



enclave®



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the editorial me ~~~~~ joe pilati

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## RIGHT KINDA' PEOPLE REVISITED

It may be a political truism that **two or more wrongs** bring with them a Right. That is to say, when, in a society in which the radical Left is practically non-existent, it becomes obvious that the maintenance of social injustice and the perpetuation of obsolescent political attitudes are seriously endangered, a New Right springs up to defend its sacrosanct traditions. The French have their O.A.S., and we have our J.B.S. (And Hitler had his S.S. ....)

The County of Rockland was recently "honored" with a visit from that very model of a Bircher Major General, Edwin A. Walker. It will be recalled that Walker was, in genteel government parlance, "relieved of his command" in West Germany when, in 1961, it was determined that he had been using John Birch Society material in compulsory troop-information sessions. He is alleged to have "led the charge" of red-neck segregationists, which resulted in the deaths of two people, dur-



ing the riots of September 1962 when the University of Mississippi was desegregated. (There is no conclusive proof that he did this. It was dark at the time.) A press release distributed before his Rockland County appearance stated that "He Walker was attacked as an 'ULTRA', meaning a target to be destroyed, a term dating back to the Russian revolutionary days. The Worker, N.Y. Times and other papers continued the party-line attack, using the term 'EXTREMIST'." [All strictly sic.]

An organization called The New York Association for God, Country, and Family made the first attempt to sponsor a speech by Walker in April. This group was denied the use of the auditorium in the County Office Building on the grounds that it was not a county organization. Immediately, both the Rockland Jewish War Veterans and the Rockland John Birch Society offered to take the place of the God, Country, and Family people so that no one might be deprived of the opportunity to hear Walker's message of Wisdom (J.B.S. version) or of Absurdity (J.W.V. version). Presumably because the County Board of Supervisors is not possessed of a delicious sense of irony, the sponsorship of Walker was finally given to the John Birch Society. He was to appear on May 13th.

About 150 members of several civil rights and church groups, including 15 or 20 clergymen, participated in a silent "vigil" outside the Office Building. Few of the demonstrators got into the auditorium, due to the fact that the vigil was to end only when Walker had actually begun to speak, and most of the 350 seats were already occupied. The audience, however, seemed to be divided about equally between adherents and opponents of the Walker philosophy. The Pledge of Allegiance at the beginning of the program was enlivened when the final word of the phrase "...liberty and justice for all" was shouted by an undetermined number of people. It rather unnerved the right-wingers.

A lady named Mrs. Anne Belle Quimby introduced Walker as "a modern-day Nathan Hale." Oh well.

Walker began to speak in a rapid-fire staccato tone, rarely pausing between sentences and rarely emphasizing particular words, constantly "throwing away" what he probably thought were his best lines. He said that he had just come from an appearance in Biloxi, Mississippi, and he was to speak the following day in Little Rock, Arkansas. (His sponsor in Little Rock was to be the "respectable segregationist" Citizens' Council. United Press International reported that the president of the Little Rock Citizens' Council said that Walker would speak on the steps of Central High School, scene of 1957 rioting, in spite of a school board order banning his appearance.) The right-wingers in Rockland County, applauding cheerfully, were appropriately appreciative when Walker noted how he had sandwiched them into his schedule between two such patriotic Southern gatherings.

My notes on Walker's remarks are disjointed but roughly chronological and, I suppose, all too sadly accurate. I fear that even a faithful complete transcript of his speech would earn the adjective "disjointed," since there was in it an almost total lack of cohesion and a distinct shortage of coherency. Oh, there were a few narrative hooks here and there, but Walker could be counted on to choke on most of them.

Walker assured us that "the government in Washington is a temporary government." (When was there ever a permanent government there?) He



deplored Mexico's recognition of the "Mao Tse-tung Communist conspiracy government." He called the civil rights movement the "psychological trojan horse of the Communist conspiracy." He noted, mysteriously, that "things don't just happen -- they are planned, 15, 20, 30 years ago."

General Eisenhower, he contended, "spent all of his eight grinning years in the White House concealing the fact that they'd just put forty more people in the U.N." Walker never let us in on the identity of "them," nor did he elaborate on the point. Did he mean that the United States increased its U.N. staff by forty people? Did he mean that forty nations became members of the U.N.? We'll never know.

Skillfully clouding the circumstances under which he left the Army, Walker said "I resigned, and intended to resign...thirty years is enough!" There was a pregnant pause here, followed by aborted and rather hesitant applause. I applauded Walker for the first and last time because I, too, thought that thirty years of Walker in the military was quite enough. "The Armed Forces," Walker continued, "hasn't even informed its men of the planned program for disarming the United States. ...Get somebody else to command our boys under U.N. flag and U.N. direction!" One should hope so.

"If you haven't studied the U.N. charter," Walker cried, "you'll regret it and your children will regret it." He then reeled off the publication numbers of several State Department and United Nations documents pertaining to arms control measures. "7552, 3428, 8630, 8375," and so on, like a hopped-up Bingo caller, he droned into the crowd. "Read them!"

The atmosphere of innuendo was stifling. "Your President is serving two bosses, and if we, the people, don't re-establish our power in Washington, we better look out! No man can serve two bosses!" Walker probably believes that he insults his listeners' intelligence by naming the two bosses to whom Mr. Johnson kowtows -- so he doesn't.

He allowed that "you can call Cuba Castro's base; you can call it Khrushchev's base, if you like; I don't call it that. I call it the U.N. base for subversion." Well, paging the Secretary-General....

Holding up a map of the world distributed to high schools by some U.N. agency, he growled fiercely, "the world is all one color! All the same color!" The U.N.'s vile and vicious plans for conquest became so much clearer. The one color of all the land bodies on the map, incidentally, was a sort of sickly yellow. After a few snipes at a man he called "Add-and-Lie Stevenson," he suggested that "we'd better be more fundamental on the issues."

He quoted "Strom Thurmond, a patriot" on civil rights (next, perhaps, the Marquis de Sade on love?); and said that "this legislation to solve all the problems of the world...well, all I've got to say is, they're nuts!" This searing insight was met with emphatic applause.

He sounded warnings against Bearers of Untruth: "There is a greater weapon in right and truth than there is in the deceit all over the world...your psychological efforts have been destroyed...your media includes CBS, NBC and ABC. They're all deceitful. You look at a movie box..." At this quaint reference to "movie continued on page 57



EDWING



HEAL!!



boxes," conjuring up thoughts of stereopticon viewers and the like, sheer soggy nostalgia stilled my pencil and I never did find out just how soon the Bolshevik plan to swoop down on the airwaves and make the kill. Will it happen in prime time, I wonder? Will we lose any of our favorite commercials?

Deceit, deceit, deceit. Henry Bale, Chapter Leader of the Rockland John Birch Society, yawned as Walker spoke of "deceit in Viet Nam." He admonished the Voice of America for broadcasting "to 111 countries in 48 languages, that we're living in poverty. It's a dirty deceit, if you'll pardon the expression!" In another of his unwittingly telling oratorical flourishes, he said that "if you projected the policy we're taking on any one issue, you'd see it's been misrepresented."

He related the tale of a defector from Eastern Europe named Goleniewski\*, who "has been trying to get to J. Edgar Hoover With what Walker described as important information for three years, and he can't do it. He can't do it!" A man in the back of the auditorium, puzzled as many others were about what seemed to be an attempt to impugn the patriotism of -- yes! -- J. Edgar Hoover, shouted "What's your point?" Walker, however, either didn't hear or didn't want to hear the interruption. A hard-eyed fellow sitting in front of me did, however, turn around and sneer, "He must be pretty stupid if he can't see it!"

"Everywhere I go the U.N. has got its hand in something!" he complained. "The U.N. put 26,000 troops in Oxford, Mississippi!" The problem in Oxford when James Meredith applied for admission to the University of Mississippi was "not just racial," Walker maintained. "The U.N. wanted to bring down the state boundaries of the U.S. 'Sovereignty must go,' they say...I don't know when the U.N. currency is going to come out, but that you can expect!"

Walker even reserved a minute or so to describe the supposed perfidy of Harold Stassen. "Mr. Stassen proposed that we form a neutral zone at the Bering Strait, on our side and on the Communist side. I've never met Mr. Stassen," he noted menacingly, "and I hope I never do."

He got applause when he said that "If anyone here votes for Lyndon B. Johnson because he thinks the Texans like him, well, disapprove yourself." And finally, alluding to American armed forces in Europe, he voiced his belief that "if the men over in Germany knew that there was a patriotic meeting here tonight -- and I hope that this is a 99.99 per cent patriotic meeting -- I can assure you they'd break down into tears." Since there are many kinds of tears -- tears of remorse, tears of sorrow, tears of anguish, tears of sheer horror -- I don't doubt Walker's confident statement, for I am an optimist.

The Birch Society's literature table did a brisk business after Walker finished his speech. In the aisles and in the corridors, lots of little groups of three or four people each were gathered, and it was easy to determine their composition by noticing in which ones there were stern nods of agreement, in which there were pained winces of bewilderment, and in which there were clenched teeth and accusing,

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\* see page 44.



pointing forefingers. At the prayer vigil earlier in the evening, members of Rockland County's CORE and NAACP branches had distributed black crepe-paper armbands to vigil participants. The armbands were intended to be symbols of mourning for Medgar Evers and for the six Birmingham, Alabama children who were killed in a church bombing last September -- all murdered by sick individuals very probably incited to violence by the kind of hate-filled words men like Walker speak in the South and invariably tone down in the North. (There was no overt bigotry in Walker's speech, but he did use the above-mentioned U.N. map to good effect; he did malign the leaders of the civil rights movement as Communists; and he did refer several times to the murderer of Lee Oswald as "Jack Rubinstein.") After the meeting, a grey-haired lady wearing a Goldwater button walked up to me, glared intently for a moment at my somewhat wilted armband, and asked with a gleam in her eyes, "Did someone die?" Before I could say anything, she turned around with a leer and suggested, "Well, why don't you bury him?"

Not five minutes later, I passed a group of clean-cut teenage types, and one of their number, wearing a much larger Goldwater button than that of the lady, pointed at the crepe-paper pinned around my arm and asked me the same question as before: "Did someone die?" I was only able to answer in the affirmative when Clinton Taplin, local political reporter and good friend, came over and informed me that if I wanted transportation in his trusty VW back to Pearl River (about eight miles away), I had better make haste and come along. The young Goldwater supporter and his colleagues reacted to my profuse apologies and exit lines with patronizing nods of their heads and murmurs of "Suuuuure, maybe you'll tell us some other time...."

There is good evidence to support the view that the 200 or so who burst into applause for Walker seven times that night, and who gave him a standing ovation at the end of his talk, represent a rather small fraction of the "hard-rightist" contingent in the County of Rockland. Although not as large as some and richer than most, Rockland is a fairly typical suburban area; there would probably be more Walker fans per thousand residents in rural and small-town environments, and somewhat fewer in large cities. However, speculation on the relative strength of the Walker appeal in different situations may not be too relevant: it's what adds up that probably counts. It is interesting to note, then, that Walker was able to garner over ten per cent of the votes cast in the 1962 Texas gubernatorial primary, two months after his well-publicized appearance at the University of Mississippi. In the Texas contest, he had five opponents, and although he finished last in the field, he made a very respectable showing for a political novice with no machine and little spare cash.

"General Jack D. Ripper" in the film "Dr. Strangelove" was a brilliant caricature of Walker. Walker, however, is no cause for fits of laughter. He is not made of celluloid. And in his own words but without his intent, perhaps "we better look out."

#### A NEW KIND OF WHITE CITIZENS' COUNCIL

Throughout this issue you will find none-too-subtle reminders that Enclave most enthusiastically supports the TAFF candidacy of Ted White.



Ted's sterling qualifications to journey to England as 1965 TAFF representative are so numerous -- nay, voluminous -- that it is difficult to compress them into a reasonable number of well-chosen words. Briefly, then: as publisher of Stellar, Void, Gambit, and Minac, he has produced thousands of pages so impeccably legible that all fandom's standards of mimeographic excellence have been raised. As editor or co-editor of those same fanzines, he has performed superbly. As a contributor to Cry, Yandro, Hyphen, Kipple, and ghod-only-knows how many other fanzines, he has entertained and enlightened fans with polished prose the likes of which we see all too rarely. And in person, as a bright, congenial human being, Ted White is a friend worth having: a Good Man. Britifandom shouldn't be deprived of a few days of his bearded eminence.

And although, as Dick Lupoff rather petulantly pointed out vis-à-vis the Marion Bradley campaign last year, "this is the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund we're talking about," I trust it won't be held against Ted that he is Assistant Editor of Fantasy and Science Fiction and an up-and-coming science fiction writer.

Oh, Ted has some faults, too....but what was the name of that other candidate, again? You wanna break up the Anglo-American alliance maybe?

#### L'AFFAIRE PACIFICON

Following is the text of a letter I sent to Bill Donaho, treasurer for the Pacificon II committee, on June 7th:

"I am enclosing my Pacificon II membership card. Please cancel my membership. I have waited for what now seems like an inordinate number of weeks for some legitimate and acceptable explanation of the Committee's actions toward Walter Breen, but needless to say, none has been forthcoming. (And yes, I did receive the committee's statement. I also received The Loyal Opposition. Receipt and perusal of both of these documents at the same time was like unto reading Senator McCarthy's collected speeches and then turning to the annual report of the ACLU.)

"Whether or not you refund my two dollars or some fraction thereof, I do not want to have even the most tenuous membership-connection with the Pacificon Committee -- an institution for which I have acquired a distaste matched only by my feelings toward the Eastland Committee."

I am naturally in favor of as many people as possible returning their membership cards with their own statements of disaffiliation. The Pacificon II Committee has proven itself unworthy of the trust generally placed in a con committee by fandom at large.

On a related item, even as I type these lines I am looking at my rough notes on Things To Mention in Enclave #6. One item I see is an underlined admonition: "Plug Cleveland in '66." I had every intention of doing this at the behest of Don and Maggie Thompson, who until a month or two ago were prime movers in the group of Cleveland area fans who wanted to stage the 24th World Science Fiction Convention. The Thompsons no longer support the present Cleveland in '66 committee. Nor do I. Apparently the dominant element in the Cleveland group has come up with a ludicrously novel variation on the Pacificon committee's



discordant theme. Descending to a new low in the "presumption of guilt" department, the cringing Clevelanders would like to exclude Walter Breen from their proposed convention two years in advance! They might call that justifiable detention, but I have another word for it....

### "...PUBLISHED ON A FLEXIBLE SCHEDULE..."

Some months ago, at the nifty-comfy dwelling of nifty-comfy Terry and Carol Carr, I remarked to Pete Graham that Enclave would eventually have to deep the colophon façade of "a bimonthly fanzine" and become "irregular." Pete Graham shot back with one of the great, but mostly unspoken, fannish truths: "All fanzines are irregular," he said, "it's just that some are more honest about it than others."

This is true, and as it should be. The issue of Enclave you are now reading should be dated January-February, but if it were so designated, I would be placed in a ~~mental/institution~~ rather inconvenient situation. Of course, I could publish two or three four-page issues and Catch Up Fast, but I'd rather not. There is "quality-continuity" and there is "quantity continuity," the latter involving steadfast sticking to schedules much more often than the former (although you can have both), but I prefer the former.

Enclave is still a bimonthly, though. You just missed issues 5.33 (January) and 5.67 (March). Sorry, no back issues.

### STICKY QUARTERS AND LUMPY ENVELOPES

Enclave has received what should, in all graciousness, be called "nice plugs" in Fantasy and Science Fiction (April) and Aardvark (Spring). About forty people, at last count, were moved to send me money on the strength of these big-time endorsements. Unfortunately, they wanted to be sent copies of Enclave in return.

If I really wanted to be sadistic about the whole thing, I could publish each and every one of the letters (accompanied, perhaps, by tracings of the coins enclosed) in the lettercolumn. But suffice it to say....

The price of Enclave was given as 35¢ in F&SF and as 50¢ in Aardvark. No one mentioned subscriptions. However, a few presumptuous souls sent checks for \$1.05, \$1.40, or \$2.10 and asked for the next three/four/six issues. They will receive this issue and a refund, as will another gentleman who asked for the current issue and two back issues, a sort of regressive subscription. If you want to subscribe to something, I recommend Look.

Someone also sent a check for 35¢. Honest.

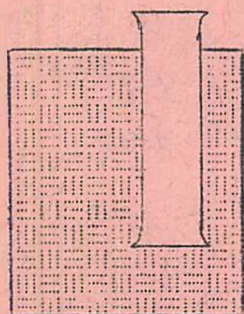
And then there were two guys who sent their money, and a week or two later sent dunning notes asking where the hell was the fanzine. Do I publish at my convenience or theirs? Am I expected to acknowledge all the sticky dimes and quarters I've gotten? How long, O Lord....

I got some letters scrawled so illegibly that I can't decipher the potential, er, readers' names. Their money, of /continued on page 37/



a modest proposal by Bob Tucker:

## LET'S SPILL SOME NEW BLOOD...



did not attend the last world science fiction convention because I knew from weary experience it would be a deadly dull affair: three or four tedious days shored up by apathy and buttressed by mediocrity. Creeping stagnation has overcome the conventions and the unimaginative committees are responsible for it. Further, the attending fans lack the wit to see it. They think they are having a wonderful time because they have known nothing livelier.

In recent years, Harry Warner attended his first regional conclave and his first world convention. If I read between the lines of his accounts correctly, he was predictably puzzled and not a little disappointed. His few published remarks have been cautiously worded statements interspersed with comments on his visits to book stores and record shops. Harry was puzzled because the con gatherings were not at all what he'd been led to expect, not at all the riotous affairs depicted in fanzine reports. It was his sad fate to begin attending conventions after mediocrity set in. Had he started earlier, a good twenty years earlier, he would have thoroughly enjoyed the lively conventions unboun-



ded by stifling rules and deadening regulations; in those days, fans and their affairs were not yet civilized, and the differences showed.

No longer are the con committees, and their friends and enemies, divided into two warring camps, having at each other tooth and nail. For that matter, no longer are there two rival factions actually fighting for the convention; a city now gets it by default. No longer does the one side of a city-faction prohibit the opposing side from entering the hall, and no longer does that other side have the splendid opportunity to paper the countryside with flyers and fanzines denouncing the exclusion act. What a pity. When was the last time you witnessed the heady excitement of a convention chairman fainting from fatigue and nervousness? When was the last time you saw one fall ill, and be carried home? When was the last time a convention city was chosen by a group of headstrong individuals in a smoke-filled room, and delivered to that city over the opposition of fans on the floor the next day? How long has it been since an embattled committee stood up on its collective hind legs and roared defiance at the audience, telling them it was putting the funds and profits in its own pockets, and to forget all that jazz about doling it out?

Now there, dad, was the day of glory. I shared in it.

I was one of the committeemen in Chicago, 1940. There was no TAFF fund then, no N3F or Neo-Fan Fund to claim a slice of those fat convention profits, but there were (as always) busy-beaver fans eager to split that money into a dozen little wads for their favorite charity, or gimmick, or whatever. This breed of cat must always be stopped. Someone wanted to donate a sizeable sum of money to the next convention committee, to help them get started. We beat that down, pointing out that the next committee could start on borrowed money, as we did. Someone else wanted to use the profits to send packages of books and magazines to hard-pressed fans in England, then undergoing a German siege. This suggestion was also defeated handily. If the British fans wanted to continue reading science fiction while under bombardment, let them write their own -- they had plenty of time. And someone else, a female, made a tearful plea to give ten dollars and a bus ticket to a destitute fan who was present, to help the poor fellow get home. That female got short shrift. If the destitute fan didn't have enough sense to stay home, he could damn well patronize the Chicago soup kitchens.

The fans tried. Despite our rigged and carefully controlled business session, they tried. They wanted desperately to get their greedy little hands on our profits, but we fought them off with a ferocity seldom if ever seen again on a convention floor. And we won. We kept the booty. Oh, it was a glorious day.

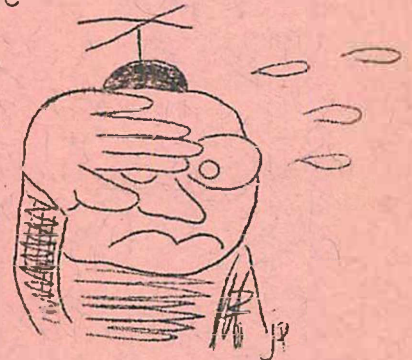
But it hasn't happened since, because the ribbon clerks have taken charge. Conventions have become civilized. Today, a committee must resort to chicanery or embezzlement if it hopes to make a penny. Once in a long, long while, a professional writer will turn up on a committee, and when that happens the financial statement published at the end of the year is a thing of joy and beauty, a masterpiece of fiction. One cannot help but read it and admire the deft manner in which funds were siphoned off. But, alas, all too often that closing financial statement is composed by an amateur and the leakage shows at the seams; there is



little fun in uncovering the chicanery of an upstart.

The program is another bed of mediocrity: panel after dull panel, speaker after dull speaker, film after dull film. A lifeless auction that goes on and on and on until every last penny is wrung from a listless crowd. A guest of honor who bores his audience by rewriting his last two or three books. There is no longer a spark of imagination in the program.

No one has proposed setting up a panel of editors, and letting those editors entertain the fans by revealing what utter bastards the writers are. No one has proposed a counter-panel of writers, and letting them entertain by revealing what unspeakable SOB's the editors are. No one encourages editors to tell how they cheat and gouge by cutting word rates and dropping thousands of words from the middles of stories. No one encourages writers to tell how they cheat and pad by inserting thousands of useless words into the middles of stories, how they steal from each other, how they sell the same yarn again and again by changing the title and the hero's name. No one encourages the hopeful would-be writers to stand up and reveal how the editors stole their ideas and passed them on to the hacks in the stable, or to relatives; or else, how their stories were returned unopened, unread, but with the postage stamps stolen from the envelope, or worse, how their manuscripts were never returned at all, with the editor ignoring their follow-up letters. To close the show, editors and writers alike should be permitted open season on those most inhuman of all humans, the literary agents.



Exploration of these really meaty subjects, of the inner workings of the science fiction world, does not occur at conventions. Civilization and mediocrity have set in. To save future conventions, I therefore offer three proposals which are to be considered a beginning, a few steps in the right direction: a base upon which livelier conventions can be built.

1) Drop the fan panel. It is a waste of time and intelligence. In its place, schedule a wrestling match between two feuding fans. There would be no holds barred, no artificial rules of civility; the audience would be permitted to wager on the outcome if they chose, but in return they would be bound to defend the winner by lying to the police if necessary, and by accepting his side of the argument as the gospel truth. The feud would be ended when the bloody loser is dropped down a convenient elevator shaft.

2) Eliminate the guest of honor and his overlong speech. He and it are an insult to the intelligence. In his place, program the trial of a lawsuit -- any current lawsuit in fandom -- choosing a jury from among the audience. The chairman shall act as judge. The two principals of the suit may act as their own attorneys, or they may choose a fan present to act in their place. The entire case, with evidence, shall be presented there, and the decision of the judge and jury shall be final. In the event that a sum of money changes hands as a result of the verdict, the convention committee is to receive a ten percent service fee.



(If the spouses of the opposing parties object to the verdict, or refuse to abide by it, defenestration shall be mandatory.)

3) Eliminate the auction. It is an insult to the pocketbook. Clear the floor and make it over into an arena, and in place of the auction schedule a rumble complete with switchblades and ice picks. The contestants in the rumble are to be twelve of the most useless fan editors against twelve of the most useless fanzine reviewers and/or commentators. The three or four competent critics in fandom are to serve as judges, and also will be obliged to protect the combatants from members of the audience who may be packing grudges. I believe that two such rumbles at succeeding conventions will clear away the trash and leave fandom with a few decent fanzines.

And all fandom will revert to its former glory!

-- Bob Tucker

/It should be noted that the preceding article was written in January, 1964, at which time Mr. Tucker was presumably unaware of Things To Come. Or was he....? After all, the Secret Master..... -- jp/

-----  
"...And when we go to the Sorbonne, we'll bring these girls instead of blankets...."  
----- GG





# marks <sup>AND</sup> capitalism

punctuational piffle by TOM PERRY

Raise your hands, all you out there, if you despise Victor Lasky's vile book J.F.K. The Man and the Myth. Ah, a clear majority. Now, leave your hand up if one of the things that annoyed you about it was its punctuation. I see. Well, the rest of you can leave the room to write the editor asking him why he doesn't publish articles on vital matters like the speed of light or the tax cut. Ta ta.

Like the book as a whole, its punctuation is too flawed to discuss in detail. However, a couple of samples should serve to get me off the narrative hook I snagged you with.

Most irritating to the punctuation fancier is the triangle of dots in the running head, which is rendered on 283 even-numbered pages as "J.F.K.: THE MAN AND THE MYTH". The colon does not appear on the spine or the title pages, but if it had to be used someone might have told Mr. Lasky or his publisher that when a colon follows an abbreviation like that, the period vanishes into the colon like two beads of water merging. See Bergen and Cornelia Evans, A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage.

The other outstanding example of malpunctuation occurs on page 539, where Mr. Lasky makes a plural this way: "The two Dulles', of course..." (No, the context indicates that this is not a mistake for "the two dullest.") I think Mr. Lasky must be awarded the prize for the worst use of the apostrophe since Bloch wrote Finnegan's Wake. (Oh, you thought some toff named Joyce did it? See Hyphen, December 1954, or The Eighth Stage of Fandom, pages 154-155.)

Let us leave Mr. Lasky, whose thinking is as backwards as his sentences ("Complained a Lodge lieutenant..." etc.), and approach fandom itself. Apostrophes are frequent here, and ordinarily I'd not say boo-boo about an occasional slip of the typer or a personal preference for an outmoded form. The English language is often difficult, and its system of punctuation is no less so. Why I make mistakes my own self, just between you and I.

But when a faned has expended a lot of paper and ink and, presumably, thought condemning the language for unphonetic spelling, it's amusing to see him make a singular possessive like this: "Willis' philosophy." Grammarians are divided on whether making the singular genitive of a noun ending in S, Z, or X with an apostrophe alone is permissible (though most seem to agree it belongs only in poetry or the nineteenth century, and Strunk condemns it outright). Anyone is free to use it, of course, but no one who does so can claim to be advancing the cause of phonetic spelling; except in rare cases, the singular possessive always adds a syllable to the noun.

An example of the phonetic inconsistency involved can be found in a recent issue of Science Fiction Review (#9 of the third fan publication



to bear that title). A reviewer refers to "Nourse's Raiders from the Rings, Jones' Man of Two Worlds...."

By now someone out there must be demanding to know what right I have to be so punctilious about punctuation. A fair question. The truth is probably that I am a cranky person to whom Dale Carnegie or Will Rogers would take an instant dislike. My rationalization, however, is that being editor of half the extant fanzines I can think of named after a punctuation mark (Quark -- the other one is Hyphen) confers a certain responsibility on me. Please address infernal devices to my home address.

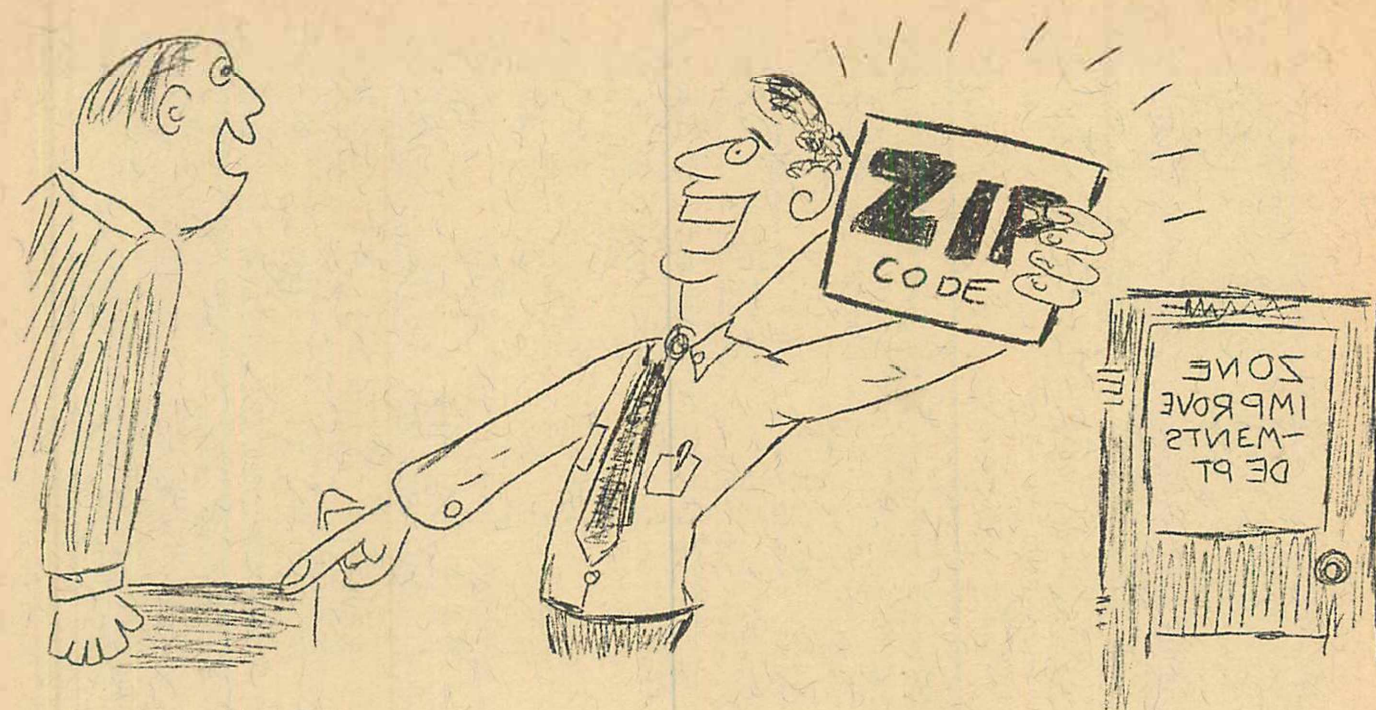
Talking of addresses brings us with only a faint clash of gears to the Zone Improvement Plan numbers. No, I have no objection to the code numbers themselves. (And if I had, I might be too prudent to express it. I had originally expected to see the innovation attacked as a tool of the international Communist conspiracy, and I did see a Southern newspaper denounce it as a scheme by the Kennedy Administration to make jobs for "illiterate minorities." But it seems to have won acceptance as thoroughly American. The Secretary of State of a Western state commented, in replying to correspondence from the Communist Party, that the Communists' failure to include their code number in their address was evidence of their perfidy.)

No -- I repeat, in a louder voice -- I have nothing against the code system itself. My reasons for not using it yet are explained by a clipping of a United Press International dispatch I have here. I have stupidly neglected to date it, but it was published within a few weeks of Enclave #5. It quotes C.R. Schultz, code co-ordinator of the Chicago post office, to the effect that until the nation's post offices are equipped with electronic scanning devices (presumably not members of minority groups) to "read" the coded addresses, using them won't speed up delivery of mail. Just last January I read where the government had let contracts to develop the electronic scanners. They'll be ready any year now.

In a speech on March 11th, according to the Associated Press, Postmaster General Gronouski claimed that Z.I.P. codes already help speed mail delivery. If this is so it is hard to see how; the same AP story quoted Sean Keating, New York regional postal director, as saying that postmen do not look at code numbers on the theory that "the address is more accurate." (Mr. Keating also said it might take two years to develop machines to read the code numbers.) It is also unfortunate that, as an "economy move," Mr. Gronouski has had the cancellation times removed from postmarks, so that if the codes ever do make swift completion of appointed rounds even swifter, it will be impossible to tell.

But what grotches me about the whole business is the constant reference to the Zone Improvement Plan codes as Zip codes. Aside from the minor point that there's no zip involved as yet, I dislike the way the connotation of smooth, efficient and speedy delivery of mail has been conveyed. I suppose the Post Office Department would like us to believe that, initially, the name Zone Improvement Plan was assigned to this plan to improve zones and one day something like the following occurred: "Please, Mister Knight, the most astonishing coincidence has just come to my attention." "Yes, yes, Frobisher my boy, what is it?"





"Well, sir, I just happened to notice that the first letters of each word in 'Zone Improvement Plan,' when combined, spell the word 'zip.'"  
 "Are you quite sure?" "See for yourself, sir." "Hmmm -- why dodgast it if they don't, Frobischer! But what about it?" "Well, sir, could we not base a campaign for the increased utilization of the Zone Improvement Plan by associating with the area code numbers the smooth, efficient and speedy delivery of mail by judicious emphasis of the happenstance of the word 'zip' being formed by the initial letters --" "I believe I see what you're driving at. Why, that's a brilliant idea. I shall suggest it the next time the district inspector comes through. If it goes over it will be quite a feather in my cap. I might even become the next Postmaster General. Er, heh heh, that would follow as the Knight the --" "Excuse me, sir, but I've heard that joke before."  
 "Why you young whippersnapper! You get out of my office with your smartalecky ideas. You're fired!"

Well, I don't think it happened that way at all. You want to know what I think? I think they picked out the word "zip" as the one they wanted to associate with their old mail codes and then made up the longer form. I really do. (Ted White defends "zip codes," but that may be in the belief that they were named for his former fanzine.)

Why didn't they simply call them "zip codes" and forget all this Zone Improvement Plan stuff? The only explanation I know is the American tendency for using long words where short ones would do. In the past we have had the Emancipation Proclamation and the slogan "taxation without representation"\* -- fine things, but with long-winded handles. Now we have the Zone Improvement Plan.

But my beef against that acronym (nothing personal, Forry) is as nothing compared to the irritation produced by the newest horror, the

\* unjust impost. --TP

enclave #6.....15



non-acronym acronym. The only example I know of this so far (thank deity) is the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, which likes to be known as SANE. I wouldn't object if the group wanted to be known familiarly as "Sane," for much the same reason a manufacturer of a washing agent wants his product called "Clean" or some such variant. But I cannot fathom any reason for the all-caps rendition of the nickname.

But then, I have a strong sympathy for the downstyle that used to be popular in America and, until recently, prevailed in its newspapers. I have a firm conviction that if god had meant us to use lots of capital letters, he would have made the shift key easier to push.

In fact, an easy test of whether something is really what it claims to be is to see if its name is still applicable in lower-case letters. Is the United States really a group of united states? Is the Republican Party republican and a party rather than a faction? Is the Democratic Party really democratic and a party rather than a coalition? Is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics a union of soviet socialist republics? Is the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy a national committee for a sane nuclear policy? Does Young Americans for Freedom consist of young Americans for freedom?

Some things simply collapse when you remove the prop of proper nouns. Take the Imperial Potentate of the Ancient and Arabic Order of the Shrine as an example. Take away his majuscule dignity and revealed unto you is a little man in a sack suit, with no empire and possibly impotent.

This is known as the method of improper nouns. Or as Willis might say, down with capitalism!

The penchant of Time magazine's staff for sentences without verbs should be noted. "The author: Lyndon Johnson," write they qualmlessly. This use of the colon in copulation must be condemned as a perversion.

Similarly, the Women's pages of most newspapers will use sentences like this: "The material? Dacron fiber." Modern grammarians say that the people who use a language ultimately determine its laws. I hope they bury this usage as a point of inter rogation.

Possibly the most maligned punctuation mark of all is the quotation mark (Britons read: "inverted commas"). I don't mean just the use of it on signs you see in bowling alleys and other low dives that say things like "No" Smoking. I'm thinking of its use to enclose words that are not a quotation.

Those who got Enclave #1 will recall Joe's mention of the trouble journalists had recording Richard Nixon's comments following his public tantrum against the press in 1962. Using the refined cultured language he had promised to employ if elected President, Mr. Nixon said something like the following: "I gave it to them right in the behind. It had to be said, goddammit. It had to be said." (Time version). "I gave it to those goddamn bastards just where they deserved it." (Newsweek version). The disparity of the reporting inspired The New York Post's Al Horne to write, "Perhaps what we need -- newspapers as well as news-



magazines -- is some new punctuation device to distinguish between the verifiable quotation and the educated guess."

Newsmen aren't the only ones who could use such an innovation. Briton Bernard Newman in his travel book, Mr. Kennedy's America, quotes an American as saying, "It wanted doing." The odds against an American's saying anything quite that way indicate that this is something less than an exact quote, and make the reader wonder about the other quotations in this otherwise fine book.

As Joe observed in citing the Horne column in Enclave #1, here is one problem for which fandom has the answer. The mundane world needs quasi-quotes, and there is no reason why fandom should not supply them.

There are, however, two minor objections to the symbol in its present form. One is that the "quasi-quote" can easily be mistaken for the ordinary quotation mark. (I had been in fandom a couple of years before I realized that hyphens under quote marks had special significance.) The second is that the same notation is already used in other ways: for instance, Al Capp uses it to indicate that his comical characters are thinking.

I suggest we make a slight change that would render the device obvious and distinct, and its meaning immediately clear. I propose making it with a quotation mark and an equals sign, "like this." It could be called an equote, a name which has its own neologistic foundation besides being a contraction of "quasi-quote." (I had wanted to call the things "Perry-phrases," in honor of their inventor, but a friend finally persuaded me that I am already immortalized in the name of what he called "the figure of speech of which you are the most skillful user, periphrasis." I haven't had time to look that up yet, but I want you to know I'm very flattered.) I believe that equotes embody all the virtues of Jack Speer's ingenious invention and eliminate its minor shortcomings. By using the equote for mundane correspondence as well as fannish, fans can introduce it to the big world outside.

Of course, you may need a new typewriter to participate. If you'll just step this way I'll show you our latest models....

-- Tom Perry

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"Give me that old-time retention, give me that old-time retention...."

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#### GOD PROTECT US

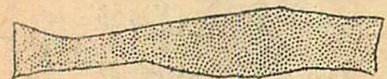
"Mr. Speaker, those of us in the House of Representatives from our area, our Senators, and many, many others, are working hard to get these facts over to the American people. We call on all to help.

"We must return to the faith of our fathers. We must save our Government from a capricious Supreme Court and again become a Nation where our people are given freedom of religion and not freedom from religion."

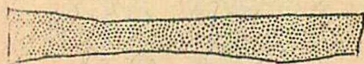
-- Rep. Jamie Whitten (Dem., Miss.), in the House, May 4, 1964.



# Steve Stiles



## a folio of ditto coll- ages



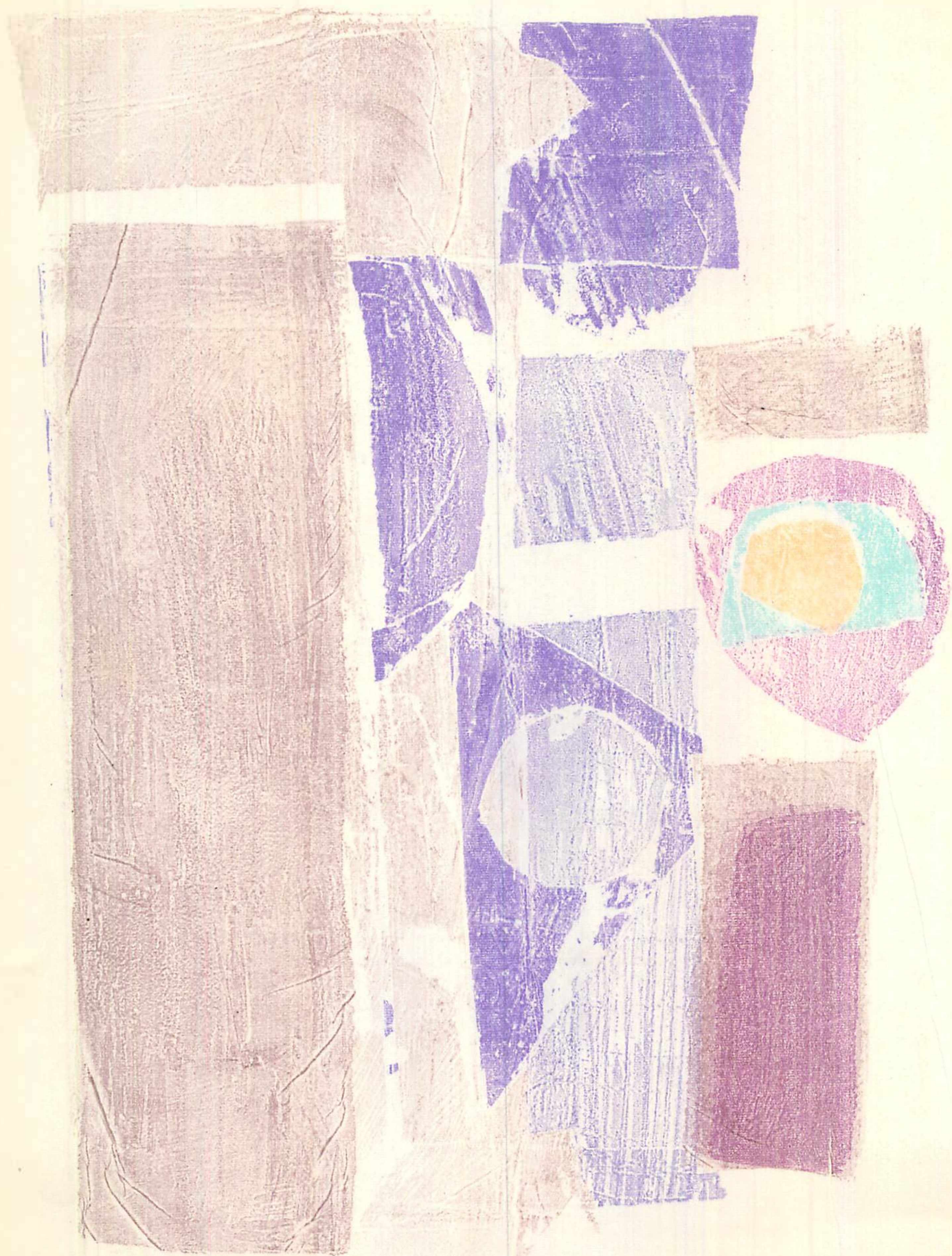
Not so long ago one well-known fan remarked that while he dug my work, there wasn't much he could say about it. As an art student embroiled in endless discussions and seminars on art I was a little perplexed; why, all you have to do to discuss art is to open your mouth! Or so I thought. Now that I find myself in a position to explain my own work, the shoe on the other foot pinches. I suspect that I'll have to work like hell to avoid sounding pretentious. If Joe titles this "The Art of Steve Stiles" or something equally pompous, I'll quit being a serious worker and become a writer.

The things in the following folio are called ditto collages. Like ordinary collages, they are made up of cut or torn paper. But in this case the "paper" used is not paper but color ditto carbons pasted down in what I hope are interesting arrangements and then transferred to ditto master by a lot of hard rubbing with a pencil. My first ditto collage was done in August of 1962 in a "secret apa" (now defunct), for the noble purpose of filling the bottom of a page. After that Bold Experiment, I realized (partly because of encouragement from Terry Carr) that this new fannish art form had some nice possibilities. As fillos, collages look good on a page, do not detract from the text, and (for me) aren't very difficult to work up. They offer plenty of room for experimentation and exercise in the fine arts.

Surprisingly enough, fans' reactions to collages have been mostly favorable -- at least there have been no loud outcries agin' that crazy modern art stuff -- a gratifying confirmation for my theory that fandom is a place where one's wings can be un-self-consciously spread. I did, finally, get the expected question, "What's It Mean?" The answer is simple: nothing. Because of the nature of cut paper, a very inflexible medium particularly with the ditto color range, it would be difficult to get representational to the point of realism or naturalism, but this isn't what I'm aiming for. These collages are art stripped to its barest essentials: color, shape and form. I hope the arrangements are either pleasant to the eye or visually exciting.

--S.S.











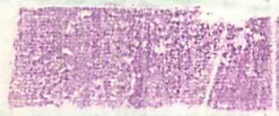
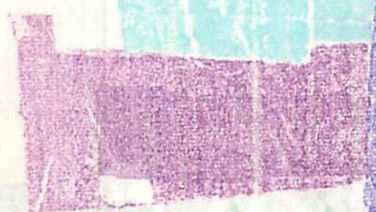
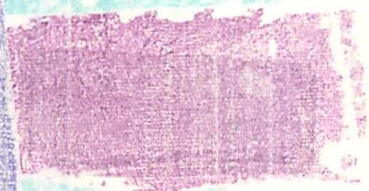
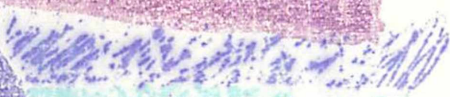
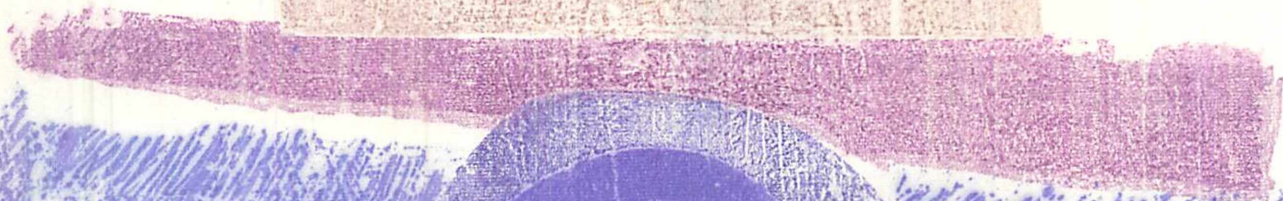
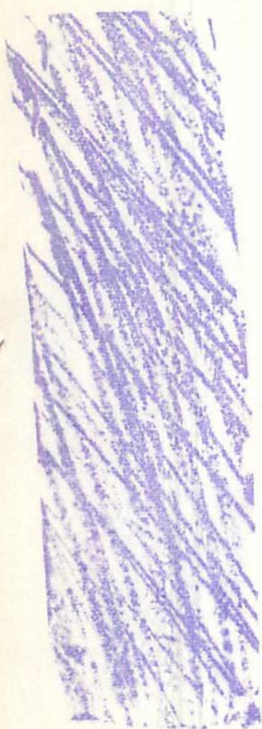








FLYING VIND









## THE SATURATED EIGHT

a review by Marion Zimmer Bradley

Saturn Over The Water, by J.B. Priestley. Pocket Books  
#GC-165, 50¢.

This is a confusing book -- and in spite of it, one of the best and most exciting books I've read recently. It starts out like a mystery: a scientist has disappeared, and his dying wife commissions her cousin to search for him and leaves a small legacy for the purpose. The cousin is a painter, and welcomes the chance to take a trip abroad. Almost immediately, things begin to happen. The missing man's last letter contains a cryptic list of names; and as if by chance, the searcher encounters four or five of the men mentioned in the letter in a single day.

Then it begins to look like science fiction -- for the trail of the missing man leads to a secret scientific project in the wilds of South America, and the missing man finally turns up, brainwashed, while the hero finds himself faced with a secret society worthy of a James Bond thriller....a secret society whose insignia is the numeral 8 over a series of wavy lines.

And it is good science fiction of the philosophical sort: the "wavy eight" turned out to be the sign of Saturn, the planet which, in mythology, signifies authority, sternness, and patristic values. Priestley has gone into the field of science fiction, or science fantasy, worked by Talbot Mundy: the eternal struggle between good and evil. The water in the title refers to the new age, in ancient philosophical symbols given as the age of Aquarius; and the group calling themselves "Saturn over the Water" is determined to make certain that the new age is ruled by this concept embodied in the symbol of Saturn. Mass education and egalitarianism are considered to have failed without qualification; in order to create a new and better world, the group works to establish a rigid, authoritarian system, a benevolent, but patristic society founded on the failure of democracy. Their arguments are very convincing, and their methods, like those of the undercover groups in Mark Phillips's Supermind, are those of helping idiocy and stupidity in power to bring about the collapse of the existing order. They indignantly repudiate the suggestion that they are neo-Nazis or fascists; but they are in a hurry to bring about the collapse of the status quo, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, and rebuild the world along what they consider rational Saturnian lines.

Ranged against this group, and undercover as well, is a group which has chosen as their symbol the concepts clustered around the planet Uranus. They believe that a new society will inevitably come into being, but that it must be founded on a philosophy opposite that of the Saturnians: permissiveness, equality, freedom, and all those things traditionally associated with matrist societies -- the "feminine" virtues, or, as one character puts it, "all those things which the Saturnian considers to be impractical and idealistic."

Priestley has the intellectual honesty to present good, as well as



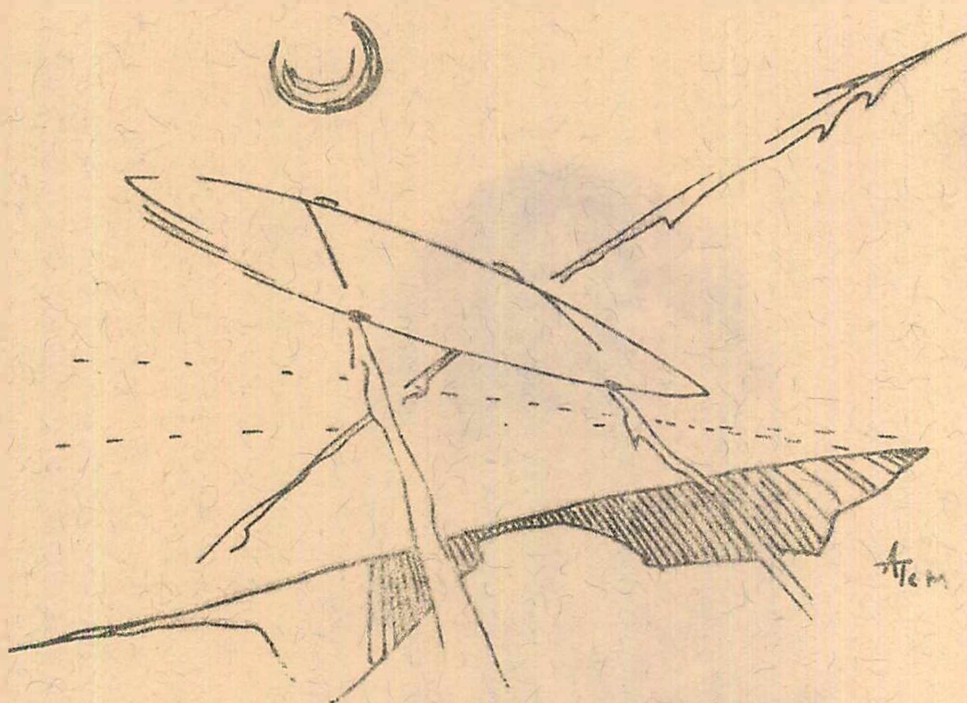
evil, in the Saturnian picture. His book, in fact, might be considered a somewhat more realistic outline of the viewpoint presented by Heinlein in Starship Troopers -- the conflict between the idealist and the strictly rational traditionalist who believes that authority may be unpleasant, but it works.

Priestley's novel will probably upset a lot of people who start to read it under the impression that it is a commonplace thriller. The comparison with Talbot Mundy is not idle: Mundy, above all else, was adept at writing action-adventure stories which suddenly led the reader into a philosophical tangle and made him sit down and think about the future of the world.

No science fiction fan should miss it.

And incidentally, it's a damned exciting story -- with a surprise twister in the tail.

-- Marion Zimmer Bradley



A CHANCE THOUGHT ON THE REVISIONIST TENDENCY  
TOWARD SCHISMISM AMONG THE PEOPLES' POLICY-MAKERS

When Mao snarls and rails at Nick  
Who is then the Menshevik?

-- TP



## TIDES OF COLOR

a review by John Boardman

The domination of non-white races by the white race has been a favorite theme of prognosticators. In The Red Napoleon Floyd Gibbons felt this to be a proper way of life, and predicted a world conflict in which the non-whites under the leadership of a half-Mongol Soviet ruler went to war against the white races and almost defeated them. Other writers, though none so skilled as Gibbons, perceived the realities of the situation and predicted that the white race was laying up for itself a huge store of hatred which would someday be visited on the whites by their victims in Asia and Africa.

One of these writers was Solomon Cruso, who fictionalized his forebodings in The Last of the Japs and the Jews (Herman W. Lefkowitz, New York, 1933). This curious book is written in an incredibly vapid style, with needless attention to detail and a romantic interest which is unreadably saccharine. But the passion which Cruso feels about race relations is clearly evident, and he would not be at all surprised at the present rambunctiousness of the new non-white nations.

The book is written from the vantage point of 2490 A.D., five centuries after the white race loses its long world hegemony. America is entirely Indian, with no other races and no contact with the Old World. Cruso names the surviving Indian tribes in boring detail, and eulogizes the way of life which, after a thousand years, they have resumed. He then turns to the Old World, which is divided among China, India, and Turkey. (This partitioning is also detailed, with the nations and provinces falling to each empire carefully enumerated.) Whites are found in the slave-markets of these teeming lands. No Jews or Japanese exist anywhere in the world.

The remainder of the book, apart from a hack love plot, tells how this state of affairs came about. In 1942, fearful of the rising industrial might of the U.S.S.R., the other white nations attack and destroy her in a four-month war. Despite a bitter defense, which includes scorched-earth tactics very much like those actually used in the Second World War, the Russians are defeated, partly because of schisms among their leaders and loss of confidence by the people. After the defeat, the Romanov pretender is returned to the throne as Kiril I, and the 1914 borders of the Empire are restored. (In fact, the Romanov pretender at that time was the Grand Prince Kiril.)

Nothing more of note occurs until 1960, at which time the home islands of Japan are swallowed by the Pacific Ocean during a gigantic earthquake and storm. Japan's dependencies are annexed by other nations.

The romantic interest, reeking with sentimentality, is introduced in 1962. The male lead is a young Chinese officer named Chang Kochubey, the son of a Manchu princess and a White Russian emigré, Prince Alexander Kochubey. Just as racist fiction stresses the "pure" blood lines of its heroes, so Cruso goes out of his way to give Chang as heterogeneous a background as possible. His paternal grandmother was the daughter of the Chief Rabbi of Plevna, Bulgaria; his grandfather had rescued her



from a pogrom while on military duty in the Balkans in 1878. Further back, her forebears include Swedes and Tartars.

The female lead is Arabella Cordozo, daughter of a Mexican grandee who is a hot-tempered racist. They meet while Chang is attached to the Chinese embassy in Mexico. (Despite his occidental appearance, he considers himself Chinese and, more generally, a champion of the "yellow-swarthy" races.) Señor Cordozo objects to Chang and horse-whips him out of the country. But -- trust hack fiction -- they meet again in Washington, where Chang and Cordozo have been sent to their respective countries' embassies.

The Washington diplomatic reception ends riotously in a formal challenge and a fainting spell. The duel is to be fought in Hawaii between Chang and an arrogant Russian nobleman who makes slighting remarks about the young Eurasian's ancestry. You don't need to be told at this point who faints.

The duellists take ship to Hawaii, but the ship is wrecked on an uncharted shoal and Chang is the only survivor. He reaches land and -- guess what, kiddies! He's on the island of Honshu, which, two years after sinking in the Western Pacific, has come up again several thousand miles to the east.

Prince Chang Kochubey realizes that here is a chance to fulfill several ambitions. First, he will avenge the "yellow-swarthy" races against the whites who have dominated and brutalized them. (Here Cruso details several specific crimes, giving date, place, and numbers killed or enslaved.) Second, he will use the gold reserves of the Bank of Japan to industrialize China and other backward nations. And finally, he will fulfill a behest left in the will of his Jewish grandmother. This document is addressed to any descendant of hers who will devote his life to revenging upon the Christians of Europe the centuries of pogroms and suppressions which they inflicted upon the Jews. (Again, there is a long, specific list of incidents.) She urges him to be friendly to the one European power which has never systematically persecuted the Jews, Turkey. She also commends to his friendship the Jews' Semitic kinsmen, the Arabs.

During 1963, the Chinese government buys up most of the world's merchant ships, paying for them with Japanese gold. A bloodless coup restores the Manchu dynasty. Ten thousand American Jews are hired in what would now be called a foreign aid program -- except that the nations to be aided are footing the bill, again in Japanese gold, the source of which is a mystery to the world. China makes huge purchases not only of industrial equipment, but also of horses.

But Chang's hand is hidden in all this. Arabella, believing him lost at sea, enters a convent, removing from the story a sub-plot even less skillfully written than the principal one.

The industrialization of China comes to fruition in 1978. In that year a cipher named Richard Dunn places before the League of Nations a demand for retribution by white Christian nations for their centuries of oppression of the Jews and "yellow-swarthy" races. (Again, a long itemi-



zation of details.) These demands are not met.

Consequently, war breaks out in 1980 with a revolt of the colonies against their European rulers. India becomes independent, and places a Mongol emperor on her throne. The alliance of China, India, and Turkey uses weapons whose secrets were discovered on resurrected Honshu along with the "rust-covered gold." They include giant submarines and airships with electrical armaments. The European powers discover that these electrical guns are effective only against machinery, but they can't go back to cavalry because China has cornered the market in horseflesh. The "yellow-swarthies" overrun Europe in 1981, killing 25 million European soldiers and losing less than half that many. The scenes of carnage are described in mawkish detail, and in prose in which every sentence seems to begin with the word "And."

The remaining four years of the war deal with the "yellow-swarthy" siege of America. In particular, America's Jews rush to the colors to convince their Gentile fellow-citizens that they are not seduced by the enemy's promises of revenge. Almost every Jewish man in America is in the eight-million-man army which meets the first onslaught from the Old World.

More gory battle scenes follow. Americans fight to the last man, in passages obviously designed to bring to mind the destruction of the first Jewish kingdom as described by the major prophets. A Jeremiah arises, crying for the lost glories of America. But the continent is reduced to a wilderness, and by 1985 the Old World allies are victorious.

Of the 50 million American survivors, the whites and Negroes are returned to their ancestors' homelands. America becomes a Turco-Indo-Chinese protectorate, left to the Indians. The victors partition the rest of the world, scrap all their armaments and airplanes, and decree summary execution for anyone caught designing any kind of aircraft. They also decide to intermingle the races (except the Amerinds) to end racial strife.

Whites are not made a subject race, and live with full rights among their "yellow-swarthy" conquerors. Only whites who plot against the peace terms are sold into slavery; Cruso mitigates at the end of the book the harsh picture of non-white dominance he depicts in the opening chapters.

In 1987 Honshu again sinks into the Pacific, carrying with it all the surviving Jews, Chang's technical experts. Chang sees Arabella again briefly after the war, when she is abbess of her convent. Needless to say, they are buried side by side. Let us inter Cruso's florid prose with them.

-- John Boardman

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MAGNANIMITY OF THE MONTH (from The New York Times, April 8, 1964)

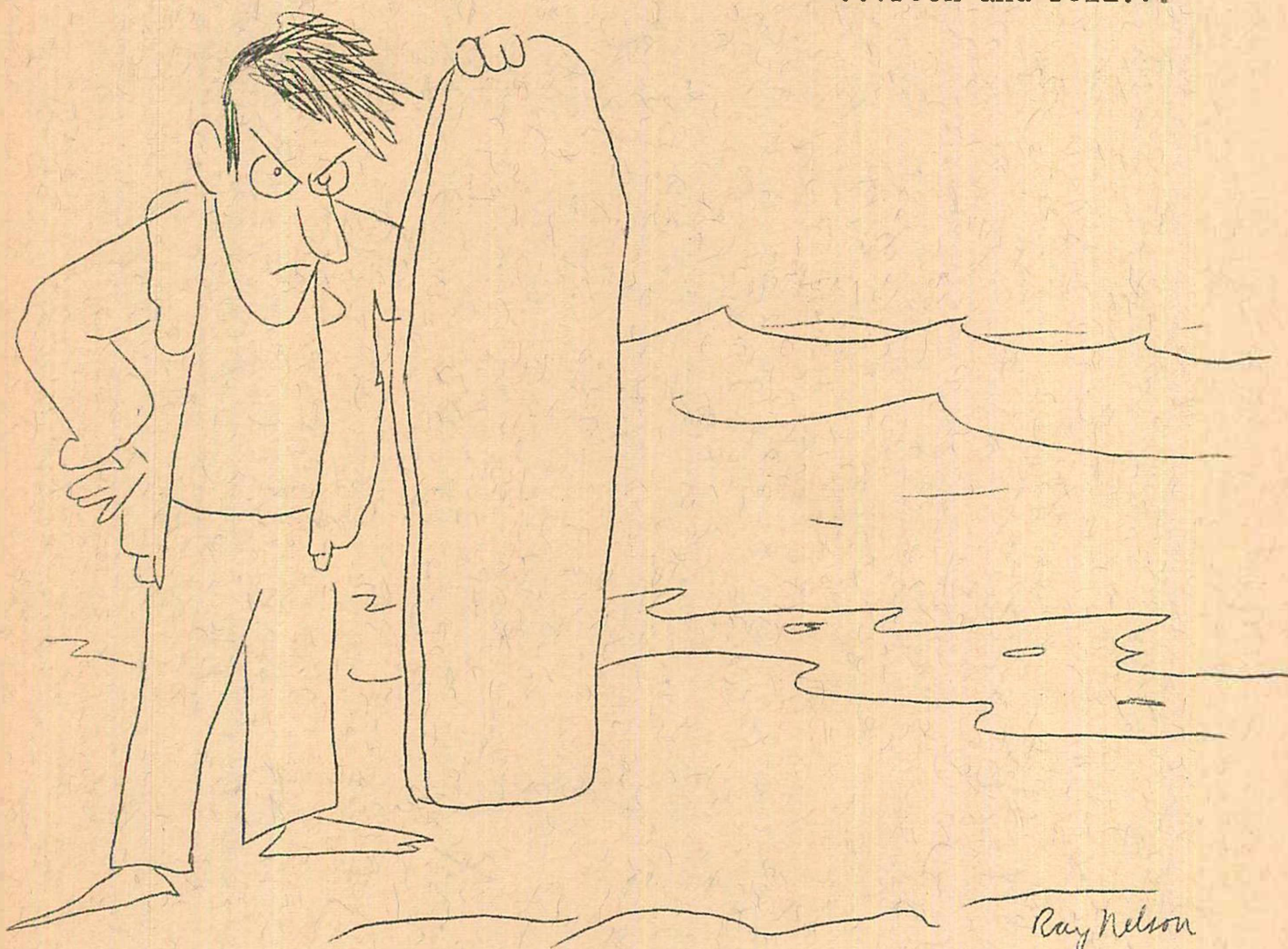
"In commenting on the indictments, a spokesman for Republic Steel said that it was company policy to comply with the laws of the land..."



Ray Nelson

DON'T HANG  
THE TWANG

a defense of  
...rock and roll!?!



Ray Nelson



Every style of music is conditioned by the potentialities and limitations of one basic instrument. It is this instrument that gives the style of music its characteristic sound; where other instruments are used in ensemble with the basic instrument, they are made to imitate or blend in with the basic instrument in such a way that the characteristic sound remains even when the basic instrument itself is absent. In church music, of course, the basic instrument is the organ. In secular classical music, it is the violin, with some influence from the piano. In the folk styles of many countries, it is the guitar. In early "traditional" jazz, the valve trumpet or coronet dominated, but with the decline of group improvisation, the piano came to occupy the central position, and many styles of jazz (ragtime, stride piano, boogie woogie) are so pianistic that they have never been successfully adapted to full orchestra or to any other instrument. In the modern jazz band the piano retains the position of dominance, though in a very subtle way. Modern jazz is heavily "arranged," and the instrument on which most of the arranging is done is the piano. Therefore, the sounds that are used are nearly always ones that sound good on the piano, and which are playable on the piano. Thus even a rather large jazz orchestra is still only an extension of the keyboard of the Ellington, Basie or Kenton who leads it. Other sounds, characteristic of other instruments and not of the piano, may be added, but this is just for "color," and does not alter the basic piano sound, just as in secular classical music the use of all manner of coloristic instruments almost never alters the basic classical sound provided by the string section. In cool jazz, even the honking and screaming saxophone is tamed down to play with a vibratoless, thin, pianistic tone.

The piano has many undeniable assets as a basic instrument. It has an enormous range from the highest to the lowest notes. It is easy to play badly, since all one needs to do to produce a sound is press down on a key, and is very impressive when played well. It is polyphonic, since the right and left hands can be made to produce independent music, and it is favorable to the vertical development of complex chords. It also has a broad dynamic range from the loudest to the softest playable notes, and has as well an infinite number of intermediate volumes. These are the piano's main assets, and they are reflected brilliantly in modern jazz.

But the piano has certain liabilities, too. It has no variety of timbre. True, one can put thumbtacks in the felt hammers to get that "honky-tonk" sound, but it is not possible to vary the timbre of the piano from one note to another in a single phrase. The other jazz instruments, though capable of a very wide range of timbres, have tended to imitate the uniform timbre of the piano, except for a few novelty effects like the wah-wah of the trumpet. The piano also has no vibrato, and the other jazz instruments have followed suit by using only mild and uniform vibrattos or no vibrato at all. It is a fixed-tone, equally-tempered instrument, and thus is not capable of producing true "blue-notes" or glassandos, so that effects calling for "playing in the cracks" between the piano keys have been minimized and even regarded as "cheap showmanship" by jazz musicians, though these "cheap tricks" are so very effective that jazz has never been able to get rid of them altogether.



At the time that jazz was developing into its modern form, two other major streams of music were developing alongside of it in America. They were the country and western stream and the rhythm and blues stream. Neither of these forms was piano-based. Both were guitar-based, and, with the invention of the electric guitar, electric guitar-based. The guitar has a narrower range than the piano and is very difficult to play polyphonically, but it is able to produce chords of up to six tones and can, particularly when electrified, match and excel the piano in dynamic range. In addition, it has a wide variety of timbres which can be subtly and instantaneously varied, and with it, "blue notes" and glissandos can be played with ease. Also, when unamplified, it can play softly enough not to drown out the untrained, natural singing voice, as the piano usually does. Thus the style of music based on the guitar is very much different from piano-based jazz.

In the late forties and early fifties, at the same time Monk and Charlie Parker were developing Bop, the rhythm and blues and the country and western streams, both based on the same instrument, began to grow together. Even race prejudice could not prevent the Southern hillbilly from grudgingly admitting that "those coons sure can play," and copying the rhythm and blues tricks, or prevent the Negro "R and B" musician from picking up a riff or two from his ofay fellow guitarists. First Bill Haley, then Elvis Presley, combined the two streams and gave us our first rock and roll, a powerful, compelling music that combined the hypnotic, driving rhythm of R and B with the singable, "catchy" tunes of country and western music. At this time the jazz musicians were talking about an "implied" rather than a stated rhythm and had either fallen back on a repertoire composed almost entirely of "old favorites" or "standards," or had, as in bop, blown the melody to bits, so that the new rock and roll sound took over the dance music field almost by default.

Later on, the "hard" rhythm of the mambo swept the country and was incorporated into rock and roll, where it still holds sway. This "hard" rhythm, staccato and on the beat, is difficult to play on a wind instrument, though very easy to play on the guitar, and jazz hornmen have complained bitterly about it, sax players particularly. The sax is the second most important instrument in rock and roll, but it is a guitar-sax, a sax which is forced to imitate the style of an electric guitar instead of following its own more flowing natural bent.

The twist, surfer music, and other such variations of the basic rock and roll pattern continue to dominate the popular field today, and I imagine they will continue to do so for some time to come. With occasional exceptions (which are sometimes labeled "rock and roll" even though they aren't, like "Patches" and "Alley Cat," a waltz and a fox trot respectively), all the top tunes are in the rock and roll idiom.

Let us examine more closely the nature of this new style of music that now floods the airwaves. One thing we notice right away is the small size of the average rock band. Ray Charles leads a big band, but in his rock numbers the big band almost sits on their hands, giving out with an occasional toot or an unobtrusive riff while Ray and the rhythm section carry the load. He has taken to giving the big band the first half of his concerts to play without him, and it is not rock that they play in their part of the program, but fairly standard big-band jazz.



The rule in rock combos is the quartet, or even the trio. A ten-piece group is advertised as a "full orchestra." Why is this? Because rock music is, among other things, a solution to the old problem of how to get a big sound out of a small group. The electric guitar, to begin with, can play loud enough to pin your ears back. If you have an electric guitar, you don't need an orchestra. In addition, the string bass that forms the backbone of the jazz combo is generally replaced in the rock combo by the electric bass guitar. In the big jazz orchestras the string bass is often lost in the shuffle, drowned out by, say, six saxes, four brass instruments, and three other rhythm instruments. Without electric amplification it can be heard only by the other musicians, if even them. The electric bass guitar, however, can blast its way through anything. It is also much easier to play than the string bass. Figures that only a Charlie Mingus could play on the string bass any union-scale sideman can play on the electric bass guitar. As a result, the bass part in rock is much more prominent than it is in jazz. In jazz the bass is usually limited, except for a few feeble solos, to the role of a sort of glorified metronome, pooming out the beat with monotonous regularity (one, two, three, four) and indicating the roots of the chords. It is so unobtrusive that no one even notices really whether or not it is in tune. In rock, on the contrary, the bass part is often the most prominent one in the piece, and very complex figures and riffs and even snatches of melody are commonplace. It is not unusual for the bass to take the lead and play the melody or take a full solo.

The drum set-ups used by jazz and rock musicians are pretty much the same, but the way they are used is quite different. Except in drum-centered combos like the Art Blakey Jazz Messengers, the drums are almost as politely unobtrusive as the string bass. They limit themselves to a vague kiss-kissa-kiss on the symbol and punctuation marks on the traps and muted bass drum, except during their mercifully short drum solos. Rock drums, on the other hand, lay down a great big hairy beat at all times, and are capable of a very wide range of expression. The rock drum rarely solos, but the way it sledge-hammers home the beat accounts in large measure for rock's remarkable dancability. Rock drumming is usually based on the tight rhythm of the mambo, and makes use of many mambo figures and breaks. As I have suggested, this is another difference between jazz and rock: the norm for rock is a tight, staccato, on-the-beat rhythm, while the norm for jazz is a loose, "swinging" rhythm in which one can play a little ahead or behind the beat. Jazz can get pretty tight and rock pretty loose, but the pattern of the former is toward relaxation and the pattern, or tendency, of the latter is toward tension and drive.

Another way rock combos get their beloved "big sound" is by singing. When a group of musicians sing as well as play, they effectively double the size of their group without adding any personnel, and they avoid the problem of co-ordinating a vocal group with an instrumental accompaniment. There is also, let's face it, an economic advantage to this kind of doubling up and keeping the group small. The fewer the slices in the financial pie, the bigger the slices are. Where small club work is involved, this financial factor can be a life and death matter.

The vocal group sometimes functions as an instrumental section, singing meaningless scat phrases, echoes, and comments on the main vocal



line, humming, and singing open vowels. At other times it sounds just like an old-fashioned barbershop quartet. Even when what is being sung is deliberate nonsense, the human voice imparts a warmth to the rock sound that would be lacking in a straight instrumental.

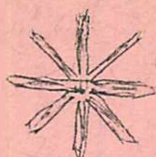
The lead vocal is usually sung by the star of the group. It's a vocalist's world at the moment, and even the best of sidemen are almost never listed on the label of the disc or on the jacket of the record. This is fair enough, I suppose, when a Presley, a Brenda Lee, or a Ray Charles literally "makes" the record, but all too often the lead vocalist is a nebbish and the thing that puts over the record is the instrumental accompaniment. There is a certain quality of voice that a true rock singer has, and it's hard to fake. It is not even remotely related to the sound that emerges from the tortured gullet of an opera singer or even the velvet sound of an Ella Fitzgerald, a Sarah Vaughn, an Anita O'Day or a June Christy. The only jazz singers who have that quality are the blues-based ones, like Billie Holiday, and, in a way, the singing instrumentalists like Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden. It is more closely related to the "belter" quality of the old music hall singer, or to the howl of the "blues shouter." It has a lot of hill-billy in it and a lot of low-down gutbucket blues. More than anything else, I think it has the fanatic drive of the jump spirituals that Negro singing revivalists sing. It isn't beautiful, and God knows it isn't pretty, but if you let down your guard for an instant, it reaches out and grabs you and turns you, as they say, every way but loose. It also has a guitar sound, a twang, a metallic quality that blends perfectly with the sound of the electric guitar.

It is as true now as it was in the days of Benny Goodman that only the young really love music. Only the young really dance and sing. Adults like music. They listen quietly to it, sometimes even with their whole attention. They even dance to it, in a half-hearted way, but only the kids live music, breathe music, have fits over music, and dance and sing as they go down the street. Only the young are really "with it." Quite naturally then, rock is aimed straight at the kids. If you don't believe it, just listen to the words. It is also aimed at the lower income groups, the groups who can say, with Ray Charles, "I'm Busted," or with Elvis, "If you'll lend me a dollar I can buy some gas and we'll go for a little ride." These are the kids who sometimes buy records instead of food. Music means something to them. It makes up for a lot of things, mainly for the gap between the world as it is and the world as it should be. It makes them cry and laugh and gives them the strength to keep swinging.

There are some people who change the station whenever they hear the sound of an electric guitar on the radio. Not me. I turn up the volume and dig it, because, for me, it packs more wallop than any other kind of music, and I've heard all kinds of music in my day, from "three Bs" classical to Frank Sinatra. That brassy twang is the real voice of America. Europe knows it. Asia knows it. The only people who don't know it are the American intellectuals, but don't worry: they'll discover it too, as they discovered Laurel and Hardy and Marilyn Monroe and folk music, after it's dead.

-- Ray Nelson





norm clarke:

## A FANNISH WHIMSICAL PIECE

Most of the stuff I have written lately (i.e., in the past thirty years) has been about Jazz -- or "rock and roll," as it is sometimes called --; and occasionally I have wondered if I'm really as limited as I seem to be. "Can't you write about anything other than Jazz, or Rock&Roll as it is sometimes called," I have asked myself. "Other than Grandmotherly crap about The Martin Affair, I mean?" I added, fully aware that I am an acknowledged expert, in FAPA, on The Martin Affair. ("What is The Martin Affair?" all you neofans out there in General Fandom may be asking; don't trouble your pretty little heads about it, my dears -- you'll find out soon enough.) Anyway: I have answered my own question many times. "I sure as hell can write on subjects other than Jazz (Rock&Roll)," I have often assured myself. "Why, I bet I could write a Fannish Whimsical Piece full of Capital Letters and things, if I'd just put My Mind to it. I learn fast; I can say "ahahaha," and "that's not too many," and "hoping you are the same, Meyer," as well as the next guy, if I only have the chance. Why, I'm even proficient in the use of "asterisks" and \*quotemarks\*, if need be." But nobody ever asked me to write a Fannish "Whimsical" \*Piece\*. So I didn't.

Then along came Joe Pilati (pronounced "rigatoml"), and he asked me to write a Jazz Column. "No, Joe Pastrami," I said, for that was his name, "I do not want to write a Jazz Column, for then everyone would think of me as the Poor Man's Ted White, and that is incredible." "But what then?" asked Mr. Pizza, "What the hell else can you write?" "Well," I answered, in the Insurgent Manner, "I could draw on my knowledge of the Colored Persons' Problem and write a sensitive article entitled, 'Famous N[REDACTED]s I Have Known.'" "I bet you could," Joe Vermicelli replied, liberally, "but that is not Enclave's Image. We don't call Spooks 'n[REDACTED]' around here; we call them Cullud Folk, or Persons Just Like Us." "How many N[REDACTED]s on your mailing list, White Boy?" I asked. "Well, we have some Jewish Persons," he replied. "I suppose you mean Avram Davidson," I said, with a jeer. "Is he Jewish?" Joe Cacciatore asked, adding, "Gee, he sure looks it."

Still, no one had asked me to write a Fannish Whimsical Piece. Oh, Bob Lichtman had told me something about his Fabulous Fannish Fanzine, Frap; but what he wanted was the Inside Dope ~~in~~ ~~on~~ about Georgina Ellis. He got it, too; he didn't get it as well as I had, but he got something ("That Bob Lichtman," I said to Georgina Ellis, "he got something."). And Paul Wyszowski asked me to write a one-paragraph dissertation on the problem of the evanescence of Reality (if I heard him correctly -- and, since it was New Year's Day, that hardly seems likely). Phil Harrell offered to move back to Canada if I would dash off an appreciation of Ray Bradbury for his 6-rated Fanzine; he stopped speaking to



me when I replied that, in my opinion, Ray Bradbury was "pretty good, but not very fannish." I didn't want to let him know that I'd never read this "Bradbury" guy -- I can't be bothered keeping up with these N3F types and Cry letterhacks. Walter Breen asked if I'd write a Queebcon Report for Fanac; but I just laughed.

Meanwhile, I was stencilling stuff for FAPA: it was all about Jazz and Rock&Roll; fortunately, FAPA dissolved itself shortly before I got around to publishing my Jazz material. (Some of FAPA's members have since re-grouped; this cis-FAPA was known as SHFU, before it broke up.) So there I was, with a million ideas for things to write, other than stuff about Jazz and Rock&Roll and Ed Martin. And no forum available. Nobody wanted me. Nobody even called me from Whittier, California, to say "Surprise! Surprise! We'd like you to write a Fanzine Review Column!" Naturally, I gaffiated for several weeks; I even ignored the Apex deadlines.

Then I had this terrific idea (although at first I thought it was an "insight," since that is the sort of thing everyone is having, these days; anyway, it was a sort of buzzing noise in my left temple, accompanied by a blazing lightbulb that suddenly materialized over my head): "Why not write a Fannish Whimsical Piece for Joe Pilati's Fanzine? After all, that's what Enclave needs to push it into the top ranks along with Bane, Opsla! and Xero." So I dashed to my nearest neighborhood telegraph and dispatched the following telegram to Pearl River:

JOE:

STOP. HAVE COME UP WITH FABULOUS IDEA WHICH I THINK IT  
BEHOOVES YOU TO BEND YOUR EAR TO WHICH STOP I HAVE DECIDED  
THAT WHAT YOUR FANZINE QUOTE ENCLAVE UNQUOTE REPEAT ENCLAVE  
NEEDS IS FANNISH WHIMSICAL PIECES STOP HAPPEN TO HAVE  
HUNDREDS OF FANNISH WHIMSICAL PIECES LYING IN BOTTOM DRAWER  
OF CHIFFONIER OF WHICH I DO NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH WHAT  
ANYWAY STOP WILL SHIP BUNDLE MY EXPENSE UPON SLIGHTEST  
INDICATION EDITORIAL INTEREST SOONEST STOP REPLY STOP THE  
SILVERFISH HAVE EATEN MY CHEESE SANNITCH STOP WOULD BE GOOD  
TITLE FOR FANZINE STOP HA HA STOP WOULD APPRECIATE HEARING  
FROM YOU SOONEST STOP I'LL BE WAITING STOP DON'T FORGET LET  
ME KNOW WHETHER INTERESTED IN PUBLISHING FANNISH WHIMSICAL  
PIECES OF WHICH I HAVE WHOLE BOTTOM DRAWER JUST FULL OF  
HUNDREDS OF THEM YOU COULD USE IF YOU REALLY WANTED TO STOP  
IS TRUE YOU ONLY TWELVE STOP HOPING YOU ARE THE SAME

NORM CLARKE

A few weeks later, I received a thick envelope, postmarked "Pearl River, N.Y." Inside was a copy of Enclave; on it was scribbled, "This is your last issue unless you do something, and maybe even if you do." "GINA!" I yelled, "I made it! Joe Pilati has practically accepted my Fannish Whimsical Pieces! He says so, right here in this personal note on my copy of Enclave (Joe Pilati's fanzine)." "Gee," she said, impressed. "See, I told you you wouldn't be sorry that you married me," I cried, "I told you that there was more to marriage than just the Sex Aspect." Gina paused a while in thought. "I suppose you're right,"



she finally said, with a curious half-smile that went straight to my heart.

So I immediately gathered up a couple of dozen of my very best Fannish Whimsical Pieces, stuffed them into an old Jiffy Bag in a jiffy, and posted them off to "Joe Pilati, c/o Enclave magazine, Pearl River, N.Y. (U.S.A.)"; and I waited for all the egoboo (and my contributor's copy). I had selected several pieces that I had sweated long and lovingly over; a few of the titles were: "Clayfeet County"; "The Cricket in The Verily Dune"; "The Theory and Practice of Chicken"; and "The X-Ray Report." Some of my best stuff, if I do say it myself.

Imagine my chagrin when the whole bundle was returned to me, accompanied by a tart, exiguous note from Enclave's editor which stated that "...at present, Enclave is overstocked with amateur science fiction stories; however, we have read your material with interest and hope that, at some future date, we will be able to consider..."; this note was mimeographed. However, on the obverse (as I discovered upon heeding the direction, "Please Turn Over) was scrawled, in crayon, "How about writing a Jazz Review Column?"

How are you going to fight it? Well....

Sonny Rollins: "Our Man in Jazz"

Rollins, tenor sax; Don Cherry, trumpet; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Improvisation in its truest sense is the keynote....

-- Norm Clarke

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Yes, it's Ted White for TAFF in '65....the QWERTYUIOPeople's Choice!

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THE EDITORIAL ME continued from page 8

course, entitles them to copies of Enclave, so I'll send some to the approximate names and the approximate addresses involved, and hope for the best. Engineers with Ph.Ds read science fiction? You betchum.

The classic method of enclosing coins for fanzines involves scotch-taping it to a letter. But there are other, jazzier methods. Like enclosing them in little brown envelopes; wrapping them snugly between folded and refolded paper; simply dropping them into the mailing envelope to jingle tantalizingly at post office employees; and stapling. Yes, someone stapled three dimes and a nickel to a letter. I can tell by the staples limply hanging there in circular patterns.

Someone from England named Peter Smith sent no money at all, bless him, and a letter asking, "Any chance for a free issue in return for a LoC?" I'm so overjoyed at hearing from someone who knows what a LoC is, I may send him two copies.

In Apa-Y, we don't have this sort of problem.

-- Joe Pilati

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## THE VOICE FROM BEYOND

by Dick Lupoff

Remember all that fuss a couple of years ago about the proposed Cosmopolitan article that was going to Tell All about fandom? And remember the fizzle of the entire project, after Shirley Camper, the prospective author, had read hundreds of fanzines, visited dozens of fans, and generally made herself a familiar name and face?

If you're too neo to remember, ask some old hand like Joe Pilati.

Now for the rest of us: I called Mrs. Camper by phone the other day. I had two reasons for doing so. One was, she still had my Fancyclopedia II, and while I had no urgent reason to ask for its return, I wanted to keep my rights intact. The other was the intriguing idea of getting a look at the manuscript of her article, an idea suggested by several people.

Well, she remembered me, was very cordial, and agreed, "of course," to return my Fancyclopedia. She was very busy and planning several trips, so would I mind waiting awhile to get it back? Of course I would not. Fine, she will return it by summer. That's okay with me.

As for the article, though, I'm afraid I have to report "no dice." The article had been bought and paid for by Cosmo, even though they would have liked it to be "jazzier" than it was. Nonetheless, it might still have been used, except that Cosmo had a policy of "theme" issues, and they couldn't quite figure out which one to put it in.

Now they've abandoned that concept, and are switching to lo-o-ong articles, so the fandom writeup still won't fit. And it will probably never see print.

All the more reason, it would seem to me, to take the wraps off the manuscript, but Shirley states that she has a Policy, and that is to never let anyone see manuscripts that are not going to be published. "Situations change," she said, "and you can never tell what's going to happen, and I never let people read manuscripts of that sort. If it were about to be published anyway, it would be different."

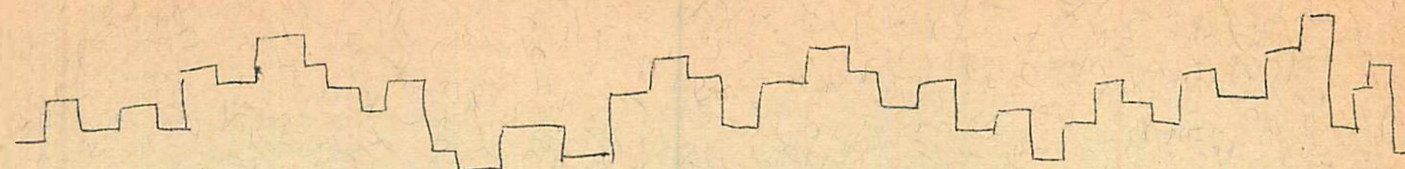
So that just about caps it, I'm afraid. Not only will the Big World out there in Cosmopolitanland never know what Shirley Camper had to say about us star-begotten neurotics -- we'll never know either.

This has been a no-progress-at-all report by Dick Lupoff.

1. Yes, she did. I know because she borrowed hundreds from me and from other fans, and they came back with her place-marks in them -- mostly at political articles.

2. Well, half a dozen, anyway -- Larry Shaw, Sam Moskowitz, Ted White, Dick Bergeron, Pat and myself, plus many more by telephone, especially Harry Warner.





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# \*green\* day\*in\*manhattan\*

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WHEN, for the fourth time in the same day, I saw a green man pushing a baby carriage, my curiosity finally overwhelmed me.

"Excuse me," I said. He stopped and smiled. "I could not help noticing that you are green."

"Yes," said the green man, smiling. I noticed that the baby carriage was empty. "Yes, I am green all over."

"Are you from Mars?" I asked. I can be as blunt as the next fellow when the occasion demands.

He laughed heartily and clapped his hands together. "Oh, my goodness, no," he said. "I am from West 76th Street."

"Oh," I said. But I was not satisfied. "Then why are you green all over?"

"I don't know," said the green man, pursing his lips in thought. "Why are you?"

"What?"

He wasn't smiling anymore. "If you'll excuse me," he said.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Why are you pushing an empty baby carriage?"

"I just bought it," he said, not smiling at all, pushing it quickly away.

I stood and watched him disappear around the corner. He was green, all right. There was no doubt about it; he had even admitted it. I walked over to a gum machine fastened to the side of a building, and looked into the mirror on the front of it. My face was green. Not green as if I had painted it green, but deep-down green. I looked at my hands. They were green too. I took off all my clothes. I was green all over.

I whirled about. Suddenly I noticed that everybody on the street was green. Further, almost everybody was pushing an empty baby carriage.

I could think of only two explanations. One, suppose some curious intelligent radiation from

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calvin w. demmon

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outer space had caused atmospheric changes which made human skin appear green under ordinary light. Two, suppose some alien creature from a distant planet was secretly grabbing earth people, dipping them in an advanced green dye, and then performing a delicate brain operation on them to cause them to forget. My mind **boggled** at these thoughts.

"Good Lord," I said softly to myself. "I must be going insane."

"Not at all," said a voice from behind me. "Put your clothes on." I whirled about once more, to face a small old man with a cherubic pink face and a few wisps of white hair around his ears. He was neatly dressed, complete to the pearl-handled cane he carried and the little black derby he wore on his head. He tipped the derby in greeting.

"How do you do," he said. "My name is Stewart." He paused, as if **expecting** a reply.

I replied. "My name is Jeremy Knight," I told him. He extended his hand, and I shook it. His grasp was firm and businesslike.

"You are wondering, Jeremy," said the little man, "why everyone has suddenly turned green. Am I correct?"

"Yes," I said. "You are correct. I am also wondering why you are not green, like everybody else."

"I can explain that," said this strange creature who called himself "Stewart." "I am from the planet Mars." He tucked his cane under his arm to free his hands for gesturing, and pointed upwards.

"Ho," I said. "And I am the milkmaid's daughter."

He smiled patiently. "No, I really am," he said. "And I have turned everyone in New York City green."

"Ho," I said.

"Well," he said, "whether you believe me now or not, I will give you the instructions, so that later in the day if you decide that I have been telling you the truth you can do something about it."

"Instructions?" I said. I got the feeling that I was playing straight man to this "Stewart," and I didn't exactly like it.

"Instructions," he said. "They are as follows: at such time as you desire to return to your normal skin color, get dressed, go to Macy's or some large department store, and buy a baby carriage. It must be a regular-sized baby carriage, costing over twenty-five dollars. Push it or carry it or drive it to Washington Square. I will be there all day. When you give me the carriage I will restore your natural skin hue." And he tipped his hat again, bowed politely, and walked off.

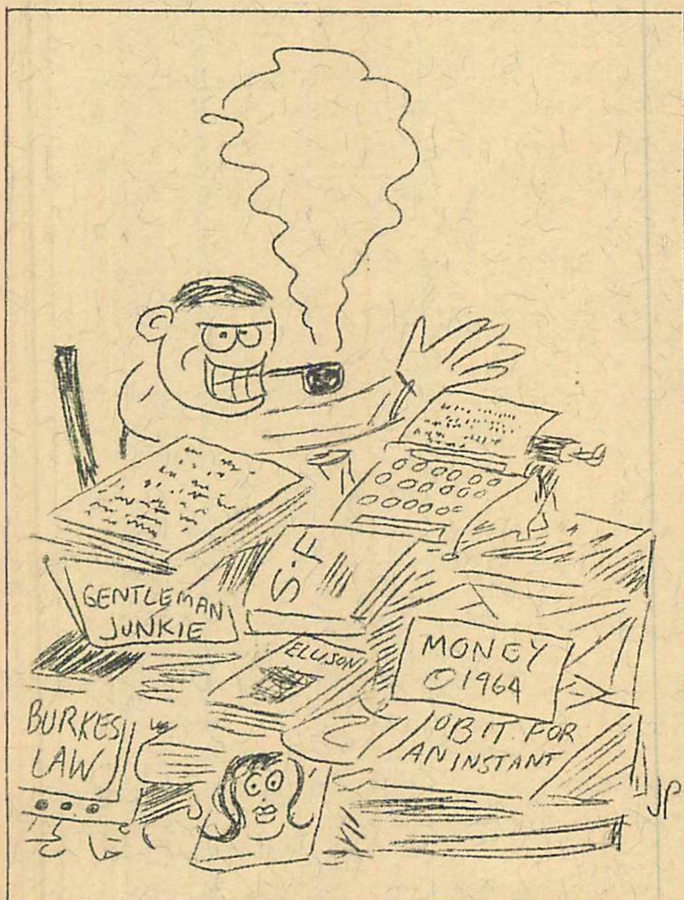
Well, it later turned out that he really was from the planet Mars, and he was trying to get a monopoly on baby carriages.

-- Calvin W. Demmon



It is no secret to readers of fanzinos that editors of fanzines sometimes try to pass off personal correspondence as "articles." The following "article" is really part of a Harlan Ellison letter, and some explanation is necessary to make it most enjoyable. When Harlan was kind enough to send me his story, "The Little Boy Who Loved Cats" (Enclave #5, pp. 21-26), he stipulated that it be copyrighted in his name; that he be able to proofread the stencils; that I get Steve Stiles to illustrate it; and that he be sent three copies of the issue containing the story. In my reply to this bill of particulars, and in the best "slantbars-with-a-vengeance" fashion, I referred to "the ~~prindadon~~ very reasonable nature of (Harlan's) requests." The following, excerpted from Harlan's subsequent letter, sheds much light on the Life of a Professional Writer -- or at least on that of one Professional Writer. Guess which. -- jp.

HARLAN ELLISON:  
Up to my  
muffins



...AS TO THE ~~prindadon~~ very reasonable nature of my requests, consider the briefly-put following, not only as a touchstone to this little incident and how you may report it to your contemporaries, but as a seldom-stated insight into the dreams, damnations, and destinies of men who make their livings -- and who sometimes live -- by the communication of the printed word.

I have been writing since 1956. I have sold somewhere over five hundred short stories and articles, thirteen books, a dozen or so tv and movie scripts, and have contributed a staggering number of long-since forgotten items to fanzines. I have had novels I've titled "Web of the City" and "The Sound of a Scythe" emerge as Rumble and The Man With Nine Lives. I have had collections that left my desk labeled "Children of the Gutters" and "No Doors, No Windows" show up on newsstands as The Juvies and Gentleman Junkie. I have seen twenty thousand words ripped bodily, bloodily, and insensate from the very center of a novel carefully written over a year's time. I have had to suffer the letter column castigations of readers who were annoyed by a butchered story, changed by an editor on caprice, whim, or



personal blind spot. I have shrank back and shriveled in nameless terror at the casual typos in the largest magazines, which rendered my excruciatingly-painstakingly selected semantics into gibberish. (For example: I had a story in a recent issue of Knight magazine. It is, I think, a superior story, not only for me, but for anyone. Modesty enters into this not at all. The story speaks for itself. It is called "Blind Bird, Blind Bird, Go Away From Me!" I sold it to Knight rather than to a better market, because the deal involved three facets: (1) There be no editing of any sort. (2) The Dillons, Leo and Diane, who are my dearest friends and the cover artists of several of my books and a number of stories, do the layout, typography, and artwork. (3) They pay me two hundred dollars more than the toppest price they ever paid any other writer. They agreed to all this, and I wrote the story. At one point in the narrative, there is a flashback in which a man recalls how he stole money from his mother's pocketbook while she was sleeping in the bedroom of their home. How he got down on his stomach and inched across the rug to the purse so she would not hear him and wake up. For this motion I devised the word "pullcrawled," a special sort of crablike movement employing knees and elbows you may have used, if you have ever run an infantry infiltration course. The typo, as it appears in the magazine, is "bullcrawled." It means nothing. I was not given the opportunity to read the galleys from that story before it went into print.)

A writer has nothing to market but his words and his reputation. Words are easy to come by. Even the densest think they can write; think they can luck into a facility that is a curse and an obligation to those who actually possess it. A reputation is something else. It happens suddenly, unexpectedly, with no rhyme or reason. Mine began with years of writing for penny-a-word markets and then graduating to slicks. It began when Dorothy Parker somehow, someway, stumbled on Gentleman Junkie, was able to wade past the title, had the stamina to read the painfully tiny type, and then thought enough of it all to write a glowing review in Esquire. How did it happen? I have no idea. But it did, and it snowballed. The mass is a fickle beast, and until it is told by one of its gods that something is worth the powder to blow it to hell, it ignores it. But when it's told, it reacts. Fast! I was written up last month /July, 1963/ in The Manchester Guardian. Me and Algren. They said half a dozen kind words about him, then went on to the end of the article talking about me. Hooray! I'm an overnight success, after eight hard, mostly unrewarding, slaving years. So I don't begrudge the Fair Haired Boys their sudden fames and glories. I'm happy with my lot.

But, if you know me as well as other fans I've known longer can testify, money means little to me. It is a kick to buy a new sports car and a \$150. Remington XP-100 pistol-rifle and squire a zonky starlet to Perrino's for lunch, but that ain't the ball of wax, chum. The only thing that matters to me at all, even in the smallest infinitesimal particle of caring, is what I write. It is my reality. My totality. My raison d'etre. I live through my experiences, which I somehow clip and sort and snip into fiction or articles or books. It is all I care for or about. So when you see such requests as I made of you, don't leap to the Animal Herd cliché conclusion that the artist is unnecessarily temperamental. He is guarding his life. He is saying that what he has to tell must be told his way, with as little barricade between his soul and mind, and the reader's, as he is able to attain. Thus, typos and bad



art and editorial changes and the whims of Fate and Typesetters stumble his words on their way. And if he cares at all, then he has to extend himself for these considerations.

Too often, he has no control over his work. And then, he sees the only thing worth living for, altered and raped and whipsawed in such a way to produce -- yes, tears. Primadonna? No, I don't think so, really. Conscientious? Maybe that's closer.

But I'm not enough of an egocentric ass to think that I cannot be improved upon. My words are not golden. Intelligent editorial comment brings from me a puppy-dog affection and whirligig need to better the work in question. Thus, when you suggest that the title of my story might better be changed, I stop, and look at it, and I ask myself if it is the best possible title. You use the word "concise" in suggesting an alternate. Are you advocating something like

#### FELINE LUST

or a variation thereof, more in the tenor of the scuffy paperbacks referred to in the trade as "stiffeners"? Or are you plumping for a more concisely literary title, something avant-garde and very very Evergreen Review in its preciousness? Something, perhaps, like

#### CAT: A TALE

and then again, there is the New Yorker manner, which might be enhanced by obscure chioroscuro drawings sandwiched around the type, and my name, very small, in italics preceded by a dash, at the end of the piece. If we were going that way I might call it

#### PUSS, YOU RAT, WHADDAYA THINKATHAT

but with the family audience you reach, mayhap the best recourse would be a certain restrained "togetherness" slant, aiming at approbation by the National Office for Decent Literature, the DAR, the WCTU, the PTA, the Anti-Defamation League, the NAACP, the Goldwater arm of the Liberal Conservative Right (that's them, over there, you can't miss 'em, the ones with the pitchforks) and the Comics Code Authority. Not to mention Frederic Wertham, Boy Scout. Why, the story and issue might even win a Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval and be read into the Congressional Record. All this could be ours, buddy Pilati, if we call it maybe

#### SOFTLY, AS IN A CAT SMILE

however, there is a noticable upsurge in interest in the Haiku this season, and Oriental mysticism can never be shrugged off. So, possibly it would be to our advantage to aim East and call it

#### PASTEL LANTERN, STILL SWINGS

but finally, after considerations too numerous to mention, I come back to the original, which has a very explicit pun implicit and inherent in its phrasing. It serves the loftiest traditions of titling by adding an additional fillip to the story, once read. It crystallizes the point of the story but does not reveal it from the outset. It intrigues, it



engages, it runs and flows like silvery waters over moss-dotted smoothstones in a verdant glade. It works, you boob, so leave it alone!

Up to my muffins in work. Gotta charge away. Stay well.

Later,

*Hadan*

---

There's Governor Wallace again, preaching expansive hate.

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#### LIFE AMONG THE LEGISLATORS

"Some weeks ago, a Senator from a large Northeastern state, a vigorous supporter of the civil rights bill, reported that his mail included a very large number of form letters expressing both intense opposition to the bill and incorrect ideas about the bill's provisions. Senate opponents of the bill seized on the Senator's honest description of his mail and repeatedly used it as an example of how Northern public opinion was turning against the bill in response to their educational debate. ::: Last Thursday, this Senator told the second chapter of the story: Being disturbed by the misinformation expressed in so much of the mail, he wrote back to his misinformed correspondents, giving them an accurate summary of what is actually in the bill. His letters brought a strange response. Many of the people to whom they were addressed replied that they had never written to the Senator in the first place. For instance, one gentleman, the father of a young girl, wrote as follows: 'I have not and will not sign any petition against civil rights. Further, I have never given permission to anyone to use my name or my 11-year old daughter's name.' ::: This young lady's name had been signed to one of these fake petitions. ::: In other words, the educational debate has been so successful that it has produced public opinion where none existed before. ::: Another explanation might be that conditions in Mississippi are so perfect that there is nothing better to do with official state funds than use them to buy Northern telephone books."

-- from The Bipartisan Civil Rights Newsletter (published from the offices of Sens. Humphrey and Kuchel), #41, April 28, 1964.

"SENATE PROBES RED CUTIES IN PLAYBOY MAGAZINE. ::: Senate investigators, smelling a possible espionage plot, are showing a keen interest in the pictures of near-nude women that were snapped behind the Iron Curtain and then published in last month's issue of Playboy magazine. ::: The Senate probers are now checking the backgrounds of the photographers who took the pictures. They are also investigating to find out if Communist government officials in Russia, Poland, Hungary and Yugoslavia cooperated with the photographers. ::: The secret investigation was launched after Michael Goleniewski -- a high-ranking official of the Polish secret police who defected to the US several years ago -- revealed that Communist secret police use pretty girls to seduce Americans and then blackmail the victims to spy for the Reds. Goleniewski made this disclosure to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, headed by Sen. James O. Eastland (D., Miss.)." -- National Enquirer, March 29, 1964.



## ROSEBUDS, LOLLIPOPS AND THE FOUR-LEGGED TROMBONE

by Skip Williamson

Racial strife, the Panama crisis, and Johnson's congenial Please-Everyone-At-Once policies seemed for a while to have taken a back seat to the Great Cigaret Controversy.

The American Cancer Society, having run out of cranberries, tuna fish, and milk, found itself smack in the middle of a new field day. I suppose it has always been suspected that there was some correlation between cigaret smoking and lung cancer because this has constantly been an area of disagreement and discontent among scientists and others bent on destroying civilization. Moreover, now that nicotine and micronite filters have been brought into the limelight, there is evidence that things may end up in the laps of our esteemed representatives in Congress. And if this problem (if it is indeed a problem) is brought up before a Congressional Committee, I fear our representatives will make greater fools of themselves than they so ably have in the past under other circumstances ("Are you now, or have you ever been in any way, shape, or form affiliated with those low-down, liberal rat-bastards who smoke cigarets?")



AND FOR  
ONLY 7,000  
RALEIGH  
COUPONS YOU  
CAN GET  
LUNG CANCER...

All around us, people who used to be avid indulgers of the weed can be seen switching to cigars or pipes, or, if they are mentally and physically capable, giving up smoking altogether. The one thing, though, that's putting me firmly and emphatically against this mass movement is that women, too, are switching from Salems to stogies. Even the most slender cheroot or the daintiest pipe tends to destroy whatever femininity American women yet have. Somehow I think I would be slightly chagrined if I were puffing delicately on a Winston while my girl feverishly blew smoke rings around my head from an ugly, black Dutch Master.

There is an obsolete or perhaps merely unenforced law in The Books. The law, as I read it, says that "It is illegal to sell cigarets to anyone between the ages of 8 and 18." (I wonder what the law has to say about six-year old fanciers of the weed?) However, now that our scientists have momentarily given up trying to invent new ways to obliterate earthly life forms and are trying to save us all from the evil of smoking, they are seeing to it -- in a few select cities across the United States -- that the law, after remaining dormant for 10 these many years, is enforced. These cities have grabbed the proverbial bull (Durham?) by the horns and are slapping ten dollar fines on anyone caught selling cigarets to people between the ages of 8 and 18. (I suppose that anyone over 18 should use his discretion as to whether he'd prefer to die of lung cancer or Strontium 90 or a combination of both.)



The recent study which has caused all the furor states that 30% of the people who have lung cancer are smokers. But what I'd like to know is just exactly how many people who smoke get lung cancer. I have an idea that the figure is remarkably small, considering the amount of popular turbulence we've had. Actually, the government survey appears to be doing approximately the same thing Dr. Wertham did when he said that the majority of juvenile delinquents read comic books; therefore, comic books cause juvenile delinquency. Wertham conveniently neglected to mention that the majority of kids in the United States have at one time in the perverted lives read comic books. And, a la Wertham, the government survey conveniently neglects to mention that the overwhelming majority of American adults are smokers. But exactly how many of these people who smoke get lung cancer? And indeed, is the lung cancer positively and directly caused by smoking cigarettes? It seems to me that we know no more about the relationship between smoking and cancer than we did before the survey was taken.

The cigaret industry is a 7.5 billion dollar affair which can't be totally dismissed without some consideration. But there are movements afoot to curtail the industry both in advertising techniques and in the labeling of its products. Needless to say, cigarettes (along with many other products on the market) are advertised in such a way as to associate them with maturity, success, and sex. And equally needless to say, I'm sure that the alluring jingles and colorful implications of such promotion have converted a good many immature types from the league of non-smokers to the legion of smokers. But the cigaret industry is quite a lucrative business and quite a valuable market for television, radio, and magazines, and one I'm sure the Powers in those media don't particularly want to restrict with wild abandon. Besides, simply passing a law is certainly not going to stop the barons elite of the cigaret companies. I will be interested in how frank the admen actually are about labeling their clients' products as poisonous. Some tobacco companies' advertising campaigns in the future promise to be very entertaining.

It seems to me that the wise person might begin stocking up on extra cartons of cigarettes. From the looks of things now, a national prohibition on smoking might be the end result of the government survey. Already cigaret-oriented imitations of Alcoholics Anonymous are sinking their teeth into the soot-filled lungs of nicotine fiends. And were a national ban on smoking ever enacted, the black market value of cigarettes would be phenomenally high, "Smoke Easies" would spring up in every village and clime, and organized crime would have a heyday transporting cigarettes across state lines and into the hands of innocent children (read: everyone). The only sure way to make people desire what they don't already desire is to restrict and ban it.

The cigaret companies, however, aren't taking this lying down. Nosiree. In fact, they claim to be experimenting with specially-treated tobacco and tobacco substitutes to rid their products of cancer-producing impurities. They claim that it is a certain radioactive element in cigaret tobacco that's the culprit. And if they can only isolate this certain radioactive element, the problem will be licked. I can only shake my head in amazement at their being so naïve. After all, how many people would choose near-beer over Schlitz? There's some flaw in human nature which makes men faced with two relative evils invariably



neglect the lesser one. Perhaps it is an inborn compulsion to prove we are above cowardice and craven compromise; nevertheless, I feel that deactivated cigarets will never have the market that the good old unhealthy kind have.

The Saturday Review said of the tobacco crisis, "Here, then, is a problem even more serious than the problem leading up to it /smoking/. And it calls for examination no less intensive and comprehensive than the research into the effects of tobacco on human health. For what is involved here are the ultimate questions a society has to ask about itself. What are the basic values of its people? How much sensitivity do they have to the fragility and preciousness of human life? How shallow or profound is their awareness of the potentialities of a fully awakened human being? What connections do they see between a respect for human life and the healthy development of the society itself?"

This is eloquent emotionalism, which is a near necessity in writing for People these days. But the questions SR asks are ones society should have asked itself long before the government did its research. These are monumental questions SR puts before us, and they shouldn't necessarily be connected with something as relatively insignificant as the use or non-use of tobacco. "What are the basic values of /a society's/ people?" What, indeed, are the basic values of a people who worship material gain over any other God? "How much sensitivity do they have to the fragility and preciousness of human life?" Just ask anyone in Death Row. "How shallow or profound is their awareness of the potentialities of a fully awakened human being?" Their awareness is awfully profound, indeed awe-inspiring, provided the human being concerned has white skin. "What connections do they see between a respect for human life and the healthy development of the society itself?" Our stockpiles of weapons capable of destroying most of human life and poisoning the atmosphere fairly well take care of that question.

Some people are proposing that our offspring be taught the evils of tobacco. But I propose a more idealistic educational program. It would be better if we were to educate our youth against the "evil dangers" of contemporary society rather than isolate a single germ and expand it to titanic proportions. It would be nice if future generations could profit from whatever mistakes we've made. Perhaps I'm too idealistic for my own good, but still, I think it's a very good thought.

I realize, of course, that cancer and heart disease are horrible, but then, so were measles once. And I imagine that it won't be a great many years before the medical men make a breakthrough and discover effective treatments or cures for the various cancers. But the insane paradox of the whole business is that while man is trying to find ways to rid himself of these horrible diseases, he is also trying, just as earnestly if not more so, to find new ways to maim his fellow men in ways that make these diseases appear no more horrible than sniffles.

Man is not the only creature with the ability to make a jackass of himself, but man is the only one with the ability to do so in such a monumental fashion. It's good to know, though, that if there is a God, at least He has a sense of humor.

-- Skip Williamson



## FOLLOW THE DRINKIN' GOURD

by Robert Coulson

Due to a variety of causes, Juanita didn't feel able to make Pilati's deadline this time. (She does do a few other things besides plunk a guitar.) She'll be back next round; in the meantime you're stuck with the male half of the team, who will stick pretty closely to record reviews.

A relative newcomer to the folk field, Prestige Records, has expanded rapidly and is now, from the standpoint of quantity, one of the biggest folkmusic purveyors in the country. It also presents one of the widest varieties of selections: ethnic, blues, concert material, and a considerable amount of European folk music.

Foremost of their concert performers are The Gardners, who have two records out: The Gardners: International Folksong Artists (INT-13032) and Folksongs Far and Near (INT-13062). I have the latter, and it's an excellent recording. The Gardners sound rather like a more talented version of Marais and Miranda; they have the vocal talents required for the material they use, which Marais and Miranda never had once they got away from strictly South African material. The songs -- aside from "Red Rosy Bush," which I could easily have done without -- are generally unfamiliar, or are at least arranged with some originality. Material from Spain, South Africa, Russia, Guam, and Wheeling, West Virginia is included. In their major concert piece, "Maiden Fair," The Gardners manage to show off their talents and be entertaining at the same time, not always an easy task.

Among the younger folksingers, Bonnie Dobson appears to have become a favorite. This is reflected in the number of her Prestige albums: Bonnie Dobson at Folk City (INT-13057), Merry Go-Round of Children's Songs (INT-13064), Dear Companion (FL-14007), and She's Like A Swallow (FL-14015), plus appearances on Philadelphia Folk Festival, Vol. 1 (INT-13071) and Folksongs for Children (INT-13073). Frankly, I can't see why, particularly as far as records go. She sounds just like Joan Baez, which is undoubtedly a boon to folk festivals and tv shows which can't get Joan Baez, but I can't quite see buying her records when Joan's are available. Especially since she does nothing that Baez can't do as well or better. Some otherwise sensible people think she's great; Don and Maggie Thompson thought her record of children's songs was wonderful.

Peggy Seeger comes close to epitomizing everything I dislike in a folk singer. She sings mountain ballads, with a twang; she has a rather light and thin soprano voice; she writes horribly sentimental "social protest" songs; and then she compounds the crime by singing them. Despite all of this, she's one of my favorite singers. I don't explain it, I just enjoy it. An unbiased observer (providing there was one in the folk field, which there isn't) would probably report that Pete Seeger is the outstanding performer of the Seeger family, and that Mike, Peggy, Barbara and the rest, while good, don't quite equal his ability. Maybe this is so, but I still prefer Peggy. I liked her now-obsolete Riverside recording, and I like her performances for Prestige. I don't care too much for her Folkways recordings with Ewan McColl because she does mostly modern protest songs -- bad modern protest songs. I have two of her Pres-



tige discs: The Best of Peggy Seeger (FL-14016) and A Song for You and Me (INT-13058). She has also recorded The Three Sisters (INT-13029) and, with Ewan McColl, A Lover's Garland (INT-13061). The Best of Peggy Seeger comes very close to living up to its title, in addition to being one of the best folk records around. Her songs, in both the albums I have, are the genuine ancient mountain ballads, in traditional settings. In her notes she claims a synthesis between folk and classical music; if it exists, it produces a far more musical product than the synthesis between folk and commercial hillbilly music which produced "bluegrass" and Joan Baez. Things like "The Cruel Mother," "The Waggoner's Lad," "Brave Wolfe," and her "Children's Medley" (all from The Best of...) are the sort of selections which make listening to folk records worthwhile. Whether you'll want to buy A Song for You and Me will depend on how well you like Peggy Seeger; it has some good songs, but it also has things like "Pretty Saro," which has been done by everybody and done better by most. I like it; you may not. (You may not like The Best of Peggy Seeger, either, but buy it anyway. It's good for you.)

John Greenway is one of a small group of folksingers who, by careful arrangement, good delivery and enunciation, and what for want of a better word I'll call "stage presence," manages to parlay a mediocre singing voice into an excellent performance. He hasn't made many records: one now-unobtainable one from Riverside, a couple from an Australian company which were never readily obtainable in the U.S.A.; and his latest, for Prestige, The Cat Came Back (INT-13011). When I got this, I was a bit afraid that it would turn out to be a children's record. (I think the reason so many folksingers turn out so many children's records is because it's such an easy way to make so much money. If a twelve-year-old kid can sing a song, anyone can -- even our most ethnic folksingers are capable of the feat -- and myriads of nostalgic adults will buy the things and think they're just too, too wonderful. Kids, I've noticed, generally won't even listen to such records.) After listening to The Cat Came Back I was happy to find that it's not a kids' record: the humor ranges from the pure corn of "The Rummy Dummy Line" to the moderate sophistication of "The Psychotherapy Song," but most of it is adult humor. Then my six-year-old son listened to it, and I decided that maybe it's a children's record after all: for weeks I've been pestered with regular demands to play "The Old Cat Came Back." This is a fair warning, I guess: if you have small children, it might be a good idea not to buy the record, or you may find yourself playing it so often that you get sick of it. Otherwise, I recommend it. Even the jacket notes are fascinating, and in some cases they're more interesting than the songs they're about. There is only one drawback about the record: the recording quality is poor. I would think that any competent recording engineer would realize that when you have a singer without much volume, you don't put the mike next to the guitar, but apparently the one at Prestige didn't. At times Greenway's own accompaniment almost drowns out his voice. It's a shame, because otherwise this would have been an outstanding record. It's still good, but certainly not one for the ultra-high fidelity enthusiast.

A large number of recording companies have discovered a method of cashing in on the Hootenanny craze: instead of putting out a "Sampler" for \$2., you put out a "Hootenanny" for \$4. Simple and effective. I have the original Crestview (Elektra) Hootenanny (CRV-806). While it contains some original material, it also contains quite a number of



songs which are available on other Elektra records. In a few cases the Hootenanny version is altered: Oscar Brand's "Squid Jiggin' Ground" runs for 2:10 on Hoot, while the version on the Elektra sampler Folk Scene lasts only 1:50. (As far as I'm concerned, this gives a clear edge to the sampler, but then I don't care much for Brand's alleged voice.) Star attraction for me on Hoot was Will Holt's "Three Jovial Huntsmen," which as far as I know isn't available anywhere else. I've been a Holt fan since I first heard him. (This led to a shock last summer, though: Don Thompson played a band from a record which I immediately identified as a poor recording by Will Holt. Turned out that it wasn't a poor recording by Holt at all; it was a good recording by Pete Seeger.) Other good items include Judy Henske's "Wade in the Water," Judy Collins's "Bonny Ship The Diamond," The Limelighters' "If I Had A Hammer" (which is roared out as it should be, not trilled sweetly as in the Peter, Paul and Mary version) and "La Bomba" by Bud and Travis. I also enjoyed "Reuben's Train" by the Dillards; I couldn't stomach an entire record by them, but one band is marvelously funny. (No, it isn't supposed to be, but it is.)

The "Hootenanny" tv show also seems to have spawned a Hootenanny magazine. The contributors to the mag seem to spend most of their time sneering at the show, but then no true folknik approves of "Hootenanny." (In fact, no one with any taste cares much about "Hootenanny"; the show is far worse this year than it was in its first season.) I've seen two issues of the magazine. The first was surprisingly good; far better than I'd expected. The second issue, complete with a "Hootenanny Song Book," was about what I'd expected originally, except for good articles by Judy Collins and Theodore Bikel. If you're terribly interested in the field and don't know too much about it, the mag will increase your knowledge. It even contains the complete -- I think -- text of Senator Keating's defense of folk music. (Of course Sing Out, a better magazine all around, printed the text several months ago, but better late than never.)

Liberty Hootenanny (L-5506) goes for the old \$2. sampler price. Either Liberty is exceptionally honest or they haven't gotten the word yet. It's a good showcase for Liberty talent, such as it is. Bud and Travis are good; Leon Bibb is good but doesn't show it on this album; Nancy Ames is good but is much better on "That Was The Week That Was" than she is on folk material; Jackie de Shannon is fair. A surprise is Bob Harter. An ex-opera singer whose voice is starting to go, he does a capable job, not only of singing but of sounding authentic about it. The remaining performers are poor to lousy. Hootenanny Bluegrass Style (Mercury MG-20857) is pretty bad. My copy is courtesy of Don Thompson -- incidentally, most of the records reviewed last time were also Don's copies; I neglected to give him credit. (And he bitched about it.) The artists -- and I use the term loosely -- are Flatt and Scruggs, Jimmie Skinner, Carl Story, Anita Carter, Mother Maybelle Carter, and the Stanley Brothers. The instrumentals and Anita Carter's vocals are listenable; the rest belong at a second-rate barn dance.

Mercury does have better records, though. At hand are the latest recordings of the Chad Mitchell Trio, Singin' Our Mind (MG-20838) and Reflectin' (MG-20891). Both are good; Reflectin' is the better. I got it mostly because it contained "In The Summer of His Years," but it has other excellent songs on it, as I figured it would. "What Did You Learn in School Today," "The Hip Song," "The Banks of Sicily," "Queen Elinor's Confession," "Stewball," and "The Sinking" [continued on page 53]



## MINOR INTRUSION

by Ted White

**MONK MAKES THE COVER:** Thelonious Monk was scheduled for the cover of Time magazine the week following November 22nd; not surprisingly, events displaced him.

In the issue of February 28th, however, the cover and story on Monk finally appeared, much to the astonishment of those jazz fans who'd fatalistically given the whole thing up for lost. And, even more surprisingly -- especially in view of the abominable cover done of Duke Ellington some years ago, the last time a jazzman Made It in Time -- the cover portrait was a remarkable likeness, vividly portraying the brooding power and splendor of Monk.

The story wasn't bad either, particularly for Time. For one thing, it was written by someone basically favorable to jazz; for another, it dignified a man whose well-reported actions have made such dignity difficult to believe in.

But it had its discrepancies. As usual, the object of Time's momentary affections had to be made the boss of his field, and all other contenders were, supposedly, effectively Put Down. The classic of the lot: Sonny Rollins, who "stares out of his window at birds." (Well, at least he doesn't have a Little Red Wagon....)

The holes in the story were glaring, although many were obviously necessary. The Baroness, for instance, who has patronized Monk over the past ten years, and in whose apartment Charlie Parker died, was liberally whitewashed. Obviously Time wasn't about to incur libel suits -- and I don't suppose Enclave wants any either, unlikely though one might be -- but suffice it to say that the Baroness's effects have not been salutary upon those jazzmen with whom she has been in contact.

Still and all, it was a surprisingly favorable story for jazz and for Monk, and I suppose (going on the theory that Minority Pastimes such as jazz and science fiction need all the good publicity they can get) it was a Good Thing.

**RECORDS I HAVEN'T REVIEWED LATELY:** I wonder if there is a Sense of Wonder factor as acute for the jazzfan as for the science fiction fan. And I wonder if it is only accident which leads me to find the favorites of my record collection in those albums I bought early in my listening career?

It's not a hard and fast rule, of course. I prefer Charlie Mingus's recent albums to most of his earlier ones, and there are other musicians who have shown similar growth and maturity. But where are the Teddy Charles, Lennie Tristano, Fred Katz, et al, of today? The fifties (when I started seriously digging jazz) seem to have been a far more fertile time than the sixties have proven to be, at least on records. Only one notable musician has risen to prominence since 1960: Roland Kirk. The fifties gave birth to a phenomenal number of seminal jazzmen, witnessed



the advent of a half-dozen different "schools" of jazz (among which the so-called West Coast school is certainly the least important and most over-puffed), and produced some of the most exciting and satisfying "experimental" jazz of any period.

I was sparked into this recollection by the recent reissue of some of Columbia's most important jazz recordings on an album entitled Outstanding Jazz Compositions of the 20th Century (Columbia C2L31 and C2S-831 in monaural and stereo respectively).

This album represents a smorging together of several original discs into one new two-disc set, available for the first time in stereo. They include a couple of the best tracks from What's New, the Bob Prince/Teo Macero album which was out of the record stores almost as soon as it was released (I searched three years for it); one side of Music for Brass (ignoring Gunther Schuller's long composition on the reverse side), featuring works by Giuffre, John Lewis, and J.J. Johnson; a track from the last "experimental" album done by Columbia, Something New, Something Blue, one of the least valuable contributions, either to the album or by the composer, Teddy Charles; and the entire Modern Jazz Concert album made up of material commissioned by Brandeis in 1957 by George Russell, Harold Schapiro, Jimmy Giuffre, Charlie Mingus, Milton Babbitt, and Gunther Schuller.

Yesterday's experimental music is often today's trivia, as attentive listening to most of the "futuristic" music of the late twenties and early thirties shows. In fact, nothing dates faster than yesterday's conception of tomorrow, in any field. One has only to glance at a cover from any Air Wonder Stories to appreciate this fact.

Yet, the music on the new Columbia album, like the greater portion of the "far out" jazz of 1950-1955, has held up remarkably well. It is no longer fashionable material, of course, and current-day "New Thing" reviewers have treated it unkindly. Bill Mathieu, a second-rate arranger who also writes totally inept reviews for Down Beat, seems convinced that yesterday's idiom is totally without merit today -- thus negating the bulk of all surviving music normally considered to be of worth -- and has unmercifully downgraded the music of this set as being the blind gropings of musicians whose labors we can now recognize as having been in vain.

It is true that most of this music has had negligible impact on present-day thinking in jazz -- except for the now-disdained field of the "third stream" -- but this is jazz's loss. The thinking today seems to favor "free" music or the latest watering-down of "soul" jazz, with the accent on long solo meanderings by musicians totally inadequate to the task. The music of this set, however, places a strong emphasis on composition, with the individual solos organically linked to the musical whole. In this, these "daring" but "dated" musicians were only following the path of such passé jazzmen as Duke Ellington, and I must say that I regard their efforts as the most valuable works of their period, far superior in worth and scope to the popular schools of the day, West Coast and Hard Bop.

In any case, I recommend the set to all who missed its component pieces the first time around, or would now like them in stereo -- and I



can only wish that Columbia had kept those original albums in their catalogues.

SHORT TAKES: This column is being pounded out while Joe waits, and probably suffers for it; it is short by editorial request, and, thusly, the Tom Wilson story has been Held Over. :: Roland Kirk, the man who can play up to three saxophones at once, and make musical sense of it, has an imitator, George Braith. Braith, unfortunately, makes no particular musical sense at all. :: Whatever happened to Ornette Coleman? Where are his proud discoverers today? (Ans.: still writing scholarly rehashes of the MJQ for the Evergreen Review and editing yet another anthology on jazz for Grove Press. :: Also next time: Criteria for Critics, Pt. 2....

-- Ted White

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"My father is a rabid Jesus fan."  
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-- GG

FOLLOW THE DRINKIN' GOURD continued from page 50

of the Reuben James" are all very good. "Barry's Boys" is funny, but politically a bit too liberal for me. Singin' Our Minds is notable for "The Marvelous Toy" and "The Bonny Streets of Fyve-io." "Alma Mater" is, as the jacket notes say, a "sharp-edged satire," but it isn't nearly as funny on the tenth playing as it is on the first one. With the Limelighters "temporarily" breaking up, the Chad Mitchell Trio now has no competition as performers of high-quality "commercial" folkmusic. If by any chance you haven't heard either of these albums, by all means get them. The Trio is getting better as the months pass; these records are equal to the best of the Limelighters and better than the best of any other "commercial" folksingers.

I've been picking up a lot of Irish music lately, somewhat to Juanita's horror. Dominic Behan's Songs of the Irish Republican Army (Riverside 12-820) has been discontinued, but you might find a copy in some record store, as I did. It's worth getting, if you like Irish rebel songs. My prize, however, is The Homes of Donegal, by Willie Brady (Avoca 33-AV-118). This is a mixture of Irish folkmusic and Irish music-hall schmaltz; I happen to like both, but I think there are enough folk items to interest the ethnic purists. I got it all because of one song: "The Mountains of Pomeroy." I first heard this about twenty years ago on a Chicago radio program, "The Irish Hour." I've been looking for a record of it ever since, and finally found one. (And surprisingly, it's almost as good a song as I remembered.) I'd have bought it no matter who sang it; a bonus is that Brady has a fair-to-middling voice. There are other worthwhile songs on the record: "The Rose of Aranmore," "The Old Turf Fire," and "Wild Colonial Boy." Personally, I like "Phil the Fluter's Ball" and the Irish-Australian music-hall ditty, "If We Only Had An Ireland Over Here," but I suppose I can't tout them very highly to a folk audience. There are some less happy items, as well, but I tried to ignore them. Avoca seems to be an outfit devoted to Irish songs; I'll try to report on some of their other records next time.

-- Robert Coulson



# OUTSIDE AGITATORS

ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES

On #4:7 I have a few dissents from Paul Williams's article on Analog, but none should be taken as demeaning what is essentially a very good survey. I agree with you that Paul shows the necessary elements of worthwhile criticism.

The opening verse is amusing, as it was doubtless intended to be; unfortunate that the second line contains an error -- Astounding never had the word "Tales" in its title. And Analog was not born Astounding Stories, but rather, Astounding Stories of Super Science.

It was a rather peculiar infant. What the Clayton policy amounted to, for the most part, was taking the various themes and ideas which had turned up in science fiction in Argosy, and in the by-then-established Amazing and Wonder titles, and running them through the standard pulp formulas as to plot and characterization. The amusing thing about it was that this amounted to better stories, in many instances, than had surrounded earlier editions of the same themes, at least in the all-science fiction magazines. It really wasn't until Street and Smith adopted the child that the real exuberance and fast growth began to show. The difference between the first and the last issues of Astounding Stories of Super Science (January 1930, March 1933), except for the occult themes that showed up in some tales in the former, is not really very great; the difference between the 1933 and 1934 issues becomes increasingly greater with each issue.

I'd like to urge one bit of caution on Brother Williams, though. (This is partly the editor's fault for underlining the critic's age.) It is stated on page 6 of Enclave #4 that Mack Reynolds "has an expert working knowledge of sociology." I do not challenge the statement; I do inquire, how does Williams know? Has the critic himself an expert working knowledge of sociology? Did he take this on faith from someone who has, and who has read Reynolds's stories? Unless you want to certify Reynolds personally -- in which case your knowledge of the subject is to the point -- it's better to assert that such-and-such indicates, or suggests, or so-and-so asserts that he has such knowledge. (Is he employed in a job calling for this capacity? Then state that, but let someone else claim he's an expert -- unless you're prepared to prove it yourself.

This is a trivial point, in this instance at least; I raise it because what I've read of Brother Williams's work makes me feel it is worth the trouble to try to goad him into improving it, getting rid of what could become a bad habit if it isn't checked. With most alleged criticism I see, I wouldn't bother; but this is more than alleged criticism. If you plan to use Paul regularly, you might break me down to the point of subscribing to Enclave. Paul's article on Galaxy was scheduled for this issue, but Paul, crying fafia, begged off. Expect to see it here next time. Er, say, what about contributing instead of subscribing, kind Sir? I'd be especially pleased to publish a book review or two.7



MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

[On #4:] Enclave is taking the place of Bane, I think, among the more serious and interesting fanzines, and every issue delights me so much that I wish I could find time to write you a ten page letter about it. The Coulson columns on folk singing are a special pleasure. They don't go hog-wild over any particular school of singing, as some folk-niks do, and loudly declare "This is the pure stuff; all other kinds are fake and commercial." Folksinging -- if you'll pardon the accidental epigram -- exists in as many types as there are folks. My own preference is for the Niles, Dyer-Bennet, Joan Baez, Kyla Bynam school, with trained voices and a minimum of what I call "yelling" of the words. Folksinging, for me, must emphasize singing. It's very difficult for me to enjoy a gravelly or a forced voice, which is why I dislike most of the "blues" school. My English-Irish-Scottish background has something to do with it too, I suspect, as well as the fact that I've studied singing and it is almost physically painful for me to listen to a voice being forced or strained.

Before I forget, I want to thank you very much for supporting me for TAFF. As I said to Juanita when I was nominated, I will think better of myself all my life, just knowing that some of the nicest people in fandom cared enough to nominate me and vote for me. I tried very hard not to "campaign" or influence anyone's vote, and I am blushing to realize how very many of the nicest fans must have voted for me, to make the race as close as it was; I expected about 35 votes at best!

Paul Williams's "False Analogies" makes some very good points, but leaves out mention of one very real danger: when a science fiction magazine becomes dependent on product advertising, it loses its freedom to make the kind of social comments and satire which are some of the best things about science fiction. In fact, any fiction magazine dependent on product advertising tends to become bland and flavorless, because editors must inspect the fiction carefully for possible offense to advertisers and pressure groups.

In answer to Poul Anderson: One of the freedoms which conservatives want to deny to others is the right to make up their own minds whether they would rather die or be slaves. If my neighbor prefers to be dead rather than red, that's his privilege; likewise, if he prefers to be red rather than dead (provided there is no third alternative). The conservative wants to say, "Not only would I rather be dead than red, but by damn I'm going to make sure everyone else is dead rather than red, too!" If I think I'd rather be dead than red, I would consider my best course of action to be to fight to the death, then to take poison or shoot myself if the reds win. The conservative wants to kill off his whole family, his whole neighborhood, or, if necessary, all of the human race, to keep them from possibly surviving as (or under) reds. I would rather have died than been imprisoned in a concentration camp, and quite a number of liberty-or-death people might feel that way, but a surprising number of people lived through it and are presumably glad they did; a good many people would rather be alive under communism than dead for freedom, and I think that choice should be left to them. The liberty-or-death boys should remember that Patrick Henry said "Give me liberty or give me death," not "...or give everybody death." [Addresses for the preceding letter-writers are omitted because of standard editorial policy with regard to professional writers. MZB, of course, probably wouldn't mind having her address published, but I haven't learned her current one.]



WALT WILLIS 170 Upper N'Ards Road Belfast 4, Northern Ireland

Your editorial about the Birch Society was pretty interesting in a morbid sort of way, and I applaud your altruistic spirit of investigation of these creatures. Leaving no stone unturned, as it were.

Pleased to see Amanda McKittrick Ros making one of her brief appearances in the fan world. I feel a sort of proprietary interest in her because she was, as you probably know, a Northern Ireland lady, and, as you probably don't know, a personal acquaintance of my grandfather. He was the one I meant when I said, with practically my first words in fandom, that my grandfather was a printer and I had merely reverted to type. He was employed in the Belfast printing firm which published Amanda's novels, and I have a copy of the original edition of Irene Iddesleigh with an inscription in it from her to him.

Ted White's account of his experiences was enthralling, and horrifying; and incidentally very well written, with a sort of dispassionate scorn which is remarkably effective.

Nice to see Bhob Stewart's movie column back again. I never did get around to telling him that I wasn't taking the mickey out of him in my fake review of "Last Year at Marionbradley." If anyone was aimed at, it was Virginia Blish.

It's a good thing Dorothy Parker never saw this Ellison story.

I disagree with practically every word of Nelson's article. I don't think the majority of people want a world drenched in blood; I think they just want to be left alone. And I know there is at least one person who does not dream of being a Jesse James or a Robin Hood. Why, I wouldn't even want to be a Ray Nelson.

I read Deckinger's article avidly, because I've been a fan of Bruce's ever since he was refused entry into the United Kingdom. Now this is one thing I can feel less indignant about, judging from these quotations from his material. Mind you I still feel indignant, but I don't feel that I personally am missing anything. Of course, the trouble with criticizing people like Bruce is that people assume you're really shocked and don't want to admit it, but honestly, that's not the case. My mind is so broad as to be virtually two-dimensional. I remember once I filled up a magazine quiz to find out how broadminded I was and, turning to the back expecting to find myself complimented on my tolerance, was told I wasn't fit to associate with decent people. These Bruce quotations seem to me not particularly outrageous and not particularly funny. Most of the satire on British tv has been better on both counts, and more subtle. Like the time a "Which?" U.K. counterpart of Consumer Reports report on contraceptives was described as a "pull-out supplement."

And what was so humorously outrageous about inviting an English audience to screw Ireland? They did it for 700 years without anyone asking them.

I did read an issue of Analog again the other day. I found Campbell still bleating about the inelasticity of type metal. Ghod.

DON THOMPSON 29 College Place Oberlin, Ohio 44074

The Jung and Thoughtless column reads well, but my distaste for persons who refuse to sign their names to their work, whether through cowardice or, as seems to be the case here, cuteness, spoils the column for me. If a person doesn't think enough of his own opinions to publicly



acknowledge them, how can he expect others to respect them? He writes well, but I'd like to know his credentials as a reviewer before I give any weight to his views. I do like his method of giving addresses and subscription data in footnotes and may borrow it.

I hate to say this, as "Cats" is obviously a favorite piece of Harlan's (he tried to place it in an Ohio State magazine before Geis printed it and has tried to sell it often between then and now), but it just is not any good. Harlan is an excellent writer of comedy (Burke's Law), a fine serious writer ("Daniel White for the Greater Good"), but his whimsy is as revolting as anyone else's whimsy.

I couldn't care less about jazz, but I care very much about Ted White, so I'm far more interested in this issue's column than last. Ted's experiences as a jazz writer are of much more significance to me than Ted's reviews of records I couldn't care less about. I suppose jazz fans feel otherwise, but who are you trying to please, me or them?

Oh. Well, then....

Bhob's opinions on movies are of interest to me (though, again, of less interest than Bhob himself) even though they don't jibe with mine much of the time. It's interesting to see a favorable review of "Mutiny on the Bounty" (which I've not seen). It's quite possible the critics were blinded by prejudice (blasting Brando is in this year) or by preconception ("Clark Gable didn't play Christian as a fairy!!"). I recall the critical lacing Henry Fonda got for his role in "War and Peace" because his Pierre was vacillating and weak -- in other words, exactly as he was in the book.

But I was talking about Bhob. A very good column, but far too short. Since he's no longer writing for a newszine, he should expand.

I refrain from commenting on my (and Maggie's) contribution because of my justly-famed modesty. I will say that I liked your layout, Juanita's rendering of Maggie's drawings, and the remarkably typo-free job you did of stencilling it. Tha<sup>n</sup>ks, don't?

Deckinger's piece is distinctive in that it is the only Deckinger piece I can recall liking. And I fear that it is not that he is improving or that I am mellowing, but that he built the whole thing from another man's material -- and I do like Lenny Bruce.

However, anyone who dislikes Robert Ruark can't be all bad.

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LES NIRENBERG      1217 Weston Road      Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada

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I agree partly with your anonymous fanzine reviewer. Enclave is pretty good. It's the first fanzine (out of the batch that I've gotten in the past six months) that I've read and enjoyed. That last word is important because all of the others have at best bored me, and at worst, depressed the hell out of me. The fanzines I enjoyed when I was active have now folded, or their editors don't like Panic Button enough to trade. Nostalgia never fails to affect people, and this is probably why I miss the old zines. The sad thing is that no new fanzines except a few like Enclave and Lyddite have succeeded in filling the vacuum created by the deaths of the Warhoons, Axes, A Bases, etc. /Fear not! Void #29 will be out Any Year Now!/?

Some fans may think my reasons for reading fanzines (and continuing to solicit trades) are a little less than noble in the fannish sense. Frankly, I read them for reprint material. In the past year I've found a few good items: things by Gary Deindorfer, Ted White and Walter Breen. But it's taken a helluva lot of ploughing through pure crud before I could get to it. The In-ness of fandom doesn't appeal to me



anymore. This is natural, of course, because I've lost touch with the Big Name-dropping Parade that makes up the bulk of written fannishness. I don't feel too badly about this, but it is distressing to see good writers waste their time grinding out this stuff when they could be working on worthwhile projects that would get them greater public exposure, money, and an egoboo that lasts long after Buck Coulson reviews their piece.

I would never put down a Silverberg or Warner, who, as a kind of postman's holiday, puts out casual personal-type fanzines, but I get sad when I see genuinely good writers and editors using fandom as a womb -- a place to hide from the competition and pressure of the mundane writing world. There is a time to use, and learn from, fandom, and there is also a time to get out of its claws and out where your talents will be appreciated instead of arrested. I hope you'll know when that time comes. /Comments, readership?/

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RICHARD MANN      131 Belt Road      APO 845      New York, N.Y. 00985

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Your Birch "con" report was quite interesting. I wish you had come to some more positive conclusion on the alleged East German refugee's speech. Your paragraph on it was enticing, but it failed to reach a satisfactory (at least to this reader) conclusion. It seems vaguely possible from your remarks to conclude that this speech was carefully planned as the most impressive portion of the night's program. Maybe this was just what it seemed to be, though. I really can't tell from the way you wrote it up; could you tell what you thought about it after all was said and done? /Of course, it seemed that the speech by the self-identified refugee was a ruse to one degree or another, but there is no way for me to determine whether it was so.7

I wonder if there is any strong and vehement belief that encourages the intense study of the opponent's viewpoint. I know that most churches in my experience would be aghast at the thought of investigating in depth the tenets of their chief competitors. Your Birch-woman was apoplectic over your having read Galbraith, and I imagine that a Catholic would be in the same state if he learned of one of his compatriots reading The Book of Mormon or the Koran, or any other great work of a "heretical" religion. Is there some group somewhere that is confident enough to encourage the study of the other side of the coin? /I think that in the last ten years or so we've seen a tendency on the part of various doctrinaire opinion-groups to recognize that a stance of "stay-in-the-dark" isn't good public relations. But the reaction of such groups is not to encourage the objective study of their adversaries' beliefs, but rather to prepare their own highly subjective guides to those beliefs. For example, gung-ho militant atheists of the Joseph Lewis breed are constantly peddling "exposés" of the Bible, not for the enlightenment of their readers, but to reinforce prejudices; likewise, Roman Catholic acquaintances of mine come back from their released-time religious instruction with textbooks in "comparative" theology -- that is to say, the setting-up of straw men which are utterly demolished by the One True Faith. In the political sphere, state legislatures in the South and, to a lesser extent, elsewhere, have suddenly become fond of requiring courses on Communism in the schools, even to the point of commissioning textbooks -- but the same legislators who are most eager to see their own conception of Communism mirrored in these courses are the first to scream when some lone, real-life Communist is invited to speak at a state university or other public function.7



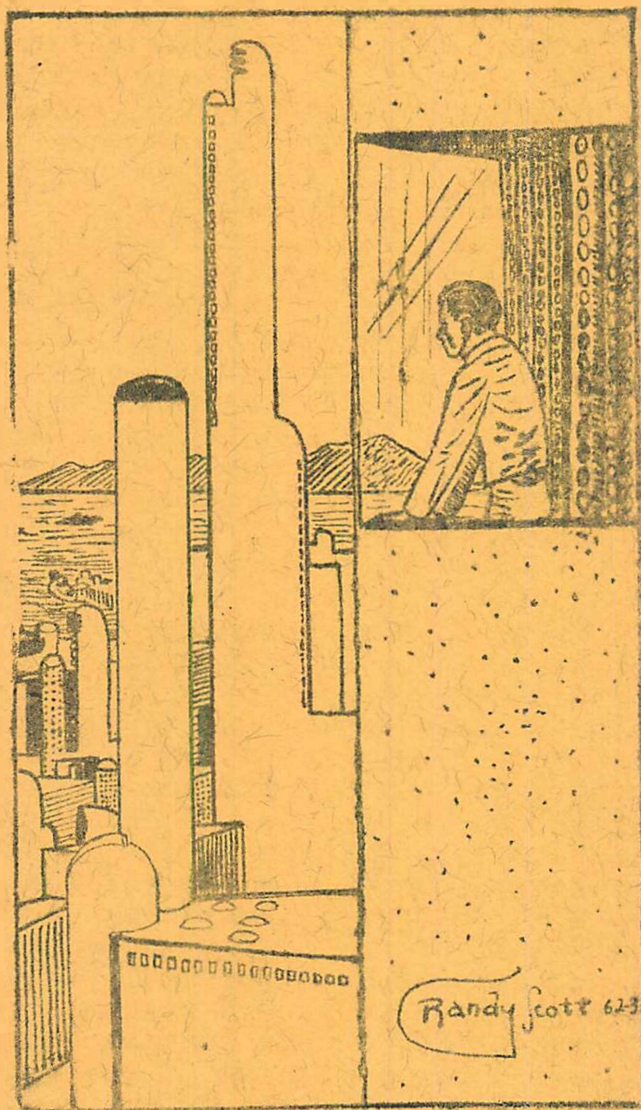
A pox on "The Little Boy Who Loved Cats." It was so insufferably cute and sickeningly clever that it just disgusted me. The idea was fine; in fact, this probably could have been a good story, but the handling ruined it. It is obvious that old Harlan let this one loose to the fanzines only because it would not sell. His repetition of the cute parenthetical remarks and their very number, although they are rather clever, makes the whole story something of a farce.

"Jung and Thoughtless" deserves its acclaim. It is beautifully done.

Ray Nelson seems to have raised some good points. There is a certain portion of the human desire for sex and violence that is present because flagrant sex and killings are "wrong." If, as Nelson wants us to, we have a utopia in which all the sex and violence you want are yours for the taking, they would cease to be "wrong" and would henceforth be "right." How much of the enjoyment Ray speaks of would remain? I think that much of the desire would disappear. Is sex "fun" for the prostitute? I don't think Nelson's utopia would work any better than any other, because the features that would make it desirable would simply cease to be desired, and therefore the people would be dissatisfied all over again.

Ted White's column interested me, although I have very little interest and absolutely no knowledge of jazz. But somehow, when I finished the article, I felt that there was an inflated ego behind it. I will not go so far as to call Ted White a troublemaker, but trouble does seem to follow him around. His penchant for vitriolically expressing his views in print tends to encourage little disagreements that rapidly become large fights and abound in hard feelings. I wonder (notice: wondering implies asking the truth and veracity) if this man's ego tends to engage him in disagreements, and if any disrespect for him conjures up a big snub and an eventual feud for one reason or another.

In Deckinger's letter, he goes through some reasons why "Dr. No" seemed to be a parody of the type of novel it supposedly was. He forgot to mention one thing which stood out very clearly to me: that Bond got out of most of his predicaments by luck alone, not by his own efforts. At one point in the movie, a pair of assassins have their guns trained on Bond as he walks into a hotel. They are in a parking lot, hiding behind a car. One of them





slowly begins to squeeze the trigger...and a car comes speeding into the parking lot, causing the assassins to duck out of sight and giving Bond time to get inside. I was hoping they would just shoot him so that I could leave. He did less than nothing that time, and many other times was saved by blind luck. Even Burroughs tried to give his heroes a little in the way of a chance to save their own lives.

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TOM PERRY      4018 Laurel Avenue      Omaha 11, Nebraska

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I thought your editorial shone as the brightest star among this constellation of articles and columns. The drawings of the Birchers are quite good, especially the first one. Yes. There was only one drawing. I think the editorial itself could have been tightened or sharpened somewhat, but this is a studied reaction: I enjoyed it in its fullness, myself. "Artsy-sexy" is particularly good.

The Thompsons' piece on kitsch suffered, I thought, from too indiscriminate lumping together of bad writing of various qualities. Certainly everything they cite is bad, but some of it is much worse than the rest. Most of it lacks the quality of being memorable which they quote Highet as assigning to kitsch. Of the poetry and prose they offer I'd include only "Excelsior!", Sylvie and Bruno, and the Albert K. Branch poem as qualifying. The rest are eminently forgettable, at least to someone who has opened submissions to a little magazine. Perhaps some readers would be unduly impressed with seeing such bad stuff in print, where its permanence implies it must have some quality if only that of being unforgettably bad, but this is pretty common too.

However, I think Henley's "Invictus" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" deserve mention in any article on kitsch.

I've never cared much for Harlan Ellison's fiction and I have read enough of "The Little Boy Who Loved Cats" to assure me it's no exception. Steve Stiles's art is terrific, however. I've been studying the wonderful effects he gets with various shading plates. Remarkable.

Your anonymous fanzine reviewer apes closely the style of William Atheling, Jr., but otherwise fails to meet the high standards set by that arbiter of sf for critics. His essay on the state of fanzines is as pointless as the pun that heads his column. He takes Within, Frap, and what I take to be three crudzines, slams the last four, slights Within and barely mentions Enclave. I hardly expected him to. It should be no surprise to anyone who's been around at least since 1958 (as Jung's opening anecdote dates him) that there will be at least one crudzine for every editor of the caliber of Paul Williams. Jung seems to glom onto this in his last paragraph, in which he abdicates responsibility for any of the judgements he pronounced on the previous three pages and ducks out of making any meaningful conclusions whatever. About all he has contributed with his long and pretentious assessment of the fanzine field is the footnote format for addresses and other specs. However, his criticism of the individual fanzines he touches on seems quite good (a strange thing, considering that Jung is so lacking in self-criticism as to let this column out of the house), and if he would settle for being a plain ordinary fanzine reviewer with a name and address he might be worth publishing in Enclave.

Ray Nelson, as usual, gets hold of a thought (that people like a little sex and violence) and worries it into an article. The wonderful part is that anyone who disagrees can be brushed off as one of those who "hate to admit" the kind of world they "secretly long for." This takes care of people who are hard to convince that what they really want is a



chaotic utopia or utopian chaos. Nevertheless, I think this is a far-fetched conclusion to reach from the simple fact that people like a little fun, which usually means unrestrained activity for a brief period. It's as far off base as the conclusions of the old utopians who supposed that a desire for a certain amount of order in life meant a totalitarian state with total order was the ideal men seek.

Stiles's iconoclastic cartoon is quite good. I laughed, once my wife explained it to me.

Jan Samuels's comments on Paul Williams's critique in #47 seem pointless, even if true. Sure, JWC and his stable are growing old, but the editorial slanting and lazy writing Williams pointed out in ASF are still evident. The aging may explain these things but it doesn't eliminate or excuse them.

Your bacover poems are funny, especially as they fit the tune. Hrrmph, though, sir. I must remind you that "Thames" does not rhyme with "flames." "Thames" rhymes with "bems." Hrrmph, sir. I refer both you and Terry Carr to a poem entitled "To Althea, From Prison" by Richard Lovelace (1618-1658). Perhaps "Thames" still doesn't rhyme with "flames," but at least I'm in good company.

It's interesting to see John Boardman tell John Berry he "need not point to an enemy on the other side of the world; he can find one in Alabama." Isn't Belfast nearer to Moscow than to Montgomery?

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HARRY WARNER, Jr.      423 Summit Avenue      Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

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All I can say about the cover of the new Enclave is that I hope the tent caterpillars win and show no mercy. Immediately I proceed to your lead article. I read this with considerable empathy because I've recently been involved in the course of my work in something both similar and dissimilar. There is a terrible fuss going on here about subdivision regulations. The conservatives are against them with a unanimity which they've never shown in connection with such matters as prayer in schools or withholding tax on interest payments. I've been getting some of their confidences because I've been telling their side of the story in the newspaper and this causes them to feel I'm on their side. I suppose that persons who oppose subdivision regulations are less serious as a threat than those who belong to the John Birch Society, but I think they're really different degrees of the same disturbing phenomenon: a national mania for worshipping an imaginary status quo of a few years back and attempting to return to this never-never situation.

I don't think that the Thompsons have been as careful as desirable in distinguishing between bad writing and old-fashioned writing. This is a distinction that I tried to say some things about in that miraculously resurrected old article that appears in the current Shaggy. "Excelsior" is old-fashioned but not bad writing. The accidental recent connotations of the word "excelsior" don't do the poem any good, of course. But I think it's essentially of the same quality as its more recent equivalent, the opening of Hemingway's story about Kilimanjaro, and I imagine that Hemingway will be laughed at a century from now just as Longfellow is today. On the other hand, the examples of amateur verse are all new to me and absolutely wonderful, and I'd like to read more by some of these individuals. I might point out that it is dangerous to listen to Florence Foster Jenkins and laugh at her as a ridiculously misguided simploton. There are some grounds for believing that Florence knew exactly what she was doing and was getting the biggest laugh of all at the thought that people would spend their time and money to hear such



frightfully bad singing. If this is true, I imagine that she is the happiest person in the hereafter, to know that people are still torturing their ears over her practical joke.

Not since Redd Boggs started to take part in oneshots have I felt as much surprise as arose from this revelation that Ted White is getting so disillusioned with jazz critics and with many areas of jazz itself. I think that I'd better say nothing more about the topic, because every time I write three lines about jazz, I get threatened by at least two potential assassins.

I'm afraid I can't find anything good to say about the Harlan Ellison story. I can't enjoy fiction whose author shouts constantly at the top of his lungs and tries to use this frantic screaming to disguise the fact that he has no plot, no original ideas, no characterization, no message, and no ending for the story. Maybe there are differences between this story and the examples of bad writing in the Thompsons' piece, based on the possibility that Harlan is trying to write badly, but I don't believe that for a moment.

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MIKE DECKINGER Apt. 4-K 25 Manor Drive Newark, New Jersey 07106

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Your account of the Birch meeting makes these people sound no more formidable than the local high school debating society. Perhaps it's all to the better that they haven't learned the fundamentals of successful public relations and must utilize ineffectual stooges in their membership drives.

The article penned by the Thompsons was highly amusing and a sequel, presenting more examples of mangled prose and poetry, is certainly called for. It's unfortunate that the authors overlooked one very fertile field: rock and roll songs. The lyrics to some of these monstrosities, warbled in shaky tones, contain some devastating examples of kitsch. My current favorite is an inane little ditty titled "White on White" which features an adenoidal adolescent pining over the marriage of a girl he's loved since she was thirteen.

I found the second portion of Ted White's column, with his account of his struggles in the jazz world, vastly more entertaining than his analysis of Charlie Mingus. I am only a jazz fan in the most tenuous /sic/ sense of the word, and my interest doesn't extend beyond a few select recordings. For that reason I don't keep track of the current jazz releases nor peruse the trade journals. And, dammit, I still lead a fairly decent life. [A mystifying comment, Mike: fraught with innuendo and signifying nothing. Perhaps you would care to expand on it?]

Harlan Ellison's story consisted of an undistinguished plot, elevated by Harlan's infectious writing style. I happen to like his lively, aggressive and determined style which so frequently matches the emotion he is trying to convey.

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"Jung and Thoughtless" is a very interesting column and the things Mr. Anon says make sound sense. As for him listing Fanac in his fanzine obituary and your footnote ("Breen's Fanac may have been resurrected, but who can say?"). I must admit that Fanac's degree of continuity is highly suspect, considering the fact that the last published issues have failed to reach European subscribers (including myself and the long-suffering U.K. agent Archie Mercer). Of course the Fates have chosen to ensure that I receive at least two copies of every issue of the



new Swedish Fanac which I can't decipher at all. The same goes for the Swedish and German editions of S-F Times I've been receiving ever since James V. Taurasi, Jr. failed to honor my sub renewal over a year ago. Anyway, I can enjoy the illos!

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BOB LICHTMAN      6137 S. Croft Ave.      Los Angeles, California 90056

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Your editorial struck me as a pretty good job. You had plenty of opportunity here to be very sarcastic, and the understatement is refreshing. One thing you may have discovered about right-wing people is that if you appear to be sincerely interested in hearing something about their side of things, they are only too happy to be of service to you. A few weeks ago, I went with a friend of mine to Poor Richard's Book Shop in Hollywood to, as we say, "case the joint." I'd been there once before, very hurriedly, about a year and a half ago, but never had a chance to really see the place. We stayed about an hour, talking with all sorts of people, from polite matrons to wild-eyed young men to wild-haired old men, and no one got mad at us, even though we were both wearing CND buttons prominently on our jackets. We were offered reams of free literature, some of which we accepted, and in general were treated politely. So politely, in fact, that I felt vaguely guilty about walking out with about five postcards the backs of which depicted American flags that looked like "pop" art. Of course, there was always the tacit understanding on their part that we were completely off our ass, but, my, they were polite about it. Perhaps they thought we would hit them, or something. /Surely this "willingness to be of service" to people appearing to show "sincere interest" is no surprising phenomenon on the part of right-wing ideologues, or, for that matter, people of any strong conviction..../

The Thompsons' article is good in that it presents lots of kitsch for one to retch and heave on, but bad in another way. That is, it doesn't say enough about the development of kitsch and its perpetuation in our society. This, I think, would be the subject of another article. After all, millions of people think that kitsch is the living end, and an article on how they are mechanically fed large helpings of same would be a gassy thing to write and to read.

Ted's "Minor Intrusion" is worthy of publication in A Bas. This is perhaps the highest compliment I can pay it. Actually, it's better than many of the "Sounds" columns in A Bas, as I recall them. This account of his development as a jazz critic is a particularly good piece of writing on a subject I've been wishing Ted would write about -- all in one place -- for quite some time.

Ellison's story is just a shade too "cute," but funny as hell on another level.

Jung's column is very good. I even agree with his remarks on Frap, because I dig what his criterion is for making them. However, I might advise Jung to pull out Spacewarp for September 1950 and re-read Laney's "Syllabus for a Fanzine." Also he might take a look at Boyd Raeburn's article on publishing fanzines in an early Void (#10). These two articles about sum up my notions of fanzine publishing, although they tend to confirm my opinions rather than guide them. Jung speaks of Frap as having "editorial sophistication and casual care" -- the former is open to question in my mind, because my editorial concepts are, simultaneously, as brash as they are sophisticated, but the latter is certainly true. "Casual care" is something that comes, I think, to every fanzine publisher who sticks around long enough and doesn't stay as sercon as



he was when he first began. For care that is definitely not casual, I need only refer the interested reader to the first seven issues of Psi-Phi, my first subscription fanzine. Such attention to balance of contents and balance of layout one will find in that series! Almost embarrassing to look back upon, although they are okay for what they are, and the material is, much of it, pretty good. Those were the publications of my apprentice period, so to speak, when I applied things I learned by observation and worked out for myself. I suppose you could look back on Smudge and the first couple Enclaves in much the same way -- they represent a period of development of something that seems, to me, to be more or less **realized and** almost standardized (into a habit, as it were) by now, with your fifth Enclave. Similarly with me. Given the limitations I have with me -- of time for publishing activity, of equipment at my disposal, of innate ability, and of interest in putting out a fanzine -- I've gone about as far as I can. I've reached something approaching relaxation in putting out a fanzine, because all the layouts and the "editorial decisions" come automatically. Frap is, so to speak, not thought about, but done. Ideas of balance are something I've abandoned along the way, so Jung found #1 over-Benforded, and will probably note #3 to be over-Nelsoned. So be it. But Frap probably will not "improve" in that direction, because the editor (my humble self) does not consider this "imbalance" to be a defect. I think that anyone who publishes and/or edits fanzines with some frequency, whether he be Dick Bergeron, Bob Lichtman, or Jack Cascio, will fall into certain habits with regard to editorial and artistic decisions -- and will, by doing so, achieve a kind of "casual care." But whether his work will be regarded as "predictably well-done" or "in the same old rut" will depend upon what those habits are.<sup>7</sup>

Steve's full-page cartoon is a gas out of my mind, as Andy Main might say.

Tom Perry: The U.S. needn't be so proud of the Emancipation Proclamation as all that. It is historical fact, according to sources I can quote for you if you wish, that the Proclamation was issued only after much debate on the part of Lincoln and over the dissents of many of his advisors. It was conceived early in 1862, but withheld until late in the year because of the serious reverses the Union **armies** were suffering at the hands of the Confederacy. It was felt that, given these defeats, the Proclamation would be regarded by world opinion as a last-ditch maneuver of a losing, indeed lost, cause: after all, what legal right did Lincoln have to free slaves who were, in fact, in another country (the CSA) at the time. In late 1862, the Union armies managed a few feeble victories, and at that time, to capitalize on these victories and make them seem much more than they were, Lincoln released his Proclamation. It is a good thing he did, because it is entirely possible that unless the Union had gained the 300,000 Negro soldiers it trained following the decree (by dint of the near-simultaneous decision to allow Negroes to serve in the army, something which had not been wanted before and against which there was considerable sentiment), the South might have regained its upper edge and won the war. Thus, the Emancipation Proclamation may be viewed as strictly a political and military maneuver to win the war, not the great humanitarian act it has been built up to be by "patriotic" mishistorians. (One can also discover, by investigation of other sources, that during the same period /1861-63/ Lincoln was also involved with governmental investigation into the possibilities of deporting the slaves back to Africa when and if the war should be won by the North.)



Before getting into the contents of this of Enclave, I should congratulate you on doing an effective job of loosening up your layouts and the zine's overall appearance. The double-spacing between paragraphs was a good idea and does much to make the zine appear more readable. Excepting the lettercol from this format is also wise -- lettercols have traditionally been places where as much material as possible has been crammed into a few pages. Indeed, it would not be a bad idea for you to do the lettercol in elite or micro-elite.

But you misunderstood me about "blocks of white (or green, yellow, or granite)" -- I wasn't referring to consecutive blocks of pages in one color. I was talking about the use of white space in a title-page layout. The "(or green, yellow or granite)" was an illbegotten attempt to be funny. The layouts for my column and Harlan's story make use of white spaces, for instance. The trick is in juggling masses of "color" (in this case, black, in varying densities, or the lack of it: white), to block out a page as though doing an abstract design. Mondrian had an inestimable impact upon all modern magazine design, and for some insight into layout you should study his works. I've done some Mondrian-like work myself, in colored inks -- I keep planning to enter it in the Fan Art Show some year -- and it was a direct outgrowth of his influence upon my layout ideas. Another source of inspiration is the German modern art and design center of the pre-Nazi era, the Bauhaus. Their typographical work is tremendously exciting.

In any case, just as space -- the intervals between sounded notes -- contributes so much to Thelonious Monk's music, so blank areas can be important in layouts. My original suggestion was not that you abandon the typed headings, but that you vary their placement on the page, creating fresh layouts through your positioning of title, text, and space.

The Thompsons' article put me off at first -- the mere sight of lines arranged like poetry is enough to make me close my eyes and page past -- but once into it, I dug it. Like Terry Carr in his Minac fanzine review column, I think they could have dug deeper, but I found their examples entertaining and amusing. Miss (Mrs.?) Watkins is a gas.

I didn't read Harlan's story. To have done so would've been anticlimactic after hearing him read it here. For those who didn't receive Cranston #1, Harlan Ellison regaled several New York City fans, among them your editor (a N.Y.C. fan in spirit), by reading aloud -- ostensibly proofreading -- the stencils for "The Little Boy" at Ted's place one fine evening last November. Would that H.E.'s stories all came complete with the author's gestures, inflections and expressions...7

I can't recall at the moment whether the author of "Jung and Thoughtless" (whose identity I know) is still on the Minac mailing list, but I suppose I'd better check. I'd hate to think that his pessimistic view of the current fanzine scene is based upon any knowledge of Minac, since I regard it as basically as good as any fanzine I've published in the past, such as Void, if somewhat less pretentious. There are other quiet stalwarts he's overlooked, produced by editors with both imagination and stature, who are perhaps still standing with one foot in the wings, but nonetheless have been on stage for more than a year. I can think of four immediately: Andy Main (Jesus Bug), Steve Stiles (Sam), Gary Deindorfer (Lyddite), and John Koning (Dafoe). But only Stiles is publishing his own fnz with any frequency, and Deindorfer has stated that Lyddite #4 -- published about a year ago -- was his last issue.7 J&T's relatively few



years in fandom are revealed by his strange appraisal of the years which produced Fanac -- years I judge he did not himself participate in. For it was before and during Fanac's heyday (the period of 1957-59) that apamailings reached their largest, and personal projects were best realized. It was the same summer that Fanac began which found the Berkeley boys mailing in ninety-six pounds of material for the May FAPA mailing. And by then FAPA was already tapering off from its largest mailings, which occurred during 1957. And what did that 96 pounds include? For one thing, The Incomplete Burbee. And at that time Richard Eney was finishing up the Fancyclopedia II, which he distributed at the 1959 Detention. Fandom has been coasting downhill since then.

Bane hardly "returned...egoboo polls." Yandro has conducted an egoboo poll on its own year's material every year for quite a few years.

Mike Deckinger skims the surface again. This piece on Lenny Bruce certainly suffers when compared with Bruce's own autobiography in Playboy -- one can contrast Deckinger's pseudo-hip viewpoint with Bruce's own -- and in the case of Bruce's comments on "sick" humor, the results will not augment Mike's reputation for perceptivity.

Actually, I am sick of two things which Mike does over and over again in his fanzine pieces.

First, he loves to attack "square" straw men (like Robert Ruark and the Satevepost) to prove his own hipness -- a performance which leaves me unconvinced -- while doing nothing more than belaboring the obvious. This he has in common with Ted Pauls, who tries so desperately to be Liberal.

Second, he "reviews" by synopsisizing in a shallow and superficial fashion. This used to bug me about Alan Dodd's stuff, and Deckinger too views hundreds of grade Z horror flicks without having the decency to keep from inflicting the horrors upon the rest of us. In this case, anyone armed with a transcription of Bruce's albums could have put together a similar "review." Inasmuch as none of these gags are new to me (they've been quoted to death in magazine pieces and newspaper reviews), and Mike offers no insights of his own beyond the usual platitudinous justifications of "sick" humor, I found nothing of interest in the piece. This sort of item doesn't belong in Enclave.

I'm not sure I understand Harry Warner's complaint that "I've never found a jazz critic who says anything about the music or the way it's performed. ... The jazz critics always tell how much they liked or disliked a performance and the special elements in that performance. I think criticism should do more than this." Actually, the second statement effectively cancels out half of the first, but I think Harry is overlooking the fact that the same criteria cannot be applied right down the line to both jazz and classical music. In an area where improvisation is important, and criteria include the individual performer's rhythmic sense -- elements simply lacking in symphonic music and most of the rest of classical music -- a critic must look for and discuss different things. Most jazz does not depend upon the "music" for its greatness, in the sense that the "tune" used is less important than how it is used, and what the soloists choose to do with it. But jazz has produced compelling, vital, composed music which also incorporates and acts as a framework for improvisation -- I'm thinking of the works of Ellington, Mingus, Russell, Giuffre, and others -- and I think that in every case where a critic has been confronted with such music, he has discussed it, as music. I know I have.

As to the question of the critic registering only his likes and dislikes, I think I shall discourse upon that subject in my column.



Ray Nelson wrote up something we in N3F have been kicking around for a long time: utopia. Ray is right insofar as mankind must have conflict and goals and opposition to thrive. However, just as Ray brings out in his article, men have a way of sublimating these drives into vicarious enjoyment of sadistic-type novels such as those of Mickey Spillane.

One author postulated "Adventure is a hell of a lot of trouble happening to someone else a couple of thousand miles away or long ago." But I'll just postulate that we could have Utopia and still give mankind an opportunity to release all his tensions in violent action. So let's examine the basic musts we need if we are to have utopia.

Every man, woman, and child must have food, clothing, shelter, medical care and education. For anything beyond these things he must work and earn them. So let's postulate that the trend toward automation reaches its logical conclusion in the next thirty years and all manual labor and most of the white collar work is eliminated. At present, automation is displacing something like one million people per year. Given a working force of fifty million, which might not be accurate at all for all I know, it would be fifty years from now that we arrive at the point where everything is made by machine. This is not Science Fantasy: this is what is going to happen.

Now then. Under the present system this will mean that all but one or two million people will be on relief, social security, or in WPAs and work projects. But here is one question: who is going to purchase the produce of all our automated factories if no one is bringing home a pay envelope? After all, the country's purchasing power filters down from the country's payrolls. Eliminate the payroll and presto, you eliminate the market, not only for small things but for luxury items as well since without the payroll the middle class will quickly disintegrate too. No middlemen when there's no middle, in other words.

So to have a utopia we would have to have some way of distributing all the products of our automated factories and farms. But that is only the beginning of the problem. What to do with all the leisure time? And here is where the utopia comes in.

The Golden Age of Athens came when they had sufficient slaves to do literally all the work, releasing the citizens for long discussions, debates and philosophizing. Tomorrow we have the same situation arising with machines taking the place of slaves and all humanity taking the place of the aristocratic and cultured Athenians.

So everyone would spend their lives at school, for one thing. And everyone would devote their lives to pushing back the frontiers of human knowledge. This would be more an avocation than a hobby, but it would mean at least that the powers of the mind were developed to their highest degree. Also like the Athenians we would have mass participation sports in which every able-bodied citizen would participate; no more spectator sports except insofar as there would be great interest in the competition for championships at various levels. In these very sports you'd get the chance to discharge all the violent instincts Ray mentions as part of man.

And now one more point: these sadistic and violent instincts Ray mentions. Are they actually instincts or conditioned reflexes instilled by the type of literature, movies, plays and entertainment we amuse ourselves with from childhood on? In other words, if our movies and books didn't foster them would they perhaps disappear?

[I wince at the familiar, and familiarly strained, analogies between



the Athenian city-state and a twentieth or twenty-first century society of several dozen highly complex and overlapping megalopolis containing several hundred million persons. I suppose some situation like that envisaged by the "Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution," in which "the traditional link between jobs and income is broken...(and) every individual and every family (is provided with) an adequate income as a matter of right," will come about soon or Soon, but the specifics elude me.7

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Hurrah for your courageous 5th graders and their valiant determination to protect the Pearl River Way of Life from the depredations of Creeping Tentcaterpillarism! (Hurrah!) And that's my political remark for this letter. Another Iconoclastic Cartoon by Steve Stiles? Why, God damn it! And that's my religious remark for this letter. In fact, I'm so intimidated by the prospect of commenting on your typical old Pilati 50-plus page fanzine that I was tempted to add, "And those are my remarks on Enclave for this letter." Well, not really; I guess it must annoy the editor of a 50-page fanzine to get not-loc after not-loc saying, "Gee whiz, I can't face the task of commenting on such a Huge Fanzine as yours, so I'll trade you my Minimum Activity Requirement apazine instead"; I say "I guess it must annoy" because I've never edited ("editor or publisher, in a real sense" -- old FAPA saying) a 50-page fanzine, and I hope to follow my fine example for the rest of my days ("nights").

I almost decided not to read your piece on the JBS, because I've found that almost every time I read something about that society, or about Goldwater, I gain nothing but several hours of deepest depression. I realize that it's Unrealistic to think that ignoring or avoiding something will cause it to go away, and I know that it is really not right to close oneself up in an Ivory Tower and shut one's eyes to all the Horrors in the world (and the JBS and Goldwater are near the top of my Horror list -- between amateur science fiction stories and tv deodorant commercials; I think); but more and more I think it would be pleasant, if cowardly, to retire to suburban Unrealityville and begin erecting my Ivory Tower to the Moon. Well, all this is to say that your editorial did just what I'd expected it would: it depressed me, especially that quote from American Opinion about Governor Barnett. And, mighod, do you mean to say that that "refugee from East Germany" was so spellbinding that you too joined in the applause? /Yes, briefly -- before I could gather what pass for my wits.7 If so, it's frightening: if a staunch, educated, intelligent "liberal" (or "anti-Bircher" or whatever) could be affected like that, I shudder to think of the effects that increasing exposure to such hypnotic speakers could have on the masses of semi-intelligent, half-educated, vaguely "anti-Communist" voters -- and the intelligent, moderate conservatives. I am not at all convinced that the JBS is a small, crackpot extremist faction of no real importance, any more than I am confident that Goldwater will never be President. Almost the reverse, in fact: I have just about resigned myself to the idea that Goldwater will be President someday, and that the world will blow up the following week. So thanks for your editorial, Joe, and the many Happy Thoughts it provided me with. (Understand, I'm not putting your editorial down. It was good; it's my own Scaredycat self at fault.)

So let us move on to some much, much more cheerful topic: I refer to Don and Maggie Thompson's delightful "A Tear Stood In His Bright Blue Eye," which was simply a gas. Stephen Leacock once wrote an article about



(among other things) "Unconscious Humorists"; he quoted several examples of the sort of verse which might have been penned by a Violette Peaches Watkins, the only fragment of which I can recall being the beginning of a poem on the sinking of the Titanic: "Oh, what an awful time they had,/ The night the ship went down..."

Ted White's "Minor Intrusion" column contains the kind of White writing I like; it's no secret, least of all to Ted, that I am Agin' Jazz Criticism, not excluding Ted's own. I particularly liked the inside story on Whatever Happened to Metronome; I exulted when the magazine folded, because it had become, as Ted says, "an avant-garde, pseudo-hip, beat magazine"; but I was a bit sad, too, because at one time it had been Pretty Good, in its way (and I don't mean its jazz criticism, but rather its articles about musicians -- not their music alone -- and Leonard Feather's "Blindfold Test," which began in Metronome as far as I know, but long ago moved to Down Beat). Anyway, I liked this column; B-plus, Ted.

I've always enjoyed Bob Stewart's articles about movies, even though I doubt that I've seen more than three or four movies in the past six years (and it's not because I "regard all movies with scorn"; "apathy" is the more precise word, in my case). But this time, I think Bob has Got To Me; I intend to do my damndest to get to see "The Victors," which does, indeed, sound like a Great One.

Oog. Harlan Ellison. "The Little Boy Who Loved Cats." I recall a line quoted by H. Allen Smith: "You are the bummiest writer I know." That comes under the category of Lovely Lines, and, in this instance, of appropriate ones, too. That thing of Ellison's contained some of the absolutely ugliest prose I've ever had the misfortune to read; and if this seems like Putting Down Harlan Because He Is A Pro, so be it: if Ellison thinks well enough of this story that he would revise it and copyright it and allow it to see print, then he must believe it to be representative of his work, and in no way harmful to whatever reputation he may have as a writer. And if that's so, and if this is the sort of thing Ellison is turning out professionally (I wouldn't know), then I think we could use a few Scathing Indictments on the decline of literary standards. Today. Sentences like "Without further ado, Mrs. Rodmington began to cry. It seemed, for a moment there, that the ducts had opened so wide, the town might have to take to the stately old hills /a cliché sandwich! --njc/. Or suffer the manifest displeasures of inundation." should be strangled at birth. They or their author. The three-word "sentences"! The two-sentence "paragraphs"! The endless clichés, and the even more appalling re-phrasing of them! ("The straw -- if we were attempting humor -- that might be said to have laid the lowly camel lower with shattered vertebrae." Thank heavens Harlan was not attempting humor, there.) Gee, I didn't like that Harlan Ellison story very much.

Mike Deckinger's survey of the records of Lenny Bruce was okay, if not especially Hot News; for those readers of Enclave who hadn't yet heard Bruce, this article might have been the thing to turn them on. I do disagree, though, with Mike's unequivocal contention that that "Lenny Bruce is a sick comic. That goes without saying." I might go so far as to say, "Define your terms." I would even add that I would characterize Bruce more as a Doctor trying to cure Sickness. Just as one example: the practice of religion as big business is Sick, and Lenny's "Religions, Inc.," an attack on that concept, is Healthy. Wishing everyone were the same.... /Agreed. But wait a minute, Norm. You listen to Jazz, don't you? You even play it, don't you? Do you still lead a fairly decent life, Normbwah? Hm?/?



The only egoboo I can give Ted White on his jazz columns is that I find them quite well-written, insofar as I comprehend the drift (I know less about jazz than I do about the care and feeding of electricity). He did turn me on to Charlie Mingus recently (I had merely been aware of the name), by simply playing about half a minute of him at his best, and then he kept me turned on to Mingus by playing him for the next two or three hours. Apart from that, I still know nothing about jazz, words or music. I won't say, in the manner of the schoolboy essayist on penguins or something, that this article told me more about jazz magazines than I really wanted to know; I thought it would, but Ted fooled me by interesting me in it.

Bhob Stewart was quite interesting, though I've yet to see any of the movies. I dislike all movie reviews on principle, since there is such an incredible variation in the response to a given movie, with a corresponding tendency on the part of this reader, anyway, not to believe a god damn word they say is said out of any conviction on their part, but instead that they merely flesh out their first fleeting impression of the films with a lot of gaudy verbiage. Like Jonas Mekas in The Village Voice, an example of reviewing-kitsch at its most irritating and hilarious. But Bhob's reviews don't give me this feeling, somehow. I doubt that I'll agree with him on everything he says, whenever I get around to seeing the movies in question, but I am sure that I'll find that his remarks will hold water at least as far as they go. They're not composed of colorful verbiage: they present the facts, the concrete details. They are a Good Thing, and may he keep on writing them.

Ellison: I don't think too awful much of the story, but my long-held views of his writing have once more been upheld. Here is a guy who is trying, all the time thinking things through, and trying again. Here is a guy who is, one of these years, really going to make his mark, if he can ever smooth out the imperfections in his style. I think some of these imperfections are due to a residue of arrogance left over from the days when he was first trying to get established, first trying to establish a style, a technique, and a market. He needed the arrogance, I grant, to keep him going when things were going bad, as I assume they were back at the beginning. But now it betrays him, or rather betrays his style. Just a little too much talk about hip, a little too much verbalizing of interior problems -- not that this story particularly demonstrates this. In fact, it doesn't show it at all. It's unfortunate that it's got a weak ending, but that's breaks. Ellison is going to make it big one of these days, and I don't mean good reviews from Dorothy Thompson or whoever it was in Esquire. I mean big.

I've gotten to the point that I'm almost tempted to skip articles on censorship. The loathsome stupidity of any kind of censorship makes me almost physically sick.

Ray Nelson confuses cause with effect. The violence, the sadism, the bloodiness, the adventure, the suffering, the murder, to be found in most of our entertainment today as in the past, is sought rather as a variety of catharsis than as an exemplar of life-as-it-should-be. He says that "We...do not have the courage to live such lives ((of violence, etc.))," but I do not think that this is the question. People want comfort; that portion of all of us that retains the evolutionary virtues of fang-and-claw survival techniques disturbs the comfort that has (rightly or wrongly) become so desirable to the civilized American, and that portion is best satisfied and kept out of trouble by periodic glut-



tings of once-removed violence, etc. And what is so dull, after all, as the utopia-story describing the complete satiation of all our quiet urgings toward comfort? People, most of them, want to live dull and peaceful lives; that doesn't mean they want to read about samo.

As to Mike Deckinger's remark in the lettercol (pertaining to Skip Williamson's nonsense) that "An atheist will not admit the possibility that he may be wrong...", he's full of crap. Of course there are fools advocating any position, and there are unlikable people (Madalyn Murray, say, for the atheist side) for any side of any question. But once you get away from the amateur atheist, who doesn't have much more to back up his position than the theist does, you find that the non-believer is far more apt to put himself in the other person's shoes, for the sake of argument. The theist won't try to understand an opposite position, so that the only chance the non-believer has to effect any change of view in the theist is to acquire the theist's point of view and expose the contradictions of his position in his own terms, which are the only ones he is capable of comprehending. /But I've always thought of Mrs. Murray as a professional atheist....7

Pete Singleton: What do you mean by "No amount of educating can have any effect on anyone's musical inclinations if the youngster has no liking for classical music to start with"? As far back as I can remember, my parents played classical music on records, and I hated classical music with a loathing as intense as I now reserve for books that pretend to be pornography but aren't (not that I'm implying a parallel). I still remember arguments I had with them about how popular music would last just as long and was just as good as any of that dull classical stuff. Then one day I found that I no longer hated classical music, except maybe pre-Mozart classical music. I suddenly realized that I was finding much more to enjoy in any given Beethoven, say, than I had ever found in "Linda" or "The Roving Kind." I still dig a certain amount of popular music, but "Camelot" compared with anything by Sibelius is like comparing Cordwainer Smith with Shakespeare.

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#### And We Also Heard From.....

John-Henri Holmberg, who says, "Maybe you prefer Swedish girls; I prefer Swedish fanzines. I am the ultimate Trufan." We also believe Mr. Holmberg is a Sickie. ::: Phil Harrell had the temerity to re-write some of my Christmas Carols from last issue. ::: Dick Schultz notes that "The Thompsons were Magnificent" and reveals that he nominated Enclave for the fanzine Hugo. We need more people like Dick. Several more, obviously, having seen the final Hugo ballot. ::: Richie Benyo most enjoyed "Jung," calls it "inspiring to us neos." ::: Bill Spicer praises Ted White's layouts in the last issue, not at all extravagantly. ::: Grania Davidson likes Enclave "because it has a little something in it for everyone and even though I find jazz and politics dull, I like folksinging, and I'd be interested in seeing columns on the origins of specific songs. I found Poul Anderson's letter shocking...like, all heroin is not bad, and Life is all we have, really." ::: Big-Name Professional Writer Dan Wakefield, a Good Man, says "I am sure you know your piece on the Birch meeting was expert, witty, and finely done." I didn't know, but I certainly (blush) do now. And he adds, "I got a special kick out of the piece on Metronome and the jazz magazines, having known some of the people involved and recognizing the report as all too sadly true." ::: Thanks also to Betty Elkin, David McReynolds, Bill Plott, Jay Lynch, and that nonpareil blabbermouth, Terry Carr.



