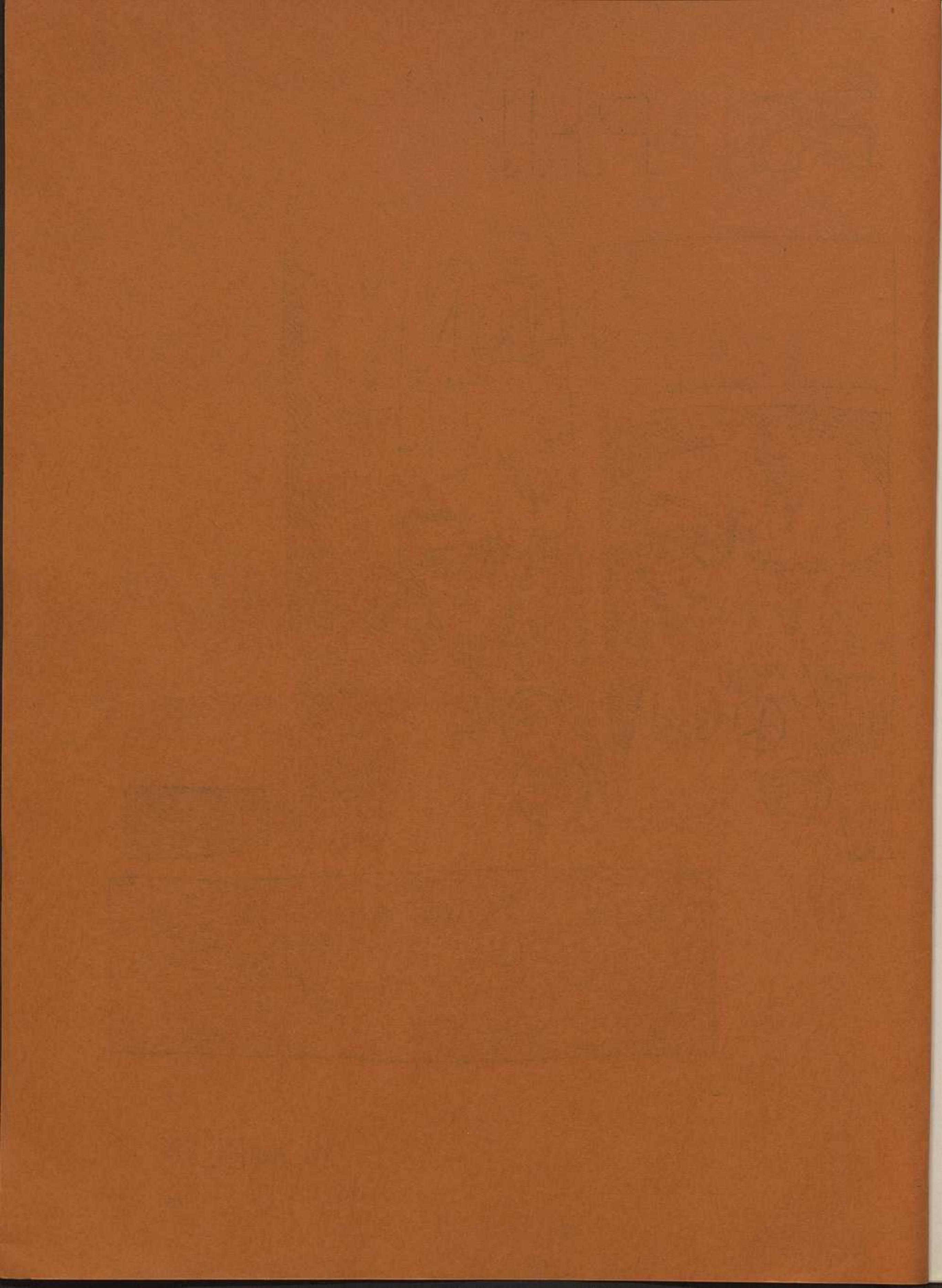


PSI-PHI



NUMBER 9





AND WHICH WAY, MY  
GOOD MAN, TO THE  
CHESS TOURNAMENT?

Ray Nelson

psi-phi

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## DOORWAY

### THE IVORY TOWER & OTHERS

"It sure would be nice," Ray Nelson used to say over dinner, "if we had a big double-decker bed up there in the Ivory Tower." He would pour another glass of milk and muse, "Think of all the beaniks and fans we could put up in the Ivory Tower when they visited Berkeley."

The Ivory Tower of my day had no such modern convenience; instead of that Soft, Comfortable Bed, I slept on a large Army cot borrowed from Ray Nelson's father. Despite some padding and lots of blankets, it was never a Real Bed, but it served me in reasonably good stead not only in the Ivory Tower, but later on in some other places in Berkeley where I lived.

The Ivory Tower, which is actually a large bedroom on the top floor of Ray Nelson's split-level house, still resembles in many ways the place I used to know and love. The envelope "to be

opened in case of my death" and the picture postcard from L. Sprague de Camp are still on the wood panalled walls, and the pictures of Ray & Kirsten in Norway remain on the door. The old SAPS mailings gather dust yet in their cardboard box next to the closet; one wonders what will ever happen to them. The fanzines in the closet have gone out somewhere for a Visit but will probably be back. The book shelves have a lot more University of California Press stuff on them than I recall, and this probably is due to the Evil Influence of Richard Coney, who had the Tower after me and before Andy Main, and who used to work with Ray and me at the Press. And, of course, there is the fabled, wonderful Red Floor.

Life in the Ivory Tower, once I got my job, always began bright and early in the morning with Ray coming up and announcing in a cheerful and mainly loud voice, "Rise and shine." Occasionally this would be varied with "It's time to get up and go to work," and on occasions Walter T. would help, too, but usually it would be, simply, "Rise and shine."

Turning over on the Red Floor, I would say something like "Uh," "Groan," or "Shit O Dear," for what else can one say early in the morning? Stumbling into my work clothes and doing all the other things one does first thing in the morning (like running briskly around the block), I would go downstairs to a breakfast of Zen bacon and 'pataphysical eggs (triangular yolks). Plus lots of coffee and milk. Not necessarily in that order.

Ray and I both worked for Joe Gibson back in those days, as I said earlier, and so we would go to work together, hauling our lunches out of the refrigerator and walking up to the bus stop on Colusa Avenue. Even during the summer, Bay Area weather is a bit nippy in the morning, so we were both well shielded in heavy jackets against the wind. The "67" bus took us directly to the University and, after school started, was always crowded with whole lots of little elementary and junior high school children in the morning. Ray and I, looking very Working Class and usually sitting in the rear seat, would talk about "nymphet-nuzzling", would occasionally sing, or talk to one of the little girl-beings about nonsense subjects. (You had to be there.) Eventually we would get to work and pack books the rest of the day, except when we stopped to read them.

Coming home in the evening, there would always be a good, hot dinner waiting for us tired workers. If dinner wasn't exactly ready, we would sit around in the living room after changing and talk while Walter T. zoomed back and forth from one end of the room to the other. When first I moved in, the Nelsons didn't have a regular stove, and dinners, prepared on a hot-plate, were always quite simple, though good. One day, though, a stove blossomed forth in the kitchen and from then on dinners were often complex, always plentiful, and also always Delicious.

One of the prime components of such a meal is milk to drink, lots of it. Once Ray decided that he was getting too fat and went on a diet which consisted mainly of substituting water for milk. He lost a little bit of weight, I think, but not without

resistance on the part of the rest of us in the Nelson manse. Kirsten and I drank a little more milk than usual to make his going rough and to set a Good Example. Kirsten made encouraging remarks like, "But, Ray, I like you FAT." I said, "Not drinking milk will never make you lose weight unless you stop eating peanut butter, too." Ray never would stop eating peanut butter -- three-pound jars of the stuff disappeared every week or so, with the help of all of us, natch -- and finally he gave up this insane scheme of his and stayed FAT.

(For the record, one must admit that Ray is not really that FAT, although it has been remarked that next to him, Calvin Demmon looks like a veritable Paul Newman or Bob Lichtman.)

"Fat, but happy," philosophized Ray Nelson later that evening, while in the middle of an explanation of 'pataphysics, and everybody laughed.



BUT YOU SHOULD  
SEE MY  
BEHIND!

Ray Nelson

### TALE OF TWO CITIES

From the rear window of the Ivory Tower, you can see Richmond, California.

Richmond, California, as the story goes, was founded about the turn of the century by enterprising businessmen from the nearby, bustling town of Oakland. It was meant to be a Planned Community, just like Chicago in the last century, with a proper balance of industrial areas and residential tracts, business establishments scattered along well-placed streets with exciting names like Cutting Blvd. and MacDonald Ave., and recreational facilities for the neo-natives. To provide rapid movement of traffic through the area, some of the streets were wide expressways of six lanes or more forming a sort of central nervous system for the city as it was envisioned. The community was to grow up around the lattice-work of streets rather like a fine tapestry.

Well, it didn't quite work. Industry moved in indifferently, bringing with it huge manufacturing plants sprawled here and there across the landscape. A few business districts, devoted to general stores and watering places, sprung up along the main arterials. Houses erupted upon the scene, like a major crop failure. The flatlands flooded every winter making Richmond an extension of the Bay.

Richmond, in other words, became an Industrial Slum and remained so, a failure of a city, for many years. In recent years it began to improve somewhat, as the citizens became more Conscious of the fact that they were the laughing stock of the Easy Bay, but people are still reluctant to move there if they can find any place better, and as a result of all this, the city of Richmond, sprawling expansively over an area nearly as large as that of Oakland (if not larger), has a population less than that of relatively tiny (in terms of area) Berkeley, only a hop and a skip from it down the freeway.

Just after the war, Richmond did develop one pretty nice section along its southern border. Pleasant, modest tract-type houses sprang up profusely along the flatlands bordering Alameda County and expensive houses began to spot the hills. However, this area soon seceded out of a sense of Civic Pride and a feeling of exclusiveness from the rest of Richmond. It became known as El Cerrito, and Ray Nelson's house is located there.

This geographical closeness of El Cerrito and Richmond meant that it was inevitable that I would be unable to restrict myself forever to the more civilised sections of the East Bay, such as Berkeley, Albany and El Cerrito, when I lived up there. The first time I was in Richmond I didn't even know it. Ray Nelson and I were driving around some side streets and I began noticing that the houses we passed were more shabby-looking than the ones I had become accustomed to seeing elsewhere. I wondered if we were in some part of Berkeley I had never seen before.



I'M A  
'PATAPHYSICIAN.

"No," said Ray Nelson while crossing a deserted intersection, "this isn't Berkeley at all. This is Richmond, which you may not have heard of before. People in Berkeley often spend their entire life without any knowledge of the existence of Richmond other than vague rumours, because Richmond is just like another world."

He went on like this for a few minutes while I listened incredulously, looking around me to see what was really so different about Richmond other than the flatness of the terrain, the grayness of the houses, the uniform lacklustre of the people I saw on the streets. The cars around us seemed to be

covered with a sort of pallid dust as though they'd been parked on this particular side street for years. Trees were scattered here and there on the parkways, but instead of lending a verdant richness of the scene, they seemed bereft of life, still and leafless.

"If I ever really wanted to get away from it all," said Ray Nelson turning a corner, "Richmond is where I'd move to. People in

Berkeley never even think of Richmond, so I could move out here and they'd never find me again. Yes, indeed, Richmond is the place where old fans ought to go to die in peace and isolation."

Despite all this, Richmond became a place where we often found ourselves, on shopping trips and the like. But one day, we went to work at the University of California Press and found out that it was our last day there on campus in the small, crumbling building we occupied at the extreme south end of the administration building. We had known for several weeks that we were going to move out to Richmond, but we hadn't known exactly when nor where.

We spent most of the day, Ray and I, saying goodbye to all the aspects of the University to which we had become accustomed. Working on campus had meant a great deal to me. It had meant Daily Cals to read in the morning, "borrowed" copies of the San Francisco Chronicle from the Student Union to read during coffee break, a chance to go down to Telegraph Avenue and dig the latest arrivals at the book and record stores, and access to the library on campus through an employee's pass.

Other friends and fans worked on campus. More often than not, during the course of a day I would see Joe & Robbie Gibson. Joe was my boss, of course, and Robbie worked in the campus police station a couple hundred feet away. Jim Caughran worked in the computer labs that summer and we often saw him on his way to and from work. At times fans would visit the Gibsons on campus, including such notables as Lewis Grant, Ed Wood, and Sidney Coleman. We all got together at such times for a special lunch in the S. U. cafeteria where we "chewed the fat" (not a reference to S. U. food).

More than all that, it meant for me a chance to be around student-type people even though I was not any longer a student myself. By talking with students of both sexes and by participating in some measure in student political groups, I felt that I was keeping in touch with "my people," to to speak. Besides, there were beautiful girls aplenty around the fountain next to the S. U. who were more than happy to pass the time of day with a strange, bearded, khaki-clothed individual who had a habit of referring often to his watch to make sure he didn't overshoot his lunch hour.

The final days, then, we spent saying goodbye to everyone. We were very indiscriminate about it. We said goodbye to beautiful girls, goodbye to ugly girls, goodbye to thin girls, goodbye to fat girls. Also goodbye to many girls of shades inbetween. "We will never see you again," we said, "and we'll miss you." Sometimes we inquired, "Will you come out to Richmond and visit us once in a while?" We said goodbye to janitors with brooms in their hands and lint in their pockets. We said goodbye to wild-eyed radical young men ("Share my burden?"), their hair a wind-blown heap above their bespectabled faces. (This last paragraph is all cribbed from a play by Socrates.)

The following day we were in Richmond, in an unheated small section of an old abandoned Ford plant at the end of South 10th Street. Two rotting ship hulks floated behind the building in the inner harbor, and in place of the restaurants on Telegraph and the S. U. we had a lath & shingle lunch room, hillbilly-style, across the street. (Its only attraction was its closeness, although from time to time there would be lots of Foreign Sailors in there, including \*Scandanavian\* ones, Andy Main.) The only drinking fountain in the plant was half a mile away and it wasn't iced. We felt very out of it, very Richmond, and that evening when we got home I ran up to the Ivory Tower rather like Linus and wrapped it around me as though it were a giant security blanket.

Months later, I remarked to Joe Gibson on the way out to that Ford plant in the early morning in his old Fiat 500, "Richmond must be a place very much like Hell." He glared at me and kept on driving.

### GRANDMOTHER STORIES

It's been about two years now since John Trimble dropped Ed Martin from FAPA because he'd heard all his unfunny stories before, but from the way FAPA keeps talking about it and moralizing on it, you'd think it made the headlines in yesterday's issue of STAR-SPINKLE. You are all acquainted with the story, whether you want to be or not: Trimble later admitted he may have been wrong, Martin sent out a mimeographed wail of protest and then was heard from no more.

Yet from the grandmother contingent in FAPA -- and the dormant grandmother complexes of otherwise sensible members -- all one reads in FAPA these days is long discussions of The Principle Of The Thing. Martin should be let back into FAPA, say these self-appointed protectors of law, justice and the American Way, by George, whether he Wants To Or Not. There is a Sacred Principle involved and It May Happen To You if you Don't Watch Out.

Well, jeez, fellows, I hear you, and I've been hearing you for an awful long time. You came across loud and clear in the 99th mailing, like a bell in the 100th and the 101st. But here it is the 105th mailing already, and I'll bet you guys are still carrying on about the Horrible Injustice Of It All. This is beginning to assume the magnitude of a SAPS argument over mailing comments and their place in Western Civilization.

I don't know nor do I care much whether or not Ed Martin should be admitted back into FAPA, but I'm willing to bet that if Ed Martin were somehow reading the FAPA mailings on the sly, he would by this late date be yawning and hohumming over the umpteenth statement in his defense (and the defense of the Principle).

So what I'd like to ask, gang, is that we change the subject and talk about something else. This has been an article to kiss away your fears.

-- Bob Lichtman



# The Philosophy of Romantic Love

— ray nelson

The windiest militant trash  
Important persons shout  
Is not so crude as our wish.  
What mad Nijinsky wrote  
About Diaghilev  
Is true of the normal heart;  
For the error bred in the bone  
Of each woman and man  
Craves what it cannot have,  
Not universal love  
But to be loved alone.

--W.H. Auden

All the psychologists and many of the modern poets and writers join in regarding the desire to be "loved alone" as an "error bred in the bone," while the vast majority of ordinary people regard it as the most important thing in their lives. Up until quite recently, I myself regarded it as an "error," but after some experiments in the Christian idea of brotherly love, and some experiences with polygamous relationships, I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that it may be the ordinary people who are right, and the psychologists, religious leaders and writers in error. I have begun to see that it may be romantic monogamous love which really offers happiness and full development to the individual, not the ideal of universal brotherly love, which has begun to appear to me as a dangerous illusion.

There are many kinds of love, but those which are most directly in conflict are the ideals of romantic love and the ideals of universal love.

What do I mean by universal love? I mean the "love of the stranger" or love of the one who needs love advocated by Christianity, Buddhism, and most of the world's religions and philosophies. By romantic love, I mean the sequence of events beginning with "love at first sight" and leading to a lifelong monogamous union.

In romantic love, the individuals give themselves to each other completely. If there is any time or emotion left over for the love of others, it is strictly overflow. The idea that when I say, "I love you," I must be able to say, "I love in you everybody," as Erich Fromm says, is pure nonsense, an unsuccessful attempt to reconcile polar opposites.

It is equally impossible for the person who is committed emotionally to the idea of universal brotherly love to love any one individual completely. It is not for nothing that the Catholic Church forbids priests and nuns to marry, or that vows of celibacy are so often required by religious orders the world around.

Romantic love and universal love are so far from being expressions of the same thing that they are, in practice, mutually exclusive. More than that, romantic love is superior to universal love, rather than the other way around. Why

is it superior? Because it is the kind of love the human soul craves. I do not want to be loved simply because I happen to be around, or because I "need" love. This kind of love that a Christian might offer me I would take only if there were nothing else. I do not want to be loved simply as a representative of the human race; I want to be loved because I am me. I do not want to be loved because I am just the same as everyone else; I want to be loved because I am different. Christian love is an insult. It reduces me to an interchangeable cog, a faceless manikin, a mere number. A proud man would rather die than accept this "charity," this degrading gift. Even an humble man must resent it, deep down inside.

It is more satisfying to me to be loved because I have brown eyes than because I happen to be a human being. Everyone doesn't have brown eyes. It is more satisfying to me to be loved because I have a white skin rather than a black or yellow one, but all these things are relatively superficial. It is the combination of all these physical traits and all my inner personality traits that is unique, and it is this that I want to be loved for. This, I think, is what every human soul really craves. The reason universal love fails is that nobody wants it, so long as they have any hope of romantic love.

Let's take a look at the main features of romantic love. First of all, romantic love is "at first sight." It is not rationally calculated or planned or based on the sorting of IBM cards listing one's background, hobbies and profession. It is intuitive and emotional, violently emotional. How, then, can it possibly be the basis of a lifelong union? This is the question most often asked by critics of romantic love. There is one school of thought that, while favoring romantic love, feels that it can be consummated only in death. Most of romantic love's critics regard it as some kind of mental disease, or at least as an illusion.

What is love at first sight, really?

What is it that one sees, "at first sight"? As I catch my first glimpse of my loved one, I do not know anything about her past, her upbringing or background. I do see her face and the expressions on that face reveal her inner self to me. I see what she is wearing and this costume tells me what rôle she is trying to play in the play of life. I hear her voice, and the tone of her speech tells me much about her emotional state, while her accent hints of her background. Friends who have known her for years know all the usual things about her...her interests, hobbies, profession, religion, political beliefs, etc. I know none of these things, but these things do not pertain to her as she is, only to her as she was, and no human being remains always the same. When they, her old friends, look at her, the image of her as she was blinds them to the vision that I alone, looking at her with the intensity of love, see. I alone see her, not as she was, but as she is! Not only that, but unborn potentials in myself glimpse in her their counterparts, and to a certain extent I also see her as she might be, as, with my help, she might become, and these unborn potentials also see in her the opportunity for their own birth, their own release from the prison of my past selves.

True, in that first glance of love, there is much that remains hidden from me, but love is not blind. It sees things which nobody else sees, but those things are really there. That flash of "love at first sight" is the most intense and penetrating view one human being ever gets of another. Lovers who can continue to see each other like this at intervals need never, can never, be divorced.

The second important characteristic of romantic love is that it is monogamous. Polygamy may be all right where women are not treated as human beings, but as some sort of property, like cattle and pigs, but when women are granted the right to be regarded as people, theoretically the equals of men, polygamy and polyandry become impractical. In fact, romantic love, historically speaking, gains ground where multiple marriage loses it. In order for romantic love to exist, men and women must regard each other as unique individuals, not things or

identical units interchangeable with other identical units. It is exactly this recognition of the uniqueness and irreplaceability of the individual that the human soul longs for so strongly that romantic love has survived and been immortalized in song and story even where it went directly against the customs and mores of the prevailing society; even where it was punished by death.

If the lovers can let themselves go, can surrender themselves completely to the passions of romantic love, it can transform them completely. It can be as much of a "second birth" as conversion to a religion, or even moreso. Unfortunately, birth is far from painless, and the lover may be unwilling to surrender himself completely. He may feel that he needs to have some other love on the side, "just in case." By doing this he merely subjects himself to the torturing indecision of divided loyalty and creates a barrier between himself and both of his loved ones, cutting himself off from the very love he thought to insure. In order to experience the full ecstasy of romantic love, the two lovers must stand defenseless before each other, stand naked in body and soul, unafraid and unashamed. They must put all their eggs in one basket, risk everything on a single turn of the wheel, or they will be left unsatisfied and disappointed.

The third characteristic of romantic love is that it is life-long. After I have revealed my innermost secrets to someone, after I have told her all that I am most ashamed of, I do not want her to go with someone else and tell him all that I have told her; perhaps even use what she knows about me against me. Unless I am fairly sure that this won't happen, I will be very loath to tell her all, to stand naked and defenseless before her, to surrender myself to her body and soul. I do not wish to think that I am handing her the knife she will use to cut my heart out. That is one reason why nothing less than a life-long union will do.

More important than this is the fact that one lifetime is not long enough to work out all the potential for growth inherent in that first moment of "love at first sight." Even five or six lifetimes would probably not be enough. The real purpose of romantic love is the full growth of all the individual's potentials as a human being. Since these potentials are, for all practical purposes, infinite, it would take an eternity to realize them all.

The man who wishes to find inner wisdom and self-knowledge by meditation all alone in his monastic cell may come to know himself pretty well, but he will not know himself in a dynamic way, only in a static way. It is good to be alone with oneself from time to time, but just as hydrogen and oxygen will not explode separately, but only when combined and exposed to a spark, so will the souls of the lovers refuse to explode into transformation unless they are brought into contact with each other. Lonely meditation brings knowledge, but it takes love to bring about the growth of the full human being.

Now the time has come to ask, what is the nature of the transformation worked by romantic love? What does romantic love do for a man or a woman?

Every society existing today or known to us through history has been a sort of procrustian bed for the human individual. Those characteristics highly valued by the society were encouraged or created by training; those characteristics not valued by the society were repressed or crushed. The amount of true individuality society allows to the individual is and has been strictly limited, in spite of the fact that the actual range of individuality is almost infinite. As a result of this contradiction between society's demand for conformity and the individual's demand for full development of all his potentials, a state of war exists between the individual and society. Society, in order to assure the smooth functioning of its institutions, has been forced to make its members as much as possible interchangeable, replaceable units. To gain this end, society has not hesitated to twist and crush and warp the natural inclinations of its members. These twisted and warped men and women, without perhaps even being aware of it, are always looking for some way to escape their prisons. They creep along the walls of stone in darkness like dungeon plants seeking a chink in the

rocks where they can press through and grow. Romantic love provides them with this chink, and with what unspeakable joy do they burst forth into the sunlight!

One of the most painful sources of repression practiced by society is the roles assigned to the two sexes. It is pretty well established that each man is, biologically and psychologically, part woman, and that each woman is part man, yet society damns to the darkness of the subconscious that part of each person's personality that does not correspond to his or her obvious physical gender. Furthermore, the character traits assigned by society to the male and female have little to do with their true nature, and differ greatly from one culture to another and one historical period to another. Nobody has more than the vaguest notion of what is really meant by the terms masculine and feminine, but this does not prevent society from imposing on us its ideas of what is meant and backing up those ideas with law.

In romantic love, these crushed and stunted portions of a person's soul leap to life, defying the archtypes imposed by the world. The woman becomes as daring and adventurous, as courageous and, if need be, as ruthless, as any man in battle or exploring unknown lands. There is nothing she would not do in the name of her love. The man, on the other hand, while retaining all his so-called masculine traits, becomes with his loved one as gentle and sensitive, as sweet and sentimental, as emotional and yielding as any mother with her baby. Both throw off the tyranny of their social roles and become, for the first time, full human beings. In the privacy of their bedroom, the lovers live out their secret daydreams, discover lost continents within themselves and each other that they never even dreamed of. In an atmosphere of permissiveness and complete abandon, without shame or inhibition, they become, at last, themselves.

-- Ray Nelson, 1962



# the iconoclast

- Joel Siegel

## NEVER SUMMER

It's spring.

And the world is "mud-luscious and puddle-wonderful."

It's spring, just spring, and the sky is tints of beautiful blue over majestic trees swaying, a web of gossamer green juxtaposed against a sky daubed with cotton clouds.

It's spring, just spring, and the umpire shouts "Yer safe!" And you are. And fragile birds dart and faint and flutter, and you might find a nest. And a pale blue egg, dotted gold probably for love, might drop from the nest and you might walk by and say "how small!" and you might cry a little because it will never fly or chirp or scurry from crumb to crumb. And spring is for living.

And it's spring, just spring, when the waves fondle the rocks and glide lace over sand. When there is no need for rainbows. When the sea and the sky are pastels, smooth, framing a valley of color-flowers budding, blooming, alive.

And it's spring. And you want to live and you want her to live the world with you. And you've alive and in love. Why? Because it's spring.

And it's spring, just spring, and Khrushchev says he has a missile that renders our radar system completely inadequate. And ban-the-bombers ask "Will mothers love their two-headed children twice as much?" And the status-quo seekers say "the only way for peace is through military strength." And Johnny Got His Gun knows "When you're dead, minister, you're dead." And it's spring.

And it might be this spring that will see the launching of a missile carrying satellite, orbiting death. A 50 megaton bomb dropped from this satellite will scorch the western United States and parts of Canada and Mexico. A safe shelter would have to be 50 feet underground with food, and oxygen, for six months. And after six months the world would be ashes, painted death yellow. And there would never be spring. There would never be grass or flowers or birds. And there would never be clumsy kamikaze June bugs and dreadnaught sphinx moths. There would never be sound, not the quiet sound of a quiet glen nor the harsh sound of the city waking up. And there would never be you or me. And there would never be spring.

And it's spring, just spring, only spring. And there may never be summer.

### SEE THE NICE MEN

Well, gang, this is 30 for the semester. Hide those crying eyes. It's OK; I'll be back next semester. At least I think I'll be back next semester. It all depends on how I do on my finals. You know what finals are: Synanon with bluebooks. I say Synanon because finals are one fine excuse for participating in the new American indoor sports craze -- pill-popping.

I know one guy who was working his way through school pushing Bennies. Maybe you know him; you always see him on campus wearing long-sleeve shirts. Everything was going great until he got caught stealing spoons from the Coop. Now he sells penicillin to guys in Dykstra.

Then there was the Kelp who used to shoot up a storm. Everybody called him "the animal with a man on his back."

Actually we are plagued by a serious narcotics problem, a problem at which we should not laugh. The problem is that they're way too expensive.

But we mustn't digress. We must discuss finals and just how finals can be fun. First of all, finals can't be fun. But they don't have to be torture, especially if you know what to expect. Here is what to expect:

Most finals are essay finals and essay finals are easy so long as you keep one thing in mind: write for the reader. Practicing what I preach, here is the ideal ROTC final:

See all the men. They all wear brown. They are pretty. Some of them are beautiful. They will never be in the real army. See all the men march. Don't they march nice? Isn't it stupid to have grown men play war? "It's OK," says my platoon leader. "When you are a real soldier you get to play with real bullets and you get to shoot and maim and kill people." Oh boy. I have always wanted to shoot and maim and kill people. Especially my platoon leader.

But I learned a lot in ROTC. I learned how to take apart an M-1 rifle. That'll come in handy in later life. Like if I marry a sergeant.

To apologize now, I see the need for defending our country. I just wish they could defend it with something besides me. Actually, I regret I have but one life to give for my country. If I had two, I'd fight like a bear.

My column has become disastrous. I haven't been conceited, but I'm beginning to think that my inferiority complex is bigger and better than everybody else's.

See you in the physicals' line. I'll be watching.

-- Joel Siegel

(from the UCLA Daily Bruin)



GOOD MORNING, JAMES CROW REAL ESTATE  
COMPANY — PRICES TO FIT ALL SKIN COLORS.

as it were...

LETTERS

## PRENTISS CHOATE

The funniest parts [of "Child's Garden of Scientology"] were not where you were trying to be clever, or Ray's cartoons, great as these were, but the inadvertent humor in where you were dealing with something half-understood and got it all wrong. Something like these silly satires of the bridge-playing housewife at the baseball game trying to fit all the strange jargon and rituals into her frame of reference. I think it does a Scientologist lots of good to read something like this; he is apt to get introverted into the Scientology frame of reference and lose the feel of what we must look like to people on the outside.

Very briefly, for the record, I'm going to hit some of the points where I think a fuller understanding is called for. First, the FDA has not given us a clean bill of health; in fact, the hearing in federal court is pending right now. It was indicated, however, that further action would not be taken by authorities until the outcome of this action.

Second, the E-meter means Electrometer, not Emotion Meter. It measures a great deal more than just emotion. A male body reading at "3" is not therefore a clear. A clear would have to read at 3 all the time with a certain

needle manifestation called a Free Needle, and there would be nothing his attention could be directed to which would disturb the freeness of the needle. (Besides, Gretchie says, the next time she put you on the cans you were reading at "2".)

Next, it is not necessary that the preclear go through the CCHs before anything else, though I know of no one who couldn't derive considerable benefit from them. The point is, if when you tell a preclear to think of a cat and he immediately occludes all thought of a cat and thinks of an horse, he's not going to benefit much from auditing. There are people who are so afraid of communicating and of being controlled (since all of us have been subjected to so much mis-communication and bad control in our life) that you have to start on the extremely basic level of solid physical communication until he can communicate and permit his attention to be directed by somebody else and it won't kill him.

You have several misconceptions as to how the CCHs are run. Suffice to say that if it is boring or sheer torture it is not being run properly. (I was aware of that at the time of writing the article, of course, but the misconception that came across was the result of Exaggeration For Effect.)

Intrinsically there is no importance to having reality on past lives, over and above the importance of getting into better understanding of yourself and better touch with reality as you have experienced it. If you were an amnesiac and couldn't remember what you were doing last year, would you see a value in attempting to restore your memory?

Extrapolate from your understanding of what's happening in this lifetime. How many people do you know that are violently reacting to the events of their childhood -- bouncing to the opposite extreme in their values, avoiding contact with things or people associated with their childhood, etc.? Well, it seems to me that if I am similarly reacting to something I was in my last life, I would like to know about it.

History of Man is an excellent beginning work for somebody who wants to prove that Scientology is a hoax and a fraud. For those who are interested in the subject without predisposition, I suggest Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health and Summary of Scientology: A New Understanding of Life (the latter by Jack Horner). (You mean the Very Same Jack Horner Who...?)

One good maxim I've learned from Scientology is that we can only be hung up on that which we don't understand. If something is bugging me, is a barrier to my attainment of something, there is something about it which is a mystery to me. It's the exploring and resolving of these mysteries that I get out of auditing, and that's got to result in more intelligence, better perceptions and memory, and ability to handle my life and environment more successfully and have more fun.

## TOM ARMISTEAD

Gary Deindorfer's column was Too Much. I too have had experience with the N3F Welcomittee. It wasn't quite as bad as it was when Gary was a member, but I remember some really wild things. As I get older, I sometimes wonder what all these old women are writing these young kids for? I mean really. I can just see some old lady sit down after lunch saying to herself, "Now I've just got to tell that sweet Gary Deindorfer what we had for lunch. He'll be so interested!"

I too associated "Tch" with "Titch"...in fact, I used to go around saying "Titch, titch" until someone let me in on the sad truth. It's really quite



odd anyway because no one I know ever says "Tch, tch" at all, and I know I would never have made my abortive attempts had it not been for the influence of comics and books. This can also be said for the word "Er", of which British fans particularly seem to be enamoured. I remember a superb Willis column in Wrhn which began with "Er..." and Willis later said that he put it in for the sake of informality. For myself, I dislike such words intensely. Besides adding an air of haphazardness to writing they are quite precisely bits of nothing. No one says, "Er." (←Maybe not in Texas. People out here say "Er," including me at times.→)

My feelings in the clothes bit are that it's all right to be comfortable and sloppy and non-conformist and all so long as you don't look like an asshole. And that's what governs my dress when I don't have to wear anything special. I'm on the side of Comfort as opposed to Formality but I like people to look Presentable.

This bit about women coming out in curlers really bugs the hell out of me. It's evident that they're trying to look nice for some period in the day. Why they sacrifice good looks for maybe eight hours a day for a meagre two or so is beyond me. The same reason goes for girls in shorts. In California the scene may be different, but here the girls who can least afford it are the ones that run to shorts and slacks the fastest. I can't see what discomfort there is in a skirt--loose-fitting and ventilated as they are. Perhaps you can find some girl that will inform me. (←I asked a girl about this once, not because of your request, and while she had nothing but opprobrium for girls who go around in curlers in daytime, she said that the main reason she wore slacks and shorts (mostly the former) was so that she could sit down and cross her legs comfortably without attracting a Lot of Attention.→)

## ANDY MAIN

I agree with you on the subject of perfumes and suchlike stuff. Granted, they may smell pretty, in which case I'd rather smell them as themselves, not as an addition to people. Of course, when you get right down to it, I don't suppose I've ever smelled anybody, girl-type, anyway, in their Natural State, since even if all they do is just keep clean, they're going to smell like the soap they use. I guess my major cavil is with the lack of moderation exhibited by many in the use of smelly additions to themselves. The sort of woman who leaves a wake of cloying sweetness designed to drive all the men near her mad with desire (this part I object to also--if a female needs a Smell to make herself attractive, I'd rather not get near her anyway, as in the final analysis I'm interested in the female and not the smell) really turns me off. Perhaps a case could be made for the thought that the obsessive use of cosmetics exhibited by the race is the product of a race-wide inferiority complex; it's all part of the game of Presenting a False Face to your Fellows, the oldest and most common occupation of the human race.

Actually, I guess with the perfume angle, it all comes down (as does everything else) to a matter of taste. Even I (!) might sometime like some perfume if it's pleasant and used in moderation by a girl it fits. In general, though, I'd much rather think of the girl than of flowers or Nights of Sin et al. I find that although in general I disapprove on principle of perfuse, makeup elaborate hairdos and the like, they're often not so bad in practice (though I do balk at such things as pancake makeup--who wants to put his hand on a mudpie? -- and the current style of what I call 'operatic hairdos' which look as though the hair had been split, stringified, and then solidified into its outlandish shape with maybe plastic or melted brown sugar).

Hell, sir, membership in SAGWAL is not in any sense a Limiting Thing; it merely indicates that one has the Taste, Interest and Inclination to indulge in the first and most basic activity in the appreciation of Girls., i.e., Watching Them. One can always go on from there...or one can Try, anyway.

## ARDIS WATERS

Some people smell distinctly; some people don't. Some people smell without using preparations or scented soap or such, some people smell from bottles and jars, and some have both kinds of odor together. If a person smells good, then the odor is pleasant whether prepared or otherwise. If a person smells bad, the same is true. Now personally, I like to smell good. And to smell people who smell good. As a matter of fact, I generally like to smell like me with, if you get close enough, the slightest touch of flower or sweet. Far be it from me to be unhappy if people are led to think of flowers or spring-time when near me. Far be it from me to cry if someone should think "There's something about her that reminds me of flowers, maybe a faint odor..."

But, say they, it's not "natural," it's not "really" you. The heck it isn't! What's "natural"? If I were "natural" I'd smell distinctly and offensively of sweat, shit and mud. And also of whatever was living in my "natural" uncombed, unwashed hair. Just what is this "natural" bit? No one really wants to meet a nice naked dirty sweaty uncombed female who doesn't use "unnatural" contraptions and contrivances like porcelain toilet fixtures, combs, and soap.

And what is the "really" me idea? Whaddaya mean "really" me? No one says, "but your skin isn't really green, why do you wear that green dress?" No one says, "But your hair isn't naturally neat, why do you keep combing back where it doesn't hang in your eyes?" Why object if my smell, too, is by choice rather than by happenstance.

If I'm a female who "really" likes to smell roughly like a perfume factory and wear a face resembling a carnival mask, then that's about as "really" me as I can get. The woman who looks and smells like that is like that--she isn't a clean fresh unspoiled girl and wouldn't be, even if you washed it all off.

And as for me, anytime someone can show me how I can grow a skin covering, odor secreting glands, self-combing hair, self-cleaning skin, and a cute method of teleportation, I'll quit using "unnatural" and "prepared" things. (The sound you may have heard in the background, the muffled sound trying to say, "But I didn't mean to imply all this!", is only your editor with his foot lodged in his mouth.)

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Above are all the letters I got. Four letters from a total of some thirty copies sent out with all good wishes and hopes for a few more than four letters of comments. Not that most of you are under any obligation to write, under the way I distribute this magazine, but I could just print enough for FAPA and my files and be done with it at that.

In short, your contributions to the above department are solicited and welcomed with open arms.

-- Bob Lichtman

