

ENCLAVE

SEPTEMBER no. 4

Enclave is published bimonthly by Joe Pilati, 111 S. Highland Ave., Pearl River, New York, 10965. It can be had for trades, contributions, comments, or 35¢ the copy. Dedicated to Eagle Scout Billy Goodie's Noble Benefactor(tress?) This is not a Conde Nast Publication. Vol. 1, No. 4, September-October, 1963.

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Cover by Arthur Thomson
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Interior Embellishment:

Joe Pilati (3)
Bjo Trimble (8, 54)
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Arthur Thomson (28, 47)
Jay Lynch (26, 56)
Dick Schultz (44)

page 33 layout by bhob stewart

Mimeography by Juanita Coulson
(also Chief Stenciller of Artwork)
Duplication (p.19-22) by Phil Roberts
Lithography by LaBelle Printing Company

"I keep getting Shaggy and I don't know why!" -- Belle Dietz (thanks to John Boardman for providing this lino -- jp)

THE EDITORIAL ME

by Joe Pilati

This issue has had a harder time getting out than Ethan Michael Anders Davidson. I had hoped to have it in the mail by the end of August, but as things look now it will not reach its breathlessly-waiting public before the end of September. It grew and it grew and it grew, and it made a liar of me. "Here is the money for running off 40 pages, dear friends, because that is how many pages Enclave #4 will have," I wrote (in my appalling naiveté) to the Coulsons. The precarious perch of the standard-size staples in the corners (how's that for a haiku?) are some indication that this issue is considerably fatter than 40 pages. Fortunately for all of us, though, I have been able to shell out the required ~~exorbitant~~ reasonable tariff to expand those 40 pages to 66, and the commodity of Time, far from "at a premium," has been as available as Christine Keeler (now, now, it's only a simile...) during this long, hot summer.

My usual editorial blather will, however, be cut short this time, so that some small fraction of my hard-earned cashola may be set aside. In what little space I have, the first thing I should do is acquaint the mundane and neo-fringefannish readership with our contributors.

A consistently reliable source, namely Juanita Coulson's Artist Index, informs me that Arthur Thomson is a 36-year old tool and die maker and designer. I hope this current ATom cover is not the last I will have the privilege of using, and I hope too that British TAFF Candidate ATom will win the trip to Frisco by a landslide. He is a Good Man

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indeed, and he is sure-to-be adequate compensation for the probable temporary departure of Marion Zimmer Bradley.

In Paul Williams, I have finally found a contributor about whom I can say "he is two years my junior." Paul is 15, and the fact that he writes such incisive criticism as "False Analogies" (page 3) is downright frightening. Be that as it may, it is good to have this Atheling-in-the-Making on hand, and we shall surely have more of his work in the future, shan't we, eh there, Paul buddy? Eh there? (Incidentally, any of you who have been faunching for my fanzine reviews are advised that "Plonking Periodicals" has left Enclave, the magazine of erratic columny -- departed this tale of veers, so to speak -- and latched onto Paul Williams' fanzine Within. Look for it there; I know Paul is, and he may actually get it if I ever finish stencilling this damned issue. Within costs 25¢ from Paul at 163 Brighton Street, Belmont, Mass.)

Remember when I faunched for a jazz critic? 'Twas only last issue. I need whimper no more; not only do we have a jazz critic, we have the jazz critic, Ted White, late of Metronome, Rogue, and sundry other professional magazines. The Great White Father (well; co-Father with Les Gerber) of Minac is now Assistant Editor at F&SF, blithely assisting Uncle Avram in the purchase of the non-stories we love so well. The Ted White article on page 16 was intended for Metronome, but editorial upheavals and the eventual downfall of that august journal precluded its appearance. (Actually I engineered the whole thing so that I could get Ted White for Enclave. Better I should have concentrated on sabotaging Down Beat, but Metronome had Ted, so....) Future White columns will be "less formal," Ted asserts, and will be "concerned with anything in the field which interests me. This is something I did briefly in the short-lived Jazz Guide (I had a column in the second and third issues -- there were only three issues), and the only aspect of jazz writing which still appeals to me." The sad tale of How Ted White Became an Expatriate of the Village appeared in a recent Hyphen; he is now wasting away in Brooklyn with his New Wife and his New Three Kids, awaiting the 89th FAPA mailing.....

Don Edwing ("Mother Goose Rejects"), cartoonist extraordinary, is still traveling the rocky road to prodom, selling scripts to Mad, as well as both art and scripts to Cracked and Kurtzman's Help! He is also collaborating with ex-Madman John Severin on a paperback. Don may never see this issue of Enclave unless he sends me his CoA.

The other Featured Cartoonist in this issue is Jay Lynch, a veteran of Smudge days of yore, who at 18 is slowly but surely breaking into cartoon/satire prodom. He is the pride of Roselle, Ill., and no wonder.

The untimely demise of the Shaws' Axe afforded me the opportunity of voraciously grabbing the film column by bhoB stewart, which was formerly entitled "Cinemagination." The new title, "The Incomplete Moviegoer," implies that bhoB will cover a wider range of filmfare than he did in Axe, and O, 'tis true, 'tis true. bhoB is currently earning the filthy lucre via TV Guide magazine, "that abominable little scratch-sheet", whereat he attempts to slip outrageous puns into his rewritten versions of TVG's movie plot summaries.

This issue of Enclave, wonder of wonders, actually consists in large part of material concerned with that subject so often Avoided Like the Plague in Science Fiction Fanzines: to wit, Science Fiction. We have reviews by such notable personages as Vic Ryan, Tom Perry, and John Boardman, all of whom are Big Name Publishers. They are a college student, a college instructor, and a newspaperman ("For We Are An Awkwardly-Phrased People"....), and you can have fun guessing which is which. And if this weren't enough, we also have a sinister little vignette by Enid Jacobs; a two-headed folk column [continued on page 65]

FADED
WONDER

part
one

by
Paul
Williams

false analogies

"Wonder is the basis of Worship" -- Thomas Carlyle

From Fandom, To an Old Beau



Once you were Astounding
Tales of Super Science, Stories, Science Fiction.
Large, small, cut, uncut, white, yellow,
You were.

Campbell has been you, and Tarrant,
And you were them, and are.
We?

We were stapled out of being you...
Though you've been us for very long,
And are no longer.

No longer --
Something's gone, you see...

What's in a name?

Nothing, nor in size, shape, color;
They are mere symbols.

Mere?

What's in a name?

Nothing: that extra "SF" doesn't cause the tear.

Not really.

But Analog, love of our youth, flower of our garden,
thorn in our elderly side,

What isn't in a name?

What isn't in the name?

Oh, Analog...

You were astounding once

And are no longer.

Analog Science Fact--Science Fiction (born Astounding Stories) has passed through a life cycle. Like most of us, it was born a child, it grew, and finally reached maturity at the age of 8 or 9. It was the most exuberant, fastest-growing adolescent known to the field, and it inspired all its brothers with its health. It flourished, grew to a size all out of proportion with the times, and then was suddenly sobered by the war. In becoming a man, it steadily lost its exuberance and never again reached its youthful height. But, though slowly going downhill, it remained a very impressive specimen. But magazines have briefer life cycles than men, and by its 30th year it was showing definite signs of senility. Its dependents stepped in. Basically, Astounding died -- indeed, it was killed. But in an effort to avoid scandal, the dependents made it appear that poor old Astounding was merely being integrated with the child Analog. And thus it was that the elderly gentleman who

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was once the greatest of his race came to be rejuvenated.

So, is Analog still Astounding? We can only answer that the spirit of Astounding is lurking somewhere in that white and yellow monster. And as for Astounding itself, it is undergoing more than just a second childhood. It is undergoing a fully new life cycle, and is now struggling once more through childhood. Yet while it lacks maturity, it has already shown much vitality (compare Analog's third year with Astounding's), and someday, perhaps, will bloom as full as it once did. Meanwhile, we must struggle with it through its formative years again, and perhaps with close examination and deep thought we can catch a glimpse of what the child will be like when next he grows up....

March, 1963

The cover of this Analog neatly illustrates and intensifies the reaction to the new size: the feeling is one of being in a feverish dream in which familiar things are blown up out of proportion, or of looking into a magnifying mirror and seeing your own bloated face. The most eerie thing is that the layout on the cover of the March Analog is in no way different from that of February! The logo is still made up of lower case print in mute cerise; there is still a thin white band below the painting, proclaiming the lead story (which is not a story this time 'round); and, indeed, even the length to width proportions seem unchanged. The frightening thing is that, coming from the mailbox and tossing your magazine onto a book atop the table, you can no longer see the book! You can only respond by recoiling and muttering "What hath Campbell wrought?" This response is encouraged by the cover painting itself, which, taken to a good head-shrinker, would probably reveal a lot about the artist's mind. It too seems a vision born of fever, and does little to reassure us that this is the same old comfortable Analog that we once knew ("You mean you are that little kid with pigtails and freckles....?")

If you dare to open the March Analog, you will see the motivation behind the change in size. To your left is General Dynamics; to your right, Pan Am. Leafing through the rest of the mag, we find ads for Yardney, Questar, Peace Corps*, Lockheed, Rem Rand, and Sylvania. In future issues we will see such lights as Sony, Allied Chem, IBM, General Telephone, Omega, Republic, Lucas, Hedges & Butler, Lirandette, Leeson, Doubleday, and ITT, all trying to get you to sample their wares, or to come and be an employee. It is all very impressive. The grapevine has it that Conde Nast didn't want a mag that made only a little money -- they wanted a large margin of profit in return for the year they had spent publishing the mag. Now as everyone knows, sf mags have a small profit margin, if any. They also have small staffs, and un-lavish production, which offsets somewhat the lack of funds. So along comes Conde Nast, laying down the law: get more advertising or close up shop. True, Analog had been getting some ads ever since Conde Nast swallowed up Street and Smith, but they weren't getting enough. The story is that the large technical outfits have large advertising budgets, which have to be spent somehow, and it doesn't really matter how. Most of the ads have no purpose except to improve "corporate images." I suppose that it may be a tax dodge of some sort, or maybe industry feels that it has too much money and some of it should be given away to the magazines (actually it involves non-profit corporations and government allowances and that sort of nonsense -- I won't bother

*Peace Corps? Obviously an Advertising Council "donated" page. -jp

you with details, since I don't know many). But anyway, each company makes up an ad or a series of ads in standard magazine size and buys space for them. The joker in the deck is that standard magazine size: it sort of leaves out science fiction magazines. So if Mohammed won't go to the mountain, the mountain will see what it can do, and, next thing you know, Analog doesn't fit in your mailbox.

That was the purpose of the large size, and it seems to have been a success. But the change in size had other ramifications. The fiction in Analog is now printed on 64 pages of antique stock paper: classy yellow stuff which apparently is quite durable. The other third of the mag (editorial; science, nonsense, letters and book reviews) is printed on slick paper, 16 pages in front and 16 in back: this is the stuff that takes photos and advertising well. The new paper is a big improvement; collectors and readers alike have welcomed it happily.

It's too early to say anything conclusive about the binding; in general, it seems sturdy, and the pages lie flat to a greater extent than ever before, due, of course, to the size and thinness of the mag. However, my copy of the April issue arrived with the spine torn, thanks to the PO, and it has gotten progressively worse since arrival, culminating in the fact that the wrap-around cover is now loose. This is Bad News for collectors, unless the April issue was especially poorly bound, and therefore the exception rather than the rule. At any rate, the stapling of Analog is excellent now; that's something, anyway.

As long as I'm sounding pedantic, I may as well have one more word on the physical nature of the magazine: the March through July issues were mailed to me in wrappers (yes, plain brown ones), and except for the April issue came through the mails satisfactorily. The August issue, however, had no wrapper; the label was glued right on the cover! As a result, Analog arrived with corners bent, a rip on the side of the back cover, and a *&%#! label pasted on the best Analog cover in a year! This better have been a fluke, say I, gritting my teeth.

I must confess that you won't be seeing much comment on the science articles from me. A while ago I forced my way through them so that I could feel I'd read the entire mag. More recently I realized that I wasn't absorbing or remembering or least of all enjoying a single word of the Analog science articles. Science is simply not my forte, and there you have it.

I'm afraid the same holds true for the editorials; every now and then one catches my eye, and I read it, but most of these I don't finish. Occasionally I do read one through and react either by deciding that he's got a good point there, one which bears repeating ("Civil War Centennial") or by coming to the conclusion that JWCjr is off his gourd ("Where Did Everybody Go?"). But the important thing in Analog is the fiction, whether the editor thinks so or not; I'll leave it to someone else to write a searing article showing how the astrology business is merely clever writing, which sounds specific and turns out to be suitably vague to fit whatever comes up. For myself, it is high time I started analysing specific stories, and so....

There was a time when Mack Reynolds was a prolific author of thud & blunder space opera. His stuff was enjoyable, but not particularly notable. He was a hack writer who had not quite admitted it to himself.

Times have changed. Nowadays, Mack Reynolds is noted and acclaimed for his excellent work in Analog and, occasionally, in other magazines. The work for which he has been praised is sociological space opera. Mack Reynolds is a hack writer who has found his forte, and has a steady market for it. More power to him!

Hack writing is, essentially, that work which is turned out for a specific market, which can be written rather painlessly by the author involved, and which can be turned out at a tremendous rate. Almost all hack work is enjoyable to read; otherwise, the market would cease to exist. There are several objections to hack work, one being that for people not of the generation and reading tastes for which the hackwork is written, it is just so much crud and a waste of a potentially good writer.

There are hacks and there are Hacks, however, and the fact that a piece of writing follows a formula and was written for a very specific readership does not condemn it. Burroughs was a hack, of course, and so was Dickens. And at the present time, some of the nicest sf tales extant are coming from the prolific typewriter of a hack named Mack.... Reynolds, that is.

It isn't easy to put a Mack Reynolds story down, not even on the second reading. He has an extremely active imagination, an expert working knowledge of sociology, a good hand for plot complications, and a competent pen for action, confusion, ridicule and wit. He doesn't know how to end his stories, but neither does anyone else in the field. He's not too good at portraying emotion, but he gets around this weakness by using unemotional characters. Dry characters and cliff-hanging endings do pall after a while, but this is formula work, and plot conquers all.

Reynolds is a master of extrapolation. His Africa series is the only thoughtful, imaginative suggestion for a solution to the African problem I've ever seen (in or out of sf; it's the only one I've seen in sf). His Mercenary series (including the novel at hand) is a fine study of the Opportunist, set to the background of an extremely plausible stratified society of the future. Reynolds can create a society you can believe in, and then immediately pull out and make use of the most fascinating aspects of that society. He has done this in "Frigid Fracas," the serialized novel beginning in the March Analog.

One of the most interesting questions sf attempts to answer is "Quo vadimus?" What's going to happen to our society? Answers to this question -- surprisingly good answers -- can be found in the backgrounds of Reynolds' stories. Reynolds is by no means content with this, however, or with building an ordinary plot situation against his background. Instead, his question, in each of his sociological stories, is whither this culture? Insofar as the cultures he hypothesizes are not utopias, he tries, through his characters, to decide how the culture could be improved upon, or better yet, what could take its place, and how? Invariably his sociological stories involve the overthrow of the current system. While on the one hand his sociological speculations are the most engaging and worthwhile aspects of his stories, at the same time they are often the most tiring part of his formula. If only "Frigid Fracas" had been confined to the adventures of Joe Mauser and friends, without ever bringing in the secret society to make things Better. There's nothing wrong with the plot as it stands, but long-time Reynolds readers have heard it all before soooo many times.... But that's the way it goes with hack writing, and you must appreciate it for what it is.

But as an individual story, "Frigid Fracas" has an intriguing sociological background, a captivating plot, and, indeed, is a thoroughly satisfying novel. Read it as such; that's what good hackwork is for.*

*For a somewhat different critique of this same novel, see Vic Ryan's "Reynolds: Foiled" on page 38 . -- Kindly Editor.

The second best story in the March Analog is "Spanner in the Works" by J.T. McIntosh. This is a problem story -- one in which the protagonist is given a problem and must solve it, due to the situation: the plot in such a story deals with the aspects of the protagonist's life from the inception of the problem until the time it is solved. The puzzling about the solution of the problem, and the wonder at the eventual revelation of a basically simple answer, create much of the interest of such a story; the rest is created by the growing tensions caused by the unsolved problem. In this case, the problem is how could an infallible computer be sabotaged to give reasonable but incorrect answers? The partial solution is to feed it the wrong information, but the complication is that the computer would immediately realize that this information was false if a contradictory or even questionable case came up, and would erase from its memory the incorrect material. So how could you get it to give the wrong solutions without feeding it false info pertinent to the solutions? McIntosh develops this problem very well, and his climax is sufficiently ingenious. This is a well-handled story.

"Not in the Literature" is, unfortunately, a pretty good example of the way Christopher Anvil writes. He gets a vague idea: "There are all sorts of really important scientific tools and facts which would be of great use to us but aren't because we've never really had the right opportunity to find out that they exist -- so maybe I could knock out a short for Campbell illustrating that fact by having some aliens need something....electricity, for instance....something or other could be fouled up because they don't have electricity..." So he has a half-decent idea (no matter that it's been used a number of times before) and instead of thinking about it and developing some interesting plot around it, he simply writes a vignette which does absolutely nothing more than establish that this alien space project would work a whole lot better with electricity. He throws in a crackpot discoverer of electricity whom no one will listen to, which is enough to make JWCjr happy, and pads his vignette as much as possible. The first thousand words of this story, for example, could have been cut completely without doing any harm at all: they are of no use to the theme, the "plot", and only of minimal use toward developing the mood. They could certainly have been cut down to twenty words and still accomplish the latter purpose. But one thousand words=\$30., and as long as the guy is writing sheer crap, anyway, and knows it... And Anvil goes right on selling regularly to Analog, and that typifies one of the major things that's wrong with the mag.

Richard Olin's "All Day Wednesday" is not a bad story. It's an idea that has been used many times: the day which just keeps repeating. The treatment most similar to this one was probably Fred Pohl's "The Tunnel Under the World". The writing here isn't particularly notable, either; the redeeming feature of the tale is the climax -- the protagonist, a dull sort of factory worker who dislikes interruptions in his schedule or disruptions in his life, is contacted by some men who weren't affected by the repeating day, and they try to snap him out of it. And he decides he'd rather have it keep repeating -- now he could be secure that nothing ever unexpected would happen in his life: things would stay the way they were forever. It's a rather clever look into the personality of this sort of person, and it's a shame it wasn't done better.

Jerry Page is a fan (or maybe he's not any more; is dropping off the Fapa w-l an indication of calling it quits?) and One of Our Own, and therefore Couldn't Possibly turn out a poor story. And actually "The Happy Man" isn't bad. Like a surprising number of fan he has chosen to make his first story an old chestnut with a completely new kick

in its tail. He has a good idea, and he handles it reasonably well; his style is even vaguely decent, for a beginner. The big grotch with this story is that Page got carried away with the old chestnut, and spent more than ten thousand words describing the adventures of the Man Who Escaped From The Decadent Society of Dreamers, so that the meat of the story is really the old chestnut and not the gimmick ending at all. I guess he decided that he could write that formula adventure stuff best, and worked out this clever ploy to get it published. Or maybe he just padded the story 'cause he needed the money. At any rate, it's not something you can get away with very often....Whatever happened to JWCjr's old acumen for editing? Or doesn't he read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff any more?

April, 1963:

April's cover is a much better look at Jupiter than March's; better both artistically and because it shows an original view. The original painting is probably splendid, but reproduced as a cover it comes through as just a good craftsmanlike job.

The lead story, Winston P. Sanders' "What'll You Give?", is not really much of a story. Sanders was inspired to write about men diving in Jupiter's atmosphere to retrieve something-or-other. But he couldn't think of a new plot gimmick, just the old dandy about rescue in space. So he tried to think of a good theme, and came up with a doozy: sometimes you have to try to save a man's life even though it is risky and uneconomic, for the sake of morale and human pride. Gosh all hemlock. So he wrote a routine rescue story with human conflict (and Sanders is

not exactly the hottest writer going at portraying human conflict), included a cliché as a moral, had it jazzed up with a snappy title and blurb, and that's how a crummy ms. becomes an Analog lead story -- use a background JWCjr likes.

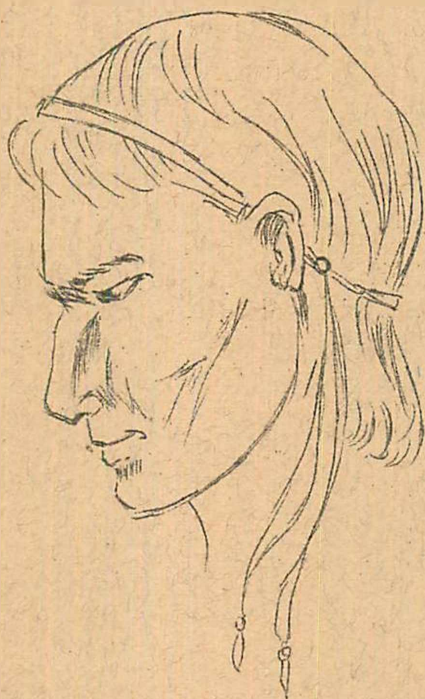
"Iceberg from Earth" is a nice story, another example of McIntosh's fine hand. It's even more blatantly a detective story than the aforementioned computer tale. There are some quite clever gimmicks involved, and the (by interplanetary standards) rustic point of view is engaging. Not a memorable tale, of course, but a pleasant and satisfying way to spend half an hour.

"A Slight Case of Limbo" is a very Simak-like story -- but then, by now it has become evident that Lloyd Biggle, Jr. can write in any number of different styles. The plot isn't original; it's been used many times, in different forms. But this version has a certain freshness to it. This is partly because of the quality of the writing, and the

successfully evoked mood. Despite its triteness, this is a very pleasing story.

"Last Resort" by Steven Bartholomew is mostly formula stuff: What To Do When the Meteorite Hits; the drug that increases mental awareness utterly and then some; and the psi power of manipulating all those

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wittle tiny molecules. This is a clever enough combination of these chestnuts; Analog seems to abound nowadays with stories using old ideas to solve old problems new ways. Gee whiz, John, casserole again?

Rick Raphael's "Sonny" is a cute li'l story...and what's wrong with that? It's well known in the field of science fiction (or of fantasy masquerading as such) that hillbillies can do anything; and if this one should happen to be a telepath, and if he should happen to use up more power than a vanVogtian seesaw every time he thinks for any distance, all the better for an imaginative author to have fun with.

May, 1963:

The cover stands out as being the worst Analog cover in my memory. It looks as though it was painted with four little pans of water colors, each of these colors having been slightly muddled by indiscriminate mixing. In addition, the upper right-hand corner evidently had drops of pancake batter splattered on it; many places were smeared while the painting was still wet; and someone seems to have taken an Exacto knife and scraped away the paint here and there. Besides being grotesque, the painting is a poor representation of the scene it supposedly illustrates (unfortunately there is no scene in the cover story in which a rubber comic strip character balances in mid-air beside tall mound of jello).

In "The Dueling Machine," a short novel by Ben Bova and Myron Lewis, a significant idea is introduced. It isn't entirely new; "The Warriors," by Tom Purdom, in the June 62 Amazing, made use of a vaguely similar notion. And certainly the idea of a mental duel that seems physical to both opponents is no younger than the game of chess. But I cannot recall running across a "dueling machine" before in science fiction, and, be that as it may, this is a well worked-out tale. The writing is by no means excellent; the tension is unfortunately somewhat misdirected. The characters are stock; the story's success lies in its imagination more than anything else. And it is imaginative -- as well as nicely plotted and good clean fun.

James H. Schmitz's "Oneness" is a good short story. Indeed, it's quite clever, as is the gimmick it makes use of. "Oneness" is as Analog-gearred as most of the stories that appear in this austere magazine, and if all the stories in Analog were as competent as this one (as they should be), Analog would be a far better mag. Which just goes to show that at least some of the blame for the current demoralized state of Analog must fall on the writers.

Mack Reynolds, hero of an earlier page of this article, is a man with a flair for ideas. Y'know the old story of the solution to Communism -- all we have to do to undermine the whole system is to fly a couple of U-2s over Russia, scattering Monopoly sets and instructions in Russian far and wide. It's not a bad idea, but Mack Reynolds one-ups it in every short story he writes about the U.S.S.R. In "Expediter" we learn that (a) if you give a man absolute power, don't expect to be able to withdraw the offer; and (b) true efficiency is contrary to just about any form of government, so look before you leap. This fine little story is similar in theme to Pohl & Kornbluth's excellent "The Engineer."

Did you ever have one of those years when every story seemed to be psi? Analog had several of them, and as a result it isn't easy to write an original psi story nowadays. E.C. Tubb definitely does not succeed in "The Ming Vase." There is nothing new or interesting about the difficulties of hunting down a clairvoyant, particularly since in this tale the protagonist doesn't have any real difficulties; there is nothing at

all different in having the hunter discover, suddenly, that he himself is a clairvoyant, particularly when the protagonist claims from the beginning to operate on "hunches" which are never wrong, and there is little shocking radicality in the suggestion that maybe letting the Enemy know Our Secret is the only way to prevent war (war=annihilation, according to popular belief, or didn't you know?). I dunno. Maybe this story was bought because Campbell is nostalgic for the good old days in Analog when every story was para- or tele- or psyche-. If that's the case, he could always go back to his old technique of sending back perfectly good stories with a notation to the effect that "I'll buy it if you insert some psi."

Gosh. A tender tear comes to my tender eye as I read this tender tale ("The Last of the Romany" by Norman Spinrad) of the last ~~tender~~ remaining gypsy who goes from place to place brainwashing innocent children into wanting to risk their lives on some cruddy spaceship. Gosh.

June, 1963:

The cover is very nice, and probably sold ten or fifteen thousand more Analogs than usual. Even if you're stupid and don't know what the yellow thing in the painting is, you can hardly miss the title below the painting: "The Trouble with Telstar." A lead title like that is a great inducement to added readership, and for that reason you can almost sympathise with Campbell for buying the story.

But we must judge on quality, we critics, and not on sales appeal nor on the fact that John Berryman is an old friend of the sf field. And, indeed, the quality would be satisfactory if the story had anything in the way of a plot or a theme. But there is no theme (that must have broken JWCjr up), and the plot is inconsequential and a wee bit dull. The writing is neatly handled, which is one of the reasons that this might have been a good story, and interest is kept alive by means of a number of techniques. There's a sub-plot of rivalry between an ambitious employee and the man he wants to replace; the protagonist is caught in the jaws of this battle, and the battle rests partially on the results of the protagonist's attempts at fixing Telstar 1. This sub-plot doesn't serve as a basis for the story, however; Berryman doesn't want to elaborate on it too much, and the next to last sentence is (groan) "'Fred and I have kind of made up anyway...'" The other sub-plot is of slightly more interest: the protagonist is trying to make time with Rival#2's glamorous secretary, who only goes out with astronauts. He makes very slow headway, and that line of plot is cut off too in the end, though more successfully than the first. The main attraction in this three-ring circus is, of course, the protagonist's journey into space to find out what's wrong and repair Telstar (you can't exactly bring the thing back into the lab). This is handled quite well, but aside from the fact that it's Telstar involved, and the whole thing seems quite probable, there's nothing particularly special or even interesting about this plot, and where does that leave the story? The advertising for the circus is excellent, and the circus looks neat enough; the barking is well done, and there are three rings, each carefully set out. But unfortunately, you can't help noticing that all that's in these three rings is a rabbit that's been painted blue and a couple of old chestnuts. Pity.

"Hermit" is a fine novelette -- J.T. McIntosh strikes again. This is about an officer of an Experimental (Weapon Testing) Station who is serving a year's solitary duty way off in the boondocks of space. He is still quite sane after ten months in space, and is quietly minding his

own business when a rocket approaches, carrying a 17 year old girl. He should have blown up the rocket without speaking to it; he should have blown up the rocket after speaking with it; he should have killed the girl when she landed; he should have killed her after getting an order to do so; he should have killed her when he discovered for certain that she was a saboteur. He never did, and the question is why? After all, men don't get assigned to the immense responsibility of these multi-billion dollar arsenals unless they fulfill precisely the necessary psychological requirements. The story shows that he does fulfill precisely the requirements, and he has done the right thing, even though from an official point of view he has done the Wrong Thing. McIntosh shows that there is more than one way to be right or to be wrong, that, contrary to popular stfnal belief, not all lonely single men are complete pushovers, and that psychology is just a bit trickier than military officials and sf writers might think. McIntosh has given a situation some careful thought, and he has come up with some worthwhile answers, in addition to coming up with a worthwhile story.

Poul Anderson is a good writer. Nicholas Van Rijn is a fascinating character. "Territory" is a highly enjoyable tale. It is also a rather long one...24 pages in Analog equal 65 pages in Galaxy. But it certainly does not seem too long -- Poul would never let that happen; rather, it simply lacks that annoying affected shortness that most Analog nov-ettes assume. It is uniform; if you look closely at a typical novel-ette in this magazine, you will see that both its beginning and its end are surprisingly terse...in order to disguise the padding in the middle.

"Territory" is one of the few stories in recent Analogs which would not have seemed at all out of place in an Astounding of five or more years ago. It is a straightforward alien planet tale: a scientific party from one interplanetary union is trying to make friends with the natives so that it can save their planet from its inevitable ecological doom, and trying to save the planet from its inevitable ecological doom so it can make friends with the natives. Van Rijn is affiliated with another interplanetary union, but is on Tequila to make hay for his trading company, which is anxious to deal in native wine. The natives, naturally, don't understand the furriners -- they don't fight and they don't have territory...What good are they? There are few plot complications, happily, but I won't even bother with those that there are; the point is that the human outpost is attacked, Van Rijn and a girl from the other party, Joyce Davisson, have to fend for themselves, and Van Rijn shows that the only way to get along with these natives is to use force....not to make them Do It Your Way, but to show them that you're a regular guy. And it always helps to play both ends against the middle, if the middle is trying to play them against you (now there's a Campbellian statement!). "Territory" is good science fiction, without all the annoying Analog idiosyncracies of style, and we don't find many of that breed around here.

"Ham Sandwich" is another blinkin' psi story. True, it is by James Schmitz, and it isn't too terrible, for a milking of a gimmick that's already been sucked dry, but still.... I guess I could even now appreciate to some extent a really different, clever psi story, but to be forced to read more of the routine stuff... barf. However, a promising note: there are only three psi stories in the six issues of Analog I'm reviewing here, which is certainly a change from, say, the equivalent six months in 1960....or even 1962! And, unless the man has a brand new pseudonym of which I'm unaware, there hasn't been a story by Randall Garrett in Analog since Feb 63. Indeed, there hasn't been an Analog story under Garrett's own name (if he has one) for a full year. Sic transit boria.

July, 1963:

The cover this time is good craftsmanship, of course (it's by Schoenherr), but the scene portrayed isn't particularly inspiring. For some reason, Campbell superimposed in white over the lower left hand corner of the painting the words: "Restricted Area: No Admittance". Maybe he doesn't want the wrong people reading his mag, huh? I had to read the whole two-part serial this cover illustrates, and even then give it some moments of solid thought, before I realized what the significance of those words were. Campbell was pointing out the Thrilling&Inspiring fact that in some alien societies the simplest engine would be a top-secret affair. Why doesn't he just let us read the story, if he's that concerned about having us realize that exhilarating truth?

Harry Harrison's first Jason Din Alt novel was a good solid story, a nice way to spend a few hours at home. His second novel in that series was a good deal more clumsy, but still organized and interesting. His latest, "The Ethical Engineers," is the worst novel I have seen in an sf mag in a good while. It proves conclusively that if Harrison ever knew how to write, he's forgotten. If I'd had a choice I doubt very much that I would have read more than a chapter of this; one is sickened by the utter ineptitude of style from the very first page! The theme of the novel is, as the quote from Pope that leads it off says, "Whatever is, is right." It's not a very fabulous theme, but that scarcely matters, thanks to the utter worthlessness of the plot.

For no good reason, the story starts on Pyrra -- Jason is bored. He doesn't know why, and neither does the author or the reader. Suddenly a man lands, demanding custody of Jason Din Alt. Jason isn't surprised -- he is wanted by police on umpteen worlds -- but he goes anyhow, and refuses to let his friends shoot the "policeman". Again, neither he nor the reader has the slightest idea why -- maybe this sort of cosmic manipulation gives Harrison a godlike feeling. His capturer turns out to be extremely, utterly, ridiculously "moral"; he is the vehicle through which Harrison tries to make his Popian point...but Harrison should know better than to try to prove a moderate point by taking it to extremes.

Once aboard ship, Jason immediately gets into philosophical arguments with his captor, as if the two have known each other all their lives. These arguments are extremely embarrassing to the reader -- how could this stuff get published? -- and in the midst of them the hero (hah!) grabs a weighty volume, throws it at the controls of the spaceship, and thus shipwrecks them both on a nearby planet inhabited by primitive people. From here the plot thickens.

This story consists of one ridiculous event after another; it is begun out of the clear blue sky and ended in the same way, because the author suddenly gets tired of writing. The story has a complete lack of motivation; indeed, one would be hard put to figure out the author's motivation, let alone the characters'. No one paragraph leads comfortably into the next, which is only one of the faults of the style, and indeed the most interesting thing about this novel is the question, "Why did Campbell publish it?" On second thought, the author's sole motivation is obvious: 4¢ a word. Feh. I hope he rates last in An Lab.

"A Knight Ther Was" is the least "Analogish" story in all the six months I'm covering here. It is a warm travel tale, done by that master of warm fiction, Robert F. Young. Mr. Young's tale involves a chap named Mallory (you guessed the ending already!) who is a time thief,

and is attempting to steal the Holy Grail (for purely monetary reasons). He dresses as a knight, with a dashing robot horse, and travels to a place and time at which the Holy Grail is said to have disappeared (can't fight destiny, you know). He runs into trouble with another time thief, who gets there fustest with the mostest. He outwits his adversary to an extent. However, meanwhile picking up, not unlike the Connecticut Yankee, a talkative damsel, Rowena. He ends up -- no, that would be telling. At any rate, it's all good healthy fun, though a bit too blatantly padded with long stories from Rowena, lifted from Morte d'Arthur.

Remember Kris Neville, who wrote such beautiful stories for the earlt F&SFs? He's back...he returned with a fascinating piece called "Closing Time," in the July 61 F&SF, and since then he's been selling pretty regularly to various sf markets. His writing usually doesn't fit Analog, but this time he had something to say about the future of engineers, and why, and what the effect would be. As a result, Campbell accepted "New Apples in the Garden", and got for Analog one of the most beautiful stories it's published in a year of Sundays. The prediction that Neville drives in so powerfully is that the more complex society gets, the more engineers it needs, and the more engineers it gets, the more complex it becomes... "Each new [engineer] creates the need for two more." Neville, ostensibly recounting one day in one man's life, gives numerous examples of equipment of all sorts breaking down, acting unsatisfactorily (obviously due to a lack of skilled maintenance and construction men); states the problem plainly in a conversation; and draws several analogies. This is all done quite deftly.

Aside from the awful serial, this is a particularly good issue of Analog. The fourth and final story is by Clifford Simak, and I need scarcely say more -- except that this is Simak writing a "Simak-type" story, a pleasant change from the van Vogtian, Siecklian, or Lieberish (hey, this is fun!) stories Simak has been doing recently. Simak is at his best writing Simak, and "New Folks' Home" is Simak at his best. They don't come any better.

August, 1963:

The cover this time is wonderful. The coloring is excellent, the detail effective and moving, the subject matter powerful, the contrast and the capturing of mood expertly done. And, like, the picture looks good! Anyone who didn't vote for Schoenherr for Hugo had better have a darn good excuse.

"To Invade New York," by Irwin Lewis, is simply an extended vignette, whose only purpose is to point out that New York could be completely paralyzed if all of a sudden all traffic lights turned green and no tokens fitted into subway turnstiles. It isn't bad; it isn't particularly good, either.

I don't know who Frank A. Javor is; I rather doubt that he exists. But be that as it may, he has written, in "Patriot," a fine brief tale of a not-quite hero who made a not-at-all futile gesture. The writing here is a little bit confused, but in general the action is clear enough. And the climax, the only important part of the story, is quite touching. Despite what Campbell may think, I feel that this is more a look at the character of one man than at the nature of a nation. And I'm glad it is.

"Controlled Experiment" is the second in a series of short-short stories by Arthur Porges in which one scientist plays a trick on another, usually involving a demonstration of something "impossible," in this case, telepathy. It's amusing -- what more could you want it to be?

It's a safe bet that "The Hate Disease," by Murray Leinster, will be on the Hugo ballot next year. While not "great" by my definition of the word, it is certainly as good as any of the current contenders for the prize (a rather motley crew). "The Hate Disease" is a med service story: the med ship-man's problem is a planet on which over half the population are mad -- mad in essentially the sense that a hydrophobic dog is mad. This madness is apparently caused by a contagious disease which does but one thing: it instills in the affected person an uncontrollable desire to eat the most repugnant creature on the planet, a small squirming scavenger that smells like a skunk, only worse. Part of the madness is this craving itself -- not only is it against every local more in the book, it resembles demonic possession in its intensity. But the real problem comes because people who have committed this unfathomable deed, have eaten this unbearable creature, can no longer bear to see people who are yet unspoiled. They hate the unafflicted, for rather obvious reasons. And the unafflicted can't help but despise this inhuman beasts who have eaten scavengers. This combined with the fear that the disease is contagious and the reaction against the hate of the madmen, causes the normals to expel the "paras" from the city. Furthermore, the only ostensibly non-para doctor left on the planet is an entirely believable mad scientist who, thanks to a serum which lessens the para affliction, has gained control of the government. The basic problem, of course, is finding out what the disease really is, and how to cure it, and incidentally how the medship man can keep alive while solving the problem. There is also the question of why this disease never occurred in any form anywhere else. The answer to the problem is given to the reader almost from the start of the story, though of course he's not likely to realize it; the plot, the technique, the characterization, and the style are excellent. And the ending, the final solution, is all the more ingenious for its simplicity (although it is only a medical solution -- there is nothing that can be done for the psyches of those who were paras, have been cured, and are suffering guilt).

That does it on the fiction, thank god; while I am concerned here only with the fiction, and to an extent the cover artwork, insofar as it has a great influence on sales, I suppose that a few general comments are nevertheless in order. First of all, I assume that all of you realize that the layout of Analog is excellent, certainly the best in the field. In addition the reproduction of artwork stands so far above the other mags that comparison is laughable. The interior artwork of Schoenherr and Leo Summers is usually excellent, and naturally benefits all the more from appearing in Analog. The artwork of George Schelling is also quite good -- when it appears in Analog. In Galaxy or If, with their digest size and different methods of art repro, Schelling usually looks awful. These three artists also gain in the fact that Campbell commissions substantially more art for each story than other editors, and pays better to boot.

Many fans have said that they find P. Schuyler Miller's book reviews the best part of Analog. This is questionable, but one must admit that Miller writes the best book reviews in the current field. For one thing, I don't believe there's been an Analog or Astounding in the last twelve years in which Miller hasn't had between 4000 and 8000 words of book reviews. And his reviews were appearing in Astounding irregularly for a long time before The Reference Library was set up in 1951. Despite his constancy and his devoted following, however, Miller is not an especially good critic. I think he might be the first to admit this; his talents lie strictly in the field of book reviewing. How so? A critic

is someone like Knight or Blish, who tries to evaluate the literary worth of a book, who is harsh because he compares a book against what it would be if it were perfect, who makes searing insights and sneering enemies -- as well as many faithful devotees, if he is good. A reviewer, on the other hand, has one main function: from his review the reader should be able to decide whether or not to read the book. Sky Miller's reviews serve exactly that purpose. True, Miller likes about eighty percent of the books he reads -- far too many -- but after a few months most readers can gauge themselves against Miller's reviews. They don't decide to read a book because he says it's good, necessarily, but because of what he says is good about it, and because of his plot synopsis, or because he says it's pretty good space opera, and they like space opera. And in addition Miller always writes interesting reviews. This is an amazing feat: the man has been writing ten long reviews a month, twelve months a year, for twelve years and more, and yet he manages to write every review with a fresh approach, he manages to always have something interesting to say, he manages to never sound bored, with the result that he never bores his reader. Miller is a reviewer par excellence; it is to be hoped that he will win a Hugo, or perhaps Doc Smith will write a book called "Schuyler of Space." Meanwhile, long may he wave!

And that, my friends, is Analog, or at least the meat of same. Some people like the fat, but personally I wouldn't touch the stuff. I just leave it on the side of my plate, and don't (and won't) waste time discussing it. Unfortunately, the good meat has been quite rare recently, and the rest of it has not been very well done either. Thus it is that the gourmets among fen have either varied their palate or gone hungry.

But why hasn't it been good recently? What's wrong with Analog? Is there, perhaps, something wrong with us? Well, we have here a detailed look at six issues of the magazine; what's the verdict? Personally, I would certainly say that the Reynolds novel was deserving of the pb publication it got (from Pyramid); Leinster, Simak and Neville are all probably worthy of reprinting in an anthology; and the Anderson piece is vaguely deserving of the Ace Books publication it will likely get whether it deserves it or not. All the rest of the stories are, at best, simply good magazine stories, worthy but not notable, and, at worst, not fit to be published. Looking through my own critique here, I would say that roughly half the stories in the March-August issues have been reasonably good, and half have been mediocre to bad. This is not a good record...it is not a record which makes the mag worth buying, if you're making a decision on the basis of quality. It's not a record which compares favorably against 90% of Analog's 71 volumes.

But there's more. Not only is the good/bad record poor this year, but the 2% inspiration seems to have almost disappeared. Where are the great stories for Analog in 1963? Or for '62, or '61? Every year should have a few great tales, just to prove that the media is more than sheer escape writing. And there have been years when there were one or two or more great tales in every issue -- browse through a set of 1941 Astoundings sometime. But 1963...? If you want to be convinced that "they aren't writing 'em like they used to," look at the list of Hugo nominees for 1962. Best 5 stories of the year, right? Well, all of them are good, of course, but I find it hard to conceive of any one of them winning a Hugo. And as a final blow to the state of science fiction, out of the five "best" stories, four and a half of them are pure fantasy!

Maybe Bloch was wrong. Maybe sf really is, finally, in that long-famed rut.

[continued on page 63]

OFF MINOR

JOHNNY HODGES / THE CREAMY SAX

BY TED WHITE

Johnny Hodges, more than any other musician, embodies the fruition of the Ellington concept. Although the Duke has, on occasion, done without him, "The Rabbit" has for the last twenty years come to symbolize the Ellington band, the Ellington Taste, and the Ellington Omen. When the Duke's band entered the 1950's without Hodges, its followers were depressed. When Hodges rejoined the band in 1955, they were elated. It was not so much that Hodges could make or break the band -- he couldn't -- but that he symbolized its best times.

Significantly, when Hodges has made recordings away from the Duke he has tried to recapture those times -- and his success in doing so has fairly well dictated the success of the session.

John Cornelius Hodges plays an alto sax. He has done so ever since he virtually dropped the soprano sax shortly after joining the Duke. The significant fact is that Hodges plays the alto sax for a great many people. His style has developed into an ageless thing: rooted in the swing era's lush lyricism, a passionate sax full of sweeping glissandi, rich, full-toned, capable of carressing a melody into full-blown romance. But more than that: a rocking sax, fully capable, too, of moaning low from the guts, blue, heart-wrenching, and demanding. Hodges does not play the bop licks of the following generation, but he does not need to; he communicates quite clearly without resorting to devices.

Hodges is capable of answering all the demands of his instrument. His sweeps and swoops (most clearly demonstrated on his recording of Passion Flower with the Duke) down lines of notes without a break between them, demonstrates a great command, and leads to one of his few favorite mannerisms: starting a note flat or sharp and then sinuously sliding into the true note itself.

The result is an alto that sings, a "creamy" sax from which more modernists should take lessons.

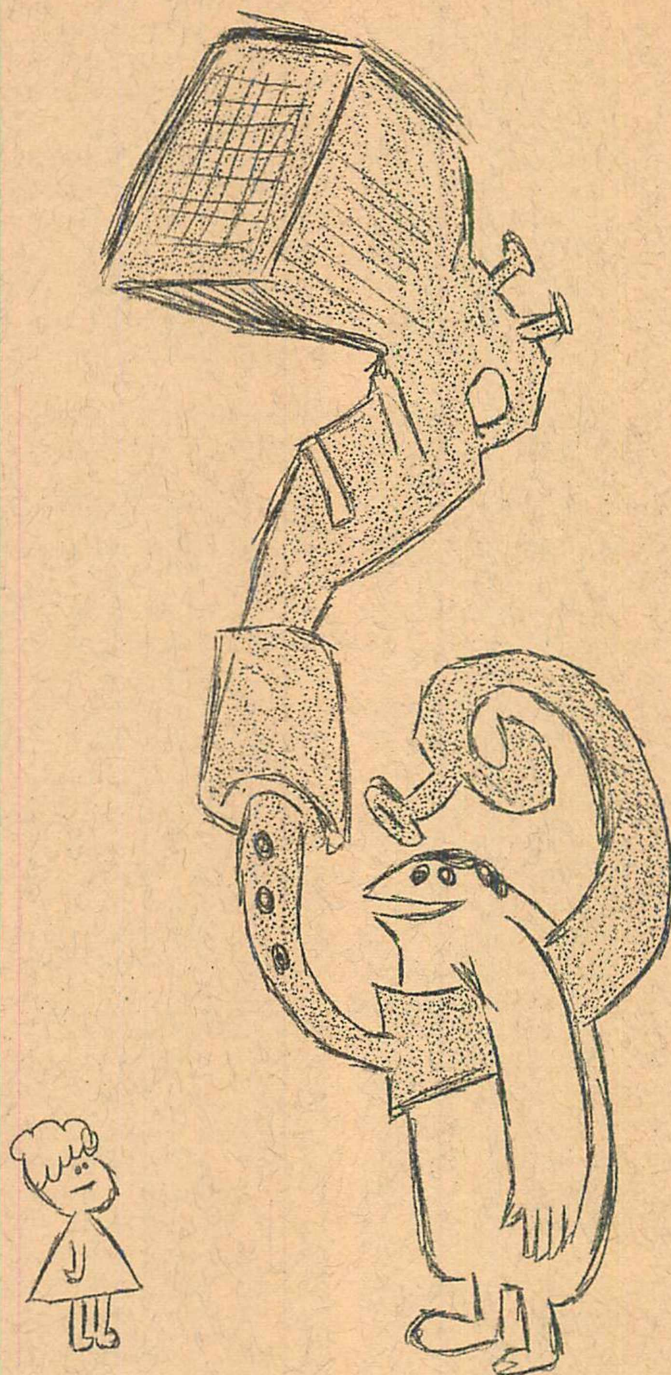
The list of Hodges' recordings under his own name has quickly burgeoned under the aegis of Norman Granz, who has often confused matters further by differently numbered and titled duplicate releases. Almost all are attempts in part to recapture the Ellington mood and style, attempts to recreate the success of the original Hodges-led "Ellington Unit" heard on Hodge Podge (Epic LG 3105) with the original group made up of Cootie Williams, Hodges, Otto Hardwick, Harry Carney, Duke Ellington, Lawrence Brown, Fred Guy, Billy Taylor and Sonny Greer. This unit differed from the Units led by Barney Bigard, Rex Stewart, and Cootie Williams chiefly in a greater emphasis on the blues. Like all of the Units, the conception was looser, more improvised than in the big band. Yet, the Duke was here; things were well under control.

Sadly, this has not always been true of the Norgan and Verve recordings. Small groups led by Hodges, and made up of various sidemen some of whom (Ben Webster, Lawrence Brown, Sonny Greer, among others) are Ellington alumni, perform on the following recordings: The Blues (Norgran MGN-1061), Castle Rock (Norgran MGN-1048), Creamy (Norgran MGN-1045), More of Johnny Hodges & Orch (Norgran MGN-1009), Used to Be Duke (Verve MGV-8150), Perdido (Verve MGV-8179), In A Tender Mood (Verve MGV-8149), In A Mellow Tone (Verve MGV-8180), and Blues-A-Plenty (Verve MGV-8358). Except for the last listed, the Verve recor-

dings are repackaged Norgran lps -- sometimes with the same title, sometimes retitled. One or two recordings have been released twice by Norgran, and again by Verve. The most flagrant example is More of Johnny Hodges, which was rereleased with a couple of tracks deleted, and a couple of others added, as Used to Be Duke, first on Norgran and then on Verve. This is a shoddy practice designed to sell records to an unsuspecting public which already may own near-identical copies (beneath the cover, as it were) and can hardly win friends for Hodges or for any of the many other artists treated in this fashion by the Granz labels. Strangely enough, the lp(s) in question contain some of John Coltrane's early work, and should be interesting to his fans for that reason, but he is only passingly listed as having been on the date.

Most of these records specialize in two areas: insignificant riffing blues pieces which begin to sound alike after about the third one; and ballads -- usually in medley. The latter is another device common to the label which rarely has any artistic recommendations. Hodges plays at his high-standard minimal level throughout, which means that his playing, while never less than professional, is rarely inspired. Almost all of the music on these recordings is mediocre; nothing is happening.

Inasmuch as Hodges is capable of playing a beautifully sweet sax, it was inevitable that he would eventually be coupled with strings. The result was Johnny Hodges and His Strings Play the Prettiest Gershwin (Verve MGV-8314). The operative word in the title gives the show away: this is "pretty" music, not beautiful music. The gulf which lies between the two is enormous, and clearly evident here, where Hodges,



"For five cents I will
play a tune for you, small child."

sounding quite bored exploring such potential vehicles of beauty as Summertime, plays a bland, "sweet" sort of music eminently suitable for Muzak. A banality of thought is about all that communicates itself here. The Hodges technique assures, again, a thoroughly professional date, but one with, again, no inspiration. I am afraid that by now these two characteristics have become the hallmarks of a large majority of Hodges' work for Granz, and it seems to me symptomatic of some sort of thinking behind the Granz labels. Clearly, a man of Hodges' great talent and ability does not deserve these sort of releases. They are harmful to his reputation, and they represent a shameful neglect and unhealthy exploitation. All of the releases I've cited were mediocre. They should not have been allowed onto record in the first place without severe editing (properly culled, they might make for two or three good lps), and their rerelease exemplified commercialistic thoughtlessness.

Happily, Hodges has made a few good records for the Granz labels, and having cleared away the slush, we can procede to them. Ellington '56 (Norgran MGN-1055) and The Big Sound (Verve MGV-8271) are both big band lps, made with the entire Ellington band, minus the Duke and nominally led by Hodges. Neither set represents the band at its fullest (that is, while meeting a challenge), but they do prove the band capable of outswinging and outroaring Basie at times, and for an unpretentious group of charts the band knocks itself out.

The roses, however, must be saved for Duke's In Bed (Verve MGV-8203). The group here is a complete Ellington Unit, featuring Hodges, Harry Carney, Jimmy Hamilton, Ray Nance, Clark Terry, Quentin Jackson, Billy Strayhorn, Sam Woodyard, and Jimmy Wood. The program is divided between riffing pieces (A-Oddie-Oobie, Meet Mr. Rabbit, Confab with Rab), and more fully arranged pieces, which run the gamut from popular standards (Just Squeeze Me, sung by Ray Nance, and It Had To Be You) to Ellington specials (a new piece, Duke's In Bed, by the Duke for this session; a lush melodic Strayhorn composition, Ballade for Very Tired and Very Sad Lotus Eaters; a well-revived Black and Tan Fantasy, and a newly rewritten Take the "A" Train). The entire session, originally released on ARS, shows considerably more forethought and preparation than is usual for such a date: although identified as "primarily a blowing session," it is a great deal more than that. By my count at least four new charts were supplied, in addition to the riffing pieces, and several of these new arrangements deserve further hearing. A surprise was "A" Train, which has been done far too often. Here, as on a date Clark Terry led on Riverside, the old vehicle has been given a new set of wheels: the arrangement has been boppishly paraphrased, and comes out sounding fresh and newly interesting. It was also a pleasurable experience to hear a new interpretation of Fantasy, a nearly forgotten Ellington classic. Perhaps one of the keys to the success of the record is the variety. The tunes are diverse and programmed intelligently. The result is the best record under Hodges' leadership yet released.

When we look back over the Hodges output (ignoring for the purpose of this article Hodges' work with the Ellington band itself, and those sessions under the Duke's leadership), it becomes evident that little of it makes any contribution to his high reputation. The question then is: Does Hodges require the presence of the Duke in order to provide inspiring solos? Does he lack the ambition or challenge to reach the same heights on his own sessions?

I think that, taking into account the fact [continued on page 277]

MOTHER

REJECTS
RESEC

REJECTS

GOOSE

REJECTS

~ EDWING ~

"KING COLE"

OLD KING COLE
HAD A SON NAMED
NAT !!



"JACK SPRAT"

JACK SPRAT COULD
EAT NO FAT...
SO HE ATE A LOT
OF SKINNY..



"LITTLE BOY BLUE"

OH, LITTLE BOY BLUE
WHERE THE HELL ARE
YOU ??

"RUB A DUB DUB"

OH RUB A DUB DUB-
RUB A DUB DUB...



HUMPTY DUMPTY

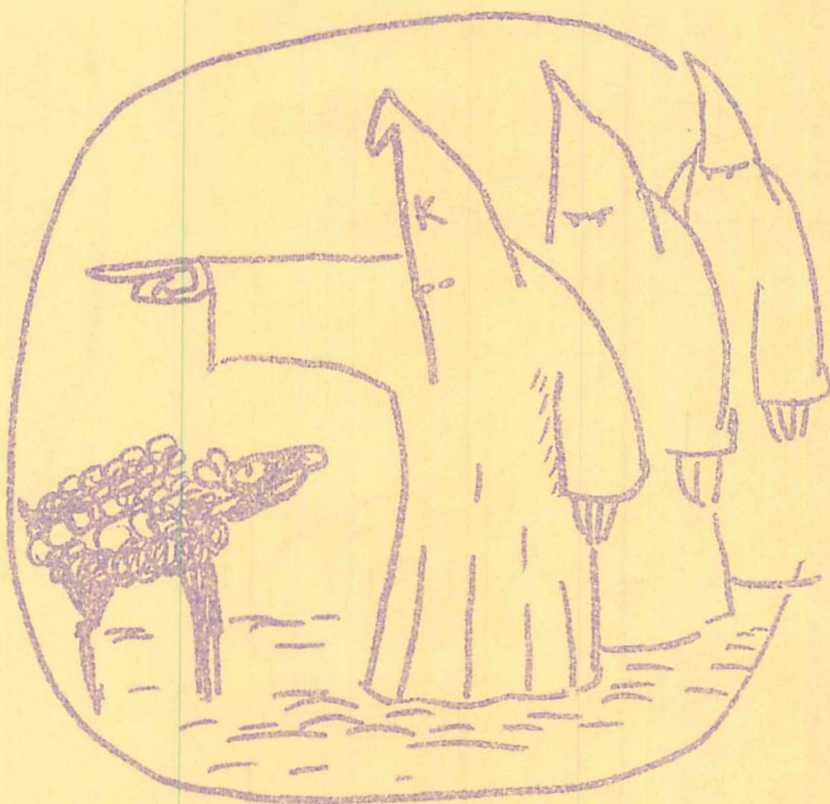
"HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT
ON A WALL -
HE WAS FACING THE
COMMIE SIDE !!



"RING AROUND A ROSIE"

RING AROUND A ROSIE-
RING AROUND A ROSIE

"BLACK SHEEP"
"BAH! BAH!"
BAH!



"MARY-MARY"

MARY, MARY-QUITE CONTRARY-
HOW LONG YOUR LEGS ARE SO
GOSH DURN Hairy-



"DING DONG DELL"

DING DONG DELL
PUSSY'S IN THE U.S.A.
OH, WHAT THE HELL...

"L'L JACK HORNER"

LITTLE JACK HORNER
SIT IN A CORNER -
EATING A CHRISTMAS
TREE...



"L'L JOE"

LITTLE JOE PILATI
STRUMMED A SPAGHETTI
AND HEARD EVERYONE SING
"EITHER EAT THAT SPAGHETTI
LIL JOE PILATI -
OR WE'LL TAKE A PLATE OF
ENCLAVE IT"



CONVERSION

by Enid Jacobs

I dressed carefully, choosing my dark purple dress and my dignified expression. My prayer book completed the picture -- of whom? Surely not of me. "Playing at a role" -- the phrase from sociology class taunted me -- "the conscious adoption of the behavior patterns belonging to another role, one that is not ordinarily yours." I, Emily Pelly, playing at being an imparter of knowledge, a transmitter of eternal truth, an indoctrinator of youth....

My family was proud of me. "Only the smartest people get picked to be Sunday School teachers!" I felt sick.

The building was old and slowly falling apart. When it was empty, like now, it was a well-moulded cave. A frail vessel to contain, to shelter and to nurture; the One True Faith, the immortal Eternal Rightness that would remain, steadfast, after all the false faiths, the churches of the heretics who only thought they knew the One Over All, had destroyed themselves. By fire, so it was prophesied -- but He would save us, of course, because we were Right. I thought of the gray stone Roman Catholic fortress down the street; the neat, prim Methodist Church, the synagogue, the little Society for Ethical Culture -- false faiths, all. But each obviously believed that it was Right. Even the agnostics at the Ethical place believed that it was Right to question the eternal verities, to dismiss them as unknowable. As a child, I had smiled to myself, thinking that the joke was on all those heretics; they would be consumed by the Fire of Wrath, while our numbers, few and humble, would arise and conquer, to rule the world....now, I shuddered. An intense, almost telepathic mental force dangled pictures before my inner eye: images of Sunday School teachers in each of the other places, imparting to their pupils different versions of the same Truth that we had always applied to ourselves. Were we all wrong; or were we all right? Insight seemed to sear through me: what, indeed, were the odds against any one of us -- much less the tiny Church of the New Redeemer -- being Right? I trembled at the awesome enormity of my thought.

But this was heresy! Blasphemy! The worst sin of all, for all may hope for Redemption but the unbelievers, the Wrong Ones. I was warned that I would lose my faith when I enrolled in "Sodom", as my family had dubbed the teachers' college. But Dr. Cimero had insisted:

"We have been old-fashioned, trying to hide from the evils of the world, the flesh, and the intellect. We, who are the Chosen People, the future rulers of the world, will have to learn the ways of the others, so that we may be less conspicuous and better able to outsmart them. I have fasted and prayed and abased myself in the dust before the One Over All for twelve days and nights, and He has seen fit to send me, in the form of a vision, a flaming prophet who commanded thus: 'Send ye the smartest of your number to learn the ways of the world, that ye may go forth as a pure lamb of Rightness in a world soiled by heresy and sin and atheism and eggheads and flouridation of water! In short, infiltrate the colleges, O ye brethren of the New Redeemer! Thus I say unto you!'"

So off I went to school. But never had I expected to lose my faith, to doubt the Most Holy Teachings of the Ever-Living Father. Frantically, I realized what I had to do. I had to go to Dr. Cimero and..... resign.

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"I am losing my faith," I said, trembling.

Dr. Cimero's eyes flared. "And what false faith have you taken in place of the Only True One?" he thundered.

"Oh, none, sir," I quavered.

"None? Atheism!!!"

"Oh, no! Never! I still believe in the Life-Giver and Creator. I haven't left the Church. But lately I've been thinking...."

"Thinking?" Dr. Cimero sighed and then relaxed. "That's the curse of mankind. So they tell me. They won't humble themselves and be as a child, blameless and pure, in the dust before their Maker. They stab at hornets' nests. They think. They insist upon doing it. I do believe they cannot stop."

"Yes, er, well, I got to thinking that every church, even false ones, thinks it is Right. Like we do. Yet we can't all be Right -- and it stands to reason that probably none of us is. Why, I don't believe I'd want to be Right. Why should all those heretics shrivel and burn? They never were taught any differently.

Dr. Cimero pondered my outburst. Then he sat upright and cried, "I see it now! It is the Precious Holy Plan! The High One has picked you -- it is a time of great jubilation and thanksgiving! He wants you to be one of His missionaries unto misbegotten Wrong Ones. So great is His love that He wants to save everyone! Rejoice, Emily, Rejoice!"

I was awed. Missionaries are even better than Sunday School teachers. "More prestigious," as my sociology professor would say. Everyone in the church would admire and approve of me, my family would be so proud....

Oh, it's lonely to wander up and down your mind's twisting paths, where none of your friends can follow, and would hate you if they knew you had gone. It isn't good to be smart, to think too much, to wonder about The Truth, like an egghead, an agnostic, one of those heretics who are Wrong.

I faced my class then: five upturned shiny faces. And a beagle pup, which Allie had brought in. He would be part of our lesson, later.

"Miss Pelly," Allie waved her hand, wildly, "I wanna be Chief Priestess! Can I, can I, huh?"

"It's my turn to do the sacrifice!" yelled Jerr-ed.

"We'll decide later," I promised them, "but now it's time for the catechism. First question: who is Modrak?"

"Modrak is the One True God, the Way, the Truth, and the Light," five shrill voices chanted in unison. Chained to the altar, the puppy squealed.

-- Enid Jacobs

Lament of a Man Who Waited
For The Year 1986 In Order
to Witness an Intergalactic
Spectacle, But Who Became
A Little Too Excited.

Halley's Comet
Made me Vomit.

THE ARCHETYPAL WHATDUNIT

a review by Tom Perry

A certain kind of science fiction story has a lot in common with the detective story: the author has thought up a clever situation and confronted his readers with it, challenging them to solve it. In the detective story the readers are supposed to have a harder time than at least the chief character; in sf it's usually the other way round, with the reader a page and a half ahead of the poor protagonist, whose valid characterization requires that he not instantly accept such ideas as parallel universes or telepathy or time travel as rational explanations for phenomena, even if he cannot explain them otherwise.

This type of thing can be superb science fiction if author and reader remember that the problem and its solution alone do not a story make. The worst has happened in the detective field, wherein all the elements are so standardized that the addicts of that crazy Dick Tracy stuff can be satisfied, for sixty seconds at least, with "minute mysteries," with answers printed upside-down on page 137 of the magazine.

With Lords of the Psychon, (Bantam, 40¢), Daniel F. Galouye has taken us another giant step toward the same kind of fate for science fiction. He contrives this situation, sets his characters to solving it, and releases them after they have come up with the same set of answers any fan or sf reader could have produced once he got far enough into the book -- thirty pages or so -- to grasp the basic set-up. The tougher problems the author ignores, figuring, apparently, that our imaginations are better than his anyway.

It's 1993, see, and Earth was taken over about 1977 by the Spheres, beings of energy that have built strange Cities of Force. Every September 25th all hell busts loose after the Spheres build a Grid in the sky around the planet. The Grid disappears afterwards, and everyone waits around till next September 25th.

Onto the scene, grunting, come Captain Maddox of the U.S. Army and his noble band. They are pulling a cart with a fifty megaton H-bomb they found somewhere resting on it. They drag it into one of the Cities of Force and set it to go off, losing a couple of men in the process. You can imagine how discouraged they are when the only sign of the explosion outside the City of Force is "a muffled 'pop.'"

September 25th and its attendant unpleasantness come and go, and the drunken scientist -- of course, there is a drunken scientist -- tells Maddox his theory: that the Spheres are from a parallel universe and are trying to capture Earth and transmit it back where they came from. Thus all the fireworks around Michaelmas tide.

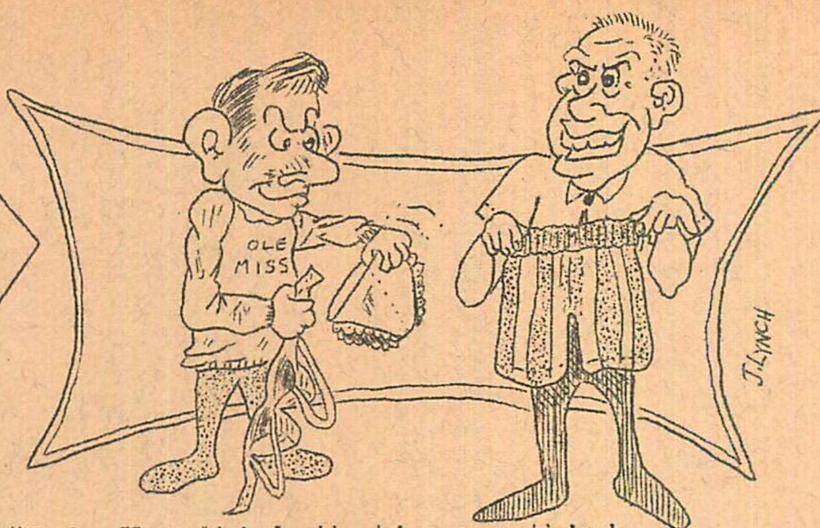
Things wander along until a volunteer shows up to join Maddox's tiny force, bringing with him a pair of colored rings with unusual properties. Fitted together one way they exude a pink plasma -- turn them around and they suck it back to nowhere. The plasma responds to human thought. A lot of time is spent puzzling over this, but not much is done till after the scientist hangs himself in a noose made of plasma.

Then we get underway. Captain Maddox is still in no hurry, but he manages to learn that he can create most anything he wants with the plasma, and then that he can let his subconscious play with it and end up psychoanalyzed. He does this, and acquires a Mysterious Power, which he then passes on to his men, and they destroy the Spheres and their cities just barely before the evil creatures can transmit the Earth to

SCENES FROM THE SOUTHLAND

by Jay Lynch

IT'S PANTY RAID
TIME AGAIN AT
OLE' MISS....



"Ha! You think that's somethin' --
THESE are JIM MEREDITH'S!"

ARCHETYPAL WHATDUNIT continued

their native universe.

Summarizing the plot makes it sound sillier than it is: this could have been good science fiction if the author had cared. That he did not is obvious from the ending. After using teleportation to deploy his men round the world to fight the Spheres, hero and girl friend are trapped by Spheres and Sphere-worshipping humans. They quickly work out a previously planted puzzle and conclude that by stepping through a series of stretched rings they can reach the future. They do and they do, coming out to find a monument to themselves and humanity waiting for them to step out of the time hole.

And there it ends. There's no explanation of who or what the Spheres were, what finally happened to them, why they wanted to transport the Earth to their universe, or any of the rest of it.

I'm just as happy, however, that Galouye didn't write the extra chapter, since it would no doubt have been as mussy and murky as the rest of the book. The total lack of characterization has to be read to be believed: you would think any author would use stereotypes, rather than total blanks.

And although Galouye had three different factions of humans and the Spheres to work with, the plotting is slow and heavy. The author had to show us one September 25th, and then push his characters to the verge of the next one; this gives him a year of time to fill up with plausible action, and evidently he couldn't do it.

As a result, weeks are made to flash by in a few sentences without much happening. Pointless incidents abound. Once a genuine Model T Ford is introduced, simply so that one character can turn the crank and cause the engine to "flare up like a volcano." "Well," says Captain Maddox, "at least we found out the Spheres still won't put up with anything electrical."

It is nothing, you see, to introduce a 66-year old car, which could not have received any care for 16 years, and have its magnetos work perfectly, in order to demonstrate something the characters and readers already know. This is truly deus ex machina. (By the way, though the Spheres will tolerate nothing electrical, their domain or their concern does not seem to extend to neural impulses or the electrical nature of matter.)

The implausibility of the thirty-man garrison is not treated. It would take a truly commanding officer indeed to keep such a batch of EMS under control, especially without pay, weekend passes, social approval (the ordinary clods hate the soldiers) or the force of law. Maddox displays no such strength, but he keeps order with scarcely any trouble. As an example, there is always at least one young pretty woman attached to headquarters, and she is always treated with the utmost respect by the whole garrison, to a man. Under similar circumstances, real-life soldiers have been known to form queues.

Despite the great rush to get everything ready by September 25th, there are times when the good captain seems to be prevaricating. After psychoanalyzing himself with the plasma, for instance, he spends a lot of time sharpening his mind: "Returning to the task at hand, he decided to summon the aggregate of his experiences with -- he hesitated -- pumpkin pie. [...] He retained only a handful of essential impressions -- enough to insure his appreciation of pumpkin pie should it ever return to man's culinary province."

There are many good things that could have been exploited in this book to make the difference between the failure it is and the classic it could have been. One of them is the author's reliance on Jungian psychology. In the plasmatic psychoanalysis, he sees no phallic or kteleic symbols, no visions of his parents copulating, no feces or any of the rest of the Freudian paraphernalia. Instead, "...he could only watch numbly as the seething opalescent substance reared up all about him in a thousand malevolent forms. There were hands that drew back with daggers and nooses that dangled beside his neck, great stalking carnivores and grotesque poisonous insects, a somber hearse and an empty grave, an open coffin, a ponderous elephant's foot that held itself poised over his head. [...] The fundamental fear, then, was the overriding terror of death, the appalling obsession with survival that lurked behind every thought, every whispered word, that shaded every motivation and action."

You may agree with this or not -- I do not, as it happens -- but it could have been developed into the underlying theme of the book, to make it real science fiction. The only other mention of anything scientific is a brief reference to the sidereal year.

However, nothing of this kind is done; the captain, who was born around 1955, is as stoical about the deaths that occur all around him as any infantryman ever hardened in the trenches. He faces fire with none of the terror that that elephant's foot conjures up. He is, in short, nothing more than a name printed on the pages of a disappointing book.

-- Tom Perry

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY FOR TAFF !

OFF MINOR continued from page 18

that his supervision on the Granz labels has not (except for the last-named set) been what it should have been, Hodges is like many men before him: he requires the challenge and stimulation of another great talent to bring his own forth. Hodges in appearance has often been described as looking bored. One wonders how much of this boredom has injected itself into what were apparently "routine" sessions.

In any event, we are fortunate in that Johnny Hodges has his Duke, and the Duke has one of jazz' finest altoists.

-- Ted White
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RAISEKAYNE OF MARS

a review by John Boardman

After excursions into politics and religion, Robert A. Heinlein has gone back to nymphets. Podkayne of Mars, serialized in the November 1962, January 1963, and March 1963 issues of If, has been published in hard covers by Putnam with the subtitle, "Her Life and Times".

The protagonists of many previous Heinlein books have been sensitive teen-age boy geniuses with bright brat sisters. In this story, the author rings a small change: a sensitive teen-age girl genius with a bright brat brother. The heroine is Podkayne Fries, the Mars-born daughter of a male archaeologist and a female engineer; she is named after an ancient Martian of an introverted, dying race devoted to abstract thought, and apparently borrowed by Heinlein from Bradbury for this book. Poddy's ancestry is mixed even for a Heinlein heroine -- part Swedish and part Maori -- and I believe that Heinlein is having a mild joke at his own expense about the heterogeneous ancestries of many of his earlier characters.

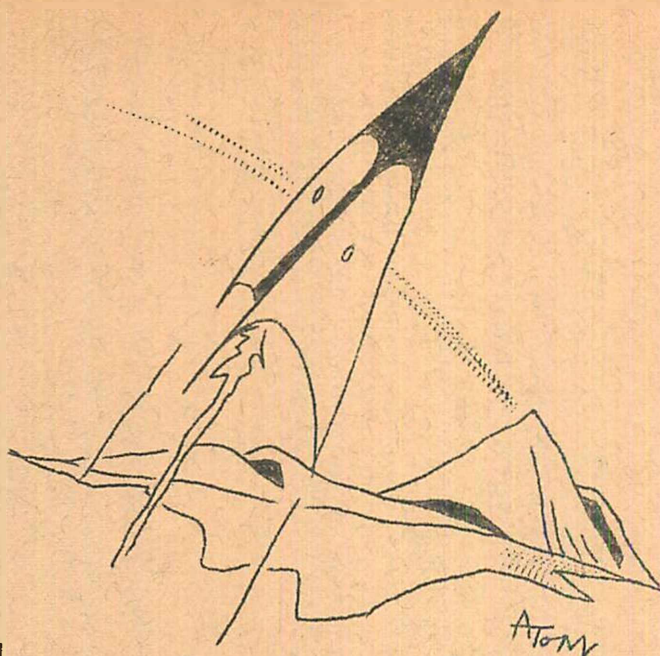
Lazarus Long is incarnated in this book as Poddy's great-uncle Tom, a venerable reprobate, Senator-at-Large, and diplomat of the Martian Republic. He is more amiably avuncular than he was in his Baslim or Harshaw avatars, but still a fast man with a deck of cards or a blaster. The book's politics come in through him, in the form of State-of-the System Addresses to Poddy and Brother Clark during a trip to a summit conference on the Moon.

The book is in the form of Poddy's diary, kept in Ancient English and Old Martian script, with marginal comments in invisible ink by Clark, for reasons which become apparent on the next-to-last page. Our Girl writes in faithful Teenagian which suggests that Heinlein has been liberally exposed to the dialect. Clark writes with a snotty, impregnable superiority in everything, since he ranks Poddy in IQ, 160 to 145.

A series of accidents involving quick-frozen babies sends Poddy and Clark off to earth with Uncle Tom, who is on some unofficial and mysterious errand involving interplanetary politics. The trip is by way of Venus and the Moon, aboard a luxury liner that can afford to use short routes rather than cheap ones. Life aboard an interplanetary passenger ship is likely to be very much like Heinlein's description -- apart from a radiation storm put in to jazz up what is likely going to be the most boring form of travel imaginable.

New characters who put in their appearances on the ship, aside from a properly dictatorial captain and two elderly female tourists, are Motherly Old Mrs. Grew and a pneumatic wench who (believe it or not) is referred to as "Girdle FitzSnugglie". Girdle is a hard-nosed but friendly type, a sort of Christine Keeler of space. Since Poddy is too young and kittenish to offer full-fledged Girdle any competition, they are soon as thick as thieves. Clark, needless to say, develops a ferocious case of puppy love.

When the ship reaches Venus, Heinlein returns to political analysis,



though not as obviously as in Starship Trooper. Whereas Mars is a nation of fiercely independent yeomen, among whom duelling is an institution and immigration highly selective, Venus is run not as a nation but as the domain of a corporate monopoly, a space-age East India Company. Heinlein apparently approves of both forms of government, in preference to the spineless welfare state of 20th-century America which comes in for such hard treatment in Glory Road's overly long and didactic exposition. (Pity that they're incompatible.)

The Venus Corporation has Plans of its own for our innocents. Dexter Cunha, teen-age son of the Chairman of the Board, starts squiring Poddy around the casinos (where Girdie takes a job), and Clark starts cleaning up at the gaming tables. Between winnings, he blithely informs Poddy that he took a fat bribe to smuggle aboard at Mars a Mysterious Package which turned out to be an atomic time-bomb -- but instead he had dismantled the bomb and was keeping it just in case he ever needed one. Meantime, Uncle Tom is trying to get Poppa Cunha to join an anti-Earth coalition at the summit conference, and Dexter is equally unsuccessful in trying to get Poddy to join him in a less official combination.

About the time this situation begins to bog down, Clark disappears. He leaves a note (in Poddy's diary) that he has gone off to rescue Girdie from something or other. Poddy promptly goes off to rescue him, and the next thing we know, all three members of the Fries family on Venus are captured and tied up in chairs by Motherly Old Mrs. Grew, who turns out to be a fat jolly professional torturess. By holding the youngsters as hostages, she expects Uncle Tom to jump through hoops at the summit conference for the benefit of persons not yet identified. (Don't worry about Girdie; Motherly Old Mrs. Grew faked that, too.) After a warning that his kindred will be thrown into bed with a hop-headed Venusian unless he behaves, Uncle Tom is shipped back to Venusberg to catch his boat.

Clark figures that Motherly Old Mrs. Grew will kill him and his sister as soon as Uncle Tom either leaves or doesn't leave Venus. (We aren't told why, in this event, the kids are left alive at all.) So he whips out from his hip pocket his pet A-Bomb, lights the fuse, and they escape after killing all hands.

The last chapter is written by Clark. It seems that his bright but soft-headed sister went back to rescue a baby Venerian animal she had taken a fancy to, and was caught in the blast range. This leaves Clark thinking that it might be better to have a little softness in you than to be a clever soulless computer. ("I wish I knew how to cry.")

Common rumor has it that the original manuscript ended at this point, but that under editorial pressure Heinlein hoked it up for If with a last-minute report that Poddy barely survived the blast and is being patched up in a Venusberg hospital. From message to mess.

(The hardcover version puts in another paragraph or two. Clark takes over the care of the cute li'l Venerian, and the reader is left with the impression that he is at last developing a Soul.)

The whispers that Heinlein left Poddy alive at Fred Pohl's prodding probably do not tell the whole tale. Heinlein has enough stature to be able to preserve a story line from editorial assaults, and the heroine's death would finish the book more neatly than does her suddenly revealed survival. But Podkayne has not hit Earth yet, and there may very well be another novel in how she and that planet react to each other.

-- John Boardman

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the Coulsons'

FOLLOW THE DRINKIN GOURD

...a folk music record review column

Every so often someone comes along with an article defining science fiction. It's a standard joke. The usual comment by the old guard fan is: "There are as many definitions of sf as there are fans of sf." The same holds true for folk music fans. To paraphrase Bloch, scratch a folk music fan and you get a punch in the nose and a rousing argument.

This was brought forcefully home to me just this last week. Lounging about our living room, listening to various and sundry folk music records, were five fans -- fans, as it happened, of both sf and folk music. They failed to agree on anything. There were small areas of agreement, but far more of differing taste.

There are two sets of criteria necessary when speaking of and judging folk music. The first set involves the initial language, so to speak. The two languages are (1) pure-tone and (2) blues. The classification of a singer in one category or the other depends partially on the background of the singer (read: culture), and partly on his or her voice. Certain singers are unable to sing in one category or the other. A good blues singer who really communicates to his listeners would not only be unable to sing in the pure-tone tradition, but his efforts in that direction would offend the ears of the pure-tone fans. And a good pure tone singer finds it difficult, if not impossible, to sing blues; in many cases this is a result of training -- everything in his or her background screams "No!" whenever he tries to slide a note or produce a distinctive blues waver. His background has taught him that the very things which make a good blues singer are for him, the good pure-tone singer, the Cardinal Sins.

There is one tiny area in folk music where it is possible to try to blend the two traditions. To our way of thinking, it is unsuccessful 99% of the time. This is bluegrass. Bluegrass is most listenable when it is kept pure, as in the singing of Joan Baez. On "Silver Dagger," she is exquisite; on "House of the Rising Sun," she is trying to sing blues and not making it.

Of course, if the bluegrass singer is playing it for laughs, this combination of pure-tone and blues may come off pretty well, but the purist fans of both categories will run screaming from the room with hands over ears.

The second set of criteria involve the method of rendering. These are (1) ethnic and (2) commercial. In our personal opinion, the first method of rendering, whether in blues or pure-tone tradition, generally means a bad voice. It doesn't need to, but it far too often does. Odetta proved that it is quite possible to drip with ethnic feeling and be quite listenable. And there are several pure-tone singers who have been very commercial. But in general, there is a very sharp schism among the folk music fans. The fan who digs ethnic material, whether in blues or pure-tone, will turn up his nose at certain recordings with no more explanation than, "Too commercial." The more commercial folk fan is a tiny bit more tolerant, but not much; he might react with a left-handed compliment like "Say, that isn't bad listening, I mean for an ethnic version."

And rarely the twain shall meet. When they do, it's an event.

This makes record-reviewing for the folk music crowd a very touchy

proposition. You dig commercial blues; you listen to a new record and say goshwow -- so the ethnic types go out and make depreciating noises after they listen, and the pure-tone fans will start suing to get their wasted money back.

Fortunately, between us, we Coulsons like nearly all types of folk music, though with obvious preferences for certain facets. But do not assume because we usually exult polished, commercial folk material that we absolutely scorn any form of ethnic folk music. One of my favorite recordings is a field recording from the Mississippi State Pen; wood and cane chopping songs in completely untrained and unpolished voices.

But, in expectation of outraged screams from people who feel they have been grossly misled by this or later columns, we will, whenever possible, try to make distinctions. We will try to give the reader some indication of how we identify recordings. Then, all you, as the reader, must do is discover where your own particular tastes lie in relation to ours. If you haven't, don't rush out to buy something we recommend and then scream "Gyp!"

Now then:

(1) Pure tone. The emphasis is on....purity of tone. There is little or no slurring of notes. Usually the voices are good in the art lieder tradition characterized by the Old English, Elizabethan, and purer Appalachian ballads and folk songs: "Barbara Allen", "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor", "Bow And Balance To Me." If you like Joan Baez, Richard Dyer-Bennett, Andrew Rowan Summers and so forth, you like pure tone. It is ethnic when no concessions have been made to the masses, commercial when the tone is pure but the rendition is more...."hummable."

(2) Blues. There are so many different kinds of blues that I will make no attempt to categorize them all. And I've known very few people who came into the blues fan category very late in life. It's something you must, apparently, get hooked on early. If, for instance, you like jazz blues, give a listen to Josh White. Josh is unique, and it's possible under such circumstances you may not be attracted, but he does communicate with a surprising number of people who otherwise loathe all forms of blues -- or folk music. So experiment. Ethnic or commercial -- there are blues for both tastes.

So if you've tried listening to a folk record or two and decided you didn't like folk music, stop and consider what your personal prejudices and preferences are. It might be worth another effort.

-- Juanita Coulson

I think maybe I should retract my statement in the last issue that folk music groups are better than ever. The last few I've encountered have been pretty horrible. Worst of the lot is KNOB LICK UPPER 10,000 (Mercury MG20780). This group exhibits all the sins: bad musicianship, mediocre voices, ultra-common songs, and flat arrangements. The results are a perfect example of what's wrong with commercial folk music. THE LITTLE SISTERS (MGM E4116) are about as bad. Even the MGM lion on the jacket looks a bit embarrassed, and he should. In the old days, these girls would be doing what their voices are suited for: hillbilly music on a second or third-rate radio station. The boom in folk music and the fact that they seem to work like hell to be Quaint Greenwich Village Characters gets them a "folkmusic" album with jacket notes by Johnny Carson. Blech. THE COURIERS CARRY ON (Mercury MG20772) is a slight improvement. The Couriers are apparently aware of their mediocre voices and make a stab at disguising the fact by singing everything just as fast as possible. If you don't know anything about proper timing, I suppose the results might appear to be worthwhile.

A few gems are still appearing among the rubbish. JUDY HENSKE (El-

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ektra EKL231) is one of them. Judy is a blues shouter of the old school; the general opinion of those listening to her with us last weekend was that you'd better grab her records now if you do like her, because in five years or so she isn't going to have any voice left. Her combination of straight blues singing and spoken comedy (or attempted comedy) is a bit jarring at first, but you get used to it, and she has a perfectly fascinating voice.

THE NEW GENERATION, by Inman and Ira (Mercury MG20778) is another excellent record. These two boys combine modern, slick arrangements with a real "feel" for folk material. Results are probably too commercial for the ethnic purists, but it sounds great to us.

For the real ethnic fans, FOLKSONGS OF SASKATCHEWAN (Folkways FE-4312) should prove to be a treat. These are "field recordings"; meaning that the "editor" went out into the Saskatchewan prairies with his notebook and tape recorder and came back with a load of folk songs as actually sung by folk. The voices are horrible, of course, but the material is as pure as it's possible to get. (The next time anybody talks about the "authenticity" of Jean Ritchie or Mike Seeger, ask him how he likes this record. If he doesn't like it or hasn't heard it, he's a phony.) I rather like this sort of record, myself, though I must admit that I don't like it well enough to pay money for it. If I can listen to somebody else's record, I will.

THE WATSON FAMILY (Folkways FA2366) are a more professional ethnic group. Their singing isn't particularly polished, but it has vigor, and some of the voices are better than the imitation ethnics like Bob Dylan and Jack Elliott. Speaking of Dylan, THE FREEWHEELING BOB DYLAN (Columbia CL1986) is now available, if you can stomach the horribly cube cover. Dylan does have some very good basic material. In twenty years or so, after it's been polished a bit (preferably by other singers) it may well be considered classic. Right now it's pretty bad, but if you go for original compositions sung by the composer you might like it. Some otherwise intelligent people do. Dylan has even been called "the new Woodie Guthrie" (of course, so has every other young folksinger with a bad voice and an aversion for steady work). If I had to pick one decent combination singer-composer out of today's crop, I'd take Ewan McColl. I have yet to hear anything by Dylan that compares to McColl's "Springfield Mine Disaster", "Go Down, You Murderer", or "The Shoals of Herring". (Terry Gilkyson has written even more good songs, and is a far better singer than McColl, but he seems to have retired, so I'm not sure he belongs in "today's crop".)

BACK PORCH BLUEGRASS, by the Dillardards (Elektra EKL232) introduces another singing group which I would have been just as happy to remain unintroduced to. I admit that I have some trouble in judging bluegrass music, since it all sounds pretty bad, but the better quality material (as judged by alleged experts) seems to be less obnoxious to me than most. By these admittedly imperfect standards, The Dillardards rank as a pretty poor group. And there ain't much in music that's worse than a poor bluegrass group.

-- Robert Coulson

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We've Got All-Star Issues, Too, Uncle Avram!

Coming Up: New Fiction by HARLAN ELLISON with illustrations by STEVE STILES; plus articles by DON & MAGGIE THOMPSON, RAY NELSON, GARY DEINDORFER, MIKE DECKINGER and JOHN BOARDMAN; and the usual spate of columnists; in the Enclave pre-Annish.

THE INCOMPLEAT MOVIEGOER

take 1

***** a film diary
***** by bhob stewart

TREND SNIFFING: Three months ago we had Frankenheimer's highly successful MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE; coming up are SEVEN DAYS IN MAY and DR. STRANGELOVE, OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. All these pictures deal with fantastic, slightly satirical situations of world conflict and destruction that manage to remain within the realm of possibility. Right now "the favorite of millions from Hong Kong to Hyannisport" could send the trend off on a tangent that bodes well for fantasy film fans.

As a fake James Bond fan, I found DR. NO disappointing on as many levels as it was successful. My point of view is fairly objective: in the past year I've walked out on CAPTAIN MARVEL and FLASH GORDON screenings (but sat through a half dozen chapters of each) and bought an Ian Fleming novel (but put it aside after four chapters). Nevertheless, during this same year I've constantly maintained that there is a definite need for well-scripted high budget modern thrillers utilizing the kind of cliffhangers once found only in Republic serials. DR. NO is glossed up, but it still appeals to the same instincts that serials did when we were nine years old. Serial nostalgics probably delight in Bond's use of the old underwater breathing trick with reeds (which I found too cliché in this context), the tarantula in his bed, the villain introduced as mysterious loud-speaker voice, etc. and etc.

Inevitably, DR. NO must be compared to the other modern thrillers, and there it begins to falter. Despite the use of a trigger-sharp ending, there remain some ponderously slow scenes. One misses the pace and mobility that disguised the absurdities in the premises of NORTH BY NORTHWEST and THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH. Many wonderful bits with inherent suspense value are tossed aside all too quickly: what difference does it make if Ursula Andress is chained to the floor of a room filling with water if we don't even know about it until the last ten minutes? (Republic would have made a whole chapter out of that one....) So Dr. No is fouling up Canaveral.....after one brief mention in the script, we're supposed to worry about this? Bond could have arrived at Crab Key 45 minutes sooner and more skillful direction by Terrence Young could have made the audience somewhat concerned about the fate of Honey, Bond, and the world. Someone in the

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editing room ought to read CAPTAIN MARVEL VS. MR. MIND before they get their hands on the FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE footage now shooting.*

But I'll cheerfully acknowledge the neat credits, the pulsing "James Bond Theme," the superb choice of Sean Connery for Bond, the masterful sets of No's Crab Key laboratory, and the almost-Cinema-Verite handling of the climax with No's underlings running amok.

The trend? Well, hopefully, the Bond series might lead to A-budget films of other genre novels with believable hero and heroine pitted against Unspeakable Evil. I'm thinking specifically of John D. MacDonald's "The Girl, The Gold Watch, and Everything." Oh, what a movie that would make....

-- bhob stewart

Which Side Are You On?

Your arrogant, bellicose, irritated editor has recently acquired a supply of the 5¢ Emancipation Proclamation stamp large enough so that at least one of these presumptuous little stickers can be affixed to each Enclave mailing envelope. You may recall that in Birmingham, Alabama, and other bastions of American indecency, Dr. Martin Luther King has marched with his followers wearing work clothes. To the superficial mind, Dr. King's attire seems incongruous for a clergyman, even in a demonstration; in fact, the overalls constitute a gesture, calculated to emphasize how far the realities of this nation diverge from its ideals. My use of this particular postage stamp is intended as the same sort of gesture: when you look upon that austere bi-colored commemoration of an "emancipation," you realize how meaningful is the basic dishonesty of what you see. Ministers do not wear work clothes; governments do not exult freedom that does not really exist.

And now, as all the pious liberals (at least on the question of human rights) nod solemnly in agreement, I will attempt to slip in a few words which really deserve to be called A Public Service Announcement.

What, dear reader, are you doing about our national and individual shame, our collective and personal hypocrisy? Do you nod, too, when David Brinkley informs you that Medgar Evers has been murdered, with his (Brinkley's) eyebrows twitching and conveying a subtle disapproval of the dastardly act? ("Dastardly" -- that's what Ross Barnett called it -- you see, that's his way of nodding.) Do you nod, too, when two or three well-chosen adjectives in Time or Newsweek reveal that the magazine thinks it is horrid that the likes of George Wallace is in the Alabama statchouse -- and that Wallace is merely symptomatic? Is that all you do, dear reader -- nod, smugly aware that your intentions are the very, very best?

Come off it.

Please send some money, any amount of money you can afford, right now, to CORE, 38 Park Row, New York 38, New York. Those of you who have done so already (needless to say, contributions to other civil rights organizations are as worthwhile as contributions to CORE) have my apologies for this tirade. Those who have not must apologise for and to themselves.

*Ten in the Bond series have been contracted for, but producers Saltzman and Broccoli will film How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying before tackling what is to be the 3rd Bond filmization, Goldfinger. -- bhob

ROSEBUDS, LOLLIPOPS AND THE FOUR-LEGGED TROMBONE

by Skip Williamson

I can't and won't argue religion or the existence or non-existence of a God, because the repercussions from a great number of agnostics (and Worse) in fandom could be too much for a tender, young, and impressionable neo (me in this case) to bear. But I would like to point out and bring up some dead ideas and ask some questions.

I want to make it exceedingly clear at the outset that I have no particular quarrel with atheists. In fact, I greatly admire a person with convictions and ideals all his own. I may not agree with the person, but nevertheless there is a spark of admiration for the one who is steadfast in his convictions. No matter what the convictions are. That is, as long as his convictions and ideals don't infringe upon or damage the very existence of another person.

From what I've read, when an atheist and a theist are together, the atheist will ask the theist to "prove the existence of God," or the theist will ask the atheist to "prove the non-existence of God." And after hours of tumultuous bickering nothing is solved or proven, and two haggard, spent souls (you should pardon the expression) are left panting, each thinking that he has gotten the best of the other, and subconsciously chalking up a point for his side and the Greater Good.

As far as proving something, I'd like to see one person prove to me that he exists -- much less God. And to switch things around, I certainly can't prove that another person doesn't exist. But the point I'm trying to make is that nobody can prove or disprove anything in this silly world. Life itself is just a theory. So is Time. ~~So is Time. So is Time.~~

I can admire an atheist's belief simply on the foundation that they say that they'd rather be an honest agnostic than a pious fraud. This element of pious fraudulism is so thick -- particularly in Christianity in America -- that to become our concept of a Christian would involve a certain amount of hypocrisy, and that in turn means you've already condemned yourself in your religion's eyes before you've even started.

A few years back a man named Martin Luther saw corruption in his church, and since atheism wasn't iconoclastic enough for him (it was already being practiced by a couple of popes and some lesser notables in the church hierarchy, so that was out), he thought "Well, hell, why don't I get the backing of some Big Name Germanic Lord and distribute ~~handouts~~ pamphlets to the peasants, showing them How Things Are." And he did just that, too.

I suppose the thing that started the furry ball of reformation rolling with Luther was when Pope John III was stabbed by his mistress' husband, and thrown out of a second-story window into the street.

This would probably make even the most naive person wonder what was going on around Vaticanville.

Martin Luther wasn't as naive as all that, so he held back for a couple of weeks until Pope Leo V started selling indulgences. That, to Luther, was just a bunch of Papal Bull, and was probably the straw that broke the ameliorator's back.

Maybe Luther was just broke when the indulgence collector came around, but at any rate, he was pretty antagonistic about the whole thing, and he went so far as to write up something he called his 95 Theses just to show he was in there fighting, boy.

And in there fighting he was: here he had the entire Vatican in an uproar over his impudence, had run away to a high castle of some lord or other, and was distributing pamphlets of religious protest to the peas-

ant population at an alarming rate (considering that the printing press was relatively new on the European scene).

Well, around this time complications began to set in. The lords and royalty of that particular era didn't get along too well with the common folk (the peasants) and before long there was a little war going on between them.

Our buddy Luther was caught betwixt two forces: the lords, who were protecting him inside their castle walls, and the peasants, to whom the missives against the church were being directed.

Should he leave the safety of the castle and go to his People and direct them as would Any True Messiah?

Certainly not! He stayed with the lords, where he was safe. Besides, the peasants would probably lose anyway (they did) and why should he endanger his own life? Martin Luther was a smart cookie, and he knew where he was well off.

Luther had his own kick going for him, just as today's so-called atheists have their own kick going for them. Y'see, in Luther's day, it wasn't the In Thing for the bohemians to go atheist. Instead, everyone who was a swinger had to become a Protestant. There has been a time in our own century when it was the mode for one to become a convert to a Wild Fanatical Religious Cult (the Berkeley Tree Worshipers, for instance), but the world never ended when they said it would, so they began to disbelieve in everything -- including God.

Now, those in the vogue cover themselves with a glittering shroud of ostentatious atheism.

I've seen several fannish references to Thomas Paine's Age of Reason as a handbook for atheists.

Having just finished Age of Reason, I can say that it might indeed serve as a guidebook for an agnostic element, but hardly for atheists.

Paine starts out by saying that he most assuredly believes in God and hopes that he will go to heaven at his demise. His only quarrel is with the human innovations on our religion that leave just an innuendo of the Spirit of God, and have created a superficial grandeur over something that was meant to be regarded as meekness. In Paine's words, "... the Church has set up a system very contradictory to the character or the person whose name it bears. It has set up a religion of pomp and revenue, in pretended imitation of a person whose life was humility and poverty."

There's that component of pious fraudulism again.

Paine attempts to show connections between ancient mythology and the Christian concept of one God/one power. The virgin birth, the resurrection, the ascent into heaven all follow closely concepts in Greek mythology, and, according to Paine, were manufactured purely as sensationalism so that the early church would have something to believe in.

Then Paine goes one step further when speaking of the Old Testament. The Old Testament is supposedly the word of God, but according to Paine (and I suppose he had some foundation for his ideas), a group of "Church Mythologists" wrote the books, added to, altered, and abridged them, and then proceeded to vote in or out the books that they decided were the word of God.

Apparently, Paine had little regard for that dusty, seldom-read volume we call the Bible.

"Whenever we read the obscene stories, the voluptuous debaucheries, the cruel and torturous executions, the unrelenting vindictiveness, with which more than half the Bible is filled, it would be more consistent that we called it the word of a demon, than the word of God. It is a history of wickedness, that has served to corrupt and brutalize mankind;

and for my part, I sincerely detest it, as I detest everything that is cruel."

Paine obviously wasn't very realistic in his approach. He wanted life to be all candy-coated and sweet; and as far as the Bible being the reason that men are corrupt and like to kill things (especially each other), the idea is absurd.

First of all, Christianity isn't widespread enough so that the Bible would be the cause of man's strife. Secondly, mankind has always had the urge to kill off one another, even before the Bible existed. And thirdly, some of the most corrupt and ruthless societies in all of history have been those with an anti-religious foundation (more so now than in Paine's time).

According to the atheist there are no logical explanations that could cause him to believe in the existence of a divine being. But this is a pitfall they all seem to fall into.

Everything, including our sense of logic, was created and given to us by God. It isn't necessarily true that what we deem logical is indeed logical, or what we deem to be illogical is illogical. God need not be logical because he is our creator, and he gave each of us a mind, and he stuck in each mind what we call logic.

If it were possible (and what isn't possible?) for a completely different society to join us here on earth -- a society with a sense of logic in the reverse of ours -- we could see the fragility of the atheist's concept of a non-God. Everything logical to us would be illogical to them. Their very existence would be totally illogical, but they would still exist.

The whole thing boils down to the fact that we're human and God isn't. It's impossible for some of us to conceive of a God, but why shouldn't it be? After all, man has a long way to go before he elevates himself to the position of God, and I think that he is not really as smart as he thinks he is.

One of Paine's greatest weaknesses, as with most Deists, is the overuse of generalizations. His book is loaded with minor discrepancies and self-contradictions. As an example, he was speaking of his "Church Mythologists" spreading what they thought to be the word of God (meaning they wrote it themselves) throughout the world, when in fact they knew no world as we know it today, and in fact believed that the world was flat, as did others of that era.

This is a gross misconception, and while on the subject of historical myths, this is a prime example of one such myth. Every person who had any sort of educational background (and a good many who didn't) since the Egyptian civilization has known that the world is a globe.

Then just a few pages later, the same "Christian Mythologists" Paine fancied so ignorant refute him in his own book: Paine quotes from the Bible where the earth is referred to as a "dark terrestrial ball."

Still, there's that cutting atheist's imperative, "Prove that God exists!" All too often the atheist wants what he calls "scientific" proof of the existence of God. And I still maintain that there may or may not be any scientific proof of God's existence, but you must remember that God need not be scientifically explained because, according to the theist, it was God who conceived everything (including all concepts of the sciences); thus he need not be explained by his own invention. This is plausible enough for me to accept, but where God is concerned nothing need be plausible.

Paine was one of those people who went around trying to explain God scientifically. He said: "I know I did not make myself, and yet I have

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REYNOLDS: FOILED!

a review by Vic Ryan

Mack Reynolds: The Earth War. Pyramid F-886; 40¢ for 136 skimpy pages. Serialized as "Frigid Fracas" in Analog, March and April, 1963.

If you're in the habit of reading Rogue, you may have noticed that the masthead lists old-timer Mack Reynolds as "travel editor," a largely transparent and rather meaningless imitation of Patrick Chase's similar position with Playboy. Presumably world-traveller Reynolds' occasional articles on the international scene -- although chiefly along the lines of "Eurpoe's Mineral Baths on Five Dollars a Day" -- have endowed him with the breadth and sophistication to handle the sweeping plethora of themes with which The Earth War deals. In reality, he falls pitifully short. However, if his intellectual efforts are ineffectual, they are, at least, forgivable; what is inexcusable is his persistent failure to tell a story.

Reynolds' topic is, for the most part, the military, a choice which is perhaps doubly unfortunate. For one thing, it immediately invites comparison with Heinlein's Starship Troopers or Blish's Star Dwellers, a comparison under which it's bound to suffer. For another, in a colossally amateurish attempt at circumscribing his arena as neither Heinlein nor Blish would have found necessary, he has created an unlikely world which, driven to the brink of nuclear holocaust, comes suddenly to its senses and enacts a limited arms ban -- a ban applying to only those weapons developed from 1900 on. This is not only highly arbitrary; it renders unlikely the continuing technological innovation that Reynolds assumes, and, perhaps most tellingly, it fails to make some concrete limitation upon a country's manpower potential, a provision for which the Western world would certainly be expected to press.

The Western camp in this sterile little fantasy is characterized by "industrial feudalism," an intriguing and imaginative phrase, but an economic improbability. The "feudalistic" companies wage war against each other, you see, thereby eliminating the middleman, Packard's befuddled consumer, but necessitating, in turn, trained mercenaries to do the fighting. These mercenaries are not only national heroes and good fictional hardnoses -- they are generally among the best people society has to offer. Much as Heinlein's Starship Troopers sought citizenship and its resultant privileges, the mercenaries in The Earth War strive for advancement in a strikingly caste-divided society. This is the goal of Joe Mauser, born into the Lower Class as a cobbler-to-be, but later switching categories to the military, where the opportunities for advancement are greater. He rises swiftly, if not meteorically, but he never becomes any more believable a character than the worst-drawn of the Horatio Algernons. Equally unforgivably, the Upper-Class woman whom he loves is cold and unrealistic.

Within this minimal framework, Reynolds pursues a fistful of themes that would have frightened off a writer with better sense. For example, he sees this society's rigid caste system as an outgrowth of that which exists today; but how it has grown from its present state to this projection is left vague. If this sort of ambiguity is bothersome, the downfall of The System at the hands of the most un-Machiavellian, un-secretive bunch of careless reactionaries in all fiction is all but croggling. Moving on, perhaps you prefer to discover that

cradle-to-grave security is now the lot of every American? Apparently so, and apparently extrapolation. One convenient stooge says: "What's wrong with what we got. Everybody's got it made..." Mauser jumps on him: "No, everybody doesn't have it made. Almost everybody's bogged down. That's the trouble...the guts have been taken out of us. And ninety-nine people out of a hundred don't care." Or: "When a society, afraid of change, adopts a policy of maintaining the status quo at any cost, progress is arrested. Progress means change." Such brilliance!

Not in the least daunted by his failure to do anything whatsoever with these ideas, writer Reynolds plunges on. He carries the TV-and-a-bottle-of-beer trend a step further, visualizing a contented, apathetic populace, sitting before its television sets, soaking up "trank" (a sort of low-powered soma) and absorbing a sadistic sort of violence that might have delighted the bread-and-circus crowds in Rome's latter days. Throw in the "Nathan Hale Society," an "ultra-conservative" -- reactionary might be the better term -- organization devoted to witch hunting and such in its efforts to maintain the status quo...such groups invariably evolved when basic change threatened a socio-economic system...." and you have political commentary as well.

This is, I presume, brilliant social philosophy?

If the plotting is non-existent, the extrapolation unimaginative and heavy-handed, the characterization shallow, then, perhaps the writing is better; supposedly it would reflect Reynolds' assumed craftsmanship. Actually, it reflects only too well something which Tony Boucher recently indicated is far too characteristic of modern novel-length science fiction: the inability of many authors to keep even a simple story moving. The writing is incredibly bad, gradeschoolish, pulp-fitted. Reynolds resorts persistently to some staggeringly inappropriate adverbs, including "cryptogramatically," surely the Tom Swiftie of them all. The writing is Spillaneish: "The Russkie went suddenly glazed of eye" or "His hands were now knotted together in a huge double fist. He brought them upward, crushingly, into his opponent's face, with all the force he could achieve, and felt bone and cartilage crush." (Then he returns calmly to his restaurant table, having demolished an ex-champion boxer, and asks for his bill.)

The writing, if you must know, is just plain bad. Take the pathetic scene where the woman he loves is trying to persuade him to give up the life of a mercenary. "But Joe," she says, "to risk your life, your life, Joe, for such a silly thing..." Joe tenderly clamps his mitt over her mouth and counters: "Such a silly thing as attaining a position which will enable me to court openly the girl I love?" He may have avoided the temptation of splitting his infinitive, but if this is a sample of his romantic technique, he might as well plan on making the army his career. Then we move on to Chapter Fourteen: "Dr. Nadine Haer, Category Medicine, Mid-Upper Caste, was driving, and with considerable enjoyment resultant not only from her destination, long desired and now to be realized, but also from the sheer exuberance of handling the vehicle. Since pre-history, man's pleasure in the physical control of a speedy vehicle has been superlative..."

I'll admit, quite honestly, that I read The Earth War with the intention of panning it, but I had no idea of either how bad the work itself would be, or how impossible a really thorough demolition. To say that it is bad Reynolds is to say quite a bit, but I'll go still further, and pass along the book with the comment that it's surely among the two or three worst books I've ever read. It certainly isn't satire; sadly, it lacks even the redeeming virtue of unintentional

humor. It may have some technical value as a lurid example of how not to write another Stranger In A Strange Land. Or even a book.

-- Vic Ryan

"I don't see anything wrong in it," said Profumo, broadmindedly.

-- J. Edward Day, via Phil Roberts

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existence; and by searching into the nature of other things, I find out that no other thing could make itself; and yet millions of other things exist; therefore it is, that I know, by positive conclusion resulting from this search, that there is a power superior to all those things, and that power is God."

This is an interesting and a nice theory, but it was written in 1794, and the same science he used for a crutch later betrayed him and disproved his theory by discovering various protoplasms, organisms, and radiation particles that do regenerate themselves.

Here is the greatest pitfall of trying to explain away something as unscientific as God (and God is the only unscientific thing) scientifically. It can't be done by science, and I doubt that it will ever be done by science -- but by faith alone.

In other words, God is, therefore I think.

As I said at the beginning of this column, I can admire the atheist because of his individualistic beliefs, but I can also admire the junkie who defies the law to sell a certain white powder which, when shot into one's veins with warm water, enriches one's soul and outlook on life (after all, didn't Coleridge write his best poetry after and during a dose of dope?). This doesn't mean that I don't pity the person (I understand it's not the Thing to Do to pity another person these days), but if someone wants to destroy himself physically or mentally (that's a dig, you atheists, you) that's his business. I'm a firm believer in basic rights, and one of the most basic of the basic rights is the right to live (or in some cases die) your own life as you want.

-- Skip Williamson

"I wish I knew what Williamson was saying. In fact, I wish he knew."

TWO SCHLOCK PUBLICATIONS CRYSTALLIZED:

"DO YOU HAVE A YOUNG BOSS? Will it be years before he retires? Maybe we can help solve this problem. P.O. Box 8771, Northstar Center, Minneapolis, Minnesota."

-- classified ad in Advertising Age, July 1, 1963

"CORRECTION. Page 3 of the June 30th edition of The Worker. TO OUR READERS. Last paragraph, first line, should have read: 'We must raise \$8,000.,' instead of \$5,000."

-- boxed item in the (Communist) Worker, July 2, 1963

ASK NOT FOR WHOM: New York's educational channel 13 recently presented a program on euthanasia. They ran spot announcements: "This is Channel 13, where the Right to Die comes to you tomorrow night at 8:30."

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Outside agitators

letters and other trivia, with editorial intrusions in [brackets like these], no relation to Leigh, thank you.....

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY**

1674 Simmons Ave.

Abilene, Texas

Enclave seems to be vying with Kipple for Serious Public Thinking these days; in general I like to see people wondering about What's Wrong with the World, but sometimes I wonder if all the heavy attitudinizing about it, and satirizing it, doesn't just make an easy substitute for doing something about it? Everyone seems to like the Kurtzman satire magazines, and things like Mad, for instance, which shows up how foolish the world really is, but did it ever occur to you that such magazines have a vested interest in keeping the world crazy enough to laugh at? Laughter dissipates tension which might eventually be used to do some serious reconstructing of society. It's easier to write a parody of, for instance, the latest teen-age rock'n'roll star than it is to try educating young people to appreciate good music -- and far more profitable for the guy who writes the parody.

But then, I am widely noted for my lack of a sense of humor.

Anyway, I like Enclave, though I applaud the idea of an occasional s-f oriented page.

[** for TAFF!]

HARRY WARNER, Jr.

423 Summit Avenue

Hagerstown, Maryland

[On #2:] The cover may have been the best thing about this issue, but I thought that the innards were also quite worth the inspection, and better on the average than your first issue. You are suddenly grown into a myth with incredible habits in my mind, for the casual way in which you reveal in this issue that you declined an invitation to visit Dr. Wertham and have Norman Thomas among your letterhacks.

Ted Pauls' article suffers from the same trouble that is epidemic in Kipple. So much is devoted to stating the obvious in dull language. I care little about foreign policy and politics and read about them just as much as I need to get along in my job, which is a very small quantity. But even I don't find it necessary to be told that a nation that tries to dominate the world causes the threat of a dreadful war, or that events in other parts of the world have an effect on the United States. If Ted said these things in prose that held interest for its sparkle or its deep purple hue, they'd be forgivable; written in this plodding language, I find as much trouble reading his article as I do sitting through a sermon that reiterates the matters that the listeners have known since they were eight or ten years old.

Skip Williamson's two pages remind me slightly of Rich Kirs, a Canadian fan who vanished a year or two before you came into fandom. Skip betrays his uncertainty about the meaning of a lot of the words he bandies about, but he seems so happy in the process that I don't mind what would sound smartalecky in a dull writer. He forgets the Jersey Turnpike in his listing of suicide milleus. [How could you, Skip?]

The article about the Goon Show tells me many things that I wanted to know and pieces together into coherency some scattered facts that I was trying to relate to each other. I assume that this is the program from which John Berry derived the Goon Defective Agency and got into such disgrace with American fans who thought he was plagiarizing, when he actually hadn't mentioned his source because it was so completely

obvious to all his readers in the British Isles. The Goon Show follows a good tradition in having many parts played by a few persons. Ames 'n' Andy was the most spectacular example of this tradition in American radio, with the two leads taking the parts of all the other characters for all the years of greatest success, and admitting others only in an effort to maintain a slipping reputation. Bob and Ray did the same thing in a different way more recently. I'm never completely comfortable when I read in a fanzine an article that is written in the impersonal and brisk style that you find in professional publications, but Maris Cizevskis has done an excellent writing job, and my objection is probably based on my state of being accustomed to careless writing rather than any deep philosophical reasons for informality in fanzine articles.

The letter column was excellent. I've finally looked through some issues of Famous Monsters, after all this time, and I rather like the publication which is exceedingly similar to the earliest printed fanzines in many respects. I think it's better for kids to spend their money on make-your-own-Frankenstein kits than on blank birth and marriage certificates, and I'd like to see lots of imitations of Famous Monsters spring up to crowd some of the less pleasant magazines aimed at young people off the newsstands. /They're there already; Ron Haydock edits one of them, and BhoB Stewart is art & layout man for another./ I'm distressed at people who say that fanzines should or should not publish material on this or that topic. I like fanzines solely because of their complete freedom of editorial policy within the law, the lack of advertising pressures and circulation requirements, and I can't understand why anyone should want to hamper one of the last remaining free press areas by proposing limbo for amateur publications that imitate Mad, or publish scholarly histories of old comic magazines. As long as the editor does not print material that is indisputably harmful to the nation or its morals, I try to encourage him to publish material in which I have no interest at all, if that's what he prefers to use, in preference to any effort to set up a tradition of certain areas of subject matter within which fanzine editorial policies must remain.

/On #3:/ BhoB Stewart's cover caused me to think more than fanzine art usually does. Here are people and surroundings for whom and which I have no use in actual life: I don't drink and don't enjoy conversing with people sitting at a bar or table over drinks, and I'm particularly apathetic toward women who seem to be on the very verge of breaking into gulping sobs over personal troubles, as these aging females appear to be prepared to do. Yet I like very much the cover, which I've stared at much longer than I would look at a good fanzine cover by Rotsler or Bjo. I suppose there is a moral here about the ability of artistry to transcend personal foibles and to make something timeless out of the very ordinary and transitory. It would be nice if we could somehow get word to our descendants in 2263 that these sketches convey a certain segment of American life much more accurately than good photography or Saturday Evening Post covers do. /Perhaps I should point out, though, that BhoB intended the three segments or sections of the cover to be published separately, that is, on different pages with adjoining text, rather than as a cover./

My apathy, I mean apathy, toward the Hugos has reached monumental quantities of unexcitedness now that the best fanzine today and perhaps the best fanzine of all time, Hyphen, isn't on the ballot. I admire intensely all the nominees this year, but for all their spectacular format, size, variety of material and so forth, they miss completely the civilized and wise personality that Hyphen gains from its editor.

I read the Scala article between pages of George Orwell's The Road to Wigan Pier. The two items complement and contrast quite well. I can't imagine anyone doing a finer piece of this type of reporting than Julian has achieved: he has conveyed an atmosphere which I feel quite certain is a real atmosphere, and he has interested me in a venture that is meaningless to me as far as my religious and political convictions are concerned.

On "Cereal Comedy": I wonder what life would be like, if the advertising agencies reverted completely to this haha approach to selling products? I know that it's fine to find an occasional advertisement that doesn't take itself seriously, like the present Ralston boxes or the old Qanta magazine advertisements. Doggonit, Qanta doesn't look right but I'm too sleepy to try to remember if it should be Qaunta or something else. You're thinking of the ads created by San Francisco's gadfly adman, Howard Gossage, for Qantas (an Australian airline). Best known of the ads asked readers to be "the first on your block to win a real, live kangaroo." Madison Avenue's current "Hate Gossage" campaign has arisen from his Rover Motor Car campaign, highlighted by insertions featuring a poll ballot: "Do you or do you not like roadside billboards?" That's just not the kind of question to ask, I guess. You can't possibly believe that I am so old, but it is a fact that I was a schoolboy when Arthur Godfrey was an early morning disc jockey on a Washington radio station, unknown to the networks. He used to kid his way through all the commercials, and he was quite amusing in those days, but after I'd heard a half hour of those inverted commercials, I wished desperately that he would read a few of them as written. After all, it's bad enough to have to endure praise of all the stuff in the stores, but if you sit there listening to the guy telling you that this that and the other thing are really not worth praising, you start to resent even more heartily the time that is being from the entertainment to this purpose.

Enid Jacobs was pleasant to read although I kept thinking of all the extremely specialized organizations she didn't mention. There is one bunch of aviation nostalgists who have formed a club composed solely of those who flew airplanes that were powered by a certain type of popular motor that was in use during the 1910's and 1920's: my memory isn't dependable enough to permit me to say with certainty that it was the OX5, but it's something similar. There's the club of St. Louis Browns diehards, who get together every once in a while to attend a major league baseball game and then tear it apart, contrasting its inferior qualities in comparison to the kind of baseball that the old Browns played when they supported the subcellar of the American League year after year. There's a club that never has a convention: a group of editors of prison newspapers. And never have a meeting, right? At the office, we occasionally get what appears to be a press release from an organization that fascinates me so much that I've never opened the envelope to look inside and see if it's a trade organization or something. It's called the Screw and Bolt Association. A Ralph Ginsberg front?

I should say I'm not interested in folk music and let it go at that. But honesty compels me to admit that the Coulson column is good for me. It causes me to understand exactly the reaction of most of the readers when I publish a long article about classical music.

The Redd Boggs letter was the best in that section, but there isn't much that impels comment in "OA". I recall vaguely the secession of that Texas woman, and I remember wondering if she got a passport and inoculations every time she wanted to drive to the nearest town, paid duty on anything that she purchased in that town and brought back to

the farm, and went through the other procedures that the courage of her convictions should have produced.

VIC RYAN 2160 Sylvan Road Springfield, Illinois

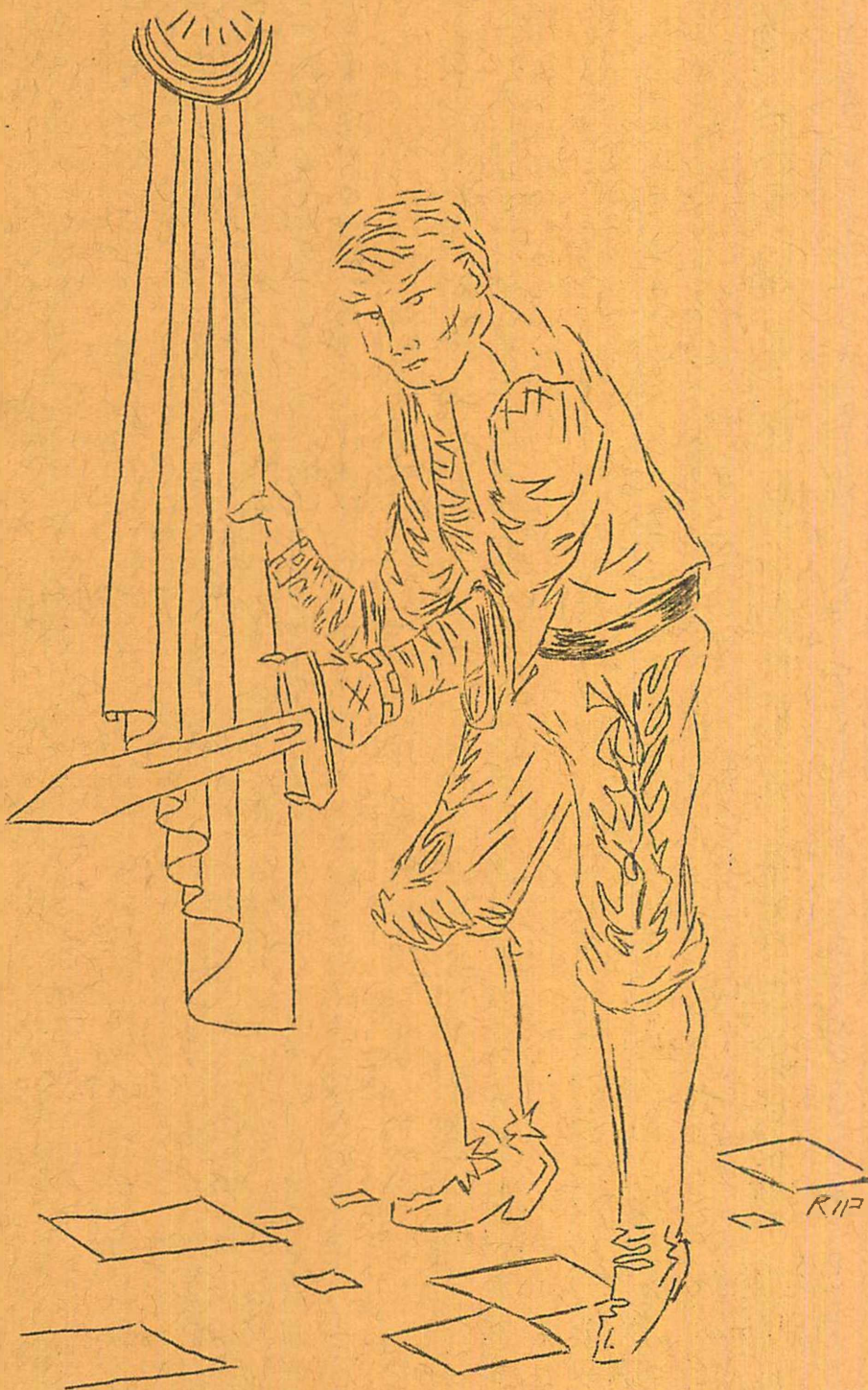
[On #2:] I enjoyed Ted Pauls' article, but several items griped me, and I suspect all of them were slips -- perhaps unintentional -- from a position of (albeit candid) objectivity. For instance, the statement "it is impossible to present a liberal position on many issues of foreign policy which will not be repudiated by many liberals", in the context which suggests an inflexibility of conservative position (supporting dictatorships whenever it's to our advantage, etc.), seems to indicate that the liberal devotes more thought to his decisions. This may or may not be true, but I seriously doubt its applicability on a national scale. The pressures of two-party politics, particularly on the minority, make the use of a political set all but a foregone conclusion -- for either ideological extreme.

[What is "a political set"?

While it's true that our "hands-off" policy towards destitute enemies is hardly humanitarian (and one might add to Pauls' examples the fact that we often use a starving communist nation as an example of the agricultural failures of totalitarian governments), there are other considerations which have proven impressive to the gentlemen who decide such matters of policy. For one thing,

our grain surpluses would go to great lengths to alleviate suffering elsewhere, but the mechanics of simply getting it there are staggering.

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Also, while aiding the "enemy" for humane purposes is a reasonable goal, it's questionable whether the best way to do this is by "dumping" wheat, for example, on the world market, much to the discomfort of our competitor allies.

I'll agree with Buck Coulson that the image of the convention faan hardly has the applicability it once had, particularly since hotels now freely exchange information on their convention parties, so it's become harder and harder to escape the fact that many managements, horrors! -- actually want us back! Of course, the opposite was once true, but the days of Harlan Ellison and Jim Harmon may be gone forever.

[On #3:] Your Hugo choices further my suspicion that we share nearly the same set [there's that word again] in regards fanzines and professional works, if not necessarily political matters. This conviction was originally raised by your Fan Poll choices, and was furthered only today by the superficial similarity between Bane and Enclave -- a superficiality that extends beyond the Coulsons' mimeographic talents. Apparently we've admired much the same models in the past, although my tastes ran off into more elaborate headings. I'd make Little Fuzzy an odds-on -- though personally repugnant -- choice for the Hugo at this juncture. I hope this doesn't hearken to some revival of "cute" literature. Ditto, also, on A Fall of Moondust; like all Clarke, it's well done and contains more "meat" than most writers use in half-a-dozen potboilers. It's at least something of a prestige item, from a mundane point of view.

John Boardman, as usual, operates from the somewhat commendable but not entirely pragmatic contention that the intelligent observer, despite the volume of fact to the contrary, cannot distinguish between the intentions of fascist Germany and modern-day America. This sort of open-mindedness and lack of commitment may serve the physicist who deals in Einsteinian principles well, but it's hardly necessary in less abstruse matters. I assume the Internal Security Act is the infamous McCarran Act, in which case the Nazi-American comparison falls even flatter: the Nazis persecuted a scapegoat minority, the Jews; the McCarran Act was designed to imprison (not cremate) Communists, members of an active party which has promised saboteur's activities to aid in a revolution. Although the "probability" notion may irk an extreme liberal, our whole system of law dictates that a person suspected of a felony may be held in captivity until arraignment, simply if there is, by judicial standards, reasonable suspicion of guilt. The proof is the end product of a long series of such compromises with strict fairness.

I suspect that the Supreme Court might rule against the provision that a person need not know his "accusers", but the rest would probably stand intact; the Court was sympathetic with the vastly more unfair rounding up of Japanese-Americans during WWII, and would obviously have to go along with the rest as being justifiable as the suspension of habeas corpus in time of war. (Hi, Abe.)

The Coulsons' column was one of the most pleasing surprises to come along in a fanzine this year -- not because the competent writing is unusual for Buck, which it isn't, but because the idea is so fine. I hope the battery stays charged with the usual vitriol, and that the two stray as far afield from the actual records under consideration as coherency allows.

Both Charles Wells and yourself seem to have overlooked a real, pragmatic reason for the existence and popularity of army chaplains -- at least during basic training. The inductee may or may not feel like he's in need of spiritual help in the effort to keep his body from breaking at the seams, but I gather it's a real relief to get away from the TI, if only for an hour, and listen to a reasonably clean-minded and vague

condemnation, as opposed to the usual obscenity and specific threats meted out by the sergeant.

The conservative's opposition to world government is probably as hard to explain realistically as any other conservative opposition or liberal favoritism. I suspect it's partly the product of growing up in a world that's seen the American abroad slip from an object no furriner would dare touch, to one laughed at, ridiculed, gypped and robbed -- if not imprisoned. Perhaps it's deserved, and perhaps it isn't, but the fact remains that many people are understandably indignant. A world government is probably objectionable on the same grounds that a federal government annoys the states' righters in the south -- a larger governmental body means the loss of some sovereignty, and the strongest always resent that most. Incidentally, I was surprised to see that you had as little to say on the matter as you did, living in a state whose governor is a noted advocate of a quote world government unquote. /Well, I can't see why any opinions of Rockefeller's should reflect upon any of my own, simply because we both happen to live in New York. Personally, I regard as a particularly sly charlatanism Rocky's pious affirmations of "modern Republicanism". He is an ingratiating opportunist; may he never fulfill his ambitions./

Shorter notes. Norman Thomas, to me, is nothing but an unusually lucky opportunist. /Hmmm.../ Neither his eloquence nor his dedication to, or original thinking on, socialistic principles has ever impressed me. He's simply a man who's run for President more times than Roosevelt won, a notable achievement in itself. :: "Nice people always turn the light out?" /referring to a letter from Midge West in #3/ Maybe in England, with or without Dr. Ward, but here in America it's not exactly the case. Some of the best people leave the light on -- simply because among nice people the women are subservient and the men dominate the sex act; Kinsey showed that while women generally prefer no illumination, the men like to leave a candle burning. (I'm not sure this is a fit topic for a fanzine, but I'm sort of a Kinsey nut, anyhow.) /It's vital, man, and if sercon types gripe, we can always drag in Philip Jose Farmer. Reminds me of a series of posters in New York City's subways. The advertiser is a liquor called Kinsey; the layout (no pun intended, believe me) is a sort of tabloid newspaper effect, with an Olde English newspaper "flag" across the top of the poster: KINSEY NEWS. And below it, headlines about liquor. I wonder if the incongruity is intentional. "It provokes the desire but it takes away the performance...."/ :: You might tell John Boardman that I enjoyed his contention that education fosters liberalism as much as anything of his I've ever read. He's right, in a very offhand way; as the critics of Adorno's The Authoritarian Personality discovered, there was a very definite and significant relationship -- positive, of course -- between the education a person had received, and his lack of the authoritarian syndrome. Where lack of authoritarianism and liberalism are one and the same thing, however, I leave to any dolt. /"Pure" liberalism -- we'll use a dictionary definition here -- would almost certainly be in diametrical opposition to totalitarianism in any form. Needless to say, Boardman's liberalism is far from "pure". (For that matter, I don't believe mine is, either.)/

GARY "Ornette Coleman" DEINDORFER 40 Atterbury Avenue Trenton, N.J.

Just got the third Enclave, and I'm sitting here in the heat (of a hot nature) forcing myself to do a letter of comment, for if I let a week or so go by I'll never get to it. It is a damned good mag, for a man of your age especially, if not for a boy of sixteen. (I figure that should

be a bit of a change from "for a kid of your age.") Congrats on the cover for #3; good work.

I dislike voting in a Hugo category if I see nothing nominated which deserves the award. I will also not vote if I have read only one or two of the nominated pieces in a category. So I voted for nothing on my Hugo ballot except Sturgeon's F&SF story and Yandro. (The Coulsons' mag has been one of my favorites ever since 1957.) And how the hell did Mirage get on that ballot, especially considering that it got only half a dozen points in the fmz category in C. Wells' poll? Mirage doubtless got nominated through the power of Prayer. (And there is perhaps the most ingroupish sentence in this issue; perhaps three people at most (Chalker, Coulson and Deckinger -- there's a shyster law firm!--) will get the reference.)

I'm suspicious of this EC REVISITED deal. Aren't I a bastard? Are you asking me? You shouldn't be suspicious, though; EC REVISITED is and was quite legit, and quite worthy of your spare cashola.

Coulson's article was rather blah. He could have taken a few records and gone into the music in detail rather than this "liked" and "didn't like" sort of business. I expect better for next time. (Grrr.) There are, by the way, some jazz standards, too. I think I have more than twenty-five versions of "Round Midnight" in my collection: three or four by Monk, five or six by Miles, one by Bird (recorded in 1947 on a wire recorder and on a really Obscure label, Jazz Cool), a couple by Coltrane, one by Cannonball Adderley, one by Billy Eckstine, etc., usw.

I don't see quasiquotes used much these days. They seem to be mostly used by faanish fans. Back in 1957 and 1958 when fandom was much more faanish, they were much more in vogue.

I think they're quite useful if you don't have an eidetic memory; I don't, and I use them. I have also satirized their purpose in a little story that appeared in my SAPSzine last year, where I quasiquoted such things as "Yed," and "Hello."

ROBERT COULSON Route 3 Wabash, Indiana

I think you're wrong in your editorial comment that Boardman's "semantically loaded" material "is not....the way to defeat 'the un-Americans'." The liberal cause has advanced in direct proportion to its use of semantically loaded material, and slowed down in proportion to its appeals to reason. Humanity in general doesn't like to reason, and will always choose an emotionally loaded argument over a reasonable one. I could cite you a couple pages of statistics, but why bother? Go read The Rabble Rousers by Russell, or any one of a dozen other books on the subject. I think we should do what we can to change this, but at present it is a fact, and anyone who ignores facts about people is going to achieve little in politics.

Boardman's emotionalism has been rousing the ire of fans largely, I think, because fans are not subject to political emotionalism to the extent that the general population is. (They're just as emotional; possibly even more so than the average. But their emotions are centered on things other than national politics, so they can be relatively reasonable on that subject.) The people that John should be reaching are the wavering moderates and a few defecting conservatives outside fandom. If he had a column in a big daily newspaper -- New York Times, say -- he'd

he'd be attracting disciples by the dozen. Maybe by the hundred. He's wasting his talents in fandom.

I wonder how many folkethniks you're going to antagonize by your comments on folk music and jazz? Joan Baez is the present darling of the field, but she's hardly my idea of a "good professional folk singer"; she's more of a gifted amateur with a loud voice. (Still, I do prefer her to Monk and Coltrane /Well, she's prettier...7, and her voice is as good as that of any jazz singer that I can think of, with the possible exception of Gloria Wood.)

POUL ANDERSON 3 Las Palomas Orinda, California

Thank you for sending Enclave. I don't ordinarily go much for fan-zines, but this one was unusually interesting, especially Julian Scala's article on the Catholic Workers. If you care to keep me on your mailing list, I'd be very happy to receive future issues.

You ask for comment. At the moment, my main typing finger is hors de combat, which somewhat limits such activities. But I might briefly take issue with John Boardman.

For a physicist, and an otherwise Good Man, he indulges in some remarkably bad semantics in identifying detention camps like Tule Lake with concentration camps like Mauthausen or extermination camps like Bergen-Belsen. It's roughly like identifying alcohol with heroin. Too much alcohol can certainly have very bad effects, but in moderation it has its uses. Any amount of heroin is bad. Same with detention camps.

Now I will agree that a grave injustice was done the Japanese-Americans during World War II. One of the reasons I finally stopped being a liberal was that the Presidential order for this business was signed by FDR. However, the inmates of these camps were not mistreated inside them. And it is simply not true that no compensation was paid afterward. On the contrary, substantial payments were in fact made. There was a big stink here in California a couple of years ago when the Internal Revenue Service, with an arrogance wholly characteristic of any all-powerful government agency, tried to collect income tax on this money. In short, the Japanese-Americans should not have been sent away, but the act was carried out with reasonable humaneness. And it is surprising how little bitterness the victims have shown afterward; they seem to shrug it off as one of those unfortunate things which are bound to happen in Wartime.

The detention of potential spies and saboteurs rests on much better grounds. The Constitution says (Article I, Section 9, Clause 2), "The privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be suspended unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it," and you will recall that Lincoln did so suspend it. Now like it or not, the cold war is a real war which may at any moment intensify to any degree, up to the thermonuclear ultimate; the enemy has repeatedly proven himself ruthless and treacherous, which are not swear words but operational terms describing his behavior for the past 46 years; he is well known to employ agents in foreign countries, both open and covert. In a time of real emergency, the activities of these agents fall under any reasonable definition of "rebellion," as well as the Constitutional definition of "treason."

I will be the first to squawk if these people are detained unnecessarily, or if their detention is not humane. And no matter how hard one tries to avoid it, doubtless some people will be put away who should not be. That's unfortunate. But it does not seem an excessive price to pay for the preservation of a society which at the moment lets John

Boardman say whatever he wishes.

I also rather resent his crack about "that concern for others which is basic to liberalism....Behind all the sophistication, conservative writing on economics reduces to a childish howl of "Mine! Mine! Mine! You can't have it!" Does he think conservatives don't care for anyone but themselves? That everyone who thinks states' rights are a bulwark against Caesarism hates Negroes? That the people who are trying to find ways to cope with the enemy don't want peace? /Rightists try to cope??/

There are many kinds of conservatism, and some do get rather smug and stuffy -- almost as much so as most kinds of liberalism. Actually, I like to think of myself as a libertarian, who finds more of his principles embodied in the sane right wingers like Goldwater (you heard me) than in the ideological strait jacket artists of the left. Nothing is without price in this world, and the price of individual freedom may well include some unpleasant features of areas like economics. But these can to a large degree be ameliorated. Where they can't, they can be lived with.

If you think that someone, say your own wife or child, is better off dead than a slave, it doesn't mean you don't love that person.

CHARLES WELLS 200 Atlas, Apt. #1 Durham, N. Carolina

I, too, hope Marion Bradley wins the TAFF election, and I am glad to see you supporting her, but did you have to say you didn't like her latest story in the same sentence that you endorsed her? Seems like a totally unnecessary slap to me. /I'm sorry it sounded that way, and I hope Marion didn't take offense./

Scala's article on the Catholic Worker is fascinating. Like Enid Jacobs, I collect nut groups, and any information on them I always read voraciously. In reference to unions, I heard a fundamentalist preacher just the other day arguing quite passionately that although employers may mistreat their employees, the employees may not form labor unions because it would simply direct them (the employees) towards material ends instead of spiritual ones. He said, in effect, to trust God to right the wrongs done to you. I am very thankful that this sort of attitude occupies only a minor place in our country. Some Eastern countries, in which similar attitudes are much more widespread, show the debilitating effect of a population which is largely do-nothing about the evils surrounding it.

The thing about quasi-quotes is that to print them would involve cutting a special piece of type, since unlike typewriting one cannot "strike over" in printing. That alone is such a large obstacle in the way of general usage of the practice of quasi-quotes that they will probably never succeed.

BHOB STEWART 237 West 10th Street New York 14, New York

I don't think many fans will like my cover...as a matter of fact, I don't think I like the upper left drawing. Just for the record, in case you're interested -- and your curiosity is nonpareil -- the setting for those drawings is one of the strangest places to be found on Times Square ...the Ben Hur bar at the corner of Broadway and 46th. It was remodeled during the run of "Ben Hur" as an intermission spa -- Roman decorations on the wall and a tunnel entrance through the Cobbs Corner. It's practically always deserted....most of the times I've gone there the only person in sight is the bartender. Hard to believe a place could be so empty right in the heart of the Times Sq. area. It was the mere fact

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that the place had customers one night that prompted the drawings a year and a half ago.

Deckinger is right on the mark when he calls "The Case of the Mukinese Battlehorn" "a Goon-ish...comedy". The original British title is "Gone Goon." By the way, I think mention should be made of The Goon Show in America....a note of conspicuous neglect in the article you ran. WBAI-FM in New York [and the other Pacifica stations, KPFA and KPFK in San Francisco and Berkeley] has programmed every Goon Show the BBC ever sent them....for some strange reason they are destroyed after Pacifica airing.

Along about 1954 The Goon Show was a regular network program in the United States. Transcriptions of the original shows were used in a summer replacement series in prime evening time....on NBC, I think.

DICK LUPOFF 210 East 73rd Street New York 21, New York

Thanks for Enclave 3, which has some fun stuff in it, some egoboo for Pat and me, (that always helps), and some stimulating reading, and some items that I just don't have much interest in.

To get the last item out of the way: I just don't care about folk songs/singers; I'm not anti-folk, and I have no objection to anyone's writing/publishing material about them -- it's purely a subjective matter, and for me, "folk" is uninteresting. If I seem hypersensitive on this point, I am. I've been sensitized by three years of experience, into which I shall not delve at this point; as a Xero reader, you know whereof I speak. (I think you do, anyway.)

And I say this despite the fact that the Coulsons are among my oldest and favorite fannish acquaintances and friends.

Speaking of the Coulsons: Juanita's "Why Marion for TAFF?" strikes me as containing a serious self-contradiction. If, as Juanita suggests, Marion is primarily a fan, and is running on her merit as a fan, all well and good. But if Marion is running as a pro (which is the point of the latter half of Juanita's article), I think she's running in the wrong race: this is the Trans-Atlantic FAN Fund we're talking about. All wrong. Juanita's point was that Marion's reputation and performance both as a fan and as a pro makes her the best candidate. Why should the name of the fund be construed as a strait-jacket for candidacies? 7

Again, I wish to point out that I am raising a non-vehement objection to a point in Juanita's article; I am not attacking Marion as an individual or a candidate. In fact, it would not displease me to hear that she won, when the ballots are in.

Hopping (viz. DAT) back to your editorial, lemme putcha straight about sumpin': "The Day the Earth Stood Still" was "based" on Harry Bates' great Astounding story "Farewell to the Master." I saw the flick when it first came out, in narrow-screen, black-and-white, and monophonic sound, and I suspect that the full version, shown full size, uninterrupted, in a movie theater, is a damn sight more impressive than a hacked-up TV print, shown in the brief breaks between FAST! FAST! FAST! Relief, on the old seven-incher in your living room.

Nonetheless, I must admit that, in addition to all the hoky Hollywood sentimentalism injected into the picture, it still would have been a dilly if the whole point of the story had not, in Typical Hollywood fashion, been missed in the screenplay.

Hey, I liked that Tolkien line. It would have gone over very nicely at a Fanoclast meeting. [*Thanks*] 7

Your Hugo selections are of interest; most obviously, the one in which Pat and I are personally involved. We are flattered, Sir, and thank you. We have been even more astonished, lately, at the fashion in which

two of the other nominees (Yandro and Shaggy) have given Xero their own back-handed endorsements. But I must admit that I have no expectation of winning the gewgaw, and for a very specific reason.

Y'see, despite a relatively large circulation for a fanzine (somewhere over 250), many of our readers are people who won't even consider us for Hugo votes because they don't vote for the Hugo... some of them don't even know it exists. There are the Fantasy Film Club crowd, the Burroughs fans, the comics lice...and on that last count...well, don't get me going about comic book fans. The point is, they don't know from nothing except comic books and comic books fandom. Hugo Schmugo.

One minor correction: this is not "the last chance to recognize the Lupoffs' superlative (blush!) efforts." According to the Hugo rules, any fanzine which has published a total of four issues, and at least one of these in the year under consideration, is eligible for an award in the year in question.

Well, Xero 10 came out in May '63, and the Index Edition will probably be out later in '63; that makes us eligible for the '63 award, to be given at the '64 Friscon (or whatever they call it). Come to think of it, by holding up the Index till January, we could drag out our eligibility for yet another year. /At least five other people pointed out the mistake I made in re Xero's eligibility in my exuberance, and I am rather glad that I am wrong./ But, as I mentioned, although it would be nice to win a tin rocket ship, and I make no pretense of not wishing that we would, I don't really expect to at all, atall.

Julian Scala's "They Busted All the Windows" is a fascinating report. It reminds me a bit of Boggs' report on Woolworth demonstrations in Retrograde before that fine journal turned into Discord and then petered out. You must remember the Woolworth demonstrations. Come on, it was only around 1960...remember: CORE-types and similar believers devised the plan of picketing Woolworth's stores in the North because Woolworth, although integrated in the North, was segregated in the South. (On the grounds of: "We act in accord with local laws and customs wherever we have stores.")

Boggs attended a demonstration, reported what he'd seen in Retrograde, and astonished his readers because there was no emotional loading of words, no Boardmanian polemic, not even any drawing of conclusions. Simple, straight reporting of personally observed events.

Well anyway, Scala did a marvelous job on the Catholic Worker, and I hope further installments in the series will live up to the first. /Installment 2 will probably appear in #5; it is my own work this time./



"I have come to placate
you with this lump of
sugar."

Ah now, Thompson: I won't say that Thompson can do no wrong; I'll just say that he's never done wrong to my knowledge, and "Cereal Comedy" is about as pleasant a couple of pages (albeit nonSignificant) as I've ever had the pleasure of seeing in a fanzine (or elsewhere).

Boardman astonishes me. He seems sensible. I suspect that the article is full of card-stacking, distortion, etc., but it seems sensible. I await the exposure, which I hope some reader will provide, of the Other Side of the Coin. I think the coin was more than adequately flipped by Messrs. Ryan, Anderson and (so help me) Nelson; but then, John's article was even more strident than usual.

Enid Jacobs' article is interesting reading, and again, I look forward to more. I'm starting to get the feeling that Enclave is what Kipple would be like if Kipple were any good.

GREAT IDEAS OF THE PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE NEWSPAPER...you are totally correct. This was the item in which I supported James Baldwin's proposal that President Kennedy personally escort the Negro students to the registration area at the U of Alabama. Surprisingly enough, this comment from "conservative" Dick Lupoff -- more power to this kind of conservatism -- was the only concurring opinion I received.

A good letter section. I might mention that the Cosmo article is almost certain not to appear. I saw Shirley Camper (she has a new last name these days, recently remarried, but in fandom I suspect she'll always be "Mrs. Camper") recently and she said that Cosmo had asked for a rewrite, she'd done it, they'd asked for another and had been very specific about what they wanted, and she would not do it unless pressed very hard, which they were not doing.

In essence, the editors were trying to dictate the content and conclusions of the article, which Mrs. Camper would not stand for. I think she came, through sincere study (I am not kidding!) to have a certain grudging respect and a certain very shy and reluctant affection for fandom.

I am sorry that the article won't appear...I would have liked to read the observations of an outsider who really dug in and didn't merely treat in superficialities as have all previous outsiders who wrote of fandom. Hmm, maybe I'll call her up and ask to borrow the manuscript of version 1 of the article.

One thing...the fanzines she returned to me were place-marked at political articles. Draw from that fact any conclusion you wish.

PAUL WILLIAMS 163 Brighton Street Belmont, Massachusetts

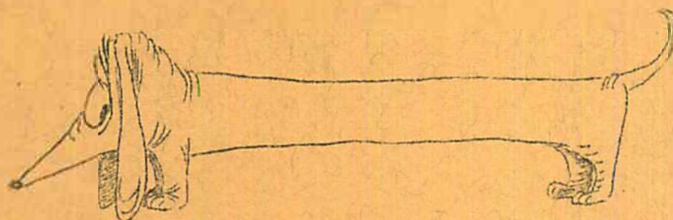
Stop me if I start frothing at the mouth again. Well, anyway: the cover is extremely impressive. Bbob spends so much time doing way-out, imaginative, experimental stuff (Realist cartoons, Void covers, all that fabulous Xero work) that one can forget, or never learn, how good an artist he really and truly is. The cover is great, and the photo-offset certainly does it credit. Wow! Actually, some of the halftones for shading and shadowing disappeared because of offset.

The funny thing about "The Day the Earth Stood Still" was that, altho you are right insofar as it was a crummy movie (in my opinion; you may hear anguished cries from Mike Deckinger, tho) it is nonetheless one of the best sf movies ever made. More's the pity. More's the pity, I guess. I anticipate well. Incidentally (everyone will tell you this, why not me?) the words were "Klaatu Borada Nikto", or, as Redd Boggs recently quipped, "Klaatu Borada Nikita."

If you were literate, you could have typed on those typers in E.J. Korvette's typer dept. "Thus the world, like a bitter coquette, spurns

they please. But entirely. Julian is an idealist, of course, since if our government were to disappear, another, and almost certainly worse, one would step into the political vacuum. To this Julian would only say "Well, I'm against that government too." (If he were allowed to say things like that and live, that is.) So Julian is an idealist, as I'm sure he will admit, and a passive idealist at that (I must admit that those are the best kind). But his ideals don't hold up too well. Would Julian prefer to have been born here, or in Red China? Oh, he does have a preference! My! Yet when you come right down to it, both have governments, and the political situation in both should be equally distasteful to our boy. At this stage in the game Our Boy protests that, well, maybe totalitarianism is conceivably worse than American-style democracy, but that just means that our system is the lesser of two evils. And besides, the reason he wouldn't want to live in Red China is that the living conditions and like that are poor there, and that has nothing to do with government (says JS). OK. For the former, how could it possibly (say I, innocently) make any difference to JS whether he lived in a totalitarian or a democratic society? How could it make any difference to anyone? After all, politics are unimportant.

Nichevo -- it doesn't matter what sort of govt. a country has -- they're all unimportant, aren't they? And for the second point, how do you suppose conditions became so bad in China? You don't think China is such a damn fertile



place that everything grows, everywhere, there's plenty for everyone, and as a result the population keeps increasing. (Or do you?) And I hate to say it, Barry Goldwater, but China is not in bad condition because of its current totalitarian state either (in fact, totalitarianism of the Communist sort may be the only answer for China...heresy! heresy!) nor are living conditions bad because we did/didn't support Chiang Kai-Shek. Living conditions are bad in China because right through to the middle of the nineteenth century, when Britain "invaded", China was completely apathetic toward politics and government. Yes, Julian, it was partly because of its size, largely because of the teachings of Confucius...but whatever the reasons, the fact remains that while there was an emperor, often he was not Chinese (did the Chinese lift a finger against him, though?), and whether he was or not, his chief interest was in his own welfare, and that of the court. He had no contact with any of the hamlets that made up China. These towns had local officials, of course, but they were the gentry; they ruled simply on their own initiative, and they didn't rule so much as they controlled. They had to: they had the money, and they were the only ones who could read or write. But essentially, there was as little politics as possible. A paradise for Scala. No draft. No state education. No roads & waterworks. No social security. No income tax. No protection from evil outsiders. No progress. Plenty of copulation. No science. Lots of good exercise. No Cornell. And look at China, coming into the twentieth century. Look at it today, if you want. By gum, no government is sure as hell the answer to everything, isn't it?

That should give Julian Scala something to think about, I hope. I won't bother going into detail about his foolish insinuation that he went to a private school and therefore public schools are useless. He didn't, or, at any rate, they haven't done him any good, or about his preferring to be in jail rather than the army, it happens that I agree

with Julian on that⁷ or about the fascinating point that under Julian's no-politics system there would be no laws, and therefore no crime. (So what if Julian got killed one day by a bum who noticed that JS had five dollars which the bum could use. It wouldn't be a crime, because with no laws, the bum wouldn't have done anything illegal. But who needs laws? All they ever do is try to haul off Julian when he is shooting at surveyors. Damn nuisances, laws are.) But no, I won't go on, not this month anyway. But I certainly expect a full rebuttal from Mistah Scala. Maybe he'll suggest doing away with people (present company excluded, of course.) Hi, there, Julian.

I was very interested to hear that Goulart is behind those Chex Presses. In fact, I was pleased to see that someone had finally done a laudatory article on that great journal. It certainly deserved it.

I wonder: how can anybody take seriously an article which starts "These names are a grim litany of hatred and death." Otherwise, tho, I found this article of much interest (foolish tho it was in a number of places). While Boardman has gone off on a tangent, and has gotten a little overheated, I am shocked that such a law as the Internal Security Act of 1950⁷ is on the books. I am reassured by the fact that, as I read it, the President himself must decide who is potentially dangerous, rather than some local official. I would have been even more reassured -- in fact, reasonably content about the law -- if it had been worded not "probably will...engage in...espionage/sabotage" but rather "has been known to etcetera" and perhaps "has had contact with the country with which we are at war, during the last ten years." Then it would be all right, considering the fact that it would be an emergency and all, although I must say I still object to the principle of the thing. But this article raises a more important issue than you seem to think. I recognized -- and tried to convey the recognition on my part -- that John's apprehensions about the legislation in question are quite understandable, and I share those apprehensions. I only wanted to register my regretful dismay at the tone of John's article, the overdramatization of his allusions to Dachau and so forth (see Poul Anderson's letter), the irrelevancies dragged in (references to the WWII detention camps, reprehensible as they were, having no bearing on the McCarran-Walter mess); now that gross inaccuracies have been pointed out besides, I think I have been vindicated.⁷

The Coulsons' standards for folksinging seem eminently fair, which is to say that they're my standards too. Except that I'm even fussier: I only buy what (or who, more often) I really like, and I decide on this "liking" business simply by listening. So I can't defend my every choice, not till I've thought about it for quite a while, anyway.

But I am willing to get my dander up about Joan Baez. It is very easy to condemn or go wild over Joan Baez, and therefore one should think twice before doing either. The best thing about Joan Baez is her voice -- perfectly controlled, absolute beauty to the ear...without a doubt it is a joy to hear her sing. Unless, of course, you're a real folksinging bug, and you can't just listen for the sake of listening. Then you start trying to hear the individual words (which actually become intelligible after the third listening or so) and finally you try to figure out what she's singing about. It ain't easy. Joan Baez puts absolutely no feeling into her songs, from an emotional point of view. She sings a death-lament and a joyous carol in exactly the same tone (though she sings more of the former), and for many this tears it, plain and simple: Baez is a crummy singer. But it's not so. A great voice, ability to carry a tune and like that, may not always make a great singer, but in this case it does. For many, her singing of the

song fills it with emotion -- this is a hard thing to explain -- without her actually intentionally putting any specific emotion into it. She fills the air with spirit, with feeling. She sings mostly sad songs because she's pretty much of a failure when it comes to gaiety -- because, you see, the mood she inspires is one chiefly of dole. Indeed, there is a word for the spell Joan Baez casts over her audience: empathy. You empathize with what she says, even if she doesn't. No, she isn't truly an artist -- but certainly one can appreciate natural beauty? Her singing is naturally beautiful. /Keep this up, Paul, and you'll be writing liner notes for obscure folk companies before long.../

By now you know that Kennedy was right: there was no trouble at all at Alabama U, and I reckon there would have been if Kennedy himself had come down. Besides, theoretically, there was no logical reason for the President to be there. /Do you really expect to get anywhere when you contradict yourself in a single sentence? I mean... "theoretically, there was no logical reason" (emphasis mine of cuss) is ludicrous./ So now I can say that the Times was wrong (it happens you know), and Baldwin was wrong (rather a more frequent event). As for laughing, the Attorney General is an ass and who doesn't know it? /The President doesn't....and what, precisely, were Baldwin and the Times wrong about? The standard put-down of the Baldwin/Times suggestion is that it is a "meaningless gesture"; certainly, it is a gesture, but hardly a meaningless one. This is most emphatically a time for Presidential gestures. If we are ever to eradicate race hatred, this most gruesome blot on our national life, the time is now to be dramatic about it! As Irving Howe, editor of Dissent, put it in an unpublished letter to the Times (excerpted in the Summer, 1963 Dissent, "Let President Kennedy pay a visit to Mississippi or Alabama. Let him speak about the legalities, but also and even more about human rights. Let him tell the Negroes of the South that the government will not merely protect them when they try to exercise the vote, but that it stands behind them on moral grounds....Is such a public gesture unprecedented? That would be no reason to refuse it, but as it happens we do have a precedent in the immediate past. Some months ago, after the

SCENES FROM THE SOUTHLAND

by Jay Lynch



Cuban invasion troops returned to Florida, President Kennedy made a special trip to Miami in order to speak at their rally. These men were not even American citizens, yet in the name of freedom, the President felt obliged to honor them. Well, here in Mississippi and Alabama is a cause involving freedom for ourselves. If the President could take such extraordinary steps in behalf of what he designated as freedom in Cuba, why should he not act, with full dignity and drama, in behalf of an American minority?"

Jennings' statements on poetry are classics: they'll rank with some of the choicest Wetzel, or with Cascio's claim that very little good sf appears in prozines -- the best stuff appears in Playboy, such as Fahrenheit 451 (Galaxy, Feb 51) and the works of Vance Anderdol (Aandahl... discovery and frequent inhabitant of F&SF). Ah, fuggheads...what would we do without 'em?

JOHN BERRY 31 Campbell Park Ave. Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland

I have a few adverse comments to make on John Boardman's "America's Concentration Camps." It seems to me that he thought up a subject which would shock his readership and at the same time take up the minimum of his time and inspiration to type it. I admire his way with words, but in this case I opine that he did a rush job. Consider the amazing situation: he complains at length about Japanese-Americans being interned by the thousands during WWII, and asserts that none of these people were guilty of "one act of sabotage, treason or sedition." To my way of thinking, this reveals that the very act of interning them was a 100% success, and the then-authorities are to be congratulated on the shrewdness and thoroughness with which they did their undesirable job.

Surely John is taking up his full quota of literary license when he compares the present American internment camps with the Nazi ones. His last line ("to write America's name beside Nazi Germany's in the Book of Infamy") seems to me absolute nonsense....I mean, I'll wager my Hypen and Cry files that the American camps (presuming they definitely exist) do not feature gas chambers and furnaces...wherein the wherewithall for the comparison, then?

It's unfortunate but we have to face it: if a country is undergoing total warfare, it's got to weed out persons to ensure that they are not able to effect sabotage, treason or sedition...if they didn't do it, that in itself would be treason. The personal liberty of a potential saboteur must be surrendered to ensure the personal liberty of the nation as a whole.

TOM PERRY P.O. Box 1284 Omaha, Nebraska

I wonder if all this politics in fanzines could be traced directly back to Dick Geis's colm in Oblique (circa 1956), when he stated that though it was (then) worth a fan's life to break out of the sportscars-and-sex circuit and discuss politics, he was going to anyway -- and then blasted the Eisenhower Republicans, giving a very accurate prediction of Ike's campaign and second term.

Rather shocking to see you take "The Day the Earth Stood Still" apart that way. This was one of the best sf movies of its day, and the faults you gleefully point out are more due to its being a movie than to its being poor sf...which, to this day, I don't think it is. I liked it when I first saw it and I still liked it a year or two ago when I saw it again someplace, I think in a rerun house in Kansas City. All

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this is not to say your critique of it is not good, or that you can't do it. You can, of course, and it's probably a good thing you did. But the chief boff you get from it is the allusion to Zoocy drawn from a line of dialogue that was almost certainly patched into the script to avoid a religious problem at the boxoffice. And this is one of the disadvantages of mass entertainment, which sf readers must accept if they wish to see their favorite medium accepted by the masses.

A nice typo in Willis's address. Or did you do it on purpose, to indicate that the Willis letter had less levity (and thus more gravity) than his usual output? /This is my Embarrassment of the Year; for lo these many months, until Friend Perry pointed it out, I have been typing Walt's address as "Newtonwards" rather than "Newtownards". Blush.7

The article on the concentration camps was interesting. I have trouble getting very shocked about it, though. Boardman cites the abuse of citizens' freedoms during World War II; is he also aware that Woodrow Wilson did much the same thing in World War I, abridging especially the freedoms of speech and of the press, and that Lincoln himself suspended habeas corpus during the Civil War (causing the pro-slave Punch of the era to pun, "Now it's Abe who has corpus")? Such things are very common in wartime. I have never liked the idea, but I can't be shocked by it. Would America's concentration camps (or whatever they would be called) be as cruel as those of Nazi Germany? Let's hope they would be better than Andersonville, the confederates' camp.

NORM CLARKE Box 911 Aylmer East Quebec Canada

My loving and attentive wife brought to my bedside this noon a cup of strong, strong coffee, a pack of cigarettes and some matches, and a baby girl who immediately clambered up onto the bed and proceeded to walk back and forth across my stomach. My good wife also placed a fanzine in my hands. "What the darn is this?" I mumbled testily. "It is a fanzine, husband mine," she whispered, laying a cool hand on my brow, "called Enclave." "Never hear na it," I said crossly, "Who publishes the hecking thing?" "It is published by Joe Pilati, 111 S. Highland Ave., Pearl River, New York, as all the world is aware," Gina told me. "Bah, I considered thoughtfully, "I never even hear na Pearl River, New York, it must be a hoax." "Mr. Pilati wonders," Gina murmured, "if you would consider doing a Jazz Review Column for his fanzine." "Oh, well. That's different," I cried, beaming, as I headed for the bathroom to be sick.

In but a few short hours' time, I was able to focus my eyes on your fanzine; and I discovered it to be well worth the focusing. The layout and mimeography are, of course, the most immediately striking aspects of Enclave 3; I am properly stricken with admiration and envy. Also, any fanzine that numbers among its letterhacks such as Willis, Warner and Boggs can't be all bad; and Enclave isn't all bad, by any means. It is, on the contrary, almost all very, very good -- even for a boy of Boggs' age (which, I gather, you are not.)

Though far from a folkmusic enthusiast (at least, I hope no folk-music enthusiast lives within a mile -- or at least hearing distance -- of here), I read Buck Coulson's column first, and enjoyed it despite my complete distaste for "the uncouth vocal utterances of The People". It did please me to learn that some folkniks, at least, have sense and taste enough to realize -- as the Coulsons do -- that "any professional entertainer should be able to sing and/or play better than a pick-up group of amateurs." This is a truism, and shouldn't have to be stated; but, considering the popularity of some "folk" groups -- such as the Brothers Four -- one wonders sometimes just what standards, if any, . . .

folklans use when judging a performer or performance. I have often suspected that there is no difference between folkmusic lovers and fans of Mitch Miller; give them a simple melody with which anyone, no matter how tin-eared, can Sing Along, and they're happy. However, I'm sure that the Coulsons are not at all like the Typical Folklfan, as I imagine him (and even encounter him).

I'm not a "firm believer in Involvement", but neither am I quite so "non-political" as Julian Scala claims to be: I pay my taxes with no more than usual screams of agony; I vote for Socialist candidates; and I am sometimes heard to proclaim that I am "in favor of anarchy". Be that as it may, something about the Catholic Worker appeals to me (perhaps that it is a "Lost Cause") to the extent that I think I'll subscribe to the organization's newspaper. /I know they'll appreciate your quarter./

And that brings me to the subject of Jazz, which appears to be a Lost Cause, at least if one is to believe the reporting of Time magazine ("What is one to believe?") The new generation of jazz fans do not go forth to hear jazz with the avowed intention of drinking beer, laughing and shouting "Blow!" or the like, stamping feet and Having A Ball generally (that, I repeat, is according to Time, although I may harbor similar suspicions); instead, the Modern Jazz Listeners -- it seems somehow frivolous to call them "fans" or "buffs" -- are "devout, transported, almost catatonic", drink "next to nothing", "contemplate jazz rather than enjoy it," and insist that "jazz is just the cup of tea for a true intellectual out on the town for a little cerebation." Grim words, these; and it is to be hoped that they can be dismissed as easily as can most of Time's pronouncements on Jazz, Literature, Art, and almost anything else. But I don't know, I don't know....

Your suggestion that I do a jazz review column intrigues me, in spite of the fact that I have long despised Jazz Critics (excepting Ted White, for no good reason at all except that I don't want to seem to be implying that I despise Ted White) and deplored most jazz reviews. I do think I'd enjoy practicing what I denounce, though, if only to learn whether it is possible for a jazz review to be better than absolutely worthless. Incidentally, I'd like to thank Gary Deindorfer for suggesting me as a possible Jazz Reviewer; he is a b-----. /Two days after receipt of your letter, Ted White Himself actually sent his first jazz column for us. Nonetheless, nothing would satisfy our little black editorial heart more (well, make that few things....) than some Norm Clatke jazz material in our files as well. So feel free..../

A few quick comments before I Really Have To Run. I didn't know, Enid Jacobs, that Hank Williams' death was "singularly gory". Way I heard it, he died from an overdose of heroin: he was a Hip Cowboy. But this is just the "way I heard it"; I've never bothered to check it.

You promised John Boardman, Joe, that you "would not comment" on his article; and then you comment on it, saying (by implication) that it is "semantically-loaded propaganda." Well, maybe so (and then again, perhaps not), but Section 103 of the Internal Security Act (as quoted) certainly sounds "potentially dangerous" (Mr. Boardman's words) to me. And why do you wish to defeat the un-Americans? We un-Americans sometimes Worry and Sweat about this. /When I spoke of "defeating the Un-Americans" I was referring to the House Committee on Un-American Activities and other such agencies. The allusion to Harry Truman's assertion that "there is nothing more un-American than HUAC", which Frank Donner adapted for the title of his anti-HUAC The Un-Americans (Ballantine, 60¢) was, I had thought, non-cryptic enough to warrant my use of it in a fanzine. Rest assured that despite my condemnation of Boardman's pious emotionalism, I am utterly opposed to HUAC's pious chauvinism./

TED PAULS

1448 Meridene Drive

Baltimore 12, Maryland

Having read the remarks by Paul Williams in Enclave #3, I am regretfully forced to conclude that Mr. Williams cannot read. I realize the seriousness of this charge, but the sole alternative (viz., that he cannot think) is still more unpleasant. Now, if I correctly interpret his charges, I am accused of egotism (the assumption that only my views are wise and tolerant), ignorance (classing every non-fascist as a "liberal") and ideological carelessness or even softness on Communism (considering Lenin a "liberal"). The sort of mind which could jump to these conclusions from my article frightens me. It frightens me so much, in fact, that I will forego the sardonic effect Boggs claims my writing generally possesses, and point out simply that Williams' accusations are pernicious examples of the sort of unfounded charges that liberals, even unwise ones, should deplore.

LIN CARTER

Apt. 4-C

2028 Davidson Avenue

New York 53, N.Y.

Well, now, Joe, I swore I was going to comment on Enclave 3, but you sure are making it hard on me.

I mean, like, Buck and Juanita are fine folks and I like them well, but folk songs bore me so much that I wouldn't lose ten seconds sleep if all the folksingers on earth dropped dead from halitosis next Tuesday.

So I can't comment on their doubtless impeccable reviews.

Politics, now. John Boardman's searing message as to potential/perhaps/someday/maybe Nazi Horror Atrocities in America...and Julian Scalla's flaming essay on radicalism...man, I don't give fiddle-fuck for politics, nor Left nor Right, nor Right-Smack-in-the-Middle and so I can't comment on these gems...unless I can figger out a phonetic combination that spells a hearty yawn.

However, I do agree heartily with "Outside Ivyland" (mostly). I've never voted for anything, even County Dogcatcher, and never plan to. I did, however, serve two years in the Army (Infantry, Korea) and I have to honestly admit that, not only did it not kill me, but I think I got quite a bit out of it...learned a trace of self-reliance, say, and maybe even grew up a little. So if J.S. wants to stay out of the draft and be a Conchie, okay, fine for him, but I suggest he make damn sure he is doing it out of Noble, Selfless, Idealistic and Humane Urges, and not just because he's scared shitless at the idea of toting an M1 for two years.

Enid Jacobs' article on cults was real perty. I also collect them, but only the occult or "What Awesome Power Does This Man Possess?" variety. And let me tell you, Johnny, there are some real humdingers out in the stix. For example, have you ever heard of: The Mayans, The Druids, The Pythagoreans, The Eleusinian Brotherhood, The Lemurian Fellowship, The Apollonians....

All of these nut-groups pretend to perpetuate ancient rites and occult teachings from Antiquity. Their literature is extremely amusing. For example, you will search in vain through the pamphlets, brochures, letters, etc. put out by the Mayans for one leetle word about the old Mayan religion, myths, gods, or like that. Mostly it's happy-happy healthy wholesome Love Romance Win At Cards.

Some of them are downright insane. The Pythagoreans, like. Now I know a bit about Pythagoras (onct, yearn and yearn ago, I got a bug and sat down and read all of Greek literature -- I mean all, including things nobody hardly ever heard of, writers like Philostratus, Quintus Smyrnaeus, Arctinus, Bion, Callistratus, Moschus, Euegammon, and so on)

and these poor poops pretend to be giving you the Ancient Occult Teachings of Pythagoras and they have such a weird conglomeration of stuff -- flying saucers, aura, color healing, yoga, etc. --Pyth himself wouldn't recognize what they purport to be his teachings. (Fact of the matter, of course, is that what Pythagoras did teach is so laughable to anybody outside of a stupid superstitious member of his own age, that any boob-group that tried to pass it out would get laughed out of California.)

Another jolly outfit, the Primordians, is run by a bloke name of The Right Rev. Robert Raleigh, Primate Bishop. Gimmick here is that the Primordians (more correctly, "St. Primordia's Guild") are older and more authentic than the Catholics, on account of the P's were founded in Antioch by St. Peter A.D. 38. Now there was, once, a Church of Antioch, just as there was once a Church of Rome, and both were just that, one crummy li'l ole church, but the Roman Christians somehow overflobbered the Antiochans all to hell and gone....but who can prove? If Raleigh says he is the Patriarch of Antioch (underground, I doubt not, for millennia, like the Rosicrucians) -- who's to say not?

And then there's my temporary favorite, the Druids. Good old "John Celt" runs this kook-cult out of Wheatridge, Colorado. His authority to revive the centuries-dead Druidic religion is a hot one: he just happens to be a reincarnation of Celtan, "the great Druid Arch-Priest of centuries gone by," which is nice for him I guess.

The Druids, also, don't much care to teach you about Druidism. Nary a mention of mistletoe, oak trees, the golden sickle, Beltane, or the rest. Nupe. They want to give you --

CONTROLLED REINCARNATION!

Pick who YOU will be in Your Next Life!

And interesting kookery on how to Pick Your Soul-Mate (her aura must be attuned to yours, or it's off to Reno before the honeymoon's cold) and Secrets of Sun-Worship, etc.

And as a special come-on -- they send you a Magic Druid Stone, with this message:

"This is the Charm Stone that was loaned to persons who were awaiting the decision of the High Druid Priests as to whether or not they would be allowed into the Druid Culture. It is said that if you concentrate very hard on this stone at night, it will increase your chances of becoming a Druid. Do not lose it! This is the first of a set of stones endowed with Druid Powers, which you will receive."

This Magic Druid Stone, as you might guess, is just a pink quartz pebble the size of your little finger-nail. Wow. Maybe I should take off for the Jersey Palisades this weekend with my little rock hammer. By this time Monday, I could be in business with my own little goof-group. I could send them Magic Stones from now til the South-Gate-Con.

The imagination reels at the idea of sweet old John Celt, out there in Sunny Colorado, busily endowing with Druid Powers hundreds and hundreds of Magic Druid Stones, and then shipping them out to all the would be Druids...when (presumably) he is the one who decides whether you get in or not, and could spare them the necessity of concentrating on their stone at night by simply saying, "Okay, you're a Druid. Now how much moola you plan to donate to the Cause?"

(Parenthetically, let me add that he wants about \$3.00 a month from every member, and believe me jack, if you've got the old three buckeroonies, he ain't gone turn you down.)

AND THAT'S ABOUT ENOUGH OF THAT....even though I have four or five more eminently printable letters, about all I can afford now is a page of well-chopped excerpts and acknowledgments. Thank you all & sundry....jp

DEREK NELSON (18 Granard Blvd, Scarboro, Ont., Quebec): "A left radical who doesn't particularly like folk music! Amazing! Astounding! Galaxy?" /Thrilling Wonder, for that matter. Of course, I don't consider myself a left radical." The six 'concentration camps' John mentions in his article are not in the "state of readiness" he states them to be. In fact, a communication from the Dept of Justice, Bureau of Prisons, released on August 2, 1962 and signed by Acting Director Wilkinson, says, among other things, that "the project was discontinued, the camps abandoned, and no funds have been appropriated for this purpose". He also states, rather bluntly, that the 'Bureau of Prisons does not operate nor have in standby status any camps allocated for detention of subversives or any specific groups of people.' The above information is courtesy The Minority of One, which quite gleefully admits it is pro-Soviet in its outlook, and which has 'proved' in numerous articles and editorials that everything from the Berlin Wall to South Vietnam is the fault of the West. This magazine accepts the above as factual, and if they can, there is no reason why even Boardman should refuse to do so."

DICK SCHULTZ (19159 Helen, Detroit 34) sent a long (5 page) letter, and I just dug it out of a corner; otherwise some of it would have appeared earlier. I will publish some of it next time.

JACK CHALKER (5111 Liberty Heights Ave, Baltimore 7) says "Klaatu borado nikto" and wishes I'd publish some stfnal material. Gee.

CHUCK ALVERSON (godknowswhere) said he'd write a "more insightful and candid comment" on Enc3 to illuminate his brief note of July 2. He didn't.

MAGGIE THOMPSON (29 College Place, Oberlin, O.) wants me to define the word "folknik," and bighod I can't. She also knocks TV's idiotic Hoot-nanny program audience "with its monotonous clap-clap-clap" and says "Thank you for getting this column," meaning the Coulsons. "It's been needed, especially with Buck titling all his columns after folk songs and never doing a folk song review under said titles."

DON THOMPSON (same address as Maggie -- doesn't that reassure you?) scolds me thusly: "I do not write a financial column for the Cleveland Press. I am a reporter and makeup man for the financial department... and I also do a folk music review column for the tabloid supplement." Don also says that a pound sterling sign should be made on US typewriters by striking over a "t" and an "f" thusly: f. Nice.

MIKE DECKINGER (note CoA: 14 Salem Court, Metuchen, N.J.) says the ad for EC Revisited sounds "too good to be true," but it is. He said a lot more and I would print it if I had another stencil right now....

BERNIE MORRIS (22 Hilliard St., Cambridge, Mass.): "It's no wonder the ending of 'The Day the Earth Stood Still' is so screwed up. For those who haven't read the story, it seems that the male reporter who accompanies the spaceman (resurrected) to his ship learns that there is a Super Galactic Federation all right, but that it is run by the robots."

WALT TAYLOR (390 Wembly Road, Upper Darby, Pa.) doesn't like Boardman's choice of words, likes Don Thompson's Chex article, wishes me luck.

TOM MCKINNON (1739 Flynnwood Dr., Charlotte, N.C. 28205) says the suggestion that Kennedy escort Negroes to Gov. Wallace's fabled door is "ridiculous". See comments in Paul Williams' letter, Tom.

Thanks, for briefer comments, to such Sterling Characters as Enid Jacobs, Bill Spicer, Phil Roberts, Midge West, Bill Plott, Ted White, Gerry de la Ree, Dave Locke, Harlan Ellison, Stephen Siteman, Betty Elkin, John Boardman, Ngo Dinh Diem, Dr. Stephen Ward and Andrei Gromyko. (I just threw in those first twelve names to fool you out there; only the last three are Genuine.) NEXT ISSUE if I haven't mentioned it elsewhere, we have stuff by Ellison, Deindorfer, Deckinger, both the Thompsons, Paul Williams, Ray Nelson, bjob stewart and.....jp.

But again, why? Sf is a man-made thing, Analog is a man-made thing; who are the men responsible for the current low level of sf?

The first to be blamed are the writers. They just aren't writing good stories, and it seems as simple as that. For certainly, no editor would reject a good story, would he? So good stories aren't being written, and who can be blamed for that but the writers? After all, sf is now paying the highest rates in history, with Analog leading the parade, and there's much more prestige in sf now than there ever was before. Indeed, there are more diversified markets for sf than ever before, too; the writers have got it all set up for them, so why aren't they writing good stuff?

But let's take a closer look. The writers who are turning out uninspired writing today are, in many cases, the great writers of the past: Heinlein, Simak, Bradbury, Leinster, Sturgeon, Anderson, Clarke, Leiber, Knight, Williamson, Pohl, van Vogt, Clement, Del Rey, all the Smiths, and many others are all to one extent or another reasonably active in today's sf field. Heinlein is a clear example of one who has stopped writing good stuff because he doesn't have to, but this isn't the case with most. They still have to write reasonably good stuff to sell. But that's all it is: reasonably good. And certainly if they could write excellent fiction once, they could do it now too with a little more effort. There are two reasons why they aren't, and one is that they don't care enough to... "reasonably good" pays the same rate as "excellent."

But why are they getting away with anything short of excellent? The stories they write now would have been rejected or sent back for full rewrites by Gold in '51, or by Campbell right up until the '50s. Why aren't editorial standards high enough? Well, the standards themselves are perpetuated by the writers, so that the editor can't be blamed if none of the writers are doing excellent work. But there was a day when Campbell would send back even the best story to be rewritten until it was perfect; now he sends back stories not so that they'll be perfect, but so that they'll end up with strong-willed engineers and scientists as protagonists, so that they'll have perhaps a touch of psi, or so that they will have some crackpot who succeeds somewhere in the plot. Certainly, if Campbell could, singlehandedly, be responsible for the high quality of '39-'43 (and the more I look at it, the more I think he was), he could now, by careful and friendly use of new talent, by spreading the right ideas and by having writers rewrite to advantage, by whatever his technique once was, create a new golden age. Or perhaps he couldn't. Perhaps he has changed in the last twenty years: when he brought Astounding to its height he was a new, young editor, and now he's experienced, and jaded, and bored. What Analog -- what sf -- needs is a new John Campbell, a new genius out of nowhere who could do for modern sf what Campbell once did for that of the thirties, a young man with drive, enthusiasm, a love of sf, and a sheer genius for editing... but we're not likely to find one. And if, as Ghod's second gift to sf, one did turn up, could he do what he could have (and did, in a manner of speaking) done in the thirties? I don't think so.

You see, writers aren't the absolute power in the sf field. They can't write material of a certain sort if they're not encouraged to; they write for a market, and they get to know the peculiarities of that market, and make use of them. Analog prints a certain kind of slick fiction, involving certain types of people, including scientific/sociologic themes that can be stated in a Campbellian blurb, written in a pat style which reads easily and impersonally, beginning the plot in the

middle of an event, ending with a cute send-off phrase... This is the Analog formula, and Analog writers know it and take heed. Those that don't will find their stories rejected because they just wouldn't fit comfortably in Analog. And after a good writer has had a few good stories sent back to be rewritten with a new protagonist, he will begin to write his stuff the "proper" way before he submits it. And the Long Established Authors will react the same way as the new ones; they may already have established their style to some extent, so that they will not produce such stereotyped work as some Analog regulars, but they will see to it that they write from an engineer's viewpoint, that they base their tales upon some pert bit of logic, that they cut up Organized Science now and then... And as it happens, the Analog type of writing does not lend itself to the creation of masterpieces. Writers write what wants to be written, so we must not lay much of the blame for the state of sf on their shoulders. Is JWCjr, then, the bane of Analog?

No. Editors aren't the absolute power in the sf field. They, too, are controlled, and not only by publishers. Publishers, distributors, sales... all these are manifestations of the power of the real controllers of a magazine. Think. Isn't it strange that a man so devoted to sf, and so happy with the results of his taking over Astounding, should, at this late date, change his tack and degrade the whole field for the sake of printing just one type of story? You don't suppose that Campbell is motivated solely by the desire to promote new ideas squelched by Organized Science? What makes Johnny run?

I'll tell you what makes him run. The absolute power in the sf field, as in most fields, is the buyer. For years Campbell has been proclaiming that a large number of Astounding/Analog's readers are professional men; for years have been laughing this off as the delusion it probably was. But now, if the readership of Analog is not largely made up of technical professionals, the editor and publisher are convinced that it is. So Analog is being edited for a presumed readership of scientists, engineers, and the like. This readership (I imagine) likes fiction which presents a challenge, something to think about... but not something very important. They want something they can read easily and quickly, be intrigued by, enjoy... but not have to remember. They want their fiction somewhat impersonal; since People isn't their field, and naturally they identify easiest if the stories are written from their own point of view -- with them as protagonists -- and with their kind of problems. It's a sort of personalized escape reading that is now appearing in Analog, and both for pure ethnic value and for the pleasure of people like us (sf fans), it just isn't as good as it was before and during the war, when sf was being edited and written for People, people who enjoyed science fiction and enjoyed reading. Where are these people now? Well, I suppose television was one evil influence, and of course after the war pulp fiction died or matured in all its facets. And some of those people are now reading other sf magazines. But one thing's for certain: whether or not any of them are reading Analog, Analog isn't being published for them.

And Analog not only has or thinks it has this audience -- it has the objective of keeping this audience and attracting more of it. With this audience it becomes a good marketplace for advertisers in a number of fields, particularly the electronics industry, a vast and easy-to-snare advertising market. Therefore Analog is going to do all it can to hold on to and to augment this alleged current readership.

So the trouble with Analog is, basically, the fault of the readers and the editor's interpretations of them. And there is nothing anybody can do about it, except sit back and watch. Hopefully, Analog is now

maturing for the second time in its life, and some one of these years the editor is going to prove that the readership he's attracting with this stereotyped stuff will appreciate good, varied sf; Campbell proved this once before, when readers of sf were by and large space-opera buffs. He showed that once they were buying space opera, they wouldn't object if you started improving things all around them. And I believe, and I hope Campbell believes, that once he has established his now-sought-and-seduced readership that they will be content, and, indeed, glad, to get some sf that isn't quite custom-tailored to them, and also manages to be Sturgeon's 10% non-crud. I hope so. Campbell is too good an editor, and Astounding/Analog has been too good a magazine, to be lost to the confines of sheer escape reading, hackwork, and formula. Analog not only will rise again, it is, in its funny way, rising again ...I believe. I have faith in the one magazine and the one man that made sf a worthwhile thing, a small but proud segment of literature, a part of the American idiom. I believe in John W. Campbell, Jr., for all that he may not believe in me, and may believe in a half-dozen crazier things. I believe in Astounding, which doesn't quite, by any other name, smell as sweet...but remains ASF, and always shall be. And I believe in science fiction, as something which has a vague right to be called Science Fiction, and which is somehow at trial in Analog. If it can emerge triumphant over the laziness and acquiescence of authors, above editorial policies rooted in narrowness, above blasé readership, then it will last, and it will be Science Fiction when a detective is a gauge used to find an air leak in a spaceship, and "western" is a word as meaningless as "up" or "down". Science fiction is man's curiosity steered into the realm of fiction, a cautious nose poked into the future, and it will take more than an occasional false Analogy to amputate it.

-- Paul Williams

THE EDITORIAL ME continued from page 2

by the ever-authoritative Coulsons; the return of neo-collegian Skip Williamson's column (Skip is at Culver-Stockton College, whatever that is); and 22 pages of letters.

It was Terry Carr who probably said of fanzines with 66 pages, "That's not too many!" (Terry Carr said that about everything, once, before he became a Dirty Pro....)

I've just finished the sixtieth stencil, babies, and let me tell you: Terry Carr is Utterly Wrong.

But I hope you like it, anyway.

Theological Question of the Month: Why is an Act of God almost always a disaster?

-- Buck Coulson

Included with each copy of this issue is a pamphlet entitled "The Defense of Man," published by the Young Peoples' Socialist League. My thanks to the Socialist Party, and especially to National Corresponding Secretary Betty Elkin, for supplying the pamphlets. In case anyone is interested, for guilt- or virtue-by-association purposes or otherwise, I find myself in agreement with some, though not all, of the ideas put forth by the YPSL in the pamphlet. The purpose of its inclusion with Enclave is not proselytization, though I would like that, but rather to act as a catalyst for discussion. In other words, comment!

Whatever happened to J. Francis McComas?

enclave #4.....65

Changes of Address:

Tom McKinnon, 102 Grimes, University
of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, NC.

Vic Ryan, Box 406, 2309 Sheridan
Road, Evanston, Illinois.

On a Saturday expedition to New
York City to see Don and Maggie
Thompson and their post-Discon
hosts, the Lupoffs, I heard dire
rumblings to the effect that there
had been discussions about the
piece of Harlan Ellison fiction
touted in this issue...discussions
which went on as Steve Stiles sten-
cilled his illos for it...discus-
sions in which it was intimated
that the fiction is not *new*, but
at best a polished version of a
story that appeared in Psychotic
eight or nine years ago. I have
tried to reach Ted White, who is
the only person I can think of
who might have a Psychotic file,
but to no avail -- so as this is-
sue of Enclave goes to Press (as we
say...), I have no way of knowing
whether the characterization of
the story as "New" on an earlier
page is accurate. Oweel, it will
appear, in any event, and I hope
Harlan can clarify the situation.

Add Previews: Beginning in the next
issue of this very fanzine, you can
once more savor the noble prose of
the nameless fanzine reviewer, late
of Larry Williams' Cinder; to wit,
the proprietor of the highly-praised
"Jung and Thoughtless". Gee.

I forgot to give credit to DEA for
the inside front cover of this
issue, and to Dan Adkins for the
inside back cover. I believe that
in each case, this is the most at-
tractive work the artist (?) has
ever produced. Certainly, all true
aficionados of fanzine art would
appreciate seeing more DEA and Ad-
kins work of the sort that graces
our inside covers. (This is a subtle
dig, people, and don't forget it.)

66.....enclave #4

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER DEPT.:

(why you received Enclave #4
is checked below.)

____ You contributed.

____ You commented.

____ You paid money. We'd rather
you tried some other method
in the future.

____ You promised a contribution
and we hope you'll come
through.

____ You subscribe. This is
#4, and your last issue
is #____.

____ You are one of the editor's
favorite people, which
happy circumstance entitles
you to Free Copies. Rejoice!

____ Please contribute some of
your scintillating prose.

____ Please contribute some of
your notorious artwork.

____ You are one of our colum-
nists, and we would like an
installment of your column
for the next issue. Your
very own personalized dead-
line is _____.

✓ ____ We trade fanzines.

____ We trade fanzines?

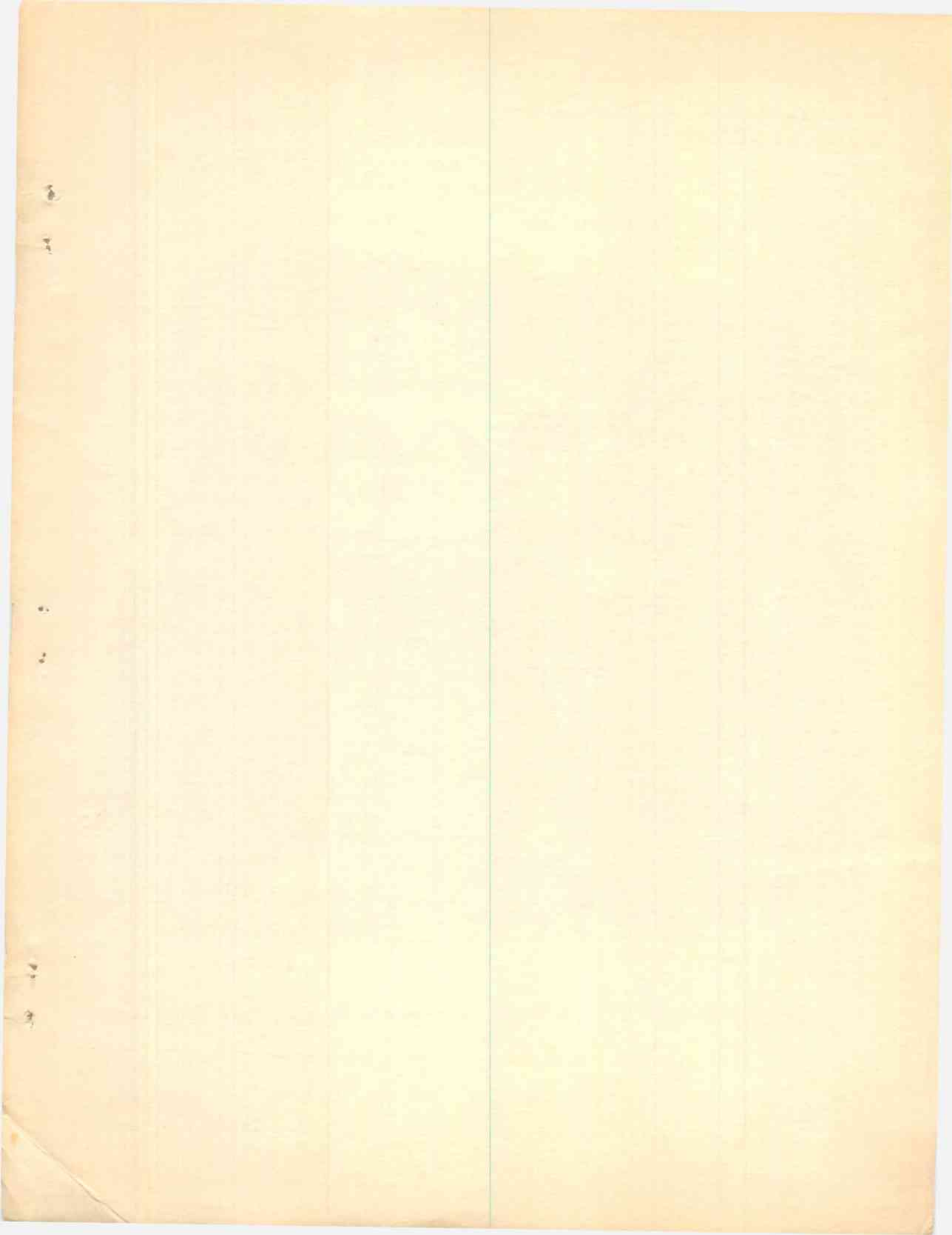
____ The Shadow knows.

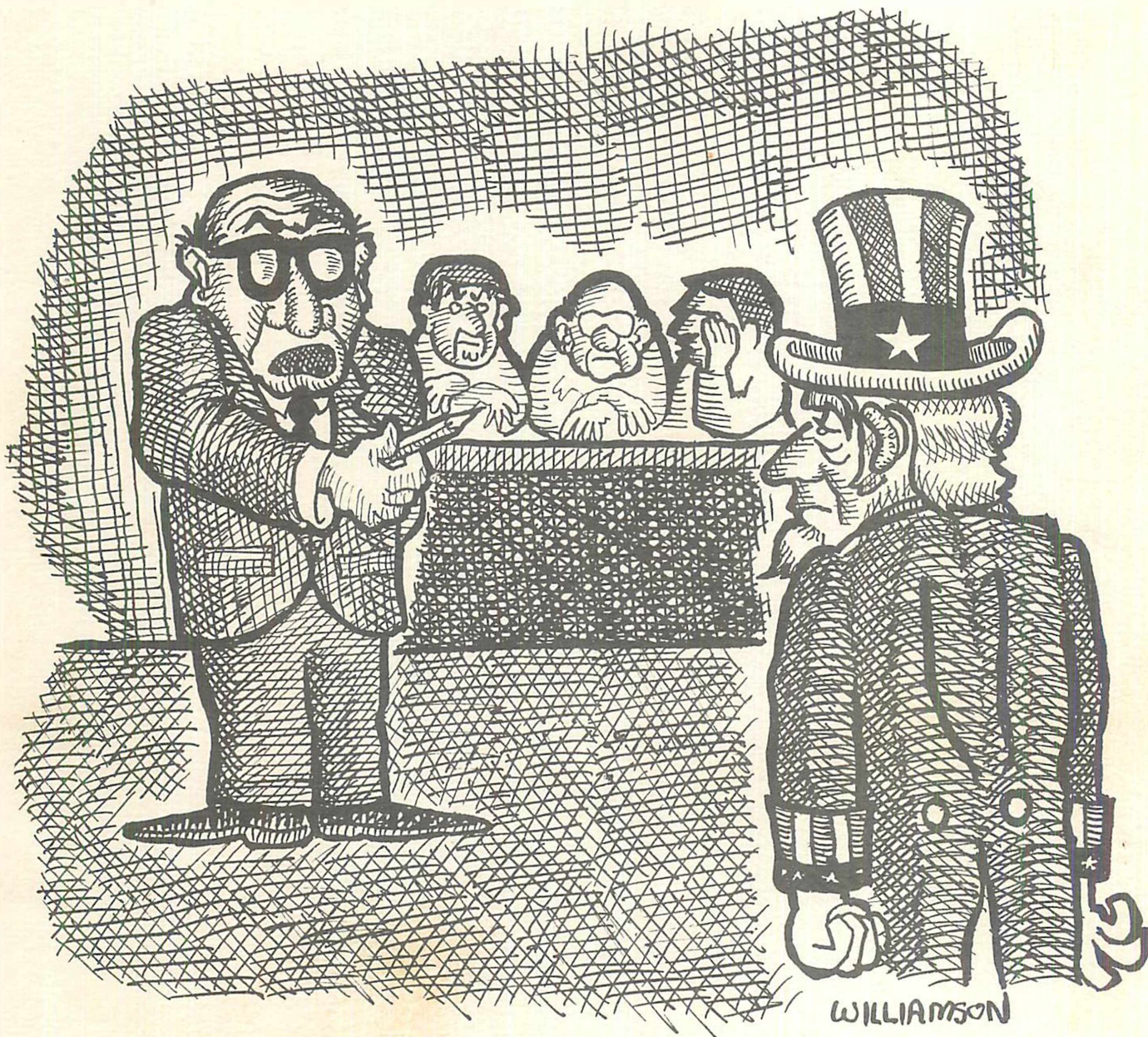
____ This is your last issue
unless you Act Right Now.

"I'll bet I know something about
me that you don't!"

-- bhub Stewart, July 1963

"It's a safe job, if you don't
get killed."--Pat Lupoff, Sept'63





"What evidence of your loyalty do you have to show this committee?"