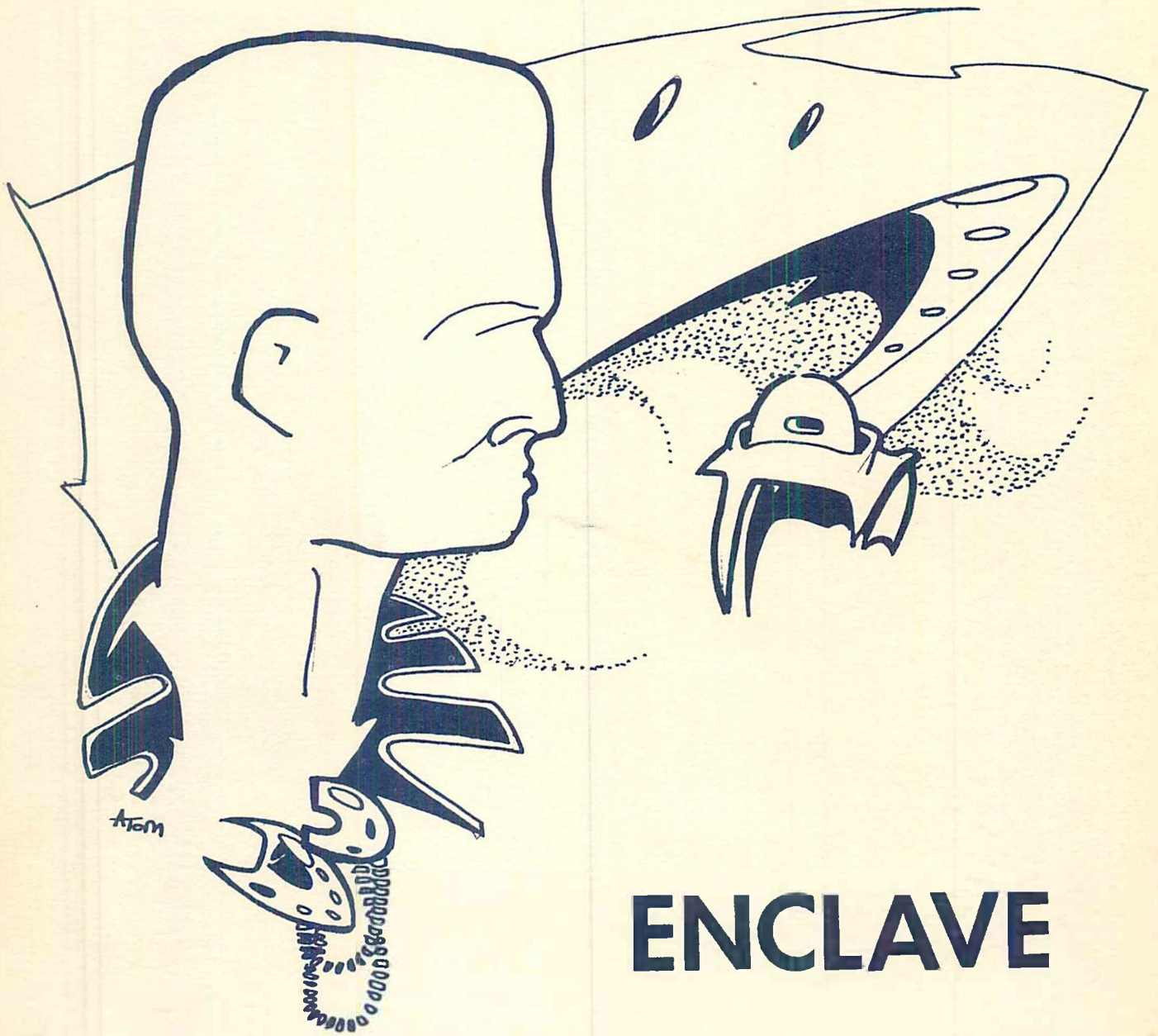


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# Pearl River's 5th Graders Wage War On Tent Caterpillars



## ENCLAVE

no. 5 November/December, 1963





Enclave is published bimonthly (so the story goes) by Joe Pilati, at 111 S. Highland Ave., Pearl River, New York, 10965. It can be had for trades, contributions, letters of comment, or 35¢ the copy. Subscriptions will not be accepted. Dedicated to the Very Same. ("Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.") Mimeography by Juanita Coulson (who also stencilled all interior artwork except that of Stiles.) Cover lithography by LaBelle Printing. Layouts on pages 12 and 19 by Ted E White. Vol. 1, No. 5, November-December, 1963.

## Contents

The Editorial Me	
by Joe Pilati.....	1
A Tear Stood In His Bright Blue Eye	
by Don & Maggie Thompson.....	6
Minor Intrusion	
by Ted White.....	12
The Incompleat Moviegoer	
by Bhob Stewart.....	19
The Little Boy Who Loved Cats	
by Harlan Ellison.....	21
Jung and Thoughtless	
by anon.....	27
Censorship in Australia	
by Maris Cizevskis.....	32
The Utopia We Really Want	
by Ray Nelson.....	33
Another Iconoclastic Cartoon?	
by Steve Stiles.....	35
The Best of Bruce	
by Mike Deckinger.....	36
Outside Agitators	
by You Out There.....	40

Cover by Arthur Thomson (for TAFF) & JP

## Interior Embellishment:

Joe Pilati (1, 3, 32)  
Maggie Thompson (6, 7, 8, 9, 11)  
Steve Stiles (12, 19, 21, 24, 26)  
Bjo Trimble (16)  
Arthur Thomson (28)  
Jay Lynch (39)

Loyal followers of this seamy journal will have noticed that the columns of Folk Fanciers Buck and Juanita Coulson and Renaissance Boy Skip Williamson are missing. Fear not! They shall return!



THE  
EDITORIAL  
ME

Joe  
Pilati

WE'RE A LITTLE LATE(R), FOLKS. As many of my fellow-publishers will agree, a bimonthly schedule is much easier to maintain if you only publish every three months. Readers are implored to forgive us our trespasses and rest assured the next issue will be more prompt.

THE GREAT ELLISON MYSTERY to which I referred on page 66 of Enclave #4 has been solved. Thanks to the musty and voluminous files of Tom Perry, I found that Harlan's story, "The Little Boy Who Loved Cats," first appeared in Psychotic #13, published by Dick Geis in the spring of 1954. The story of that title on page 21 in Enclave is, however, about a third longer and a great deal smoother than the early version, and Steve Stiles' illustrations are, of course, New and Exclusive.

NEXT ISSUE is the First Anniversary Issue of Enclave. The chaotic schedule under which I publish prevents me from mentioning any of the material planned for that issue, but hopefully, we'll have promised items from Paul Williams, Gary Deindorfer, Terry Carr, Tom Perry and Don Edwing. Perhaps Calvin Demmon will even come through with a review of some Freddy the Pig books.

How does that grab you, Meyer?

enclave #5.....1



the editorial me:

### I WAS A HUMAN LECTERN FOR THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY

the harrowing but true story of one boy's encounter with the Wrong Wing

"The first open meeting of the Rockland County chapter of the John Birch Society will be held this Friday evening at 8:30 at Bardonia Gardens."

-- local newspapers, October 29, 1963.

"I know about this Bardonia Gardens place," a fellow senior at Pearl River High School remarked to me. "It's an old, smelly gin mill."

There had been considerable controversy about the old, smelly gin mill in the days prior to the Birch meeting. It goes without saying that some sort of clamor is not only expected, but well-nigh required, whenever the John Birch Society emerges from the woodwork in any locality. But Rockland County may have experienced a bit more head-shaking and hand-wringing than some other places, if only because of the circumstances under which the initial Patriotic Gathering was held.

The above-mentioned old, smelly gin mill, for one thing, was and is owned by the Knights of Columbus. Upon learning of their organization's action allowing rental of facilities to the John Birch Society, a handful of Knights claimed to be offended by such callous disregard of common discretion. The top man of the Knights branch promptly disarmed his critics by issuing a statement disclaiming either approval or disapproval of the Birch Society, and adding that Bardonia Gardens would be empty on the evening of November 1st were it not for the Birch Society's cash-on-the-line.

This reference to a vacancy at Bardonia Gardens would not have been strictly true, as a delegation of high school students who ventured to that establishment were to discover. Birchers and curiosity seekers notwithstanding, there would almost certainly have been the usual motley clientele assembled at the bar.

November 1st was a briskly bone-chilling day, and as dusk turned to dark, that peculiar kind of snow which feels like the bounty of a cosmic salt-shaker and which clings, unmelting, to one's ears and shoulders, began to fall. There were five of us who plodded that evening toward a wooden structure set against the bleakness and topped with a pink neon sign that flashed BARDONIA GARDENS to the world at large. If I had been in a punning frame of mind, I would have thought that on such a very Robert Frosty night, our little group might well have been termed The Swingers with Birchers.

When we opened the door, we were faced with a tiny corridor leading to a large room, devoid of humankind, the varnished wooden floor covered with chairs piled upon chairs hither and yon. To our immediate left, however, was a scene somewhat more convivial: a barroom like all barrooms, customers hunched on the circular stools around the bar, and a television set on a wooden platform atop the entire montage, glaring whitely and grayly at everything beneath.



A burly gentleman wearing a white apron confronted us. He seemed to know we were all too young to drink legally, so he waited for one of us to make some explanation of our presence. A bespectacled girl spoke up first. (I would have done so, but by this time I had spotted a cat in the corridor, and I characteristically pay more attention to cats than to bartenders.) "We're here for the John Birch Society meeting," she stated blandly.

We were a half hour early. "Oh," grunted the bartender. "It's gonna be in there," he informed us, gesturing toward the room seemingly set aside for chair storage. "You can wait around."

We waited around. From hand to hand we passed the cat, a scrawny and disarmingly amiable orange one, and traded snappy repartee about Barrys and Birchites. After ten minutes of this, we five were joined by seven or eight additional Hope-of-the-World adolescents, drawn as we were by the magnetic appeal of any organization alleged to be nutty. Close on the heels of the new young arrivals was a new old arrival, a man in his fifties who was also, momentarily, in his topcoat. But he slipped out of the topcoat soon enough and surveyed the room. His greying head shifted mechanically from left to right. Mostly, I surmised wistfully, right.

"That," I noted softly to some of my colleagues, "is Mr. Henry Bale, Chapter Leader of the John Birch Society."

Mr. Bale, by now attired in a dress shirt and baggy pants held up by a pair of suspenders, was utterly oblivious to the youthful vivacity around him. He set about making the room presentable. As he strode to the front of the room, a crochety picture of determination clutching a brown attaché case, two younger men materialized and began arranging chairs and setting up a movie projector. Bale, meanwhile, had snapped open the attaché case and was fervidly placing pamphlets and broadsides on a long table before him.



We students, standing in bunches along the white plastered fringes of the room, were still the only people present aside from the Three Birchite Musketeers. We watched these zealots go about their business, and then some of us decided it might be interesting to strike up conversations with them.

The man I and a few others first encountered was identifiable only as "not Henry Bale," but one of his compatriots. He was lovingly fondling a copy of American Opinion when we introduced ourselves. His eyes were rather like vibrant pomegranites, bright and beady, the pupils skittering around the whites. He wore on the lapel of his suit a "Goldwater in '64" button, and he looked up at me (I am 5'8") with a kind of beagle-like disinterest. We did have quite a little talk.

Neither I nor any of the others congregated around the man revealed, at first, our own political leanings. (I'd think it safe to characterize us as ranging from Nixon Republicans to Norman Thomas Socialists. There were no "hard rightists"



in our well-scrubbed ranks. Through sheer nonchalance and adroit interrogation, we did a first-rate job of passing ourselves off as unbiased observers who might just be converted to Birchism, given enough solid and convincing information. (I note with more than a little perverse pride that near the end of our impromptu discussion, I was even offered a place on the Society mailing list.)

Our new acquaintance enumerated the articles of faith to which all Birchers and hangers-on must subscribe. He said that the Society is a purely educational organization dedicated to constitutional government, free enterprise, and individual initiative. We all nodded respectfully. I asked him whether the Society has any significant strength in Rockland County. He assumed a wounded expression and admitted that they didn't, "not just now, anyway. But after all, we're just starting operations."

A few people who were not high school students, and who didn't seem to be helping Bale set up shop either, drifted in and took seats. A young man was suddenly standing beside me, scribbling on note-paper as the Goldwater supporter fielded questions. During a lull in the dialogue, this young man identified himself as a reporter for a local newspaper, and then asked a few questions of the rightist gentleman to whom we'd been speaking. Then he turned to me, his orange pencil poised, and asked me how, as a politically-conscious high school student, I felt about the Birch Society. This innocent query put me on the spot, and I had to allow my façade of detached neutrality to crumble into fine sand. I said that I was utterly opposed to the Society's principles and tactics.

"You would classify yourself, then," the reporter pressed on, "as a liberal."

I said that if I had to have a label, I supposed "liberal" was good.

Needless to say, this brought to an abrupt end the outwardly friendly give-and-take between myself and Mr. Right. The student entourage dispersed at this point, and some of us headed for the other end of the room and Henry Bale. Mr. Bale was popping open a film can as we approached him. "Mr. Bale," I said, "we're senior history students at Pearl River High School and we're all very interested in how the Birch Society feels about issues." I gave the word "issues" that special George Ade inflection guaranteed to effect the automatic capitalization of an unwritten word.

"Well, we're very glad to have you here," Bale enthused, pumping my hand vigorously. As I walked away, I was cornered by the artsy-sexy daughter of the principal of Pearl River High School. She eyed me dolefully and took me to task for using the name of that sacrosanct educational institution -- "as though we're here with official sponsorship!" I apologized profusely.

Then the meeting began in earnest. Chapter Leader Bale quieted the assemblage, asked everyone to take seats, and forged right into a dissertation on Birch background. He told how the Society was chartered in 1958, how it started getting smeared a year or so later (mostly by Vile Pinks at first, but later by the more mainstream liberals and even by some wrongheaded self-styled conservatives who hadn't seen The Light), and how Robert Welch's book The Politician should be required reading



for every true patriot. He particularly emphasized that the Society is not "anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, or anti-anybody, except Communists." Bale stabbed the air with his forefinger as he made this point, and I kept my place in the copy of American Opinion I had bought off the literature table with mine. I had been reading the letters page, a department notable for one correspondent's cry: "If Governor Barnett is an example of what comes out of Mississippi schools, then that's where I am going to send my children." This was one of a pair of bouquets for an article Barnett had written for the September issue.

At this juncture, Mr. Bale asked that the lights be extinguished, and lo! There was darkness! But the movie projector wouldn't work, and sooner than anyone expected there was light again. "Can anyone get us a 16 millimeter projector in the next ten or fifteen minutes?" Bale pleaded. Yes, someone could, and a man leaped toward the exit with his jacket flung over his shoulder, promising to return with an operative flicks machine.

Bale, meanwhile, looking bewildered and apologetic, remarked that since we'd all be waiting here, we ought to have the question period.

Most of that period, as it turned out, consisted of a speech from the floor by a man who identified himself as a refugee from East Germany. He delivered a very articulate and thickly accented oration -- completely off-the-cuff, we were led to believe -- for ten or twelve minutes. The man was numbingly effective; each of his words fell into place, each a tiny, jagged, but perfect portion of a massive verbal jigsaw puzzle. He denounced the brutality of Communism, coupling this denunciation with a tacit endorsement of the Birch Society's particular manner of opposing the Red Devils; this was achieved through a blanket put-down of Birch detractors as misinformed misanthropes at best and Satan's handmaidens at worst. When he finished his spellbinding, the admiring audience -- about two dozen adults and an equal number of high school kids from three different schools -- applauded as a man. Some of us, I know, thought about our first, stunned reaction moments later, and wished there was some way to retract clapping.

Other speeches and questions from the audience were brief and seemed desultory compared to that major address. When the projector arrived, we all settled down to view a pair of twenty-minute films from the rather well-known Harding College of Searcy, Arkansas. The first one was called "Communist Encirclement," and I forget the name of the other -- probably something like "Communist Encirclement." If I am to believe the accounts of my fellow Pearl Riverites after the films, we young'uns were all using the movie session, without each other's knowledge, as an opportunity to brush up on Propaganda Techniques, a study we had begun in our history classes. I am still wondering whether we reached any consensus on what was Card Stacking, what was Transfer, and what was Poisoning the Well. The Harding films have the dubious distinction of making these terms damn near interchangeable.

The formal meeting broke up almost immediately after the films' finale. Then came the most fascinating part of the evening: discussions with individual rightists from the audience, many of whom had punctuated the films with the kind of yea-saying ("You said it!" "Oh, that's so right!") I've heard previously only during

[continued on page 537]



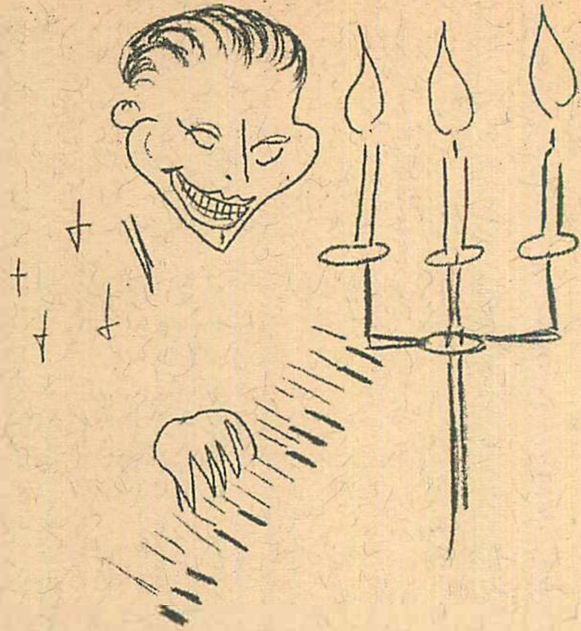
## EXCELSIOR

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

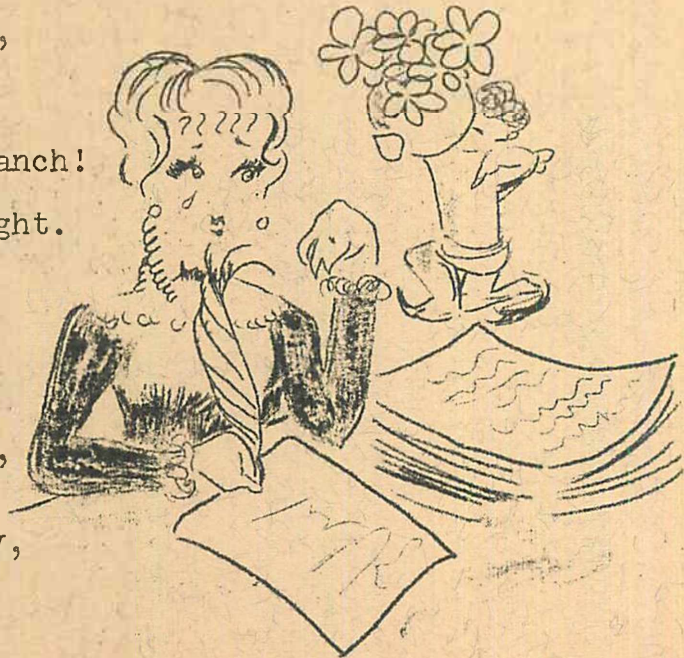


a tear stood in his

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last Good-night.  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hands of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!



There in the twilight cold and grey,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!



In The Vinegar Worm, Vol. 1, No. 4, Bob Leman printed a poem by one Morris Cottrell ("A High Dive") which contained the following lines:

The water blue was so clear I could see in every direction  
And I looked at the little slippery fish with affection.  
The water was so cold that I feared I would get a cramp  
For my wife had fed me pancakes for breakfast, the scamp!

As an encore, Leman printed another Cottrell poem ("The Death of Lester P. Schroeder, Jr.") in Nematode #5. The choicest lines in that one (by a hairsbreadth) went as follows:

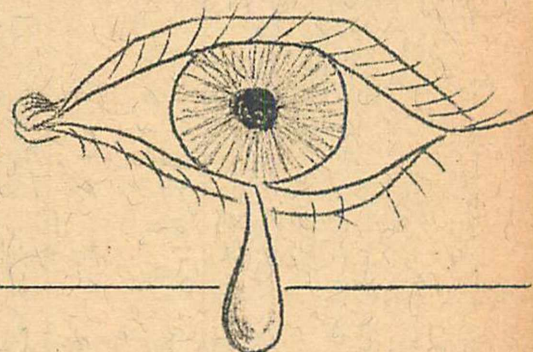
On the evening of June 17, 1939  
Lester to his back door went.  
"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty,"  
Was the message that he into the night air sent.

Now, these poems are just too good to be true. Leman vouched for their authenticity, but he also vouched for the existence of Dorcas Bagby, so

---

by DON & MAGGIE THOMPSON

bright blue



that gets us nowhere. Discussing with the Coulsons the possibility of these poems actually having been written in complete seriousness led to Buck producing a volume of poetry (My Dream World of Poetry) by one Violette Peaches Watkins, author of such masterpieces as "Albert K. Branch and the Bel-Aire Park Sub-Division." There is now an unofficial Violette Peaches Watkins Fan Club, composed of the Coulsons, Joe Sanders, Marion Zimmer Bradley, the Thompsons, Les Gerber, the DeWeeses, and other attendees of the 1962 Coulson picnic who sat around sharing her poetry far into the night.

\* \* \*

Wellsir, all the above merely serves to settle that plaguing question: "What does this have to do with science fiction and/or fandom?" which some hoary traditionalists ask whenever they read a piece in a fanzine. Now that these hoary traditionalists are presumably satisfied, we can begin this article, which is about kitsch.

Kitsch, according to Webster's Third New International Dictionary, comes from the German word kitschen, meaning "to slap (a work of art) together," which comes, in turn, from German slang, where it means "to scrape up mud from the street." Kitsch is defined as artistic or lit-



erary material held to be of low quality, often produced to appeal to popular tastes, and distinguished by sentimentalism, sensationalism and slickness.

Frequently, it is also very funny. Unintentionally.

Gilbert Highet, classical scholar and literary essayist, said of kitsch (in his A Clerk of Oxenford) that it is "terribly ingenious, and terribly ugly, and utterly useless; and yet it has one of the qualities of good art -- which is that, once seen, it is not easily forgotten."

A statue of a nude woman with a clock in its belly is kitsch; so is "pop art" which consists of papier-mache statues and paintings of fragments of comic strips. So are most hot dog stands; the lobbies of many movie theaters; Edsels; and a growing number of churches.

The field of music abounds with kitsch. Most people have heard of either Florence Foster Jenkins or the Cherry Sisters. For those who haven't, Mrs. Jenkins was a well-to-do matron who wanted to sing grand opera. She had a terrible voice, but she also had enough money to hire a hall and distribute free tickets. (There was quite a demand for tickets after word got around on how bad she was.) There's an album by Mrs. Jenkins, if you're curious: Glory (?) of Human Voice, Victor LM-2597. And the Cherry Sisters were a vaudeville singing act so bad that a net had to be spread across the front of the stage to protect them from hurled vegetables and fruit.

Other musical kitsch: Buck Coulson has a record of Smiling Jack Smith singing the theme from the movie "The Proud and the Profane" which has to be heard to be believed ("Kole-inn Bull-ackhh! was his naaymmmmuh!") and a recording of "Little Old State of Texas" sung by Ezio Pinza and the Sons of the Pioneers (honest).



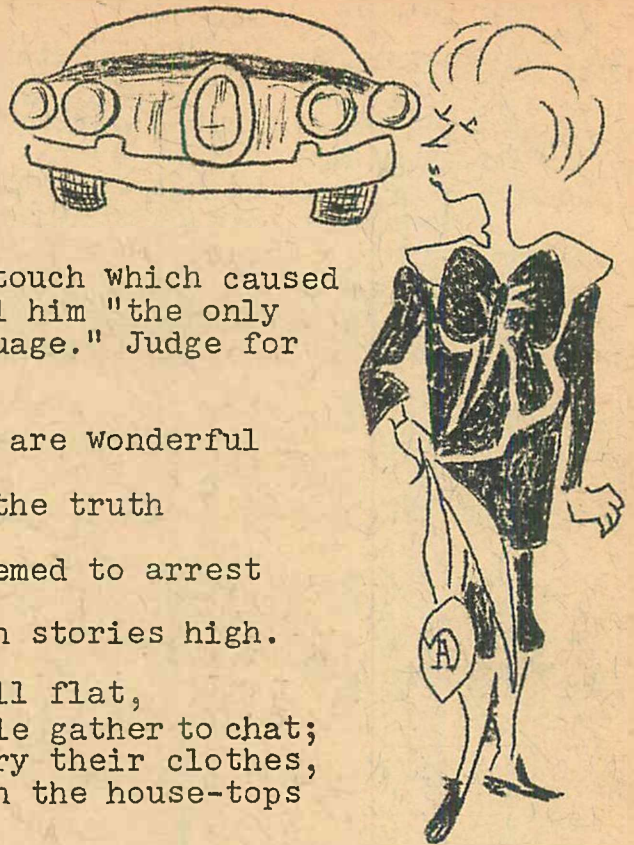
As folk music reviewer for The Cleveland Press, I was recently visited by the composer of a new album called Folk Ballads from the World of Edgar Allan Poe, which consists of Poe's stories put to what the composer imagines are folk melodies. A sample should suffice: "The Tell-Tale Heart" is transformed into a Western ditty about a badman who shoots his sweetheart and buries her under the cabin floor. When the sheriff shows up, "The thump, thump, thump of the tell-tale heart" is heard (by killer and sheriff) and the culprit is jailed. In prison, still tortured by the thump, thump, thump, he snatches the warden's gun and kills himself, finally stilling the beat. It's far worse than this description indicates.

But literary kitsch is the funniest of all. Highet's essay contained prose by Mrs. Amanda McKittrick Ros (from Delina Delaney, written c. 1900):

My darling virgin! my queen! my Delina! I am just in time to hear the toll of a parting bell strike its heavy weight of appalling softness against the weakest fibers of a heart of love, arousing and tickling its dormant action, thrusting the dart of



evident separation deeper into  
its tubes of tenderness, and  
fanning the flame, already un-  
extinguishable, into volumes  
of blaze.



William McGonagall (writing after  
1877), also quoted by Highet, had a touch which caused  
The Times Literary Supplement to call him "the only  
truly memorable bad poet in our language." Judge for  
yourself:

Oh! Mighty City of New York, you are wonderful  
to behold,  
Your buildings are magnificent, the truth  
be it told;  
They were the only thing that seemed to arrest  
my eye,  
Because many of them are thirteen stories high.

And the tops of the houses are all flat,  
And in the warm weather the people gather to chat;  
Besides on the house-tops they dry their clothes,  
And also many people all night on the house-tops  
repose.

There are many books written specifically for kitsch-lovers, best of  
which is The Stuffed Owl, An Anthology of Bad Verse, edited by D.B.  
Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee and available in a \$1.25 paperback from  
Capricorn Books. Works by unknowns are side-by-side with the works of  
Dryden, Goldsmith, Burns, Southey, Byron, Keats, Emerson, Poe, Longfel-  
low, and a disquieting amount of Wordsworth. Longfellow's "Excelsior"  
is present, naturally. Lesser-known bards have penned such gems as "A  
Soldier's Tear" and "Vision of the World, Regenerated by the Gospel and  
the Power of Steam." Following is a sample of "Going Back Again," by  
the Earl of Lytton:

When I came to the little rose-colour'd room  
From the curtains out flew a bat.  
The window was open: and in the gloom  
My love at the window sat.

She sat with her guitar on her knee,  
But she was not singing a note,  
For someone had drawn (ah, who could it be?)  
A knife across her throat.

A perusal of dull or bad books (such as Lewis Carroll's unfortunate  
Sylvie and Bruno) will bring forth more gems. Parody anthologies like  
The Antic Muse, edited by R.P. Falk (Grove Press), can produce some  
kitsch, usually in the form of unconscious self-parody. And no study  
of kitsch would be complete without mention of Thomas Holly Chivers.

After Poe's death, THC claimed EAP had stolen "The Raven" and other  
poetical notions from him. He was pretty generally laughed at in his  
time, and today is usually published as a parodist of Poe. At the death







Sylvie's sweet lips shaped themselves to reply, but her voice sounded faint and very far away. The vision was fast slipping from my eager gaze: but it seemed to me, in that last bewildering moment, that not Sylvie but an angel was looking out through those trustful brown eyes, and that not Sylvie's but an angel's voice was whispering

"IT IS LOVE."

-- Lewis Carroll, Sylvie and Bruno

A tinge of red leaped into his cheek, something that would have been called hope in any other man's eyes looked out shyly from under his heavy black lashes, and a tremor shook off the sneering curl of his bloodless lips.

-- Augusta Jane Evans, St. Elmo

She tried hard to assist in keeping herself a stranger to her poor old father's slight income by the use of the finest production of steel, whose blunt edge eyed the reely covering with marked greed, and offered the sharp dart to faultless fabrics of flaxen fineness. /\*7

/\*Translation: She took in sewing./\*

--Amanda McKittrick Ros, Delina Delaney

...eyes like a wet violet nestled among the profusion of the softest hued Persian fringes and hair from the elfin fields of Erin and combed and twisted by fairy fingers. Then those lips with their sad sweetness and the love thought in each corner! And the pale polished cheek and vein crossed forehead...step like a fawn's, a head...like a wild deer on the lookout for the huntsman...a face full of half-joyous, half-solemn surprise such as Eve must have worn when her foot first crushed the dews and flowers of Eden.

-- Fanny Forrester, Dora

O Moon, when I gaze on thy beautiful face,  
Careening along through the boundaries of space,  
The thought has often come into my mind  
If I shall ever see thy glorious behind.

--A housemaid poet, quoted in The Stuffed Owl



-- Don & Maggie Thompson



TED WHITE

# MINOR INTRUSION



The title change of this column is not Significant, but pleases my sense of homage. The title used on the first installment, "Off Minor," is, if my memory has not suddenly gone poor, the title of a composition by Thelonious Monk. I didn't pick it; Joe did, after I surrendered that chore to him.

Seeing it in print reminded me of my own favorite title, this one from a piece by Charles Mingus. I first used it as the title of a none-too-wisely considered article which appeared in Lighthouse #2 (exclusively for FAPA) retitled (by the editor) "Hydra County". It had been the policy of Lths, up till the second issue, you see, to use jazz titles exclusively for its contributions. But a noble tradition, instigated by the editor of Innuendo years earlier, prevailed, and my expose of the Hydra Club (now mercifully all but extinct) did not sport a jazz title.

If you've read any of my fanzine jazz pieces, you know by now that I consider Charles Mingus to be one of the most important figures in modern jazz, and the indisputable heir to Duke Ellington. Indeed, as far as I am concerned, Mingus is boss in jazz today.

Because Mingus is constantly exciting my enthusiasm with his music, and because I have a predictable itch to review his records and those of his concerts and club dates which I manage to attend -- and also because very little else excites me about modern jazz -- my wri-



tings have in recent years tended to be overbalanced in favor of Mingus. The only professional jazz writing I've done this year, outside of a couple record reviews, has been about Mingus. And my "One Hour With Charles Mingus" appeared in both Lyddite and Panic Button.

Therefore I hesitate to mention him more than peripherally in this column -- if only to prove that I can still write about other jazz subjects as well.

So I will say only this about his three current releases: The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady on Impulse is one of the major jazz albums of the year. Mingus at Town Hall on United Artists is a very badly recorded partial indication of the fantastic music which his thirty-two piece orchestra played at Town Hall a year ago (a much longer review will be found in -- as you read this -- the current or just past issue of Jazz magazine), and in its presently lamentable presentation should not have been released. Charles Mingus Quintet Plus Max Roach on Fantasy is the first release of the second set of tapes from the 1955 dates at the Club Bohemia recorded by Mingus' own label, Debut, and is lightweight.

And to this I must add: no one can truly be said to have a knowledge or appreciation of modern jazz if he has not heard and dug Mingus' music. It is fantastically diverse, and richly imbued with ingredients sadly lacking in too much of today's jazz output: thought, emotion, and really creative musical effort.

\* \* \*

There is a long story behind last month's installment of this column, and I am in the mood to tell it. (I can tell you right now that this column will be largely made up of stories and opinions; material which I can write for fun, rather'n carefully researching and pedantically annotating.) It is essentially the True Story of a Struggling Young Jazz Critic, and it is, bigolly, my story.

When I came to New York in the summer of 1959, it was without the prospect of a job and little more than the dream-ambition of becoming a Real Pro: a selling writer. It was my ambition to do this not in the field in which I had understudied as a fan, science fiction, but rather in a field where I felt I had something of a chance to succeed despite my somewhat mediocre writing abilities: jazz.

While in Baltimore, and even earlier in Virginia, I had been off-and-on writing jazz reviews and pieces. My first were some record reviews for a Cultzine published in 1957. By 1958 I was writing "The New Sounds" or somesuch for Gambit and A Bas. These were reviews of several records by one musician (with the exception of the first column, which was devoted to the then-current releases of electronic music), in which I assessed them all within the context of the musician's total output, and compared the records with each other.

These columns were not especially good, but I felt they contained some insights and they proved to be more than just good training ground. I sewated out each of those columns, laboring against the standards of my favorite professional jazz critics, and the handicaps I faced in



being unable to read music and having no technical knowledge or vocabulary. I wrote about the music as I knew it, in strictly lay terms. (Those terms which transcended my lay experience were gleaned entirely from jazz magazines and record liner notes.) I felt then that it was a terrific handicap, and it still occasionally bothers me, although I've since come to a much more realistic appraisal of both the field and my knowledge of it.

My background, even, was not terribly strong. I had read Down Beat since middle 1955, and Metronome since about a year later. I had accumulated back files of both magazines which ran back to about 1950 (Down Beat was, until '52 or '53, nearly worthless: a tabloid of the music business much more than a jazz magazine. But Metronome had much of value in its earlier issues), and Bill Evans had given me a nearly complete file of the British Jazz Monthly. My listening experience had begun around 1954, in a very sporadic fashion, and I could claim a general listening acquaintance with the broad scope of jazz only since 1955 or '56. However, I listened and read a lot, and I managed to retain most of this. My collection of records had grown to a respectable six or seven hundred (it is now double that), and I'd been fortunate in being able to hear Willis Conover's daily House of Sounds program, where he played both recent and older recordings.

Still, in attempting to crash the professional jazz writing field I was pitting myself against men whose listening experience, record libraries, and general knowledge of the field at least tripled mine. I felt very much the neo.

Aside from some correspondence with Nat Hentoff and one visit to him before moving to New York City, I had no contact with the pro critics. So when I moved to the city I felt very uneasy about my chances.

I wanted an editorial position with either Down Beat or Metronome. I also knew that editorial positions meant staff writing, and lots of it. So I wrote a short article, a news item (about Paul Quinechette at the Nunnery) and a few record reviews, as samples, and took them to Down Beat's New York office.

The man in charge was George Hoeffler (pronounced, I later discovered, "Hafer"). George had contributed "The Hot Box" (a title which always struck me as more a railroading term than jazzy) to DB for years, and had recently become New York editor. A spare man in his late forties or early fifties, with grizzled, close-cropped white hair, George was immensely friendly and open with me. I doubt he'd had many applicants like me (or any at all), and I was a refreshing break in his routine.

He patiently answered my many questions, and told me that while he certainly could use an assistant, there wasn't room for one in the budget. However, he liked the looks of my sample material, and thought he'd send it on to the main office in Chicago to see if it mightn't be usable.

(I did not receive that material back for over a year -- and then after repeated letters and a heated exchange with the current editor, Gene Lees, which culminated in his threat to sue me. But that's another story, and my running battle with Down Beat -- one that is still in



effect -- will have to wait to be told another time.)

Informed that there was no opening for me with Down Beat, I turned to Metronome. And this regretfully.

Metronome had been faltering for several years. In 1956 it had launched an unsuccessful sister magazine, Jazz Today, with which it had merged two years later. Soon after, the subtitle was enlarged to become the dominant title, Music USA, with Metronome in small letters across the top of the cover. Distribution was spotty, and some issues were skipped. The last of the Music USA issues was dated December, 1959. There was no November issue, and the December issue was seen on few newsstands.

It was only a few months before the magazine's Music USA incarnation trailed off into nothingness that I entered its offices, and even then the premonition of death was hard upon the place. Bill Coss, the editor, was in only for the afternoons, and not every day. His greeting was as warm as George Hoeffer's, but a bit abstracted, and although I did not then know it, he was expecting to find the sheriff's padlock on the door every day he came in. Later, the phone was disconnected for a long overdue bill.

Bill is middle-aged, prematurely balding, and looks like a typical business man. He is almost always smiling, and loves to talk to people. There was little to do at Metronome then, and we talked for hours.

One of the subjects we discussed was Metronome's fate. Bill liked my stuff, and wanted to use me as a staff contributor, but he wondered where the magazine was going to be to print me in. The present owners had run out of money, and it was touch and go as to whether a new owner could be found.

I'll cut short the winter of 1959 and early spring of 1960. I made my first sales elsewhere, outside the jazz field, and tried to cultivate the staff of Jazz Review nearly for naught. (Don Heckman, a pimply-faced young man who has since distinguished himself both as a jazz writer and as an altoist in the New Thing school, was the only "staff" I ever met during those days. I helped him mail an issue from the printers.)

However, in March or April Metronome found a new publisher, an ex-bandleader with considerable money who was looking for a tax loss. He was prepared to sink a quarter of a million dollars into the magazine.

About this time I bought Ornette Coleman's Shape of Jazz to Come, his first Atlantic record and his first major release. I wrote a short article/review of it and gave it to Bill. Bill had some of my other stuff sitting around from the months before, and he suggested I do a regular column for the new Metronome. The title would be "Reviews in Depth." The format would be simply that of my "New Sounds" fanzine jazz columns: reviews of several records by one musician, all related within the review. The basic idea intrigued Bill, and when I rewrote my column on John Lewis from A Bas and showed it to him, he approved.

The first revived Metronome was the June issue, and it was handsome. There was a new art director (in truth, the first art director the magazine had had; previously, the printer laid the magazine out), whose



work was modern and striking, and from cover inwards it was a new and revitalized magazine.

My Ornette Coleman piece, cut roughly in half (making it a piece entirely about Ornette; I had also reviewed his reviewers in the original version), was in the back of the issue, but made a considerable splash, especially since Down Beat, in their issue on sale the same week, had an article on Coleman in a similar vein. Mine was, I immodestly state, the better of the two. (Later Ornette was asked about my piece and stated that it was the best of all these printed about him, and this at a time when everyone was discovering Ornette Coleman. Since Martin Williams, of The Jazz Review, felt Coleman was his own exclusive property, he wrote a very catty putdown of my piece and refused to print my reply; it miffed him terribly that after his fatuous raves about Ornette, the man had not responded with appropriate gratitude. Ah, but these little things were my first intimations of the internal social structure of the jazz-critic world.)

This piece made a good debut for me, and opened for me several new doors. One of them led to Jazz Guide, but I want to save the story of Tom Wilson and his many projects for a later column. Suffice to say that on the strength of that single piece, I was asked to do a column for Jazz Guide the same week my piece had appeared on sale.

In addition to my column in Metronome, which profiled the records of John Lewis, Benny Carter, Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Giuffre, Charles Mingus, Duke Ellington, Cecil Taylor, and probably several I've forgotten, I was also doing book and club-date reviews, as well as an occasional straight article or personality piece. I enjoyed working with Bill Coss, and his assistant, Robert Perlongo, had become a personal friend of sorts. My column was gradually becoming less a review of a few current records by one artist and was now encompassing his entire recorded career.

In the fall of 1960, a terrible thing happened, something which sounded the final death knell for Metronome, although no one heard it then.

A new associate editor was hired.

His name was David Solomon. I cannot tell you the details of his being hired, because it would border on criminal libel. However, I can say that he had a hold on Perlongo, and used it to gain his position. He was an ex-Esquire staffer, and had great personal ambitions. He soon put them into effect. By going directly to the publisher of Metronome, and telling him various things (probably untrue) about Coss and about himself, he had Coss fired, and made himself editor. Soon after, he fired Perlongo.

Solomon had been with the magazine for only a few months when he pulled this coup, and all of us were stunned, Bill Coss most of all.





I was soon to find the personal ramifications involved in this editorial coup d'etat. A column which I'd handed in and which had been accepted by Coss was returned. And I was told that the column would no longer be needed.

If you received Enclave #4, you read that column; I used it to open this one.

I asked Solomon why he was rejecting it. "I don't think you know anything about modern jazz," he said. "And I don't like the way you put it down. You talk about how Hodges doesn't have to use 'bop licks', and you make other moldy fig statements. That's not our policy."

I was thunderstruck. In the year I'd been writing jazz material I'd gained an enormous amount of working knowledge. I'd interviewed many important jazzmen, and attended many functions. I'd been on the inside at the Museum of Modern Art's "Jazz in the Garden" program, and I'd had the benefit of many wonderful bull-sessions with jazz musicians and critics. I no longer felt a woeful novice.

More important, I was astounded that I was being characterized as a hater of modern jazz. My columns already in print had included modern jazz giants like John Lewis, Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Giuffre, and Charles Mingus, as well as the little known modern genius, Cecil Taylor. (Cecil told me he was very pleased with the piece; "Nobody writes about me, you know. Sometimes I don't think anybody hears me.") Coss and I had agreed to balance older jazzmen with the newer ones, and this I had done, with Carter, Ellington, and Hodges.

I pointed this out to Solomon. "Have you ever read any of my other columns?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I have. And they're all shit. We're going to concentrate on good writing, from now on."

Metronome had been not only my best outlet for jazz writing, but almost my only outlet, especially since the death of Jazz Guide. I was pretty upset. Later Bob Perlono, who'd had to witness the whole scene, told me he'd suffered for me. More important, he'd wrangled me a position on the regular record-reviewing staff.

I continued to submit articles and club reviews, but all of them were bounced, most with insulting notes from Solomon which included such gems as "you can't write for shit." He was a dirty-talking man.

Solomon's ambitions did not include a jazz magazine. He wanted an avant-garde, pseudo-hip, beat magazine. He began dropping the jazz articles and concentrating upon such items as the serialization of Alfred Jarry's abominable "Supermale", and pieces by Burroughs, Henry Miller, as well as lesser lights of the beat generation. He obtained most of the items by name writers by either asking for unmarketable items or by reprinting. The jazz material he ran, by Hentoff and Williams, was all hasty first-draft stuff. The true jazz material was to be found largely in the back, in the record reviews.

As Bill Coss later explained it (while sitting comfortably in Down Beat's New York chair, Hoeffler having departed), "He scared away the



advertisers. They wanted to advertise in a jazz magazine, and Solomon wasn't even publishing a music magazine most of the time. They couldn't figure the magazine out, and they couldn't figure its audience out, so they pulled out."

So did the audience.

Solomon only lasted into the middle of the summer of 1961, and the magazine only till winter. The December, 1961 issue was its last.

Dan Morgenstern had been hired to replace Perlongo as Assistant Editor, and when I brought in my reviews onve a month it was usually to him I gave them. Solomon, often unshaven and wearing a sloppy sweat-shirt, was usually to be seen sleeping or gazing into subspace in his chair or on an office couch, and when he was finally eased out one hardly missed him.

Dan did his best to bring Metronome back into shape as a jazz magazine, but the dice were loaded against him. He had only a few issues to do his best and then the publisher threw in the rag. His quarter of a million had been spent and then some. The magazine was almost without buyers, either on the newsstands or elsewhere. Dan tried to find a new publisher without success. And there it ended.

I never tried to revive "Reviews in Depth" (later called "Reviews in Context") when Morganstern became editor, and never bothered to do anything with the Hodges column. I had run out of interest in the jazz world, had found it smaller, pettier, and less demanding than I'd ever imagined it to be. Somewhere in my files is the beginning of my Disillusionment Piece, my Ah! Sweet Idiocy! of the jazz world. If I ever find it and finish it perhaps you'll see it in Enclave. It's a cinch no professional magazine would ever care to print it.

-- Ted White

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Sure you've met Bloch, but have you met his son Jesus?  
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(adv't) Kurtzman fans....MAD fans....old Smudge fans....are directed to

THE POTRZEBIE ANNUAL
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featuring unpublished SPY VS. SPY originals in a 17x22 foldout and an interview with famous American cartoonist Don Orehek and "The Brains Behind Peanuts" -- the life and times of Charles M. Schulz, with photos -- by Hewetson & Schulz and Dr. \*Frederic Wertham\* writes on comics' harmful effects and "Gelastic Goons" (continued from Enclave #3): Maris Cizevskis on the New Goons plus "Behind the Scenes" photos plus "Peter Gum: A Sticky Case" by Ross Cumming ## a cover by Jay Lynch ## The Art of Art (Spiegelman, that is!) ## "A Lesson in Nostalgia" by Joe Pilati ## Unlucky Man -- Alan Hewetson ## work of Paul Garbark, Phil Roberts, Mark Tarka, Don Stewart, Norm Mark, Skip Williamson, John Carter, Tom McKinnon, Don Dohler ## 125 pages with silkscreen & offset from ALAN HEWETSON, 319 Homewood Ave., Sudbury, Ontario, Canada.



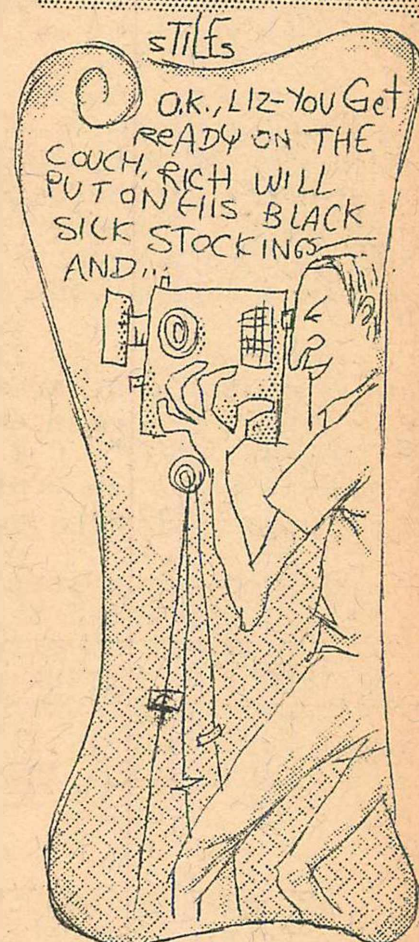
BHOB STEWART: Since the first installment of this column (actually the last installment of the Axe column, badly dated), I have seen a number of movies -- three great ones and a number of good ones. I have also seen only one perceptive review of LORD OF THE FLIES (which is one of the 3 great films). The review is by Larry Ivie and appeared in Rock Just A Little #1. His review is so much better than those of the so-called "professional" film critics that I have little to add -- except to comment on the sound-dubbing which, if rumors are right, may have been corrected by the time Larry saw it. LORD OF THE FLIES was sold to a producer with a script. Then Peter Brook, the director, threw his script away when work began and shot what he wanted. So the marvelous spontaneity is offset somewhat by moments of editing afterthoughts such as post-dubbing of dialogue over some scenes that may have been shot silent. There is just enough of this that I began to get slightly annoyed, but only because I was so conscious of it. (I usually pay no attention to this in an Orson Welles film, even though I'm well aware of how much he does it.) Here, it gave the feeling of something that didn't go as planned being patched up.

But it was also the not-planning and the after-decisions in editing that made LORD OF THE FLIES great. In the experimental hand-held camerawork around the bonfire...and the ingeniousness of letting the kids imitate Tarzan and African documentary films as the beginning of the breakdown of their society. Larry says it will be "considered a cinema classic....and this after much debate." I agree, and I hope you have no trouble seeing it if you live in a small town where films in the art category may not be distributed. I suggest you start making friends now with your local theater manager.

Great One #2 is Carl Foreman's THE VICTORS. I say Carl Foreman's because that is important. I am interested in seeing -- even if I don't manage to -- any film that credits a single person as writer, producer, and director. It means that the film has been produced under the full control of one person who wanted to see something he had created filmed the way he had envisaged it.

THE VICTORS is such a picture. It's a World War II film, and the only World War II film I've been able to relate to personally. (I was four

# THE INCOMPLETE



# MOVIEGOER



years old when the war began.) THE VICTORS is great because it is anti-war without having soldiers from Brooklyn suddenly turn philosophers. It's great because it covers the war from start to finish -- because there is a sense of history about it not found in pictures like BATTLEGROUND, any film made between 1945 and 1950, films made during the war like THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO, or films that concentrate on one battle like THE LONGEST DAY.

Don't be fooled by the title, which sounds like every other war movie. THE VICTORS, The Allies, is meant in an ironic sense. Translate it as: Who Are The Victors When Victory Means Death? From the literary standpoint, it's a very good title.

And don't be fooled by the \*A\*L\*L\*S\*T\*A\*R\* cast. By the time the film is over, you will think of them as people.

It has a gimmick, skillfully used. Newsreel footage is shown, not as stock footage, but as newsreels. The contrast between the dramatic depiction of what happened in Europe and the absurdities that went on in America at the same time is a tragic counterpoint. (Some of these newsreels I remember from their original theatrical release: Mrs. Truman and the champagne bottle that wouldn't break on the ship...Shirley Temple marrying John Agar.

Eventually this irony makes for one of the most moving scenes in the picture: a newsreel of soldiers snowball-fighting ends with a Filmac spot: "The Management of this Theater wishes you a Very Merry Christmas 1944." Cut to a Christmas day execution of a young deserter as the soundtrack continues with the young Sinatra singing "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas."

If you are a person who regards all movies (and this column) with scorn....all I can say is you are making a mistake if you don't see THE VICTORS. It is important in the same way that Hiroshima is an important book about World War II. Fifty years from now it will be remembered in the same way ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT is remembered as the film about World War I. It's not a documentary film, but it's more a document than a film. And when it's over, you'll feel guilty.

\* \* \*

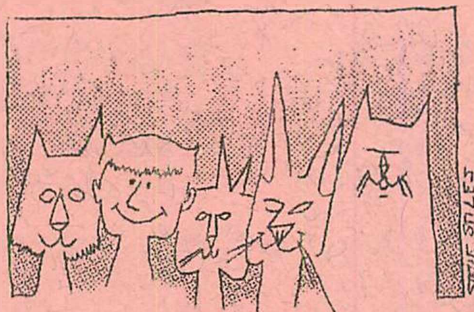
NOW SOME SHORTIES: MARILYN also isn't what you'd expect. I found it nostalgic, regretful, and entertaining. It's worth seeing just for the clips of her early bit parts. (Who would go out of his way to see TICKET TO TOMAHAWK?) And the hair-do test for SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE shows that she was incredibly beautiful just before her death. Rock Hudson's narration is intimate without being bathetic or phony.

FLEBUS is a poor Pintooff short -- sadly lacking in comic invention.

SHE (1917): This was screened at 9:30 AM on a Sunday morning for the members of the Theodore Huff Society, a film group headed by William K. Everson, who does the "Silents, Please" research. The Huff Society meets once a week, and once a month members gather in a theater to see 35mm material. I have now seen two versions of SHE. As far as I know,

/continued on page 31/





by HARLAN ELLISON

# The Little BOY Who Loved CATS

At the risk of sounding plagiaristic...

Once upon a time, in a small Midwestern town, where the trees were very green, the streets were extremely clean, and the noses of the hoi and/or polloi could elevate three degrees higher than the noses (collective approximation) of the hoi polloi of any other city in the fifty United States, a very unusual occurrence occurred.

At the risk of being sued for lively libel, it happened thus, and as we may say, so:

Once upon that time mentioned above, not too long ago, actually, there lived in the town mentioned above (line two) a little boy named Henry. Small wonder: a commonplace, Henry.

Henry Spence Rodmungton was his full name, but everyone, including Mater, called him Henry.

Who the hell would want to come out on the front porch, cup his hands, and yell down the street, "Henry Spence Rodmungton, time for lunch! You-oo, Heeeenry! Heeeenry Speeeence Rooooodmungton, lunch is ready!"

No, they just called him Henry.

The particular incident of which I am about to tell you began on a Wednesday. At 11:43 AM of that Wednesday, Mrs. Pembroke C. (for Colbey; old ancestral name-type thing) Rodmungton became aware of the impending situation.

She became aware of it as the fire engine screeched to a halt at

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enclave #5.....21



the curb before her home. The firemen piled out and clumped across the azaleas -- missing the begonias by a fraction of an inch, thank God! -- up to the porch, where they pounded on the door.

"Mrs. Rodmitton?" inquired one of the firemen when Mrs. Rodmungton answered the door.

"Rodmungton," corrected Mrs. Rodmungton in a cool and semi-distant voice.

"Yes, yes, to be sure," the fireman acquiesced impatiently, "your little boy...uh...what's his name?"

"Henry?" supplied Mrs. Rodmungton.

"Yes, yes, to be sure. That's the one. Well, he's up a telephone pole at the corner of Spruce and Seventeenth and won't come down. Says he's a cat or something. We don't want to take a chance on causing him to fall. You'd better come along with us and talk him off that pole.

"Holding up traffic. Causing riot. Pretty unpleasant sort of business, if you know what I mean. You can ride in the hook-and-ladder with us."

So Mrs. Rodmungton, whose ancestors had dipped bilgewater from the hold of the Mayflower, and never would have approved of their descendants climbing telephone poles, went with the firemen. They howled and screamed down Terrace to Elm, turned right off Elm at Catalpa and bolted straightaway toward Seventeenth. They turned left on Seventeenth and siren-blasted their way till they sighted the crowd at the corner of Spruce.

Then there was no doubt about it. There, plain as linsey-woolsey, was Henry. At the top of the pole.

He was a fragile, cuddlesome sort of child, with a shock of red hair that refused the ministrations of comb and brush. His eyes were blue and his mouth sensitive. A veritable picture of juvenile charm.

At the moment, that picture was framed by the morning sky, and the screams of frantic housewives.

The fire engine braked to a dead stop and Mrs. Rodmungton -- casually, as though this happened every Wednesday -- stepped down, brushed her hair back into place, and walked imperiously through the crowd to the base of the pole.

"Henry!" she snapped, most succinctly, "come down here, posthaste!" Her tone was almost This-Is-The-Voice-Dr.-Spock-Recommend in timbre.

Henry meowed.

Now let me be specific in this particular. Mrs. Rodmungton was instantly taken aback, and well she should have been. Squeals, screeches, screams, snarls and simpers she had heard from her son during his eight and one-half years. But this was the first time for a meow.



Henry did it again, just to prove it had been no fluke.

Without further ado, Mrs. Rodmungton began to cry. It seemed, for a moment there, that the ducts had opened so wide, the town might have to take to the stately old hills. Or suffer the manifest displeasures of inundation.

Some say it was the show of shame and sadness that did it, but I've always contended that it was that old Rodmungton spirit showing through, that coaxed Henry down at that point.

As his Mater stood below him, showering tears off the firemens' rubber coats in rivulets, Henry descended, stout fellow.

Kittycat fashion.

He dug his fingernails into the rotting timber of the telephone pole and skittered down rapidly, landing on all fours, having dropped from a height of four feet. Immediately Henry rose onto his hind, that is to say, his feet, appendages and shyly came to his Mater's side.

She removed her fists from her red and swollen eyes and stared dumbly at Henry for a moment -- then she began to flow again.

The little flame-haired boy, in some confusion stood beside her for a moment, trying to understand why his Mater was still carrying the hell on! Then he mewed, very softly.

Mrs. Rodmungton's jaw -- a singularly rock-ribbed portion of her anatomy -- descended rapidly to the general vicinity of the first button on her seersucker suit.

Little Henry, blue eyes twinkling, tousled red hair giving him an air of wild happiness, nose cool and moist, laughed gaily. "Oh, Mater, you're so funny!"

Then, to her everlasting credit -- stout woman she! -- Mrs. Rodmungton stiffened her upper, chipped off the old and grasped Henry's arm firmly.

And dragged him the nineteen blocks home. Non-stop.

\* \* \*

Dacquiris always provided a stabilizing note. And Pembroke C. (I've already mentioned the referent here) Rodmungton fingered his with respect for that note.

After ten years in the law office of Bummelheis, Dignin, Dockweiler and Melba (Pembroke was third in line to be added, after Dunn and Thirtwater), he was prepared for almost any exigency. But to come home to something like this!

He harrumphed impressively. "Let's try that again, Millicent. Just exactly what did Henry do today?" He raised his deep black eyebrows toward his deep black hairline in high expectation, much as Mr. Dignin might have done.



Mrs. Rodmungton ran a thin hand through her brown hair, smoothed the seer-sucker suit over her knees, and said: "He climbed a telephone pole at Spruce and Seventeenth first, and meowed at me. Then when I got him home..."

"He what at you?" Pembroke interrupted rudely.

"Meowed."

"Hmm. Continue," commanded Pembroke, assuming a speculative air.

"Then when I got him home," Mrs. Rodmungton went on, "he refused his crackers and crunchy peanut butter, poured his soup -- it was black bean -- out on the floor, poured his milk into the empty bowl and began...began..." She paused with some trepidation.

"Go on, go on, for Lord's sake don't dawdle, Millicent!"

"Began lapping it like a...like a... well, like a cat."

She paused again, but not even the customary hmmmm came from her husband. "And just before you came home, I caught him spitting at Arthur," she said, pointing to the haughty Pekingese in the corner.

Pembroke C. Rodmungton fingered his dacquiri, his chin, the arm of his chair, and his wallet, in that order, and declared:

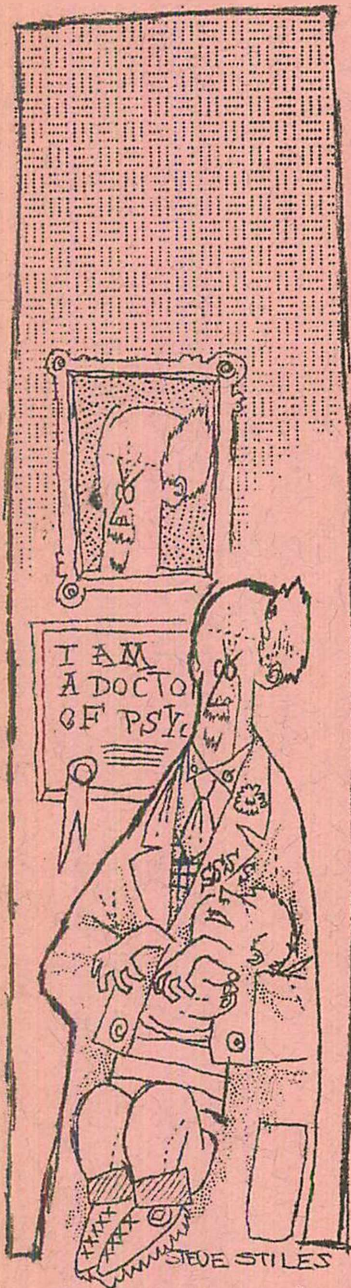
"Take him to the psychiatrist!"

\* \* \*

Mrs. Rodmungton apologized profusely, but the thin red line of welts left on the Herr Professor's face, hands and ankles remained.

"No doubt aboutt idt," said the Herr Doktor, with a faint Austrian lilt, retiring to his own couch, "your zon izz zuuffering from an acute trrrraumatic hallucination, brought on, oztensibly, by a deep-seated zychological upheav..."

He fought off Henry momentarily, the lad spitting and hissing, clawing at the good Doktor's person, and resumed, backing against the





wall, "I would like to prezkrife a few thingz..."

And he did; among them a lack of baths and an abundance of ribo-flavin. He gave Mrs. Rodmungton to believe Henry would be back to normal in so short a time it might be termed (were he trying to turn the clever phrase), "The Cat's Pajamas!"

\* \* \*

Three weeks later, Henry was shedding.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Rodmungton had developed a distressing tic in her left eye. Pembroke had dropped from third to fourth on the list of addees to the company name. In addition, the entire town, through the discourtesy of one impertinent reporter on the staff of the Bugle-Clarion, were now referring to Henry as "The Kat-Kid." This displeased Mrs. Rodmungton.

Mr. Rodmungton would not suffer it to be mentioned in his home.

Then it came. The straw -- if we were attempting humor -- that might be said to have laid the lowly camel lower with shattered vertebrae.

A Saturday night, and the Rodmungtons entertaining the carefully selected circle of friends which had, of late, grown smaller and smaller. Sipping vodkatinis and dropping almond cookie crumbs into the deep grey pile rug. Smiling into each other's faces, and listening half-heartedly to the Boulton rendition of Holst's "The Planets".

They sat facing each other in the living room. Pembroke could not, as yet, afford a drawing room. Cigarette smoke mounted to the Picasso's edge. Glasses clinked friendlily.

The back door inched open, and Henry padded across the kitchen floor.

He foot-over-handed it into the living room and meowed out of the corner of his mouth. Out of the corner, because he carried a burden in his mouth.

Mrs. Rodmungton noticed first.

She leaped to her feet and screamed.

Then the guests saw it.

They gaped and gasped as one.

Then Pembroke, who had been sitting with his back to Henry, turned and saw it.

"Migawd!" he bellowed, the blood draining from his face. It began to resemble the old pewter-ware, of which Mrs. Rodmungton was especially fond.

He began to blubber.



"Henry, Henry, my little Henry," foamed Mrs. Rodmungton.

Pembroke recovered himself enough to rasp out of the corner of his mouth, "Don't make a scene, Millicent!"

They all stared, for a silent split-second, at Henry. Crouched on the deep pile rug, the eager red-headed, blue-eyed child smiled. The mouse, tail-hanging from his mouth, bobbed as he smiled. The silence was distasteful.

Mrs. Rodmungton was the first to crack, the strain of the past month telling in one horrible moment:

"Pembroke! I must tell you!" she quavered, throwing her arms about her husband, spilling his vodkatini. "I loved once before you! It was a mad, gay flirtation. Please forgive me! His name was....Tom!"

"Lord!" crimsoned Pembroke, shaking his wife off, and daubing at the vodkatini stains, shattered to his Puritan heart. "I -- I believe there's even a name for it! Oh -- oh -- oh, dear me!"

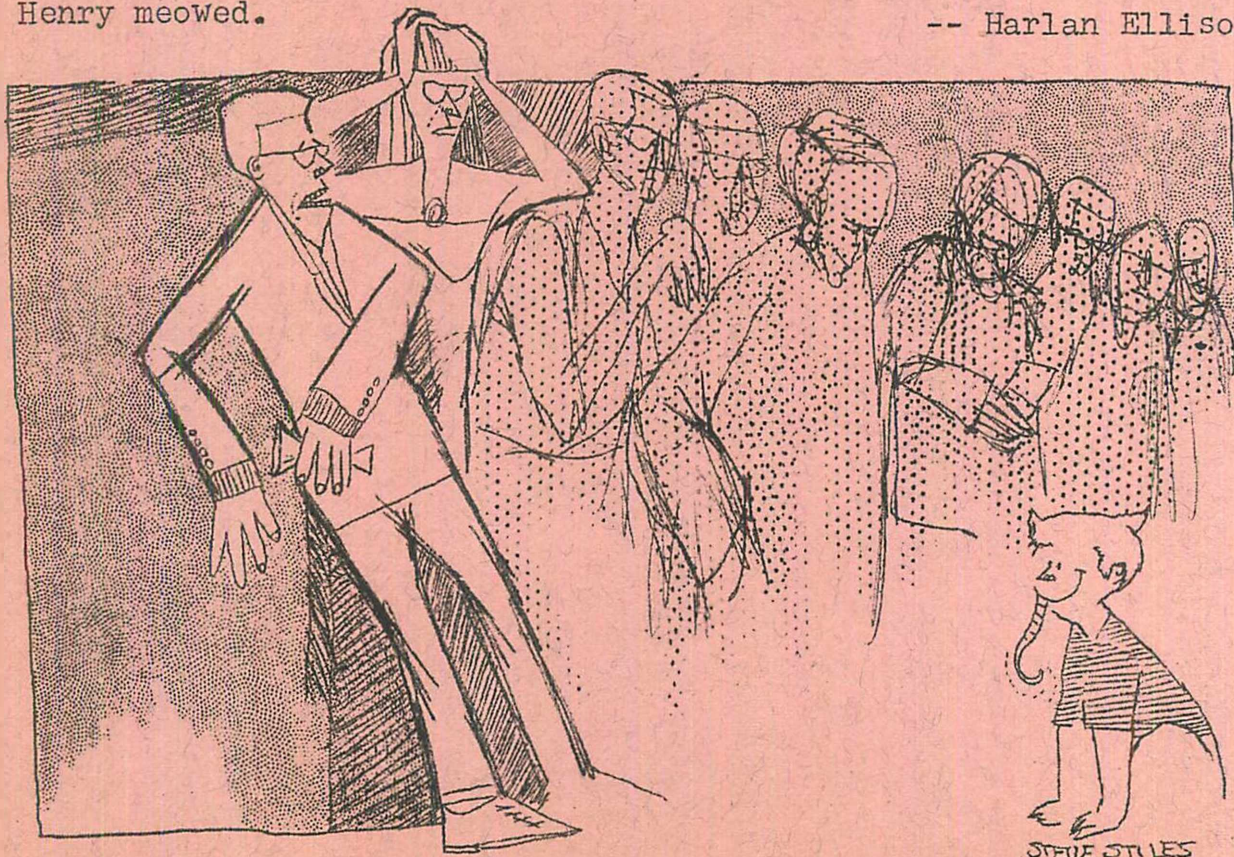
He fainted, forthwith and straightaway.

Mrs. Rodmungton collapsed atop her husband, a shivering hulk, sobbing her remorse and hiccups.

The guests stared at the scene for a moment in crystal-clear horror. The true meaning of it all came through. They turned their gaze -- to the man -- on Henry.

Henry meowed.

-- Harlan Ellison





## JUNG AND THOUGHTLESS

Editor's Note: The first two installments of this highly acclaimed fanzine review column appeared in Larry Williams' apparently defunct Cinder. The writer will continue to maintain a steadfast anonymity, and editors who would like to see their magazines reviewed here will just have to pray to the Ghods and inflate their mailing lists. -JP7

*the fanzine  
I loved to  
write to.  
Had an editor who  
knew how to  
write a decision  
for all it  
was worth*

Some years ago, when I was young and absolutely convinced that sincerity was a cardinal virtue in the society of fans, I came face-to-face with my first, full-blown fannish faux pas. I wasn't personally involved, but the righteous indignation that met the deed left an indelible mark on all my notions of tact and propriety.

One poor fan editor, who'll mercifully remain anonymous, ran a black-bordered box in his magazine, as a tribute to Henry Kuttner and Cyril Kornbluth, both of whom had recently passed away. His mistake lay in including Science Fiction Adventures among the obituaries, without the least sound of shifting gears, and he rightfully caught his lunch for it.

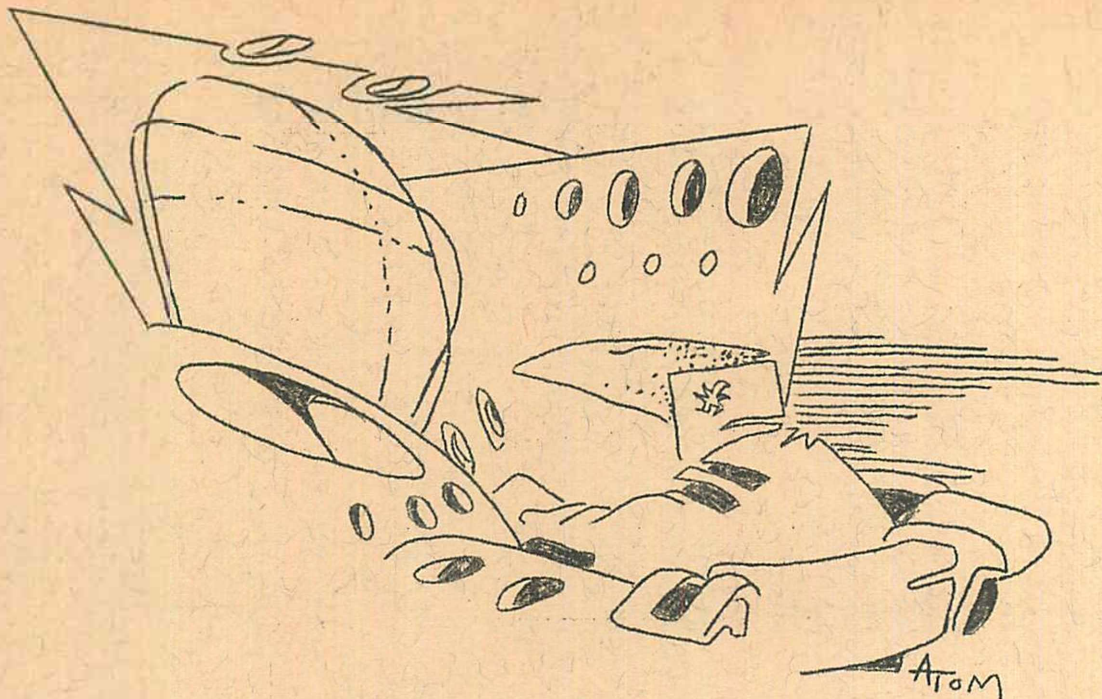
Since I last wrote an installment of this column, there have been half a dozen fanzines in varying throes of death and decomposure, and were it not for that earlier experience I might hastily cry impending doom. Warhoon and Xero, both Hugo winners, and one-two in Charles Wells' poll, have died of apathy and design, respectively. Axe (sixth in Wells' poll) and Fanac (another Hugo winner)\* are no more, nor are Bane (tenth), Void or Discord. In any fan epoch this'd be a healthy toll, perhaps worthy of forget-me-nots and sticky sentimentality if not tears and formal obituary; and the burden seems even heavier under an encroachment by the "new look" comic and monster fans. (Another generation called these periods of fannish population growth "barbarian invasions," but the term has probably never been as applicable as it is now.)

Is this a cause for lamentation and breast-beating? On the surface it might seem an incongruously serious matter in a hobby which has always taken itself too seriously, but I've traditionally been something of an optimist as far as fanzines are concerned. The new fanzines aren't as good as those above, and their editors are considerably less sophisticated; but they do hold promise, simply because they possess, in varying degrees, something I've always considered a remarkably well-calibrated tool for fanzine prognosis: imagination. As long as there are more fanzines than fanzine editors with the necessary intelligence or sex appeal, there'll be a very definite premium on originality.

In the past it's often been a matter of inventiveness that's spelled the difference between the fanzine which gets good material and the one which commands excellence. Fanac was born something of an anomaly -- an ambitious news magazine in a day and age without our penchant for enthusiasm, for gigantic apa mailings and prodigious personal

\* Breen's Fanac may have been resurrected, but who can say? -JP.





projects -- even though, for some undoubtedly remote reason, it failed to survive their appearance. Axe revived Atheling's superb criticism from Skyhook. Discord was always an entertaining isle of parsimony in an ocean littered with verbal flotsam and jetsam. Xero ran some superb material, such as Robert Briney's article on Sax Rohmer and Charles M. Collins' on paperback anthologizing, added the usually entertaining "All in Color for a Dime" and some superb production. Bane returned, if unsuccessfully, the booster ad and egoboo polls, and published at least two very good articles, Breen's on censorship and Andrew Offutt's on Vardis Fisher. Warhoon's columnists were perhaps the finest any fanzine ever had.

That's an impressive chronicle, but it's less one of luck or editorial magnetism than of thought and editorial imagination, and for that reason I suspect it can be done again. In a period of transition -- such as the one we're in at the moment -- there's bound to be some cause for alarm. Some material will, in a manner of speaking, breech the field and go to such places as The Panic Button or any manner of "little magazine." Some will resort to limited circulation, and some will simply never be written because there was no one to wield the editorial whip over the best people. But it's always seemed to me that there are a number of amateur writers who turn out a fairly consistent bulk of fair to fine material, making it infinitely easier to replace fanzines than their contributors. The amount of good fanzine material isn't constant, by any means -- but it is nearly so. Some editors will handle the problem -- and some, it seems, already have.

Perhaps it isn't wise to start with an outstanding example, when the point to be made is basically optimistic, and all that follows must seem dreary and dripping with pessimism; but Paul Williams is representative of much that's proven valuable in fanzine editing, and Within<sup>1</sup>, along with Enclave, is probably the most promising of the newer magazines. The



emphasis on movie and book reviews, in heavier hands, might have proven unfortunate, as might another "circular universe" story, Laureen McCoy's "Halfway Station;" but both, if basically unattractive, are at least not detrimental. An article by Williams, from the School Library Journal, reeks of the usual trivia of the raid on Campbell by the FBI, but it has enough of a "local boy makes good" air about it. The lettercolumn, perhaps the most ambitious feature, carries Bloch, Asimov, Wollheim, Leiber and Tucker -- but it carries them sloppily, apparently more from ostentation than from intrinsic value. For years I've been fighting the battle of name-dropping for name-dropping's sake, but as long as it's a practice in which few can indulge, even ineffectually, it'll undoubtedly remain one of those pointless bastions of editorial masturbation. What is more important is that Williams has none of the newcomer's tendency to economize on editorial matter; even the most uninteresting of editorial blatherings has at least an educative value, and Williams' writings are certainly anything but uninteresting.

For every Within and every Williams, who writes entertainingly first and editorially as a matter of coincidence, there'll be a Chiron<sup>2</sup> and a Dave Keil, editorializing uninterestingly and entertaining only as an afterthought. The material in Chiron is copyrighted, but I feel safe in quoting the magazine's credo: "Chiron is a protest to the current crop of prozines and fanzines, both of which seem to be losing sight of the future." It seems that Shakespeare, for all his insight, confined his remarks to individuals whose protestations are too loud and too frequent, but if this sort of Frances Willard dedication rankles me already, I can hardly expect to be more tolerant in my fannish old age. While the objections are annoying enough in themselves, they're almost inevitably compounded by the quality of the material that the crusader presents to rectify these imagined slights to everything Truly Gernsbackian. For the most part, Chiron's fiction seems obsessed with self-conscious subtlety and below-the-belt, quick-revelation endings, but in every instance save David Patrick's reasonably good vignette "The Thrill of the Hunt," the effort seems ludicrous. Brad Steiger's trio of stories -- about a Child of Wonder with the Power; a phantom haunting old haunts; and a case of "Why, if that could happen, so could..." -- is billed impressively, but falls quite flat upon inspection.

Different only in degree is Allen Kracalik's Outre<sup>3</sup>. I'd be suspicious of any fanzine which either claims to run "good amateur fiction" (surely a contradiction in terms); or threatens to use more editorial matter if outside contributors aren't forthcoming; or suggests that Horrors of the Screen or Shazam win a fanzine Hugo; or quotes at great length from Bradbury's homely homilies; or quotes at any length from Lewis Grant; or reviews dinosaur films; or, particularly, dedicates itself to Forry Ackerman. Unfortunately for my remissive paranoia, Outre does all these, and more. The cover, by Scarborough and Byrd, is imaginative enough; it's well-produced and well-composed, with characters a lot like Bill Pearson used to draw, and some genuine merit -- enough that it might make a good model for other fanzines to emulate. I'd make a personal wish that more writers forgot about emulating Bradbury, but if they must do so, perhaps it's best done as Kracalik does with "Enemy" -- that is, with a minimum of ostentation.

At the opposite end of any scale of editorial pomposity would be Langdon Jones' Tensor; which if considerably less obnoxious, is hardly any more original. Jones never misses an opportunity to depreciate his



brain child. This, he says, is a "Crudhack Production" and a "neo-crud-zine." He asks for forgiveness, for the way in which his magazine is "edited (quiet laughter)." This sort of thing is hardly less rankling than the young editor who simply refuses to recognize his faults. It simply refuses to recognize a reader's critical abilities, and insists instead upon anticipating the worst possible response, partly, I suppose, because in that manner nothing that follows can be too severely traumatic, and much must seem surprisingly passable. This is Uriah Heepism at its most annoying -- annoying enough that I no longer worry about the editor's feelings, preferring instead to simply agree with his critical evaluation. There is a typewriter-shaded cover, which Jones seems to think original, which may or may not be, and which makes damn little difference in any event; and there's a page purporting to be by his mother. It might just as well have been. Jones seems to have the sort of contacts that'd provide him with enough good material, but I suspect he won't find it until he stops wringing his hands in affected supplication.

"Most of the fanzines I pick up these days are pretty similar," meditates Bob Lichtman in the first issue of Frap? "It's either a discussionzine and all hung up on discussing what someone said in jest three issues ago regarding the end of the world (which will come in a blast of atomic hell, on a warm Saturday afternoon), or it's a comic-bookzine, nostalgizing about the good old days of Captain Marvel...If it's not one of these...it's probably a first issue fanzine from a young NFFF member in some town like Crow's Landing or Tully Hill." The unfortunate thing about Bob's otherwise amusing and insightful comment is that it appears in a fanzine which is only qualitatively, not quantitatively, different from those it derides. Lichtman, for all his editorial sophistication and casual care, hasn't done a particularly good job. Frap has too much Greg Benford, writing too much on LASFS meetings or libraries; too much "Meyer," an ingratiating inword; and too much affectation in general. Ray Nelson's autobiography is imaginative, all right, but I find his credits -- rejection from the draft, highly-accomplished freeloaders, illegitimate children, and the propellor beanie -- as uninspiring as his nonfiction is uninteresting.

I'd be the last to claim that these five fanzines are a reasonable cross-section of the field today; and even if I knew that was the case, I'd still hesitate to say what the devil it all means. In no sense are these five cause for rampant optimism -- but before I'd take the opposite tack, I'd hark back to something Harry Warner said a couple of years ago in IPSO. If my memory serves, it was Warner who wrote so convincingly on the "constant material" thesis. Assuming that whatever the state of fan publishing, there is a given number of writers of a given, productive, competent talent, and that there will be a given quantity of good material, we'll have good fanzines. At the moment the material is more diffuse than is ordinarily the case, simply because there are few leading fanzines about which to constellate; but the matter is highly unstable. Good material breeds more good material, and past history seems to indicate that the chain is forged when an editor produces a fanzine that's out of the ordinary. None of the newer editors has a monopoly on imagination -- but all possess it in varying degrees, and from them will probably come the next Bergerons and Lupoffs. There'll be more good fanzines -- or there won't be any fanzines at all, for we'll simply have too far deserted the field to notice its paucity.



1. Within #4. Paul Williams, 163 Brighton Street, Belmont, Massachusetts. Trades, 25¢.
2. Chiron #1. David Keil, General Delivery, Student Union PO, University of Arizona, Tuscon, Arizona. 25¢.
3. Outre #1. Allen Kracalik, 1660 Ash Street, Des Plaines, Illinois, 60018. Free to interested parties.
4. Tensor #2. Langdon Jones, 36 Winscombe Crescent, Ealing, London W.5, England. Trades, lettersm 15¢.
5. Frap #1. Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles, California, 90056. Letters.

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"The House of Representatives is remarkable for its vulgarity and poverty of talent." -- Alexis De Tocqueville, Democracy in America.  
[We don't know how true it was in 1835, but as for the present....]7  
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THE INCOMPLEAT MOVIEGOER continued from page 20

the Randolph Scott version (1939) has not been released to tv. (I am told there were actually two silent versions, and Hammer supposedly has another remake in the works.) The 1917 version is of interest mainly because the dialogue and narrative titles are by Haggard, but it does contain some imaginative visuals. It also follows the book very closely.

Despite the fact that THE L-SHAPED ROOM is British, I found it hackneyed in a very Hollywoodian sense.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY is so good that I wondered why it got bad and so-so reviews. There is a real feeling of what life on the sea must have been like -- one beautiful shot shows the Bounty at night, darkened except for a single light in the Captain's cabin. I found Brando's performance excellent, filled with the kinds of details most actors can't supply when doing period characterizations.

IL POSTO (THE JOB), released here as SOUND OF TRUMPETS, confirms the importance of director Ermanno Olmi. A young boy takes an exam for a job, gets it, works as an errand boy, and in the closing scene is promoted to clerk. If this sounds like a weak idea, it's only because I phrased it that way. A good director can bring vitality to any situation. Olmi's world is the real world: people are manipulated by society. His THE FIANCES got the weakest reception of all the films shown at the NY Film Festival; I thought it the best. Here Olmi traced the life of a man who leaves his fiancee to accept a construction job with a big company in another town. He makes no effort to find friends or a new girl, and he wants to return to her but stays with the job. In both films there is the same sense of hopelessness that one feels for a Hitchcock hero -- only intensified because of the truth Olmi infuses in his characters and situations. ## I'll save NOBI till next time. It's the third great one.

-- Bhob Stewart

enclave #5.....31

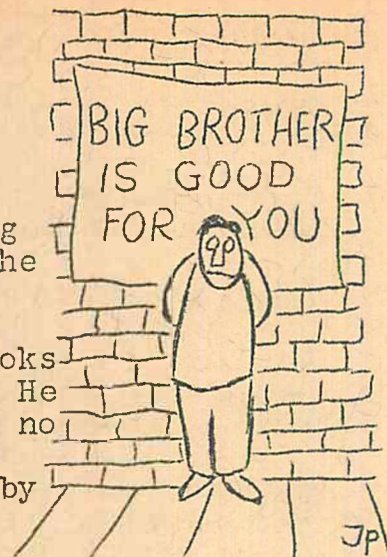


an Enclave "White Paper" on  
CENSORSHIP IN AUSTRALIA

by Maris Cizevskis

Censorship, as we know it today, came into being with the Australian Commonwealth itself, in 1901. The first banned book was a French one.

The one person responsible for censoring all books here is the Minister for Customs, Senator D. Henty. He is advised by a Literary Censorship Board which has no written code to abide by. Each individual state has full rights to ban or not ban any book blacklisted by the Customs Minister.



Banning procedure is like this: A shipment of books and/or magazines is viewed by the customs while in transit to a distributor. The customs cannot ban but can retain anything they disapprove of, and forward same to the Literary Censorship Board in Canberra, which in turn advises the Minister of Customs of anything it considers objectionable. The Minister must then make his decision, subject to endorsement by the Board. Now to make sure that justice is done, there exist three offices of the Appeal Censorship Board (in Canberra, Sydney and Melbourne), which hear any objections and advise the Minister if his decision is accepted or not. (I cannot recall any effective use of this; mostly one finds that objections are few, and then "unqualified" and hence useless.) Incidentally, the seven-strong federal Board includes one professor, two doctors, a Miss Henson B.A. Dip. Ed., and a retired headmistress of a girls' school.

Since Senator Henty's accession to Power there has been an appreciable liberalization of censorship policies. One of his first acts was to bring the secret list of banned books into the open. "The Commonwealth Gazette" regularly publishes this list for public edification. The books banned were mainly 50-plus years old; Henty reduced the total number of banned books from about 1100 to about 200. In the case of medical books, the Director-General of Health is advised before they are banned, and then no banned book is denied a medical man for bona fide research -- but the red tape in such cases is voluminous. The Advisory Board deals only with what they consider "literary" matter, which does not include comics or "pictorial magazines" (Playboy was recently demoted to the latter rank). There are no creative writers in the board's midst.

Senator Henty's actions have never been challenged in the courts. He has banned where the Board has given an OK ("Lady Chatterley") and has on occasion released books disapproved by the Board ("Thin Red Line"). Henty stresses that the Board is only advisory, and claims that the public is safer with him in the controlling seat; he can be dismissed in the next elections, but the Board can't.

Customs actually controls such imports as comics, paperbacks, and magazines. Most imported books are innocuous, but not so the cheap,

. [continued on page 347



## THE UTOPIA WE REALLY WANT

by Ray Nelson

It's been a long time since anyone postulated a utopia around here.

Anti-utopias have become so plentiful that a critique of science fiction can be aptly titled "New Maps of Hell." The reason, I suppose, is that it is easier to formulate a picture of what you don't like than of what you do. I've been wondering just what a true utopia would be like. What sort of world would the greatest number of people like to live in?

I think one reason writers have stopped dreaming up utopias is that every utopia they dreamed up failed in one important respect: it didn't fit the human animal. Mankind does not really want the land of milk and honey, of peace, of universal brotherly love etc. What mankind really craves, deep down inside, is chaos. I use "chaos" instead of the milder "anarchy" because anarchism has, of late, become almost respectable as a result of the activities of anarchists in civil rights, peace, and anti-capital punishment crusades. It is really so obvious I wonder why nobody has noticed it before. Why are the works of Mickey Spillane so popular? Why are tabloid newspapers so successful? Why are historical novels so often best sellers? What accounts for the enduring popularity of the western? The comic book? It is because these various forms of literature portray life the way we really wish it was....that is, saturated with violence and sex. For the overwhelming majority of people, then, utopia consists of a world drenched in blood and sperm, a world of hand-to-hand combat, adventure, sudden death, pain, suffering, fanaticism, rape, murder and unlimited sexuality. The Christian utopia, where the lion lies down with the lamb, will never really work because it is not what the human animal wants. He doesn't want to lie down with the lamb. He wants to eat him.

Today most of us, except perhaps in wartime, must content ourselves with daydreams, usually produced for us by the various mass media, of violence, sex, and murder. We, ourselves, do not have the courage to live such lives, but we can participate vicariously in the lives of those who do in fiction and in the sensational press. Nothing else interests us quite so much. If we seek escape from our real world, it is to the world of chaos that we flee, not to the world of order. The world of order is cold, inhuman, and mechanical to us. The world of law and justice somehow lacks the vital ingredient we secretly crave....chaos. If we wish to know about our world instead of escaping it, what part of it is it that catches our eye? The violent part! The scandalous part! The bloody and ghastly part! The sexy part!

We look with a mingled hate and envy at those who do dare to live such lives: the criminals. The vengeance of society is ferocious on these enemies of order, but at the same time is there anyone whose savage instincts are so dulled that he does not feel a certain grudging admiration for the "wrongdoers?" Is there anyone who does not dream of being a Jesse James or a Robin Hood? A king's mistress or a sultan's slave girl? A clever con man or a brazen prostitute? It is easy to postulate anti-utopias. Anything which stands in the way of man's wildness, savagery, and love of chaos is anti-utopian. It is harder to postulate



a utopia, at least openly, because good citizens and "nice" people that we are, hate to admit the kind of world we secretly long for.

All the same, this world of chaos, this utopia of violence, is the true, if hidden, theme of all popular literature.

-- Ray Nelson

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READERS OF TED WHITE'S JAZZ COLUMN and other aficionados of that Art Form may be interested to know that the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) has put together an album called "A Jazz Salute to Freedom." Two 12" discs feature excellent (and mostly early) performances from the Roulette/Roost catalog by Cannonball Adderly, Dinah Washington, Chris Connor, Maynard Ferguson, Harry Belafonte, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, John Coltrane, Dizzy Gillespie, Errol Garner, Woody Herman, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Stan Getz, Horace Silver, J.J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Art Tatum, Bud Powell, Count Basie, Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, Zoot Sims, &c. And very lousy liner notes. All profits help support the extremely valuable nonviolent work of CORE. The album is a bargain at \$5.00, from CORE, 38 Park Row, New York 38, New York. This has been an unsolicited plugola. -- jp  
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AUSTRALIAN CENSORSHIP continued from page 32

trashy Australian publications. Some imports have been banned -- "Lolita," "Lady Chatterley," and some James Bond novels -- only to appear in bookstores under the imprints of local publishers.

Comics and pictorial magazines are covered in some Article of which Item 22 says that the ones to be banned are "...placing too much emphasis on sex, horror, violence, or crime, or leading to depravity..." State control in this field is extremely strict in Tasmania; Victoria is even stricter, while Queensland is more lax.

In the case of films, there is one Chief Censor and six others, including three women. They are all public servants and have a written code to abide by, but their baffling operations behind closed doors are about as secret as British defense.

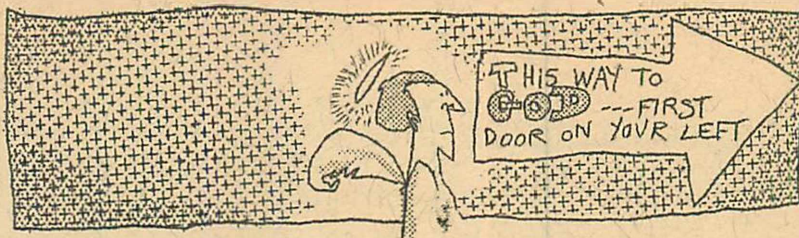
Television censorship is rather strict, and although the Australian Broadcasting Commission is nominally master of its own house, influences come from the B.B.C. Film Censorship Board, the Broadcasting Control Board, the Postmaster General and a host of others, all of whose meddling generally renders the A.B.C. impotent. The B.B.C. interview with the French O.A.S. leader Georges Bidault was banned from all stations on the grounds that "it would prejudice the government's relations with a friendly country." The ban precipitated such interest that the morning following the scheduled (but suppressed) interview found some newspapers devoting the center spread to photos and a complete text of the Bidault interview. A few days later, the ban was removed.

-- Maris Cizevskis

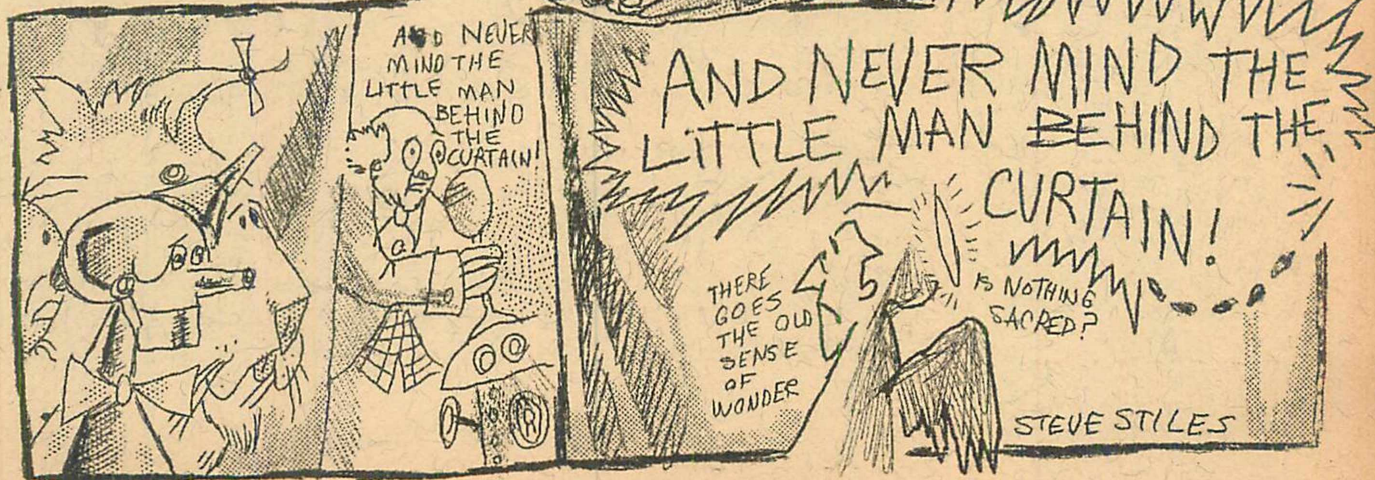
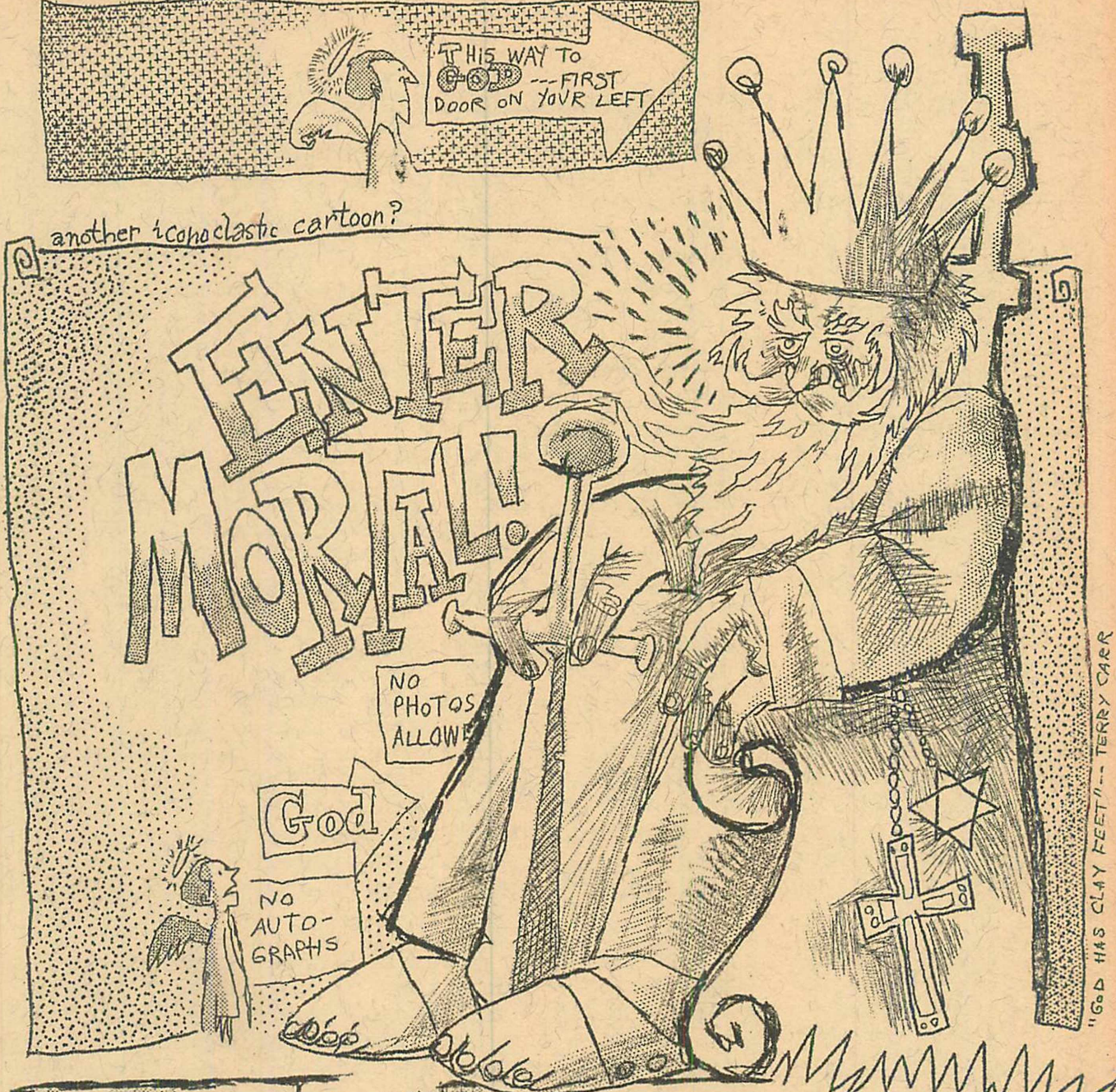
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Thermonuclear Calypso #1:

All day, all night, Herman Kahn / Tries to make us love the bomb  
Even little children know Herman Kahn/ Cannot make us love the bomb.





another iconoclastic cartoon?





## THE BEST OF BRUCE

by Mike Deckinger

In the June 29 issue of The Saturday Evening Post, novelist and columnist Robert Ruark, a specialist at producing reams of opinionated, one-sided, inaccurate and emotionally-agitated outbursts, writes about "sick comics" in general, and Lenny Bruce in particular. In his typically stodgy manner, he says that Bruce "puts on an act that would gag a goat." Further on, he draws a parallel between sick humor, mental illness, hip talk, profanity, and sacrilege, and ends up by describing Lenny Bruce as the end product. Ruark can perhaps be excused for some of his wild statements, since anyone who can deliberately, meaningfully, and with sincere intent, praise both Carol Burnett and The Garry Moore Show, must possess such dreadful critical criteria that any deviation from a "Garry Moore norm" would be sufficient to send him into hysterics. However, Ruark's evident distaste for the material the sicknik uses, his obvious revulsion at its implications, and his strained determination to divorce himself entirely from the quality of the material is inexcusable. Through devious guilt-by-association tactics he uses Lenny Bruce as an example on which to base his condemnation of all un-Garry Moore-like entertainers. He never once seeks to analyze Bruce's material, or examine it in the light of current mundane affairs.

Practically the only thing Ruark says which is not open to argument is that Lenny Bruce is a sick comic. This goes without saying. Lenny Bruce is probably the finest sick comic in the country, lacking the contrived commercialism of other crowd pleasers like Jonathan Winters and Mort Sahl. His humor is more directly focused on the problems he seeks to attack, and is thus all the more devastating. He is rumored to be a drug addict and was recently put on trial in Chicago for alleged "obscenity" in his night club act, where he received a bigger Catholic audience than the Pope (see Realist #41). Outside of a few appearances on Steve Allen's Sunday night show several years ago, he has never been on television.

Fantasy Records have devoted four discs to Bruce. Chronologically arranged, they are: "Lenny Bruce's Interviews of Our Times," "Lenny Bruce's Sick Humor," "Togetherness," and "Lenny Bruce, American." The first album and the final one are the least mentionable ones, relying on poor monologues and uninspired night club clowning. The other two are the ones I'll discuss here, since they are a must for any Lenny Bruce fan, much less for anyone who can turn a sympathetic and receptive ear to that type of humor Mr. Ruark finds so abhorrent.

"The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce" contains a good deal of explosive material beneath a deceptively mild jacket. A simply staged color photo depicts Bruce reclining on the grass before a modestly spread picnic lunch. In the background, rows of tombstones, uniformly arranged, stretch into the distance. The mild, unconcerned expression on Bruce's face reveals an attitude of utter nonchalance toward his unconventional surroundings. He blandly surveys his "picnic grounds" with almost complete indifference.

The first side of the album leads off with "Non-Skeddo Flies Again,"



an amusing take-off on unchartered, non-scheduled airlines, incorporating the John Gilbert Graham case into its opening lines: "Mama, I've got a present for you." (Tick, tick, tick.) "It's a music box!...Yeah, Ma, you'll get a real bang out of it. Well, I'll be seeing you around, if you believe..." The latter portion of the shtick tells of the predicament faced by the two inexperienced pilots of the craft when the bomb goes off. As half the passengers go hurtling toward the blown-off back of the plane, one of them sighs, "Are we gonna get yelled at back at the base!" He wonders what can be done with the remaining passengers and his partner suggests "Let's dump 'em." They finally ask the advice of one passenger, who enters whistling The High and The Mighty, and then reduce the load of the plane by one by telling a little boy his mother is "right outside the door."

Following is "The Kid in the Well," a monologue on the Benny Hooper case, in which a young child spent some agonizing days within a deep well, while the American public spent some equally agonizing days wondering if he would be rescued. For the first few moments, Bruce indulges in some serious speculation, slamming the critics who condemned the child's doctor for sending a bill, by vehemently pointing out that "what right does a doctor who went to school for 12 to 15 years" and worked like the devil have to charge the parents for saving their son. In the end, Lenny has one doctor promising another that they'll get even with the public by introducing a new virus next year.

Then comes "Hitler and the MCA ('Mein Kampf Arises')," in which a group of press agents are auditioning new talent for the position of German Dictator. The prospective jobholders are required to read several lines. The agents reject several hopefuls with such remarks as "That method crap, that Brando jazz, get outta here" and "Too faggish." After rejecting them all, the two interviewers notice another party: "Dig the guy on your right that's painting the wall," one of them says, "his name is Schikelgruber." They decide he's the right man for the job, but that his name is too unwieldy. It has to be changed.

Side Two leads off with "Ike, Sherm, and Dick," a pointed political satire in which Ike must level to a fearsome Nixon who doesn't want to take another goodwill trip, citing the South American reception he got. Ike tells him that the people did indeed like him, "It's your old lady, Pat, that they didn't dig." Ike then calls Sherman Adams in and asks plaintively, "Now what did you do in the hotel for two thousand dollars?"

"Psychopathia Sexualis" is the beat-metered verse of the plight of a man who is "in love with a horse that comes from Dallas." It's the only example of beat-inspired verse appearing on these records, and at times it seems to be lampooning itself. It represents Bruce neither at his best nor his worst.

The final item is "Religions, Inc.," my personal favorite on the album and one of Bruce's most hilarious and biting sketches. In it he looks upon religion as big business, and features several scenes of the religious Madison Avenue. One of the grey-flannel theologians points to a chart and notes proudly that "Catholicism's up 9 points, Judaism's up 15, and the Big P, the Pentacostals, are starting to move." He gets a phone call from a colleague and together they enthuse over the elec-



tion of the Pope: "The puff of white smoke -- knocked me out! We got an eight page layout with Viceroy: The New Pope is a Thinking Man. Nah--we were going to go for the tattoo but I decided the hell with it." After being warned that "no individual hustling" will be allowed, one of the Billy Graham-type soul-savers speaks of his fallibilities: "I'm dumb -- sure, I'm dumb. I got two Lincoln Continentals, that's how goddamn dumb I am." More dialogue, embodying some choice scatological humor, follows, delivered with penetrating insight and wit. Bruce aims his shafts at the Roman Catholic Church more often than any other, but what he says is well worth saying, and the drubbing that religion as a whole receives redeems any negative features there might be. Of course, any devout person will find it in the worst possible taste, but that is to be expected.

The cover of "Togetherness" may be the best depiction of the irreverent, nothing-is-sacred Lenny Bruce character. Bruce is seen huddled together with an Oriental girl and a Negro girl. Surrounding them are a ring of nattily-robed Ku Klux Klansmen -- Negro Klansmen. This tableau is shown before a statue of Lincoln, and the overall effect of the cover is indescribably wry.

Side One is composed of a number of fairly brief bits. The lead item, "White Collar Drunks," is a Bruce classic: a look at the so-called higher-class drunks, whose refusal to associate with the more common bar souse is as laughable as their intoxicated condition. As a further note of interest, a slightly altered version of "White Collar Drunks" was performed by Harlan Ellison during his toastmastering at the Seacon banquet a few years ago. I spoke with Harlan about it afterward, and he admitted that whenever he runs low on his own material he freely borrows from Bruce. What better recommendation could be cited?

"The Defiant Ones" refers to the Stanley Kramer film of a few years back, brilliantly probing the tense situation of a white and black man chained together. Using this as a point of departure, Bruce comes up with several near-classic lines, including this rejoinder when (playing the white man) he's asked by the Negro if he thinks there will ever be true equality. "Just remember," Bruce confides, "when you play the Star Spangled Banner, it takes both the white keys and the darkies."

Following this is "The Phone Company," a miniscule monologue on Bruce's troubles with the minions of Alexander Graham Bell. It's good, if minor Bruce.

Next is "The Steve Allen Show," in which Bruce recounts the stupidity he had to deal with in his attempts to tell an allegedly offensive joke over nationwide tv. The joke itself is not half as funny as the reason offered for its elimination.

Then Bruce returns to the flicks, this time with a critique of a film called "The Esther Costello Story". The plot, he tells us, concerns a blind and deaf girl who miraculously regains her senses when she is brutally raped. Lenny has a not at all unreasonable question about the movie: "What's the moral?"

The last item on the side is an account of Bruce's trip to Miami, briefly mentioning the shark scare in which a diver was killed by a



shark. "Maybe," Bruce muses, "the kid was getting snotty with the shark, you know, something like 'I got a sharkskin suit, baby, what do ya think of that?'" Bruce also mentions his plane ride, and how he discovered that the sign saying "Ring for the Stewardess" is misleading: they don't always come when summoned. "Those chicks will never come into the toilet," Bruce confides to his audience.



Side Two leads off with "The Tribunal," which is more an example of social protest than a haphazardly offensive satire. Bruce trains his sights on the ridiculously huge salaries paid to movie stars and TV performers, which contrast so sharply with the peanuts meted out to teachers, policemen, and other hard-working people. Sophie Tucker's reckoning comes off in this shtick, and for attacking such a venerable old lady, Bruce earned himself the undying enmity of Walter Winchell. Good for Lenny, I say.

What follows next is "The Palladium," at 19½ minutes the longest bit on the records I've mentioned. At times it is an almost incoherent, Marienbad-like conglomeration of witticisms, badly-mumbled punchlines, and quiet profanity. But every cloud has a silver lining, and for Lenny it becomes evident near the end, when an American performer, finishing up a substandard performance at the London Palladium, provokes an uproar in his hitherto unresponsive audience by shouting "Screw the Irish, screw Ireland, screw Ireland!"

Finally, Bruce takes a last dig at racial discrimination in a brief track entitled "Our Governors." The daughter of Governor Fabus announces to Daddy that she's getting married to a New York stage actor she met up North. "What's his name, Sugar?" inquires the Governor. "Harry Belafonte!" the girl bubbles. "HMMMM," Fabus speculates, "Italian boy, eh...."

This, then, has been a look at Lenny Bruce. He is not the perverted, sacriligious beast that Robert Ruark would have us believe he is. Neither is he the bland, topical country humorist, one of the type of dreary, unfunny, say-nothing philosophers with which television abounds. At times he falters in his presentation, and at times he bears down too heavily, and the desired effects of his comments are blunted. But more often than not, he achieves precisely what he strives for, and his best and most representative work is on the Fantasy records described. They are bold, blatant, at times profane, definitely irreverent, and thoroughly delightful and stimulating.

-- Mike Deckinger

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You can always tell the boy who eats Puffed Grass. 'Sgotta green mouth.  
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This issue came your way because ( ) you contributed; ( ) you commented; ( ) you paid money, something you oughtn't do in the future; ( ) you promised a contribution and like soon, please; ( ) you are a cash subscriber, your last issue being #\_\_\_\_; (✓) I'd like an article from you; ( ) I'd like artwork from you; ( ) I'd like you; (✓) we trade fanzines; (✓) or do we?; ( ) I'd like a column installment.

enclave #5.....39



# OUTSIDE AGITATORS

TOM PERRY      4018 Laurel Avenue      Omaha 11, Nebraska

I really liked Paul Williams' article and critique. The poem is rather bad (I assume it's his) but the critique is good reading, and I'm really put on by those last two or three pages, evaluating the state of science fiction. Paul's creed is one many fans share, I suspect, without having been able to voice it: his enunciation performs a real service. (Cynic that I am, I had to chuckle to think how this would sound coming from a mystery or western fan, but for all that I believe it...I really do.) I have a hard time remembering Paul is only some 15 years old. Besides the fact that he doesn't sound it, there's his wide background, not only in sf (How does he know all that stuff about 1940 ASFs and all? How? Huh?), but in general knowledge. I find it unbelievable and would almost rather think someone is pulling an elaborate hoax that is going over nicely because it's so unbelievable.

Purple on yellow is ghastly, and the Edwing drawings and jokes leave me cold. Oh, I did get a smile out of the chap eating the Xmas tree saying "They taste better in season." But that's all.

Podkayne's a hard book to do a coherent review of. As a target it's simply too broad: there are too many bad things about it. And it's well nigh impossible to review a Heinlein book without considering all the man's other works, if only because he repeats characters and gimmicks so often. I am getting just about up to here with reviews of Heinlein lately. It's odd, too, because in his real heyday, the middle fifties, when he was doing his best work, no one reviewed him (except perhaps Bloch).

That half-page "tirade" /on "silent liberals"/ was good stuff and ought to get some response. Since you ask "Which Side Are You On?" I wonder what'd be your response if you found an ardent racist among your readers. /No response./ Oh, and I think the U.S. can be proud of the Emancipation Proclamation even if the follow-through on civil rights has been wanting. But it made a nice jumping-off place, didn't it? /Yes, albeit late. And as Norman Cousins pointed out recently, the slaves were "not so much freed as cast adrift." Without more affirmative action on all levels -- federal, state, community and personal -- this state of drift could go on indefinitely./

JOHN BOARDMAN      592 16th Street      Brooklyn, New York 11218

/Commenting on reactions to "America's Concentration Camps" in #3:7 As I mentioned in a previous letter, I have learned that some of the Japanese expelees did obtain compensation through the courts after the war. Others, however, were denied compensation, and this denial was upheld by the Supreme Court.

So Poul Anderson will be "the first to squawk if these people are detained unnecessarily, or if their detention is not humane." Good for him, and if it were not for the fact that Allenwood is the concentration camp nearest to me, and Tule Lake nearest to him, I would expect to see him in the cell next to mine the day after he did this. Would he agree then that "it does not seem an excessive price to pay for the preserva-



tion of a society"? After all, should Section 102 of the Internal Security Act be invoked, it would be an Emergency by definition. What price freedom of speech then?

Buck Coulson, discussing the emotional content of my article, hits upon a point which is neglected by many liberals. In 1960 many of my intellectual and liberal acquaintances took it for granted that Stevenson was the only possible candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. I felt that he would have received the vote of everyone who gave political affairs mature and thoughtful consideration -- and would lose again. Liberalism needs a "belly appeal" as well as the cool reasoning of a Stevenson. For four years in the 1930's, Liberals held, not merely the trappings of power as they do now, but power itself. They did so because this power had been handed to them by a disillusioned and desperate people, concerned about the basic issues of food and work. If liberals today are to look to a theoretician to discuss basic intellectual issues, let them read not the bloodless generalities of a Stevenson, but the impassioned arguments of men like Saul Alinsky. Alinsky knows, as Stevenson does not, how to build up a liberal movement from the grass roots, based on local leadership to arouse public concern on local as well as international problems. Alinsky's name may be unknown outside of Chicago but his accomplishments and those of his "Back-of-the-Yards" neighborhood organization have had much more effect than Adlai's.

John Berry's criticism of the article is less constructive. To paraphrase scripture, he is shouting War, War, when there is no war. Anyone who wishes to engage in a shooting war over questions of ideology need not point to an enemy on the other side of the world; he can find one in Alabama.

Gary Deindorfer's cartoons are excellent; I hope you have more of them in future issues. [I hope so too; Gary?]

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WALT WILLIS    170 Upper Newtownards Road    Belfast 4, Northern Ireland

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As the editor of a 24 page fanzine I'm not sure that 66 page fanzines should be encouraged. But I expect that after collating one you feel that way yourself, so accept this consolation that here's another reader who enjoyed it.

Paul Williams' long article illustrates that a reviewer can be even more useful as a destructive critic than as a constructive one, just as a king's foodtaster is never more valuable than when he is lying on the floor in his death agonies. I haven't read a copy of Analog in more than a year, partly because I normally borrow my copies from James White and am thus denied the catharsis of throwing them across the room, and I'm therefore eternally grateful to Williams for this assurance that I have not missed anything. His altruistic feat of ploughing through this desolate wilderness of print is worthy of being ranked with the self-sacrifice of Captain Oates.

Enid Jacobs' story was almost too thoughtful for a fanzine, where serious fiction is apt to be skipped. I went back and read it from the beginning, and it was worth while.

Another Williams award for Tom Perry.

I know this is a horrible thing to say about a 66 page fanzine, but I thought the best thing in the issue was the five word poem on page 24.

Skip Williamson's article was well and interestingly written, but in what is to me a strange vein. I disagree with much of what he says, but I would find it very difficult to argue with him because I wouldn't.

enclave #5.....41



know on what level to make my move, as if I were a conventional chess player playing on a three dimensional board. For instance he says, or at least implies, that argument about the existence of God is fruitless because we can't even prove the existence of people. To me these two lines of thought lie on entirely different levels. To put it crassly, I would deem it advisable to reconsider the case for religion if you were to print a letter of comment from God assessing the evidence for the existence of Skip Williamson. At the moment, however, it seems to me that the evidence for the existence of Skip Williamson is adequate enough for me to take some concrete action as a result of it, to wit writing these words. It may be that in some profound philosophic sense Skip Williamson has no objective existence, but I must act on the assumption that he and I both have. Similarly, the question of the existence of God is a practical question and not a philosophic one, in the sense that we must order our lives on the conclusion we reach from the evidence at our disposal.

I admit that Marion Zimmer Bradley is a better writer than I am, but I still can't believe that writing a rock and roll parody is easier than trying to educate young people to appreciate good music. Parodies are not only hellishly difficult to write; they are likely to be far more effective in revealing the good by exposing the bad. One good parody can utterly destroy. As for the general question, Marion's suggestion that laughter is a substitute for action...well, let's take an example. Visualize Hitler at one of those vast Nuremberg rallies, hundreds of thousands of people in rapt dedicated worship. Suppose someone had shot and wounded him: the martyred leader felled by a traitorous assassin. You visualize that? Right. Now let's suppose instead that in the middle of his peroration something else comparatively trivial happens to the crowd's idol: his trousers fall down. Now, in which of these probability worlds will the Nazi movement become stronger?

Don't blush about "Newtonwards;" it's quite a sensible reconstruction of my cumbersome address, and things get here all right. If it's any help to you, "ard" is an Irish word meaning high or a hill, and there is a hilly district in North Down called The Ards. In the middle of it is a town not more than a few centuries old, hence New Town Ards. I live on the higher part of the road to it from Belfast. So now if you ever come to Ireland you know how to get to our house. Of course I already know how to get to yours. I follow the oyster beds up from New York harbour until I get to the mountains and then turn south. Right?

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

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Paul Williams is the star of this fourth issue, no doubt about it, and it's still hard to believe that the slender boy who was wandering shoeless around the Discon and always appearing in imminent danger of being squashed should turn out such sensible and well-rounded prose. I don't wholly agree with his reactions to Analog. I am one of three or four known fans who approve of the change in name, for one thing. I have also long held that science fiction will survive in a professional sense only when publishers stop trying to fight city hall and recognize the facts of publishing life. This is not 1903 or 1923, it is no longer possible to publish profitably low-circulation magazines with little or no advertising that depend primarily on newsstand sales, and there is little hope for the continued existence of prozines unless more publishers follow the example of Conde Nast and break away from traditional procedures. In fact, I find it difficult to understand what fans would accept as satisfactory prozine advertisements. They complained endlessly



about the rupture comforters and high school education advertisements that appeared in the old pulps, and now they ridicule the advertisements by major industries that are in good taste, and yet they don't suggest any other way to make a professional magazine pay for itself.

Ted White seems to write jazz criticism just like the best men in the field. Norm Clarke and I are probably the only ones in fandom to whom that statement has an insulting overtone. I've never found a jazz critic who says anything about the music or the way it's performed. It is occasionally possible to find a critic of serious music who accomplishes this ideal, although 99 per cent of them fail as completely as the jazz writers do. The jazz critics always tell how much they liked or disliked a performance and the special elements in that performance. I think criticism should do more than this.

Enid Jacobs' little item was a pleasure to read. Its ancestry is quite obvious after you've finished reading it but not before.

And it's hard to believe that John Boardman, who gets so careless when writing about certain subjects, can turn around and create a review as superb from start to finish as this one of the Heinlein book. He makes me feel as if I'd read the book, now that I've read his review, and yet he has kept the review from degenerating into a straight synopsis. I hope that other reviewers will take note of how he has accomplished this feat, by breaking into his narration of events from time to time with his comments on how this ties into Heinlein's literary career, his opinion on the probability of the course the plot takes, and so on.

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MIKE DECKINGER

14 Salem Court

Metuchen, New Jersey

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I wonder if Paul Williams truly believes, as he states on page 6, that "almost all hackwork is enjoyable to read." Granted the minimum of time and talent it takes to turn out this commodity, it's unfair to declare that it is accepted among the more knowledgeable readers with willingness and a genuine desire for more of the same. On the contrary, hackwork usually embroiders timeworn plots with paper characters and implausible scenes. It's less demanding on the writer because it takes less talent to create such flimsy constructions. It is still inept and worthless on every count and the fact that it can sell so well only indicates the degree of undiscrimination most readers employ. None of the mass media are geared to producing quality. Just because vast multitudes have been brainwashed into enjoying mediocrity is no reason to elevate this tripe to a higher plane. It matters not if one person likes it or one million; it's still hack and will remain as such.

I usually find myself nodding my head in agreement over Bho Stewart's cogent film comments, but his praises of "Dr. No" are just a mite unpalatable. Every single facet of the film seemed to parody its predecessors, from the rugged individualism of James Bond, combining fist fights with bedroom rolls, to the creation of a thoroughly dastardly villain whose life is dedicated to sabotage and death. Ursula Andress is as nice an eye-ful as ever cavorted in a bikini, and Connery makes a handsome Bond, but the film itself was so detached from reality that I was utterly bored by every improbable procedure. It was a case of black against white; good against evil. For all Bond's faults and all No's cunning, we know at the outset who is to be the victor. There is positively no chance that Dr. No (or any other villain) can triumph over Bond. Ian Fleming says as much in every Bond book, and there's no reason to expect him to depart from such a lucrative formula. Even the depiction of Bond is rigidly overdrawn, though something of a relief from



many of the movie heroes who seem to have taken priests' vows in the presence of the opposite sex and are thoroughly prejudiced against innocent romps in the hay. Bond is at least no eunuch in this department.

The Mother Goose Rejects deserved the label of Enclave Rejects as well. Edwing tries so hard to be funny and succeeds in so few instances. I never cared much for his artwork either, but I don't suppose I'm alone. In fact, the very presence of this feature indicates a deliberate attempt on the part of you, the editor, to retain some ties with satire comic fandom, despite the general trend of Enclave which seems to be pulling it away. Let us let sleeping dogs lie, even if the dogs are as formidable as satire comic fandom. /John Severin and Don Edwing have recently finished work on a cartoon book to be published this spring by Pocket Books, Inc.7

I was exposed to Podkayne in its If form, and that was sufficient to cause me to abandon any thoughts of reading it in hardcovers. It seemed as though Heinlein was trying to create a teenagers' book that could be read and enjoyed by both adults and teenagers, and failed miserably. The teenage aspects were utterly ridiculous; both Podkayne and her brother behaved like no teens I've ever known, or expect to. Fourteen year olds can be heroes in only the most juvenile way; no one expects them to be capable of vanquishing hardened foes and restoring stolen claims. Hence Heinlein inserted the high IQ gimmick, so at times they behaved like irresponsible infants, at other times like adults, and there was even an unexpected scene or two, which escaped Heinlein's blue pencilling, where they behaved the way you'd expect them to. John covered the deficiencies and disappointments of the climax well enough; nothing is more disturbing than a miraculous last minute rescue employed to save an obnoxious character whose passing might improve the story.

Skip Williamson's basic premise, that an atheist and a theist would immediately seek to engage each other in arguments testing the other's beliefs and disbeliefs, is wrong. The dedicated atheist and the dedicated theist would find such verbal combat needlessly time consuming. An atheist will not admit of the possibility that he may be wrong, and neither will a theist. Arguments based on faith cannot be resolved by logic, Religion is not confined by logic, but by faith, and you can make a mockery of another's beliefs to your own satisfaction without causing any relaxation of conviction in him.

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WALTER BREEN      2402 Grove Street      Berkeley 4, California

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That "I keep getting Shaggy" lino of Belle Dietz's has been quoted all over fandom by now, it would seem -- I've seen it in about half a dozen genzines and apazines. But it certainly deserves to be circulated.

Paul Williams has neatly slid over the question of why hack writing has such a bad name despite its being (to some people) enjoyable. I don't think it's merely intellectual snobbery which puts down hack writing, whether by ERB, Dickens (whose importance was after all mainly historical: he slashed into certain social evils at the right time), Mack Reynolds, or name your pet peeve. I won't deny that hack writing, as Paul defines it, can vary widely in quality and that some (e.g. Leslie Charteris, Erle Stanley Gardner, Dickens) can be very competent indeed. I think, rather, that it's the very predictability -- the formula quality -- of such writing that keeps it from hitting the heights and that does eventually give it a bad name. The French word "cliché" means, basically, either something worn very thin, as an old coin, or (in more technical usage) a stereotype plate, something rigid and concerned with the multi-



plication of identical copies. In either sense it is the antonym of anything fresh, original, or uniquely personal. So too with formula writing. Whether future historians or archaeologists, encountering a piece of hack writing which is the sole remaining specimen of its genre, will consider it great literature is hardly relevant.

As for the review itself, I'm almost tempted to start buying Analog just to compare my own reactions to Paul's. I hope he keeps it up. I also hope that JW Ghod reads some of Paul's reviews....along with some of the authors Paul is making such tasty shish-kebab from. Redd Boggs recently expressed fear that Paul would be fannishly burned out in a year or two from now. I fondly hope Redd is wrong by a few decades. And, come to think of it, Joe, maybe Paul's peroration will be fulfilled if enough fans comply with your suggestions in Logorrhea 4. Survey research may have its uses at that.

Thanks to Juanita Coulson for spelling out the various classes of folkmusic (as distinct from regional types, etc.) in the clearest way I've ever seen it done. At least now I can be more articulate about what I like and don't like in folk music, even if not why....

Skip Williamson: To construct a proof for the nonexistence of something, it is sufficient to show that the supposed entity has mutually contradictory properties, such as being both round and square, or being simultaneously an even number and an odd number, etc. This type of reasoning is very common in mathematics. But what would constitute a valid proof of the existence of anything, short of showing it to you, or exhibiting a process by which one can construct or otherwise display it? Proof that there exists a city named Buenos Aires at such and such latitude and longitude might consist of flying an airplane according to such and such directions, reaching that location, and looking down to see the city; proof that there is a prime number larger than any given prime consists in describing a method of constructing it (Euclid's proof does exactly that: given a prime  $n$ , construct the number  $(2 \times 3 \times 5 \times 7 \times \dots \times n) + 1$ , then this number is either prime or has as its lowest prime factor a number larger than  $n$ .) Proof that I exist reduces to excluding the alternatives (1) I might be someone else's pseudonym, (2) you might be imagining me. Meeting and talking with me should dispose of the former; the latter is more difficult, since it hinges on whether any part of your environment has objective existence, i.e. whether you are sane or not, and whether solipsism is valid or not. Solipsism can be shaken up by one's inability to predict future events and one's capacity to be surprised -- particularly unpleasantly so. Proof that one exists oneself is really superfluous. If you come to the decision that you do not exist but are instead a figment of someone else's imagination, explaining your own behavior becomes so much more difficult as to make discussing the point hardly feasible, let alone worthwhile; meanwhile, you go on behaving just as though you did exist anyway. As for a proof of the existence of God: what does "exists" mean in this context? Does God "exist" in the sense that tables, typewriters and copies of Enclave exist, or in the sense that dreams exist? Does any proposition about the material world become true or false depending on whether "God exists" is true or false? Those who construct proofs of the existence of God usually slur over these points. But what is really at issue between theist and atheist is less a philosophical dispute than assent to a slogan, a shibboleth -- than affirmation of membership in the community of believers.

I could dispute your Williamson's view of the history of Luther



(that frozen-assed square who was so hung up about dung that he lived, if you want to call it that, in daily and nightly fear of the devil and the devil's shitty odors, and who is on record as having driven the devil off by farting at him), but it's hardly worthwhile at the moment. More to the point: who or what are the "Berkeley Tree Worshipers"? Surely you aren't referring to the Druid wedding in Mt. Diablo State Park that I attended on June 8?

As for Tom Paine, he was a deist rather than an agnostic or an atheist, and his criticisms of the bible (reading it as a collection of human documents rather than as something Not To Be Questioned) laid the groundwork for 19th and 20th century textual criticism -- which is part of the biblical scholar's necessary equipment. I question your remark that "everything including our sense of logic was created...by God": humans don't have a "sense of logic," for the most part, otherwise they wouldn't be so ready to believe demonstrably false propositions (such as the well-known "Law of Averages"). Logic is a method of arriving at correct conclusions from given premises, and its application is independent of the individual human being (as one can program a computer to work out the consequences of a given set of premises without knowing in advance what the conclusions will be). A nonhuman people whose "logic" worked the reverse of ours, as you postulate, would be in sad shape indeed, and it is doubtful whether they would be able to build spaceships to get here. For such a reverse logic would lead inevitably to the proposition  $1=0$ , from which you can deduce anything in the world, true or false, as you have no way of ascertaining the truth-value of any such deduction. "God is, therefore I think" is, I am tempted to conclude, an example of such nonhuman illogic; "God is, therefore I msthink" might have been an equally good conclusion.

Vic Ryan: I have been told that most of the food that CARE sends overseas is government surplus, and our \$\$\$ go mainly for transportation costs. The overseas impoverished are certainly not part of "our competitor allies'" market in any major sense. ~~###~~ For awhile the Kinsey liquor people were giving out copies of the (male) Kinsey report to people who wrote in for copies, but afterwards they made up form letters disclaiming any connection. In trying, however subtly, to re-establish the connection through their subway posters etc., they are laying themselves open to another barrage of such requests for copies of the next Kinsey report (even though Kinsey's name won't appear on the cover, the man having been long dead). And serve them right.

Charles Wells: Then, too, one could use French quotes « » in ordinary typography for quasi-quotes. But cutting a new type sign for " " isn't as much trouble as it sounds. Such special sign-cutting is common in some contexts. The signs V and R have had to be added to the typographical fonts of Catholic missal printers for years; the latter has other uses (in pharmacy and numismatics) but the former has no other known use whatsoever. (They mean Versicle and Response in the R.C. context.)

Paul Williams: Are you kidding in your analysis of what's wrong with China? No mention whatever of overpopulation? And you seriously think that anything even nearly like the current regime there may be the only answer to its problems? Even with communes and attempts to force the population still higher the way Hitler tried to in the thirties? Come off it! I have the highest respect for you, but this time I don't think you've been equal to yourself. But if you've been kidding (which I fondly hope), then it didn't come off as that either.

Lin Carter: The Antiochene Patriarchate still exists; the 126th



Patriarch was Ignatius Peter III, and various bishops (connected with Rome and the Eastern Orthodox churches) were consecrated by him and his successors, but so far as I know this "Right Rev. Robert Raleigh" is not among them. (His title would be quite different if he had been -- Most Reverend Mar Robert, most likely.) The current Patriarch doesn't even have any parishoners in Antioch, ironically enough -- they are mostly in Syria and India. And as for the Druid religion, it isn't dead at all; there are several thousand surviving Druids in England (they hold rituals at Stonehenge, among other places) and probably smaller numbers in the USA, none of them having anything to do with "John Celt." They still worship the Great Goddess under her various titles, just as they did in the time of Caesar. The Druid wedding I attended last June was no joke, either.

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TED WHITE      339-49th Street      Brooklyn, New York 11220

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Enclave #4 is a good issue of a good fanzine, but hard for me to get into at first. I think this is because, like some issues of Warhoon, Enclave presents such a monolithic face to the casual browser. Articles start at the tops of pages, and there follow solid pages of text. One feels that a fantastic amount has been shoehorned into these 66 pages before one even begins to read them.

I'd suggest loosening your layouts, making use of more white space. The Stewart layout for his column is an excellent example. It stands out strikingly from the remainder of the issue. Your typed headings are good, but if you varied their placement with large blocs of white (or green, yellow or granite), you would achieve a far more readable zine, in terms of appearance. /I am publishing this advice from fandom's #1 layout man (now, now, Eney) in hopes that it will be of help to fans less fortunate than myself. I say "less fortunate" because I was able to get Ted to design two important opening pages (for his own column and Bbob's) while a delegation of New York Fandom, including myself, awaited the arrival of Wandering Minstrel Harlan Ellison at 339-49th some weeks ago. What better way to improve the appearance of one's fanzine than to chain Ted White to his trusty mimeoscope with a supply of stencils at hand? (Seriously, Ted volunteered.) ## As some readers may have noticed, I am skipping lines between paragraphs within the main body of the magazine -- that is, everywhere but in the local -- in an attempt to "loosen it up." I'm also abandoning the constant use of my over-and-underscored headings (praised extravagantly by Boggs, borrowed shamelessly by Van Arnham, and originally stolen from Herb Lubalin of The New Leader) and trying, with all the hesitancy that befits a novice at these things, to design distinctive pages myself. Any better, Ted?/

The material, once I got past the layouts, was all of a fairly high level and interesting, although I do feel that Paul Williams spent too much time and space on Analog. I kept feeling as I read him that judicious editing might have improved things a good bit, and that the piece could have been shortened by a third with a resultant tightening. On the other hand, I'm speaking of this article as I would of any good piece of professional criticism, which is kudos enough for a piece by a kid Paul's age. People like Paul and Jeff Wanshel have the capacity to frighten me out of my wits every time I recall what I was writing and thinking and doing at their age.

"Conversion" relies too much on a weak punchline, but is well done. Who is this Enid Jacobs? All of a sudden I'm seeing material by her everywhere. /Enid, who is this Enid Jacobs?/



I skimmed Tom Perry's review because I didn't want to read what anyone else thought of Lords of the Psychon, but finally I read the piece through. I rather regret that I did, though, since at one point I'd wanted to lay this book out myself, and Tom did the job only just well enough that I'll never get around to it now. I do feel that he skipped over far too much of the book which warranted analysis; it was a very badly done book, but this more because it kept going off on new tangents instead of dealing concretely with just one. I have a feeling that Galouye is a vanVigtian "kitchen sink" type of writer; he throws in concept after concept, not because of any logical demand, but in order to keep a dazzling array of ideas juggling before the reader. In this sort of writing one doesn't stop to analyze any given concept or the whole thing crashes down around the juggler; the pattern he weaves is more important than the balls he uses.

I'm not defending this concept of stf writing, because it is usually the product of murky thinking and half-crystallized ideas, and most often simply produces a could-be-good abomination. But on the other hand, I like to be dazzled, and I always enjoyed vanVogt's vintage efforts at this sort of thing. My attitude is usually one of enjoying the book as I read it, and then realizing afterward what a failure it is.

Nonetheless, spell-binding is something we don't find too often in stf these days (I think S-- M----- would call it "a sense of wonder"), and I applaud even the half-hearted attempts and the failures. Then too, I empathize. It's the kind of stuff I like to write and probably will end up doing no better. (Watch for "The Invaders from 2500"!)

I'm surprised John Boardman didn't point out that Podkayne's uncle is a literal Uncle Tom, an old Negro of that name, despite his Lazarus Long characteruzation. I'm sure Heinlein chuckled a good bit about that.

I like Juanita's description of different types of folk music, despite the fact that my own interests lie only with the blues-singing folk singers (both ethnic and more commercial ones, so long as they have some real blues feeling). I've often felt, as does Norm Clarke, that folk music along with traditional jazz bases its appeal on the Sing Along or "We're all having a jolly time together" sort of spirit. Dixie jazz is supposed to be "fun" music (and modern jazz is characterized as deadly serious -- I wonder if its critics have ever heard Gillespie's "Pops Confessin'" or Mingus' "Eat That Chicken"), and is the type most often attempted by high school musicians and the like. But neither folk music nor the major part of "Dixie" jazz has much musical value, with folk-music's musical appeal being almost nil. And I notice few folkniks are content to just listen to the stuff; most of them have to play or sing it too. It's a compulsion.

Stewart's column was short, but better than his previous column in Axe which despite his efforts was entirely too Ackermannish a collection of snippets.

Ryan does a good axe job on Mack Reynolds. The examples of his writing Ryan quoted do indeed sound atrocious. Gadfry!

I've been saying for years that Hyphen was the best fanzine around, despite those years which saw only one or two issues, and it's good to see Harry Warner agrees. I was one of those who dared to wonder why fans rated Fanac #1 twice on its own poll and voted it a Hugo, with Hyphen around. How many fans page back through Fanac these days, reading those sparkling Hugo-winning issues for their deathless contents and old CoAs? But then, fans have been notoriously fickle in their popularity contests, more swayed by trivial externals than good standards for many,



many years. /To speak of Hyphen, of course, is to speak of the sublime. We now move from the sublime, to a name associated with some of the most memorable prose from Void days of yore....../

SETH JOHNSON

339 Stiles Street

Vaux Hall, New Jersey 07088

Forgive the delay in LOCing Enclave. A most excellent fanzine it is. The trouble is that I had to wait till the end of the ice cream season before I would have time to do it justice. In fact the only fault I had to find with it is that the staples all popped out before I got halfway through it and now there isn't a single staple in it. And no use trying to make repairs with my tiny tot stapler either. It wouldn't reach through one third of all those pages. I just wonder what Bergeron and Weber and the other publishers of massive fanzines use to make it stay in one piece. /I guess you mean their fanzines...well, I think they use bigger staples. You will have noticed by now that I, too have begun to use bigger staples! Bigger staples or no, though, I have sworn off 66-page fanzines for life. This current issue is about as massive an Enclave as you're likely to see in the future../

I am enclosing the latest up-to-date list of subscribers to the Fanzine Clearing House, by the way. Hope you will be able to use it to acquire cash subscribers who will also write massive contributions for Enclave, highly publishable and interesting contris to boot. /I can't afford to send samples, but I'm passing the list on to Gary Deindorfer. I think he might want to send the ~~Merr~~FCHers one of his fanzines, or at the very least, use the list as inspiration for a Psi-Phi article../

I liked the ATOM cover, too. Poor spaceman though. He sure has a load to carry around. Especially if he happened to be on a 2 G planet or something.

Hope Paul Williams' fanzine reviews are up to snuff. /You misread; I said I'd be reviewing fanzines for Paul../ Wonder how they would compare with those in Haverings though. Now there is a fanzine review I'd like to see in the hands of every neofan sending for FCH bundles. Would give him a mighty clear picture of just what each fanzine is like.

Poor Campbell, he sure gets kicked around in his old age. As for me, I wish he would just pub two different mags, one of science fact and Popular Mechanics nonfiction sort of thing, and one science fiction mag devoted entirely to Science Fiction with an occasional fantasy like he used to pub in the old Unknown. Them was the days.

Can't agree on Reynolds being a hack although he is not what I would consider to be the top ten stf writers. /Not without pseudonyms, anyway../ To me at least, his characters gell and his scenes are highly credible. As a matter of fact though, the only way basic changes are introduced in social systems is through the overthrow of the old. But for another angle on this try reading The Hidden Persuaders. Tells exactly how Madison Ave. has hired psychologists and anthropologists to deliberately and subtly shape public opinion and literally compel the public to purchase their commodities. Also mentioned this is adaptable to political campaigns. Thus if some kind of dictator does get in he will be able to stay in for life and literally control public opinion to the extent that no one will have a chance to displace him. Talk about brain washing.

Dunno how Boardman classified Podkayne as a nymphet though. Not that she was frigid, but there was nothing of the nymphomaniac in her personality. /I don't follow you. I think you're putting us on../

Enid Jacobs was terrific. Please please get more of that little lass. I just wonder if this is a true story. Sounds like it at that.



Tom Perry writes a nice if somewhat overcritical review. Why not ask him to review a story or novel that he is really enthusiastic about next time. If you get a chance though I'd like to know what the word kteic means. Ask Perry the next time you write.

Think I'd rather send my buck to the Black Muslims /than CORE/. At least they look like they might put up a real fight for my money. I am rapidly losing confidence in the "liberal" leadership in the civil liberties struggle over the past few years.

I totally disagree with pretty near everything Vic Ryan had to say. For one thing stratification and freezing of the classes has been a characteristic of every society once it got old and senile. I'll agree that the idea of corporation armies is highly implausible, but just the same the background of frozen stratified society is just what we seem headed for right now. As of now I haven't heard of Morgan Rockefeller or Vanderbilt being tumbled from their position of rulers of industry. Not to the extent of anyone stepping in to take their places. /I haven't heard of Morgan Rockefeller, period./

As to Lupoff, well he won the Hugo after all, but I for one would never vote for a fanzine I had never seen. If he was really so eager to win the Hugo he might have run a copy for each of the persons who attend the worldcons. /Thanks, Seth, for such a long and interesting letter. (And thanks, Ted White, for suggesting the previous sentence.)/

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JAN SADLER SAMUELS      663 Jefferson Heights      New Orleans 21, Louisiana

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The summation /of Paul Williams' article/ was worth waiting for, but I think there is another, more basic reason for Analog's deterioration than editorial slanting and lazy writing that Williams ascribes it to: that is, simple aging of the men involved. Campbell, his publisher, and the once-great writers he mentioned are all decades older than their prime years. It is common knowledge in creative mathematics and physics that a man will do his most important work before he is thirty, at the latest forty (fields in which creative thinking is necessary, not simple revelation of fact by experimentation). This applies to writers and editors and Just Plain People as well. Every day reinforces a habit of thinking, and there's no way out of it. This trait was valuable in Indian tribes when elders were revered for accumulated knowledge of "things not to do," but it's death to a writer of imaginative fiction.

Perry grouches because he out-thought Galouye and didn't enjoy his book. Other readers not surfeited with years of reading wouldn't be so exacting. Galouye, like other writers fandom considers second rate, sells to an audience unsophisticated in the "literature" of sf. Plots are new to them, "spheres" are perfectly plausible to atrophied senses-of-wonder. It is only we jaded fans with bibliographies in our heads (every plot twist sub-headed) who throw down a book petulantly, saying "The same old stuff....I've read it!" Sure we have; we have 30 years of stories by the best and the worst of authors to choose from.

Whose Side Are You On? I'm against you, buddy, when you advocate contributing to CORE to assuage a conscience. /Read it again. I advocated contributing to CORE because CORE needs money./ That's passing the buck. The correct method of fighting integration /you mean segregation?/ is for every liberal citizen to treat Negroes exactly as whites, to wage a personal war against indignity when he comes up against it. /This is wonderful, but it is a peculiar orthodoxy to say that it is the "correct" method, implying that any other view is incorrect. I was not, after all, attempting to write anything definitive about the civil rights movement. And too, your "correct" method, however commendable, is essentially the



discredited "respectable conservative" notion that personalized (or "localized" or "community") conversions to a philosophy embracing universal brotherhood take precedent, in both an abstract qualitative sense and a concrete pragmatic sense, over acts of the federal government, or acts of organizations like CORE and SCLC, or monetary contributions to such organizations, and ipso facto that all such acts should either be minimized or abandoned entirely, in favor of your vaunted "personalism." You may not feel this is an accurate or fair representation of your feelings, but the crusty absolutism of your statements leaves little room for alternative interpretations. / If you're not willing to endanger your person and your reputation, then don't get off the easy way by contributing money and then sitting back with a good feeling. / I agree with you, although what you say has little relevance as rebuttal to my statements in the last issue. This also seems inconsistent with your earlier comments. / I'd like to see you be so militant here in the South. / You would see me quite militant in the South, but it happens that I don't live there. Do you think I should pull up stakes just to comply with your hollow, narrow criteria for "good" liberalism? /

Oh heavens, here we have Skip Williamson, another Catholic who can't help talking about his religion. / I don't think Skip is Catholic; but in any case, there was no indication in any issue of Enclave of what religion, if any, he professes. You are indeed presumptuous, since even on the off-chance that you're right about his religious affiliation, you've still made it clear that name-calling and indiscriminate labeling is, for you, the better part of argument. / He says God will be explained by faith. But faith is, by definition, belief without explanation, so anyone who has faith in God doesn't feel the need to explain God because faith circumvents explanation. Makes it useless, you might say. Incidentally, Faith is exactly the same thing as Prejudice: belief without evidence, usually indicating a closed mind. So if we wait for the Faithful to explain God, as Williamson says they will, we'll have a long wait.

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ROY TACKETT 915 Green Valley Road NW Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107

Paul Williams' article was quite good and indicates that he put a great deal of work into it. A short time ago someone suggested that a possible solution to the problem of getting better stories -- in Analog in particular but it would apply to other mags as well -- is an intensive letter to the editor campaign commenting solely on the stories and ignoring all the editorial blather and "science fact." Campbell is sensitive to reader opinion so it might work.

Edwing's Mother Goose Rejects were good. A few more would be appreciated, but don't make a Feghoot out of it.

So you agree with Scala that you'd rather go to jail than serve a hitch in the Army? I've heard this bullsh before but have yet to hear anyone present a defensible argument for it. Can you? / Even if the military were not an institution founded on the dubious proposition that killing human beings is all right under certain circumstances, I could not defend that institution nor acquiesce to its decrees, simply because the military is a particularly blatant and distasteful example of regimentation and dehumanization in an already over-regimented and dehumanizing society. Apart from this rather awkward precis of the classical pacifist position, which might seem to some people platitudinous due to overuse, I know that I personally would make a terrible soldier, and if the choices before me are reduced to two (i.e., be a draftee or be a prisoner), I choose prison. That way, not only do I retain my self-respect and a clear conscience, but I also do not hinder the military



through any overt connection with it, if indeed it is true that the maintenance of a vast and complex military establishment is essential to the defense of the Free(r) World. This is pretty magnanimous of me, isn't it? More seriously, see Paul Goodman's Drawing The Line (Simon & Schuster, \$1.50) for elucidation. Incidentally, have you seen John Esty's articles on the draft, not only in the gadfly Nation, but in Look magazine? It's encouraging, I think, to see that coercive conscription can no longer be counted among the sacred cows of our generation.7

PETE SINGLETON Ward 2 Whittingham Hospital Near Preston, Lancashire, Eng.

/Paul Williams'7 thoughtful and revealingly analytical reviews would be a credit to any long-lived sf aficionado. The mind I'm using at the moment refuses to accept the bold claim that Paul has only recently survived the traumatic ordeal of being born into the world. A faded sense of wonder at 15? Pass the smelling salts, nurse -- I think I'm going to have a relapse.

Mother Goose Rejects is the first I've seen of Edwing, and I hope it's not the last. Highly comical, as they say.

"Raisekayne": It must be remembered that the policy of If is to attract the "younger element" -- readers who are new to sf and not acquainted with its subtler elements -- and when you take this policy into consideration, you can hardly say that the novel doesn't fit the requirements.

MZB: What do you mean by "educating young people to appreciate good music"? No amount of educating can have any effect on anyone's musical inclinations if the youngster has no liking for classical music to start with. In any case, what's "good" music? You strongly imply that r'n'r is bad music. That's a very opinionated attitude which doesn't wash down too well with me because I like both r'n'r and classics; you can find good and bad in both. /I don't think you could find anything good in r'n'r, but I agree that Marion's wording may have made her sound more doctrinaire than she really is. Ray Nelson, incidentally, agrees with you about comparative musical values; see his article next issue.7 I enjoyed Marion's story, "Another Rib," with John Jay Wells in F&SF, by the way. /Take a bow, Marion and Juanita. Yes, it was Enclave's expert mimeographer under the false whiskers (to use a Yandro phrase).7

WAHF Karen Anderson asks, "Do you really wonder what happened to J.

Francis McComas? Mick lived in Mexico for a few years after he left F&SF. After that, he returned to the Bay Area. Recently, he got a job (something editorial, I forget what) in LA." Phil Harrell comes on like this: "How long have you lived in the South to be such an almighty judge to print such tripe?" And more like that, on civil rights, as if you didn't guess. Dick Schultz and Al Kracalik send artwork I'll use in #6. Rob Williams has verbal bouquets for Vic Ryan's review. Louis De Falaise sends a 35¢ check and says "Please ignore my typing as it's after midnight." I'm tempted. Bill Spicer plugs comics fandom. Richard Mann, Sam Russell and Arnold Katz send money. Victoria Blickman sends herself home for the holidays, which is plenty. Jay Lynch says Enclave is too fannish. Bob Lichtman, always the optomist, asks about back issues. John-Henri Holmberg offers Swedish fanzines. I'd prefer Swedish girls. Maris Cizevskis knocks the (US) Socialist Party. Well, I still think you're a good man, Maris. And Ray Nelson sends a glossy photo of his \$250. check from Uncle Avram. Braggart! Thanks to one and all. May the new year be filled with good things for all G(h)od's children. -- jp.



speeches by Black Muslims. These experiences gave me the title of this essay: I Was A Human Lectern for the John Birch Society. You see, when male Birch sympathizers talk to you, they have an annoying habit of hitting you in the shoulder intermittently, for emphasis. When my shoulder was too sore for comfort, I walked over to a lady Birchite for some respite from my evening's role as a left-wing punching bag. Females of the rightist specie have notable characteristics, too: they all look exactly the same. There were at least six of them scattered around the room after the films, talking to each other or to the clusters of wide-eyed teenagers, and their similarity was fantastic. Each wore a stark, dark dress, and each had a protruding, granite chin, a pair of piercing, puffy eyes, and just the beginnings of a network of wrinkles, facial rivers and tributaries taking shape on the pasty flesh from hairline to neckline. They all looked hard, vindictive, and bitter. I suppose one might characterize their time of life as the Birchopause, and thank heaven it is not a universal phenomenon. One woman I spoke with asked me what economists I had read, and at the mention of Galbraith she skirted the edge of apoplexy.

But all unnerving things must come to an end, and so did this evening. As I left Bardonia Gardens with "my group," I overheard a corpulent gentleman confiding to two other men, "You know, the Communists have infiltrated all four political parties here in Rockland County." This would include the Republicans, the Democrats, the Liberals (a labor and civil rights party which bolted the defunct Communist-dominated American Labor Party in 1944 and which bars Communists from membership), and the Conservatives. The latter party is fond of calling Nelson Rockefeller a Socialist, and functions mainly in anticipation of a Goldwater candidacy in 1964.

A few days after the meeting, I was talking with a girl whose uncle is chairman of the Rockland County Conservative Party Club. She told me that Henry Bale shows up at all of the Club's meetings. "Whenever my Uncle Billy says anything, well, extreme," she said, "Mr. Bale sits there in the back of the room and applauds."

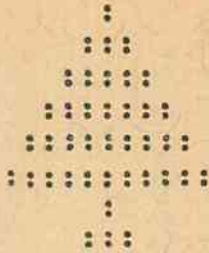
-- Joe Pilati

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"Demmon, you Brick!" -- local joke.  
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"I see no salvation in personal relationships, in political action, or in any job I might undertake in society. Everything in me cries out that we are meaningless pieces of paste; everything in me hopes that this is not the end of the story. For there is something in the atmosphere of America which multiplies and enhances the basic nausea of experience while preventing, or hindering, that which might counteract the inescapable, papered-over vertiginousness: a direct apprehension of discrete phenomena, America straight. Has all that I have been enabled me to break through to the essential reality, this irreducible, absurd, self-evident fact? That man is alone and can only relieve but not redeem his loneliness. That, to the extent that we try to deny this -- and most things in America aim at denying this -- to that extent we participate in a living lie which must corrupt if not destroy us."

-- Clancy Sigal, Going Away





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THAT OLD COMMERCIALIZED HOLIDAY SPIRIT

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(a bit late, but what'd you expect?)

What a friend we have in Jeeeeeeeeesus!  
Don't call me a Christian craaaaaaank!  
'Cause we have an even beeeeeter friend  
At the Chase Manhattan Baaaaaaank!

Rock of Ages, help me now!  
Thieves have stole my wife and cow!  
And my barn burst into flames!  
And my car's deep in the Thames!  
Rock of Ages, what to do?  
Now my house is burning too!  
You're a symbol, rock, to me!  
My insurance company!

Hark! The Herald Tribune sings!  
It has so many lovely things!  
Artie Buchwald and John Crosby,  
Walter Lippmann, also B.C.,  
Walter Kerr and David Lawrence,  
Join together in our chorus,  
Hark! The Herald Tribune sings!  
Happy news our paper brings!  
U.P.I accounts we cull,  
Who says a good rag must be dull?

God rest ye, merry New York Mets,  
Let nothing you dismay.  
For Casey has to find some talent  
Before opening day.

It came upon a  
midnight clear,  
On CBS-TV.  
A television  
premiere,  
Starring Spencer Tracy!  
And Mickey Rooney,  
and Carole Lombard,  
With additional dialogue  
by the Bard,  
And screenplay by  
a dozen hacks,  
For all of you  
insomniacs.

-----  
heresy by jp.  
-----

Praise God from whom all blessings flow!  
And that includes a drink, you know,  
Pe-ep-si Co-la hits the spot,  
Twe-el-lve full ounces, that's a lot!  
Amen.

Joy to the world! The Ford is come!  
Better than '63's!  
Let every status seeeeeker  
Know that the Ford is sleeeeker  
And ad agencies sing,  
And ad agencies sing,  
At B, B, and D, and O,  
The hucksters sing!  
Joy to the world! The Ford is come!  
In thirty different kinds!  
With optional accessories  
Like steering wheel and batteries  
And don't forget the brakes!  
And don't forget the brakes!  
And do not, by God, do not,  
Forget.....our.....brakes!







