

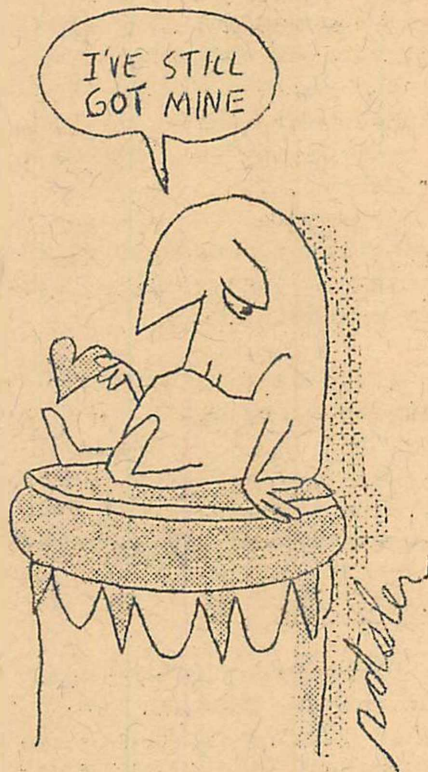


# *enclave 8*





# RUMINATIONS



WELCOME to the Autumn, 1964, issue of Enclave, brought to you with a blare of trumpets, a boom of drums, and no apologies whatsoever here in Autumn, 1965. When we published Enclave #7, back in the summer of 1964, we abandoned what had been our furious publishing schedule ("bimonthly") and judiciously called ourselves quarterly in the colophon. We thought that even with all sorts of college pressures (most of them non-academic), we could still throw together a magazine four times a year without sweating very much.

We were wrong.

This is not to say that we had absolutely no free time; the stark fact is that we had no free time to publish fanzines. Fan publishing, after all, is usually a rather solitary business, and we found after awhile that we were no longer sufficiently solitary.

We know what you're thinking, some of you: you're thinking that this is a jumping-off point for one of those highly stylized editorials by a fan who has decided, conclusively, that fandom is Hopelessly Neurotic and All Of You Are Fools.

Nope.

Actually, this editorial, if you care to apply that pretentious label, is written during an emotional state so pronounced that there is but one word to describe it.

Sloth.

I don't feel like publishing this fanzine. I don't feel like typing this stencil, This issue's prime reason for being is an obligation toward the contributors. I am asking these same contributors to contribute again, on the assumption that there will be another issue. That may be.

But, as Calvin Demmon would put it, Maybe Not.

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We no longer beam when fanzines arrive in the mail; we yawn. Yes, even at Hyphen. When we get around to reading Hyphen and a few others, we still enjoy them immensely -- but that may be months later.

Reiterating a point made earlier: we are not putting you down, trufans. We are, however, trying to indicate that we are amazed -- croggled, if you will -- at the amount of time spent in fannish soul-searching, much of which boils down to "making excuses." The most awe-inspiring thing about the endless FIJAGH versus FIAWOL arguments, both in print and in person, is the earnestness and heat which both sides display. Few arguments so convincingly prove that Fandom Is A Way Of Life than the loudest arguments that Fandom Is Just A Goddamn Hobby. .

We don't think it too risky to say that any thinking person in America (and Canada too, Norm) is probably some kind of neurotic. We are still a thinking person -- slow, but thinking -- and we are still quite neurotic.

We are not fannishly neurotic now, though. If we ever return to our Furious Publishing Schedule, we hope we still have the capacity to worry about ourself.

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"We have a lot in common. We're both Unitarians, except she's Jewish." TJP

---

#### NOTES FROM A DIARY: THE WAR ON POVERTY IN OMAHA, NEBRASKA

The other night I attended a meeting of the Omaha group intent upon implementing the one battle of Lyndon's which does not involve napalm. Omaha's Office of Economic Opportunity-sponsored group is called GOCA, for Greater Omaha Community Action. I wouldn't make any hasty judgements about GOCA's ability to deal with poverty, but I have nothing but praise for its ability to generate euphemisms.

GOCA is operated by a steering committee of fifty members. Thirty of them didn't bother to show up for what was billed as an important meeting. Since GOCA lacked a quorum, there was little that could be done. Among those conspicuously missing were representatives of the labor unions. I envisioned them sitting in their union hall, reading The Wall Street Journal and chanting, "Solidarity Forever."

The GOCA meeting was held in a church basement on the Near North Side, which is what comfortable Omahans call their ghetto. Previous meetings during the spring and early summer were held at the plush downtown offices of the Omaha Gas Company. According to J. Alan Hansen, a suave, crewcutted young executive type who somehow became chairman of GOCA, the gas company was chosen as a meeting place because "I work there." Finally, GOCA moved to the impacted area (darling phrase, that) because a few committee members wondered why, if Mrs. Schnitzkern didn't hold her daughter's coming-out party at the 15¢ hamburger stand, GOCA should fight poverty where the carpets are wall-to-wall and the air conditioning is positively stifling.

When one woman in the "spectators' gallery" asked J. Alan Hansen why GOCA hadn't abandoned the gas company offices earlier, he replied blandly that he "wouldn't want neighborhood people ((!!)) showing up in large numbers until we have something to show them."

At another point, in a perfunctory discussion of a proposal to open birth control clinics, the Jesuit representative of Creighton University, the local R.C. emporium, got up and...well, there's no point in belaboring the obvious.



After at least an hour of dreary interchange between committee members, including a manful effort on J. Alan Hansen's part to not state publicly the names of non-attending members, another lady with a magnificent capacity for well-aimed contempt got up and verbally shat upon J. Alan for five solid minutes. Finally, she cried, almost in desperation, "You can't do anything for us." Emphasis hers.

And J. Alan's face, like his philosophy for dealing with human misery, suddenly turned doleful.

---

"Cross attacked Miss Rigsby, a beautiful brunette whom he had never seen before. He choked her when she started to cream, and then strangled Miss Stark..."

-- from a UPI dispatch in the Omaha World Herald.

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#### TOWARD A SANE HITCHHIKING POLICY

A July 10 Reuters Agency dispatch says that French hitchhikers will soon have special identity cards which will also serve as insurance policies. Maurice Herzog, chairman of the French National Youth Committee and Secretary of State for Youth and Sports, said insurance companies had agreed to insure hitchhikers for a 2 franc (40 cent) premium. By the summer of 1966, young (18 to 30) hitchhikers will be able to apply for cards through the recognized youth movement, either in France or abroad.

The cards, incidentally, will have a luminescent cover for signaling in the dark.

Since this is a fairly sensible idea, we can be almost certain that nothing like it will be adopted in the United States for thirty or forty years, if ever. We may thumb our nose at Big Government, but we'll have a hard time thumbing a ride from it.

---

"Do you have some sort of unhealthy attraction to ~~grass~~ lawns?" -- Norm Clarke

---

#### IT'S NOT WHAT YOU SAY, BUT HOW YOU AVOID SAYING IT

That's the technique of statesmanship practiced by New York's junior senator, the very astute Robert F. "Brass Knucks" Kennedy. In a speech prepared for delivery on July 9, Mr. Kennedy is supposed to have said: "Victory in a revolutionary war is not won by escalation but by de-escalation (...) If all a government can promise its people, in response to insurgent activity, is ten years of napalm and heavy artillery, it will not be a government for long."

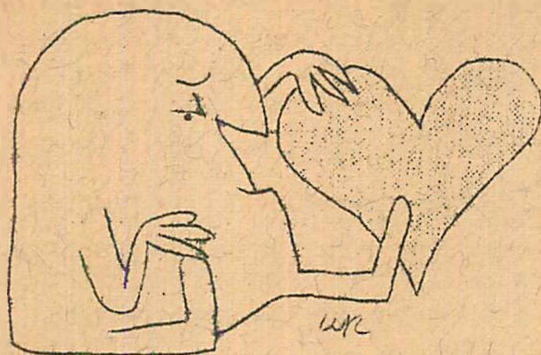
Oh, but not that Mr. Kennedy did say that. When he delivered his remarks to the International Police Academy (which sounds suspiciously like a more candid name for the State Department), he deleted those quoted words which appeared in news media.

So, he criticized LBJ and didn't criticize LBJ...a pretty neat trick. The militarists approve his devotion to the Maximum Leader, and the peacemongers applaud his clarion call for a reappraisal of foreign policy. Truly, Mr. Kennedy has not one but two Profiles in Courage, and what's more, we can see both of them at once when he looks us straight in the eye and says (or doesn't say) just what's in his heart.

--Joe Pilati

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# Minor Intrusion

by Ted White

DJs and MFs:

There are a number of parasitic phenomena connected with jazz.

I've longed for a long time to do a muckraking expose of some of them, like the wealthy lady who likes to befriend musicians and "turn them on," or another woman who attaches herself morbidly to dying musicians and ghoulishly haunts their death beds. Then there are the myriad hangers-on, like the southern white girls eager to bed spade musicians in familial defiance, the junkies who hang about the fringes of the clubs, eager to do their bit for anyone they can, and assorted (and sordid) other types who help make the jazz world such a difficult one within which any art might triumph.

But these are inside types, the rats and roaches known only to the inhabitants of the jazz world. More obvious to the jazz fan and listener is another obnoxiously parasitic growth: the jazz "deejay."

There is a minor paradox involved here, since by all rights the playing of jazz on the radio should be among the more beneficial aspects of the jazz business -- beneficial to both the musician and the listener. It gives the musician exposure, promotes his works. And the listener, obviously, gets a chance to hear, without the overwhelming task of auditing all the new releases, what's happening and decide for himself the direction in which his tastes flow.

If jazz records were programmed and introduced as intelligently as are classical records, this would be the result: a real benefit for everyone. But, unhappily, jazz, while a special branch of music with a following all its own, is cursed with the onus of the popular music field: the deejay.

"Deejays" vary from an announcer who simply introduces recordings by virtue of their expressed personalities. The idea is to make oneself more important than the music one plays. This has obviously happened in the popular music shows, particularly on the "top hit" stations; unhappily, it has also happened (although to a lesser degree) in jazz, as every irritated listener who has mentally screamed to himself, "So shut up and play the record already!" is all too aware.

Perhaps the earliest jazz deejay was New York's Symphony Sid. Sid has been around for about twenty years now, and although his present program is heavily diluted with Latin American hits (due, I presume, to the station's policy), he still uses for his theme the tune, "Jumpin' With Symphony Sid," that Lester Young wrote for him in the forties. Sid is not terribly obnoxious (although his regular advertisers are), having started out as a jazz buff and having retained fairly catholic tastes in the field. There is one quirk to his programming though: he always plays the same piece



from the album selected. One might expect that different tracks from an album would get aired from night to night, but this never happens. When Sid left WEVD (a station named after Eugene V. Debs), he was replaced by Mort Fega. Fega likes to refer to himself as "MF," apparently on the assumption that if your initials happen to coincide with those of a popular obscenity, it's best to bulldoze right through and establish ascendancy. At one point he'd created a listeners' club called "The MF-ers," although I haven't heard him mention it recently.

My first real awareness of Fega came when he chose to read the following review of mine over the air:

#### THE POLL WINNERS

Exploring the Scene! (Contemporary M3581): Barney Kessel, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Shelley Manne, drums; Little Susie; The Duke; So What; Misty; Doodlin'; The Golden Striker; Li'l Darlin'; The Blessing; This Here.

The gimmick here is that the Poll Winners are playing tunes currently associated with various other top jazzmen of today. The reason this remains only a gimmick is that somehow this quiet trio manages to suppress any and all of the emotional content of each tune, leaving us with a faceless, bland and totally unappealing platter of fare. The difficulty seems to lie in the fact that Kessel, Brown, and Manne are such thorough professionals that music (or at least this music) presents no challenge to them. They walk through an amazingly diverse and occasionally challenging set of pieces without so much as a blink or a nervous twitch in betrayal of emotional involvement. Several remarkably distinctive tunes are rendered all but unrecognizable (Doodlin', The Golden Striker, The Blessing) and the simpler riff tunes are quickly torn down to their own roots of banality and left thus. The solos are uniformly competent, swinging, and without a shred of inventiveness.

On the basis of this album, one must be forced to conclude that the Poll Winners' wins are based on their technical ability, and little else. They give no evidence here of being creative jazzmen. This in turn is a sad indictment of the majority of jazz fans who repeatedly vote for such musicians in the face of real creative giants. -TW /METRONOME, May, 1961/

The review is perhaps a bit wordy, but I stand by its sentiments. The record was dull, banal, and totally uninspired. Fega, however, disagreed. In his role as Final Arbiter to the Jazz Public, he not only disagreed, but felt my comments regarding those who'd voted the respective members of the trio into Poll Winners -- his audience-- were terribly offensive. He chewed me out on the air, with all the inborn smugness of one who knows himself to be In The Right, and With It.

I didn't hear him, as luck would have it, but several friends did, and told me about it the next day. I even got a note from my editor at METRONOME, Dan Morgenstern, asking, "What's this feud with Mort Fega?" I never bothered to make a public reply, so the "feud" died aborning. I felt Fega'd had his own comeuppance anyway: he'd chosen to follow his reading of my review with what my friends all reported was a tune (I no longer recall which one) that completely justified my unkind remarks.

For a time the habitiques of Towner Hall were in the habit of referring to "that fart, Mega," but this too died.

Recently, tired of listening to my own records, I began listening to Fega again. It was a tiresome business, since he not only chatters incessantly about the shows



he's emceed ("I introduced soandso, and then I did this and that, and then I...") in an effort to impress upon his listeners that he's the quintessence of Hip, but now that he owns a record label (Focus), he plays his own records very heavily. Recently Focus issued a Carmen Macrae album. I've never cared for her singing, which isn't very close to jazz these days anyway, but Fega, with never a mention of how he produced this record, raved for hours over it, playing a track from it approximately every fifteen minutes during his four-hour show. This strikes me as not only personally offensive, but vaguely reprehensible.

Closer to home, Double-Bill has initiated a jazz column by a Cleveland jazz deejay. I found his initial column the usual twaddle -- a put-down of critics for not raving over all the new fads fast enough (some people think critics are too fad-happy), and the usual deejay baloney which attempts to make the deejay sound like Jes' One Of The Boys. His second column is full of patronizing generalizations about Duke Ellington, and the tone is typical of all I object to in the deejay personality.

I object not because of any mythical war or feud between deejays and critics, but simply as a knowledgeable fan of jazz, who becomes annoyed at fatuousness and self-inflation. If classical music announcers began behaving similarly (as, indeed, now that I think of it, one does -- a weird chap named DeKoven, who promotes "Barococco" music on his own record labels), I'd be equally offended, just as I was when John Berry began reviewing records in SAPS as though none of us had ever heard of classical music, and suspiciously as though he'd only just barely...

To end this section on a happier note, I'd like to name my model jazz deejay. He was an active fan in the late thirties and still remembers fandom fondly; his name is Willis Conover. Today he spends most of his time supervising the jazz segment of the Voice of America, but in the early and middle fifties, when I was living in the Washington, D.C., area, I used to listen to his House of Sounds, which he sponsored himself for an hour each night, weekdays, on WEAM, a hillbilly station. Conover managed to cull the best of the new releases (I heard most of the records I most treasure from that period first on his program), while equally often programming music which was sometimes long out of print, 78's from his own collection. His taste was not only wide-ranging, but -- a rarity among jazz deejays, who seem to play anything current, regardless of quality -- discerning. His commentary was usually brief and to the point, and always knowledgeable and enlightening. He never promoted himself, although as the only person who paid any attention to jazz on the Washington airwaves, he was constantly promoting jazz. He never patronized his listeners, always assuming that no matter how little one might know about jazz he would be at least intelligent in his interests. I recorded the last House of Sounds -- Conover announced in advance it would be the last show -- and I occasionally play it over again. The programming runs from Basie to Giuffre, and -- a real rarity for Conover, but appropriate to the occasion -- includes a ten-minute message in which he tries to explain his philosophy of life and tells his listeners goodbye. It was a sad moment; radio jazz had lost one of its best ambassadors.

ROCK 'N' ROLL REVISITED: Fandom seems to be giving birth to a new sub-group: rock 'n' roll fandom. This new fandom is not made up of teen and sub-teenaged types (the teenagers in fandom seem to deplore unanimously the vulgarities of "trashy" r'n'r), but rather men well past their (if I may use an old and perhaps even archaic word) majority. This is not exactly new: Boyd Raeburn and Lee Jacobs have discussed r'n'r hits together for years at every convention that brought them together-- Raeburn was an original Presley fan. At the Discon, Boyd, Lee, Pete Graham, and various others chortled together over "It's My Party" and other current hits, and the most memorable party of that convention was Terry Carr's, where we all



joined in singing some of these classics of American music.

But this last year has witnessed some profound upheavals in r'n'r, not the least of them the enormous popularity of the Beatles. The Beatles' own songs impressed me when I first heard them, and I was not alone. A number of jazz musicians, among them pianist Bill Evans, have expressed their admiration for the Beatles' compositions. And, of course, their movie, "A Hard Day's Night," has won raves from everyone who's seen it -- even from those who never cared for the Beatles before. Every fan I've spoken to who has seen the movie has raved about it; some meetings of the Fanoclasts these days are more like Beatles fanclub meetings than anything else.

This year at the Pacificon, Boyd Raeburn asked me, "Hey, Ted White -- you heard 'Bread 'n Butter'?" "Yeah," I said; "Really groovy, hey?" Then I added, "How about the Supremes -- 'Where Has Our Love Gone'?" "Too much!" This conversation continued for some time.

Fred von Bernewitz, my oldest friend with whom I'm still in contact, called me up the other day. "Hey, I was uptown and I saw the Animals. What a gas! They've turned me on to rock'n'roll!" Fred hated the stuff religiously for years. "I didn't know what I was missing!"

Bob Lichtman and I drove through Berkeley one day, his car radio tuned to a local Negro station, and we dug the hard rhythm'n'blues sound, while I admitted that since leaving New York I'd been out of touch with The Sounds...

It's a new wave, I think. Ray Nelson and I discussed it (and our opposing viewpoints on jazz, as expressed in the last two Enclaves) one afternoon at his place. A lot of otherwise sensible people have turned on to rock'n'roll these days. I think it's healthy...indicates a loosening-up process.

TVsVILLE: One of the sleepers of the TV season has been Jack Goode's "Shindig." The show apparently began the season with little or no fanfare or build-up, and the word "shindig" was not taken by many of the current generation of rock 'n' roll fans to be significant of anything.

But, as Murray the K would say, "Baby, that's what's happening -- that's where it's at!"

"Shindig" is probably the best popular music show on TV, possibly the best there has ever been on TV. It is an excellent example for programmers of jazz TV shows, as well.

If the show was a sleeper when it began, it's accelerated its pace greatly since then. Tonight's show ((Dec. 9 -- ed.)) featured Tommy Quickly, the Dixie cups, Manfred Mann, and Chubby Checker, for two songs apiece (with the exception of the Dixie cups, who did half of "Chapel of Love" behind the announcer, before launching into "He Looked at Me"), plus one song each by Kelly Garrett and the Righteous Brothers. That's nine songs, or just about every available moment squeezed in between commercials. There's no nonsense about the show.

I'd suspected that a lot of the appeal of rock'n'roll was visual -- who wouldn't, after the Beatle-mop craze? -- but when I got a TV this summer (it's been a good year: a TV, an air conditioner, a car -- even an Ardis, briefly) I would not have suspected that my own musical tastes would be conditioned to the extent that they have by visual stimuli.



Perhaps it's just that familiarity with a group's personality as seen on a TV screen enhances what the record sounds like. Or perhaps it's more than that. Take, for example, the Manfred Mann group. This group has had two big hit-parade items, "Sha La La" and "Do Wha Diddy Diddy," songs about as inane as their titles suggest. They are an English group, but they have neither the harmonic freshness of the Beatles, nor the respect for real blues of the Animals. Their songs are vague and banal, punctuated frequently by the refrains that also serve as their titles.

But I have seen them three times on "Shindig." The last time I watched them it seemed to me that they were not only lip-synching from their records, but doing it in an English TV studio for splicing into the U.S. video-tape. Tonight they were obviously live, departing from the record in several places, with the rest of the night's singers gathered around them in the finale. And I was amazed to find I was enjoying them very much.

It becomes quite obvious, after watching them for only a few minutes, that they are, as Carol Carr put it, "screaming queers," hip-wriggling, camping and all. And they're delightful to watch, if you're not prejudiced about such things. It might even be mere Showmanship, although that is, as someone else put it, Not Likely.

Chubby Checker, on the other hand, while always moving -- he seemed unable to hold himself still for a single moment -- projected an extremely virile image, his head hunched down on his shoulders, long jaw dropped in an ever-present grin. If I were a girl, I would probably have paid no attention at all to his less-than-perfect voice. He came across as much more than a singer -- more as a personality. He moved his hips too, but not nancy; dirty.

The Dixiecupps reminded me of one of my favorite groups, the Supremes, in that they had every gesture perfectly rehearsed. It makes you wonder what it's like for one of these teenaged groups to go into a recording studio, make a hit record, and then be forced to learn stage presence and All The Motions for their personal and TV appearances. The Supremes (Hardly a teenaged group; ah well) seemed artificial in their careful movements of hands, the unison gestures that were so closely cued to each phrase of their songs. The Dixiecupps were no less carefully cued, but managed not to be quite so obvious about it. They were, by the way, a group of three young Negro girls, all in their middle or late teens, I'd guess.

The Righteous Brothers, on the other hand, are white and well over 21. They've been on "Shindig" for several weeks now, and I like them. Like so many white groups in America, they have a "Negro sound." In fact, the taller of the two sings a very passable Ray Charles, while holding the bass in their duets. The shorter one sings an ear-curdling falsetto scream which inevitably occurs toward the end of their pieces when the tempo speeds up and they fall into a very gospel sort of shouting. Their name seems singularly appropriate.

Previous shows have not always been up to tonight's, but they have always been tightly programmed. There is rarely a pause for deejay-like blather; only a few of the acts are introduced by the program's "host," Jimmy O'Neill. The rest follow each other immediately and without pause, three or four songs segueing directly into each other and a Welcome Relief From The Pains of Neuralgia And Radio, where commercials are spaced between every record, and may soon interrupt records in the middle as well.

Early last fall I was listening to some AM radio show while painting a room (the great thing about radio is n'rbeing that one can listen to it while doing a variety of things, without stopping whatever one's doing to turn the record over every



fifteen or twenty minutes) and I heard a thing called "Bread and Butter." It had a very strong blues sound, and was obviously close to the "race" sound of pre-r'n'r rhythm and blues. It was also obviously "Negro," even to the screaming woman. I learned the changes to it easily enough (there were so few) that I could accompany it on my alto sax.

Imagine my surprise when the song was performed on "Shindig" by the Newbeats. Here were these three men -- all obviously not Negro. The two short, dark-haired men whose faces had a little of the death's head appearance of far-gone junkies, began singing the background. Then the big, husky Jack Armstrong-type blond guy in the center began singing the lead in falsetto. It was a remarkable job; it sounded exactly like a Negro woman's gospel falsetto, down to the last slur and quaver. Coming from this man it was ludicrous.

As I told people afterwards, it was a study in surrealism. I could hardly believe what I'd seen.

But I'm looking forward to seeing the group sing again next Wednesday night ((Dec. 16 \*sigh\* --ed.)). I'm going to call up all my friends and invite them to join me for another adventure in musical surrealism.

NORM CLARKE DEPT.: Last summer I received a letter from Joe Pilati, while he was staying in Omaha, and enclosed with it was a separate envelope and letter addressed to Norm Clarke. He asked me if I'd mail it with a Manhattan postmark, if possible. It was yet unsealed, and I read it with some curiosity.

The enclosure was a mimeographed form letter purportedly from "Bonanza Books, Inc., Crown Publishers, 419 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016." Most of the sheet was a questionnaire, but above that portion was a brief message:

Dear Mr. Clark:

We are compiling information for our next edition of Leonard Feather's The Encyclopedia of Jazz to be published next spring. Would you be kind enough to fill out the following questionnaire and return it to us at the above address as soon as convenient. We hope to have all the questionnaires back by September. Your cooperation will be appreciated.

Yours truly,

Claudia Rollins  
for Leonard Feather

When I returned to the east coast this September, waiting for me in a huge pile of mail was this same questionnaire, filled out, and accompanied by a letter from Norm, in which he said, in part:

I got the enclosed questionnaire, or whatever, some time ago; I hope you'll be good enough to pass it along to Miz Rollins (Sonny's wife?) after you've read and Approved It. Gee; recognition at last!

The tipoff was undoubtedly the fact that the questionnaire was mimeed on pink masterweave-type paper, and had no true letterhead. Norm's replies, however, are minor gems:



Give full name: Norman Jose Clarke Nickname "Clark"  
(if any)  
Instruments played: Tenor sax, E-flat strich, Flying Saucer  
Place of birth: Uncertain Date of birth: middle to late 19th cent.  
Current address: 9 Bancroft Street, Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada  
Bands you have played with (give dates): The Fabulous Fantasticats,  
Boyd Raeburn (but not the Very Same Boyd Raeburn Who) and the Crocodiles, Gustave  
LaChance and his Sunshine Boys, the Wyatt Ruther Orchestra (Standishall, Hull, Que.)  
Special studies if any: Jazz Criticism: Its Relation to Science Fiction  
Favorite musicians: Ornette Coleman, Boots Randolph and Little Stevie Wonder  
Recorded appearances (give labels): "Je Suis Le Roi Bossa Nova," with  
Bobby Sarrault on the Bossar label (it's his own); I bought a copy myself.  
Major compositions, film scores, others: "Jazz Symphony From The Roots";  
"Sometimes I Wonder Why I Spend Each Lonely Night Blues".  
Current agent: Big Deal Enterprises  
Address: Co-Existence Candy Store, 1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ontario.  
Other relevent information: (use back if necessary) \_\_\_\_\_  
Ted White is Nat Hentoff's Fawning Acolyte; Ted White is also a Nut.

\*\* THANK YOU! \*\*

\*\*DON'T MENTION IT!\*\*

Norm may or may not be happy to know that, following his instructions to the letter, I have mailed his questionnaire to Crown Publishers.

--Ted White

-----  
"I can't see how the University expects us to go without both decent food and sex."  
-----  
--SBF

GOD IS UP THREE EIGHTHS...

"Evangelist Billy Graham's Omaha crusade got off to a good statistical start. ::: Of 16,300 who listened to his opening night sermon, 828 'inquirers' came forward in response to his call to 'believe in Christ.' That's 5.1 per cent, nearly double Mr. Graham's usual conversion rate. ::: Graham staff members said the average response in 139 earlier crusades around the world was 2.64 per cent. At Columbus, O., the last crusade before Omaha, the response was 3.8 per cent."

--The Omaha World-Herald, 9/7/64

10.....enclave #8



# THE CASE OF THE

# OLD-TIME FANAC

by LARRY McCOMBS

It was about eleven o'clock at night, early summer, with the smog glowing overhead like a pink plastic panel on the front of the old-fashioned juke box in Marty's corner bar. The night was warm and pleasant, but I didn't let that fool me. I stalked on down the street, keeping a close watch on the dark alleys and the lighted windows. My beat was Old Town, that notorious corner of Chicago where pimps and prostitutes, beatniks and junkies, queers and folk singers gather to pursue their various illegal activities.

It was a tough job, one not much in demand with the members of the force. These punks carried on their perversities in open defiance of the law, walked around in the open with their beards and sandals and long hair, but when an honest cop tried to grab one of them, they knew every trick in the books for wriggling out. They could draw a flock of Jew-Commie lawyers to plead something from the Constitution, or as likely as not they'd turn out to have parents with influence at the top. Not only that, they made a point of their refusal to come across with a few measley bucks to simplify the life of a poor cop who couldn't hope to punish them in any other way. All in all, it was a sad job for an honest cop.

One of the windows caught my attention. It was an old red-brick building, like the others up and down the street. This one, however, had been painted a brilliant white, with black iron railings on the front porch and black trim around the doors and windows. A black iron tangle of lines and triangles above the door was presumably some sort of modern sculpture. The front window had been enlarged, turned into a sort of picture window, giving view on a room that looked like a picture spread from Playboy; wall-to-wall carpeting, modern furniture, and a huge mural covering one wall, appearing at first to be an abstract painting, but on closer glance turning out to be

a story...?



made of photos clipped from Life magazine. But it wasn't the mural that caught my attention. It was the gorgeous girl in a skimpy black leotard dancing in the center of the room. I could faintly hear the sounds of some sort of noise which I took to be "jazz," the primitive form of rock and roll produced by the drug-fiend musicians of this area. There was no doubt about it; this girl was built, and the tights could not conceal the slightest detail of the construction. I'd seen strippers down on the South Side who wouldn't dare the stuff this girl was doing. I grinned in appreciation as she pulled a tricky back bend that brought her long dark hair sweeping across the floor. Slowly, writhing sinuously to the music, she moved toward an upright position again. Then her big dark eyes fell upon the window and my uniform outside. She jerked upright, stalked across the room and yanked the curtains together. I snarled a few words under my breath, and continued down the street. Such damned perverts shouldn't be allowed to wander free in a civilized society. I recalled something from Barry Goldwater's speech in the morning paper and chuckled as I thought how right he was. Now there was a man who understood the problems of a cop in this modern age!

A tall slim Negro youth, wearing skin-tight pants and sandals and a scrawny little pointed beard stalked past me without so much as a glance in my direction. Damn [redacted]s in this part of town get uppity as hell. Even see them walking around with white girls in broad daylight, right out on the streets. I considered giving this guy a frisk, but it was no use. He'd be clean. They always were. God knows what sneaky tricks they had for distributing their dope, but when they walked down the street with that cock-of-the-walk strut, they were always clean.

At the corner of North and Wells I stood for a few minutes, watching the swarming mobs. There was a bunch of high-school kids, nice decent suburban youngsters like my own, gawking at the beatniks and trying to imitate them. It's a pity we can't keep them out of this degenerate atmosphere, but "it's a free country" as every one of them will tell you if you try to send him home. Those damn smart-ass commies have even infiltrated the schools, filling the kids with ideas about "democracy" and "the people" and "constitutional rights." They'd sing a different tune if one of those mugs grabbed their car or their jewelry; they'd be all hot to have us slap that mug in the can for the rest of his life. But as long as he's robbing somebody else, or just perverting decent kids, they scream about his "constitutional rights."

I watched them swarming across the street in disregard of the lights, snarling up traffic. I blew my whistle and yelled at one sexy little blonde in a pair of shorts that left half of her pert little ass exposed. She stopped where she was, blocking three cars trying to go in three directions, turned towards me and just stood there smiling this sexy little smile, with her eyebrows arched questioningly. "Get the hell out of the street! What do you think those lights are for, Christmas?" I hollered. She just smiled, turned and wiggled off into the crowd. Goddamn nice piece of ass. They sure didn't have girls like that on the streets when I was a kid. I licked my lips and thought about these kids getting into something like that every night. My thoughts were interrupted by a harsh laugh beside me. I swung around and caught a big black buck snickering openly at me, his arm around a sexy little doll with blonde hair down to her waist and a sarcastic grin. I stared at this insolent [redacted], my hand dropping to rest on my night stick, and his grin faded in a hurry. He nodded in my direction, now looking very sober and respectful, and hurried off, herding his little bitch along with him.

Feeling a little better, I strode off across the intersection, nearly getting hit by a big Chrysler full of teenagers that screeched to a stop a few



inches from me. I strode over to the driver's window, snarling a little at the acne-faced kid who sat there quaking.

"Don't you think you'd better slow it down a little there, son?"

He tried to speak, managed a small squeak, swallowed once or twice, and finally got out a few words: "I'm sorry, officer. The light was green." Damn uppity talk-back kids; their parents don't beat any respect into them these days.

"Look, buster, don't give me static. Just slow down and watch what you're doing or daddy's gonna be bailing you out downtown mighty quick!" I waved him on, and he nearly killed the engine trying to get away. By this time the lights had changed and the cars were honking and people were screaming at the kid for blocking the intersection. "Come on, move it!" I yelled, and blew my whistle a couple of times for good measure.

I glanced at my watch. It was nearly midnight, time to phone in. I opened the box on the corner pole and rang in. "717 here," I barked.

"Hi Jim. Got a wild party report; third floor, 219 Wisconsin. Wanta check it out?"

"Right."

I locked up the phone and headed up Wells Street. These wild beatnik parties were a real disgrace. Drugs, naked girls, pansies; you never knew what you'd find, but it'd be good. I recalled the filthy porny that Ed had picked up last week at one of these "pads," and grinned at the memory. I was still grinning as I strode along Lincoln Avenue, towards the corner of Wisconsin Street. Near the corner I could see a third-floor bay window, brightly lit, with windows open and a couple of kids sitting in the window smoking. The sounds of loud music and talk drifted out, and I could make out other people moving around inside. That must be the place. I spotted one kid, couldn't have been more than 16, holding a beer can. Keeping close to the wall so that I wouldn't be spotted from above, I ducked around the corner to the entrance on Wisconsin.

I rang the manager's bell, and in a moment the raucous buzzer sounded on the door latch. It wasn't needed; the door had been propped open with a telephone book. I stepped into the lobby and was met by a frowzy woman in a beat-up dressing gown. "Wild party complaint on the third floor," I snapped as I headed for the stairs. "Oh God, those beatniks again," she muttered, turning back to her apartment. Serves her right, I thought as I puffed up the filthy staircase. If these people would refuse to rent to these perverts, we'd all have a lot less trouble.

On the third floor landing, I stopped for breath. Loud music drifted over one of the transoms, with a sickening beat of bongo drums stabbing through the frantic horns. I could hear voices and a loud female giggle. I stepped over under the transome for a moment and listened. "Oooh, give a look at this," said the female voice and giggled again. I detected a strange sweet smell from the smoke that came over the door. I loosened the gun and night stick in their holders just in case, took a deep breath, and rapped sharply on the door. There was a sudden pause in the conversation inside, though the music continued. The door opened a crack and a heavily bearded face peered through. "Yes, officer?" he asked, in a voice obviously intended to carry to the rest of the people inside. "Open up," I snapped and pushed the door wide.



It was not quite the scene I expected. Everybody was dressed, and except for one couple holding hands on the couch in the bay window, there was no love-making going on. There were kids of both sexes, ages ranging from mid-teens to late twenties. Scattered about on the floor was a pile of mimeographed sheets, and most of the kids seemed to be reading these. One bearded boy sat at a typewriter, muttering to himself and pecking with one finger at the keys. The music was coming from a big speaker in the corner, and in front of it sat a girl with the bongos, her fingers now poised motionless above the drums as she stared at me. She was not very pretty, and I barked at her, "Turn that thing off!" She didn't move, but a boy on the other side of the room turned a knob on a radio sitting on a shelf beside him and the sound died away.

I grabbed one of the printed sheets from the floor. It was a brown cheap paper, crudely mimeographed. I flipped through it, but there were no pictures. I read a few passages at random. It seemed to be an incredibly dull discussion of politics. I picked up a few more. Some talked about music or movies, and one contained some terrible poetry. A few had crude cartoons. But there was nothing that looked even remotely like pornography. I looked over the shoulder of the guy at the typewriter, who still concentrated on his composition. "...but if we are to consider the problem of a society existing in the context of this hypermaterialistic bureaucracy..." he laboriously pecked out. I swung around again and scanned the room.

I spotted the young kid with the beer can. "Got an I.D., sonny?" I demanded. "For this?" he inquired politely, and turned the can so I could read "Root Beer" on the side. Then I spotted the source of the sweet-smelling smoke. The bearded beatnik who had answered the door was holding a pipe that still smoldered in his hand. I grabbed it from him and sniffed it. That was it, alright. "What you got in here?" I asked him. "Flying Dutchman; it's a Dutch tobacco, sort of perfumed," he replied, holding out a blue can. I took it and examined the label. It was just what he claimed. I opened it and smelled. It had the same sweet odor.

I was stymied. "What the hell is going on here?" I demanded of the geek with the beard. "Oh, it's rather hard to explain," he smiled. "We're science fiction fans, and we publish these amateur magazines to communicate with other fans." "I don't see anything about science fiction," I snapped, sure I'd caught him. But he just laughed. "Oh, we don't talk about that much anymore," he said, "but a few people do." He fished among the papers on the floor, found one and handed it to me. It was even more crudely printed than the others. "Science Fiction Times," read the title, and it seemed to be filled with news about writers and science fiction books.

I stared around the room again, but could see nothing illegal. "Well, okay," I growled. "But keep the music down; the neighbors are complaining, and if I have to come around again, I'll run you in for disturbing the peace." I stomped back down the stairs, beginning to feel a little sorry I'd been so tough. These kids really seemed to be doing something worthwhile in the middle of this degenerate neighborhood. Seemed like just the sort of thing we ought to be encouraging.

The manager was waiting for me at the foot of the stairs. "I don't take no responsibility for them kids..." she started to say. I cut her short. "Lay off them kids. They're a good bunch. Don't give them no more trouble," I barked and strode out into the summer night, feeling better than I had for a long time.

\* \* \* \* \*

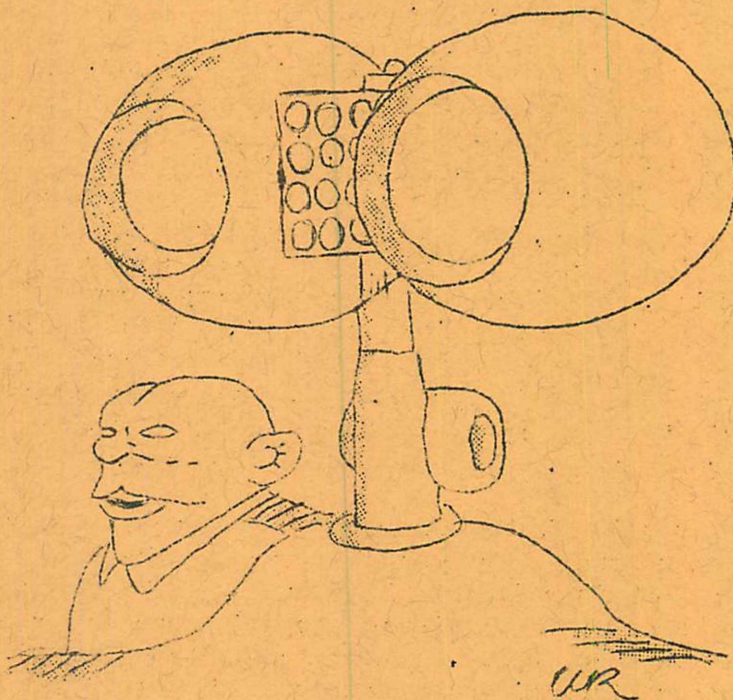
Back in the apartment, Ray lolled in the window, drawing on his cigarette. "Okay, he's gone," he remarked, swinging a foot idly in space as he watched the cop whistle



on up the street. The music was turned on again, the bongos resumed their beat. Cans of beer and strange thin cigarettes appeared from nowhere. Couples cuddled on the floor and a nude couple appeared from the back room, drowsily inquiring, "Hey, man, what's all the quiet out here?"

Larry laughed as he scooped the fanzines back under the couch and shoved the typewriter after them. "I always knew fandom would do me some good someday," he chuckled. "Now who's got my joint?"

--Larry McCombs  
27 November 1964



*the thinking fan's convention city...*

*New York in '67*

*...accept no substitutes!*



robert & juanita coulson

## FOLLOW *the* DRINKING GOURD

WHEN Bob Dylan first appeared on the folk scene, I figured that he must have some redeeming qualities to cause all the adulation. Since he was obviously a complete bust as an instrumentalist, and had all the endearing vocal quality of a wounded bullfrog, I decided that he must be a pretty good song writer. At the time, "Blowin' in the Wind" was the only one of his songs that I'd heard anyone else sing. I had heard a couple of Dylan's own records, but that's no criterion. Dylan can't always follow his own melody anyway, and it takes all of one's concentration to understand the words. Since "Blowin' in the Wind" is a good song, the odds were that at least some of his other stuff would be good, too.

I have now heard several more of Dylan's compositions, by competent to good singers from Judy Collins to Pete Seeger, as well as by lesser lights. And those odds I mentioned are going down all the time. Dylan is beginning to seem more and more like a negative triple threat: he can't sing, he can't play, and he can't compose. "Blowin' in the Wind" is still good; I'll accept Juanita's judgment that "Masters of War" is effective, although it seems pretty damned silly to me. A large number of his compositions are terribly sincere and sincerely terrible. To our ultra-liberal folkniks, the sincerity is enough; any "protest" song is automatically acceptable, and never mind whether it's any good. The other night four of us sat around listening to Judy Collins sing "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll" and laughing heartily at the idiotic lyrics. (Juanita is probably more passionately devoted to civil rights than anyone in fandom outside of John Boardman, but she was laughing with the rest of us. It's that kind of a song.)

There is some question in my mind as to whether any song written and copyrighted in these days of folksinging TV celebrities is a genuine folk song. However, I don't really care; what a song is called is immaterial. It's what the song is that counts, and there are some excellent songwriters among the present crop of "folk" performers. The outstanding one is Ewan McColl. I see that a few other singers are picking up "Go Down, You Murderer" (sometimes changing the title to "Tim Evans"). I doubt if many of the listeners know that the song was written as a protest to capital punishment in England. It's enjoyed because it's a good song -- not because it's modern or liberal or "in." Those things aren't the test. Never mind how much propaganda is in the song; how much music is in it? There's a lot in most of McColl's songs, and in addition there's a feeling for the worker that tells you that McColl knows what it is to work with his hands, as well as what it is to stand around mumbling protest songs. Possibly his best (and certainly his most popular) song is "Springhill Mine Disaster." My favorite is "The Big Hewer"; never mind that it was written as a theme song for a British TV series, it's a song. "Shoals of Herring" also seems popular.

The other day I heard two of Rod McKuen's songs sung by Hoyt Axton. Both were excellent. I don't know what else McKuen has done, but I intend to find out. Tom Paxton is a good writer, despite his predilection for children's songs. ("The Marvelous Toy" is a lovely humorous song, but some of his other efforts along that line have been less successful.) Buffy Sainte-Marie is another protest writer. One of her poorest songs, "The Universal Soldier," is her most popular effort right now, since it contains the most currently popular protest material. She has written some



really fine songs: "Codeine," "The Incest Song," "Babe in Arms," "Now That The Buffalo's Gone," and "It's My Way" (though I may be a bit prejudiced about the last-named since it precisely expresses my own ideas.) Malvina Reynolds has written some other songs besides "Little Boxes" -- thousands of them. Some of them are wonderful. Billy Edd Wheeler has done some good work; he has yet to produce anything really great, but his average is high.

Among the slightly older folk performers (those coming behind Woody Guthrie and the recent "folk boom"), Terry Gilkyson ranks supreme. The ethnicists will probably complain that anyone who would write songs for Frankie Laine ("The Girl in the Wood," "The Cry of the Wild Goose") has sold out to the commercialists and deserves no hearing from Serious-Minded Listeners. Still, Gilkyson also wrote "Fast Freight," "Marianne," "Goodbye, Chiquita," "Solitary Singer," and a good bit of other folk material. (His best song, "Solitary Singer," has as far as I know never been recorded by anyone else. I thought this might be because it's hard to sing, but Juanita doesn't think so. I suppose the trouble is that it was never printed in SING OUT, and so our present generation of ethnic folklorists have never encountered it.)

Are any of today's writer-singers the equal of that peer of folk composers, Woody Guthrie? I think that Ewan McColl is. He's a better singer, and while he has yet to equal the sheer quantity of Guthrie's work, he's getting there. Some of his stuff is ban-the-bomb hackwork, but then not all of Guthrie's songs are masterpieces, either. Of course, he's British; if you demand an American successor to Guthrie, I'd have to choose Buffy Sainte-Marie as the nearest possibility, with Tom Paxton next in line.

REVIEWS: We were in Cleveland over last Labor Day, listening to Don Thompson's latest record acquisitions. Three of them impressed me so much that I intend to get them at the earliest opportunity. Since I didn't take notes at the time, I can't give you rundowns on each record, but if you get the chance to hear these, don't pass them up. The records were "Judy Collins Concert" (Elektra EKL 280), "Joan Tolliver" (Kapp KRL-4052), and Cisco Houston's "I Ain't Got No Home" (Vanguard VRS-9107). Houston, of course, needs no introduction, and Judy Collins has become -- deservedly -- one of the most popular of the younger folksingers. Joan Tolliver is a sort of cross between Cynthia Gooding and Judy Henske, vocally; she can do both the pure Elizabethan ballads and the blues songs, with a remarkably good, deep voice.

Today on television I heard Quebec folksinger Jim Murray. I don't know if he has recorded anything, but I will find out. His material was, I suppose, in the protest song category: French-Canadian nationalist songs. (Remarkably similar to a lot of the Irish rebel songs, too.) Murray's voice deserves a wide audience.

"The Irish Ramblers" are a new folk group for those of you who like Irish music. They're not up to the Clancy Brothers by a long way (though oddly enough, they are brothers named Clancy -- no relation to the original.) But they aren't bad, which is more than can be said for most new folk groups. Their record is "The Patriot Game" (Elektra EKL 249). --RSC.

\* \* \*

BUCK mentioned that I was laughing during the rendering of "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll" -- true, but it was bitter laughter. Bitter because as a civil rights liberal, I know the effort of the song to be wasted; laughter because I can hear with WASP ears and know just how inane the song would sound to WASP audiences.



This raises a question: is a protest song to be an instrument of change, or is it merely musical commiserating in liberal inner circles? Of course there's no point in trying to influence, for example, the hardened redneck, but there is a large section of the population that might well be influenced by protest songs. The white anglo-saxon protestant mainstream is not necessarily a callous group; it is simply a huge mass of people who have never been put into minority-group shoes. They have not seen themselves through others' eyes -- but they can. They are quite capable of laudable change: Malvina Reynolds' "Little Boxes" wrought just such an effect, got them worrying about conformity, lifted them into some consideration of the evil of mediocrity. (RSC here: I suspect that what "Little Boxes" did was to make the conformists aware of being conspicuous, whereas the entire idea of conforming is to be inconspicuous. So it worried them.)

"Little Boxes" is a valid, concise protest song. It makes a point worth making, and it makes it sharply enough to be appreciated both by the hip and square sets.

"The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll" is not a good protest song. I was at a songfest where it was well and sincerely performed by a good singer, someone dedicated to the eradication of the evils detailed in the song. The audience was composed of liberals, fans, muy simpaticos...and when the song was over, they had to ask quite a few questions to fill out all the gaps in continuity and coherence left by composer Dylan. I admire his sincerity and his outrage, but in this case he let the depth of his feelings get in the way of the message. If a liberal audience must receive five minutes fill-in on a five-minute song before they can appreciate the point, the singer is not going to get through at all to a mildly conservative audience; not because they are callous, again, but because they are bored.

The protest songs needn't ignore specifics for generalities to be effective. Buffy Sainte-Marie handles both in "Now That the Buffalo's Gone," and Dylan himself did so in "Masters of War." (I must confess that part of my fascination with the latter is the traditional melody of "Nottamun Fair," which Dylan lifted to fit his lyrics.) I've heard "Masters of War" played on a d.j. radio program in a big farming area, and both the d.j. and the farm service director praised the song highly. Personally, I feel the song is a little outdated, but that's neither here nor there; its anti-war message got through, and it made an impression on staunch conservatives in the heart of Goldwater country.

"The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll" couldn't do such a thing. The listeners would feel the composer couldn't even write poetry, didn't finish his musical phrases; and bored them so much they didn't know what the song was about -- and though the audience might be unsophisticated, it is not entirely brainless.

REVIEWS AGAIN: The new Odetta album, "Odetta Sings of Many Things" (RCA Victor LPM 2923) is her first album in some time on which I can find no duplication of previous recordings. It is also, in my opinion, one of her best recordings. She has been polishing her falsetto range to the point of near purity, and the work shows on tracks like "Looky Yonder," "Wayfarin' Stranger" and "Sea Lion Woman." Oddly, I found her least effective on her two tours de force: "Four Marys" and "Deportee" -- the first has never reached me, by any singer, and the second is rendered definitively by Cisco Houston. But when Odetta does, on the first side, one after another, "Sun's Comin' Up," "Boy," and "Looky Yonder," she hammers home the despair and degradation of slavery and the chain gang until the listener is emotionally exhausted and thoroughly shaken. Well worth a listen.

"The Voice of Africa -- Miriam Makeba" (RCA Victor LPM 2845) is not too recent, but if for some reason you have not heard the singer, [continued on page 22]



the exasperatingly anonymous

# jung & thoughtless

IT ISN'T exactly the sort of question likely to plunge all fandom into war, but with monotonous regularity, someone -- usually Buck Coulson -- wonders out loud "Just what the hell good are fanzine reviews, anyhow?" The usual, uncomfortably delivered answers are fully as predictable. By and large, they concentrate on imagined pragmatic virtues, even though it should have been obvious long ago that not much in fandom can be justified on solely utilitarian grounds. I've always thought, though, that maybe there was more to fanzine reviews than filling space, than supplying neofans with a handy score card, than fulfilling an editor's need for egoboo; something a little more worthwhile than a writer's hardly Swiftian vendetta against an imagined wrong. Long ago, when I was considerably more energetic than I am now, I collected -- and read -- older fan magazines, usually devouring them from cover to cover, never omitting the out-of-date magazine reviews or the hopelessly esoteric comments on earlier issues. Nor the fanzine reviews. To read what gaffiated writers had to say about defunct magazines doesn't seem particularly interesting, but now and then a certain set of reviews would impress me, and I used to wonder mightily just why that column or installment. :: The answer to that query presumes, I think, a certain interest in fan history, and if the enthusiasm for The Immortal Storm and for Harry Warner's work in progress is any index, that seems to be a widely held



bias. In this sense, a good fanzine review seems to serve a distinct purpose: it preserves a Proustian "slice of time" that can be read, years later, and savored by someone who has no idea what Enclave was, but finds the references to things he has heard about -- whores, cheats, thieves and moochers, for the most part -- fascinating. Fanzine reviews are hardly the stuff for serious historical evaluation, but they often do a better, more honest job of preserving the tone and temperament of some particular fannish time than far more pretentious efforts. I'm not suggesting that this is some moral duty of reviewers, that history will condemn them for their concentration on immediate trivia; an era of fan writers speaking strictly to future generations of barbarians would seem as ostentatious and self-inflated to those generations as they would appear boring and affected to their own. And I'm certainly not proposing that "Jung and Thoughtless" be a vehicle for this sort of thing, for slicing the "life of the times," straining and preserving it; but the idea does appeal to me, on a strictly one-time basis, purely as an exercise.

It might look something like this.

A completely honest reviewer would be compelled to touch upon examples of two similar, if unrelated, trends in fan publishing: the monster and comics magazines. No one has ever accused me of any overriding honesty, however, so I'd just as soon forget the former, wipe it from our microscopic picture, and turn to the comics publications which, at least, seem to be published by more historically presentable people, though the distinction is often one of degree alone. Don and Maggie Thompson are highly presentable editors, and, not coincidentally, Comic Art is an ideal fanzine to review here: not only is it representative of the comics emphasis in current fanzines, but it is, as well, good, and that's a rare combination.

In many ways Comic Art is a sophisticated updating of the dawn fanzine. It lacks the obvious naivete, but the parallels are otherwise remarkable. Here is the same sort of internal rationale, the historically premature chronicles (done here by Ted White and Dick Lupoff), the griping about escalating circulation. Here is the same sort of thorough eclecticism, pointing out appearances of comic characters in somewhat more mundane settings, as the Burroughs fanzines have done for ERB acolytes. Artists who have died are carefully chronicled, and the same holds true for the passing of the comic strips themselves, though tastefully separate. The rises and declines of comic strip quality are charted with the same care others have devoted to epochs in the history of Astounding. Here, too, are a convention report, advertisements, a fling at copyrighting. Even, bless them, a reference to our old Sense of Wonder. Some of this is amusing, as Bill Thailing's argument that EC Comics were justified in portraying murder and rape simply because they exist in real life and should therefore be shown to little kids; but this is hardly less sophisticated than his yearning for "a good thick 64-page book for 10¢." Most of the letterwriters -- notably Bob Stewart -- avoid the maudlin temptation to chronicle strictly subjective feelings (like those drawn out by Jim Harmon's radio memories in Discord) and instead seriously consider the nature of their nostalgia. By and large this is good reading, whatever your feelings for comic books themselves.

Similarly, Amra is a fanzine whose review in the present setting is essential. It is the most recent Hugo winner, of course, but it is, more importantly, the best representative of another trend in fan publishing, this one leaning toward sword and sorcery. (Here we pause to sweep under the rug the people who devote whole magazines and much effort to their private fantasy worlds, just as we disposed of the monster fans who, presumably, at least didn't know better than to act as they did.) Like Comic Art, Amra is intelligently edited. It is also an imaginative magazine, despite the fact that people, as the editorial in #29 suggests, tend to think of it in terms of "traditions." Traditions, that is, such as an editorial force "n strong;" fine

20.....enclave #8 .



artwork, and the listing of artists before authors in the table of contents; scholarly indices; lithography and that odd, file-defying size; and the appearances of L. Sprague de Camp, occasionally minor and pedantic, usually entertaining and worthwhile. A few of these hallowed traditions are, however, considerably less comfortable: the bad poetry, "translated by Poul Anderson from the original Norse;" the petty, bickering letters, shot back and forth between correspondents who find each other incapable of properly gripping a broadsword.

This current Amra has its unique aspects, too: a parallel drawn between the swashbuckling of Francisco Pizarro and that of Conan, which just goes to show that in a special-interest fanzine, virtually anything stands a chance of being deemed interesting; and an article on "Escape Literature" by Grace Warren, which is the sort of attempted justification that used to be common in general fanzines. It concludes, as such articles must, that escape is a "necessity," and that sword-and-sorcery serve the purpose well. Amra is pretty light reading, even for a fanzine, but it is sometimes interesting, and it is recommended.

Quark wouldn't be a bad choice for the sort of review we're doing, either. Despite Tom Perry's protestations of "purest coincidence," this is a politically-oriented issue, and politics are Big in fandom today. Better yet, Quark is a faanish fanzine. The exact subject matter may have changed, but the forms it takes are familiar: the reminiscences of visiting fan guests; a Bloch reprint, a TAFF plug; bacover quips; Berkeley-type conversations, and a witty, but annoyingly truncated letter section. Perry's review of the latest Heinlein (Farnham's Freehold) is a thorough, surprisingly original study of an author about whom everything had presumably been said. Historically, the most important item in Quark might be a section of Willis's column, "The Harp That Once or Twice," where he turns a remarkably personal eye on the latest barbarian invasion. Walter Breen is de rigueur in general fanzines today, and Perry goes it one better by dragging in Joe Gibson, who was de rigueur not so long ago. Quark is a kind of smaller, more relaxed Enclave, if you can imagine such a thing, and without that anonymous idiot.

The apa magazine with a large circulation outside the organization proper isn't exactly a modern development, but it is characteristic enough to demand some attention here. Lighthouse, like Quark, is ultrafaanish. It is stamped here and there with indelible Terry Carr trademarks: the filler reprints, the swinging letters (Metzger's here; in other days and places, Kirs's and those of others), the intriguing emphasis on craftsmanship in writing. The mailing comments, by a number of people, are interesting and topical, relating to such things as James Bond and doomsday novels. The harangue against FAPA apathy seems a little out of place here, but no review column would be complete without a fanzine boasting one. Carol Carr's agenting experiences make wonderful reading; and, of course, Walter Breen is mentioned. Cadenza's mailing comments pretty thoroughly sample subjects of current interest, too: folk singing, civil rights, homosexuality; there is a topical lettercolumn and a typical, typically bad, article on the works of Dr. Keller. Wells writes unusually fine editorials on the spot, in response to his correspondents' casual comment-hooks, but his mailing comments are of less general interest than, say, Carr's. It goes without saying that you-know-who is mentioned. Ho-hum. Finally we have Niekas, which is a more varied lot. There are the usual witty notes on local fans, the model convention report, the bad poetry and fiction. There is an unusual item, a makeshift article on Nazism by Philip K. Dick, but this too is badly done. Al Halevy's "Glossary of Middle Earth" may or may not be of scholarly value, but it makes more interesting reading than most dictionaries. John Baxter's "Handbook for Critics" draws a fine, believable distinction in the essence of good science fiction, and Anthony Boucher's review of the 1963 book crop is highly entertaining. If Niekas alludes to nameless, it does so circumspectly, so more power to it.



Perhaps this is the way in which a review such as I've suggested stands to be abused. The Breen affair is, of course, a big issue, and it rightly deserves emphasis, but I suspect any event of such magnitude has a good chance of being overemphasized in the literature. An editor, looking for editorial fodder, hits upon, let us say, a diatribe against the convention committee; he might have written nearly as easily on a number of other subjects, among them comic or monster fandom, swashbucklism, TAFF, Heinlein or civil rights. But he writes about the convention committee. Everyone writes of it, so it may seem to the reader and the reviewer that the matter is one of fantastic importance, that the split between the "respectable" and "liberal" elements of fandom is imminent; but honestly, how much does Walter Breen occupy the thoughts of the average fan on the average day? Less than nuclear warfare or perhaps current science fiction, I'd suspect; certainly less than the proportion of fanish writing dealing with the subject. Isn't it a little regrettable that the more down-to-earth, balanced representation is too often lacking in the fanzines themselves?

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Comic Art #5. Don and Maggie Thompson, 3518 Prospect Avenue, Apt. 15, Cleveland, Ohio 44115. Fifty cents or, once established, the usual trades, letters of comment, contributions and so on.

Amra #29. Dick Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia 22307. Thirty-five cents, eight for a dollar.

Quark. Tom Perry, 4018 Laurel Ave., Omaha, Nebraska 68111. Twenty-five cents.

Lighthouse #10. Terry Carr, 41 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York 11201. The usual, including twenty-five cents.

Cadenza #9. Charles and Jane Wells, 815 Demerius Street, Apt. M-1, Durham, North Carolina 27701. The usual, including fifteen cents.

Niekas #9. Ed Meskys, L71, LRL, Box 808, Livermore, California 94551 (fanzines c/o Norm Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley, California 94701). The usual, including thirty-five cents.

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Editor's Note: The author of "Jung and Thoughtless," as usual, prefers to remain anonymous, so please do not ask where to send review copies of your fanzines. ✓

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"Christ the magic savior...lived by the sea...and frolicked in the Holy Mist...in a land called Gallilee..."  
-----JDK.

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FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD continued from page 18

it's a good sample of her abilities. Some listeners may have been put off by a "harsh" quality in her voice -- I suspect they were judging Makeba's voice by European standards. It is a magnificent instrument, all the more important because I'm afraid the emerging new nations of Africa will too eagerly embrace "civilization" and put aside trappings considered tainted by "backwardness"; then, a century from now, they will realize, as we have, what they have lost and search to retrieve it. But for the '60's, here is that essence, beautifully presented. No jacket liner blowup, this claim: Makeba is Africa.

---JWC



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BY JOHN BOARDMAN

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# how to read THE NEWSPAPERS



## YOU READ:

"Absenteeism is at a new high in Poland."

"Chiang Kai-shek's heroic resistance to Communism..."

"Chou En-lai's stubborn refusal to bargain with the West..."

"Another family of freedom-seeking refugees arrived today in West Berlin, happy to escape from the yoke of Communism..."

"Browbeaten by Russian threats of reprisals against his aged mother..."

"Lower Fredonia, the free world's newest bulwark against Communism, today joined the Southeast Asia pact..."

"A Soviet puppet government took control today in Upper Fredonia, which now disappears behind the Iron Curtain."

"The formation of The Conference for a Free Upper Fredonia was announced today in New York. The Premier-in-Exile of that small Asian nation announced a campaign to persuade America to work for his country's freedom..."

"Unrest is reported from Czechoslovakia."

## IT MEANS:

"A drill press operator in Warsaw received permission to take a day off to attend his grandmother's funeral. He was later seen at a soccer game."

"He wants to keep his part of China."

"He wants to keep his part of China."

"Hans Schmidt and family moved from East Berlin to West Berlin."

"Hans Schmidt and family moved from West Berlin to East Berlin."

"The king was given a case of scotch and twelve boxes of chewing gum."

"The king was given a case of vodka and twelve boxes of caviar."

"The king's cousin wasn't cut in on the caviar."

"Housewives had to stand in line for fifteen minutes at a meat market in Prague."



"Unrest is growing in Czechoslovakia."

"Outbreaks of violence occurred today in Czechoslovakia..."

"Widespread Revolt in Czechoslovakia!"

"Sukarno makes overture to Reds."

"U.S. Strengthens Position in Asia."

"Reds Exploit Tensions in Far East."

"East Germans are greatly dissatisfied with Russian rule."

"West Germans rebuilding army; U.S. forces may not be needed."

"Late returns from yesterday's elections in Ruritania show that the Communists took a thumping defeat."

"Communists made no significant gains in yesterday's elections in Graustark."

"Communism poses no danger in Pashastan."

"The puppet parliament of Bulgaria..."

"Latest returns in the Mississippi legislative elections..."

"Russia cannot in good faith reject this offer."

"A proposal which, if accepted, would leave our defenses seriously weakened..."

"Beware this diversionary scheme..."

"A bold and forthright step towards peace."

"Underhanded red agents...."

"U.S. Counter-Intelligence...."

"Leaders of the Free World met today..."

"Housewives had to stand in line for thirty minutes at a meat market in Prague."

"A housewife stood in line for forty-five minutes at a meat market in Prague. When she found that the market was out of pot roast, she hit the butcher with a fish."

"The butcher hit her back."

"He sent Khrushchev a birthday card."

"We sent South Korea three training planes."

"They sent South Korea three training planes."

"Russia won't let them have Czechoslovakia and Poland."

"We won't let them have France and the Low Countries."

"They lost three seats in the Parliament."

"They picked up three seats in the Parliament."

"Pashastan has no Parliament."

"239 Communists and one independent."

"239 Democrats and one Republican."

"We want their troops withdrawn from East Satellvania."

"They want our troops withdrawn from West Satellvania."

"They withdrew their troops."

"We withdrew our troops."

"Their spies."

"Our spies."

"Three Latin American dictators, two Arabian absolute monarchs, an Oriental war-lord and an American political hack."



# BOB LICHTMAN BERKELEY *in the time of storm*

TOWARDS the end of November, the time of rains. Wind howled across the bay, throwing fine drops against the windshields of cars heading out of town across the water. At such times, the people of Berkeley huddled together close to their homes, stove and ancient heater a stave against the incipient chill of early winter. Late afternoon, the traffic rush over, only the greatest need drove cars out onto the main and side streets, and these traveled slowly, for roads were slick and bald tires stopped hesitantly.

Here and there, there were signs of concentrated activity, as shoppers left the markets with their evening meals, in bags, as students rushed away from the university campus, clutching their books under the inadequate protection of raincoats and newspapers. A Volkswagen with an old but intact "No on Prop. 24" bumper sticker scurried around a corner, skidded, and hurried on. An old woman carrying an umbrella waited for a bus. Leaves blew in swirls.

Ellipse in time, and refocusing on a side street in the university district. In the first shadows of night under newly-lit street lamps, a figure. A young man, in heavy army surplus overcoat and fledgling beard, rode on a dilapidated bicycle away from the university, going the wrong way on a one-way street almost devoid of cars. He pulled into the driveway of an old three-story house, now given way to partitioned apartments. The habitat of students either unable or unwilling to live in newer apartments or dormitories. The young man disappeared into the front door.

An abrupt shift in scene, to the sound of feet ascending staircase. Inside the second-story apartment, a young woman sat in a large, overstuffed old easy chair, one of its legs gone, an old telephone book in its place. She was of a type fairly common in Berkeley. Her hair was long, dark, and combed down straight over her shoulders, reaching down almost but not quite to her waist. Wearing a large muu-muu-like garment which left everything to the imagina-



tion, and reading a popular paperback on Taoism, she sat with her legs crossed, her knees protruding from beneath her dress like two improbable flowers, the dress itself pushed down into the fold of her legs so as not to offend the sensibilities of the fading plaster walls.

The apartment consisted of three rooms. There was a large front room, one wall of which hid a double bed behind scarred wooden doors. It was furnished sparsely, the easy chair being the center of attention. Along another wall there was a precariously-constructed brick and plank bookshelf weighted heavily with, mostly, paperbacks and some school texts. Here and there a cushion broke the expanse of the floor, which was covered with a faded green rug. There was also a cramped kitchen, with a too-small dinner table, and a bathroom with an inordinately large stall shower. Mobiles hung from the ceilings in all the rooms, and prints and travel posters decorated the walls in an exactly haphazard fashion. Bric-a-brac of the most diverse kind was distributed throughout the rooms.

To the slam of a door, the young man entered the apartment and, putting a bag of groceries on the floor for a moment, hung up his overcoat on a hook near the door. Looking up from her book, the young woman parted her lips to speak, but was cut short.

"Ann, honey, I'm sorry I'm late, but I was busy at the library, with that damned paper. The one that's due next week. You know...?" He smiled appealingly, for understanding. His teeth were uneven and yellow.

The young woman stared at him, somewhat resignedly, and pulled her dress a little further down between her knees as though it really mattered, as though the body that the shapeless garment covered was a secret from the young man. It was a social convention and, as David had told her, for him it tended to be more arousing than the inch or so of thigh exposed without concern. She spoke, ignoring his implied question.

"What did you bring for dinner?" she asked, pointing at the bag David carried into the kitchen. She got up from the easy chair and walked, barefoot, to the kitchen after him, sitting down across the room from him on one of the chairs at the dinner table.

"There was a special on swiss steak at the Co-op, so I got a couple pounds of that, and some stuff to go with it." David pulled out a package of frozen corn, which was at the bottom of the bag, and began to put things away. "Give me a hand, honey... please!" Together they put the groceries away in the cabinet and freezer, breadbox and spicerack, chattering lightly the while. "Any of that red wine left over from last weekend?" Sure enough, there was. "That will go good with the steaks." And, "why don't you get started on dinner, honey? I just remembered, Ron and Tina were in the student union tonight, studying, and I invited them over tonight, around nine or so." And, walking toward the door to the front room, "I'm going out again for a six-pack for tonight."

Ann followed him to the door. Outside it was very windy now and the loose windows in the front room rattled loudly. David began to put on his coat. Then he paused, his face brightened, and he reached into one of the large front pockets and pulled out a book.

"This is for you," he said, presenting her the book with a flourish. It was the second volume of Blyth's haiku books, a common interest of theirs, and David's quiet way of saying "I love you." Ann responded to the gift with a wide, silent smile, then drew close to him to allow him to overpower her with his lips and arms. David had, from the beginning, been reticent about expressing himself physically -- at least in taking the initiative -- and this was their way. Their love, at once an expression of



mutual need and a pleasurable option, was based on both a physical and an intellectual attraction. In jest, David had likened their relationship to a classical attraction of souls, almost Elizabethan. At other times, he had compared it to an Erskine Caldwell novel. There was some truth in both images. They had come to live together in the way many college couples in Berkeley do. Neither of them could afford to live alone, and each was thoroughly sick of roommates of their own sex; so this step was a logical one on both personal and economic grounds.

David finished putting on his overcoat and left, returning to the cold and the soft rain of the evening for a half-block walk to the corner grocery, one of those small neighborhood stores in Berkeley that somehow manage to survive the increasing competition of larger supermarkets and cooperatives. In the meantime, Ann put the steaks in the broiler. She had not been cooking seriously for long -- not much longer than she and David had been living together, in fact -- but between what she remembered from her mother's half-serious advice and instruction when she was young and what she got from the everpresent, dogeared copy of Adele Davis, she was a fairly good cook. David never complained.

Time passed, and Ann settled down on the lounge easy chair again to listen to the news on an old FM radio perched on a ledge in a corner of the front room. Outside, it was still raining softly and the weather on the radio hinted broadly that it might continue to do so for several days. When David came back, his overcoat was wet with tiny raindrops and Ann hung it up to dry in the shower, while he put the beer in the refrigerator. David sat on the arm of the easy chair and read Ann what he had written on his paper that afternoon; she nodded her head from time to time and made a few suggestions. Mostly her suggestions were concerned with grammar, for she knew nothing of the paper's subject, the history of pre-Renaissance Italy; she was an English major, and most of the history she knew was through novels, and through a few survey courses as a freshman.

A bell rang in the kitchen to indicate that dinner was ready and while David put his paper away, Ann set things out on the table. Over dinner, which David ate with hearty approval, the subject of conversation turned to the Co-op. "Isn't it funny," Ann remarked, "how you can always tell what people in Berkeley will be eating any given week by what's on sale at the Co-op? Just the other day I was talking to Tina on the phone and she asked me, 'What are you having for dinner tonight?' and I said 'Pork ribs,' and she said, 'So are we; isn't that a scream?' and we both laughed." David nodded his head as he swallowed a mouthful of Swiss steak.

The conversation drifted from the Co-op to Frederick Nietzsche to the latest show at the Cinema to next month's rent. "How are we going to pay it?" They would manage. They always managed; a gift or a windfall always came at the right time to help out. If not, there was the credit union. "I hope we don't have to go to the credit union." Ann began washing dishes, humming to herself, while David tuned the radio to KJAZ and turned it up loud. Thelonious Monk drowned out the soft sound of rain hitting the windows. There was a scratching at the door. David let in the cat, who shook the rain from his gray fur and ran straight to the kitchen.

David settled down in the easy chair, which squeaked in protest to his weight, with one of Ann's textbooks. Having an English major around the house, he thought, always meant there was something good lying around to read. One week it was Henry James, the next Eugene O'Neill, the week after that perhaps William Faulkner. This time it was Robert Creeley's The Island, which Ann had for a course in modern American literature from a very progressive teacher. David soon became so caught up in the book that the sounds from the radio receded from his consciousness, so engrossed that he jumped nervously when Ann came up behind him and put her hands softly on his shoulders.



He leaned back and looked up to see her face down above his, smiling wide-eyed. Reaching up, he pulled her down and kissed her nose as her hair shifted and fell into his face. "Should I change into anything special before Ron and Tina get here?" He got up and turned down the radio, folded down a corner of the page he was reading in the book and put it back on the shelf, and replied, "No, you're fine just as you are." There was a knock on the door. "Come in."

The room grew alive with raincoats and greetings. "Is it still raining much outside?" The raincoats were put in the shower to dry. "No, not very much, but the wind makes it seem much worse than it really is." David pulled the cushions on the floor into the center of the room, in front of the easy chair, and turned down the radio some more. Miles Davis, who was playing now, was a bit too loud to talk over. Ron and Tina, David and Ann settled down on cushions; the large easy chair was left for the cat, who came darting across the room from the kitchen and settled down in the warmth David had left behind when he vacated the chair.

Tina, her eyes smiling as she tossed her long red-yellow hair over her shoulders with a quick movement of her head, opened the evening. "Ron was in San Francisco yesterday and ran into a Wobbly street meeting, downtown. They were singing 'Solidarity Forever' and 'Union Maid' and a bunch of other songs, and one of them gave Ron a sheet with a bunch of lyrics on it. They're all to tunes of old hymns and spirituals..." Ron broke in, "Do you want to hear some of them?" Sure, why not? David fished around in the closet for his battered old guitar and handed it to Ron, who began to sing. "There are women of every description..."

While Ron sang the old labor songs, David went to the refrigerator and opened beers for everyone. He brought them back two at a time, the first pair for Ann and Tina, the other for Ron and himself. Ron finished with "The Rebel Girl" and went on to "The Commonwealth of Toil," but in the middle of the line, "They would stand between each worker and his bread," he began coughing and had to stop. "I can't understand it," he said, shaking his head and picking up his can of beer, "my throat always gets so dry when I sing. When I was a kid, it used to do the same thing when I yelled a lot at a ball game. At the last folk festival, they wanted me to lead a hoot, but I couldn't because of my throat. I mean, can you imagine me twaching a bunch of people some new song and having to stop in the middle because I started to cough?" He waved the beer can expansively, and started to cough again.

"Hey, I'm finally going to be 21 next week!" David said jubilantly. He was the youngest of the four; Ann and Ron were both already 21, and Tina had just turned 22.

"What are you going to do to celebrate?" Tina asked.

"We're going over to San Francisco for dinner. Then we're going up to the Sugar Hill on Broadway for Barbara Dane's show; we can drink there." He took a long drink and continued, "Ann and I went out pub-crawling last summer when she turned 21, and I was worried all evening that someone would ask me for my i.d. But no one ever did."

"I'll bet you get asked for your i.d. next week in the City," Ron said. "No one ever asked me for mine until I was 21. Now everyone asks me. I went into a liquor store the other day for cigarettes and the man wouldn't sell them to me because he thought I was under 18. But that was in Oakland..."

"Speaking of Oakland--" And so it went, for several hours. Lulled by the beer--David had gone out for more -- and by their own words, they talked on into the night. They spoke of all their interests -- of civil rights, school, high prices, their problems -- and during a lull in the conversation David went over to the bookshelf and pulled out a



small box from which he produced several matchstick-thin joints of marijuana. They interrupted their conversation to smoke them and then carried on, spurred to new lucidity and vociferousness by the drug.

It grew late, and finally, around one, the party broke up. Ann went to the bathroom, brought out the raincoats, dry now, and Ron and Tina left in a shower of good-nights. It was still drizzling outside, but the wind had subsided. The cat was sleeping now in the easy chair. They were alone again. David yawned, stretching his arms out above him. Ann, who had been cleaning up a bit, came over to him and he brought his arms down, around her waist.

"Isn't it funny?" she said, placing the side of her head on his chest. "Last semester Tina and I lived here, and you and Ron lived over on Blake, and we were all unhappy as can be. Now you live here, and Tina has moved over with Ron, and we are, all of us, so happy. Isn't it wonderful what a change of roommates can do?" David, in answer, held her tighter and buried his face in her hair.

It was Ann's turn to yawn now, breaking out of David's arms and sitting down on the arm of the easy chair. She stroked the sleeping cat gently; it stirred, then stood up and stretched, its back arched. With a cross expression on its face, it stalked into the kitchen. "Why did you have to wake him up?" David snapped suddenly. Ann tensed for a moment, but it passed. She smiled again, and said, "I am sleepy, and I have a nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Let's go to bed." David frowned, and nodded his head. Together, they pulled the bed down out of the wall. David finished cleaning up the room while Ann got ready for bed. He could hear her singing softly to herself in the bathroom. When she came out, he went in and washed up. She was turning down the electric heater when he finished and came out again. He turned off the lights and they got into bed together. There was a long silence.

It was still raining the next morning.

--Bob Lichtman

\* \* \* \* \*

PROGRAM NOTE DEPT.: Both Mr. Lichtman and your editor will be very interested in learning your reactions to "Berkeley." Your editor especially would like to know whether "mainstream" fiction of this caliber (I happen to think Bob's story is quite well done) can be had and ought to be published in Enclave. As I said in the first issue of this journal, I will never pass up what seems to me a good item because it isn't the sort of thing fanzines ordinarily publish, nor will I ever attempt to "balance" material in a given issue; so, the only discussion of science fiction in this issue is in the letter column, and the issue may seem a bit heavy on fiction and weak on articles. I couldn't care less; I like the material, and I hope you do too. :: Now a few words from Bob Lichtman: "The idea of the Berkeley story, in which the town itself played a major role in acting almost as a separate "character" in terms of becoming a highly stylized locale in which action might occur, is something on which I've been diddling for several years. The initial notion of the genre came in a moment of high humor and the early tries at this sort of thing are very heavily sardonic; however, they are humorous in a way that would mean little to anyone who had not the same notions about Berkeley that I did. The present story... is more of an attempt to bring the description of Berkeley all the way around to something evoking a mood. The picture painted of Berkeley in the description of the physical town, the people-in-general in it, and the description of the apartment -- all this is intended to work as part of the story..."



## REALIST SONGS

by Ray Nelson

The trouble with songs is their words.

Whether opera, jazz, folk, or popular, the same trouble is almost always there. In the overwhelming majority of cases, the words are simply a rearrangement of cliches. There is an almost deliberate stupidity to them.

There are exceptions, true; Satirical songs such as Tom Lehrer's and those of the Limelighters, some blues songs and calypsos, "Mack the Knife" and some show tunes, like "Officer Klotzky" and all like that. Mostly, though, they're so bad that if you saw the words without the music, you'd throw up.

People are used to this. They expect the words to be awful, and are even a little disappointed if they're not. I, for one, am not used to it. I will never be able to stomach "The coco, she's a pretty bird, and she warbles as she flies; She never hollers coccoo till the fourteenth day of July" or "Only you can make my dreams come true" or "Somewhere there's Heaven, how high the moon, somewhere there's music, how faint the tune" or "Goin' to St. Louis, can't take you, there's nothin' in St. Louis a girl like you can do" or "Gonna lay down my sword and shield down by the riverside, down by the riverside, ain't gonna study war no more" or the words to almost any classical opera. (The best argument for not translating operas into English is that it is better not to know what the words mean.)

There is only one kind of song I know of that hits even a high enough average to satisfy Sturgeon's Law (90% of everything is crud). That kind of song is the Chanson Realiste of France. America has nothing like a "realist Song," and we need it. The nearest thing the U.S.A. has is the blues, and the tone of the blues is more self-pitying than realistic.

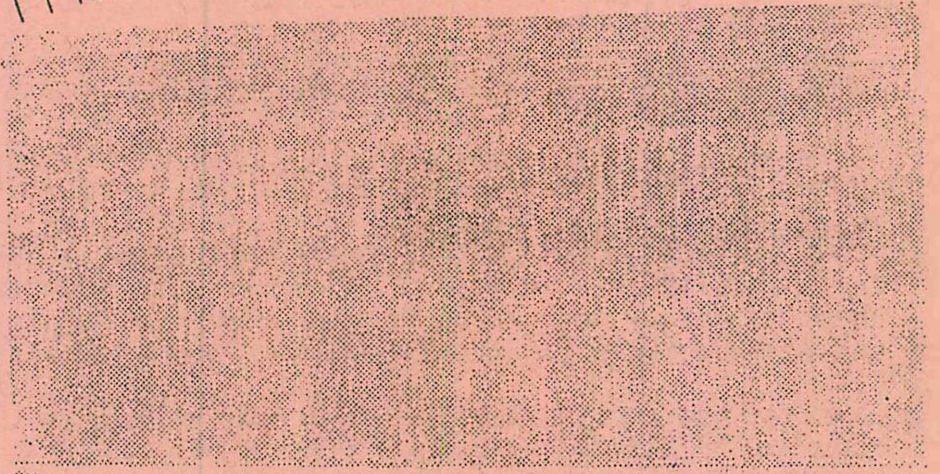
The tunes used in the French Realist Song are usually quite simple and the harmony likewise. They do not depend for their effect on an instrumental virtuosity, and are at their best when presented by a lone singer accompanying herself on the guitar. The emphasis is on the words, not the music, and portions of the song are often not sung at all, but recited, as in a dramatic reading.

The home of the Chanson Realiste is the small, intimate cafe, and it is ideally adapted to this environment. It is not loud and too overwhelming for such a small place, but except perhaps for dramatic high points, it is sung softly and without much influence from the classical or operatic style of singing. It is not intended to be danced to, so the rhythm varies, slowing down to speeding up, pausing and stressing, to suit the words. Since the singer is accompanying herself, or has an accompanist who is in complete rapport with her, she is able to control every subtle nuance of the music without fear of throwing off the sidemen. It sounds like folk music somewhat, the folk music of someone like Joan Baez, but it is not so repetitive. It is like folk music, but it definitely is not folk music. It is more complex by far, though it may not sound like it. A single piece may contain five or six completely

(Continued on page 35)



# THE INCOMPLETE MOVIEGOER



BHOB STEWART

I'VE just returned from the Montreal Film Festival, which I found a pretty depressing affair, mainly because of the city. Like Waco, Texas, the place lacks style. The films, however, made up for Montreal's varying extremes of phony bohemianism (every third male sports a beard, but no one there has the guts to grow a full beard) and architectual vanities ("Coming Soon -- World's Tallest Reinforced Concrete Building!")

The high moment, perhaps, was seeing Les Nirenberg on film garner laughs from an audience of several thousand.

I arrived a day late and missed CONTEMPT (also known as LE MEPRIS and GHOST AT NOON), but I'm sure it will be seen eventually in New York. Right now it's being held up by censorship problems. Joseph E. Levine refuses to allow cuts -- possibly because director Jean-Luc Godard had a fistfight with a British distributor who tampered with the film. (The story is about filmmaking in Italy and Godard expressed a hope that ~~several~~ scenes about dubbing would keep CONTEMPT from being dubbed -- but it will be, anyway.) Fritz Lang appears in this picture, playing Fritz Lang.

The next day (Saturday) I skipped a morning children's film, the British-made RESCUE SQUAD, and accidentally missed the afternoon film -- forgetting in the confusion of arriving that I had tickets. This was LE CHAT DANS LE SAC, one of three Canadian features (and 16 Canadian shorts) entered in the cash competition. (The rest of the fest was non-competitive. Like New York and London, Montreal settles for the second-rate status of showing films which have already won plaudits at important festivals.)

The audience groaned when it was announced Saturday that BEBO'S GIRL by Luigi Comencini was going to be shown in straight Italian minus subtitles of any



kind. The spoken English translation was a poor substitute. I contented myself with studying Comencini's visuals since the translation failed to communicate any of the feeling in this love story between peasant girl (Claudia Cardinale) and Italian partisan (George Chakiris). Film quality, framing and characters combined to make BEBO'S GIRL look like early Fellini.

Along with BEBO'S GIRL was 23 SKIDOO, a sort of Canadian ON THE BEACH of deserted Montreal streets sequeing into an empty newspaper office where a rapid, agonizing tracking shot races up to a silent teletype machine with a half-completed item about the bomb. This is one of the best sf shorts ever made and should be shown at some future world convention.

Sunday afternoon there was a small reception at Erich von Stroheim's WEDDING MARCH -- a tale of decaying Viennese aristocracy featuring von Stroheim, Fay Wray and Zasu Pitts. Made in 1927, it displays such genius for pure storytelling and characterization that I can only agree with Herman G. Weinberg and others who bemoan the cutting of von Stroheim films as film history's great tragedy. It's obvious that no one in silent films understood von Stroheim's Seurat-like technique of piling detail upon subtle detail to achieve total effect. This print also had the benefit of a music score and effects track -- including skillfully dubbed (for the time) crowd voices. Result was much better than DON JUAN (a silent Barrymore picture from the same transition period which also had music and effects added after filming).

JUDEX was a highly entertaining remake of a silent French serial character who wears a hat and cloak almost identical to the Shadow's. Period costuming (1913), vintage automobiles, a Maurice Jarre score and Georges "Eyes Without A Face" Franju's attempt to make art out of routine adventure situations made this delightful even though I couldn't follow the French. In Franju's hands fantastic situations seem plausible: a Victorian-styled closed-circuit tv set, human flies scaling buildings, beautiful bird masks, secret passageways, etc.

I passed by LOS TARANTOS, a "Spanish West Side Story," already playing in Manhattan, but turned up Monday night for a picture I knew absolutely nothing about in advance. It struck me as the best feature of the week -- SHE AND HE (KANOJO TO KARE) -- a Japanese film perhaps influenced by Antonioni, but, to me, much more reminiscent of Henfi Decaë's LONG ABSENCE, one of the most underrated French films of the past few years. In THE LONG ABSENCE Alida Valli runs a Paris bar and gradually becomes interested in the lives of the rag-pickers who live in shacks behind the apartments. She discovers that one man there is an old school friend of her husband. Because of her former life as an orphan in Manchurian rice paddies or whatever, she feels more empathetic ties with the life of the rag-picker than her housewife existence with her businessman husband. This, of course, is an ancient theme in American films, going back to Carole Lombard as Hazel Flagg in NOTHING SACRED and the whole Jimmy Stewart-Henry Fonda mythos: small-townners in the big city can't escape their roots. But no American film has ever approached this with real depth, and I'm certain that if Antonioni filmed the same story he would become so involved in the non-communication between husband and wife that the rag-picker-"roots" theme would melt away. This picture did not receive enthusiastic applause at Montreal, but I feel that director Susumu Hani has made one of the first important dramatic statements on a growing social current: the need for genuine human feelings even at the cost of poverty or social ostracism. This comes across most strongly in a scene where the husband comes back from a business trip to find his wife, the rag picker, the rag-picker's dog and ward, a little blind girl, all gathered in the apartment. His first action is to close the window blinds in an embarrassed fury.



Hani brought all of this off admirably with occasional humor and absolutely no hint of sexual sparks between the woman and the rag-picker. Sex came on strong later in the evening with STATION SIX SAHARA. Seth Holt's British film dealing with a woman stranded with sex-hungry men is actually better than publicity would lead one to believe. Carroll Baker isn't really the screen's new love goddess no matter how the publicity people try to embellish her; she's just a good actress. That seems to have served her well so far, but her performance in STATION SIX would actually play better if one hadn't been cued to expect something else by pre-publicity and Vargas-like ad art. Ian Bannen, as a sort of British Jack Lemmon, gets credit -- or should -- for the best male performance.

Tuesday night was THE COOL WORLD which I had already seen but my female companion hadn't. It was worth the re-seeing outside Manhattan where one is too close to the material. On 42nd Street COOL WORLD brought an almost controversial audience involvement -- Negroes and lower-class whites swung with it, screaming, laughing and digging. Montreal watched in a kind of fascinated remote silence -- missing all the put-ons and hip humor. I found Shirley Clarke's swinging mobile camera much easier to accept now. And, oddly, police brutality seems to be an element I completely missed the first time; actually, it was there all along...it just took this summer's events to fix the emulsion.

If I'd passed up COOL WORLD, I would never have known about the short with Les Nirenberg. It's a satire on Canadian traditions and the country's current boom -- and my reaction was about the same as Montreal's reaction to THE COOL WORLD. The laughter had the same kind of warped twinge I detect in satires performed at sf conventions. But I'm happy to report that Nirenberg's comic performance as a bucolic hitchhiker is a tour de force of mugging -- climaxed by a monstrous pratfall as a girl leaps on him. It leaves the impression that Les could be a great film comedian if given the opportunity. It's about time we had a new S.Z. "Cuddles" Sakall.

In WOMAN OF THE DUNES, described as a "Kafkaesque study of man versus fate," I fortunately knew something of the story or the French subtitles would have thrown me for a loss. It concerns a Japanese entomologist tossed in a sand pit where he is ordered to help a woman collect rare stones. He does this -- since he can't escape, he isn't given food if he doesn't do the work and there is actually nothing else to occupy him during his seven years in the pit. The intense concentration on the man's problem and his relationship with the woman proved effective in this artful outgrowth from the Japanese Sadist Genre (films rarely seen outside Japan and recently suppressed there because of the Olympics tourist influx.) I kept falling asleep during WOMAN OF THE DUNES, but this was more a sign of my rundown condition by Tuesday night than a comment on the film.

At this point I gave it up. Montreal was becoming a total bore (except for its french fries), I was running out of money, and the only remaining film I cared to see, Truffaut's LA PEAU DOUCE, is almost certain to have a U.S. release.

Next issue I'll have a report on the New York Film Festival. It somehow seems that I'll never get around to writing the column on film censorship that Joe wants me to write, the column on the difficulties of film criticism which I want to write, or a solid essay on one film instead of short notes -- which everyone keeps begging for, not knowing how hard I've been trying...

--bhub Stewart.

/ Since the preceding column was written last August, I don't know whether bhub will still care to write another on the New York Film Festival (last September), or for that matter on anything...but I certainly hope he does. Write, that is. --jp.7

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# the Amnesia Game

GINA CLARKE

WELL, if Willis plays the amnesia game (Enclave #7), I guess it's safe for me to admit that I play it sometimes too. And sometimes I play an even further-out version in which I pretend to be an alien who is suddenly enclosed in human life form on this planet and I try to figure out what the hell is going on around me.

This whiles the time away on buses. It's always been a great mystery to me what people think about on buses. Very few people read. Most sit staring out the window at familiar sights for an hour a day, or more. I get desperate sometimes if I've forgotten my book, especially in the wintertime in the early evening when it's already dark and all you can see outside, after you leave uptown, is your own reflection. Even when I was single and wild (or something) I wasn't able to occupy the whole ride to work contemplating the previous evening, nor the whole ride home anticipating the coming evening. Nowadays all I can manage is deciding the order of my household tasks or assigning precedence to the more urgent bills.

So sometimes I'm an alien. I don't worry about details like where I come from, what I'm doing on earth, why I find myself on a bus, and so forth. Sometimes I can achieve such a state that people look quite weird. Sometimes I come up with an Insight (or "infeel" might be better, since I don't learn anything new, but just feel already-present information in a more personal way).

One dark winter night on a long ride home I huddled beside the window peering out at the inhabitants of this planet scurrying about the open-air corridors of their huge dwelling complex. Solid water in its various forms was everywhere. The temperature was low and air-masses were moving swiftly but jerkily over the area. The earthlings, heavily covered except for a small area of sense organs at their upper end, rushed madly in and out of large, brilliantly lit-up and decorated structures, which were apparently markets in which they traded value-units for products.

The bus moved into a quieter section of the dwelling-complex, where small individual artificial-caves were lit up, inside and out, decorated inside and out, with hapless neighboring plants strung with lights. (The artificial-caves looked quite inviting though, where in controlled temperature one might be able to remove a few layers of artificial-hides.) Why, I wondered, were these earthlings engaged in such frenzies of activity at the time of year which was, from their viewpoint, and mine in my human form, the most unpleasant? I allowed myself limited access to my hostess' ~~XXXXXX~~



brain and discovered that it was precisely because this was the most unpleasant time of the year that they decorated their dwellings and raced about madly. Barely consciously, they feared that the days would continue to grow short until there were no more days but only a long cold night forever. They feared that this time all the trees were not dormant, but dead, and that the ground would never be green again, but always white. They feared that the mother sun was dying and they with it.

To forget their fears, and at the same time to tempt back the sunlight with sympathetic magic, they produced all the puny light they could muster against the huge overhanging night, and in the midst of the cold air they artificially induced emotional warmth, the "Christmas spirit." On the shortest day and the longest night (give or take a couple of days), they got drugged into forgetfulness, and then the next day they hopefully celebrated the birth of a new time-cycle by exchanging gifts and feasting. Some of the more pagan people included the celebration of the birthday anniversary of a savior, a "Prince of Light" who would save them from the darkness. This celebration might have been a little premature but in only a week it could be seen that the days were indeed growing longer and the nights shorter and they could once more confidently dream of spring. So another festival was held and the formal beginning of the new time-cycle was declared.

I know what I should do while riding the buses, pretending to be alien -- I should ignore the world around me and concentrate on trying to "remember" what the planet I came from is like and how the old sagas and myths go. Then I could write it all down and sell it all to science fiction magazines. The only trouble is, that's really playing the amnesia game -- like blanksville -- without any clues at all.

--Gina Clarke

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"How could she help but admire this healthy bod?"

--LZ

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REALIST SONGS continued from page 30

different tunes, plus a few short fragmentary phrases and perhaps a few bars of spoken rather than sung words, though each theme, taken by itself, is as simple as any folksong.

A lot of these songs have achieved great popularity after having been sung (with rather pretentious arrangements) by Edith Piaf, but the true chanson realiste has seldom been heard in this country. Until quite recently the United States had nothing like the small cafes of France in which the songs are presented, but now, as the coffee houses multiply, we have an environment in which they would certainly thrive. It only remains for someone to write a few and present them. Who'll take the plunge?

--Ray Nelson

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THE GRASS IS GREENER ON THE FLIPSIDE...

"'Puff (the magic dragon)', a whimsical fairy tale on the surface, which doting fathers bought for their six-year-olds, sounded to some like a narcotics cryptogram: 'Puff, /smoke/ the magic dragon /drag-in, inhale/ lived by the sea /"C," cocaine/ // And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee /argot for being high on heroin/ // Little Jackie Paper /in which marijuana is wrapped/ loved that rascal Puff'" --Newsweek, August 16, 1965

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## letters

editorial interruptions, as usual, in [brackets]

ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES

Thanks for the invitation to comment on the analysis of Analog, which I found amusing and enjoyable reading, but honestly I can't do it. With the exception of the two Angevin tales by Garrett, I haven't read a word of fiction in that magazine for over two years, and there's no telling when I'll get back to reading fiction there (except for further items in the aforementioned series -- I'm a sucker for reasonably well-thought-out historical "if" yarns, particularly within my favorite areas of history, of which English history is one, and when they are combined with well-thought-out mystery puzzles, well!) if I ever do. I can say, though, that the sort of thing Tom Perry is talking about in the fiction has been prevalent for a good many years and doubtless has a lot to do with my breaking the habit of reading Analog. And I now have a well-established habit of not reading it--the fiction again.

I do buy every issue and go through the editorial, Brass Tacks when I encounter interesting letters, which is now and then, and Sky Miller's book reviews. Cambell's mind quite fascinates me, and I find his editorials stimulating, amusing and irritating all at once; now and then there's a flash of genius, now and then something that makes me chortle for days. I love the "licensed quack" idea, however small the likelihood that it will ever come about, things being what they are.

Otherwise, this issue of Enclave didn't appeal much to me -- which means it made a big hit with a lot of other readers who do not share my interests and absences of same. However, a couple of comments.

The reason, friend Warner, why I didn't mention the possibility of the original Astounding's having caused fandom to be born is simple -- it never occurred to me. Now that the question has been brought up, and the reason you give for your stated suspicion, it sounds like a possibility. But I can't make any definitive statements -- and am haunted by the suspicion that fandom had been born before Astounding first appeared. I think the best thesis is that this new magazine, appealing as it did to the less scientifically-experimentally-minded reader, kept fandom alive. Fandom had been born out of the labors of the first correspondence clubs, but might not have lived very long without the particular stimulus that Clayton and Bates offered.

John Boardman's questions are interesting. I'm no grammarian, and this may ventilate larger areas of ignorance than I knew I had, but I'd suggest the following: (1) "Everyone" can take either the singular or plural form, depending on what you want to say. I see no fault in either "Since everyone in the room spoke German, I addressed him in that language," or "Since everyone in the room spoke German, I addressed them in that language." But note that you are not saying the same thing in the two sentences. (2) "Gotten" is a word which I can avoid using personally, and even though it is used rather widely, I doubt that it can be justified.



If the form "get up" can be used for "arise" (or a synonym for same) then I see no bar against "gotten up." "To get" used to mean "acquire," etc., doesn't please me. (But note--in the first example, it would be "had gotten.") (3) The British would say, of course, "The enemy staff are engaged in playing games among themselves." By making "enemy staff" a collective singular, as we do so often where in England the term would be plural, we run into awkwardness as in the example John offers. I cannot go for "The enemy staff is engaged in playing games among themselves." Can only suggest "The enemy staff is engaged in playing games within itself" as a possible way out.

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BOYD RAE BURN

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There were all sorts of things in Enclave on which I wished to comment, and which I have now forgotten. But two things I remember. One is the comments of Willis (and perhaps others) on Lenny Bruce, Willis's only knowledge of Bruce being derived from Deckinger's article. Boy, when I read that Deckinger article my reaction was, "But that's not what Bruce intended. He (Deckinger) has got it All Wrong!" Gad, how anybody could put such a wrong slant on things, and so misrepresent them, is beyond my understanding. All I can say to Willis is, if you ever hear a Lenny Bruce record, you may loathe it, but in the meantime, don't go by what Deckinger represents as being Bruce.

The other bit I recall was Les Nirenberg with his bit on Fans should stop screwing around writing for fanzines if they have Talent because they could write for professional magazines such as Panic Button and be Recognized and maybe hit the Big Money Markets and all. These may not have been Les's exact words (in fact, I know damn well they're not), but it is the gist of what he has said to me on many occasions, and I have replied, "Les, lots of fans write for fanzines because they are writing for fun and an audience they know, and if they want to write for Money they will try writing for Money, but you shouldn't confuse the two activities. The fans who are writing in fanzines are not appearing there because they are frustrated pros." But he could never grasp the idea. Oh well. ((189 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ontario, Canada))

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HARLAN ELLISON

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Enclosed, herewith, replies to your correspondents, Enclave #7:

Avram Davidson: The comments I made (as I recall, it was at a time when I was editing Regency Books, to wit, the Seattle Con) were anything but "stiff." They were an acknowledgment of the facts of life, that an editor did, sometimes, have to consider space (not merely advertising space) limitations in filling up a book. I never said I approved, but merely noted that such was the exigency of the magazine's continued existence. I deplored the practice then, and I deplore it now...but it does exist. To think otherwise is tunnel vision. As to the question posed by M. Davidson, did I ever give authors the opportunity to read galleys of the Regency Books I published (bear in mind, A.D., that Budrys published your book, not me), the answer is not even a conditional yes, but a total yes. I even sent copies of the galleys to Mexico to B. Traven, knowing he might very well not get to see them, mysterioso that he be. But every author I published, saw and corrected his own galleys. What happened at Regency after I left, I cannot say, nor do I wish to conjecture.

Harry Warner, Jr.: Pardon my animosity, but authorities who speak from limited acquaintance with their topics annoy me worse than simple stupidity. You say, "He

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is very vain, he writes too much, and has only brief experience as a selling writer ... I'd like to briefly examine each one of these charges. (1) Vanity is a personality fault I think you confuse with self-assurance. If you ask me, "Are you a good artist?" I'm forced to reply I couldn't draw my way out of a pay toilet. If you inquire as to my football prowess, I'd be compelled to answer that I have none. But if you want to know what I think of my writing, I hesitate not a second in stating that I, personally, think I'm better than good. Since you and I have never been what even might be termed "passing acquaintances," Mr. Warner, I find it a tot presumptuous on your part to label me "very vain." I may be, friend, but you sure as hell aren't in any position to know it. Ask Silverberg or John Magnus or Ted White or Bruce Henstell, or a few others who do know me. They possibly may offer alternatives to the phrase, "very vain." (2) I write too much? Christ, fellah! This is another case of your time-track having been arrested. I haven't "written too much" since 1957 when I went into the army. Before that, as I've admitted on many occasions, I was caught up in the rat-race of penny-a-word writing, and was trying to keep up with Silverbob. 10,000 words a day wasn't too much for me, then. But my own pace soon overcame this sort of foolishness, and in 1964 I wrote perhaps a dozen short stories, half of a novel, and a dozen television scripts. Since I make my living from writing, unlike you, friend, precisely how much is too much? I suspect you haven't been close enough to what I've been doing to know the answer one way or the other, and hence, I take umbrage at your offhand and irresponsible remark. /That is the Roman Catholic rite of extreme umbrage, of course./ Did Dickens write "too much" for you? What about John Creasey, who writes a book every three weeks? Is he writing "too much" for you, too? And Simenon? Or Balzac? Or Dumas? Or John D. MacDonald? I find it a truism that for writers who have difficulty dragging a thousand words a week out of their constipated talents, writers who flow more freely (not necessarily so, though -- granted -- sometimes equatable with diarrhea of productivity) are enviously labeled "writing too much." For me, two dozen good short stories and a novel per year are not too much (unless you don't like what I write, in which case, one story a year is too much). For you, it may be that one short story a year is "too much." That's your problem, friend, not mine. And if the shoe fits...

(3) Since 1956 I've had something over 500 magazine pieces, 13 books, and over 20 scripts published or produced, in well over a hundred different markets. If you call that "only brief experience as a selling writer," then what the hell do you label yourself, fellah? Why not just admit you don't know what the hell you're talking about, Warner, and stick to topics that don't demand any a priori knowledge.

And kindly excuse my rankled tone. We over-productive and seldom-sold writers (mutually contradictory terms, wouldn't you say?) are easily bugged. It's vanity.

Paul Williams: You've hit a nubbin of truth it took me about twenty years to recognize. The "public display of bravado" I display regularly is important to me. This shit of being Arthur Godfrey humble is a pain in the can. I can remember clearly, when I was a kid, the ceremonies at my high school in Painesville, Ohio, in which awards were given various students for various achievements. In order to stave off comments of "stuck up" or "arrogant" everyone who went up to the stage to get their award walked with head hung low, eyes downcast. This was supposed to make them humble, grass roots, on a par with those who did not win. The single time I ever copped a prize, a National Scholastic Writing Award, I hopped up there like a frigging grasshopper, eyes twinkling, head held high and a smile of pride on my face. I was above the others, I was not the happy conformist, well-liked in the Willy Loman manner. I had done something I could ripple my muscles about. And to hell with the phoniness of not wanting the crowd to take offense at my achievement. Make no mistake -- when I crap out, I'm the first one to pulverize my ego. But when I make it, then stand back, because Jack's beanstalk is going to have to run me a close second on sprouting to the sky. It strikes me as a Condition of Our Times that everyone is



afraid to stick his head up above the crowd, to be noticed, for fear the crowd will turn in anger. That the best a child can hope for in this life is to be well-liked, and just like everyone else. Creeping conformity. In the army, they used to tell me "you're no better than the next man." Well, shit, friends, I could take a look at that glaze-eyed, rockabilly-digging, bigoted Southern white yo-yo, and I knew I was better than him. So who the hell did they think they were snowing? Better? Most of us are, but because we fear that nebulous retribution of the herd mind, we put ourselves down. No longer! It's possible to label me vain, arrogant, self-centered, braggadocio and even offensive. But they'll never fasten "commonplace" or "boring" or "pallid" or "safe" on me. And I'll settle for that.

Or as Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "A man should share the action and passion of his times at peril of being judged not to have lived." When I go down the tube, group, it will be with the knowledge that I've left something more behind than just a mountain of used toilet paper.

(You know, Williams is right. My letters generally are written in self-defense. I guess I'll just have to face the fact: I'm not a generally well-liked critter. Nasty break.) ((2313 Bushrod Lane, Los Angeles, California 90024))

#### ROBERT COULSON

Harlan Ellison says that his critics are right, and his story ✓"The Little Boy Who Loved Cats," Enclave #57 stank. Bully for him. But I don't quite square this with his dramatic appeal in the last issue, about how words are an author's life and he has the right to have his stories presented exactly as he wrote them. Now, my question is this: did he realize that his story stank before he wrote that demand to have it published without one word changed? If he did realize it, then the demand means one of two things: (a) he wants his stinkers published exactly as is, to see if his audience is sophisticated enough to laugh at them, or (b) he doesn't feel that you as an editor are competent to improve a bad story. If (b), then there is the additional question of why he would send material to a fan editor he felt incompetent. If (a), he is indulging in what I can only feel is a rather useless experiment. On the other hand, if he did not realize that the story was bad when he wrote his appeal, then he is admitting he cannot judge the worth of his own material without outside help, and thus he obviously needs an editor.

Of course, there is also the possibility that he simply figures that fans have short memories, and his two statements aren't supposed to be consistent. ((Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana))

#### GEORGE SCITHERS

I'm sure it's just as well that I didn't see your original blast at people that send in nasty money -- this way I can comment on the comments in Enclave #7 without being hampered by mere knowledge of what you were originally saying.

The publishers and proprietors of an eight-year-old fanzine have found those sticky quarters to be rather useful things. We found that two of them will buy an Analog; seven of them, a pound of offset ink; sixteen, a sheet of stamps. The way we figure it, putting out the first copy of each issue is what takes the money and the work -- after that, it's just a matter of leaving the press turned on and feeding it paper. And if people are willing to pay us for copies that we don't need for our files, our contributors, and our friends, well, we've never seen any reason not to let them be responsible for paying off part of the cost of that first copy. And if people are willing to send money in large, paper lumps, so much the better.



The really revolutionary discovery, we made rather early in our publishing and proprieting career. Before that, we exchanged with various fanzines, and, since our schedule is usually a-periodic, we used to worry no end about whether so-and-so had cut us off his sub list because he'd sent us three issues, while we'd sent only two. In order to assure ourselves of a steady supply of some of the fanzines we could least do without, we tried the never-before-tried: we, even though publishing a fanzine, subscribed to another one. The heavens fell not; the earth abided quiet beneath our feet. Since then, we've had marvelous success with the technique -- no more worries about whether two 20-page issues are proper exchange for one 42-page one -- instead, we keep our fanzine exchange accounts in money, referring everything to a common denominator. Already, Joe Gibson has adopted this novel technique -- it may spread even further -- who knows who may succumb next?

Of course, the real reason for our willingness to accept money instead of comments or contributions alone lies in the economics of publishing a relatively small page-count, lithographed fanzine. Set-up costs are relatively high -- which is to say, the first copy of an issue costs a hell of a lot -- while variable costs are relatively low -- which means additional copies are quite cheap in comparison. I would point out that such is not the case with fairly high page-count, mimeographed fanzines like this one. If, for example, I am charging 35¢ a copy for Enclave, and the total cost of printing and mailing each copy is 45¢ (it's higher, usually), fifty copies sold at 35¢ each means a loss of \$5., while 100 copies sold means a loss of \$10. The important point is that additional copies mailed out for money mean greater losses. The editor faces the dual problems of the temptation to set a cover price which would offset all losses (but this would be variable, if we are to be logical about it, from 40-page issue to 60-page issue to 30-page issue), and on the other hand the desire not to price the magazine out of the "market," i.e., discourage those who haven't seen a copy and might be valuable readers from ever getting one. Too, there is the realization that most fanzines simply aren't worth what would be a "fair" (from the mercenary standpoint) price, except to completists and other misfits. My own attempt at a solution, given the inevitability of some financial loss with Enclave, is to charge a comparatively high but not, I think, exorbitant 50¢ for it; discourage the sticky-quarters-repeaters crowd, those who write, "Thanks for #7, here's the money for #8"; prohibit subscriptions except in extraordinary cases, because even at 50¢ a copy they're more trouble than they're worth, and simply refuse money in any quantity from N3F-ite pre-adolescent pencil-scrawling, ungrammatical children.<sup>7</sup> ((USA R&D Group, APO 757, New York, New York 09757))

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DEREK NELSON

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The "not-terribly-gripping" editorial was the most interesting part of the magazine as far as I was concerned. As a part-time reporter for one of the smaller local papers, a one-time aspirant to journalism, and knowing some of the reporters for the big Toronto dailies -- I'm greatly interested in all facets of the newspaper business.

Some of the U.S. Hard Right may feel they are being trampled upon by the newspapers, but in Canada the Hard Left is the leader in crying misrepresentation and slanted reporting. It just goes to show that a highly vocal protesting minority segregated from the mainstream thinks in the general terms of Hoffer's "true believer." The manufacture of news, as you term it, by the story placing or its headline, would seem to be an overstatement of a simple newspaper necessity. You seem to imply that this is a nasty practice. I'm not proposing that newspapers return to the formats of the nineteenth century, where every story had a one-column head and the solid black type simply ran from column to column until the end of the item; I well recognize the necessities of newspaper makeup. What I questioned last issue was a practice of the World-Herald, and, apparently, many other dailies, of displaying more prominently in later editions precisely the same stories that appeared less prominently in the

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earlier editions -- for the ethically dubious reason of making each edition appear "fresh." This practice makes one consider the fable of the little boy who cried "wolf"; the paper that cries constantly, "Incredible Hot News!", is quite often left in the cold when there really is incredibly hot news.]

John Boardman was, as usual, irritating with his far-left slant, but portions of his article on the Fair were humorous. The second day I attended the Fair (I went the first day but watched the demonstration instead of going in -- it was cold and raining), I spent my two bucks to get in, and was there for eight hours without spending another nickel. (Mind you, you get hungry...) And though it hurts, I must agree that the Hall of Free Enterprise is for dodos. The attendants were stupid, the illustrations childish, and the concept ridiculous.

My last word will be on the IWW rag. It illustrates a common phenomenon that occurs on the left and becomes more prevalent the further one is removed from the center. Franco, who never went to war with us, but who received Nazi-Fascist help to seize Spain, is today still reviled by the left. A British Labor government will even cut off a portion of trade with him. But when was the last time the left launched a protest over the planned genocide of millions of people in Central Asia by the Chinese Communists? Sometimes I not only think that the moderate left's preferred enemy is to the right, but that its only enemy is there. ((18 Granard Blvd., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada))

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HARRY WARNER, JR.

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It was both amusing and sickening to read so many familiar events and characters in your description of the summer newspaper job. (I hope that you were not afflicted with the title of journalistic intern like the college kids who work with us during the summer.) [Yes, I was.] Locally we have been going through a dreadful period of transition to bigger headlines with larger type, wider heads, and everything except double truck 16-column banners. I suppose that the theory is that this causes the public to believe that the news is more exciting, but when you make some heads larger, you must make the others larger too to prevent their being lost in the shuffle, and I don't think that the readers are deceived. An executive editor is another resource that we've had only a short time. I'm relieved to learn that executive editors at other newspapers have the same apparent executive function of writing little notes on an ex post facto basis about how they'd have done it if their job required them to do anything.

Ted White continues to say utterly impossible things just when he's going along in a convincingly erudite manner. Examples in his column this time are such items as "most composers...have written first for piano, later orchestrating from the simpler scores" and "striking adjacent keys on the piano for quarter-tones." I thought that I had made myself clear repeatedly about what I object to in most jazz criticism -- and most criticism of other kinds of music, for that matter. It is criticism that is the music writer's equivalent of the preacher's "You must be born again!" It says nothing specific, other than to say that the writer liked or didn't like the item in question and is unable to say specifically why he liked or didn't like it. Good criticism of music is quite rare, either criticism dealing with a composer in general or dealing with a particular composition. Richard Goldman's reviews of live music for The Musical Quarterly and Jack Diether's record reviews in The American Record Guide are completely to my taste. Brief quote, to show what I mean, from Diether about a Mahler symphony: "This trio begins at cue 10 and here I am dubious about Bernstein's anticipation of the poco ritardando by two bars. The first solo passage is heralded by four other horns in overlapping entries, all with their bell-mouths carried 'high in the air,' and the soloist takes over from them with his instrument similarly



raised. But, as Chambers is positioned, his entry actually occasions a decided drop in tone, with woefully anti-climactic effect. His solos are so relatively muffled, indeed, that much of the effect of the later contrast between open and stopped horn, the latter echoing the soloist, is lost. In the Leinsdorf, this is a beautiful sound, and the stressed attack on each note is more resonant at the hands of both players. My only criticism of this entire trio is that, on its final return, the bass drum rolls cannot be heard at all." I suppose that most reviewers would have unburdened their reactions by writing: "The orchestra does not communicate fully in the trio." But it takes some space to give facts to the readers about anything more complex than a boy scout's rendition of taps.

As one who was credited with bringing fandom back to the straight and narrow way of science fiction, through my publication of *Spaceways*, I feel a rueful amusement in the letter Walt Willis quotes. Always there have been fanzines dedicated to science fiction, simultaneously with those that were devoted to fandom, and some fans remember only one kind or the other, then go out and write articles about how fandom is trending toward faanish or science-fictional interests. This is fine Willis, although as I understand Genesis, it would have been impossible for creation to have begun at 3 p.m., in the absence of a sun to create a meridian at the outset.

I've never understood why "everyone" must always be treated as singular. But "since everyone in the room spoke German, I addressed him in that language" would be a clumsy statement even if it weren't a test case. Even if it's officially singular, "everyone" is obviously collective in general import and the sentence as it stands sounds like a contradiction, that the individual spoke to one person something that was intended for all. Obviously, it would be much neater to say that "I spoke in that language" if the sentence must be started with the reference to everyone. This is my general procedure for getting out of the grammatical blunders that I spot: evade them rather than meet them head-on.

The Bergeron cover is splendid and might serve as a Rohrschah test of sorts. There is just enough suggestion of the human form to prevent the subconscious from dismissing it as an abstract series of curves. It has a hypnotic effect if I look at it for any length of time. ((423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland))

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TOM PERRY

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You were right to print Seth's letter first; he bubbles over with original ideas and strange new concepts. Surely this suggestion that Ted White is ineligible for TAFF because "he was associated with a professional music periodical as well as feature writer" opens new vistas of thought. As nearly as I can tell, what Seth is subtly hinting at here is a completely amateur society. When you think about it, it follows quite logically from his previous suggestion that we bar professional science fiction writers from TAFF and Fandom as Dirty Pros. Can it be less wicked to take money for music reviews or feature stories than for science fiction? For that matter, doesn't anyone who works with words for a living enjoy an unfair advantage over the amateur in fannish writing? Perhaps we should bar television writers and newspaper writers and lawyers who write briefs and doctors who write case histories and salesmen who write orders, too. The only snag I can see is that any literate person with a job in modern-day America does a spot of writing now and then...maybe even Seth, say in the form of a requisition for 20 gross of ice-cream bars or something. This may seem like a little thing, but professional standards like accuracy and brevity and legibility are sure to creep into even such a minor thing as a truck mileage report. Sorry, Seth, but you didn't expect to go overseas anyway, did you?

I'm pleased to report that a move to enshrine amateurism and all it doesn't



stand for is under way. Richie "Chewy" Benyo brags in a recent issue of his guaranteed amateur fanzine Galactic Outpost that a story of his was rejected by Fantastic. Having testified that his work is no filthy professional effort, he publishes it for all to behold -- a truly dedicated, amateur work of scientifiction. And it can be no coincidence that this new wave of fandom emerges from a town named after Jim Thorpe, the athlete who was screwed by the dedicated amateurs into giving back the Olympic medals he'd won because he'd played a few ball games for pay one summer.

In case Seth is moved to laugh this off, as Bill Donaho did Norm Clarke's Great Raeburn Dogdiggle as a "mere" bit of humor, I'd like to suggest seriously that Seth's misunderstanding of fandom is as basic as that Les Nirenberg showed: that fandom and the world of professional science fiction are mutually exclusive and unalterably opposed. This is less valid than it has ever been now, and anyone contemplating the list of fans who have done professional work ought to realize it without further prodding. I can name Willis, White, Carr, Bradley, Grennell, Warner, Bloch, Rotsler, Shaw, Demmon, Tucker, Davidson, Tucker, Nelson, Juanita Coulson, Boardman, Moskowitz, Silverberg, Ellison, Geis, Lupoff, and Stewart just offhand. If Seth and any others who think there is a "great gulf set between" fandom and prodom will think it over, I'm sure they'll realize that fandom and TAFF itself would be poorer without these people and their contributions and that there is no good reason to run TAFF like an amateur golf match. ((4018 Laurel Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska 68111))

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NORM CLARKE

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I guess I'd better comment on Ted White's column; after all, it Mentions My Name. I'm glad, first of all, to see Ted pointing out a few of the absurdities ("pata-physics") in the Ray Nelson paean to rock&roll; but Ted himself has, as usual, a few questionable opinions (presented as facts) in his rebuttal. First I pounce on a very tired cliché: that Coleman Hawkins is the dominant influence in the work of modern tenor men such as Coltrane and Rollins. Critics have been saying this ever since the "cool" Lester Young/Stam Getz approach waned in popularity and tenor men began to play Bigger and Louder. The implicit assumption is an either/or one: either you're a Young follower or Hawkins-influenced. No such thing. If there is any one strong influence in the playing of modern tenor men, it is that of Charlie Parker; this was particularly evident in the early and middle work of Sonny Rollins, who in turn was the man who influenced whole hordes of younger tenor players.

It's certainly true that Hawkins is acknowledged by almost all tenor players as the Old Master, but there simply isn't any evidence that they have patterned themselves in his style, which includes such characteristics as dotted eighths and sixteenths as the major rhythmic units, use of many heavily-syncopated riff-type phrases, a fast and omnipresent vibrato, and a thick furry tone, particularly on ballads. None of these things seems to me to be present to any great extent in the work of Rollins and Coltrane or their followers.

I am croggled, by the way, at Ted's mentioning Lucky Thompson in the same breath with Stam Getz, as one of the "cool" tenor players; Thompson was, and is, almost directly out of the Coleman Hawkins bag, with the important difference that he also absorbed many of Charlie Parker's lessons. Good grief, Ted, go back and listen to the Miles Davis Walkin' LP, for one, and then have second thoughts about whether Thompson could ever be considered "cool" (and that is perfectly representative Thompson; and incidentally, that LP was one of the largest single factors in the decline of the Cool Era). Apart from these, and maybe one other (minor) points, though, I thought Ted Gave It to Ray pretty good. Zunk, powie! eh, Ted White?

I think I'll agree with Ted, without going into it at all In Depth, that true Folk Music is whatever The People happen to be singing at any given time. Thus it's



probably quite true that today's true folk music is rock&roll -- or maybe rhythm& blues (go argue it with Boyd Raeburn). And I agree completely that the songs of the Beatles and Beach Boys, as pop music, are infinitely preferable to the maudlin mooings of such as the Platters or Connie Francis. But Ted is pretty neoish and goshwow about R&R when he Discovers for us that the Beach Boys use \*Key Changes\*; it's been a commonplace practice in R&R from the beginning, to modulate upwards a half-step for the last eight bars or so (and sometimes to modulate several times, as in -- though not R&R -- Bobby Darin's "Mack the Knife").

Mingus was on CBC-TV the other night; I didn't see him, but the consensus around here among people who did catch the show is that Mingus Is A Nut. I have heard no reason for me to reconsider my opinion that Mingus is no doubt a gifted bassist, but as a Jazz Musician he is a (perhaps Sincere) simple opportunist who always manages to be on the Far-Out wing of whatever is the current fad. As Ted says, Mingus is at present doing his Bit with the "latest of the 'New Thing' sounds of Ornette Coleman and Company." Where will it all end, eh?

Ah, um. "Criteria for Critics." Yes, well, Ted, as you admit, and as I've said before, all jazz criticism is purely subjective. That seems to me the best single argument against jazz criticism. Like, Jazz Critic "A" writes that suchandsuch an LP is "virile" and has "drive" and is Great, and I listen and find it's the Same Old Honking; or, conversely, Jazz Critic "B" writes that suchandsuch an LP is "arid" and "derivative" and Lousy, and I listen to it and stomp my boots happily. So the question naturally arises: Whuffo' Jazz Critics? I submit that the ideal jazz record review should read as follows:

MILES DAVIS: Kind of Blue (Columbia, etc....) This album features Miles, Coltrane, ... (etc.) They play (whatever tunes they play), composed by (whoever). The recorded sound is (good, bad, mediocre). It costs (....)

/But, er, Norm, the question naturally arises: if your ideal record review provides artists, titles, composers, price, and a word on sound quality, where's the review? You don't want less wordy reviews; you want more wordy record labels. Your ideal review is useless unless (a) the artists have already acquired a reputation as consistently good, bad, or something in between, and (b) the record label is reputable as well. Even with these conditions met, the absence of criticism of the performance -- however tired some adjectives, however tiresome some critics -- leaves the potential buyer in a quandry (e.g., that which provides not for the Whole Man but only for the Hoff Man). This seems especially true with jazz radio and tv programs so few and far between. The point should be made, too, that as one becomes better acquainted with both the records and the reviews, the reviews become more meaningful and certain reviewers more trustworthy, as, say, with Hentoff vs. Williams.

The subject of criticism came up in a conversation with Paul Wyskowski. I said to him that my idea of a Good Critic is one who, admittedly subjective, gives his readers a convincing description of his subjective reactions -- who will, in fact, make a work of art (minor though it may be) from thoughts and associations that came upon him during exposure to what is "criticized." It's useless for a critic to say that a drummer has "drive"; after all, dozens of drummers do. No, the critic must distinguish meaningfully one experience from another. Reducing verbal reactions to critical jargon, whereby all drummers are either "driving" or "sensitive," leaves us with nothing but mounds of yellowing Down Beat reviews, all indistinguishable from each other. We need criticism which describes personal reactions to works of art (or even \*Jazz\*) in much more careful terms than "my ear was stimulated by the broad, warm sound of Ziggy Mushmouth." ((9 Bancroft Street; Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada))

ALSO HEARD FROM: Paul Williams, Peter Singleton, Seth Johnson, Billy H. Pettit, Greg Benford. And maybe others. Write, and there may even be #9 before the year's out.









*enclave 8*