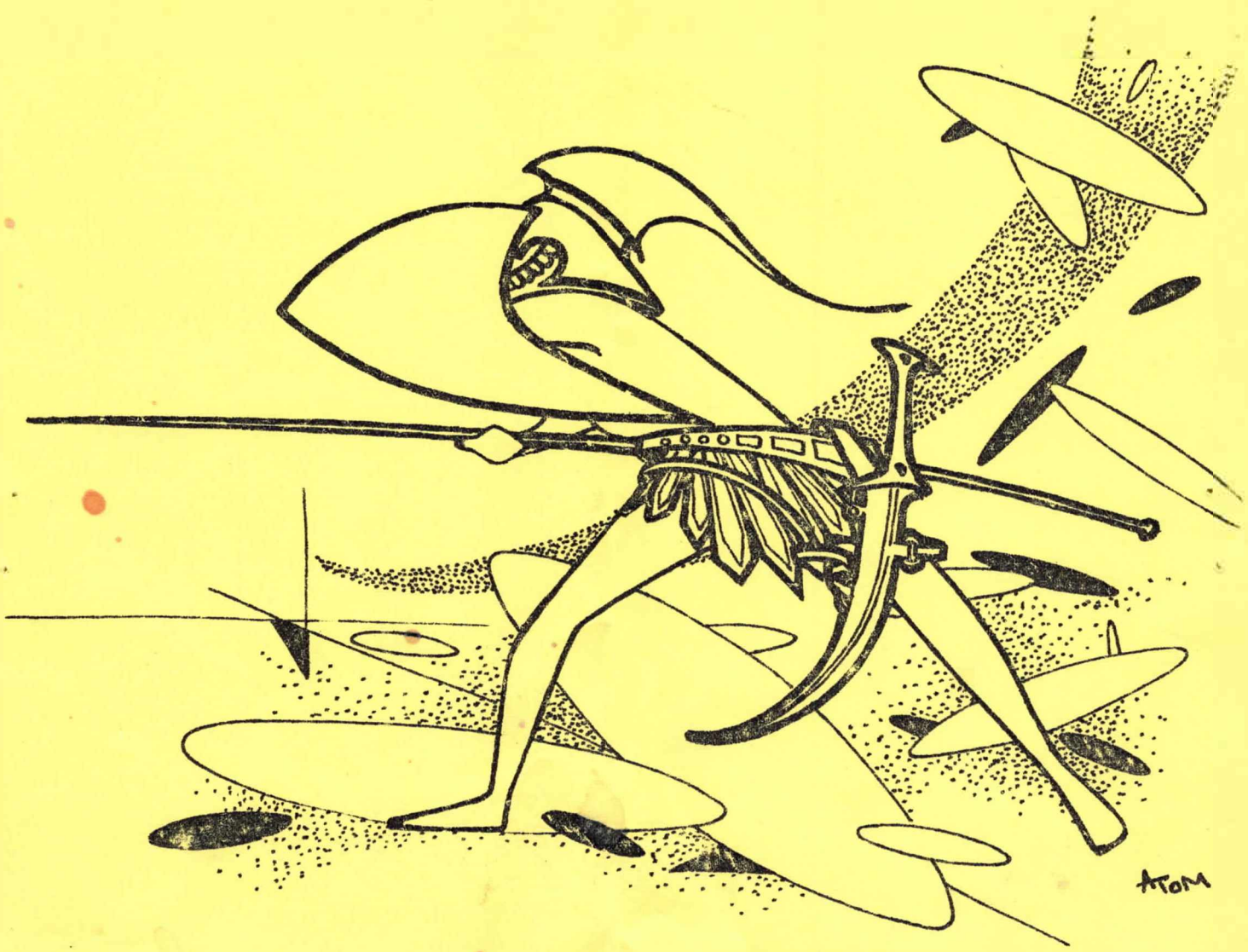
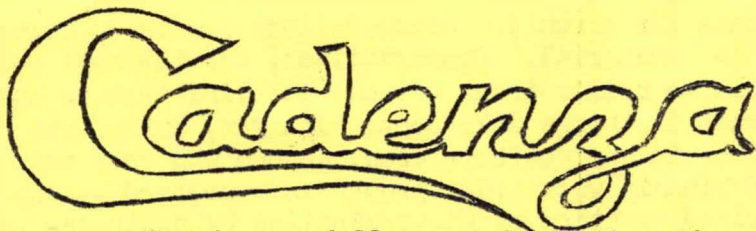


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mundus mea patria

INTROIT

The format this time is stolen directly from Ted Pauls' KIPPLE and if it works out to our satisfaction may very well become permanent. It consists essentially of abolishing all departments and columns and running one item after another from the beginning of the magazine to the end. No more complicated letter-number pagination. No more super-duper Wells-lettered headings. The letter column is scattered all through the magazine; in effect I type a letter every time I feel like typing one. We will, unlike KIPPLE, retain illustrations to avoid monotony.

By the way, when I say "I", I mean me, and when I type "we", I mean us. Ahem.

--CW

When a lion meets another with a louder roar, the first lion thinks the last a bore.

THE PUBLIC ACCOMMODATIONS LAW

The most controversial part of the new civil rights legislation, and the one least likely to be passed, is the public accommodations law. In the form proposed by the Kennedy Administration, it forbids businesses which substantially engage in interstate commerce to practice discrimination on account of race. Another similar proposal would use the fourteenth amendment, rather than the commerce clause, and thereby cover all businesses whether or not they are engaged in interstate commerce. I am not concerned with the Constitutional question here, since I believe that as a matter of fact the Supreme Court will allow either variant to stand. The more difficult question is, is it wise? The major difficulty seems to come with its apparent conflict with property rights.

The difference placed in emphasis on property rights and other civil rights is one of the two major differences between conservatives and liberals in this country (the other is the role of the government in the economy). It is my belief that if the conservatives would get down off their high horse for a minute and look at the

situation they would admit that the case for a public accommodations law is so strong that the question of property rights is immaterial. Conservatives, for the most part, do not object to laws forbidding people to sell poisons without labeling them as such. They actively advocate restraining trade in things like dope. And yet, anyone who has lived in any large Northern city, or in any southern area, anyone who does this who has his eyes open, his feeling of kinship with other people unsurpressed -- anyone like this knows that the unrestrained practice of discrimination by businessmen in the north and the south is a far, far worse poison in terms of lives ruined, in terms of death of spirit as well as death of body than the sale of dope and the sale of unmarked poisons in this country ever could be.

In North Carolina a Negro who wishes to take a trip from Durham to the mountains must expect to sleep in his car, unless he knows ahead of time of the names of the very few motels who will welcome him; he must expect to be served last in gas stations, after all whites who may be around have served him, and not to receive any such services as free windshield-cleaning; he must choose between going to a side entrance of a restaurant to get food, having to take it away to eat in his car, and making a special trip in hopes he can find a restaurant in a "colored" section of town -- with the possibility of failure or of finding a filthy hovel serving contaminated food; he must put up with insult by storekeepers, disrespect and minuscule enforcement of traffic laws by fat, pig-eyed cops who rarely even raise their voices at whites (especially if they have a tie on), and God pity him if he ever has a breakdown on the highway -- garages may not come to pick him up, and few whites will stop to help. In a Northern city if he has a high school education or less he must expect to be out of a job half the time while his wife cleans other people's homes to support his family. In Chicago there is a limit on how much welfare his family can draw, as if one could put a limit on life. Even in the North, when he travels, he has to put up with motels that suddenly become vacant and waitresses that "accidentally" spill ketchup on him. It's no wonder he marches in the streets, sits down in store entrances, goes to jail and sings hymns! This social poison is worse than any physical poison could be -- not that there is not physical danger of getting beat up by southern white Hicks who can often manage only to spell their own names, of getting his house shot at in the middle of the night because he sat down at a drugstore counter the previous day, of getting murdered in cold blood because he helped some people to register to vote. This is not poison? By God, if a public accommodations (which would be only a partial help, only a sop) law violates your precious property rights, then I can with impunity sell your child candy with DDT in it!

But too many people won't see this. Too many people who put up with, who even advocate, federal legislation requiring restaurants to serve margarine in one shape and butter in another, will be bothered by an invasion of "property rights". Too many people have no feeling of kinship with any other human being, no sense of outrage at affronts to another's dignity because they have no sense of their own worth. Too many damn people aren't worthy of the name "human"!

--cw

...These suburb pleasures of a London May...

---Sheridan

MISCELLANIA I

It appears highly unlikely that Janie & I will make the DCon. We are close to DC and have a car, but unfortunately Jane's job requires her to be on duty on Labor Day. This would require driving back on Sunday, thus missing half the convention. Sigh... / I plan to publish an address list of all fans for whom I have the new ZIP number in the next issue. If you want on, drop me a card. Once in a while the USPO comes up with a good idea, by Ghu.

--cw

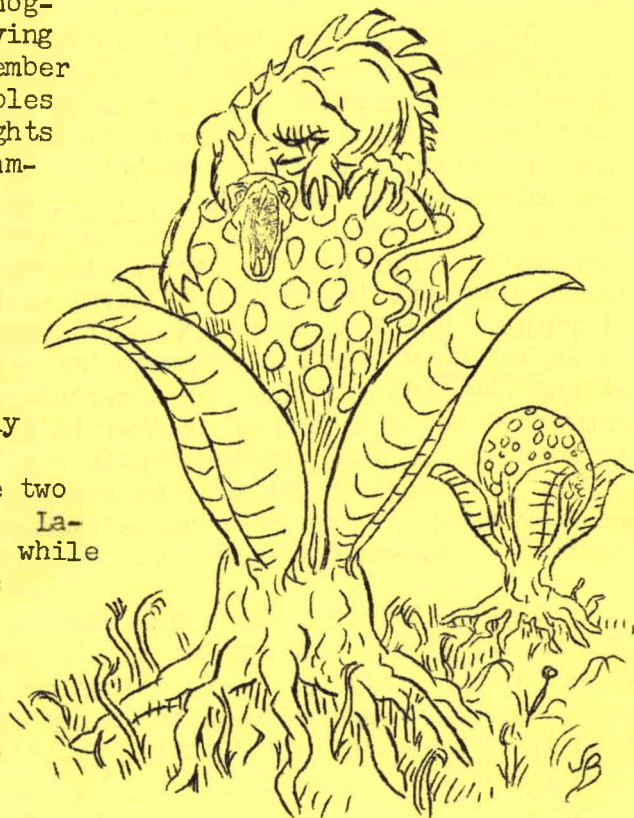
LETTER FROM GORDON EKLUND

"I found your discussion of fanzine reviews/mailling comments/letters of comment most interesting. I can vouch for the fact that I enjoy writing fanzine reviews more than letters of comment. I've written more letters of comment than fanzine reviews, having done only two sets of the latter, but somehow my impression is that I, personally, got a lot more fun out of writing the fanzine reviews. I'm not certain at the moment which I preferred receiving, though, fanzine reviews or letters. While publishing Bramble, I was pretty certain I preferred fanzine reviews. Unlike LOC's, the writer would almost always give some sort of general overall description of his opinion of my work, and that time this was what I was most interested in receiving. But thinking back now, I can see that I never received a fanzine review on either of the two issues that gave me near the satisfaction or the enjoyment as a letter from Harry Warner or one or two other very good letters I happened to receive. If I were publishing a genzine right now, I think I'd probably tell you to send me a letter rather than review my zine, but I'm really not too sure of this, unfortunately, probably asking for both.

"...I share your appreciation of mailing comments. They're my favorite form of fan reading matter any more, too, especially when done well, and probably my favorite form of writing as well. At least it would seem that way since nearly everything I've published in the last year or so has been mailing comments. I wish, in conclusion, that you could keep the fanzine reviews in Cadenza, but your problem is obvious. I rather liked them (they were among the better fanzine reviews I've seen recently), and I think their disappearance may take some of the balance out of the zine.

"At a local high school up here recently a speaker from the local cell of the Socialist Workers' Party was denied the right to participate in a debate with some local chief of the John Birch Society. No complaint was made about the existence of the Bircher on campus, but some irate parent phoned the principal of the school to protest that the Socialist Workers' Party was a subversive organization and on the Attorney General's list. Mostly this turned out to be a lot of hogwash (the local US District Attorney even denying the existence of any such list), and if I remember correctly the debate went on after all. Examples of Communists and Nazis being denied their rights to speak on various college and high school campuses is nothing new (Gus Hall got booted out of the UW last year after being invited to speak) but this is the first time I've heard of it being denied to a nice quiet Socialist. Who's next, I wonder?

"Boyd Raeburn raises a good point, I think, about labor and management and who's ahead. But it would seem to me that it is only best that labor should be ahead and have more power. It's not that labor and management are two equal groups whose power should be kept equal. Labor represents a much larger number of people, while management represents or I should say includes a very minor segment of the population. I'm not saying that labor's power should be equal to its representation but I think it should be somewhat more than that of management. It seems the only fair thing, you would think.



"That bit about the lack of labor anti-trust laws is a cliché and hardly valid. Union members do, after all, have the right to elect a union to represent them and supposedly have the right to change anytime they get the wish. Not so with consumers who have to take whatever business monopoly is forced upon them. Asking for anti-monopoly laws against unions is like asking for anti-trust laws against the executive branch of the government if the people elect a Democrat, thus not giving the Republicans a chance to compete. There's a large difference between the monopoly of an elective institution which can be changed by balloting and the monopoly of a non-elective institution which is there to stay, forever, and forces out competition by sheer strength. I'm not going to argue that all is rosy and beautiful with unions and that they're all-good and that management is all-bad. There are obvious evils in unions, many of them coming from the phenomenon of Big-Unionism, and steps should be taken to get rid of them. Maybe Boyd means something else by union anti-trust laws, but it is in the context I'm arguing against above that I've seen the concept outlined previously." (14612-18th St SW, Seattle 66, Wash).

The Socialist Workers' Party is not such a "quiet" type of socialist party. They are Trotskyite and the social revolution they advocate is every bit as hair-raising as that of the Communists'. Usually not as big a fuss is made about them, however, because they are not backed by a foreign power. The quiet socialists in this country are in the Socialist Party - Social Democratic Federation (the awkward name is the result of a merger) to which Norman Thomas belong. There is a third one -- the Socialist Labor Party, which believes in the workers' owning and operating industry -- not the government, but workers' councils. All this description does not mean, of course, that I do not think all three parties should have full civil rights and should not be subject to squelching maneuvers of the type you describe. --cw/

A man may always be judged by his actions, but he usually isn't.

MOLYBDENUM QUARTER-HOURS

Handwritten: Molybdenum
Pale Fire, by Vladimir is by far the most unorthodox book, in terms of form, of the three books by him that I have read (the other two: Lolita and Pnin). It is set in the form of a long poem by a poet John Shade, to which a long preface and a very long (three or four times the length of the poem) set of notes by his next-door neighbor, a Professor Kinbote. In the preface and set of notes a tale unfolds -- a tale more fantastic than Lolita, more highly colored than Pnin. It is the tale of a deposed King of a mythical country Zembla (the Russian word for "land" is "zemlya"), complete with social structure, international relations, and a well-thought out, but impossible in terms of modern linguistic science, Indo-European language. The King is a homosexual, and the learned Professor is also. Hence, just as in Lolita we see what happens through the eyes of a pervert, we follow the flight of the King and his chase by a certain Gradus (I am not yet certain of the answer to the question of whether he is merely a product of Kinbote's imaginings or is meant to be real) through another sort of pervert's eyes. I'd recommend it to any of you; some of you will be interested in the element of fantasy, others in the innumerable literary and other allusions that pepper the book. It is perhaps too much of a tour-de-force to have the power of Lolita, but it has plenty power enough.

AMAZING STORIES, for May, seems to be on a religious kick. "Jobo", by Henry Slesar, is a neat working out of the Easter Island mystery, but the tension introduced in the story by Jobo's tormentors, who are prejudiced by his physical appearance, is not enough to keep the story from being unbalanced in favor of the protagonist (a fault shared by "Little Fuzzy"). "The Road to Sinharat" by Leigh Brackett

is a civilization-on-Mars-being-tampered-with-by-meddling-do-gooders story that is far superior to anything of that breed that has appeared in ANALOG. It evokes a wonderfully sense-of-wonderish civilization and has very little preaching or long dull conversations about how unrealistic do-gooders are and how smart us hands-off types are. But it is flawed by a weak ending; after the hero slugs through a long perilous journey (and an exciting one, I might add) all the do-gooders wind up together in the ancient tower and agree that the protagonist was right after all. But not because they were convinced of the wisdom of hands-offishness so much as that the ancient records showed them that in this case hands-offishness was a good idea. Which is eminently sane and reasonable but makes for a dull thud at the end. Everything tied up too neatly, somehow. Of the two short stories, "The Right Side of the Tracks", by Albert Teichner, was incredibly poor in writing, conception, and plot, and "The Deep Space Scrolls" was trivial (it was by Robert F. Young), an attempt to turn Noah's Ark into a spaceship. All in all, I still like ANALOG better. --cw

 "Is it radioactive?" he asked curiously. "No, it's not," she muttered leadenly.

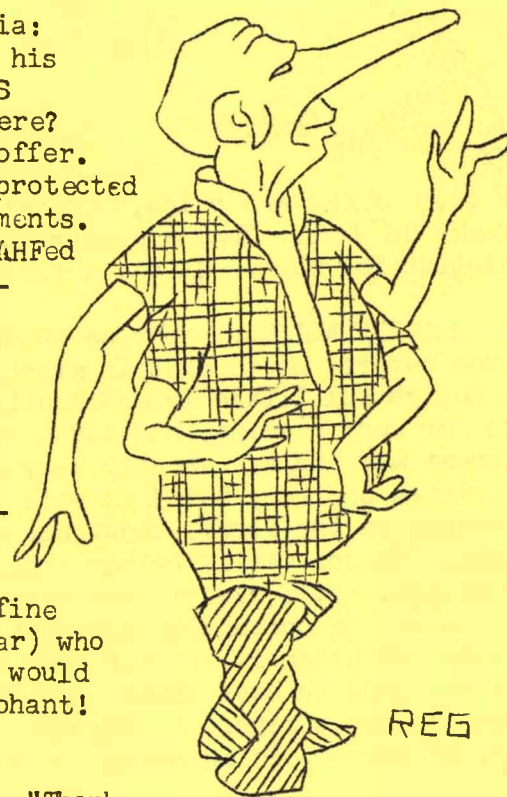
SOME BRIEF COMMENTS BY VARIOUS READERS

JOHN FOYSTER, Po Box 57, Drouin, Vic., Australia:
 "Any man who writes 'axiomatizing' deserves to have his article ignored... I am sorry to see GREEN THOUGHTS vanish. If it has found a home, can you tell me where? If I thought I could get out a regular fanzine I'd offer. If Bergeron protects all his columnists the way he protected fan X there is little bloody wonder he gets few comments. I know of at least two letters that were not even WAHFed to save embarrassment of fan X..." /Humph. "Axiomatizing" is a perfectly good word that has been used by mathematicians for years. GT may be revived at some future date but right now I'm going to concentrate on this rag. What the Hell is all this about "fan X"? --cw/

DON STUDEBAKER, c/o Mrs. S. Kolchak, 2104 Brandywine St., Philadelphia 30, Pa.: "Congratulations and all that happy and prosper stuff. I never thought I would have the pleasure of seeing such a fine zine. Especially if you are the same Wells (singular) who used to publish Sick Elephant, or are you?" /Sir, I would never DREAM of publishing a fanzine called Sick Elephant! --cw./

JUDY SEPHTON, 2486 Elm Place, New York 58, NY: "Thanks for mentioning my marriage in Cadenza 7...but, right before the birth control joke?! As they say at CCNY (Christian College Now Yiddish) OY VAY!! No offense meant." /Sorry -- interlineation produces strange -- no, I'd better not say that. Uh, oh, hell, let's go on to the next letter....--cw/

G. M. CARR, 5319 Ballard Ave NW, Seattle 7, Wash.: "Congratulations and best wishes for happiness in your lifetime together. As the saying goes, 'May all your troubles be little ones'. C#7 much appreciated but only your $\frac{1}{2}$ page comment 'SF Comes true' sparks reply: The entire pattern of meal preparation has changed in the





past $\frac{1}{4}$ century. Not only new utensils, but new foods and techniques: Packaged soups, frozen 3-course meals, powdered potatoes -- to say nothing of the re-evaluation of menu-planning due to counting calories. SF truly has come to the dinner table and kitchen without any bugles or fanfare..."

NORM CLARKE, Box 911, Aylmer E., Que.:

"I was mildly startled to see an excerpt from a letter of mine printed in Cadenza: I don't remember writing it. I guess I was Not Myself at the time -- I so frequently am Not Myself that I am maybe Somebody Else Altogether Different by now. Anyway, I have translated the gibberish I allegedly wrote to you: its intent was positive, favorable, and complimentary. Dispel any doubts, Charles. In the cold light of this dawn (12 noon, March 5) I can and do state soberly and in reasonably intelligible English that Cadenza is a fine fanzine... I don't know if I offered you & Jane my best

wishes in that Other Note; if not -- or even if so --

I offer them now: 'Best wishes!' is about the way I'll put it." /Ach, mea culpa, I didn't print the disclaimer you sent along with those remarks in Jazz. That's because I thought they were so delightful that you needn't apologize for them. It was a poetsarce, not a letter.--cw/

HARRIET KOLCHAK, address above: "However did you get that delightful picture on the cover? We thought it might be photo-offset /yes--cw/ but were not sure. Noted the delightful little interlineations between most of the columns. They usually make for good reading, and add a touch of mirth to a zine... Since politics do not interest me, and are usually very boring, I find it hard to consider any article that is written on them, but I do note that the axiomatic systems in your zine appear to be rather on the light, enjoyable side... I was sorry to note that you missed the Chicon. It was really rather good, and would probably rate next to Detention in my estimation. It's always been interesting to me to now how long it takes to get most reports out on convention material. I think more effort should be made to get these reports off promptly, rather than three to six months late. After all, if we have to wait too long to hear about anything, the report loses its zest. I will make an effort to get a report on any con off to you within a week or so after the event. This, of course, is in answer to Harry Warner's letter..."

Peace is not only better than war, but infinitely more arduous.

GBS

"...It is said that every people has the Government it deserves. It is more to the point that every Government has the electorate it deserves; for the orators of the front bench can edify or debauch an ignorant electorate at will. Thus our democracy moves in a vicious circle of reciprocal worthiness and unworthiness..."

--GBS

WHY DANNY PULASKI WENT FAFIA

When Ed reentered the room, Bill Cole was astonished at the expression on his face. Ed Coulton was a large, slow man with, usually, a placid expression on his round face. But now his face was twisted, distorted, with the particularly unpleasant look of angry pudginess.

"My God, what happened, Ed?"

Ed Coulton sat down rather heavily and fumbled for a cigarette before answering. "It was Danny's father. He said -- he said Danny couldn't come tonight. I mean, not any night." He lit the cigarette as Bill stared at him, not quite grasping his import. "He said he was forbidding Danny to come to any more GSFA meetings, and he can't publish any more issues of Wocky."

"But, good grief, Ed -- Danny's father's never seemed the type that'd do something like that." Bill consciously tried to relax in his chair, but failed. "Didn't he give any reasons?"

"That's all he said. Danny can't do anything in fandom and he's going to burn all his fanzines and send back all the ones that come in the mail."

"Well, what the hell does he think he's going to do to Danny, for God's sake! That boy was one of the most mixed-up fourteen year-olds I ever saw before he discovered fandom, and coming to our meetings and publishing Wocky has done wonders for him! Didn't Pulaski say anything about what made him do this?"

"No. He said it was none of my business and hung up when I asked him why."

"Why the hell do people have to be like that?" Bill exploded, his voice breaking. "These goddamn blue nose respectable -- how the hell do they keep from raising a bunch of psychotics for children? By God, I'm going over there and talk to that bastard. He's ruining the only chance that kid'll ever have to develop a mind of his own and to -- to -- he wasn't even able to talk in connected sentences when I first met him without getting embarrassed!" He got up, unable to sit still any longer.

Ed looked at him as he stood at the mimeo table and fingered a sheet of paper in the bad-pile. "Perhaps--" he faltered. "It's up to you, of course, but I don't think it'll do any good. And Pulaski's got the legal right to do what he wants to about it."

"To hell with legal right! Dammit, maybe I bitched at him the other day for messing up the roller on the mimeo, but I liked the kid, and I don't propose to stand around and see his whole life messed up by that pasty faced old world father of his!"

He slammed the door as he went out.

He had calmed down considerably by the time he arrived at the Pulaski residence, a large, two-storey house in a decaying but still respectable section of Greenville. It was a very dark night, and with only one dim light showing in the front windows, he almost turned back halfway up the walk. But, without being entirely clear to himself why he was doing it, he continued to the door and rang the bell.

After waiting impatiently for a moment and hearing no sound of footsteps approaching the door, he rapped sharply and to his surprise the door swung open.

"Hello?" he called. "Danny? Is anyone home?"

It was then that he realized what the dark shape lying in a pool of dim light in the room on his right was. Before he realized it he was down on his hands and

knees clumsily holding Danny Pulaski's wrist trying to tell if he was still alive. For Danny Pulaski lay sprawled on the floor with his head in the door opening to the vestibule, his right hand pressed flat against the wall beside the door and blood in a little pool under his head.

My God, what has that bastard done to Danny?, he thought, and aloud: "Mr. Pulaski! Is anyone home?" He got up and looked for a phone. There was none in the ugly Colonial living room he found himself in, so he hurried across the entranceway to the room on the left--

--and felt as if he were caught up in a tornado of obscene events when he saw Danny's father, head buried in his arms on the dining room table, shaking convulsively with such force that he seemed a puppet being shaken by some madman. But he was merely crying.

The sirens sounding in the distance were audible evidence that he had just used the phone beside his elbow.

Two days later, but it seemed to Bill like two centuries, he sat over coffee with Ed Coulton and Andrzej Pulaski in his own kitchen. Pulaski talked slowly, staring into his coffee and not drinking it. Bill sat back in his chair, asking occasional question in a voice that was not entirely steady. Ed remained silent, impassive as usual...

"You were his friend, Cole. I know he admired you and sometimes he would say things, or do things, that reminded me of you. That's how much influence you had."

"I liked him. I don't know why. Maybe I like being hero-worshipped."

"But you never suspected how deep my son -- " he paused. "You never suspected what he was like. And I am going to tell you, even though nobody else has ever known outside our family -- until now, until I had to tell the police."

Bill Cole merely stared at him.

"He had a brother, Mr. Cole. He had a brother Andrew that was just two years younger than he was. Andrew had the Romanov's disease, you know? Hemophilia, they call it. We were very careful with Andy; even a small cut meant a stay in the hospital and transfusions and -- they were expensive, Mr. Cole, but he was our son. Erika had a -- a very hard time keeping him from bumps and cuts, and you know how a small kid is for falling down and running into things. But he was growing into a fine-looking boy, and smart... Then--"

"Danny never said anything about him."

"No, no, he wouldn't. Danny was always jealous of Andrew. At least that's what I think now. He didn't show it. He never showed much of anything, he was shy and would sit for hours and just stare into space -- but he must have been jealous of Andy, of all the special attention that had to be paid to him. He must have been..." He shifted in his seat.

"One day, one day when Danny was eight and Andy was six, Erika told Danny to watch Andy -- they were playing in one of those plastic pools for kids, you know? She went inside to get some more clothespins for hanging up clothes. When she got them and was starting out again she heard Andy scream. She knew it was Andy, mothers can tell these things, Mr. Cole. She ran all the way round to the yard on the other side of the house -- and Andy was lying on the grass at the bottom of a trellis, a tall trellis that goes up all the way to the roof. He was screaming, and Danny was screaming too, now, and looking at Andy.

"Andy dies in the hospital the next day. His body was a mass of bruises. Danny said he ran around the house and when Danny had got there he saw him halfway up the trellis, and when Danny shouted at him he lost his grip and fell.

"The doctor said he's never seen such a bad case, and he said that he must have bumped against the trellis as he fell because he was bruised all over. But -- but later Erika found that there was a loose piece of wood in the trellis near the ground, and -- and she said it had not just come loose from the trellis -- it had been sawed. And Andy was old enough to know not to climb the trellis -- he had been in the hospital a dozen times from bruises and cuts.

"Mr. Cole, how the hell would you feel if you suspected your son of -- of murdering his brother? Premeditated murder, Mr. Cole, he must have beaten Andy with that board from the trellis, and he must have planned it out ahead of time. Andy never climbed that trellis -- he was beaten to death by his own brother..."

"Didn't -- didn't you do anything? Couldn't you--?"

"He was our son. And, and, we didn't know he did it. And we had to live with him, not knowing--

"And since that time he never said a word about Andy."

"Do you think that has anything to do with what happened day before yesterday?" asked Ed Coulton, after a pause. Bill Cole had gone completely white.

"Not except that -- that Danny was a born murderer, that's all it has to do with it. He had some sort of argument with you, Mr. Cole -- I heard him telling Erika about it--"

"Yes, I got annoyed with him for messing up the mimeograph."

"Well, he got annoyed with you, Mr. Cole. You don't know how much. You must have infuriated him. When he came downstairs, ready to go to your meeting, he forgot something and -- went back upstairs and left his coat on the chair next to where I was sitting. I saw something in the pocket -- it was rat poison, a box of rat poison. He was taking it with him."

"My God," exclaimed Bill. "He was the one that made the coffee for our meetings --he said it was the least he could do since he didn't have as much money as we did and -- he -- my God..."

"Well, anyway, when I saw that I immediately went upstairs and told him he couldn't go, that he would have to quit fandom. Mr. Cole, don't you understand -- How could I let a monster like that loose on you or on the world, either? I had to isolate him like a plague -- he's my son, if he wasn't my own son I would have killed him, a long time ago. Maybe I should have, God knows, but I didn't know -- I wasn't sure --"

"Then you called us and told us he couldn't come?"

"Yes, and when I hung up, that was when I heard Erika scream -- she screamed to me, that he would kill me -- and then it was cut off. You know why. But when he was running through the living room to find me -- you know what a funny way our stairs are arranged -- he must have slipped on the rug and landed on the knife..."

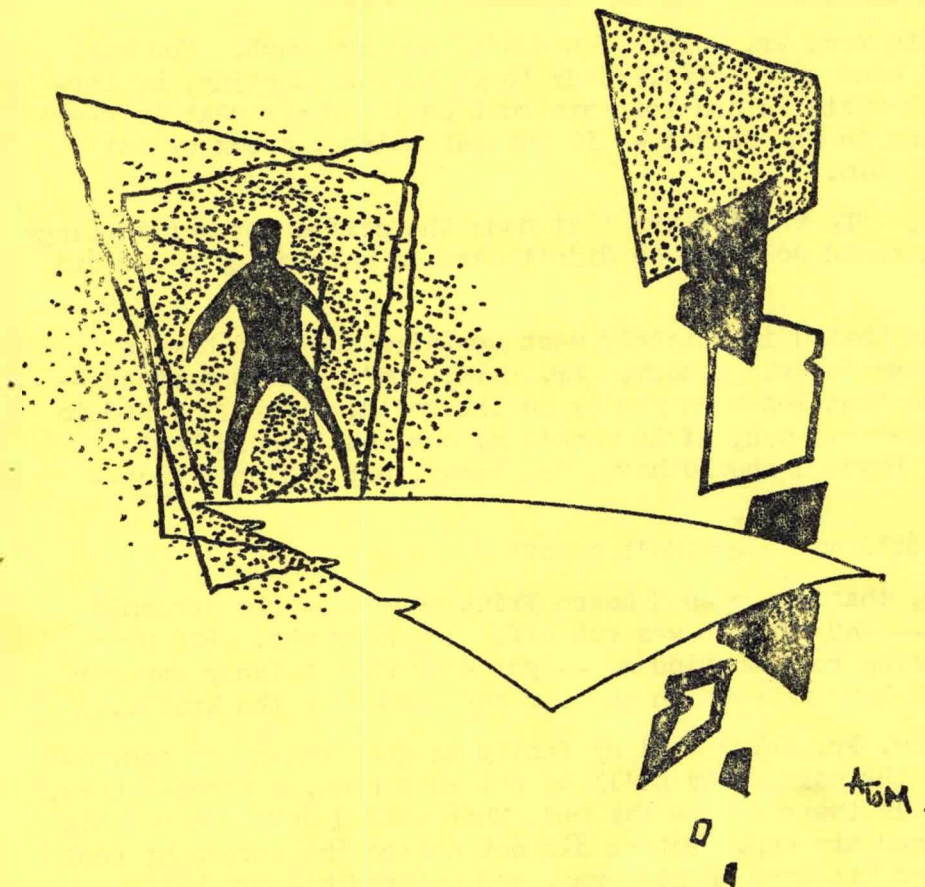
"What am I going to do now, Mr. Cole? All my family is gone except my son, and he's a murderer twice over -- the police say he'll be put in a home, a special home, but what about me, Mr. Cole? Is there a home for me? What will I do?" He put his arms on the table and overturned his cup. But he did not notice the spreading pool of brown liquid. He had buried his head in his arms, and entered his own hell..."

A LETTER FROM DICK SCHULTZ

"Congratulations and all that! You graduate students seem to be doing that sort of thing quite regularly right now. First Jim Caughran and now you. Many years and many happinesses, as my Uncle Louie would say. He's from der alt kountry, you know.

"Marvelous thing you talking about axiomatic systems in Cadenza. As you can see from DETROIT IRON #1 (OMPA postmailing) I was offhandedly referring to some work in that field in my comments to Baxter. This Radke fellow has been doing some fine theological work at Valparaiso. And he has been trying to find a true 100% definition of what is good and what is evil, apart from the ten commandments. Of course, the aforementioned ten commandments give our Western society most of its ground rules but beyond it, there is nothing but anarchy. The closest he's been able to come is to say that some things are gooder and some things are eviler (and I'm not being facetious) and that only in its own network of references.

"The fine philosophical art of debating the number of angels which could dance on the head of a pin is not yet dead, you see. Actually, as you pointed out, once you start defining your terms to their ultimate limit you get on a treadmill from



which you cannot in all conscience escape. For Radke isn't attempting actual axiomatic or approximate definitions but fine and specific definitions.

"One trouble with the scientist's axiomatic or general workable positions and definitions is that they're generally in the form of laws which aren't really laws. But try telling the layman that. The layman (and indeed many stf fans who should know better) seem to think that the approximations of action and causation outlined by generations of perspiring scientists are actually laws. That this does this and this defines this and no shadings of grey. They fail to perceive that all our laws (bow down) of nature and science are merely generalizations of one sort or another. That a scientist shows that when you do such and such to so and so, such and such occurs. And then outlines a reason why that doesn't invalidate too many previous theories. Not even Einstein claimed to have found the True Riddles of the Universe.

"But the layman, of course, blithely goes right on and gives some sort of god-like aura to every supposition which is currently in favor.

"Pardon me while I climb back off my flaming charger..." (19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan).

/Typically in physics a general law takes the form of a mathematical expression which approximately fits the observations. For example, after taking many observations on the effect of gravity, you might notice that these effects can be expressed quite simply by the "inverse-square law" within your margin of experimental error -- there is a large & imposing mathematical theory of experimental error, by the way. In other words, the physicist seeks a simple or "elegant" (to use the jargon) mathematical expression which fits his observations -- ie, is consistent with them (not which is required by them). But many other physical laws are arrived at differently -- you take the theory that has already been built up, or that you have just built up (as in the case of general relativity) and deduce, by mathematical manipulation, various consequences from the theory and test them. Depending on how they were deduced (sometimes they are not strictly deduced, you just notice that such and such a possible "law" is consistent with your theory, just as above you noticed it was consistent with your observations) -- depending on how they were deduced, as I started to say, your whole theory, or a whole segment, may stand or fall by it. Gad, it's hard to generalize about these things! --cw/

Habló el buey y dijo "Mu".

--old Spanish proverb.

LEN MOFFATT CHUGS THROUGH

"Axioms, yes. A friend of mine used to own one. The 1928 model, as I recall. He bought it second, or third, hand in 1937 or '38. According to old timers it was a better machine than the Krit, but I wouldn't know. I understand my father once owned a Krit, but I don't even remember my father, and am not sure that I'm spelling Krit correctly.

"Anyway, this friend of mine picked up that '28 Axiom, for a song, as we used to say, diddled around with the motor and got it into fair running condition. Never did cure it of shimmying, tho. Shakiest Axiom I ever rode in. (Our dates used to think he made it do it on purpose. As I was a back seat passenger I didn't mind the shaking too much. It was the bucking on curves that tended to catch ~~up~~ me off guard.) Later he discovered that there was a rare 1929 model Axiomatic in existence in our area. Owned by one of the local service station operators. Man wouldn't sell it, tho.

Kept it on display as an "advertising gimmick". He let my friend take it out one time, though. First time I ever rode in a car with no gear shift lever. Actually it didn't have a truly automatic transmission. It simply had two gears, which might best be described as "Start" and "Go". Mechanism was hidden in the steering wheel column. When you started the motor the steering wheel would be pressed down against your abdomen. Get up a little speed, push up on the wheel and click-crunch-grackle, you (or rather the "Axiomatic") was then in 2nd and final gear. When you stopped the car -- that is parked it and turned off the motor -- you were supposed to pull the steering wheel column back down to belly position. However, on this one it wasn't necessary. It sort of dropped down on its own. Or rather on one's stomach -- my friend was on the chubby side, you see. Sometimes it did this even before the motor was turned off, like when the car was going uphill. At first we thought it was doing this "automatically", that it was shifting itself down to make the uphill climb. But halfway up the hill it shot back up into "Go" gear position. My friend was leaning forward at the time, checking the temperature gauge, or something, and the steering wheel caught him sharply under the chin. Fortunately his chin was nearly as well-padded as his tummy. However, after returning the Axiomatic to its owner, he made no further efforts to buy it. He didn't keep his own Axiom very long, either. It shimmied itself apart racing a Model T Ford down Chickencoop Hill. He managed to brake it to a halt just before the front seat dropped straight down to the pavement. A passing rear wheel clipped his left ear, but no one was badly hurt, otherwise. We still claim the Axiom won, though. Both rear wheels and the spare tire rack (from the back of the car) passed the Model T long before the latter reached the bottom of the hill. However, the owner of the Model T claimed all bets were off; that the mishap to the Axiom made the wager null and void. We all argued about it awhile, but nothing was ever really settled. Except the old '28 Axiom. My friend sold what he could pick up for junk, and made a small down payment on a second hand Harley-Davidson cycle. And I went back to my skinny-tire bike." (10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.)

Nobody is a consistent Fatalist.

--John Stuart Mill.

A TRUFAN'S REWARD

Ah, twas a quiet day in the offices of Goodenough, Sapirtooth, Poohpooh & Grinn, Linguists, Ltd., quiet mahogany offices in a quiet London building on a quiet London street punctuated only by the occasional cry of a Minister being chased by a call girl; quiet it was, but Little Did They Know that in these very offices, a remarkable drama was to be played out, a drama that displayed Once Again the virtues of Trufandom and what reward cometh to a fan who Wavereth Not in the presence of great temptation...

It all started, my fellow Trufans, when Peterpiper Arrowstraight, well-known English BNF, sauntered into the offices of Goodenough, Sapirtooth, Poohpooh & Grinn, Linguists, Limited, strolled over to the gorgeous blonde secretary in the tight sweater, churcked her playfully under the chin, whirled his propellor beanie at her, I mean his beanie-propellor, what?, and said, "What-ho, there, my chick! I'd like to speak to the Powers That Be, you know, your bosses with the funny names. Hoo-boy!"

"Are you connected with the Government?" she asked haughtily.

"Why, no, old girl, I'm a Trufan with a Problem, why d'you ask?"

"Well," she sniffed. "You needn't chuck me under the chin, Old Boy, I don't got to bed with just everyone you know."

"Well, pardon me for livin', old girl, all I want to do is talk to someone in this joint what knows something about languages, that's all, d'you know."

"If you'll sit down there, I'll see if you can be interviewed, by Jove, don't y'know, old chap, what?" She punched a buzzer with her prettily decorated right index finger, and after a decent interval of about three microseconds four distinguished looking gentlemen in red plus-fours and derby hats came bustling out.

"Oh, Sirs," said Peterpiper, "Pr'haps you can help me, what? I've a problem here. It's this strange writing, don't you know, by Jove, what?" He handed the nearest gentleman a piece of typewriter paper he had pulled out of his vest, neatly extricating his Eton tie from his watchpocket as he did so.

"Cor Blimey," exclaimed the first gentleman in Sanskrit. "It don't look like anything I've ever seen, don't you know?"

"By Jove, it does bear a faint resemblance to Old Armenian, but then it can't be, don't you know?" said the second gentleman in Linear B. "After all, they would not have written in such a barbarian handwriting, eh?"

"It's typewriting," said Peterpiper.

"Saints above us, so it is," said the third gentleman in Aramaic, with a thick Irish accent. "Wot'll it be next, strange languages written on a typewriter, of all things."

"Perhaps," said the fourth man in Old Norse, "We could better tell what it means if he can tell us where he got it, wot?"

"By crinkly Jove!" exclaimed the other three in unison. "What a novel idea! Don't know what we'd do without you, junior partner Grinn!"

"Well, you see old chaps, I was in this second hand store just minding my own business, like, and what do you think but I saw this incredibly ancient Typewriter sitting behind a pile of embroidered buggy-whips. Well, now, you know, as a Trufan I was naturally interested, so I ups to the Proprietor, I ups to'im an' says, 'Oh, I say, Mr. Calabash, an' 'ow much'll ye be askin' fer this hunk o' junk?' An' 'e says to me, 'By Jove, I'd forgotten that was there since that strange looking man brought it in the other day and sold it to me for tuppence huppence haipny and a farthing. Or was it huppence thruppence four shillings and a large fat pig? I forget. Anyway, he was wearing a turban, what?' 'How much'll you sell it to me for?' I asked craftily.

"Oh, my word, I don't want the dem thing, I'll give it to you as a bonus for being such a good customer," he says, and

out I go with it!

"No!" exclaimed the second gentleman in Ur-Germanic. "Go on, go on, what happened then?" he asked excitedly, nearly knocking a pot of honey from the third gentleman's hand.

"Well, anyway, I takes it: 'ome with me, don't you know, and I set rant town and started to write a letter to my truefannish girl friend Ezebel Scricks of Callyformia. But, by Jove, you'll never guess wot happened!"

"My word!" exclaimed the first gentleman, taking his hand from around the secretary's slim waist. He jumped up and down excitedly. "Wot happened? Eh? Wot?"

"Well, the bloomin' thing went and typed this, that's wot!" he said, waving the piece of paper hereintobefore referred to of already.

"Here, let me see that blinkin' piece of paper, don't y'know?" exclaimed the secretary. She peered at it closely, being nearsighted but nonetheless sexy. "Oh, I say, I know what this says! It's in French, don't you know?"

"French!" exclaimed the four gentlemen, looking at one another significantly. "Isn't that some modern dialect of Latin?" asked one. "Modern!" exclaimed another. "Oh, that explains why we didn't recognize it!" "Modern!" sneered the third gentleman, licking the honey off his lips. "No wonder!"

"Sure it's French, I know because one of my cus, th, boyfriends is a spy for DeGaulle, and he taught me French, wot? so my friend in the Ministry of Palm Oil and Iodized Salt Production wouldn't understand me when I talked to'im on the telly-phone, don't you know."

"But what does it mean, what does it mean?" exclaimed our poor Peterpiper.

"Oh, it's very simple. It's an Enchanted Typewriter and its offering you all the Things a Trufan could Desire, for inclosed in it is a Magic Genie who is only released when a Trufan types on it. It says you can have all the Duplicators, Typewriters, Collators, and Printing Presses a Trufan could want, just for the asking."

"Oh, my word! Everything? Could I even journey to far-off, barbaric Callyformia to visit my trufanne girlfriend Ezebel Scricks?"

"Of course, and there's only one condition, it says here."

"What's that? What's that? I'll do anything, don't you know!"

"It says you must change your name to Christopher Robin."

Our poor Trufan Peterpiper Arrowstraight fell back as if Struck. Oh, calamity! You don't know what agonies he went through! What torture! What torn-between-two-desires-ness! He fell to his knees and beat his chest with his hand while scratching his head in puzzlement! Poor Peterpiper! To be forced thus to choothe, I mean choose! Alas!

But Our Peterpiper is a Trufan. He knew his duty. And so finally he arose, thunder in his eyes, lightning in his mouth, ~~tail/tail/tail/tail~~. "NO!!" he said in a fierce whisper. "NO, NO, A THOUSAND TIMES NO!" He pointed his finger at the paper. "It's an agent of -- of --that most dread of all antifandoms! It's that terrible league of Winnie-the-Pooh fans, come to lead me astray from the true path of Fannish Righteousness. But I'll not swerve! Even though my hart is broken, I'll not swerve! And YOU!" he pointed an accusing finger at the third gentleman. "I recognize you! You, sir, are (he made the mystic sign of Willis) are -- Winnie-the-

Pooh himself! Begone from my sight! You must have engineered this whole Devilish Plot from beginning to end! But I recognize you -- you fool me Not! Out, Begone, Hence, Thither, don't you know!"

And in a Terrible Blast of Thunder, the third gentleman disappeared, leaving behind him only a swirling cloud of smoke and an empty pot of honey. Echoing in the distance were faint cries of, "Curses, foiled again!" and "I told you it wouldn't work, Piglet!" and "No, no, not here, Christine"...

And our Hero Peterpiper Arrowstraight marched, head-high, off into the sunset, proud that he had Resisted Temptation and Done His Duty as a Trufan, into the sunset in which direction he knew he would someday wing his way towards his beloved Ezebel, someday when he had won the enchanted and wonderful Grapes of TAFF...

--CW

There is no climate as polar as the fat, comfortable heart.

--E. Dahlberg

HARRY WARNER WRITES...

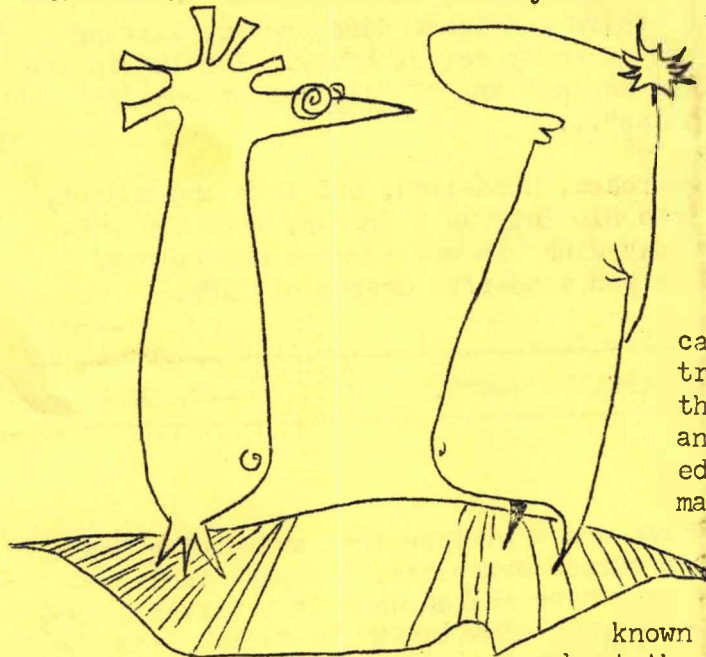
"...It was splendid to learn through words and a picture that everything had gone well with the marriage. As one of those career bachelors, I always feel perturbed when yet another marriage occurs but even more shaken when it involves a fan, until I learn that he or she isn't going to take the opportunity to vanish from the hobby. I hope that by next year she'll be such a fan that you will get two fan poll ballots.

"Your article on math and logic hit me in a sensitive spot, because I've always been unable to get myself particularly interested in math, and I find myself bristling when anyone praises the field too much, although I recognize perfectly well that this is an irrational attitude that arises partly from the fact that I feel inferior in the presence of someone with better acquaintance with the topic. But I do think that there is a great tendency for math enthusiasts to forget that their love is completely divorced from the real world in the sense that Korzybski philosophized about. Two apples plus two apples always make four apples in the world of math, but no four apples in the actual world are like any four other apples and the difference can be either extremely minute or appreciable and significant. Subtracting a large number from a small number in the world of math always leads to minus numbers but in the real world it may not if it runs into bankruptcy provisions of the legal code or encounters an impossibility like impeaching three senators from your home state. There is also the difficulty that the mathematician assumes the accuracy of something from the outset, just as a syllogism takes for granted the first premise, and some pretty dreadful things can happen in either field as a result.

"Len Moffatt expresses in the letter column much of the trouble with the Hugos. I don't vote in either the nominations or the showdown. This is partly because I've read too little professional stuff to cast a fair ballot, partly because I dislike the secrecy surrounding the results, partly due to my often-expressed belief that fan creativity is as important and valuable as pro work these days and should get equal recognition. I suspect that the number of votes received each year is extremely low.

"Bob Briney's defense of the convention programming toward prodom is certainly the orthodox one. But I wonder if these neos who are interested only in the professional side of stf. wouldn't be more happy with a con at which they could spend their time mingling with the pros at parties and receptions and such informal gettogethers, rather than sitting back helplessly and listening to just a few of them talk on one subject? Come to think of it, we might get rid of some hacks that way, since some of the pros probably wouldn't live through 72 hours of being pawed and jostled by excited teenagers.

"Maybe Boyd Raeburn doesn't realize why the government put all those regulations on railroads. The red tape made them safe to ride, eliminated most of the dishonesty, and forced the railroads to obey the law of the land. Other forms of transportation



would have driven the railroads into their present troubles without government rules, and this country wouldn't be fit to live in today if the federal authorities hadn't gotten tough back in the late 19th century." (423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md.)

Actually most professional mathematicians are strongly aware that mathematics is in a sense divorced from the real world. Most regard mathematics as a very sophisticated but completely abstract logical construct, whose symbols may be used to refer to things in the real world, but inaccurately, and as mathematicians they are not interested in this use of their symbols, but in the manipulation of the symbols themselves, and the working out of the logical structure.

But I once had a high school teacher who had the attitude you describe, and have

known other people who were very enthusiastic about the use of mathematics as a "window into the

True Nature of Things" -- but they were not mathematicians.--cw/

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, FRED LERNER

"I do think you were a bit unfair to the railroads... If the railroads were granted the protected status of Bell Telephone, then they would have no excuse to run sloppy service. But, persecuted as they are by overzealous regulatory authorities, by labor unions, and by government subsidization of their competition, the railroads find it almost impossible to provide decent service. The national and state governments have crippled the rails, but still they are expected to provide a healthy passenger service.

"Even a railroad which tries to attract passengers and improve service is penalized for its efforts. If the Erie-Lackawanna Railroad were to replace their decrepit frame station building in Hackensack, New Jersey, with a gleaming new glass-and-fieldstone structure, the city of Hackensack and the state government would simply increase the tax on that land. When railroad property is attacked by vandals the roads get very little sympathy from the public. And most of the public (exclusive of commuters who expect a profit-earning corporation to move Heaven and Earth to run a comfortable and convenient service, tailor-made to their needs, at a heavy loss to itself) has no use for the railroads except when inclement weather prevents busses, planes, or autos from running.

"Until it is realized by the public and by the regulatory authorities that railroads are necessary to this country, and that it is unfair to expect them to provide service without appropriate compensation, we will simply have to make the best of the service that the railroads can render." (152-B Donor Ave., East Paterson, N.J.).

ART CREDITS: Burge 3, 13. Gilbert 5. Schultz 6. ATOM cover, 10, 16. QUICKIE CONTENTS: Introit, Public Accommodations 1. Misc. 2. Eklund 3. Molybdenum $\frac{1}{4}$ hrs 4. Foyster, Studebaker, Sephton, GMCarr, 5. Clarke, Kolchak, 6. Why Danny Pulaski Went FAFIA 7. Schultz 10. Moffatt 11. A Trufan's Reward 12. Warner 15. Lerner 16. See you people next issue!

--cw.