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# CADENZA 2



Bergeron

Speers -  
"Mithrasch's  
Children"  
White  
Terry + Paster

CADENZA number two for May, 1961, is published by Charles Wells, 190 Elm Street, Oberlin, Ohio, on an irregular schedule. The address for mail due to arrive after June 1 and before September 15, 1961, is 681 Wilson Road, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia. After September 15, mail should be sent to the Oberlin address above. This is important, as forwarding in both directions will be haphazard. You may receive future issues by (1) sending me your fanzine, (2) writing a letter of comment, or (3) subscribing at the new rate of 20¢ an issue. All subscription money will be sent to the Willis Fund. All material in this issue is editorially written, but material for future issues will be accepted, especially small drawings for the embellishment of the interior. Circulation this issue is in the neighborhood of 100.

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Cover by Bergeron. Interior illo by Rotsler.	

## INTROIT

I am exceedingly frustrated at the fact that the first, and so far the only, subscriber to Cadenza sent me 10¢ and failed to inclose his address, or to put it on the outside of the envelope. If anyone knows the address of one Ken Hedberg, and would be so kind as to inform me of his whereabouts, I should be VERY happy to send him a copy of Cadenza. O, overjoyed.

Another thing I am faunching for is someone to correspond in Russian with. Do any of you good people out there in the Wide, Wide World write or read Russian? If so, write me a nice short letter full of interesting observations on the Algerian crisis, etc., in Russian and I shall answer in Russian. In handwriting. Russian typewriters are beastly expensive.

Being a mathematics major at Oberlin, I note, has its frustrations. My math professors are given, as are all professors (it seems to be an occupational failing) to telling jokes about the subject matter. Now, when a history professor makes a wry comment about Grover Cleveland, or an English professor says something devastating about Wordsworth, one can usually repeat the joke to one's fellow students and expect that they will understand it. Upon occasion, they will even laugh at it. If technical information is required for complete understanding, it is usually of a minor nature and can easily be explained. There is a common background of information which all students possess that makes this problem simple.

But when a math professor makes a joke about some eminent mathematician, the joke is usually dependent upon the students' having just studied the technical matter to which the joke refers. In fact, one of my math professors has a whole set of jokes scattered out through the school year for each subject he teaches. Come May 1st and the axiomatic set theory and he will have a joke all prepared about Hilbert or somebody. Now, one cannot explain to one's fellow-students all of axiomatic set theory merely in order to repeat his joke. It takes too LONG. It's taken the professor two months to build up to the joke. How can I tell it across the dinner table? ...I think I'll become an education major.

-Ed.



# ENCOUNTER

a story of fans

Lonny Moray looked up from his beer. The girl coming toward him, he noticed with surprise, was good-looking even for the Silverleaf Bar, although she looked a bit older than most of the girls.

The Silverleaf Bar was the best of a collection of bars set off a Mexican highway about five miles out from Matamoros, in the state of Tamaulipas. Like all the bars in the collection, its main business was not drinking, but prostitution. It did a good business with American servicemen who came to visit it from various military installations along the Rio Grande, and Moray, who had been staying for a couple of weeks in Brownsville where he was checking out new radar equipment for the weather station there, had heard of it from friends and had visited it several times during his stay. Tonight was the night before he was due to leave Brownsville.

"Well, hello," said the girl in a faint Mexican accent. "You look lonely, sitting there all by yourself."

"Have a beer," Moray said, and waved a hand at the seat across the tiny table from him.

"Maybe later," said the girl, and sat down. "You are a G.I.?"

"No, no, just a weatherman." His smile was wry. "First time I've been down here in Mexico was this week. I normally live in Little Rock."

"Oh, Little Rock! I know that place..."

"Yes, everybody does, damn it. But I haven't lived there always, thank God. What's your name, anyway?"

"Estelle. What can I call you?"

"Lonny," he said, not thinking it necessary to disguise his name.

"You are a long way from home, Lonny. What you need is a little company..." (The girls at the Silverleaf did not practically drag you upstairs like those at some less fancy places in "Boy's Town", as the local G.I.'s called it. Here the girls specialized in the coaxing approach.)

"Darn right. What do you think I came in here for?" Moray made a face which he fondly thought was leering.

Estelle laughed. "I don't think a good-looking guy like you needs to worry about company. Finish your beer."

Moray somewhat nervously drank down the rest of it and got up.

"Come upstairs with me. I know just what you need." Estelle walked swiftly toward the stairway at the rear of the bar and started up. Moray followed.

The characters "Lonny Moray" and "Estelle Lindenbush" in this story are fictitious and any resemblance, satirical or otherwise, between them and any real persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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The first thing he saw upon entering the room (was it her room? he did

not know whether the girls had individual rooms here or not) was a copy of FANAC lying on the dresser.

He stopped, dumfounded. "Where--where did you get that?"

Estelle paled. "Why--I--"

Moray turned it over. He stared at it for a minute and then turned to her suddenly and said, "You're Estelle Lindenbush!"

She sat down in an overstuffed chair beside the bed. "Yes, I'm Estelle Lindenbush." She didn't look at him. She had dropped both her come-hither manner and her Mexican accent.

"By God, I never would have believed it. All those letters I wrote you, and those articles you wrote for my fanzine, and I never knew you were a--a--"

"A prostitute? Is it really so strange? Since when are fans supposed to be proper and middle class?" She put her hand on her brow. "You are going to tell anyone?"

"Well, I--I can't, you know, I'm married."

Estelle jumped up out of the chair and literally screamed. "You're married! Of course you are! I had forgotten... And here I was worried you would let the news out!" She was practically bouncing.

"You really don't want anyone to know, do you?" asked Moray, backing off slightly.

"Sure, of course. Can you imagine the reaction if the news got out? I have always dreaded the day that would happen. All these--these kids, and these guys so damn self-righteous about their open-mindedness," she spat out the word, "My God, a girl fan gets enough ridiculous things said about her in print now--can you imagine the reaction?"

"But how did you ever, ah, I mean..."

Estelle laughed. "You are less outspoken in person than you are in print. I became a prostitute because I happen to like sex. I became a fan because I happen to like science-fiction fans. What more can you ask?"

"But, that's not---I mean, a girl just doesn't become a prostitute because she happens to 'like sex'. I mean, that's so coldblooded to say that. You don't plan your life out 'I will become a prostitute because I like sex' and all that. Especially if you are a girl."

"Well, leaving aside your male chauvinism for a moment," she said, motioning for him to sit down, and sitting down herself, "You're right. I was raised in an orphanage, you know, in Brownsville, and I didn't exactly grow up in high society. I was kind of sour on the world, as a matter of fact. But when I was eighteen I inherited some money from a distant uncle who didn't even care enough to get me out of that goddamn orphanage, but he leaves me money when he dies. Can you blame me if I get sour on the world? I just went across the border one day and wound up here. It was the only thing I knew how to do. After a while, I used my inheritance to buy the Silverleaf. But I kept my finger in..." she looked embarrassed, "I mean, I kept this up, because, as I said, I like it. And when my looks go...I'll sell out at a big profit and fan the rest of my life."

Moray stared at her. "And you wrote me you were going on a trip while I was here so you wouldn't have to meet me... Say, how come your mail goes to Brownsville?"

"Oh, I keep a PO Box there, and drive over every couple of days. It's not inconvenient."



"Where did you ever find out about fandom?" Moray was gradually getting used to the idea, and his curiosity was taking over.

"Well, Matamoros is not exactly the Congo, you know," she said rather peevishly. "They sell magazines there, and in Brownsville. I used to buy Startling when Sam Mines had it, and I found out about fandom through that."

"You know, really, now, no kidding, you have always been one of my favorite fans, and I was really looking forward to meeting you on my trip down here, and here you are, in the last place...by God, what a coincidence! Think what would have happened if you'd never left FANAC sitting there! We would have--ah--transacted our business and gone our separate ways never knowing!"

Estelle laughed. "Yes, and I never knew you were a weatherman, so when you said you were from Little Rock I never guessed..."

Conversation passed like that for well over a half-hour. Then, during a pause, Estelle looked at Moray closely and said, "You know, we came in here to do something else besides talk."

Moray was decidedly embarrassed. He had not been completely at ease about prostitutes in the first place; he was one of those people who have to talk themselves into being what they consider "wicked", although, of course, in conversation they let it be known that as far as they are concerned anything goes. And if he had been slightly ill-at-ease at first, he was ten times so now. Here was a girl with whom over a period of four years he had corresponded assiduously, learning all the ins and outs of her character, as far as anyone can in a letter, and in fact growing quite fond of her as a letter-person. She was in fact one of his favorite fans.

And here he was...he found it hard to think about. It was like raping his best friend's wife, except that it wasn't rape--he was paying for it.

But he wasn't going to admit it.

"By God we did," he exclaimed with forced enthusiasm. And he arose, ready to do his duty as an aggressive male.

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As he was going out the door, he said, "Now you are my favorite fan twice over. Or maybe even three times over, for putting it on the house."

Estelle laughed. "Anything for a fan! Write me when you get back, but for God's sake don't even drop hints to the rest of fandom!"

"Egad, don't worry, I won't. I've got a reputation to protect, too. If my wife ever found out..."

"Will you be coming back?" She asked this almost wistfully.

"I doubt it--it was only a fluke that got me this far away from Little Rock this time. Normally I don't go outside the state. Too bad, I say," he added gallantly.

"Yes, it is," she said, more seriously than he had expected.

"Well, nice to have, uh, met you, and all that! Good night..."

As she shut the door behind him, and he walked out toward the front of the Silverleaf, he could think of nothing else but Estelle. She was a wonderful person in an occupation he had never dreamed would attract anyone but illiterate nymphos. She was really a wonderful person---and he thought of her as a person, not merely as

a body. Wonderful... Too bad he had to leave.

He walked slowly out into the darkness.

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Inside, after Moray had left, Estelle sat down at her mirror and started to rub a small amount of cold cream into her face, meanwhile examining the little wrinkles which had been getting more numerous lately around her eyes. For a moment she paused, and seemed to be looking blankly at nothing at all. Then she took a deep breath and continued with the cold cream. There was business to do yet tonight. -CW

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Doubt is the only road to knowledge.

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#### LET'S REVISE THE CONSTITUTION DEPARTMENT

If Redd Boggs can do it, so can I. In a recent issue of DISCORD he proposed combining the 50 states into a smaller number of larger states, for greater efficiency of government. Not a bad idea, that--it would have other advantages he doesn't mention. The larger states would all have a genuine two-party system, for one thing, with both parties having a good chance to win control. (In his proposal, only the "South Central" area -- see Discord #10 -- would be dominantly one-party, and even there the Republicans in Tennessee and Kentucky would provide a sizable minority party) Other advantages are obvious.

Well, probably because I am currently taking a Government course at Oberlin, I have become interested in governmental reform, and it seems to me we need a more radical reform than Redd proposes. It is quite obvious to everybody except Barry Goldwater and a few Southerners that States Rights, far from being the bastion of liberty it is claimed to be, is actually the stronghold of many things repugnant to a liberal society. Why is segregation still a problem in the South? Why do some states have better schools than others? Because Congress is unable to act directly on the problems concerned. Why should Congress have to depend on the legal fiction of "interstate commerce" to regulate the economy (thereby often penalizing businessmen in small states like Rhode Island)? The economy obviously needs regulating; why not give Congress the power to regulate it directly?

The answer seems to me to be to turn the United States into a unitary republic, like England in effect, with the States having only such power as Congress chooses to delegate. To this end I propose this constitutional amendment:

1. The tenth Article of Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is repealed.

2. Congress shall have the power to make all laws necessary and proper to promote the security and welfare of the United States, and the people thereof, provided, that Congress shall not make laws or perform actions forbidden to it by this or any other Article of this Constitution.

3. The legislatures of the various States shall have the power to exercise the legislative function over their respective jurisdictions insofar as their acts do not conflict with the provisions of this Constitution, with national law and policy as determined by Congress, or with their respective State constitutions.

4. A law amending a provision in one or more State constitutions may be passed by Congress, provided it has the concurrence of two thirds of each House, and provided that it amends the constitutions of all States which have such a provision, without discrimination among the States. A law spe-



# The Roaring Canon

Reviews of fanzines received.

HYPHEN #27: Walt Willis & Ian Macauley, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast 4, Northern Ireland. What in heck is Ian doing over THERE? Things sure have changed since my last incarnation.

Jeff Warshel has a funny article about bugs. Bob Shaw has a funny story about bows and arrows. Since they were the first two things in the magazine, I was beginning to wonder whether Hyphen was still a science-fiction fanzine. However, I was relieved to come across an article entitled "The History of Irish Fandom" by John Berry, which restored my faith in Hyphen, though not in Irish fandom. I suspect that 170 Upper Newtownards Road is an institution. But at least the lack of reference to straitjackets leads one to believe that it is a modern, progressive institution and not another snakepit. Perhaps Hyphen is the Irish version of therapeutic basket-weaving.

Chuck Harris' letter about the merits of rear automobile seats for "performing" (which I gather does not refer to shooting arrows) brings to mind an Oberlin problem. Oberlin students are not allowed to have cars. Now, this produces problems. The various dormitories have parlors, but unfortunately they are Public Places, and supervised, at that. (Nevertheless, by judicious peeking from behind a newspaper, one can observe all sorts of scandalous goings-on.) Of course, in warmer weather, couples have All Outdoors. Many is the preoccupied couple who has been nearly run run down by a hurried bicycle-riding student. The favorite spot is the Arb, a stretch of College-owned forest, which is also the site of Botany & Geology field trips. I am of the opinion that it would be ideal for Anthropology field-trips; Margaret Mead would find a wealth of material for a book on the Sex Habits of the College Student, if she could avoid breaking her leg upon suddenly rounding a tree and tripping over a couple. Perhaps she could climb a tree and use binoculars.

I am very happy to note that Walt is coming over here. I extend to him all my best wishes for a successful battle with the American authorities, and hope that they do not ask him if he is a Communist more than twice.

XERO #3: Pat & Dick Lupoff, 215 E 73rd Street, New York 21. Frankly, I am not very interested in comic books. I don't have any desire to deride comic-book fandom; I read comics when I was small, including things like Planet Comics (but mostly Walt Disney), and occasionally a reference in a fanzine like this will call up a fond memory. And furthermore, comic books are a literary form which is unique in some ways; for instance, the remarkable expressive potential in using full color pictures to tell a story is combined with the (apparent) economic necessity of aiming at a juvenile audience. If you are able to divorce yourself from your cultural background for a moment, you may agree with me that this is decidedly odd.

But all this does not keep me from being uninterested in comic books, as a hobby. And so much of Xero leaves me with little to say.

There are other things in Xero, including a trio of interesting articles on stf clubs, by Don Thompson, Buck Coulson, and Russ Wolff (I like the way he spells his name). I was once President of the short-lived Savannah Science Fiction Society, which reached the resounding total of 11 members at one time. My obs. is that stf clubs' main difficulty is that they serve no useful purpose. The fans get together anyway, if they are congenial, and the stf readers do not tend to regard stf as a cause which should be organizationally supported, although apparently at M.I.T. there is a club of readers who ARE interested enough in stf to get together. I think fans should leave clubs like that strictly alone, unless they are willing to confine their talk while there to stf, and to avoid mentioning fandom.

COMIC ART #1: Don Thompson, Room 36, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio. (Art editor: Maggie Curtis, Room #334, Dascomb, Oberlin, Ohio--Don warns one and all not to write Maggie at his address, and then cleverly fails to give her address). This fanzine, unlike XERO, is given over entirely to comic fandom. A VERY well-written article by Dick Lupoff defends the concept of comic fandom (could we abbreviate that "comdom"? no, I guess not) quite ably. You'd think, what with the sneers stf fandom receives from the general public, that stfans would bend over backwards to be tolerant of another fandom which is interested in a similarly sneered-at branch of literature. (It IS literature. It may or may not be bad literature, but the fact that it may be bad doesn't disqualify its claim to be literature).

The Comic Code is reprinted in full in this issue. If anything is going to hold comic books back from becoming serious literature, it's this. Thank God, it doesn't apply to newspaper comics, many of which, like Dick Tracy, would be in violation of the Code if the Code had jurisdiction over them.

Comic Art is printed on the same mimeograph that Cadenza is. The reproduction is excellent, so you can blame the poorer reproduction of Cza on no one else but me, darn it.

QUE PASADO? #4: Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ont., Canada. This fanzine has a definite beatnik-jazz flavor which I find unpleasant. But this is entirely due to personal prejudice. This huge (48 pages in two sections) fanzine has some very interesting material, much of which is given over to jazz, on which I am not qualified to comment.

But I Do want to praise unrestrictedly the separate section of the magazine devoted to letters and editorial comments on homosexuality (except for three pages devoted to a rather poor fan-fiction piece by Rog Ebert, which I found much too contrived). I find the various comments extraordinarily interesting and valuable and can only say that Les ought to be voted some sort of special Hugo for Outstanding Special Services (or something) for printing it.

Also of interest are a number of haiku by Jean Young and Sarah Lee Tharp. Haiku are becoming rather popular around Oberlin and Jean's, especially, compare favorably with many I have seen around here. (Some of them, though, are not original enough. A haiku, in my opinion, should provide a, ah, "shock of aptness", the feeling that the words fit the subject rather extraordinarily well, so well as to be surprising. Many of Jean's do. Some don't. Sarah's are not bad, but most of them depend on some kind of personification, and personifying is only ONE way to write a haiku).

Finally, there is an article on Harlan Ellison, the most interesting personality in fandom today. I am particularly glad that he is still in contact with fandom.

AXE #1: Larry & Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York. Interesting newssheet and propaganda sheet for the Willis Fund. I note that there are apparently TWO Ian McAuley/Macauley's, one in Ireland and one in New Jersey. The latter, I gather, was the one formerly in Atlanta. Why didn't someone tell me this before I typed the Hyphen review? Grr.

Besides, egad, isn't one enough?

GEMZINE 4/29: G. M. Carr, 5319 Ballard, Seattle 7, Washington. Ah yes, fandom's own private John Birch Society. I hope Mrs. Carr never stops fanning; I think she provides a useful counterweight to the liberalism prevalent in fandom (and I am a liberal myself). Besides, she is one of the most interesting writers we have around. (I might point out that Gemzine is no longer in FAPA, but in N'APA--the Neffers' APA).

Mrs. Carr takes Mike Deckinger apart in reply to a letter he wrote about pornography, in which he opposes her position (she defends censorship, naturally). She tears him up quite thoroughly, too. But I do have one objection to her methods: she interrupts his letter constantly to put her objections in, in parentheses. This strikes me as rather rude. In one place she even interrupts him in the middle of a



sentence with a two-line objection. It would be wiser, I think, for editors (she is not the only one who does this) to save their devastating comments for the end of the letter, where they will be all the more devastating. It takes somewhat more work to do this (because you have to make clear what idiotically-constructed sentence you are devastatingly commenting on) but it is worth it.

She also tears up Greg Benford. I wish someone of liberal sentiments would write her a letter that wasn't full of the amazing lapses into meaningless jargon that Benford and Deckinger seem given to. I quote from Benford: "I do live by an ethical system but its basic postulated are just as arbitrary as yours, and I wouldn't feel irked by any assertions by you about your beliefs unless they were either so positively stated that I assumed you didn't realize how logically apriori they were or if you made a logical error. We can argue over basic statements upon which to argue over the conclusions to be drawn from these beliefs."

Qui custodiet linguam?

YANDRO #97: Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind. Beautifully mimeographed magazine which is so carefully laid out that it comes close to lacking personality. But the magazine is saved by some absolutely gorgeous illustrations by Juanita C. and Robert E. Gregg and a fascinating letter column. There seems to be an argument about religion going on in the letter column. Good; I say religion needs to be argued about.

It could be that the reason it seems to me to lack personality is that this issue, which is the only one I have seen, simply happened not to strike my fancy. The discussions in the letter column about previous issues make them sound quite interesting. I'm looking forward to the next issue.

There is also in this issue an astonishingly juvenile poem by Rog Ebert called "Love Poem to Maggie Curtis" which I am beginning to suspect is a two-level satire.

DRIFTWOOD for FAPA 94: Sally Dunn Kidd, 6021 South Kimbark Ave., Chicago 37, Ill. The fanzine with recipes. Oh well, I suppose it interests the women.

illo by  
William Rotsler, '53

THE GOLDEN APPLE #1, 2, & 3: Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisc. In the old Grennell tradition: hilarious. Number three has a fascinating article about Dean's problems with writing professionally about guns.

Did I ever tell anyone that I have copies of GRUE that no one else has? Dean and I, in the old days, used to correspond with private fanzines instead of letters. His was called GRUE. I have forgotten what I called mine. Later, he stole the title from himself for his fanzine, if I have my chronology correct. Dave English and I used to correspond that way, too--his was called ZYMOTIC. The other day, while I was home on spring vacation, I ran across copies of both those private fanzines, and immediately went into a fit of nostalgia.

Ah, those were the days.

The Golden Apple is a greetled crop.



WARHOON #11: Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York City 14, NY. The most interesting thing in this most interesting of all fanzines (and one of the three or four best of all fanzines) is a long article by the editor on seriousness in fanzines, and other things related to that topic. "If the fan's first interest is to be read with attention and enjoyment (name a fan who does not wish that) and thus garner ego-boo, then his first law must be to not bore his readers. It takes a serious attitude of observation and practice to avoid breaking that law." How true! I would go farther and say it is clearly wrong to put any theory of what a fanzine should be above the principle that what is in it should be entertaining or interesting, or, of course, both. Subject to that qualification, I believe that absolutely nothing in the way of theoretical restrictions on type of material need be adopted for a fanzine by its editor, except the obvious one of mailability. A fan editor should feel free to discuss any subject whatever and print any kind of article or story, provided it is interesting or entertaining. He should let his own interests determine what goes in it. Fan fiction, political discussion, artistic discussion, letters, articles about fandom--none of these should be banned. Individual pieces which fall into one or the other of those categories may be rejected because they are boring, but I am very suspicious of the idea that any whole category should be banned a priori. If a category is banned, then the fanzine loses for it and nothing whatever is gained.

The sharp-eyed amongst you may notice that I called Wrhn the "most interesting" fanzine but not the "best". I am making a distinction between "interesting" and "entertaining", validly, I think. Hyphen is the most entertaining fanzine that I know of at the moment. "Interesting" implies "thought-provoking", whereas "entertaining" implies "fun". A fanzine can of course be both; the two adjectives do not have mutually exclusive meanings.

A fan editor makes a mistake if he does not attempt seriously to make his material interesting or entertaining. If he publishes some of his own work which he has not critically examined, if he publishes submitted material merely because it is submitted, he is hurting himself\*boring his readers. I claim unblushingly that the two fan fiction stories which I wrote, one for last issue and one for this, are stories of which I am not ashamed. Of course, I won't know until I get letters of comment on this issue whether "Encounter" did interest or entertain the readers. But I trust those fans who don't like it will tell me why (I hope), in which case I will know better next time. Fans who do like it and say so will tell me why (again, I hope) and I will be the better for knowing why my material is good.

But if in Cadenza #3 I merely put down everything in the issue on stencil, thus denying myself the opportunity to go over it and correct and throw out where necessary, I will be no better off for my experience. If I do not seriously set out to produce interesting or entertaining material in the light of my own experience and my own taste, then the material will NOT (except by remote chance) be interesting or entertaining and I might as well throw my typewriter away and take up stamp collecting.

By the way, most of Cadenza is drafted first. But a few (three or four) of these fanzine reviews were composed on stencil. I shall be interested if anyone can detect which of the reviews were done that way. Clue: the order they occur on stencil has nothing to do with it.

DISCORD #9, 10, & 11 (egad, he DO publish often!): Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. This fanzine, full of sparkle, verve, and pipsissewa, and even-edged, yet, is, I would say, outstanding, and yet, so mild... (Tucker! sand me some commas quick--I'm out).

It seems to me that the difference between Heinlein's viewpoint (I am referring to a letter by Wollheim in #10) and that of his opponents--the difference between the wolf and the sheep--is paralleled by the difference in concepts between capitalism and socialism. Capitalism idealizes the competitive man, the wolf who preys on his own kind (DO wolves really prey on their own kind? I wonder). Socialism idealizes



the cooperative man: the sheep, if you will, though this wolf-sheep metaphor is not as clear as it could be. Now, this is a matter of idealizing. No capitalist except perhaps Ayn Rand wishes to deny that man can cooperate for a "Better life"; the capitalist tradition is too interwoven with the Christian tradition for that. But the capitalist ideal economic system is one in which the competitive I-win-you-lose spirit of man is given as much play as it can be given consistent with an orderly society. The socialist idea, on the other hand, idealizes the cooperation of the people in planning the economy for the best results. This takes many forms: there are as many varieties of Socialists as there are of Unitarians.

Now most realistic Socialists are aware, of course, of the competitive instincts in man, and in fact take advantage of them by incentive-systems, just as USSR Communists do. But in essence, the Socialists want to encourage the cooperative spirit in mankind and to discourage (and channel where they cannot discourage) the competitive spirit.

Which makes Socialism sound pretty attractive.

Number 11 contains an able defense by Marion Bradley of space opera. Would it help to refer to my Warhoon review above and say that space opera is merely intended to be entertaining, whilst "good" stf is intended to be interesting as well?

BANDWAGON #8: Dick Ryan, 116-3rd St NE, Washington 2, DC. A FAPazine containing mostly mailing reviews, and therefore comment must be brief. There is an interesting eyewitness report of the inauguration ceremonies, except that it wasn't eyewitness because he couldn't see anything.

Also, some comments on the civil service system of hiring government employees are interesting. Many people don't know that the system for hiring people for the most important jobs involves something called the "rule of three". The person who has the power of hiring chooses from among the three applicants who score highest on the tests. Thus they have a good chance of getting employees who will more or less faithfully carry out the governments programs, whilst at the same time there is a guarantee that its employees should be competent. Which is as it should be.

The most important reform in hiring government employees which remains to be accomplished is to pay the higher brackets (above GS13 or so) enough to enable the government to hold onto the competent people which the tests give them.

TAU CETI REPRINTS #1: Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill. A FAPazine reprinting fanzines from the old days. This one reprints a thing called "Science Fiction Bibliography" v1n1, published in 1935 (both a fanzine and a prozine bibliography). Bob has a devil of a time reproducing the magazines numerous typos while keeping his own out of it. An interesting pamphlet.

KIPPLE #11: Ted Pauls, 1148 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md. This thick (40-page) fanzine suffers from not always easy-to-read mimeography. And it has the same trouble as YANDRO (see above)--its personality doesn't come through very well. Certainly, Ted White's column is hilarious, Ted's remarks on ecology are fascinating, and there is a reprint of an outstanding article by John Magnus which I think should be reprinted at least once a year.

But somehow all this doesn't hang together. There is no unity, as there is in WARHOON, DISCORD, HYPHEN, and several other of the leading fmz. I wish I could put my finger on it; I don't like to sit here and just grotch unconstructively. Maybe all that is needed is clearer mimeography (I should talk) and a more open format.

Or maybe it is just me.

SPECULATIVE REVIEW v3n1: Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va., or Archie Mercer, 434/4 Neward Rd., North Hykeham, Linc., UK. I feel I must disagree strongly with one statement made by Bill Evans in a review of DRUNKARD'S WALK, by Frederick Pohl. He refers to passages in the book about the death of Locille's

brother in these words: "They confuse the issue, hide the basic story, and are yet not developed enough to make good asides in the Victorian manner." He also calls them "extraneous material".

Now, actually, it seems clear to me that Pohl was here trying to do what too few sf authors do: particularize. Most sf authors would have merely remarked that so-and-so many people died of various plagues, maybe describing the plagues in all their gory detail, maybe going into complicated explanations of the methods used to introduce the plague--neither of which would be out of place.

But Pohl goes further: he takes a person close to one of the characters and proceeds to let him die of the plague, rather sneakily at that. We see him at his work, becoming ill, going to bed, being visited by a doctor, dying, and being buried, all in separate scenes some of which are told from his point of view. All this brings the fact of endemic illness home to us in a way that figures and scientific explanation (both of which have their place) cannot do.

SPECREV is always an interesting magazine, with its own personality and much chewable material interlaced with occasional veins of lightness, and how's THAT for a metaphor.

CELEPHAIS #26: Bill Evans, Box 86, Mt. Rainier, Md. A FAPazine. A long, interesting travel report and a VERY long mlg review column, all in purple splendor.

Bill is a starwatcher, I see. The National Geographic Society has an excellent stamap which aids finding stars tremendously. Now when I read a story about Rigelians invading the earth, I can find Rigel in the sky (when it's there, of course). Talk about sense of wonder!

NOTED: ICE AGE 4 (FAPA), Larry & Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island, 6, New York. HARBINGER, Don Thompson (see COMIC ART above). EFP NEWSLETTER, Larry Williams, 74 Maple Road, Longmeadow 6, Massachusetts. GAFIA ADVERTISER, Redd Boggs (see DISCORD above). And UNICORN PRODUCTIONS, John & Bjo Trimble, 2750 West 8th Street, LA 5.

This column was closed on 24 April, 1961. Subsequently-received fanzines will be reviewed in the next issue.

-cw

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Everything worth saying is improper!

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GBS

#### THE NEW CEMETERY

Here is aseptic peace in marble caves  
And well-fed golf-course marked with granite slabs.  
No shade to shield her from the sun, nor speck  
Of moss to cool the hot green color of  
The grass. But what does she care? Nor ever  
Will she see in what a glaring desert they  
Have put the glossy mannikin that once  
Was wrinkled grey old woman.

They who come  
With flowers to commemorate can find  
No life in dyed green grass and fancy stone.  
Then on returning home to common things  
They wonder why they grieve the more on seeing  
Her last new Easter hat in frilly white,  
And look at one another, wishing tears  
Were not so sentimental.



# FUGATO

letters from

the readers

RICHARD BERGERON (110 Bank Street, New York City 14, New York): I have great hopes for seeing another issue of CADENZA, but not great illusions. That is to say, I'd like very much to see future issues but I don't expect any. Primary reason for that feeling is, of course, your admission that the issue was prodded into being by the possibility of being dropped from the FAPA waiting list for not having any credentials, and secondarily, the general lack of enthusiasm I sense throughout as contrasted with the memory image I have of Wells publications of yore. There's a gleam of the old Wells' verve in your priceless interlineations, though. The one at the bottom of page 7 contains a world of philosophy in six words. Lovely, as Boggs used to say.

I am amused by your request for material of a timeless nature ("this is an irregular magazine"), but I hope no one sends you any. Wellstuff was usually the best material in Wellzines and I want you to regain interest through practice. In the meantime, you should keep in touch by writing letters of comment on Wrhn.

Thanks for the review. No, I don't think fans "hang on longer." This is a re-incarnation for me; as you must know if you read the first two pages of the issue you reviewed.\* As a matter of fact, my gafia wasn't truly complete for I kept a very tenuous thread of communication open occasionally with various fans (Redd used to request an occasional illustration and I'd comply out of nostalgia and at the end I started beating the drums by regularly illustrating GEMZINE -- perhaps you can blame the reflowering on her) but at one time the gafia was so black that I didn't even hear of WAWs great THE HARP STATESIDE (in its complete publication form under one cover) and wasn't sure until I read Walt's article in the latest VOID that it had been done. Next Wrhn will have an advertisement of Wants and this will be one of the items.

Oh yes, I think the McCarthy stuff died down in 1955 and is only recently, ah, enjoying a rebirth as a discussion topic in fandom. (...)

~~I trust Mr. Blake~~ will be properly gratified to note that his interlineations have "that old Wells' verve."--Ed/

*hooking*  
REDD BOGGS (2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota): In a single mail, a couple of weeks ago, I received a fanzine from you and a letter from Lee Hoffman. The next day I received the Void "Willish"! All this caused me to look very carefully at the calendar, but no matter how much I squinted it still seemed to say 1961. and not 1952. And looking at postmarks, I realized that both you and Leeh have unaccountably turned damyankee since the last time I looked. She is in New York, and you are in Oberlin, where, in days of yore, Magnus, Harness, and the Youngs crammed and fanned by turns. I expect that they still tell tales of these giants around the campfire, and if you visit the nearest quarry you can probably find some lavender essence of JeanY eternally banging trilobites out of the limestone with a ghostly rock hammer. And what are you doing at Oberlin?

Cadenza (or Cadenza, to render it accurately) was pleasant, but that's about the only strand of continuity I can trace between the last Fiendetta (or whatever) and the present, uh, CharWellszine. If there was any original poetry in Fiendetta, I have very happily forgotten it, and I can't remember any faan fiction as neatly turned as "Alas! The Tragedy of a Fan," although I do remember some faan fiction

\*Who, me? I'm illiterate. --ed.



and if L. Ron Hubbard were here to help I could probably call it to mind in all its purple glory. I thought "Alas!" very funny. First rate farce. Fine stuff. Is Miss Jane Ely a Winnie-the-Pooh fan?

Of the poetry, I can only say that I'm somewhat impressed but all at sea. Is is, perhaps, parody or at least burlesque of hymns which are familiar to all chapelgoers (chapel at Oberlin is probably compulsory). If "Insinuating Grace" were seriously meant, I might even compare it with George Herbert; I think it has something of the same spirit. And, I suppose, the poem is seriously intended. It is of course copybook stuff, and "Sunset" is even more obviously so. "The Red and Blue clash dialectically...A synthesis is found" is a student's passage, obviously, and the whole thing is an exercise in words and not of observation.

Short squib on William Blake was welcome. I sent you a copy of a fanzine in which I reprinted "Proverbs of Hell" some years ago. I think the proverbs that mean most to me are "Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead," "The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction," and "The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to learn of the crow." (...)

What's the significance of the title [of Cadenza]?

[A cadenza in a concerto is a short solo passage at the discretion of the performer. / Up the street from where I live in Oberlin there is a house with a big yellow sign in the window. It says "Oberlin Scientology Center". But I have found no lavender essences. / "All its purple glory"? Only four issues of fta were dittoed. All the rest (11) were mimeographed. You are not the only one who remembers fta as a dittoed zine. Why is this, since the dittoed issues were the first ones? / "Insinuating Grace" was meant seriously, I'm afraid. --Ed.]

AIGIS BUDRYS (631 Second Avenue, Long Branch, New Jersey): (...) Odd, but I'd never encountered William Blake's personal theology before; not at first hand, anyhow. I've heard the mock-serious hypothesis that Satan is the son of God, shoved out of his rightful place in his father's affections by his younger brother and cut off from his inheritance with a mere pittance--this Earth--for his dominion. I've heard chapter and verse cited to back up these assertions, and to document the charge that Jesus, not content with even that situation, is trying to undermine Satan's essentially happy way of life with his philosophy of moral straitjackets. It may be that this view of things keeps being reinvented by people who need it as much as most people need the conventional view of the matter, and that my source didn't get the idea from Blake. It may also be that Blake got it from somewhere else and elaborated it--the lack of consistency argues for that hypothesis. I really shouldn't have cut all those classes at school, I suppose. But then I wouldn't know how to play poker.

Your comment on Bob Leman--a Good Man--dealing with Mack Reynolds prompts me to say what I'm going to say again in dubious 3 at greater length; I don't think Reynolds sees it so much as a matter of actual liberalization in Soviet Russia as a more relaxed attitude should the battle be won, coupled with a face-saving attitude on the part of the losers in which it was all a gentlemanly contest and nobody was ever rude. This seems to be what happens once Soviet domination has been solidly established in agiven area--they're very jovial winners, once they've gotten all the troublemakers shut up for good. "Freedom," I think, describes the stage after that --when the revolution does begin to lose impetus, and the bureaucrats have to begin shooting from the hip again because they've lost their self-assurance. Reynolds seems to me to know more about how it feels to deal with the Soviets from that position, or those positions, than anybody else around who has any skill at articulation.

[The second paragraph of this letter brings up an ethical problem. By printing it, if cza comes out before dubious 3, I have effectively worked Algis into the position of having scooped himself with his own letter. What should I have done?

--Ed.]



*Wm*  
HARRY WARNER (423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland): Indeed the old earth becomes new and fans who had long slumbered rise and walk among us again. Shelby Vick produces fanzines again, Lee Hoffman talks about the new issue of Science Fiction Five-Yearly, and you bob up again even more unexpectedly. Next thing we know, ever-lovin' Max Keasler will actually carry out that resolve he keeps talking about to return to active fandom. (...)

William Blake had gaffiated before I came into fandom, so I was interested to read what you had to say about him. By some wild coincidence, my latest FAPA publication bears a cover by Bill. (I had the issue stenciled except for a cover when I fell [Harry broke his hip last Christmas Eve--Ed], Eney ran it off for me and made a cover by adding a new caption to cheap reproductions of an engraving which he pasted onto the paper.) The only thing I would quibble about it your claim that Urizen is a pun on "your reason"; it looks just like a disguised way of spelling it.

However, I thought your poetry was the best thing in this issue. Oberlin seems to make poets out of people, judging by the accomplishments of the fans who have attended there. (...)

[Of course, your quibble is correct. I have since discovered that some scholars do not accept the contention that "Urizen" is intentionally similar to "your reason". But I have not seen any alternative explanations, although it could very easily be that there is no explanation. Many of the mythical-sounding names he used have no apparent relation to anything.--Ed]

NORMAN WANSBOROUGH (84 Wyke Rd., Trowbridge, Wilts., England): Well, don't be surprised if some present day fan says, "But where's the point, the story, etc." Had a good cackle out of that. Well, perhaps present-day fandom hasn't got the same sense of humor. Sometimes I wish for the fandom of 1952 'cos I've found I didn't enjoy some of the fanzines. I think it's because five or ten years ago you were in fandom and read sf despite the jeers of the mundaners who then considered space flight impossible. I enjoyed the story and hope you send me all your future issues. (...)

Has (or had) William Blake any daughters? And sometimes "He who desires and acts" sometimes finds himself with a slapped face and possibly some time in jail.

[Norman also wants to purchase the November 1960 FAPA mailing, complete, if anyone wants to sell. He is willing to pay \$2.50.--Ed.]

JEAN YOUNG (42 Prospect St., Somerville 43, Mass.): I like cadenza as a title. Very much. I like that neat, simple cover. Usually I don't bother commenting on such things, but this struck me. My lord, I Just Now noticed that that is hand lettering. My gawd, boy, but that is neat work.

"Winnie-the-Pooh fan" -- Chheest kri, what WILL you think of next? My heart is wrenched. I think AIAS! is a lovely title for a story. I don't know why I'm on a Title Appreciating kick; just happen to like it. The story is cute, although not altogether original (except for the concept of Winnie-the-Pooh fan, which is Memorable).

I've always kind of liked William Blake. I didn't know about his theology, though. So he's an all-out sensualist...not bad, for the time he lived in. No wonder people thought him strange, though.

I'm glad you're still writing poetry; I've always thought you had real...mmm, talent isn't quite the word I want; ability, perhaps?...in that direction -- a part, perhaps, of your general excellence with words. Would you be insulted by a suggestion? It's purely on the grounds of personal preference... In "Insinuating Grace" I think you could get a more immediate, more "real" effect by using the plural (2nd person) instead of the archaic singular. I know the use of "Thou" gives the quality of invocation to it; but I think you might get more urgency and passion into it the other way, and I feel the need of urgency and passion in poetry. I

think we see too damn little of that these days, and that's one reason why I (almost alone of the people I know) like HOWL.

Your fanzine reviews, brief as they are, are worlds different from most you find, either these days or any days. Most capsule reviews are either a simple listing or a simple-minded rating; you, in your few lines, manage to discuss the fanzine, to comment on it, even to reply to it.

I think you may be unique... (...)

/If I were doing this zine in color, I would blush a deep red. / I liked your suggestion on "Insinuating Grace" and in fact adopted it in a version of the poem which I submitted to the Oberlin Review, which, unlike the days of yore when you and the other giants were here, is printing poetry on the editorial page now. It was not accepted. However, I can't very well blame your suggestion -- the editors didn't see any other version of it.--Ed.]

---A letter of comment, very kind, was also received from Ted White. The letter this time, though smaller in number than I had hoped, were remarkably encouraging and kind. Furthermore, every single one of them\*came from fans whom I knew while publishing Fiendetta. I no longer think of fandom as ephemeral. --Ed.

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If you look back at the past, you may trip over the future.

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LET'S REVISE THE CONSTITUTION DEPT. (cont from page 5):

cifically amending a provision of the constitution of a specific state, without regard to similar provisions in the constitutions of other states, must be approved by two thirds of each House of Congress and also by a majority of those voting in the state affected in a referendum held specifically for that purpose.

You'll note that this amendment would give Congress far broader powers than it now has. It does not allow some things, however. Because of section 4, Congress could not amend the constitution of the state of California without the consent of the people of California in such a way as to require it to elect its legislature on the basis of population. But it could pass a general law (by 2/3) requiring all states to elect their legislatures on the basis of population.

On the other hand, it could not under any circumstances pass a law abolishing (say) freedom of religion, whether in one state or in all states, because that is contrary to the First Amendment, and therefore to the second section of my proposed amendment.

It would give Congress power to (1) set up a national school system; (2) set up a federal criminal code providing uniform punishments for crimes; (3) abolish capital punishment; (4) set up national marriage and divorce laws; (5) nationalize the railroads, or any other business; or any one of a great number of things.

But in case you are horrified at the prospect you may rest assured that Congress probably won't do some of those things for a long time to come. Does anyone seriously think we will have a national school system in the next 30 years? Even if Congress could do it, it probably wouldn't.

Of course, considering all that, Congress would probably never pass my proposed amendment in the first place.

-cw

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Fear is evil; wrath is holy.

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\*Except the one from Algis Budrys. --Ed.