

CADEN 2A

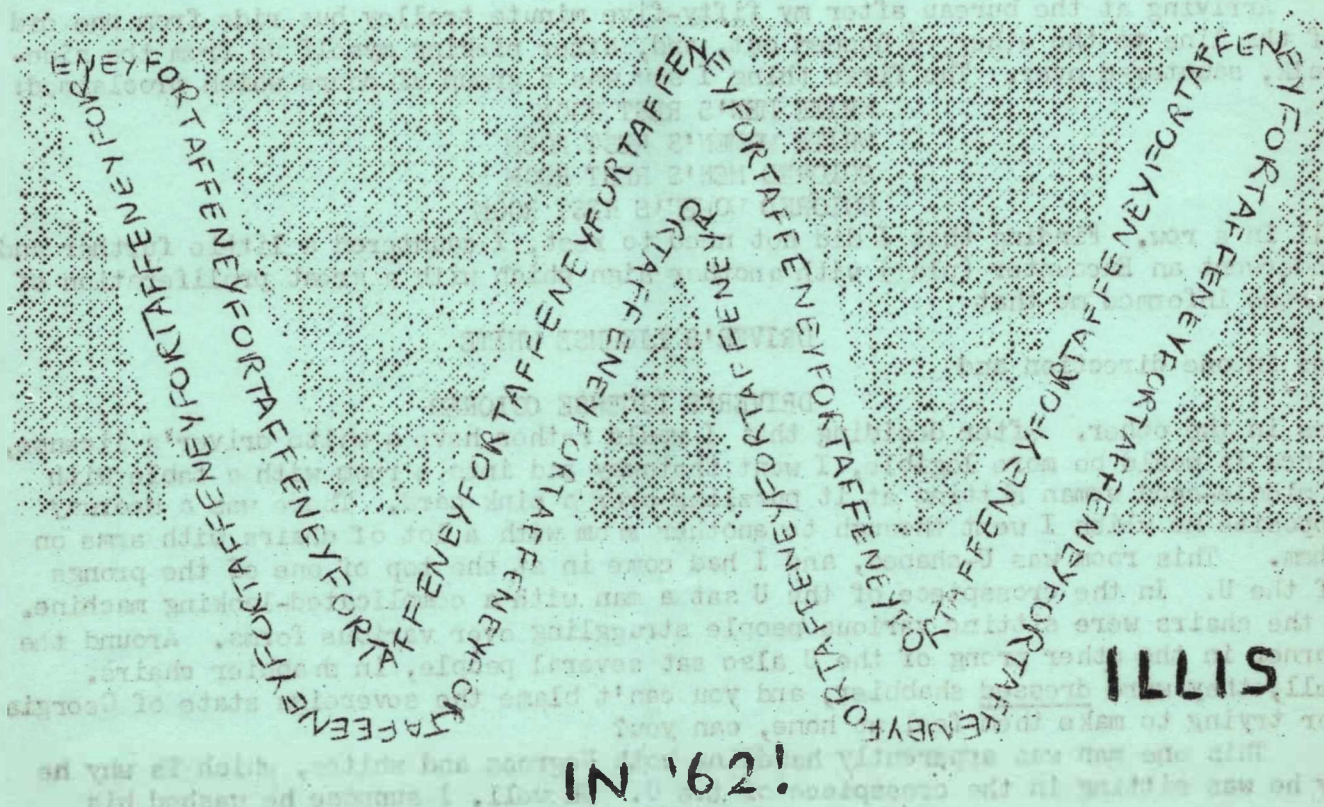




CADENZA number three, for August, 1961, is published irregularly by Charles Wells, 679 Wilson Road, NW, Atlanta 18, Georgia (please check the address: it is not 681 Wilson Road). This issue is mimeographed by Jerry Page, to whom many thanks. You may receive future issues by (1) sending me your fanzine, (2) writing a letter of comment, or (3) subscribing at the rate of 20¢ an issue. All subscription money will be sent to the Willis Fund. In the future, sums larger than one dollar will not be accepted for subscription purposes, although larger sums will be forwarded to the Fund. All material in this issue, with the exception of the libelous play on page five, is written by the editor. Circulation this issue is in the neighborhood of 100. Note: beside your name on the address-label may appear a letter. The letter "t" means we trade; "s" means you subscribe; "x" means this is the last issue you will receive unless you Do Something. Nothing at all means you have written a letter of comment and/or I like you. Oh yes, "p" means you have a perpetual subscription, to all Wellszines. The subscription policies of this magazine are very lax, but not completely nonexistent. ART: cover by Gilbert, interiors by Burge. All stencilling by the editor, who may be blamed therefore for any little squiggles which might appear in the carefully drawn curves of the illus. artists.

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IN '62!



# introit

editorial

## THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF GEORGIA DEPT.

The other day I decided to get a beginner's driver's license. I had a license from the state of Texas during my stay in the Air Force, but it expired recently and since I never used it anyway, I decided I'd better practice a little before trying to pass the test in Georgia.

2 So I hopped on the trolley, and after picking myself up off the floor, sat down for an excruciatingly long ride to the other end of town. The state of Georgia, yo, see, has an intense dislike for Fulton County, wherein most of the City of Atlanta is situated. Fulton County is the home of those horrible Bloc Voters, and where would we be if all those pinkoes' votes counted equally with good, solid, conservative farmers'? (Georgia is the only state in the union to extend the principle urban underrepresentation to the gubernatorial elections).

However, a small piece of Atlanta, shaped rather like a half-blown-up wienie-balloon, extends into DeKalb County, and is a very old area which is the home of poor whites and poorer Negroes. Negroes are constantly buying houses in that area which originally belonged to whites. There is one terribly run-down house, looking like something out of West Virginia, which faces the bus route with large signs plastered all over it saying, "NOTE! THIS is a WHITE COMMUNITY!"

Well, anyway, the sovereign State of Georgia likes DeKalb County much better than Fulton County. So when faced with the task of building a new building for the Atlanta area drivers' license bureau, it naturally chose the DeKalb part of Atlanta to build it in. And it is about as far away as you can get from the north side where I live.

Arriving at the bureau after my fifty-five minute trolley bus ride from one end of the line to the other, I hopped out, and, after picking myself up from the sidewalk, sauntered over. The first thing I saw was a group of doors which proclaimed:

WHITE MEN'S REST ROOM  
WHITE WOMEN'S REST ROOM  
COLORED MEN'S REST ROOM  
COLORED WOMEN'S REST ROOM

all in a row. Finding that I did not need to rest, I sauntered a little further and underwent an Encounter (plug) with another sign which with a great proliferation of arrows informed me that

DRIVER'S LICENSE WHITE

was in one direction and

DRIVER'S LICENSE COLORED

was in the other. After deciding that I would rather have a white driver's license, since it would be more legible, I went thataway and into a room with a table with a middle-aged woman sitting at it puzzling over a pink card. There was a doorway opposite me which I went through to another room with a lot of chairs with arms on them. This room was U-shaped, and I had come in at the top of one of the prongs of the U. In the crosspiece of the U sat a man with a complicated-looking machine. In the chairs were sitting various people struggling over various forms. Around the corner in the other prong of the U also sat several people, in shabbier chairs. Well, they were dressed shabbier, and you can't blame the sovereign state of Georgia for trying to make them feel at home, can you?

This one man was apparently handling both Negroes and whites, which is why he why he was sitting in the crosspiece of the U. Oh well, I suppose he washed his



hands before going to someone of another race. Keep down contamination, you know.

Well, after this man expressed the usual incredulity that I was 24 years old and couldn't drive, he gave me an eye test and did some complicated things with application forms, and gave me my driver's license for beginners.

It was pink.

Now I ask you, why can't the sovereign state of Georgia keep track of its signs? It seems to me with all that tax money...

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He is ridiculous enough to make a cat laugh.

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#### DEPARTMENT OF LEFT-OVER LETTERS

The last issue was very delayed in the mail for England, because the British, or rather the English, are very strait-laced about staples. They do not like them. For that reason, I have here two letters from English fans which arrived after the letter column was already closed. Since this editorial is the last thing to be stenciled, I am scrapping a witty essay on the sad state of our educational system and printing them here. First,

PETE MABEY: "Encounter" I rather liked in principle, though it did seem a bit too long -- it'd have been better had it been shortened a bit. "Let's Revise the Constitution": you know, we must miss a lot of fun here, not having a constitution all set out so we can argue about what it says, and think of ways to improve it! I don't really know enough about the details of U.S. state & local government to be able to comment effectively -- but I should think that the difficulty in getting any such proposals accepted is that the individual states were separate republics pretty recently, and will therefore be very reluctant to give up "sovereignty" to the extent you envisage. After all, Wales was united with England practically from the start of central government in the country, but the Welsh Nationalists are still campaigning for independence -- at least to the extent that the states have. So you'll probably have to wait a few centuries for the feeling to die down a bit.(...)

"The Roaring Canon" -- the title doesn't seem awfully apt: wouldn't something like "Counterpoint" be better? [See page 10--ed.7(...)]

There doesn't seem to be much for me to say about the letter col somehow; the Blake linoes are well-chosen. I suppose you've used, or are going to use, one of my favourites: "Damn braces, bless relaxes". [Actually, the idea that the states were formerly independent republics is a myth -- almost -- concocted by certain Republicans and Dixiecrats. Thirty-three states are purely and simple creations of the Federal government, formed from territory which was under the jurisdiction of the government. West Virginia was formed from Virginia on the initiative of its inhabitants with the consent of the Federal Government. Vermont was formed from New York in the same way, although that area had a considerable history of independence-claims beforehand. Texas and Hawaii were independent republics (and, I should have added, California once claimed to be), annexed (with their consent) by the U.S. Texas was annexed directly as a state; Hawaii became a territory and later a state. The other thirteen -- if I counted right -- entered into confederation almost immediately after gaining their independence from England, and were never really independent nations. Wales, of course, has a different cultural background. We are having that problem with Puerto Rico. --ed.7]

ALAN DODD: I can't tell you what a surprise it was to find an envelope with the familiar "CW" on it awaiting me on my return from Italy a week or so back. I saw your name and I thought back -- back -- six years it must be since a one page yellow fanzine was dropping in here from Savannah. I never forgot it because I remembered Charles Wells as the one person who could put more into a one page fan-



zine than anybody else at the time. This was the day of one sheet fanzines -- long before FANAC with its various "supplementaries" -- seeing you again is like stepping back into an era -- I keep wanting to say "Remember..." "Remember Larry Billings or was it Larry something-or-other in Billings, Montana -- one of the few fans to come from that state who had a microscopic fanzine called SCINTILLA, remember KOMET from a Karl someone in New Jersey, remember..." but then, I'm drifting on. This was all six years ago and more and now from out of the past striding like a legendary figure you return with a fanzine of which this is the second issue. Doesn't seem possible somehow -- whatever happened to Savannah after you and Lee Hoffman left? It never produced anyone else -- nothing else ever held together -- why is it that particular city could produce so many fans at that time who were so prolific, yet now produces nothing? (...)

Your "Encounter" I found rather disturbing and I wondered why you found it necessary to put that "fictitious" label on the story? Do you think we're all going to go through our lists of Texas, Arizona, and California girl fans living near the border and wonder what they're doing for a living? I'm not convinced by the reasons you give the heroine for taking up her job; I'd say pure commercialism rather than nymphomania was the reason in the majority of cases. But it was nevertheless a very interesting vignette. (...)

Have you any plans for the future for a one page fanzine onesidedly crammed with every piece of material you could cram in? /Yes! But it will be a long time coming. One page fanzines published often are MUCH more work than large fanzines published every two or three months. When I get out of college, I plan to turn Cadenza into a slim little FAPazine and to revive GREY. I had more fun out of GREY than anything else I did in my first incarnation, and it was better liked than anything else I did. But it was a lot of work. I will not do it until I have a good mimeograph and some form of addressing system better than typed labels. / It was Larry Anderson in Billings, Montana, and I remember him well... --ed./

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Damn braces; bless relaxes.

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#### MISCELLANY

Archie Mercer returned his copy of Cadenza with a note saying he was cutting down his reading list and was going to receive very few American fmz in the future. I think it was good of him to tell me, instead of simply ignoring it. / The libelous story beginning on the next page appears in this magazine under duress. It (the magazine, that is) is being printed on the author's mimeograph. After all, what can you do? But I made up the title, so I get my licks in too... / The men's rest room in the Atlanta Public Library has a big sign in it, to one side of a very long mirror, saying "This rest room is being watched! Do not damage it. No loitering." Yes, you guessed it... it's a one-way mirror. In a rest room, yet! The head of the Atlanta Public Library is also the official Atlanta movie censor. / To date, subscriptions to Cadenza total \$1.30. Remember, people, all subscription money goes to the Willis Fund. / Does anyone know if any of the following fans are in contact with anyone today, and where they are?: David English, Larry Anderson, John Magnus, Denis Moreen, Katharine Antonescu, Sue Rosen, Lonny Lunde. I'd appreciate it if anyone who knows their current addresses would let me know, if it wouldn't violate any confidences. / This issue is really a bit bigger than I would have preferred. It's my opinion that if a fanzine is not fun to publish, it's not worth publishing. For me, anything over eighteen pages is not fun, and neither are things like even edges (Jerry Page, take note!), regular schedules, and fancy formats. That's not saying I don't try to take care with Cza, just that the care I take is more relaxed and deliberate. Or so I like to think. --ed.



# Jerusalem Entered

by Jerry Page

(THE SCENE: the Council Room of Atlanta Fandom, a large, high-vaulted room, hung with trappings of purple and gold with jewel-encrusted trimmings. On a platinum dais, at one end, behind a mahogany podium, sit the Council of Three in long, flowing black robes, and tall conical crowns of ebony imbedded with small pieces of ivory tracing out Mystic Symbols. Each carries a scepter, of long, polished ivory, each with a different silver figure. Behind them is a tapestry depicting an imperishable cloud with forked, streaked lightning. Opposite the podium, about fifty yards away, are large double doors of carved teak. There is an ermine carpet leading from the doorway to the podium and at the base of the podium a circle of polished green stone in the floor, with a large, ominous snub-nosed projector aimed at it. One of the Three speaks and his voice rings sinister in the high-vaulted room, echoing back to him after a minute.)

BURGE

Show him in!

(Enter Charles Wells, a tall, youthful fan, with an intensely sensitive face, protected from the glaring sun by glaring glasses.)

WELLS

(Glaring at them in friendly delight, though somewhat winded by the long trek from the door to the base of the podium.) Hi there!

REINHARDT

(Swiping at Wells with a morgenstern<sup>1</sup>.) Kneel, you swine!

(Wells kneels.)

PAGE

(Smiling). Well, now, so you're a fan--or should I say, "Wells now, so you're a fan." (Burge and Reinhardt laugh wildly; Page chuckles benevolently until he notices Wells is not smiling. Page sneers.) Well, now, you can stop, boys; we have more serious business. Don't we-- (Consults paper in manila folder before him on the podium) --Charles?

WELLS

Oh, yessir, yes we do, yessir, oh we have loads of serious constructive type things to discuss and talk about yessir we do and oh they're so important serious constructive. (Reinhardt aims a Zulu Throwing Spear<sup>2</sup> at Wells, but Page raises his hand to stop him.)

1. A spiked ball and chain. See Mediaeval European Weapons, by Henry Reinhardt.

2. Not to be confused with an Asagai, which is a short stabbing spear. Viz. African and Middle Arabic Daggers and Related Bloodthirsty Things, by H. J. Hardrhein.



PAGE

Now, Hank, let's give this boy a chance.

REINHARDT

Aw--all right. (lowers his spear.)

PAGE

Now then, Charles, as I said we have more important business at hand. (Consults papers.) It says here that you have published some fanzines... Tell me about them.

WELLS

I used to live in Savannah. I published the last issue of Quandry, you know, with the black border around the cover and all the tear stains? And now I publish Cadenza.

PAGE

Yes, I've seen Cadenza. Of course, it isn't quite up to the standards of Si-Fan or The Southern Fan<sup>3</sup> (nods to Burge) but it is rather promising. Certainly, any little imperfections can be laughingly dismissed as juvenile whimsy, can't they, gentlemen?

BURGE

Oh, yes!

REINHARDT

Can't I even point my finger at him and say, "Zotz!"?

PAGE

You must learn to be patient, Hank. You can stand up now, Charles. (Wells comes to his feet, glancing around the room.) Tell me, do you collect magazines?

(There is no answer, because Wells is glancing around. After a moment, Page, still smiling benevolently, leans far over so he can reach Wells and slaps him, benevolently, six or eight times. Page slowly reseats himself, still smiling, and wags a finger at Wells.) Really, you must learn to pay attention. Mustn't he, Hank?

(Hastily, as Reinhardt draws cinqueda<sup>4</sup>:) No! Not yet, Hank! Ha ha! Now where were we? Oh yes! We were discussing whether or not you collect magazines.

WELLS

(Mumbling) No, not really.

BURGE

I beg your pardon.

WELLS

I said, "Not really."

3. The opinions expressed by contributors to this magazine do not necessarily reflect those of the management. --ed.

4. A short-bladed stabbing sword used by Spanish sword & buckler infantry in the 16th century. See Cinquedas y Nuestras Putas, by Enrico Julio Reinoceros.

PAGE

Charles, it is "said", not "thaid". You must pronounce your words carefully.

WELLS

(Still mumbling): But you bruised my tongue.

PAGE

We shall let it pass. Now about your reading interests.

WELLS

Oh, I read Amazing and Fantastic.

PAGE

Oh, you're volunteering information! That shows initiative. An admirable trait. See that it doesn't happen again.

WELLS

Yes sir.

PAGE

What other magazines do you read?

WELLS

Oh, well, you know... (He digs the toe of one foot into the floor, and stares down.)

PAGE

And how about...Analog?

(Wells continues to fidget. Reinhardt slowly draws a long rapier<sup>5</sup> and toys with it. Points of light glisten from the razor-sharp edge of it. Reinhardt leers. Wells fidgets a little more.)

WELLS

(Weakly:) Analog. You said Analog? Yes, you said Analog. Uh...I read it.

PAGE

Do you enjoy Analog?

WELLS

Uh-huh... I mean, well, it's a sort of quirk. I even approved of the title change. It-- (Reinhardt looks hurt and puts away the cinqueda<sup>6</sup>.)

PAGE

Perhaps we underestimated you, Charles. I see you don't understand, but it's quite simple. All of us here in Atlanta enjoy Analog. We all consider it the best magazine today.

5. French 16th-century weapon slightly shorter than a rapier. See Gaieté sur les Arbres, by Henri et Juliette Rhein d'Hardt.

6. See note 5, if you really care.



BURGE

(Sibilantly:) Yes! And our Dean-drive powered mimeographs shall rule all of fandom! Do you hear me? I say all of fandom!

WELLS

(Cowering). Oh...uh..yes. Oh, yes, goody for you. I always say that a dean-drive powered mimeograph is quite the thing! Ha ha!

BURGE

(Eyes aglow with a strange, unearthly light as he stares into distance:) Someday we shall be the focal point of fandom... Even now we are slowly mastering strange and unsuspected powers. Oh, the rest of fandom may make their childish puns, but we know the words of Guru--the very words that, unbeknownst to the rest of fandom, brought Seventh Fandom crashing to a muddled heap! And more! I tell you we shall have all of fandom someday at our feet. Have you ever seen a mirror such as this? (The three withdraw small mirrors, about three inches in diameter, from the folds of their robes. In the distance there is a sound, as of the rustle of pigeon wings.)

WELLS

It appears to be a quite normal mirror, such as one might see anywhere...

BURGE

Have you such a mirror?

WELLS

No, I don't.

BURGE

Then you don't know the secret of--

PAGE

(Abruptly:) Ha ha! It seems our little, er, amusement has rather more than gone over Charles' head, doesn't it, gentlemen, ha ha! (They hastily replace the mirrors in the folds of their robes and the rustle of pigeon wings ceases.) Well, now, Charles, I guess you are acceptable, to an extent. All that seems to remain is for us to find some small niche in our little circle to fit you into. If we can find one, I see no reason why you can't be permitted to continue living in Atlanta.

WELLS

Oh thank you sir, oh thank you!

PAGE

Any suggestions?

BURGE

We need someone to play music while we hold meetings.

PAGE

Custodian of the music! An excellent suggestion, Jerry. Tell me, Charles, would you enjoy operating the phonograph at our little gatherings?



(Excitedly:) Oh yes!

WELLS

PAGE

Very well! That's wonderful! What kind of a job would you do?

WELLS

Uh, I guess I'd try to be conservative and dignified and play up the fact that we are a serious constructive group--you don't mind my saying "we", do you?

PAGE

Not at all, Charles!

WELLS

Goody. Well, I'd play music that would underscore the fact that we meet to discuss serious constructive themes and talk about Who Killed SF? and build Hieronymous machines and like that.

PAGE

That sounds good. But let's take an example. Suppose, for example, that we met to discuss the influence of Edgar Rice Burroughs upon the field. What would you choose to play?

WELLS

Gee, that's a hard one. The influence of Burroughs upon the field? Oh, I know!

PAGE

And what would you choose?

WELLS

Otis Adelbert Kline Nacht Musik!

(For a moment the Three say nothing. Then, Page gestures and Reinhardt reaches into the folds of his cloak.)

PAGE

(No longer smiling:) You may do it now, Hank.

(Reinhardt pulls out a Swiss Pole Ax and slowly raises it over his head.) --Jerry Page



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Criticism of self is foolish; criticism of others is dangerous.  
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I think I'll use this space for a historical note that may clear up some confusion about the interlineations in the past issues. All the interlineations in Cza #1 were by William Blake. All the interlineations in Cza #2 were by the editor except the one initialed "GBS", which was a line (misquoted) in a play called "Candida", by George Bernard Shaw. All the interlineations in this issue are either by the editor or are uncreditable.

-ed.



# ★(COUNTERPOINT

reviews of fanzines received

NOTE: Addresses of editors of the fanzines reviewed and of fans whose letters appear in the letter column are not printed this issue. If anyone wants the address of any fan whose name appears herein, he may write me. (I might even send him the address). Also: the length of the review does not indicate how much I liked the magazine, or how interesting it was. I have written letters of comment to many of the fanzines (most of which are grouped separately), and that cuts down the comments I can make here, since I want to avoid duplication. --Ed.

BANE #3 (Vic Ryan): The first half is printed on tan paper and the last half on green paper, which is of the same type. I like the effect. But the picture of a girl on the contents page is another matter. She has a very peculiar shinbone.

Bob Tucker has a comedy-dialog bit which is probably much funnier when acted out. And there is a discussion of fanzine letter-column policy by George Locke in which he praises the idea of the editor's snipping comments on a contributor's work out of the letters he receives and sending them to the contributor if he is not going to publish them. A good idea, but I don't think I would enjoy cutting up letters. Oh well, Cadenza has no problems along those lines anyway. The first contribution from an outside source is being printed in this issue, and it's from an Atlanta fan.

Floyd Zwicky, in the letter column, says: "Since the proletariat are, by definition, those who have nothing but their day-to-day earnings, it hardly seems logical to entrust government to those who haven't the skill to govern themselves successfully, does it?" He won't get away arguing with the Socialists like that, because he shares a misconception of democracy with them. In a democracy, the government governs; the people merely choose the government. The modern theory is that they choose the persons that their group-leaders (labor-leaders, NAACP, NAM, religious groups, and dozens of others) tell them they ought to choose. Their group leaders know quite a bit about politics; they support the candidates who will act in their (the group-leaders') own best interest, and therefore in the group's best interest (if they don't support the group's best interest, they sooner or later lose their following). The hope is that the various conflicting interests will balance out. How else could a democracy work? You can't expect everyone to be interested in politics, any more than you can expect everyone to repair their own automobiles.

DUBIOUS #2 (Algis Budrys): One of the best fanzines around. He talks about skin diving, and relates a rather hair-raising experience he had. He could have DIED!! All because he laughed underwater. I hope he controls his risible impulses whenever he's underwater. We need all the authors we can get.

But the most remarkable thing about Dubious is the "service section". Anyone who is at all interested in writing commercially should ask for this and save them! The service section this issue is devoted to an analysis of Crest and Gold Medal books. This kind of thing is invaluable for the would-be writer.

VOID #22 (Greg Benford, Peter Graham, and Ted White): The fanzine that collects editors. What I'm wondering is what will happen if they should disagree on editorial policy. Since they are all three supposedly equals as editors (although White shows signs of being more equal than the others), who would kick out who? I can



see it now: White comes out with Void #23, firing Benford and Graham. Benford and Graham retaliate with another Void #23, claiming they are the rightful publishers by virtue of majority vote. The Benford and Graham fall out with each other and each publishes his own Void #24. The White retaliates with The Original Void #24. It could get as bad as the Church of God (Anderson, Ind.), the Church of God (Cleveland, Tenn.), The Church of God, The Original Church of God, et dismal cetera. Egad, three Voids. Pardon me while I rest; the thought exhausts me,

Lee Hoffman has what can only be described as a non-article, and Willis Discovers America anew. Unfortunately, none of this inspires me to lengthy comment.

One thing I must condemn is that German fans are given to criticizing each other's English. This is entirely the wrong thing to do. No German fan, no fan who is writing in other than his native tongue, should be criticized for linguistic misuse unless his English (or whatever) is totally incomprehensible. Nothing is incomprehensible in Bug Eye, ~~except what they want to publish it~~ as far as I can see.

I thought of going through this issue and sending Hel a list of the errors I found, to help the various writers out, but I discovered I was listing as many errors in the parts written by Britishers and Americans as I was in the parts written by Germans. So I gave up.

PARSECTION #6 (George C. Willick): Harry Warner is in this one, too, and naturally it is the best thing in the issue. There is also much talk about idzines, meaning (I presume) a new-trendzine. Is Cadenza an idzine?

CINDER #4 (Larry Williams): Good dittoing. The story by Ron Haydock in this issue has the unique distinction of telegraphing its ending in the very first line. Mike Deckinger's story also has a punch ending; seems like that is practically the only kind of science fiction story fanzines print. The fanzine review column consists almost entirely of listings of contents, which makes for dull reading (I should talk). But Cinder has personality, which more than makes up for the bas material.

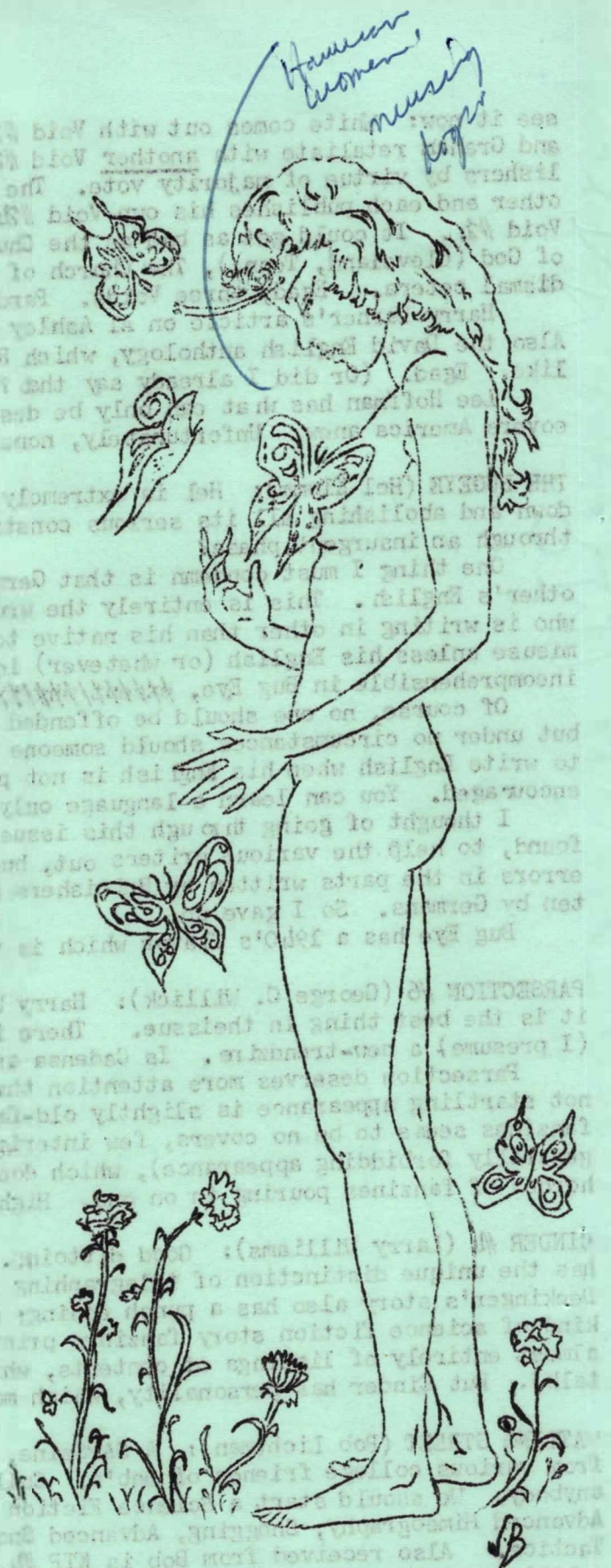


KIPPLE #14 (Ted Pauls): This issue might well be called the Charles Wells issue. Seems like my name was mentioned in one connection or another on practically every other page. Part of it was Marion Z. Bradley's comments on the last Cadenza, but most of it resulted from the fact that I criticized Kipple in this column and by letter. I must remember to criticize more fanzines; it's a good way to get egoboo.

A long article on censorship by Len Moffatt and a very interesting lettercol are also in this issue. (I refuse to say "round out the issue", since Kipple is hopelessly rectangular).

In the letter column, Walter Breen attacks a John Magnus article which appeared in a previous issue (and which I praised in the last Cza). One of the points Breen makes is that man is a "symbol-using creature" and from that arrives at the conclusion that skill in symbol-using is "more distinctly human and certainly more beneficial in the long run than is the animal-type shrewdness of the various racketeers mentioned." Well, I can't argue that symbol-using is not beneficial, but Breen forgets that "animal-type shrewdness has great survival-value and is not any less "distinctly human" than symbol using. For a human after all is an animal intent on surviving in a world which gives him only accidental help in surviving. A human is not merely an animal, of course; but neither is a weasel, or a worm. Every animal has its peculiar features, and the human being is no exception. The most unique (or most "nearly" unique, for the purists among you) of human qualities is symbol-using. But from that fact we cannot arrive at the judgment that symbol-using is any better or higher than "animal shrewdness." The fact that other animals do not seem to share symbol-using as a trait does not make symbol-using some sort of Holy Cause which we must advance at the expense of all other qualities. If we try that, we invite disaster. Animal shrewdness must be preserved, too, and physical ability and emotional creativity as well.

In our society, the animal part of





the human animal is producing problems. It produces racketeers, as Breen calls them. It produces juvenile delinquency and dictators and dissipation. But all that is the result of our inability to handle the animal in humanity. We lack proper channels for those forces, and we promote their misdirection simultaneously with our hypocritical denials that they exist. We excite our teenagers' sexual urges (which are overwhelmingly strong) with lascivious advertisements and entertainments and then deny them an outlet. Should we give them an outlet or stop exciting the urges? Either way might work (I prefer the former) but no method will work which denies the existence of these urges. The same goes for the strong urge in many people to violence. Too many people are not built to lead a quiet, peaceful, non-violent life without any outlet whatever. The fact that many people can do so is no answer for the people who cannot. We must do something about these problems, alongside of encouraging the development of symbol-using capabilities.

ICE AGE #5 (Larry & Noreen Shaw): A FAPazine. Their tales of their troubles getting around New York City in a snowstorm, coming on the heels of the latest electrical failure, is making NYC seem to me less and less an attractive place to live. Looks like the only place left is the wilds of Berkeley. God forbid.

Ice Age contains some well-written mailing comments by Noreen. Makes me homesick for FAPA. A long article by one Russ Wilsey about hi-fi listening is about twice as long as it should be, and takes very attentive reading to understand the point he is making. I'm not sure I do yet. But his idea of turning hi-fi listening into a ritual--deliberately going through elaborate preparations before you sit down to listen, etc.--has value. I certainly get irritated listening to a record with someone else, if he/she is the type who insists on discussing the music while it is being played, or even discussing something else entirely. No one would think of doing that at a concert. (Now, background music has its place, of course, but something like Beethoven's Ninth is NOT background music!) And by the same token, simply popping a record onto the turntable and sitting down with beer, potato chips, pipe, and book is a waste of a good record. That's what radios are for.

THE RAMBLING FAP (Gregg Galkins): Another FAPazine. Now this guy insists on running around the desert in a jeep in a highly dangerous manner. Egad, if this keeps up (see review of Dubious above) fandom will perish of the angels-rush-in syndrome.

There is a beautifully cowardly statement on page nine: "FAPazines are, I think, probably better than average at the present time, for the most part." If that statement were qualified any more it would sink of its own weight. Come on now, Gregg, you can commit yourself more than that!

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN V20 #3: Has a listing of all fanzines currently being published. There are omissions, but if this is kept up it will be very valuable.

SELF-PRESERVATION #1 (Lee Hoffman): Also talks about the NYC snowfall (see review of Ice Age above) and has a fascinating True Confessions about a cat, too. Leeh's writings are almost completely nonfannish these days, and yet they would be out of place most anywhere except in a fanzine (or The Carolina Israelite, maybe). I think it is a refreshing change to read a fanzine which talks about neither fans nor science fiction.

SPECULATIVE REVIEW (Dick Eney): Contains its usual fine critical comment. Eney reviews Algis Budrys' Rogue Moon more perceptively than any other reviewer I've seen. He says, in effect, that RM is a space opera with emotional violence instead of physical violence. Of course, that's not all there is to the novel, and Eney does not claim that it is, but it's a good point that hasn't been made before. I can't remember another sf novel like it in that respect, although novels like



John O'Hara's From the Terrace or Eleazar Lipsky's The Scientists have elements of it.

Bill Evans thinks that science fiction magazines are better than they used to be. I agree with him, although I have a feeling I should give Hank Reinhart equal time...

NEOLITHIC (Ruth Berman): Badly mimeographed, which hampers the magazine; no matter how good the material, I can't take it as seriously if it looks like it was done by a 13-year-old neofan (Mr. Wanshel excepted, of course). And Neolithic has some good writing.

Redd Boggs wonders why so many fannes (and he might have added fans) are interested in acting and stage work. My theory is that their interest in that stems from the same cause as their interest in fandom. It provides a means of self-expression. NOT creativity, although that enters in too. Most fans, I have noticed, are ill at ease in the presence of people. But they can express themselves very well in writing, because they are not in a situation of immediate give and take, which scares them. Acting, you will note, is a situation lacking give and take, too, although other people are present and the situation superficially resembles an actual conversation.

Part of this fear lies in many instances in lack of self-confidence, and of course if the lack is too great the fan won't dream of getting up on a stage and acting. But there are plenty of fans who are not that unselfconfident, yet who are ill at ease amongst people enough to be attracted to fanning.

The common overemphasis on "creativity" irritates me. Everyone simply must have a creative occupation. The first question many of our more far-out college students ask me when they find out that I am in mathematics (as Ruth is) -- they are invariably in English, sociology, or a foreign language) is, "But is it creative?" The result of this is that you find people defending such ridiculous things as homemaking, running a business, and teaching Spanish as "creative", because they are under pressure to defend their occupations against the charge that they are merely drudgery. Being creative involves making something! Making furniture after your own design, painting, writing music (not playing music from notes) designing airplanes, writing novels--these things are creative. Things like homemaking, playing music from notes, teaching school, acting provide a means of self-expression, but they are not "creative" in the same sense that anything in the other list is.

A noncreative occupation is not necessarily worse than a creative one. I am not intending to cast aspersions on homemaking or any other occupation. But many people are simply not creative. Many others are better creative in their spare time, than in trying to make a living at it.

DAY STAR (Marion Z. Bradley): I have been stolen from! Redd Boggs has a story called "When Stf Went to Mars" which is otherwise quite good, but in which the following passage appears:

He drew a shuddering breath, drained a bottle of Schlitz and said chokingly, "Blossom, my sweet, will you marry me?"

Blossom tremblingly hung up the phone, forever cutting the connection with Lochinvar Baldoon in another dimension, and opened the "B" file. Her hand clutched frantically and withdrew empty.

"Stoneheart, you cur," she screamed, "you drank the last of the Beer!"

Then she looked at him in puzzlement. "By the way, what were you saying a moment ago about getting married?"

Now, really, Redd Boggs! If you will just turn to Cadenza #1, page two, you will discover that you stole that passage from me. Not only that, but you stole my



idea that William Blake would be of interest to fans from Cadenza #1, and even had the nerve to print it two years earlier than Cza! It's not fair to pull dirty tricks like that just because I am a poor college student what can't afford a time-machine.

Marion's own "Crime Story" (her experience with an Evil Cat) has a shock ending to end all shock endings, although I think much of the shock comes from knowing it is true.

Included in this issue is Astra's Tower #5, which is devoted to the Tolkien novel The Lord of the Rings. I am unqualified to comment on this, since I haven't read the novel, but it is well-written and interesting.

THE VINEGAR WORM (Bob Leman): Egad, an intelligent conservative. But sarcasm aside, this magazine always reads as if it were written by a combination of Redd Boggs and Harry Warner, with all the fannish experience common to both of them; yet Bob came into fandom after I did! I dunno how he does it.

He wants other people who are interested in Dorcas Bagby to contact him.

Really.

In the mailing review column, Bob complains about union members who always respect a picket line, no matter how ridiculous the issue is, and then turns right around and says he violates picket lines as a matter of principle. Seems like everyone I know is either strongly pro-labor or just as strongly anti. (In fairness, I quote Bob: "...I do take the trouble to check on the relative merits of the two points of view..." though what good that does if he's going to violate the picket line anyway I don't know). I, on the other hand, being openminded (holes in my head) and fair (game), look into the issues and then decide whether or not to cross the picket line. At least, I did the two times that I have had the opportunity to cross a picket line. In case you are wondering, I did once and didn't once. The time I did cross the picket line (in a laundry) the workers were wanting higher wages. The time I didn't (a grocery) they were wanting (1) the right to vote on whether to be unionized or not and (2) pay for overtime. Not double time, or even one-and-a-half time, for overtime. They just wanted to be paid for overtime.

There is also a hilarious article about dieting, and various other inserted things.

CRY #150: F. M. Busby's column contains some penetrating analysis of Rogue Moon. A hilarious article by John Berry about his classical music listening reminds me of my experiences in the Air Force. There we were, listening to Toscanini's version of Beethoven's Fifth on my (then-) now hi-fi.

"Awfully fast, that Toscanini," my friend said. I agreed with him, but said I liked it that way. However, the more we listened, the more I didn't like it. It was too fast. Had listening to that Walter version the other day seduced me away from Toscanini? Egad, was I becoming a fan of the thick-soup-and-ice-cream school of conducting? Had I lost my taste for the thunder and lightning of Toscanini?

No.

The record player was on 45 rpm.

Other things in this issue are an article by Tom Purdom on The Man Who Sold the Moon, a conreport by Geoff Lindsay, and the usual very long letter column. The letter column is too long; it could stand some editing. There are comments like "HYWL. These capsule descriptions are most interesting. More please." (Roy Tackett). "Berry's serial was really quite good, though I think perhaps the third part was the weakest of the three." (Dick Ellington). These statements belong in a letter of comment, all right, but they do not belong in a letter column. There are quite a few statements of that kind in this issue.



SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #54 (LASFS): Beautifully Gestetnered, as usual. "Amis in Mordor" by George Locke is a funny fan-farce, although the humor is not as concentrated as we are used to seeing it in stuff by Willis. The other material was fun to read but excited in me no particular comment.

SI-FAN #4 (Jerry Page): Gorgeous lithographed cover by Prosser. Si-Fan (pronounced see-fahn) is probably the largest even-edged fanzine being published. In fact, the only other even-edged fanzine I know of is Discord. It is well laid out and has good artwork, usually, although this issue is below average (except for the covers).

The dominating thing about this issue is a long article by Calvin Thomas Beck, giving some very revealing information about the problems of publishing a prozine. He is well qualified to write on that subject. He notes a general decline in fiction magazines of all kinds, and adduces this as a partial explanation of the death of science fiction. But another factor he mentions I must disagree with. He refers to the "castration" of the field with the demise of bug-eyed-monster, mad-scientist, beautiful-heroine types of stories. I think the field has improved, but this may merely show my own bias. But it seems to me that a sensitive investigation into the problems of people in a future society is a legitimate form of stf and that in some cases it is being done well. So is social-science fiction, if done well.

And frankly, I don't care (except sentimentally) whether the prozines fold or not. Lately, most of the stf I have been reading has been in paperback form anyway; that's where most of the good stf is appearing. I would like to see Analog and F&SF continue; Analog because of the good science articles and occasional engineer-type science fiction stories; F&SF because there we have many of the modern methods of mainstream literature being applied in a scientific or fantastic context, something I do not believe is being done anywhere else. But outside of those two, there is nothing worth keeping. Indeed, I wish Amazing would fold and the publishers and editors devote their energy to publishing a series of paperbacks: I would much rather have read The Last Vial as a paperback than as a serial in a magazine. And if Z-D did that, they could concentrate on publishing the good stuff, and would not feel the necessity of padding each issue with some of the horrible examples of adolescence that are still appearing in that magazine.

Jerry Burge is embarking on a definition of science fiction which looks like it will last for several issues. While I question the need for a definition, the series will certainly be worthwhile for the enlightenment. This issue is devoted to the thesis that science fiction does not have individual heroes, but the race, or certain qualities of the race, is the hero.

HARBINGER (Don Thompson): A brief fanzine which I hope keeps up; I like the idea of small-frequently-published fanzines, although I recognize that they are more work than large, infrequent ones. This issue is a bit choppy, but when Don starts publishing letters, fanzines reviews, and the like, it will gain continuity and momentum.

CELEPHAIS (Bill Evans): Good mailing reviews (FAPA) but a bit overlong and sometimes given to mysterious comments which cannot be understood without reference to the fanzine being reviewed.

DEFENESTRATION (Terry & Miri Carr): Their OMPazine. A Carl Brandon story in this issue which I simply could not get through. It was put on much too thick. But "Slice of the Past", by Terry, being a diary of a few days over New Year's 1960, is rather interesting. It's funny such a detailed account of activities is not boring.



The following fanzines are reviewed only briefly. In most cases, I have written letters of comment to the editors concerned, and do not feel like repeating myself here. I intend to comment on the SHAPA mailing in a special SHAPazine. And a few of the zines, mostly small ones, simply did not excite much comment...

XERO #4 (Pat & Dick Lupoff): The comic book section this issue is segregated (aha!) and bound back to back with the rest of Xero, which is a clever idea, a real ace of an idea. / Another article on numbered fandoms. I am getting bored with numbered fandoms. Once upon a time Harlan Ellison accused me of trying to take credit for Seventh Fandom. I bet that now he'd try to give me credit, so the blame would not fall on him! ... BULL MOOSE (Bill Morse): A FAPazine with very interesting, often political, mailing comments. But the reproduction (multilith) is not good. ... SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #55 (Trimbles): Fritz Leiber has a fascinating article about sword and sorcery fiction, and Redd Boggs has another piece of fan-farce called "Three Pieces in the Shape of a Banana". With that title, anything is possible. The letter column continues its merry way. ... HORIZONS #86 (Harry Warner, Jr.): The extremely long article (12 packed pages!) about Harry's accident is absolutely fascinating. The rest is mailing comments and the usual Whither Wollheim?, or rather an unusual WW?, since it consists of reviews of sf novels. He says Rogue Moon has characters in it who are real people, but it seems to me the most accurate thing to say would be that the people are larger than life; they have more intense emotions, are more intensely cruel, kind, hateful, etc., than real people are. Which, really, is the way it should be in fiction. ... YANDRO #100 and #101 (Coulsons): Congratulations on your 100th issue! / I hope the trend exemplified by Marion Z. Bradley's article about national characteristics of censorship, that is, a sf writer's comments about his experiences with writing, is encouraged to continue. / "The Day of the Cheese" by Gene DeVeese is typical fanstf, which means it's lousy. As Sam Mines once said in a rejection slip to me, it's not sf, it's just a joke. / I very much like Yandro's illos; the best are by Juanita. / #101 has an article by Giovanni Scognamiglio about Cyrano de Bergerac and an article by Derek Nelson on Laos which together make for good, substantial reading, such as Yandro is, or should be, noted for. ... DISCORD #12 (Redd Boggs): Now Discord is printed on flesh-colored paper. I've always had my doubts about you, Redd Boggs. / People lately (Ted White, for one) have taken to criticizing Discord in a mild sort of way. Well, it's a good thing not to be above criticism, I suppose (a state only innocuous fanzines ever reach), but I still think this is one of the best around. Redd is one of the few fans around whose talent exceeds his output. / The article about censorship is rather strained in its humor. Sounds as if Redd thought the situation was supposed to be funny, rather than that it actually was. ... FANFARONADE #2 (Jeff Wanshel): Jeff Wanshel is the best thing in Jeff Wanshel's magazines. His editorials and other writings are absolutely hilarious. I rarely laugh out loud when reading, but I did at Ffde. / His fmz reviews are among the most critical I've seen anywhere; they make me jealous. Nine tenths of my fanzine reviews consist of praise, praise which I am afraid often arises more from my enthusiasm for amateur publishing than from any worth I recognize in the magazine. ... AXE and FANAC continue on their merry way. Indispensability is their most important product.

And that does it for this time. This column was closed on July 7, 1961. Fanzines received after that date will be reviewed in the next issue. NOTE: I have not received the last issue of several fanzines. If anyone sent me a fanzine since the last issue of Cadenza and before July 7, enough before that I should have gotten it by then, please yell bloody murder. Or better yet, write me. -cw



# FUGATO

The response this time was much better than that to number one. The comments on "Encounter", some of them quite penetrating, were especially encouraging. The other items received less comment, possibly because the story overshadowed them (I like to tell myself). I toyed with the idea of separating the portions of the letters and grouping them by subject, but it would destroy the unity of some of the letters.--ed.

REDD BOGGS: A cold spring rain is drumming on the roof, and it's a good evening to sit indoors and catch up on letters of comment. I've got Cadenza #2 to acknowledge, and I'll do so now: Acknowledged.

Well, maybe a few comments in addition. (...) I wish I knew what caused this new wave of science fiction fans who are linguists of sorts but who nevertheless major in mathematics. If we understand what caused it, we might be able to control it. Ruth Berman is another such fan, and so far I have not been able to divert her from math as a major despite a number of stimulating pep talks about the glories of English and philosophy. (...)

"Encounter" was charming, and is a first rate addition to the anthology of fan fiction (fiction about fans) that somebody will publish very soon. But I predict that you will receive a long letter from Marion Z. Bradley explaining that women do not become prostitutes because they like sex. I always try to cling to that belief despite my general disillusionment -- at least one romantic notion makes a person more fascinating, don't you think? -- but Marion scorns this particular theory about prostitutes, for some reason, and would prefer I hold some blithering illusion about the secret powers of the Rosicrucians (AMORC; not a religious organization).

Your "Let's Revise the Constitution Department" reminds me that my plan for revising the Constitution is not progressing too fast, and it may well be next session before the necessary legislation is passed to, as Jim Blish calls it, smoorg the 50 states into eight. However, I'm not too confident that the larger states under such a plan would "all have a genuine two-party system," since there were two states (South Central and Southeast) made of the old Solid South and both would be dominated by the Democratic party. As you say, however, South Central would have a minority party of some power, and so, probably, would Southeast, since it would include Maryland and Delaware, not to mention Florida.

I don't think I'd like your "unitary republic" setup, though it might be worthwhile in some of the areas of government you mention. The very lack of uniformity in the criminal code, marriage and divorce laws, and such has a certain charm and utility. It seems to me a good thing that dissenters and nonconformists can escape restrictive laws by the mere expediency of moving across a state line. The lot of such people would be much more difficult if they had to take up residence in another country. An eight-state setup such as I proposed might reduce the freedom to dissent somewhat, but certainly not completely. I suspect that if there were only eight states these states would take a certain pride in being different from each other to help preserve their identity and would thus provide a haven for the misfits from neighboring states. I would like to see something done about reapportionment, however, so representation in the several states was fair and equal. Most states are in the hands of the rural voters and their representatives, since most states have not been reapportioned since the rise of the big cities. Unfortunately the rural areas seem to contain a disproportionate percentage of reactionaries and fuggheads who are thus able to impress their foolishness on the state as a whole.



(...) "The New Cemetery" is an excellent poem, I think, but when it's all over I confess a bit of confusion as to what the Easter hat has to do with the cemetery, and what either Easter has or new cemetery have to do with the fact that the mourners' tears are "sentimental." Anyway, the first eight lines are quite vivid and -- after the first two lines -- seem possessed of a neat economy. Is this a sonnet that refused to rhyme and slightly escaped its intended limits and patter? [Some people justify malapportionment on the grounds that "counties" or "townships" ought to be represented, or on the grounds that people with a stake in the state because they own land ought to be better represented than mere wage-earners or city bloc voters. Just how they arrive at the conclusion that dirt ought to be represented in the legislature alongside of people is beyond me. / See Marion's letter below. --ed.]

MARION Z. BRADLEY: I (...) had a thing or three to say about "Encounter", which is well written, well characterized and convincing on the surface, but suffers from one major flaw of psychology (...) I mean the bit in the story where Estelle says when asked why she had taken up her profession, "I like sex..." etc. (...)

An overwhelming majority of prostitutes are frigid. I agree that they hand the men the line inclined to make a man believe that they are in the job because they like being "paid for what they enjoy" --but actually they reserve their fiercest contempt for the suckers who believe it. The prostitute is the woman, in general, to whom sex means so little that it can become a medium of exchange; a woman who really likes sex rarely gets into commercial prostitution (though I agree that the semi-amateur, the one who agrees to become a man's permanent or temporary mistress through thought of gifts, is often an emotionally crippled woman who likes these things she's given, and feels she can grant her body "It means nothing to me..."---this is the "what's-one-slice-off-a-cut-loaf" attitude of the girl who sleeps around to advance her "career" or get in well with someone who can do her favors in return.

But if a streetwalker is not wholly frigid when she takes up the line, she quickly becomes so.

Now; I wondered at first (since in all other details of Estelle's history, her orphanage background, and feeling of emotional rejection, you were psychologically sound) you might not have been using extra-good characterization, and letting Estelle hand her client the usual "line" of "I do it because I like it"--implying to the male, "I like men, especially you."

But really, since Estelle was "levelling" with the man in the story, it jolted the extreme realism and veracity with which you had handled everything else.

College age men especially are prone to romanticism about prostituted and their sexual fields. [Ahem!--ed.] (...)

An astonishing number of prostitutes (...) are very good sorts indeed. (...) A few, of course are mercenary bitches, and a few more are figures of real high tragedy; but the average are just good, ordinary women with a disinclination or lack of talent for other endeavors or a profound sense of insecurity or lack of confidence to succeed at anything else. They are almost without exception--look up the case histories if you don't believe me--unable to sustain a close personal relationship on normal equal terms with a man, or to trust and respond to any man sexually, except on the masochist/maternal neurotic terms they adopt toward their various pimps if they have them. Most of them--except those driven into prostitution by threats of force, or need of money to feed an addiction--feel that their body is the only thing they have which anyone values enough to pay for. And of course, a few are original rebels against society, who do it out of spite; but very few, and even those are in the frigid class.

I agree; it's likely that the average femfan would be a likely candidate for the field of oldest profession, for any or all of the reasons above, except that it



is very rare for a woman of high intelligence and creativity to sell sex retail; there is not, despite romantic conceptions, a great deal of money in prostitution for the streetwalker except at the high-price call-girl levels. The woman of really high creativity-intelligence is very often sexually promiscuous (a great many femme fans are either promiscuous in fact or would be except for their rational appraisal of the consequences in gossip or pregnancy) but, as I say, she quickly realizes that selling sex retail is not remunerative and so, unless (as I said above) she is forced into prostitution by threats, blackmail, or real neurotic rebellion society, like the one who becomes a whore for spite against overstrict parents, she finds she can achieve her goals easily otherwise and reserve her body for better gratifications than playing up to chance-comers.

So I say, in two levels; your story is likely and at the same time unlikely. It could happen and I was willing to believe in it, with that one minor exception; and, since Estelle could have been handing her client a "line", it is even believable there. I congratulate you on it, and I think this story ranks among the half-dozen pieces of fan fiction, which are really serious fiction in a context of social appraisal of fans and people.

[Well, actually I had the idea that here I was printing what Estelle believed about herself. Prostitutes aren't any better psychologists than anyone else, and most people have conceptions of themselves which in some areas depart very far from the truth. But I could have made that clearer.--ed.]

HARRY WARNER, JR: I've heard a couple of rumors about a West Coast parallel to your story in this issue, but it was someone who was active many years ago and never gained much fame outside her city, so the lady's willingness might simply have been exaggerated into a profession by some innocent fan. The only criticism that I might offer is a technical one that has nothing to do with the writing or idea: I suspect that someone in that house would have come to investigate if Estelle didn't emerge from the room for more than a halfhour. (...)

I don't feel any particular urge to revise the constitution, but I do wonder how many changes it would possess if the founding fathers had drawn it up under conditions of 1961 rather than 1776. For instance, this right to carry guns has been turned into a fetish by some people in and out of fandom. I suspect that it wouldn't be considered worthy of inclusion today, because guns are no longer needed by the individual for protection against Indians and for providing the day's meat supply. Similarly, the protection against having soldiers billeted in your house seems archaic.

[You mean to say you can go outdoors without a rifle for protection against Indians even in the Maryland Panhandle?--ed.]

SETH JOHNSON: Liked the story "Encounter" and suspect it actually happened [it did NOT!--ed.] although not necessarily to a couple of fans. Would be kind of fun though to have a Bordello LASFS or something of the sort.

That's not a bad idea to revise the whole political setup. Personally I would prefer to see the thing arranged on basis of population rather than geography. This might permit some of the large cities and/or counties to become states in their own right which would be only fair if you consider the problem New York has with its four counties and the state control in hands of upstate citizens although these are outnumbered several times to one by citizens of New York City.

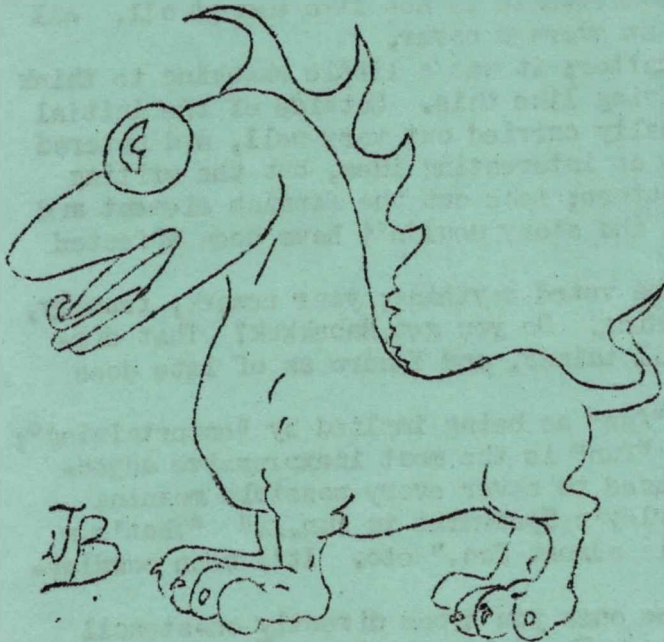
Best thing though would be proportional representation. If the Republicans get forty percent of the vote then they should have forty percent of the seats. If the splinter parties manage to wangle one percent of the votes then one percent of the seats should go to them. The idea being that not merely the majority, but all citizens and points of view would be represented in Congress.



But then the best thing might be that political machine in one sf story which simply constantly tabulated public opinion and the opinion was the law of the land. If you wanted the law changed in your favor then all you had to do was to invest enough money in advertising to swing public opinion over to your way of thinking. This would eliminate lawyers and lawsuits to a large degree since the machine itself would judge all cases. (...)

Like your discussion on capitalism and socialism. Only thing I don't like about capitalism as a system is the recurrent wars and depressions inherent in such a system. And right now another war is synonymous with suicide for humanity. And believe me depressions can be mighty rough too although you're probably too young to have suffered from the last one. You have to suffer the total loss of hope, self respect and the utter futility of even trying to understand what a depression does to people. Now find some gimmick whereby wars and depressions could be eliminated from capitalist economy and you'd be a world saver indeed. (...)

[Proportional representation fascinates me and I am reading widely in it. One day I intend to write a book about it. Nearly everything I have read has either been biased in favor of it or against it. It's neither that good nor that bad. But the most important thing people ought to understand about PR is the fact that there are innumerable different systems of it. These systems are as different from each other as any one of them is from our present system. And there is no important generalization you can make about them that doesn't have exceptions.---ed.]



JEAN YOUNG: "Encounter" is a lovely idea, but when I came to The Switch (and, unfortunately, it came right at the bottom/top of a page), my reaction was to laugh hugely. I thought it was a satire. But after that one line (...) it was serious again. I'm fairly sure you meant to be serious. But there is absolutely no warning in the first part of the story that this man is a fan or knows anything about fandom--that it is going to be anything other than a "straight" story; and the shock,

rather than being deeply emotional, is funny, and I think it interferes with the seriousness of the whole thing. Provided I haven't been terribly gullible and unperceptive and not recognized a satire. (...)

I liked the poem "The New Cemetery" very much, although the beginning seemed a little dry and -- oh, too ordered or something. Maybe that's what Redd means by copybook stuff. But the idea and the feeling I like very much; it rings true. It is seeing something small like that that can create the true image of someone who is not there that hits hardest. (...)

A couple of weeks ago, John Hitchcock walked into the Fish Room with a clutch of fanzines in his arms, moaning. "What's the matter?" I asked. "I think I'm sick," he groaned. "Oh dear, what's the matter?" "I think I want to publish a fanzine again!" I looked at the fanzines he was clutching: CADENZA, WARHOON, and DISCORD.

I'm afraid fandom's habit of regarding me as a lavender essence was one of the things that got me a little bored with it at one point. I'm NOT sweet and nice and



gentle and I haven't been on a field trip (of the sort that's for realsies) in six years. I'm 27 and I hang around a theater and use dirty words and (...) am learning to be the best stage manager in Cambridge. I'm checked out on the Light panel, the hydraulic elevators and the winch board at the new Loeb Drama Center. I bitch at my stage crews, fight with my bosses and equals. I go to drunken cast parties and get bombed out of my mind.

Phooey on lavender. (...) /Does that make you lavender blue?--ed./

JEFF WANSHEL: I find that most fanzines today are divided into a rough three categories; very faanish chatterzines, interesting discussion and new trendzines, and the last third of unclassified crud. Cadenza fits into none of these categories; it's not faanish, nor is it a discussionzine, tho it carries elements of both, and it certainly isn't crud. Rather, it's a nice, informal little magazine; comparable to an oasis among the strictly categorical mass of today's zines. It's one of the most pleasantly enjoyable I receive.(...)

Bergeron's distinctive style is easily identified. Dick is probably the best abstract artist when it comes to airbrush-and-stencil in fandom, and his line drawings put him high up in that category. (...) Did you or Dick stencil this? I would tend to think it was Dick, but the clumsy rocket-ship is not like him at all. All in all, it's a below-average Bergeron, and an average cover.

"Encounter" was new to me in subject matter; it was a little shocking to think that one of my friends might be making a living like this. Outside of the initial spark of interest, tho, the story wasn't really carried out very well, and petered out completely before and at the end. It's an interesting idea, but the writing style and the like is strictly mundane in nature; take out the fannish element and make the heroine a pen-pal in mundania, and the story wouldn't have been affected at all. (...)

I don't think that Nirenberg ought to be voted anything; your remark, frankly, surprises me. And you don't seem to be kidding. Do you get Habakkuk? That discusses problems like these as run-of-the-mill things, and Yandro as of late does much of the same.

It's odd that you should use the word "fun" as being implied by "entertaining"; as of late, again, as Nirenberg points out, "fun" is the most inexpressive adjective in the English language. It has been used to cover every possible meaning to which it could be applied. "Chewing Wrigley's Spearmint is fun..." "That's a fun girl..." "Washing with Brand Faceless is almost fun." etc. It's been bowdlerized until it's meaningless. (...)

Offhand, on cursory slimpse, I'd say the ones you types directly on-stencil were the reviews of Que Pasado, Axe, Driftwood, The Golden Apple. /Well, you slimpse middlin' well. I wrote on-stencil the reviews of Que Pasado?, Axe, Warhoon, and the last paragraph of the review of Discord.--ed./

RUTH BERMAN: "Encounter" is a good story, and yet, somehow, the ending does not quite satisfy me. The original idea for the story came, perhaps, from Ethel Lindsay's remark in HAVERINGS 4 that she wondered "what would be the general reaction of fandom to a gemmefanne writing in a zine with the implication that she finds it fun to go to bed with men, and cheerfully does so at appropriate opportunities?". Plus perhaps the fine old tradition of the prostitute with the heart of gold.

The implication of the story seems to be that Estelle has had to split her life, keeping her mental life completely separate from the physical; that this separation hurts both her and the society which makes such a separation necessary. I think, if this is a valid interpretation, that this is what causes my dissatisfaction with the ending: Estelle has learned that it hurts her deeply to keep the two lives separate. So I should think she would make some kind of rebellion, instead of



simply letting Moray walk out with a promise to keep silent. Especially since she is built up as a strong, defiant character in the beginning of the story.

I like the first stanza of "The New Cemetery" very much. Combined beauty ("aseptic peace" is a finely emphatic bit of assonance) and interesting idea. The second stanza, though, is not as good technically, and the idea seems a little trite. [Actually, the idea for "Encounter" did not come from Ethel Lindsay, though several people suggested that it did. I haven't yet seen HAVERINGS, hint hint.--ed.]

BETTY KUJAWA: I'm in far too good of a mood today to argue with ya on the merits of socialism--to me it's abhorrent, distasteful, and ghaaa--so leave us say, as the olde joke went--"You go to your church and I'll go to mine, sweetie". I give you the right to boost it and you give me the right to knock it...okay?...okay.

Though you might sometime check into just how much of a success nationalization of industries really are...and how really successful something like the TVA really actually is. And why the suicide and alcoholic rate seems so high in the socialistic welfare Scandinavian lands---and why everywhere that I'd heard of these past ten years the more or less socialist nations (England, etc.) have voted much of it out of power. As of now it aint got too good of a record in actual life. (...) [Good Heavens, I'm not a Socialist! But I think your arguments against it are weak. England simply hasn't voted out Socialism, although it voted out the Socialist party, which isn't the same thing at all. And the idea that Scandinavian politics has anything to do with their high suicide and alcoholic rate has yet to be proved. I believe that the government should do for the people whatever they can't or won't do for themselves. Same for the federal government stepping in where states are lacking. The addition of "or won't" makes me a liberal, but not a socialist. I do believe in expanding the cooperative area of our society, though.--ed]

GREG BENFORD: I found a genuine and entertaining personality in the pages on Cadenza. Your method of comment is one of "quiet restraint" more than anything else, and your style flows so smoothly the reader is hardly conscious of it most of the time. Something about it does remind me of 6th Form, though -- it is more relaxed (yet delicately engineered) and less pretentious than most fanzines of similar type today.

"Encounter" is a good story, well told. I wonder at the number of stories, movies, novels, etc., which have been written recently about prostitutes, and can't imagine why the device is used so often for story material. Still, tho the Message of this one is somewhat worn (when translated a bit for Mundane purposes) I found it interesting. Must admit, though, that the bit about stf fans being "kids, and guys so damn self-righteous about their open-mindedness" struck me as somewhat strange and a bit naive. Does this reflect in any way your own feelings?

I disagree with some of your constitutional changes. "Why do some states have better schools than others?" you say. Well, why not, if the states don't want to pay for them. I see no reason why the government should try to equalize conditions in the states when the populace simply doesn't care for it or can't pay. States rights, even tho they afford shelter for bigots of all kinds now, may someday be an effective stopgap against socialism (nationalization etc.). Of course, this doesn't mean anything to you because you don't see anything wrong with socialism (but I do...)

I think your amendments would be helpful in the main, but I would like to take advantage of any change to rid us of such things as rational marriage laws etc., for I feel that the state has no right to legislate my conduct as long as I harm no one (my marriage partner would marry of her own consent, and thus fully responsible for any harm she receives--or at least, that's the way it should be)(all this presuming no children, of course).



Your comments on socialism are interesting, and parallel my thoughts on the subject a few years ago. I'll admit that socialism "sounds pretty attractive", but after some experience living under it (and talking extensively to people who have lived a good portion of their lives in the most thorough-going socialist states extant) I have come to feel that the urge to mediocre performance under a lax system cancels most of the benefits of socialism. And those poor showings in both the economic and (to a certain extent) cultural fields are not due solely to bad government or handling, either--I've seen some pretty capable individuals (some in New Zealand, for example) who after a few years simply couldn't get the high level of performance from the workers as previously. So unless you can show me numerous examples of socialism which has improved the countries concerned over an extended period of time (say, 10 years) more than the previous system, I remain here, licking my wounds.

Your reviews are well done. Exceedingly so; more, please. Oh yes; altho it can make little difference at this point, I'd like to point out that the meaningless jargon which was accredited to me in Gemzine was of the hand of Mrs. Carr and not my own. Aside from cutting the meat out of my letters, she also ignores crossed-out typos (in other words, prints them in full along with the other material, which to say the least is confusing), misspells words so that verbs become nouns, etc. If she does this to Deckinger and others who write her, it's easy to see how she "wins" her arguments. [I most sincerely apologize for attacking you about your comments in Gemzine. I had no idea she would sink to such depths. / I do see things wrong with some aspects of Socialism. The Marxist theory of the economic man I find ridiculously lopsided. I don't think nationalization should be pursued for its own sake, although it has its place; I don't think of it as a last resort, either. But I like social security, progressive taxation (tho I find US taxes rather too progressive), government operation of transportation facilities, etc.--ed.]

And the others--LARRY SHAW: I thought the situation in "Encounter" was fascinating and nicely built up in the beginning but you dropped it without doing too much with it. PHIL HARRELL: I think Cza could stand a bit more in the way of variety altho you did very nicely with what you did being as you wrote it all yourself. I know dozens of people that couldn't have done  $\frac{1}{4}$  as well. However, as good as it is I definitely don't think it's a zine for neos and/or people who think this is how fandom is run all the time and this just goes to prove it. Or a neo who doesn't know what fandom is all about cause a friend got him to join but if it's like this he/his parents want no part of it. [This is a problem that has been worrying me. If anyone objects to any kind of material which has appeared in Cza contact me and I will delete those parts in your copy of future issues.--ed.] HELMUT KLF-M: This latest trend to sercon in the States annoys me. Fandom of today is infiltrated by a lot of mundanes and semi-mundanes! (...) Cadenza (...) is one of the few real faanish zines published in these days. BOB COULSON: Mostly, what I wanted to write about is "Encounter". I can't really say that it's the best piece of fan fiction that I've ever read, but it's certainly the most original. Juanita thought your depiction of the prostitute was way off -- and I'll have to agree with her; the number of prostitutes who enjoy sex with anybody is virtually nil. Polly Adler mentions one nympho who worked for her and states that never in her career did she meet another girl like her. Most of our other books on the subject emphatically state that all prostitutes are frigid. Still, I suppose the combination of a fanish prostitute who enjoys sex is possible, if far-fetched, and the story is a good one. (One of the few items I've read in recent fanzines that I'd like to have published myself.) (...) Ted Pauls is going to hate your guts; if there's one fanzine he wouldn't want KIPPLE compared to, it's YANDRO. ANDY YOUNG: I thought Redd Boggs' critical remarks about the poems of the previous issue were typically Boggsian -- as typically professional-style criticism as the poems may have been typically studentish. Have you ever thought of Redd Boggs as an archetype? Also LARRY WILLIAMS, BOB LICHTMAN. Thanks one and all--ed.