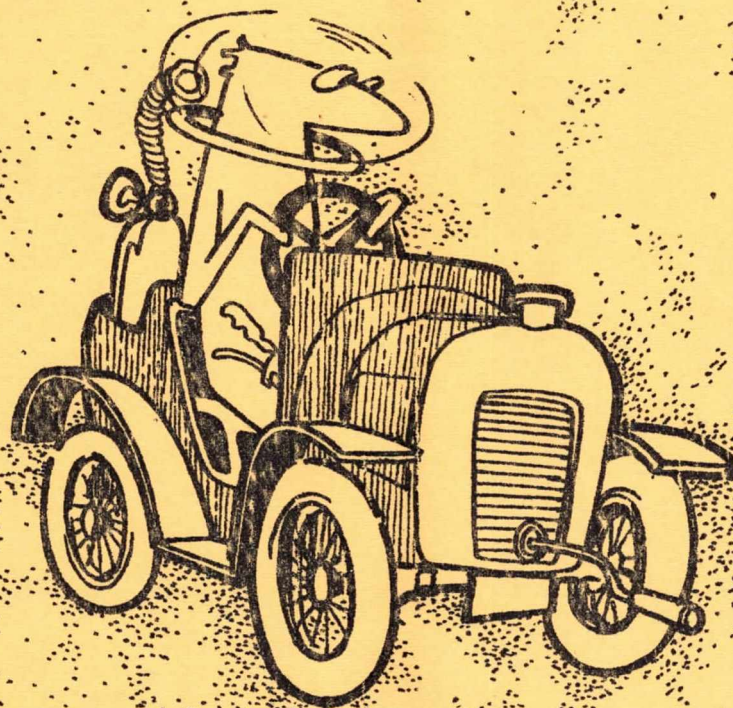


CADENZA 9



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mundus mea patria

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ATOM -- cover, bacover, 8. Burge -- 3. Harness -- 5. Schultz -- 11 and 13-19. Headings by the editor.

WHAT HAPPENED TO FUGATO? -- I was going to have my usual editorial this time with short articles on weighty subjects, but my will power was weaker than usual and I used up all my subjects in the reviews and comments on letters. So we have a QUICKIE INSTANT EDITORIAL: Thoughts on the Breen Affair: pp. 7 (re STIMPSE), 12 (re Scithers), & 15 (re Boardman). Food Fadism: p. 6 (re KARUMA). Integration: p. 18 (re Ryan). Philosophy of Government: pp. 19 (Busoy) & 20 (Tackett). And then there's Boggs (p.15).

Words which are spelled with a capital letter are particularly dangerous to thought.

LONDON
IN '65

UNTARNISHED VETERAN by Jerry Page

In the war that fandom often appears to be, casualties are commonplace. The dead and the dying abound and one can hardly go down the corridors of a convention hotel without having to step over bodies.

But nowhere do the lists of the once valiant combatants show up so vividly as in the contents pages of old fanzines. Once well-known names are now relegated to the realms of limbo, nostalgia, or legend. Reading the contents page of a fanzine published ten or twenty years ago you find few names that still blacken pages today. There are few Harry Warners, Redd Boggs, Bill Rotslers, Tuckers, Jim Harmons. Few people publish fanzines so frequently for the period that the Coulsons and the Taurasi have.

To give an example of what I mean, let us take a fanzine called FAN WARP, published some time in 1953. Edited by Lyle Kessler, it featured such contributors as Sol Levin, Milt Rothman, Bloch, Alan E. Nourse, Mari Wolf, Basil Wells, Dave Hammond, and Bob Madle -- none of them particularly prolific today, alas, not even Bloch.

To go even further back, take FANTASY COMMENTATOR. The Spring 1949 issue boasted editor A. Langley Searles, Paul Spencer, F. T. Laney, Darrell C. Richardson, Sam Moskowitz, J. Russell Mars (a suspicious name, that), Joseph Schaumburger, Thyril L. Ladd, Richard Witter, Philip Gray, John C. Nitka, and William H. Evans. Of those, Bill Ecans is still going strong. Sam is still active in FAPA and occasionally in SF TIMES or other fanzines. Mostly he's a professional writer. Richard Witter runs one of the better, if not the best, bookselling operations in the field. Laney is merely a legend and was only that for a long while before his death. A year before, in addition to some of the writers listed above, the Summer 1948 issue of FANTASY COMMENTATOR boasted James Warren Thomas, Charles Peter Brady, Raymond Van Houten and Winston F. Dawson. Only the late Ray Van Houten remained active in fandom.

For, while the list of names who have contributed to fanzines must be enormous, the list of names of those who have been contributing regularly for the past ten and fifteen years is short. And those who make 20 years is short indeed.

Yet there is one contributor listed on all three of the fanzine contents pages mentioned above, who is still writing for fanzines today and who was writing for fanzines thirty years ago.

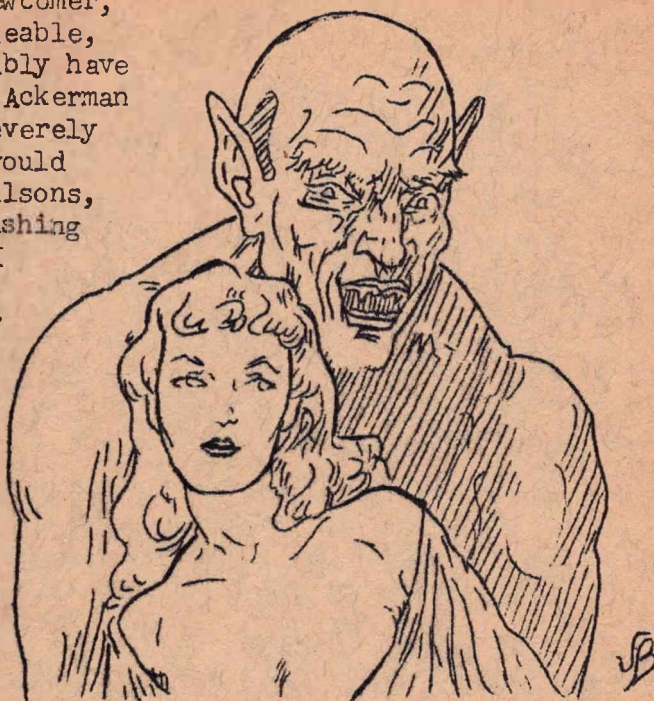
And who is the super fan, this individual who must serve as proof to the allegation that fans are slans if anyone does?

This person is Dr. David H. Keller, perhaps the oldest active fan in the world.

Now, if you were asked to make a list of the ten or twelve people still active who have contributed the most times to fanzines and over the longest stretch of years, you would undoubtedly include Harry Warner, Bob Tucker, Bill Rotsler, Jim Harmon, and

Redd Boggs, although Redd is a relative newcomer, a mere upstart. If you're fairly knowledgeable, you might include Bill Evans. You's probably have trouble filling the list out, since Forry Ackerman and Sam Moskowitz and Robert Bloch have severely curtailed activity in fanzines. Taurasi would have to be on the list and perhaps the Coulsons, because ten years of monthly fanzine publishing is a longevity record of some sort. But I don't think many would include Dr. Keller. Chances are, you don't think of Dr. Keller as a fan.

According to THE IMMORTAL STORM, Keller contributed to SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST, which was first published in 1933. Dr. Keller still appears in fanzines, notably Jack Chalker's MIRAGE. Dr. Keller is still regarded as a "pro" as opposed to "fan" despite the fact that such fans as Ted White, Terry Carr, Ray Nelson, and even I have had more pro sales in the past few years than the Good Doctor, whose only sales since 1953 have been reprints. Not only that, but Keller has probably topped us on fanzine articles and fiction. Marion Zimmer Bradley has had words about this odd differentiation fandom insists upon between pros and fans and this perhaps substantiates the case as nothing else does.



One reason Dr. Keller is not regarded as a fan comes, I suppose, from the nature of his contributions. Much of his work is well-done fiction. None of it is fanish in the Quandry, Hyphen sense, or even the Shaggy sense. He always seems to be an outsider because he does not write familiarly of fandom.

There is also his style. Keller's style is distinctive and more pliable than many realize. He is a determined and careful writer, often indulging in what James Branch Cabell called "contrapuntal prose": the use of poetic metre and rhyme in what is outwardly a prose passage. Since James Joyce, the use of such passages has been common, and others in the science fiction field who have indulged are Fritz Leiber and Theodore Sturgeon. But Keller's use of contrapuntal prose is probably due to the influence of James Branch Cabell.

As a matter of fact, Keller's contribution to the Spring 1949 issue of FANTASY COMMENTATOR was a fascinating article on the Sigil of Scoteia, a device used in Cabell's magnificent CREAM OF THE JEST. Keller proceeds to show that the Sigil can be deciphered to give a message. Cabell, like Joyce, took great pleasure in games with words and styles. His work abounds in puns and anagrams. The Sigil is a device used by Feliz Kennaston to travel in the past, always in the company of the girl Etarre and the clerk Horvendile. Etarre is another personification of the poetic image of beauty. The message deciphered reads: "James Branch Cabell made this book so that he who wills may read the story of Man's eternally unsatisfied hunger in search of beauty which stays inaccessible always and her loveliness is his to look at only in his dreams. All men she must evade at last and many are the ways of her elusions."

Those who have read such Keller novels as THE ETERNAL CONFLICT and THE LADY DECIDES and his Cornwell stories will recognize that theme. Cabell has profoundly

influenced Keller and his work in fanzines shows this more vividly than his professional work.

Another influence of Cabell is evident in ELEPHANTIS, which appeared in Alan Dodd's CAMBER #13, in 1963. The article describes a library which readers familiar with Cabell may wish to compare with the one John Charteris discusses in Cabell's STRAWS AND PRAYER BOOKS.

Exploration of terms and ideas inherent in the works of Cabell seem to take up an important part of Keller's fan writing, but by no means all. The major part is probably fiction, and here, while much is Cabellian in influence (including the excellent FIGMENT OF A DREAM) most is pure Keller. Keller's fiction does not attract the attention it is used to. His stylistic simplicity which must have had a tremendous impact in the early thirties is no longer so different from the prose of other writers. There is still power, but it is now the power of ideas, not style.

The remainder of Keller's fanzine work is made up of miscellaneous essays, usually on whatever the fanzine's editor is interested in. I have seen a few essays from him on Lovecraft, including the well known and controversial SHADOWS OVER LOVECRAFT, in the Summer 1949 issue of FANTASY COMMENTATOR.

All of which I think raises the question of why. Wildly enthusiastic fans have indulged in various forms of fan activity rising rapidly to the top of fandom writing, editing, publishing, even illustrating, without ever having reached the close to 200 mark in number of contributions that Dr. Keller certainly has. They have shown a greater enthusiasm for fandom than Dr. Keller has. And they have passed, victim of the war of which the Good Doctor is an untarnished veteran.

Perhaps part of the answer was given in an article called THE FANZINE, in that issue of FAN WARP I mentioned a few lines back.

In closing, Dr. Keller said: "During the past twenty-five years I have contributed largely to these magazines and have never regretted it. The constant contact with youth has served to lessen the ravages of time. Many of my best friends were fanzine editors. While none ever asked me to serve as Assistant Editor they all seemed to appreciate my efforts to make their magazines more interesting to the public.

"And so I send greeting to the older editors whose magazines have folded and to the new editors who so eagerly are starting fanzines which, if they follow the habit of their predecessors, will also fold. Perhaps some day I may even publish my own magazine."

Years from now, Boggs and Warner and Chuck Wells and I may all be nostalgic memories of you older fans. Bloch may be an obscure one-time pro-writer. Sam Moskowitz a legend. Ted White a name you sometimes hear an oldster mention.

But I half suspect the Good Doctor Keller will still be going strong...

--Jerry Page

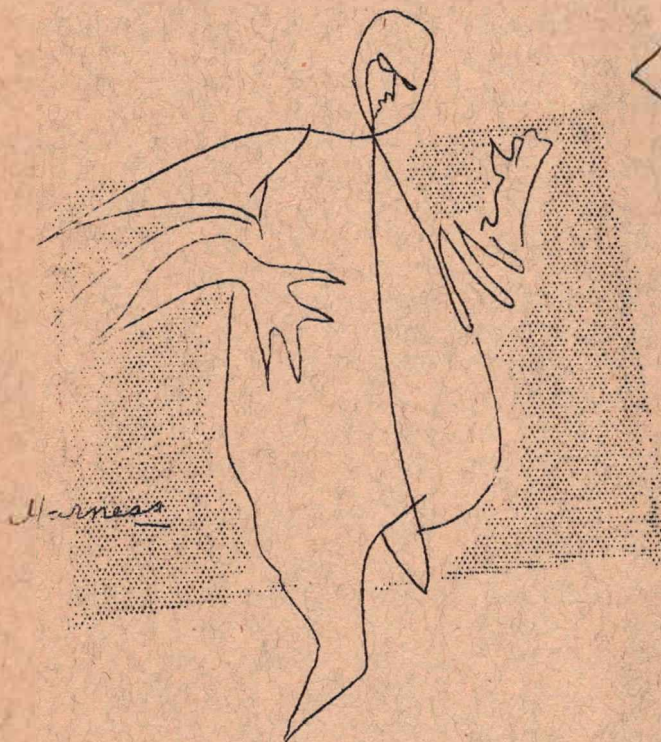
"Thus she admits that, as Rabindranath Tagore put it, all reality is relationship. It is a living relationship between 'myself and my patient effort and this book, always the same.' At last she confesses, 'Always the same lovely mathematical relationship: I do not wish to cheat or wriggle, and from now on I shall call you God.'

"So," she tells us 'there we are.' The detective story ends, with God caught red-handed in the act of omnipresence..."

--New York Times Book Review,
May 24, 1964.

SPINNAKER REACH (Chauvenet):
I once got a copy of one of
MZB's FAPAazines while I was a
waiting lister, but that was
because I wrote an article for
it. / "The joys of color tv"
vary widely with locality, ac-
cording to the Consumer's Union.
Many programs that the networks

The Quatt Wunkery <mailing reviews>



send out in color are broadcast by
the local stations in b&w because
the latter lack color tape equip-
ment. The Raleigh-Durham-Chapel
Hill area has no NBC station, so
that most NBC programs are not
carried live, and since NBC broad-
casts most of the color programs,
you can see what this means. /
The thing that Diplomacy has over
chess (but not over Monopoly) is
that it is realistic enough to let
the players indulge their liking
for a fantasy world. Chess, even
with its knights and kings, is not
realistic enough. But it is indeed
a "robust" game. THE TATTOED

DRAGON AND HIS ELECTRIC WHING-A-DING (Rotsler). The cartoons are su-
perb, but the writing is spottier. "The Strange Mind of William Rots-
ler" carries a tour-de-force too far, and doesn't have enough build-
up of tension or excitement to carry it off. BETE NOIR (Boggs)
Blackbeard's poem is out of this world. As for your writing, sir, I
refer you to your own letter in this magazine. SERCON'S BANE (Busby)
According to the various books and articles on sex that I have read,
introducing someone to homosexuality does not have a high probability
of condemning him to unhappiness; many people quit after one or two
experiences, disgusted. But these one or two experiences often leave
emotional scars. I am not trying to minimize the danger of child-
adult homosexual relationships, and I can't quote you chapter and
verse; nevertheless it is as unwise to overestimate the danger of some-
thing as it is to underestimate it. DAY*STAR (Bradley) Fandom may in-
deed act as a hiding place for some people who fear interpersonal rela-
tions, but it is wrong to assume that all fans are fans for the same
reasons, or even that, once a person becomes a fan, he remains in fan-
dom for the same reason that he came into it. / What is an autoharp?
/ You feel that good singing consists largely of producing the prettiest
and purest sound possible; it is because Joan Baez does this so consis-
tently that her singing bores me after about three songs. Or rather,

it is because she does this and nothing else. Maureen Forrester, whom I once had the pleasure of hearing, sings with a consistently good sound; but the reason I liked her so much was that she was also a good actress. / I think probably you have Good Health on your side when you cook cabbage a long time; it's supposed to contain some sort of Unhealthful Substance when raw. I wish I had Don Thompson's memory for the things I have read and heard; then I might remember what the Unhealthful Substance was. / How do you know magic tape isn't good for mending books? It hasn't been on the market long enough, has it? It's holding up fine on a notebook page I mended about a year ago. / Last Halloween I was dumbfounded to open the door to two middleage ladies who were trick-or-treating all by themselves. / SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN recently had an article which seems to indicate there are seven or eight basic smells. / Your (Breen's) remark on the white dwarf brings up a whole complex of problems in the Philosophy of Science, which is my minor subject here. Perhaps I'll write an article. B/? (Janke) You seem to have a perpetual mad on. / It is theoretically possible to have a computer play some standard symphonic work using "true" temperament, if the work is old enough not to have any harmonic ambiguities. I wonder what it would sound like? Breen? Give with an Article. PHANTASY PRESS Your typewriter has a face exactly like my Royal (see "Report from Woe-berlin", this issue, for an example). It sure gave me a turn to see the columns of figures typed in it, since I have done a good bit of that sort of thing myself. Does anyone remember the mailing-by-mailing statistical summaries I used to do in my last incarnation in FAPA? JESUS BUG (Main) What kind of typewriter do you use? / On the principle that one should be allowed to risk his life and engage in dangerous activities as long as they don't harm others I disapprove of the ban on hitchhiking. After all, for both the hitchhiker and the driver who picks him up the process is purely voluntary. / But I do not share your dislike for cops, as a group. You are just as prejudiced against cops as some are against Negroes, and for no more reason. I realize that many cops are ignorant bullies, but since when do we judge an individual by the statistical tendencies of some group he may be a member of? KARUNA (Ellern) "Capital Punishment" was original only in its subject matter. "Softly gentle as he stroked my body" is a cliché, and so is "troublings of a fearful mind". There is none of the precision of wording ("diction") and excitement of imagery that makes a good poem. In fact there was hardly any imagery; I could wish that the "God-acting man" idea could have been developed further. / Anyone with your attitude towards established notions of good nutrition deserves to be called a faddist, or fanatic. It's not that you may not be right in some cases, it's your attitude. White sugar, white flour, BHT, food coloring, etc., are not by any sane definition "poison". Indeed, Americans today are healthier, by any statistics that I know, than they ever were before; their diet can't be too far wrong. / The point about health foods is this: each food such as yogurt that you argue that we should consume must be argued for separately, and each food you oppose must be argued against separately. Furthermore, the fact that you prosper on your current diet proves nothing about what other people eat; if you are better off now than when you ate orthodox food, if you ever did, the reason could easily be that just one of the new foods you adopted is supplying some deficiency you had, and the other changes

are immaterial. It is frequently the case, I understand, that food faddists feel better because of an increase in vitamin A in their diet. And remember that "natural" does not mean "safe" or "good for you" and "artificial" doesn't mean "harmful" or "worthless". Vitamin A, for example, can easily be overconsumed, as one food faddist of my acquaintance discovered when she drank too much carrot juice daily and turned yellow. And, for example, there is no evidence that I know of that BHT (butylated hydroxytoluene) is poisonous or harmful in any way. Mind you, I'm not saying that anything you do is harmful. I do suspect that some of it is unnecessary trouble, but I'm primarily criticizing your attitude -- the idea that there is some sort of conspiracy to feed Americans bad food ("...the local doctors, along with the manufacturers of assorted foods like white flour/ would like to reeducate me and others like me to CONSUME their lousy poison, and when I get diabetes, or heart disease, or constipation they will cure me with their damn drugs, and antibiotics, and get a kickback on every miserable pill they stuff down my protesting throat..."). VANDY (Coulsons) You on food, too, Juanita. I agree in not liking people who sneer at one's food habits; I had plenty of that sort of thing in the Air Force. Some of the guys used to call me a damn Yankee because I ate my cereal before my eggs at breakfast. / I don't think that the fact that the Republicans were more deeply affected by Kennedy's death shows that they are more emotional; I think it shows that they had guilt feelings. / Knitting used to be a popular pastime at student concerts at Oberlin until some girl dropped her knitting from the balcony onto the Dean of the Conservatory's head. ANKUS (Pelz) The space to vote against the proposal to reinstate Breen on your ballot was pointless since 33 votes were required for passage (33 yes votes) and that's all. If it had received less than 33 yes votes, it would have failed, regardless of the number of no votes, and if it had received (as it did, more than 33 yes votes it would have succeeded, again regardless of the number of no votes. POSTMORTEM (Knight) I would like to know what "recognized psychological authorities" agree that all child molesters are psychopaths? / And I would like to know how it is that you "understand" the "motivating forces" of the people who expelled Breen. You are falling into the same trap they did in trying to psychoanalyze someone at long distance. MELANGE (Trimbles) I hope you realize that "David" is an extremely common name for children nowadays; in Jane's and my acquaintance circle it is more common than any other, including John, by several lengths, among people under (say) 25. / Do you like clear crystal? Your opinions on diamonds make me curious. Jane likes colored transparent objects better than clear ones, in general; for example, she dislikes Steuben glass. But I like that sort of thing. Perhaps I'm more form-oriented, to use a cliché-construction. SYNAPSE (Speer) There are several possible justifications for the Pacificon Exclusion Act. Two of them, the protection of children and the requirements of California law, have no bearing on whether Walter should be in FAPA or not. A third, that fandom should have Nothing to Do with a Person Like That, is applicable, but I, for one, reject it. I believe that fandom should have a great deal to do with persons like Walter. After all, a person's possible sexual peculiarities do not define him completely, and in other ways Walter Breen is a very desirable person to have around ("around" fandom, I mean). I don't know whether I would feel this way if Walter had harmed

some child, which he has not been accused of doing; possibly in that case I would not want to associate with him. Is a man ever to be forgiven for harming a child? But in the present case, this is not material. / We should all remember that Walter Breen is a man, a person, a human being. He is not a Symbol, he is not an idea to be bandied about. When we say someone is unfit to remain in our society, whether our society is fandom or the world, we are dehumanizing that person, and nothing less than absolute proof of guilt of something exceedingly heinous should satisfy us. In Walter Breen's case, the evidence falls so far short of that that the idea of exclusion from fandom or FAPA is ludicrous. / But the idea of exclusion from the convention is not ludicrous. I rather suspect the action of the committee was wrong, but as I said somewhere else, if all the things that Walter has been accused of are true, it is just barely possible that the exclusion act is justified. / Another word like "canyon" whose spelling has become naturalized is "baloney", although the spelling "balogna" is still frequently seen. Because of more recent introduction, the word "lasagna" has not acquired the same shift in pronunciation as "balogna". / It strikes me that the recent increase in the size of the executive branch and the increase in boldness of the judicial branch is a healthy shift from the former dominance by Congress. GODOT (Deckinger) I can't believe anyone could confuse Ngaio Marsh's writing with Agatha Christies. The only thing their mysteries have in common is setting. / You talk as if commercialized

girlie movies weren 't already numerous and popular. Or is Durham unusual in that respect? QURP !(Bennett) Most former teacher training colleges in the US have broadened their scope in recent years. / Here, kindergartens are for children of age five. A PROPOS DU RIEN (Caughrans) Mathematicians call the Peano space-filling curve a curve but I doubt that Speer would. Most (cont. p. 11)



REPORT FROM WOE-BERLIN



Snuggled in a peaceful snow-covered valley high on a hill in Upper Michigan lies the little Village of Woe-berlin. Its principal occupation is Woe-berlin College, founded in 1492 by Chief Hurley-berlin of the Girley-Girley Tribe and Christianized in 1888 by missionaries of the Original Pentecostal Reformed Apostolic Fire-Baptized Holiness Church, Wabash, Indiana division. The present college carries on the great liberal academic tradition of its past, which is distinguished by the founding of the Society to Abolish Obscenities in Shakespeare in 1892 and the discovery of a new process of extracting praesodymium from three-week-pld angelfish by P. Q. Scithers in 1904.

What intellectual ferment goes on in Woe-berlin today? With what problems of the day are the highly-intellectual students of Woe-berlin currently concerned? Let us look in at brand-new Hoxha Dormitory, a beautiful building housing two thousand men in the most modern of rooms, whose ingenious architectural lines are slightly marred by the recent collapse of the East Wing. Let us look in, specifically, at Room 303, the spacious (4' x 6') living quarters of Hubert Trotsky, son of a well-known New York City editor of a radical Italian newspaper, Il Balderdaccio, and his roommate Donald Bother, son of a Fuquay, Kansas, rice farmer. Ah, and we also see several other students seated around the floor having that most enlightening of college activities, a Bull Session...

"Irenee," said Donald to a beautiful blonde student sitting underneath the hi-fi, "Could you adjust the door? The regulations say it should be open three inches, and it's open only two."

"Not so," retorted Irenee, "Two's right. It's three only on days divisible by both three and thirteen, except Thursdays."

"Ah," said Donald, "But you forget that this is an even-numbered room."

"Yes, but when you add the letters of your name up, you get a number greater than five but not less than eleven, so it's OK as it is."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Donald, hitting his forehead with his hand. "You're right, how stupid of me!"

"I have heard," said a stringy-haired girl named Hildegarde, "that on next February 13th, if Harry Scriggs will move to room 144 and Robert Bazoo will change roommates with Alfonso Osnofla in room 765, then whoever is living in room 108 can keep his door entirely shut from three to five p.m.!"

"No!" exclaimed Hubert in a hushed voice, looking up from his copy of Imperialism. "How did you find that out?"

"My boyfriend told me," Hildegarde answered modestly. "He's a mathematical genius."

"Well, I really think we should have a Demonstration about that," said Hubert. "Maybe next January."

"But Hubert, that's finals month," objected Irenee.

"Revisionist! Fascist! Are you going to let a little thing like that stand in the way of a vitally important Spontaneous Demonstration?"

Irenee lowered her eyes in shame. The fifth person in the room, a tall boy

from Pennewennatunk, Massachusetts, pointed out: "Besides, it's the only time left for a demonstration. After all, next month it's Freedom of Travel to Albania, and then it's Solidarity for the Oppressed Lithuanian Immigrants to Canada, and preparing for all the little spontaneous demonstrations will take time, too." He waggled his beard meaningfully, and strummed on his guitar.

"I think we need to do something more for Freedom of Travel to Albania than merely demonstrate," said Hubert. His copy of Imperialism was really a camouflage for a marvelously-constructed miniature short-wave set over which he got frequent instructions from Peking. "I think we need to do something radical."

"Like what?" asked Hildegard, who had been making passionate love to the bearded, guitar-playing tall boy from Pennewennatunk, Massachusetts. (She just loved people who waggled their beards).

"I have an idea!" Passion burned in Hubert's eyes, singeing his left eyelash. He took off his earphones, which squeaked minutely in Cantonese. "We will go to Albania! We will make a pilgrimage, a Holy Crusade, a veritable defiance of the fascists in the State Department! What do you think of that?"

Amid the general shouts of hurrah!, good idea!, and vive la compagnie! sat Donald Bother, looking bothered. Quietly, but in a voice that cut through the shouts like unto a ship's prow in the stormy sea, he said:

"But what good will that accomplish?"

"Oh, but Donald," exclaimed Hubert, banging his shin on Irene's shapely shin. "It will demonstrate that we do not put up with Restrictions on our Freedom to Travel. It'll show those pigs in the State Department that they can't dictate to us! It'll show the whole world that we won't take No for an answer! I'm surprised at you, asking a question like that. Tsk."

"Yes, but I don't see how it will help Freedom of Travel. It'll just stir up trouble."

"Fascist! Revisionist! We only want Real Liberals on our trip anyway -- you can go to hell for all I care!" The others nodded self-righteously.

Donald slunk out, pulling his coat up around his ears, and walked despondently down the hall...

Ahem, well, that may not be exactly the most typical scene in dear old We-berlin. Perhaps if we move down the hall to Room 318...

Elbert Van Weatheringham III, known as "Gooky" to his intimates, sneared at his roommate over his newspaper (the Carruthers, Miss., Constitutionalist). This did not indicate any real annoyance, for Gooky always sneared. He was short, fat, florid of complexion, and always wore a white linen suit. His roommate, Whitefield Wofford of Wereford, South Carolina was used to Gooky's idiosyncrasies and merely looked back at him. Gooky said in his resonant voice:

"Well, I see that cornball Johnson has done it again. I suppose I shall have to call a special meeting of the Kampus Konservative Klub to organize a letterwriting campaign against his damn puppet Communists in the State Department."

"What's happened this time?" asked Whitefield.

"Oh, they've sent a damn Communist named Goldberg to be ambassador to Upper Volta. They think they can get away with murder, those liberals. But I'll show them. After all, didn't my last letter-writing campaign force Congressman Moodle to resign? That'll show him; he can't get away with voting for foreign giveaways like grain for Afghanistan. We can't give away our lifeblood just because some stupid foreigners had a new volcano. America doesn't have volcanoes like that."

"But what about this Communist ambassador to Upper Volta? How do you know he's a Communist?"

"Well, I don't go throwing around charges lightly. I have positive proof -- right here in this Pegler column. This guy Goldberg wrote a book in 1933 advocating the progressive income tax. He voted for that good-for-nothing crip all four times. He was good friends with a guy whose brother signed a petition for the Rosenbergs. That ought to be enough proof for anybody except those bleeding-heart liberals who babble about 'civil rights'."

"Well, that certainly sounds convincing. You going to write letters to the same congressman as last time?"

"Yeah, except for that guy that didn't answer my letter. He's a pinko, anyway. He voted against McCarthy in 1954. I think 10,000 letters ought to do it, all signed with different names, of course. We'll put in the usual charges, I guess. Maybe with a name like Goldberg we can say something about pandering to minority groups and giving in to the international Jew-Communist conspiracy..."

"But that's not very wise, is it? After all, you don't know he's a Jew, and besides, saying that would be anti-Semitic!"

Gooky exploded. "Anti-Semitic?!" he shrieked. "Who the hell are you, to throw around words like that? You better watch your language around here, buster. I've noticed you getting soft lately, by God, and when you start smearing me for making statements which are merely realistic and moderate in tone, then you've gone too far! You can go to hell for all I care!"

Whitefield, flinching, walked out of the room into the hall. "Oh, hi, Don," he said to the boy coming toward him.

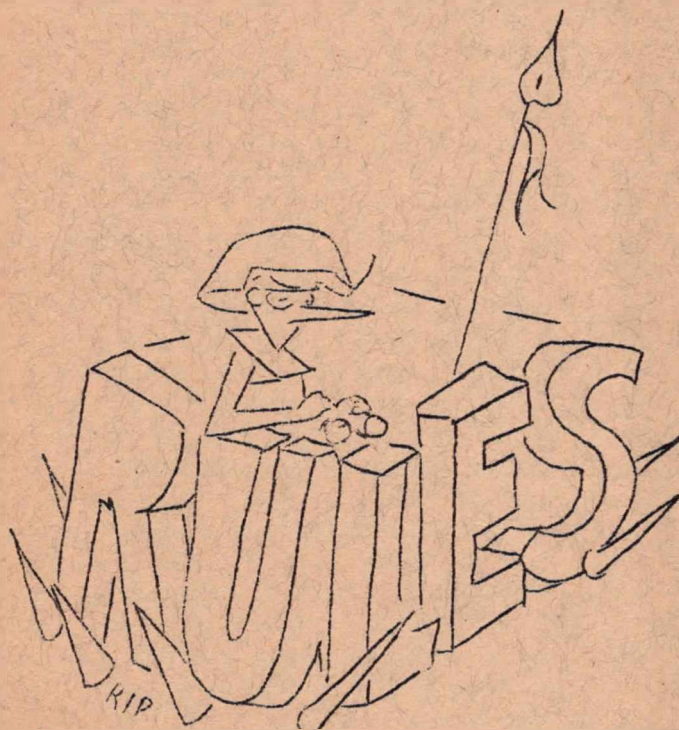
"Where are you off to?"

"Oh, I thought I'd go get drunk."

"Hey, not a bad idea for a Tuesday afternoon." And off they walked together, skirting the fallen plaster and negotiating the temporary ladder to the first floor with the skill of long practice...

--CW

Have you been borne again?



THE QUATT LUNKERY -- cont. from p. laymen, I suspect, think of rectifiable curves when they think of curves. I don't believe any segment of the Peano curve is rectifiable. HORIZONS (Warner) Why is "werel n the" a typical letterpress typo? I've made similar typos on a typewriter. / Your story has poor spots. The first sentence is awkward. And I don't know of any fan, at least of the sort that "John" appears to be, who would say, "Nothing suggestive

or in bad taste, you understand," about a projected article for a fanzine. / Your article on schadenfreude is perceptive; you are not being petty or griping in complaining about the incidents you witnessed. But I wonder if schadenfreude in children has the same motivation as schadenfreude in adults? The children who threw snow up on your sidewalks may be exhibiting the natural exuberance of children coupled with a certain unawareness of what difficulties they cause for other people which must be and usually is gradually educated out of them.

COUNTER

Comments on 8½:

GEORGE SCITHERS: Well, now, I'm not really sure that this /Breen affair/ has brought out the Beast in people. It 's just revealed how people were all along, only you didn't notice it in "non-strain" conditions before.

As for reconciliation -- well, one side feels considerable horror that our little quasi-society should accept a child molester, merely because he is a faaan. The other side feels equal horror that our little quasi-society should reject a faan, merely because he is a child molester. I hardly think there is much room for compromise -- rather, possibility of compromise -- between those points of view. There are two intermediate positions: one, that, well, Walter hasn't been convicted of anything in a court of law, yet. Well, yeah, but one doesn't leave one's door unlocked solely because the next chap that tries to burglarize the place hasn't been convicted of that crime yet. As for the people who still believe that Walter is as pure as the snows of Helicon -- well, again yeah, but they'll simultaneously believe that ~~Walter~~ has been lying steadily about his own character for all these

As for me, I'm a bit at odds with Bill Donaho, only in that Bill feels a surgical separation of Walter and fandom is needed, while I think Walter should be ridden out of fandom on a rail. And you think you're

depressed? My almost only contact with any of the people I know is through letters on this mess, being isolated in far-off Frankfurt/Main. Avram's little threat to quit

THE LETTER COLUMN

if he didn't have his way appears to have been effective: FAPA has chosen its hero. I have immediately resigned from the waiting list -- I don't feel like watching the results, nor like finding out whether FAPA takes Walter into its bosom or...

Yesht protect thee from despondent thoughts.

/It' s noteasy to keep one's temper in check when confronted with a letter like this. But fandom needs more oil than fire, so here goes: In the first place, I don't know of anyone in fandom who believes that a child molester should be tolerated merely because he's a faaan. If you do, name him, so I can pronounce anathema on him too. / There is, in the second and most important place, a very serious flaw in your argument. The innocent-until-proven-guilty practice is a device which allows society to keep functioning without being disrupted by countless charges and countercharges. It is not an absolute moral requirement, as far as I am concerned. Your analogy of the unlocked door would have been more relevant if it had been set up like this: You don' t leave

your neighbor in your house by himself while you go shopping if he has been seriously accused of burglary, even if he hasn't been convicted. So all right; if I lived in the same town as Walter Breen and had children, I would be careful of Walter Breen. Just exactly how careful would depend on the circumstances, but it could extend to a complete break in personal relations. But I do not live in the same town as Walter and I do not have children. Therefore my relations with him will remain exactly as before. As for our "quasi-society", there will result no possibility of danger to anyone if Walter remains in fandom and turns out to be a child molester after all. Backsue of that, I will proceed on the assumption that he is innocent. / You may, of course, claim that as far as you are concerned he has been proved to be a child molester. But to that I repeat what I said elsewhere -- I do not take the word of someone I know primarily by correspondence on the subject of a man's character. / Whether the action of the Pacificon Committee was a properly justified precaution I will leave up to others to decide. It is conceivable that its action was justified. / Your letter is a beautiful example of Smear. Those who support Breen are condoning child molesting. Others seem to think that those who oppose him are guilty of something equally bad, although it is not clear what. We could stand a little less of this sort of thing. / Finally, and I will repeat it until I am blue in the face, you are dealing with

Walter Breen, human being. If the charges are false, you have already done him a grave injustice. No one deserves to be treated like the latest baseball scores or election returns, to be argued about as if he weren't even there. Can we possibly manage to remember this elementary fact, people?
--cw/



BETTY KUJAWA: I'm a little startled to see you as surprised at the "beast" that's been brought out in people by the Breen affair. Meaning you've been around long enough, I would have thought, to have lost any illusions about fair-play and clean tactics when it comes to so many fen. You been seeing through rose-colored glasses, hon? / Some people claim they're pink--cw./ What with various excellent examples of nastiness, long before this particular case, how could you possibly expect certain fen to play it other than they are? Look at their tactics in the past, pal...

It is indicative, far more than they seem to realize, I feel. The really dishonest warping, or re-editing in many cases, of facts and quotes to fit the fray. By such a low level of mud-slinging the slinger

harms himself far more than his victim and shows himself up to us for what he really is.

It was, of course, Chuck, most heartening and just plain good to have you come on the blood-spattered scene with some kind words -- fair and just words, as far as I'm concerned. We all need much more like you around.

As to hopes of reconciliation twixt the "sides" -- this I doubt. As a fan-friend said recently, there will be enough people on both sides (when the split does come) so that no one need feel lonely.

I cannot say that I could possibly miss people with the fighting tactics and 'ethics' of Ted White, EEEEvers, or Ray Nelson. Such are not My People, nor were they ever.

And I'd just as leave (which is my right after all) never be identified with them in any way. A kind word or even an honest and fair one from such as those would send me scurrying to the nearest psychiatrist for help.

So if they do split off into their own fandom I will not miss them...relief will be all I'll feel.

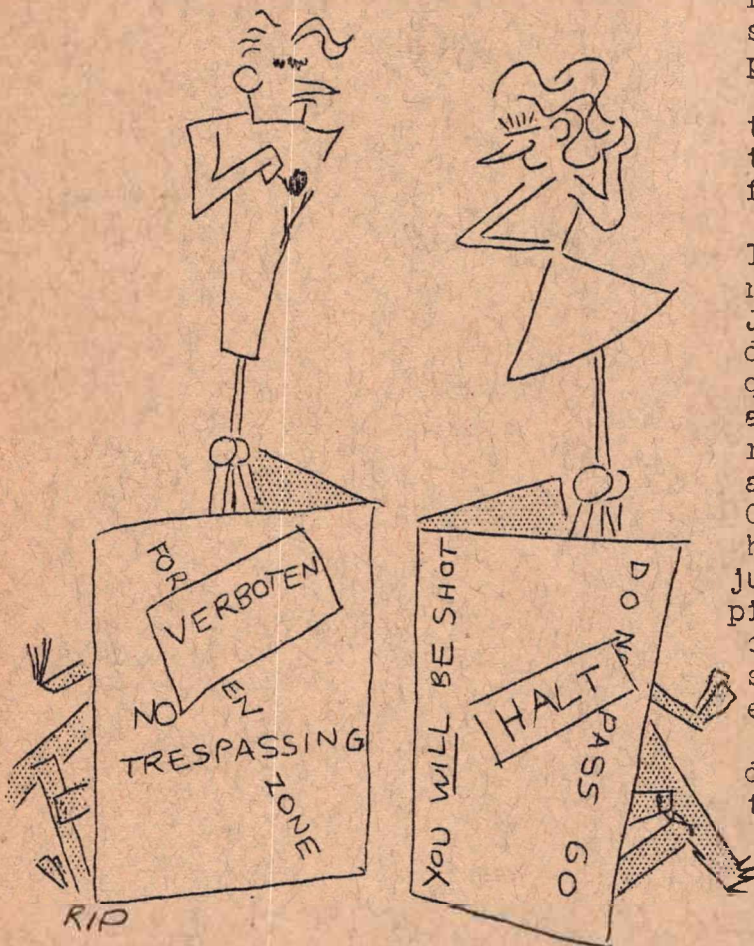
Our cases are somewhat similar, Chuck, both of us having non-fan mates, so to speak. How Jane, shudder, must view this I don't know, but it gives me qualms in my own case here. After all, Gene does have certain rights, and should have such, as a non-fan and as a (and Thank God for it!) adult mature male he has a right to expect a little judgment and taste on my part in picking my associates, if only out of respect for him, my ethical standards, and those of my parents and family. (...)

Alas I know of one individual in fandom who has (or is in the process) left -- College faculty member who sees this as possibly destructive to his future and present livelihood if any of this got to the Powers

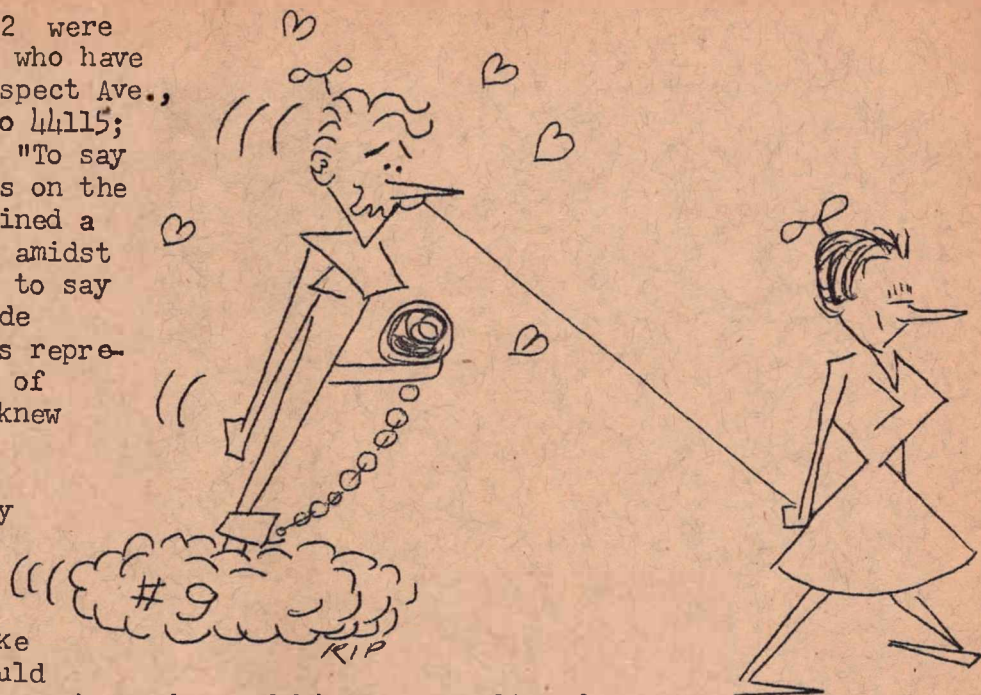
over him at his University. And in certain fields this might do damage in some ways to perfectly innocent bystanders who also happen to be fans, so I blame him not for shooting out of our group. It's just another facet of the kind of damage and hurt this sort of thing can bring to pass...(....)

/Perhaps now that I have taken a stand of sorts you won't be so glad I'm around... / It will never happen that fandom splits because of this into two non-intercommunicating groups. Fan A may cut Fan B off his mailing list, but what about Fans B, C, and D who stay on both fans' mailing lists? We may, however, see the formation of a new apa.

--cw./



ALSO HEARD FROM on 8 1/2 were DON AND MAGGIE THOMPSON, who have a new address: 3518 Prospect Ave., Apt. #15, Cleveland, Ohio 44115; JOHN BOARDMAN, who says, "To say that Buck Coulson's words on the Exclusion Act 'have retained a refreshing air of sanity amidst all the emotionalism' is to say that Eisenhower's attitude during the McCarthy years represented a 'refreshing air of sanity'" but John, Ike knew all about McCarthy, or could easily have found out, but there is no easy way for Buck -- or me -- to unearth enough of the facts about Walter and California law to take a stand, which anyway would not accomplish a tenth as much as Ike could have accomplished had he spoken out on McCarthy--cw/ and JAMES ASHE, who hopes I can stay out of the Breen controversy... Oh, well, I never could keep my big mouth shut.



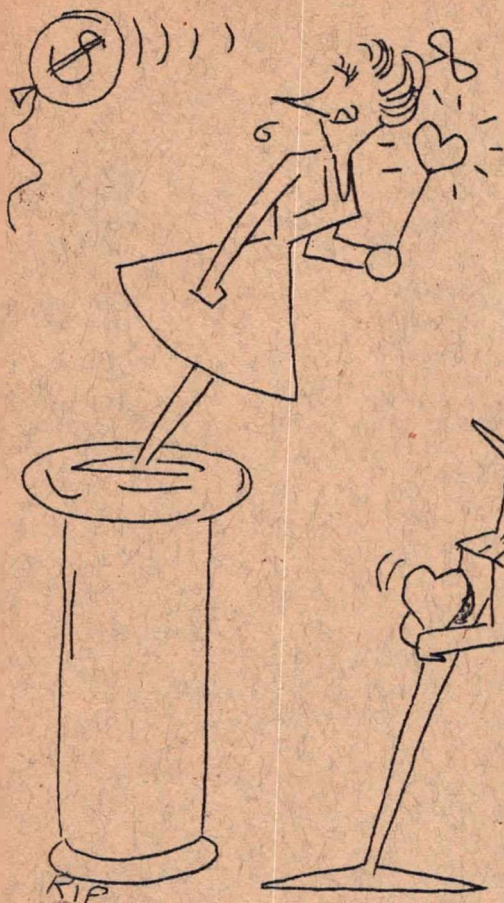
RIGHT HERE I should apologize for the badly-placed change in typeface. You'd think with two typewriters you'd be reasonably safe if one breaks down, wouldn't you? Well, the Smith Corona pica developed capital shift trouble while this one was in the shop being overhauled. While it was there, it acquired the ability to say $2+2=4$, "à la carte", and épée. Later on, if the Royal people ever get on the stick, it will be able to say the name of Redd Boggs' FAPazine, the name of Brazil's second-largest city, and the Twilight of the Gods in German. On the other hand, it cannot halve or quarter any longer, nor can it say "at" or £ in one swell foop. Or Fööp.

COMMENTS ON NUMBER EIGHT. Most of these letters were written about a year before you read this. You should keep in mind that people's ideas often change in that length of time.

REDD BOGGS: (...) I look with considerable mistrust on your new format, which is bent on making Cadenza less formal, less a fanzine at all. Whence comes this odd desire to be more and more casual in fan writing and publishing? I confess that I do not entirely understand it, although in some measure, very small I hope, I have succumbed to it myself (going from Skyhook to Discord and then, at present, to my fapazine, which is stenciled as written, item by item, without any overall plan of organization, without any real idea of what is coming next.)

I would look with mistrust even on your implied reason for adopting the Kipplish format: That you get bored with the mechanical parts of editing and publishing, such as stenciling many letters all at once for the letter section. After all, there is no law in the world that says you have to start at page 1 and stencil in sequence. If you want to "type a letter every time (you) feel like typing one," all you have to do is allot a certain number of pages to the letter department or else put it at the end where it can run on for as long as required, and then stencil parts of this section whenever you feel up to it.

(...) Along the same line as your espousal of that contradiction, the informal format, are your comments on mailing comments in a previous issue. I have forgotten



what you said specifically, but judge from Gordon Eklund's letter, page 3, that you said they are your favorite form of fan reading matter any more. I have become more and more anti-mailing-comment as the years go on. While I haven't become so depraved that I completely pass over MC's -- I usually glance through them, anyway, to find my name -- I am not at all enamored of them as a form. I quit writing a mailing-comment section in February 1955 and have no intention ever of writing another. Apparently Gordon Eklund equates "fanzine reviews/mailling comments/letters of comment." I've seldom ever written fanzine reviews, but of course I write a good many letters of comment, and I don't quite see the similarity. Of course there are some similarities, but the differences are more important than these. For one thing, the intent is partly different, since a letter of comment is an acknowledgment and thanks for a fanzine, and these are unnecessary in an apa. For another, a letter of comment is not primarily written for publication. At least my letters are not. And of course, most important, letters of comment are avowedly first-draft reactions to a fanzine which ideally are edited before being published -- if they are published at all.

Mailing comments, on the other hand, are too often written in the stick and are not edited at all. This is just another example of the rather frightening phenomenon of the fan editor who doesn't edit.

But the categorizing of mailing comments apart, my dislike of the breed stems largely from the fact that too great a value is put on them. There's surely a place for casual, offhand responses to ideas and attitudes one meets in a fanzine, but it's foolish, I think, to uphold them as the most delightful form of fan writing. I agree with Harry Warner that some of the best writing anywhere these days appears in fan magazines, but such writing is far less frequent than it should be merely because of such attitudes as Eklund's and yours. If a fan can delight his readers by sitting down to a blank stencil and banging out half-formed opinions that bubble to the top of his mind as his fingers hit the typer keys, why should he bother with the hard work that goes to make up the really good writing that mankind has created?

Many fan writers have a lot of talent, yet very few of them write as well in many respects as even the hackiest of hack writers for the cheapest professional magazines. For a professional magazine you must turn in a reasonably finished piece of work: it must be organized, make a point, come to an end. And usually it must be a sustained piece of writing, of a length and depth that is usually lacking in fan writing. For all its value and entertainment, fan writing is seldom organized or sustained. A piece of fan writing that is well organized and sustained often gains an inordinate amount of fame merely because of these qualities, other qualities notwithstanding. For example, Ah! Sweet Idiocy!, The Harp Stateside, The Enchanted Duplicator, and a few others.

For one reason or another, fans simply won't address themselves to fan writing with the amount of attention and devotion that good writing demands. And this is probably worth becoming indignant about if anything is. Partly it's lack of time; partly it's that some of us write professionally and turn to fan writing to relax; and partly it's this attitude inherent in Eklund's paean to mailing comments that frag-

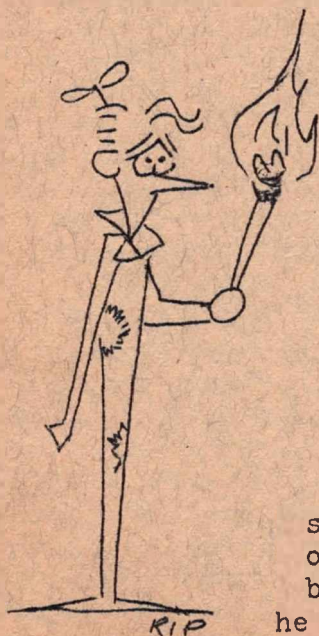
mentary, disorganized, unsustained, casual, of fhand, and half-thought-through comments in print are the highest form of fannish art.

I can't do much about the lack of time, but for these other points I have some answers: Relaxation from other work doesn't necessarily mean that one ought to relax his powers. Writing for the joy of writing is relaxation enough; and the better one writes the greater the joy, no matter how desperately he works. "Improve every opportunity to express yourself in writing, as if it were your last," said Thoreau, and this motto will appear at the beginning of the next issue of Bete Noire. For one's last chance to communicate, one shouldn't write "A fabulous ish. Ghod, I thought I'd die, reading all that W*H*L*D stuff. Man, HOW can you Keep It Up...?"

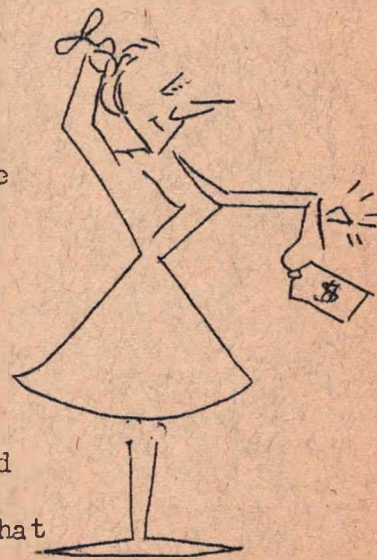
As for casualness in writing, Thoreau also said, "Whatever book or sentence will bear to be read twice, we may be sure was thought twice." And Sheridan wrote, "Easy writing's curst hard reading." I don't necessarily claim that these dovetailing opinions constitute a universal truth, but I do put them up against opinions such as Gordon Ekland's (and presumably yours) that writing like mailing comments is the highest form of fannish art.

(...) After all this, I will have to fall into the sin of passing out the pretty but vapid egoboo roses myself to evade the other sin of running on and on to a length that will bore you to hot tears. "Why Danny Pulaski Went Fafia" is a neat nicely-honed bit. A little too melodramatic, perhaps, and very shaky in its psychology, but still a worthy attempt in the genre of serious fan fiction. "A Trufan's Reward," not a serious story, is even better, partly because it cuts several ways at once. It says things about language study, satirizes dialect dialog, and comments lightly but still incisively on "other fandoms" impinging on ours. Of course it says or implies a lot of other opinions and attitudes too. I liked the little jokes, puns, and plays on words throughout.

/You seem to think Cadenza is a magazine. It is not. It is a personal vehicle which I use to hold up my side of the many-tentacled Great Fannish Conversation; it usually contains a long, weighty article by me (but it's by Jerry Page this time -- an unusual departure), shorter comments on various subjects, now including fapazines, and letters such as yours, which I should have edited into an article. Good fannish writing consists of important ideas -- or anyway interesting ideas -- well put. All too often, through insufficient work, fans put their most interesting ideas very badly. But sometimes we get weak, thin material polished to perfection, as in the last Bete Noire. If I were forced to pick, I would keep this not so carefully written, but important, letter and throw away the last B.N. The B.N. and the letter are both well written. But the letter has much more substance; you are writing about something which concerns you more than filter-tip cigarettes or the latest cute event in L.A.--cw/



BOYD RAE BURN: /Cadenza #8/ shows me the folly of getting into Serious Discussions in fanzines -- some ignorant kid starts shooting off his mouth in reply, and one has to start filling him in on basic background, in that he has no concept of what he is talking about, or, if one has no incli-



nation to remedy the lack in his knowledge, just keep quiet, whereupon the kid is liable to take the attitude, "Ho, I sure set so-and-so straight on that subject."

Without trying to fill in to any great extent the yawning gaps in Gordon Eklund's knowledge, I would like to tell him that seventeen million people (the approximate number of shareholders in the U.S.) is hardly a "very minor segment" of the population, and the AFL-CIO represents about thirteen million (give or take a million) people.

(...) Harry Warner is quite correct in that, when the railroads had a monopoly transportation last century, there was great need for regulation (especially considering some of the pirates who were running railroads at that time) but railroads are certainly not a monopoly in the transportation field now. Other forms of transportation would not have driven the railroads to their present state, but for the handicaps railroads presently labor under. (...)

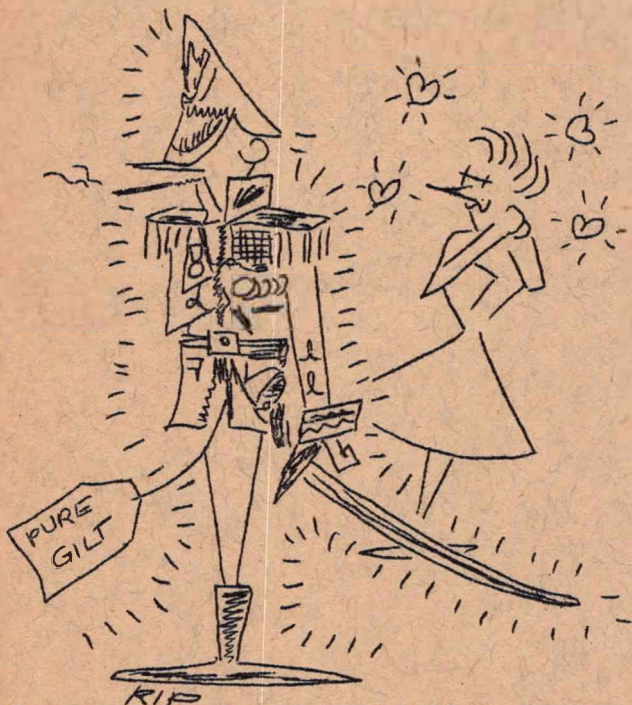
Incidentally, Charles, if there were not a rail line to your town, do you think the railroads should be forced to provide one? /Yes, if there were a need for it. If the railroad could show it would suffer losses which were not made up by high profits on freight service, I would support a subsidy to keep the service going. By the way, since this discussion started, I have changed my mind and decided that rail passenger service is no longer needed in Durham.--cw/

VIC RYAN, commenting on the article about the public accommodations law: I'm afraid this business about the "death of the spirit" doesn't hold much water, simply because there are Southerners so deeply ingrained with hate and bigotry and prejudice that no propaganda will ever alleviate their suffering when they must sit in the same room as a Negro, even briefly. You may stamp up and down and say they are bigots; that

the Negro must have equal rights; that he mustn't be punished because of his skin color -- but, by the same token, a white shouldn't be punished simply because his parents filled him with hate that he'll never overcome.

Dignity? Well, a property owner has it. He may be a moderate at best, but he's hardly likely to prefer selling a Negro a cup of coffee to catering to the one-third of his patrons who'd leave him were his establishment to become desegregated. A waitress has it; she depends on tips for whatever comforts she has in life, and if that means a decision between the Negro, unable to earn a decent living in a white world, and the white family out for a Sunday dinner and llikely to tip -- she will forsake civil rights idealism for the gratuity.

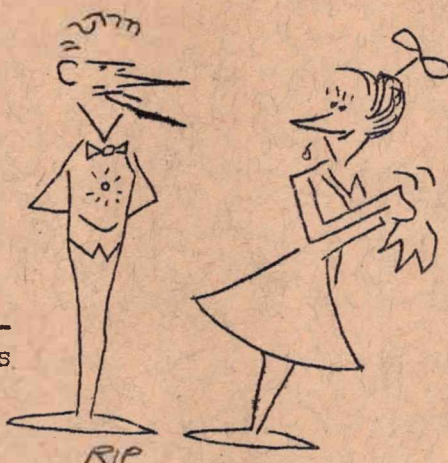
/The kind of hate-filled person you describe in the first paragraph is, according to my understanding, insane. Or, if he



is aware of his own weakness, as segregationists often are, very neurotic. Most of the Southerners I have known may find it unpleasant to sit near a seated Negro, and may even go out of their way to avoid doing so; but when there is no choice, they are capable of going about their business without breaking out in hives, Molotov cocktails, or murder. Because of their existence, it is important to go slow in the area of public accommodations (and I think the current pace is plenty slow), whereas it may not be important to go slow in enforcing a law against discrimination against

redheads, about whom only a few are neurotic.--cw/

F.M.BUSBY: Since I generally vote conservative as the nearest practical approach in the absence of an anarchist ticket ("that government governs best that governs least"), I'd like to toss a modification into your picture of the conservative approach to civil rights -- the human rights vs. property rights bit. My own feeling is that the appeal



to "property rights" is meaningless in any enterprise that is licenst to serve the public -- food, shelter, transportation, or commodity sales, etc. If you are serving the public, then dammit you serve all the public that is fit to mingle, excluding only offensive drunks and others whose behavior warrants exclusion.

However, I think there is a serious problem in the housing question, both in rental and home sales. On the one hand it is highly unjust that Negroes cannot buy or rent houses outside of "ghetto" areas. On the other hand, no one should be forced to sell or rent a house to anyone -- anyone. Perhaps the most simple solution is to deny the right of discrimination (while allowing for financial safeguards) at some arbitrary level of quantity, but still allow the individual to be as irrational as he chooses to be in renting or selling his own house; after all, a houseowner should be as free to deny rental to a shiftless Negro as to a shiftless white; nicht wahr? (...) The dividing line between "public" and "private" is not easy to draw; no.

/The trouble with the "least" government slogan is that in the absence of effective governmental restraint, private companies, churches, or other organizations and individual, soon gain the ability to exercise what is effectively governmental power on their own. The fact that the exercise of governmental power by the private group may be restricted to certain areas, such as drinking, use of resources, or whatever, is immaterial, since governments themselves are restricted to certain areas in non-totalitarian countries. It does not always happen that private exercise of governmental power reduces the people's freedom, but it happens all too often. It is for this reason that increases in the power of the government often result in an absolute increase in the quality & amount of liberty in the land, rather than in a more-to-be-expected decrease. / A subtly related question is this: is it morally wrong to perform an action, which, if many people did it, would result in harm to the community, but which is harmless by itself? An example is littering the sidewalk; another is peeing in the Mississippi River. I am of the somewhat wavery opinion that such actions are OK; if they become harmfully frequent, it's OK to pass a law against them. But they do not thereby become immoral. The reason that discrimination against Negroes by a restaurant owner is immoral is purely and simply that the Negro is a human being; the fact that if most restaurant owners do it economic harm results is irrelevant to the morality question, although highly relevant to whether the public accomodations act should have been passed.--cw/

HARRY WARNER, JR.: Why Danny Pulaski Went Fafia was an interesting story. But I got the same odd feeling from it that I used to obtain when I read the old Palmer Amazing: that it's a mundane story with the specialized element tacked on. In your

case, the fannish atmosphere could be subtracted without causing any essential alteration in the plot, unless you are trying to say that fandom is the place where the mentally unbalanced naturally gravitate. I liked better A Trufan's Reward, although I probably was unable to savor its full flavor. One of the many writers with whom I didn't get a childhood acquaintance was A. A. Milne, I still haven't gotten around to his books for youngsters, and I assume that knowledge of them is necessary for full enjoyment of your fable. I remember memorizing the advertisement that seemed to run unchanged for years in children's magazines, offering the Winnie-the-Pooh series of four books or whatever number it contained in a brightly illustrated edition at a find price. Maybe I assumed that I would some day receive these books for Christmas; I can't think of any other reason I should have failed to borrow them from the library.

/I agree that the fannish element in the Danny Pulaski story was not essential to the story, but I fail to see that this is a bad thing. There have been plenty of mystery stories written with interesting settings, which could have been written in essentially the same way in another setting. I chose a setting with which fans were familiar. I was not trying to say anything about fandom, I was simply telling a story. I have no objection to stories which do say something about fandom, however. / In theory there is nothing wrong with a science fiction story set in some far-off place or time in which the problems, characters, and (usually violent) solutions are the same as in Western stories; the trouble with such stories is that the author ignores the problem of justifying such a situation. For me, anyway, suspension of disbelief does not carry that far. I expect people in far-off times or on far-off planets to behave differently from 19th-century westerners, and if they behave the same, this odd fact must be justified. / Anyway, I don't think my story and the kind of s.f. stories you criticize are really parallel. --cw/

ROY TACKETT: Your point /about the public accommodations law/ is extreme but made. Let me carry it further -- it is your right to sell contaminated candy to my kids as long as you can get by with it; likewise it is my right to let daylight through you if I can catch you at it. This is individualism -- you are entitled to do whatever you can get by with but if some other individual doesn't like it he can come gunning for you.

These are some of the rights given up when one accepts civilization. Basically I suppose that I am an individualist in that if I had my druthers I'd druther settle things that affect me in my own way but of all the lost causes the cause of individualism is the lostest. (Or is that most lost?) /Lost mosh skosh/. In any event I accept that and, indeed, hold that since the government won't let me do things in my own way it is the responsibility of the government to do them for me. I am a staunch advocate of complete government control of all phases of the economy and national life. /This law/ should have teeth put in it: merchants and others who deal with the public should not only be prevented from discriminating for any reason (although any merchant who does is out of his head; any sensible merchant will take anybody's money -- the color of the hand that holds it doesn't matter so long as the money is green) but prices should be strictly controlled as should such things as interest and quality of merchandise.

/Individualism is a lost cause because it is self-defeating. In the situation you describe in the first paragraph, pretty soon some smart guys will band together and start collecting "taxes" over as wide an area as they can hold. The absence of effective government creates effective tyranny. The public accommodations situation in the South has illustrated this on a small scale. In the absence of enforced requirements that innkeepers serve everyone, an amorphous and incompletely organized group of community leaders has "convinced" enough whites that they should not support integrated inns that it becomes more profitable for merchants to discriminate than to integrate, contrary to your remark about the color of the hand that holds the money.

--cw/

FREDERICK A. LERNER: About mathematics being divorced from the real world: A couple of years ago I got up about 5:30 one weekday morning (earlier, of course, than usual) and, after finishing a P.G. Wodehouse story, turned the television set on. After channel 4 signed on (I love to watch these things; I'm a sucker for the Star Spangled Banner) they had a "Continental Classroom" series on "The New Mathematics". On the show which I saw, which was devoted to set theory, the instructor gave a logical proof that guinea pigs can't appreciate Beethoven's music. The only trouble with his proof is that in real life it has been proven that "dumb" animals can appreciate good music. (...) This presumably includes guinea pigs, tho I doubt that any tests have been made on them (as nobody really cares about increasing their milk production).

In the above rather long and pointless anecdote I mentioned watching and listening to the sign-on and sign-off programs of radio and television stations. I have heard many of these (...). Of course, most radio stations sign off, usually at midnight, with the station identification and the National Anthem. I am told (by John Boardman in Pointing Vector #16) that in the South many stations substitute "Dixie", and other sources tell me that the hymn "Bless This House" is popular for this purpose in the midwest. In New York, "America the Beautiful" is used by one station, and there's a rather reactionary station in Long Island which signs off every day at sunset with "God Save the Queen". On the west coast, and on some more sophisticated Chicago stations, songs like "The Party's Over" or "Now is the Hour" ends the broadcast day, and at Columbia WKCR uses the alma matera and "Roar, Lion, Roar" in its broadcasts. I would like to get some more information on this matter, and would like to hear about the sign-on and sign-off patterns of stations in various other parts of the country. (Now there's a new fandom for you, C.W.).

/If that logical proof was typical, it went something like this: "A. Guinea pigs are dumb animals. B. Dumb animals can't appreciate classical music. C. Beethoven's music is classical music. Therefore, D. Guinea pigs can't appreciate Beethoven's music." Except that it was probably presented in explicitly set-theoretic conclusions. Now the point you missed because you weren't paying close enough attention, or because the instructor was incompetent, is that that proof is valid, whether or not the conclusion is true. You know for certain that if A, B, and C are true, then so is D, and that if D is false, then at least one of A, B, and C is false.--cw/

MIKE DECKINGER: (...) I am thoroughly repelled by the deplorable conditions depriving the negro of his rights, both in the North and South, as you are. But I wonder if he indeed wants to eat in a place where he's hated with a ferocity that is well known throughout history, and is accomodating him under what is practically fixed bayonet point. The negro wants equality and justice, and there can be no denying that these are long overdue to him. But he also wants understanding and a sincere effort of acceptance on the part of the whites. Is he really getting equality when a college enrollment is turned into a vicious free-for-all, and federal troops are needed to contain a highly explosive situation? Did James Meredith get equality when he began classes at Ole Miss, or was this equality a sham, caused directly by the presence of troops enforcing Meredith's safety?

I'm very surprised that Vladimir Nabokov hasn't rated more space in fandom. *IOLITA* suffered from some very misguided censorship which made it appear that the book had all the oversexed qualities of *PEYTON PLACE*, *THE CARPETBAGGERS*, and a few other unfortunate examples of "adult literature". In any case Nabokov is a remarkably colorful and talented writer (...) and one who still now suffers unjustly from the whispered accusations that "he's the one who wrote that book...you know which I mean" and other forms of insane mouthings. From any standpoint *IOLITA* is a remarkable book. In fact, I would dearly love to see some fan-parody, in the Carl Brandon vein, attempted on this theme, utilizing Nabokov's introspective probings and acute observations.

Meredith got legal equality at Ole Miss, which is all that a law can give. Those of us who believe in integration now have to become missionaries, to try to persuade others of our beliefs; the law has gone almost, but not quite, as far as it can.--cw/

DON FITCH: My basic objection /to the public accommodations law/, I suppose, is that I feel strongly about the essential futility of legislating, codifying, and imposing from Above something which should be Felt from Within. The same thing goes for most organized religions; if Christians, for example, felt and practiced even a small fraction of the lovingkindness which the founder of their religion practiced and preached, they's stand a much better chance of getting to Heaven, and they and the world would be much better off. Instead, they live by elaborate Rules which frequently appear to make them and everyone else pretty miserable.

(...)I think that segregation -- discrimination on the basis of race -- is wrong, and I have on several occasions walked out of restaurants where/when Negroes, Mexicans, or Orientals were refused service, and I don't see any practical way of righting this shortof Government Edict. I don't like this one little bit, but it is, by a small margin, the lesser of two evils, in my estimation. (...) I can only hope that, with time and education, the need for such laws will fade away.

WALTER TAYLOR: (...) I think that you are a little bit too bitter about the treatment the negro receives in cities throughout the nation. I don't think that it is as bad as you make it out to be. I doubt that there are many "filthy hovels" where a colored man must eat contaminated food to sustain his life -- there are laws about food and drink that protect white men and black men alike, you know. Besides, your very description of the "hovel" in a colored section of town seems to reflect somewhat unattractively on the negro, and how he lives.

In Philadelphia (I don't know how wide spread this is) there have been instances where a negro has attained a job or a position with pressure from the NAACP, CORE, or other organizations. When a white man loses his job so that a negro may have it (and this has been done) I feel that the reverse discrimination that is practiced is no worse than what we now see against the negro!

I think that the negro is about due for the rights that have been so unforgivably denied him, but I am not in favor of the negro advancing at the expense of a white man. /I am, if the advancement is on the basis of merit.--cw/

FELICE ROLFE: (...)My husband's company has a Negro heading the quality control department; out here /California/ it's not uncommon. (In this case his crew is white). This man has the income, the education, the ability to do what he wants. At work he encounters absolutely no discrimination. But in his social contacts, in his choice of residence, in short in his personal life, he's a Negro. This guy has a real problem. (...)

I don't think that labor represents such a much larger group than management anymore. Management is no longer thought of as including only vice presidents and higher. At least here on the Coast, practically all the white collar workers think of themselves as management, or professionals if they are technical personnel. (Most engineers and scientists, after they reach a certain salary level, go into management under the mistaken assumption that there is less competition and that advancement is faster.) Thus management isn't such a minor segment of the population anymore; and as it is now made up, it seems less susceptible to corruption and gangster rule.

/I'm not sure I'll buy that part about "less susceptible to corruption". Gangster rule, yes, but not corruption. Of course, corruption on the management level is more refined, and less likely to be caught, and likely to be covered up if it is caught. I learned about an astonishing amount of minor corruption in the six months (two summers) I worked for one large corporation.--cw/

NORM CLARKE: Gordon Eklund says, "This is the first time I've heard of (the right to speak) being denied to a nice quiet Socialist." It's not too surprising, really. According to the Gilbert Youth Survey, a majority of teenagers (when interviewed) thought Communists should be allowed to speak publicly (in the U.S.); but, on the other hand, the majority of these same teenagers said that Socialists should not be allowed this freedom. Has there been some sort of subtle brainwashing going on in the U.S. during the past few years to make Socialism, not Communism, seem the Great Menace (perhaps because the government realized, at last, that there are very few real card-carrying Communists, while Socialism may possibly have too much potential popular appeal)?

THOMAS DILLEY: I see little inconsistency in anyone's favoring legislation requiring the labelling of poisons and yet opposing civil rights laws; two entirely separate "freedoms" are involved. One the one hand, there is actual liberty of access, and, on the other, liberty of fair warning. The segregationist makes perfectly clear whom he doesn't wish to have in his restaurant/gas station/motel/flophouse/brothel, etc., and might with no contradictions of his principles wish to insist upon knowing what other people put in their bottles and packages.

Of course, consistency doesn't insure correctness. I should think that the present economical restrictions upon the places many persons can frequent (or even occasional) would be more than sufficiently constraining without the additional racial bans. One of the very things, however, which may so greatly unnerve the segregationist is the recent refusal of the Negro to be awed away from many places that he -- and others of the same (individual) status -- might formerly have not dared go. It's not so much that the Negro is going "out of his place", but that he's doing it unabashedly. My particular opinion is that anyone who dresses and acts in accordance with his immediate surroundings be not out of place. I am often out of place.

And I believe that enough proprietors have, themselves, much more use for a Negro's money than for his absence, being, after all, businessmen. A businessman, though, must be wary of anything which will put him in bankruptcy; in many cases, admitting Negroes would do precisely that. It is quite true that the Negro is scandalously downtrodden, and that society as a whole should adopt a radically different attitude. I hardly think it is fair, however, to put a large number of persons out of business so that the downtrodden might eat at the restaurants during the few months they remain open. No one of my acquaintance has any interest in the restaurant-motel variety of business (a strange thing for a Floridan), nor would I give up any such establishment which began admitting Negroes. Many persons of my acquaintance would.

Migod, Moffatt has written the longest and funniest "I Had One of Those but the Wheels Fell Off" I ever saw. (...)

/I have sometimes thought that it ought to be illegal for restaurants to discriminate on the grounds of dress, too; at least for restaurants on public highways.
--CW/

ROY TACKETT, again, on the comment I made in a private letter to him that he could choose the middle way between individualism and state control (see his letter three pages previous): I'd be perfectly willing to muddle along the middle way if it were possible. Would be quite happy about it. This individualism bit is possible only where the population is smaller than it now is. It works quite well in small, more primitive societies. (Not primitive, but more primitive, implying less complicated than our own). I'm not at all keen on full government control but it seems to me to be the only way that the individual can be protected in a civilization as large and as complicated as our own. If all men were honorable it wouldn't be necessary. If all men were free of the economic tyranny which now binds them it wouldn't be necessary -- if all men had enough financial support to live in the manner which they'd

like, or had enough income of one sort or another; income is just a working word here -- to insure them all adequate food, shelter, necessities, and luxuries. But such is not the case. Consequently the unscrupulous are still preying on those who are struggling along. Goods are shoddy, food is adulterated (damn near everything is watersoaked these days), interest rates and practices are legally usurious. The merchants and moneylenders have got the citizenry in a bind, and a legal one at that. The only answer seems to be full -- and tight -- government control.

I'm in pretty good shape with only normal encumbrances. I scream like mad, though, when we fry up some bacon and end up with a pan full of water. "Carrying charges" and "service charges" are ridiculous but legal. Borrowing money is even more so. When we were building our place here we attempted to get a GI loan and ran into the "discount" business. GI loans only pay about 5 1/4 percent. So the money lenders have a perfectly legal -- and don't ask me how it is 'cause I haven't figured it out -- way of making more from them. You borrow 11 grand and they give you ten. The rest is a "discount" and I sure can't figure it out. I didn't go for it either and finally got a conventional loan at what, I'm assured, is a reasonable rate of 7 1/2 percent.

I know a fellow here /Albuquerque/ who borrowed \$9,000 to buy a house. \$800 were charged him as "handling charges". The loan company gave him \$8200 and he's paying 8% on the \$9000. And it is legal! It's bloody robbery!

Muddle along the middle way? I'd be happy to. But, dammit, Chuck, when even the law protects the unscrupulous who can muddle along the middle way?

/Tough laws against usury and adulterated food do not constitute "tight government control".--cw/

JOHN FOYSTER: I'll send you a copy of my Wild Colonial Boy with a few words on the racial situation out here /Victoria, in Australia/. One almost feels it would be better to live in the USA. On the other hand, in the last few days, while I've been at a Science Teacher's seminar I've come across one of the less likable types of American -- the great conservative. This fellow taught in New York (I think) and came out here about 15 months ago to get away from it all. Good show was my line of thought as I recalled Ron and Cindy Smith and also a few other Americans I'd met who were out here because they didn't like it back home. But I'm afraid this gentleman's opinions were rather different. He came out here to get away from the negroes. I don't know how he'll manage with out aborigines. He also sneers at student protest, which is becoming an IN thing, I suppose.

DR. ANTONIO DUPLA on number 6: (...) About the problem of communication and marriage you beat the brush around /you mean "beat around the bush"/ and afterwards, knowingly, end as everybody, respecting the boundaries of direct explanation. I do like con reports /#7 now/ but I call a point of objection in yours: fine that you developed a general view of society and fandom at the end of 1962, when written, but then and now I object when all forty-year-olds are called stuffy. That is my age, oh yes, but the qualifying doesn't become me. Though later you make up for your fault with your excellent report, subjective as it must be but fair and good.

(...) Your article /in #6/ is deep and full of ideas indeed, but, where did you lose the problem of taxes? After serving as an introduction never more was heard of. /Congratulations. You are the only one who noticed that.--cw/

(...) Your work of fiction in no. 8 is authentically excellent but, if I am not wrong, the last paragraph contradicts all the rest as how could be the dead son twice murderer and the only family left? /Read it again, read it again!--cw/

Correct to the last letter (not so frequent a thing) your Spanish quotation.

DON AND MAGGIE THOMPSON: Much enjoyed your comments anent the Public Accommodations law -- one of the most biting things you've ever written, Chuck. Powerfully stated

needed statement. Goodo and hearty approval from here. (...)

I wish you wouldn't give away endings to stories that a goodly number of your readers have not, in all probability, read yet. And if they have read it, why read your review? (...) /Well, I thought maybe I'd said something interesting about it.cw/
I have my doubts about railroads. /Succinctly put, that.--cw/

RICK SNEARY: I didn't agree with your Trufan, re. the Enchanted Typewriter. At least I wouldn't have reacted that way without looking into the matter a little more deeply. First off, would the machine write anything but French? If so, would it correct spelling and grammar? Would it guarantee to make anything I wrote come out sounding like eather Tucker or Boggs. (There ought to be a little switch to throw, on the side of the machine... Maybe one for writing like Raeburn, and one for like Chirchill.) If this were so, and Trufan's heart is really pure, and his eye keenly fixed, and his resolve sound, then no Winnie-the-Pooh Fandom could effect him. He would in truth, turn them to his own ends. The dangers represented by comic-book fandom, fantasy-world fandom, games fandom, ERB fandom, all could be turned to good ends, with the true Enchanted Typewriter. The Enchanted Typewriter would in fact be a far more powerful force in Fandom than the Enchanted Duplicator. For while the E.D. brings fame and glory through the ultimat fanzine, the E.T. would make it possible to spread a bit of enchantment over many fanzines. It would give you the power to say the right thing at the right time. The blazing flash of reason that would stop the latest feud. The properly turned phrase to deflate the latest fat head. The most acceptable form of helpful criticism to neo-fans. The reasonable list of approaches to the latest problems. The right words at the right time are a powerful force. With an Enchanted Typewriter, there is no limit to the greatness and the good one could do. It would be worth changing my name to Christopher Robin...

Why, as it is, I bought a new Olympia standard, and rejoined the NFFF as R. Monroe Sneary.

Best wishes for your life in FAPA, and I'll be listening for more cadenzas.

WAHF: Nobody. --CW.

The educated man is the one who understands the implications of his beliefs...

CODA

"...Fandom is not a literary movement, like the other little magazine publishers. It's a journalistic one and we produce able reporters, fine editors and good commercial writers. Occasionally a critic. A strong movement toward being literary, with subjective prose and Avram Davidson blurbs all over the field could be as sickening as the Cosmic Circle or Seventh Fandom /Sirrah! ever was. Fortunately fandom has its mavericks who are all willing to become conservative whenever a 'movement' starts."
--Jerry Page, in a private letter.

"It is an irony worthy of Shaw that this biography /"Bosie", by R. Croft-Cooke/ does not let the reader rest in any comfortable condemnation of homosexuality. In the shocking spectacle which was Wilde's trial, one honors the courage of Alfred Taylor, homosexual and provider of boys, who chose to stand in the dock with Wilde rather than join in giving evidence against him, and who thereby served a sentence as long as Wilde's and considerably harder. As Mr. Croft-Cooke says, it is not known what became of Taylor afterward, but he deserved happiness." --Carolyn Heilbrun, in the New York Times Book Review, May 24, 1964.

Aquí tiene Vd. mi cadenza.

