

CADENZA



no. 1

CADENZA number one is published by Charles Wells, 190 Elm Street, Oberlin, Ohio, with the invaluable moral support of Miss Jane Ely, on an irregular schedule. You may receive future issues by (1) sending me your fanzine, (2) writing a letter of comment, or (3) subscribing at the rate of 10¢ an issue. All material in this issue is editorially written, but material for future issues will be gleefully accepted. But keep in mind that this is an irregular magazine, so submitted material should be preferably of a timeless nature. Circulation this issue: approximately 90.

INTROIT

This fanzine owes its genesis to the fact that if I didn't publish immediately I would be off FAPA's waiting list. This would be a fate worse than death. But I also received much fannish inspiration from the presence on the Oberlin campus of Maggie Curtis, a freshman this year. When I met her, I had not even talked to a single real fan for at least four years. I was amazed at the fannish enthusiasm her mere presence on campus engendered in me. I felt like a neofan again!

This is odd, because I hardly ever see her except when she rushes into the library (where I work) to check out various books vital to her Continued Education at this rat race they call a college.

Actually, my real introduction, or reintroduction, to fandom came with a letter from the Youngs, who are still my Favorite Fans, which I received about a year ago. They caught me up on some of the more important happenings in fan history during my long period of complete gafia whilst in the Air Force, and engendered some slight enthusiasm which unfortunately petered out in the rush of my first (although sophomore) year in Oberlin.

For those of you who have never heard of me, or have forgotten me, my first incarnation as a fan came during the years 1952-1955, when I was a teenager. I had the invaluable aid & support of Lee Hoffman, who at that time was living in Savannah. I published some 15 issues of FIENDETTA, as well as various other FAPAZINES. Fta started out as a generalzine, but entered FAPA after its first amish. It was pretty lousy, though scattered through it were occasional pieces of worth. Perhaps some day for the record I will write a brief history of its career, but I cannot now because my copies of it are in Savannah and I am here, with a bad memory. So you are all spared that, anyway.

I am now 23 years old and a junior in Oberlin College. The latter fact is enough to hold my fanning down to a minimum. The only other relevant vital statistic I can think of is that I have never seen a copy of FANAC. This, I am informed, is a ridiculous situation for a modern, progressive Faaan to be in. But it is being remedied, you may be sure.

-CW

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and no wonder:
All the rest have peanut butter,
Except Grandma, who drives a bright red Buick.

-je

ALAS!

The Tragedy of a Fan

Oswald Trufan sighed and eased himself onto one of the crates scattered about his trufannish dwelling place. "Ah," he breathed, looking deeply into the eyes of his beloved girl-friend, Platonica. "Ah, Platonica," he said, "'tis truly satisfying to have completed the fourteenth issue of one's fanzine! How satisfying! What a sense of accomplishment! It is indeed a blessing to be in fandom!" he added, putting his arm about her waist.

"Yes. It gives one stars in the eyes," said Platonica, with stars in her eyes. "Just think, my dear," she added, brushing Oswald's hand off her knee, "fourteen successive issues of a monthly fanzine -- why, at this rate, 'Ghuminy Ghrits', which is the name of your fanzine, will be universally acclaimed as Number One in all fandom." She clasped Oswald's hand to her breast, which wasn't difficult, since it was already there.

Indeed, "Ghuminy Ghrits", which was the name of his fanzine, was already well known and Oswald was well on his way to becoming a BNF. Such is the reward of true fannish devotion! But, alas!, it was not always to be that way. Reward there is, the dear reader should well note, for true fannish devotion. But should the fan stray from the paths of righteousness, as our dear Oswald -- but we anticipate our story.

Suddenly, Oswald arose from Platonica's lap. In wonderment, he looked at Platonica with new eyes, striking a heroic pose with his hand in his shirt, and said, "Eureka!"

"Napoleon?" asked Platonica, thinking they were playing charades.

"No, no, my dear, Aristotle in the bathtub. But I have a wonderful idea!"

"What? What?" asked Platonica breathlessly.

"It's the new thing in fandom! Bjo did it! Terry Automobile did it! Ted Whitehorse did it! And we can do it too!" He kissed Platonica passionately.

"What? What?" asked Platonica breathlessly, getting up off the floor.

"Let's get married!"

"Are you sure it wasn't Archimedes?" asked Platonica.

"Perhaps it was," agreed Oswald, and kissed her passionately again.

"It's a wonderful idea!" exclaimed Platonica from the chandelier. "To think, we can get married in a wedding!"

"You shouldn't say tautologies that say the same thing twice," said Oswald.

"Sorry. To think! Marriage! No BNF should be without it! A wonderful -- " Suddenly she caught her breath, and blanched.

"Blanche! What's the matter?" asked Oswald worriedly.

"It's just -- it's just -- Oh, Oswald, I don't know what to say!" exclaimed Blanche, I mean Platonica, and burst into tears.

"My dear, my dear! Is something wrong? What is it? Do you pale before the thought of the Mundane Responsibilities of marriage? No true fan should worry about Mundane Responsibilities! It isn't in keeping with the Nobility of Character of trufannishness," he pointed out, pointedly.

"Oh Oswald!" she cried, seizing his lapel. "I have been deceitful! I have misled you horribly!" She sobbed bitterly and seized his belt buckle.

"You have misled me?" asked Oswald in shocked amazement, pulling his pants up. "What have you done? Is there someone in your past? I can forgive you that! Even -- even --" he shuddered, "if he wasn't a Fan!"

"No, no, it's not that. I have only had eyes for you. It is something Far, Far worse!" She shuddered, and seized his left shoe.

"Worse? What is it? Tell me! I, like all True Fan, am naturally of a Kind & Forgiving nature! You need not fear harsh recriminations from me!" He brushed a FAPAazine off his bed.

"Oh, Oswald, can you? Can you? You have no idea what monstrous deceit I have lived in!" She trembled in ecstatic self-castigation.

"Anything, anything!" Oswald cried. "Just tell me!"

"Well," she breathed deeply and got up off the bed and went over to the window, which was plastered over with convention badges, "I'll tell you. Oh the shame of it! Oswald, all these years I have led you to believe me to be the Truest of Femme Fannes. Well, I have to confess: I am not! Oswald --" she burst into tears again and tripped over the last SAPS mailing. "Oswald, I am not even a true fan!"

"AAAAGH," said Oswald mildly. "What is this you say? Not a true fan? How can that be? You have worked with me so long and hard over these past fourteen issues of 'Ghuminy Ghrits', which is the name of my fanzine. You have shown true Fannish devotion! How can you lie there on the floor and say you are not a True Fan?"

"I know not why I did it. Perhaps it was that mundane emotion they call--" she blushed, "love."

"LOVE?" Oswald was furious. "YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU ARE NOT EVEN A FAN AT ALL???"

"Worse! Far worse!" She cowered in terror, her hand on the doorknob. "I-- I am a -- a -- Winnie-the-Pooh fan!"

"Oh! This is the most unkindest cut of all!" he exclaimed in utter dismay.

"Othello?" asked Platonica.

"No, Macbeth," said Oswald. "NEVER DARKEN MY DOORSTOP AGAIN! Leave me at once! Ah, tragedy, tragedy! Why could I not have known sooner? The Fates are against me! Oh woe, Oh woe!" He shoved Platonica out of the door, and she fell into a heap on the snow, sobbing.

Slamming the door, Oswald re-entered his trufannish dwelling-place. He sat down at his typewriter. Slowly, he began to type out the masthead for the fifteenth issue of "Ghuminy Ghrits", which was the name of his fanzine. He left off Platonica's name as Assistant Flunky.

But when he looked at the bare space that doing that left in his justified margins, he began to sob, quietly.

-CW

The cistern contains, the fountain overflows.

WILLIAM BLAKE AND THE SENSE OF WONDER

Now, I am NOT going to attempt to "prove" that William Blake wrote science fiction in 1810. What he wrote was not science fiction. It was not even fantasy. It was poetry. But I think he would appeal to science-fiction fans if they investigated him, and he is well worth investigating.

Most people, when they think of William Blake, think of "Tyger". This poem, one of a group called "Songs of Experience", is in my opinion his masterpiece among his short poems. But I am not going to talk about that, or for that matter about any of his short poems. The poems under consideration here are his p * a group of long poems in an apocalyptic style reminiscent of the Book of the Revelation of John, to call it by its correct name for once. The fantastic imagery in the best of his prophetic poems rivals that of Dante's Inferno, which many sfans are acquainted with already, in its ability to arouse the sense of wonder which is so often sought by fans.

But the fantastic imagery alone is not what makes them so appealing. Blake had an absolutely fascinating theology which would undoubtedly appeal to many of our more heretical-type fans. He believed that the world is ruled by Satan under the name of Jehovah. The Ten Commandments were promulgated by Satan when he fell from heaven in order to imprison humanity into a narrow realm bounded by the five senses. Humanity was originally infinite:

They told me that the night & day were all that I could see;
They told me that I had five senses to inclose me up,
And they inclosed my infinite brain into a narrow circle,
And sunk my heart into the Abyss, a red, round globe, hot burning,
Till all from life I was obliterated and erased.

("Visions of the Daughters of Albion")

Satan, or Urizen (a pun on "your reason") proceeded to spread the lie that it was not he, but God who fell from Heaven and that he, Jehovah/Urizen/Satan was the true source of Good. But his doctrine was limiting instead of freeing; true wisdom comes from the fulfilment of desire (specifically, and at great length, Blake says this about sexual desire), but Urizen taught the restriction of desire, which atrophies. Blake taught that reason restricts, desire expands. He was equally opposed to both rationalism, which is cold, and asceticism, which imprisons. The free indulgence of desire is the only path to salvation.

*Read "prophetic poems" here, please. -ed.

There is much more than this to his theology, of course; I can only hint at it here, and hope not to oversimplify. Blake's theology is not only complicated, it is obscure in the extreme, and in some places apparently self-contradictory. For example, his attitude toward Swedenborgianism changed from approval to disapproval in the middle of his writing career.

But if what I have said here titillates you, then by all means look his prophetic books up and read them. It would help immensely if you read one of the many books about the prophetic books first in order to get oriented.

The best single prophetic book is "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," from a section of which ("Proverbs of Hell") the interlineations in this issue come. I might add here that I find these books exciting and fascinating not because I agree with his theology, which I don't, but because it is iconoclastic. This is probably a complimentary comment on my maturity, but, doggone it, it's fun to be iconoclastic!

-CW

He who desires, but acts not, breeds pestilence.

INSINUATING GRACE

Insinuating Grace: go,
Leave my heart alone.
How can I keep thee in me?
Thy light overwhelms me.
There is no shadow near Thee;
Thou art like a sun
Entrapped within a diamond
Everywhere aglow.

Where can I hide my soul?
Thy sorrows multiply
Within me, every one
Mine own doing. Go--
Leave my heart along.
Let me forget myself
And live me as before,
And live me as before.

-CW

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

THE ROARING CANON

Reviews of fmz received

PHLOTSAM #16: Phyllis H. Economou, 2416 E. Webster Place, Milwaukee, Wisc. If my memory serves me correctly, Phyllis' mimeoing has improved since five years ago. Since this consists primarily of reviews of the 92nd FAPA mlg, which I didn't get, I can't understand all that is said. But it's good to see you still around, Phyllis.

There was one interesting comment on Coslet's TIME FINDER, though: what is a Jew? The recent event in Scarsdale would indicate that many people still think a Jew is a member of the "Jewish race". (In Scarsdale recently an Episcopalian boy who was born Jewish was banned from a country-club dance because he was Jewish). I think a more enlightened attitude would be that a Jew is a person whose religion is Jewish. But there is such a thing as being a Jew culturally, too. Perhaps there is no "answer" to this question. It is probably not an important enough question to worry about.

THE VINEGAR WORM v2n1: Bob Leman, 1214 West Maple, Rawlins, Wyo. Gad! We have a literary Genius in our midst. I can remember very few individual issues of ANY fanzine from my former sojourn in fandom which was as good as this one. This Mr. Leman is nothing less than BNF material. "Death of a Fan", by Cavanaugh Razor (I'm not sure I believe in Mr. Razor's existence, but then again if fandom can come up with a Manly Bannister it can come up with a Cavanaugh Razor), is something quite rare: a GOOD short story about fans.

But the most interesting thing is a long article about Mack Reynolds, and his recent spate of stories on the USSR. ("Freedom" in the current ANALOG is the most recent, published since VW appeared). Bob validly criticizes Reynolds' overly optimistic view of the progress of the liberalization of Soviet society. He points out that we Westerners tend to underestimate the "ideological seriousness" of the Soviets. This is true, but nonetheless this ideological seriousness is abating. See the January Harpers, "A New Start in Foreign Policy", by Stillman & Pfaff (page 33).

CELEPHAIS #25: Bill Evans, Box 86, Mt. Rainier, Md. Mostly mlg comments, but fun. He lists several attempts to define science fiction. I think the same thing could be said about this as about defining "Jew": it is not really very important at all. After all, a story does not gain or lose according to whether it is science fiction or not. It may seem to, sometimes: as for instance when it is merely a Western set on Mars with blasters instead of six-guns. But that kind of story is bad because it is anachronistic -- anachronism makes any story bad, unless it is satire -- not because it is or is not science fiction. There is such a thing as bad science fiction, just as there is such a thing as bad music. You have most of you heard this comment on rock & roll: "That's not music, it's merely noise!" But of course, it is music: bad music, to be sure, but music nevertheless. Whether a story is science fiction or not is merely a theoretical question, with no practical importance.

IDLE HANDS #2: Norm Metcalf, PO Box 336, Berkeley 1, Calif. Interesting. Bad Paper. But I am moved to no intelligent comments. (The question of whether I am ever so moved will not be discussed in this magazine. Hmf.)

THE LURKING SHADOW #2: Chuck Hansen, 701 South Grant Street, Denver 9, Colo. This guy is fascinated with Islam. Dept. of Unabashed Prophecy: If Islam ever has anything like Christianity's Protestant Reformation, it will become a religion to contend with, intellectually. It already has some remarkably advanced ideas of a humane nature hidden in its teaching (and all too often well-hidden). I especially like its sensual concept of Heaven. Christianity seems to adjudge sensualism automatically bad, shall I say absolutely bad; to the Moslem it is only contingently bad.

FAP #1: Leslie Gerber, Box 223, Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. Well, well, another college student doing his earnest best for fandom. This issue is all mailing comments.

WARHOON #10: Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank Street, New York City 14, New York. Another old timer. Is it an illusion, or do fans hang on longer than they used to? This issue contains the report on the Fandom Presidential Poll. In the same issue of Harper's to which I referred above (January 1961) there is an article by one Thomas P. Morgan called "The People Machine" which all true blue sfans should read. The People Machine is an IBM computer set up as an analog of the voting population of the United States. It not only answers questions such as: "How many people prefer Kennedy to Nixon?" It also answers questions such as: "If the religious issue becomes exacerbated during the campaign, will the number of Kennedy supporters (i.e., the number of intelligent people) increase or decrease?" This, I submit, is rather remarkable.

This is one of the best fmz I have seen since re-entering fandom. There are also articles on the controversy over "Starship Troopers" by Willis, John Berry, and Col. Procter Scott, whom I also do not believe in. I am going to try as hard as I can to stay out of this controversy, largely because I have nothing to say for either side.

The letter columns contain controversy about McCarthy. At least, this aspect of fandom hasn't changed since I was in it before!

- Thanks also to Coexistence Candy Store, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, for QUE PASADO? and Rich Bergeron (above) for SERENADE. And plaudits to the super-duper annish of VOID (Ted White, 107 Christopher St., Apt. 15, New York City 14, New York) which I am not going to comment on because of the age of some of its parts. But I MUST say the article on other fandoms by Walter Breen was fascinating.

-CW

No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.

SUNSET

The incandescent clouds parade
Across the deep'ning curtain of the sky
The neon clouds exhibit themselves:
The backdrop's glow is drowned.
The coral deepens to orange:
The orange reddens.
The Red and Blue clash dialectically--
And climax.
A synthesis is found. The colors
Fuse, and blacken into night.

-CW

The cut worm forgives the plow.
