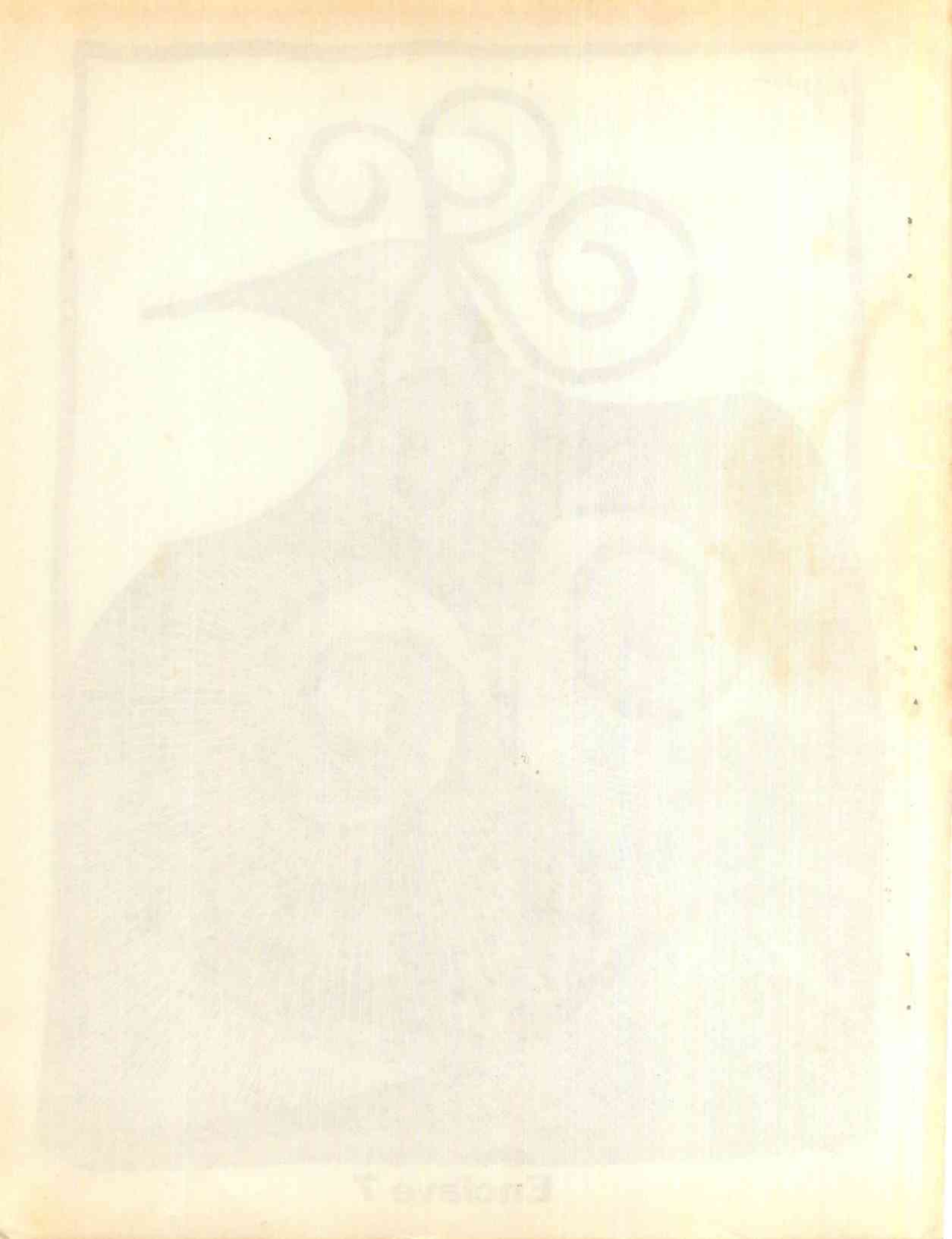
Enclave 7



September 5, 1964

Dear Readers of Enclave:

Please do not use the Boston University address published on page 1 of this issue for any purpose. It is incorrect and useless.

At this writing I do not know my correct address at school. When I do, it will be published in Starspinkle and wherever else it might do some good. However, even when that address appears, it will be good only for first class mail, and not even all of that.

The school, you see, decrees that university addresses may not be used to carry on "business enterprises." Since a few foolhardy souls pay money for this fanzine, it qualifies as a "business enterprise." I intend, therefore, to rent a post office box in Boston to which all fannish "business" should be routed. This would include fanzines, letters, goddamn sticky quarters and so forth.

Please hold your comments on this issue and your trade copies until you see some notice of a non-university post office box in my name. In the interim, anything addressed to 111 South Highland Avenue, Pearl River, New York, 10965, will be forwarded.

Best,

Joe Pilati

mimeography by
John Boardman

Enclave is published quarterly or so (there really isn't a schedule anymore) by Joe Pilati, 1211 West Campus Mens' Residence, Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts. This new address doesn't really supersede 111 South Highland Avenue, Pearl River, New York, 10965, but mail addressed to Boston might reach me sooner most of the time. Copies of this fanzine are available for trades, letters of comment, contributions, or 35¢ a copy. Subscriptions will not be accepted, and it is not advisable to try and get more than one issue for money. Vol. 2, No. 2, Whole No. 7, Summer, 1964.

Contents

Cover by Richard Bergeron

ART CREDITS: Joe Pilati (10, 17, 24), Dick Schultz (26), Don Edwing (28, top), Jay Lynch (28, bottom), William Rotsler (33).

Mimeography by Juanita Coulson, who also stencilled most of the artwork; this typeface courtesy Tom Perry, who also loaned some lettering guides.

You auto vote Carr for TAFF.

NOT IN THIS ISSUE: Columns by the Coulsons, Bhob Stewart, Skip Williamson and "Jung and Thoughtless" do not appear in this issue. In each case there is a different reason; send a box-top from Mother O'Leary's Puffed Crud plus 25¢ if you want to find out how. Anyway, some if not most of them will be back in the next issue. In fact, #8 might even feature Paul Williams's long-delayed article on Galaxy, the magazine you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot Pohl. Other possible contributors include Walter Breen, Bob Lichtman and *Harvey Kurtzman*. After all, anything is possible, even D*n*h*.....

THE EDITORIAL ME

by Joe Pilati

The appropriate way to begin this editorial, the last thing to be chiseled into stencil before I depart Omaha, Nebraska and the Tom Perry domicile, would be to write about the institution that has occupied most of my time in the midwest: The Omaha World-Herald. Those who care may find more general and more frivolous comments on Omaha in Quark, but these are disjointed thoughts mainly concerned with what I now call -- without even blushing! -- "newspapering."

The World-Herald is a good paper to look at and a fair one to read. It is conservative in makeup and Worse in editorial policy. William F. Buckley appears frequently for those who purse their lips as they read; Holmes Alexander and Henry J. Taylor do likewise for those who move theirs. The staff editorial cartoonist's typical offering depicts Nikita Khruschshev haranguing an audience from behind a podium labeled "Down With Barry Goldwater"; that really knees the anti-Goldwater types where it hurts, boy.

Even as you read this, you can probably pick up your local daily paper and find Senator Goldwater somewhere up near the front, bitching about how the press is mistreating him; and yet probably a sizable majority of dailies will endorse him because he's the Republican nominee. His big quarrel, of course, is with reporters, who don't make endorsements per se but are capable of slanting their reporting against whomever they choose. (They must answer to editors of

all sorts, though.) However, it is the opinion of this not-particularly-qualified observer that any discrepancies between the picture of Barry painted in a given paper's news columns and the one in the editorials are probably due to the fact that reporters see the Senator up close and editorial writers see him through layers of foggily effusive National Review prose. It's important to remember, too, that practically every newspaper in America relies on the wire services for coverage of the likes of a Presidential campaign -- and wire reportage of the campaign thus far is about as wishily-washily objective as it could be. (I'm not against objectivity; I'm for vigorous, depth-type objectivity.) Most papers pick up either Associated Press or United Press International wire copy, or both, and both have reputations for fairness, albeit colorless fairness. The first echelon of the newspaper management has control over what outside material, if any, other than AP and UPI copy will be used; the publishers of conservative persuasion can subscribe to The Chicago Tribune Press Service; moderate-to-liberal types can get copy from The New York Times Service. Goldwater probably knows all this, and knows local reporters are going to have very little to do with whether he wins or loses, but he seems to believe nevertheless that he has a moderately good talking point in "the kept press."

The World-Herald, to its credit, uses both New York Times and Chicago Tribune material, as well as stuff from AP, UPI, Reuters, North American Newspaper Alliance, and The New York Daily News. This is not to say it uses the copy well; sometimes it does, sometimes it doesn't. A good deal depends upon the copy editor or "rim man"; I was one such for most of my World-Herald tenure. The copy editor, for example, writes the headline -- a chore one regards as more important after one has had some inkling of just how few newspaper readers bother to read any of the type beneath the headline. At the time of the July rioting in New York City's Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant sections, The World-Herald used a predictably competent New York Times dispatch on the background of the story. This was not, mind you, a straight news story, although it couldn't properly be called a feature either; anyway, it was written in chronological sequence. The first two paragraphs included the information that the Congress of Racial Equality had sponsored a rally the night before All Hell Broke Loose -- a rally called, among other reasons, to protest the shooting by a white police officer of a 15-year-old Negro boy. (The boy apparently provoked the policeman, but there is no good evidence that this provocation was of such a nature as to warrant aiming a gun at and shooting a bullet into him -- but this is not completely germane to the subject at hand.) The World-Herald's headline over this New York Times story was "CORE Rally Sparks Harlem Rioting." Almost nothing in the story tends to back up this unfortunate assertion which was spread across three columns; but many thousands of people glanced at it, you can be sure, and having had their prejudices and misconceptions reinforced, glanced onto something else. A cop kills a boy in New York and a rally is blamed for subsequent rioting -- blamed not by The New York Times writer, but by The Omaha World-Herald's copy editor: how many other tragedies of journalistic misdirection occur every day?

On my first day at The World-Herald, I met the executive editor, a gentleman who was kind (or foolhardy) enough to hire me sight unseen. He was personable, admirable and estimable -- and in addition, he was

practically a caricature of the newspaper executive rooted in the past. When he learned I am going to college in New England, he said "that's fine, as long as you keep away from those Harvard economists. They ruined this country, and they ruined old Herb Hoover." Herb Hoover, one supposes, didn't ruin much of anything; our thirty-first President is supposed to be the House Idol at The World-Herald, and if he isn't, it is enough that he serves that function for the executive editor. On Mr. Hoover's ninetieth birthday, it was, I suppose, mandatory that the paper publish (a) a wire story out of New York describing festivities (of sorts) at Mr. Hoover's hotel; (b) another wire story out of his birthplace in Iowa describing ceremonies held there, and (c) the text -- nine paragraphs or so, as I recall -- of his birthday message, containing such wisdom as the information that whatever other problems they may face, "...our 19 million Negroes probably own more automobiles than all the 220 million Russians and the 200 million Africans." This material served to complement the paper's real-for-sure editorial on Mr. Hoover, an effort which can only be described as fawning.

Every good executive editor should circulate interoffice memos. The World-Herald's certainly does; most of them are terse, clever lessons in grammar, punctuation, and the paper's distinctive (to say the least) style. Some are not, though, such as the one saying that "the name the Republican liberals have chosen for themselves should appear hereafter in quotes, as: 'moderates'." (That one came out in May.) Another memo deserves to be quoted at length:

"I urge caution in our selection of wirephotos. Our story /July 23/ makes it plain that hundreds of Negroes started the trouble in Brooklyn Wednesday night -- hundreds of Negroes who were opposed by dozens or, at the most, a few score cops. Yet our picture shows a lone Negro lying in the street, surrounded by policemen brandishing clubs. There seem to be at least a dozen policemen in the shot -- and this lone colored man, whose position undoubtedly will lead many of our readers to think the cops knocked him off his feet. Maybe they did. The point is, the photograph indicates a situation that was absolutely contrary to the dominant situation described in words. Let's don't let these eastern picture takers mislead the readers of our newspaper."

(One of my co-workers told me that last year a similar photo appeared in the paper, taken somewhere in the South. It was captioned "Police Subdue Demonstrator." A clipping of the photo was tacked onto a bulletin board near the copy desk; it was embellished with caption balloons coming from the policemen who were surrounding a "lone colored man": "Can I subdue him next?" and "It's my turn to subdue him!")

I was particularly struck, throughout my two months of "practical newspaper experience," at the extent to which news is manufactured rather than merely disseminated. Often the "play" which a story receives is utterly unrelated to how truly newsworthy it may be. Lest the reader be put off by my use of such a subjective-sounding phrase as "truly newsworthy," let me cite a case. When a copy editor receives the first wire story of the day or night on a given topic, he generally receives all other wire copy on that topic for purposes of updating and/or rewriting. One afternoon around 3:30, when I began work, I received the AP and UPI stories on the day's happenings on the island

of Cyprus. I was to edit the copy and put what is known as a "4-c" headline on it. A "4-c" is The World-Herald's standard one-column head; two lines of 24 point Roman type counting 10½ to 11½ characters atop a dash and two lines of 14 point Roman type counting, respectively, about 18 and about 16 characters, like so:

West Berlin
Mostly Quiet (24 pt.)

Third Anniversary
Passes for Wall (14 pt.)

A "4-c" head in The World-Herald generally implies that the story beneath is important, although not overly so; this was true of the Cyprus story to which I have referred. The Cyprus story with the "4-c" head, running to about five paragraphs, ran in the first two editions of the paper. Between the second edition and the 10:15 p.m. copy deadline for the third edition, I received a note saying something like "Revise Cyprus with 4-48 head." It is customary that one receive such notes from the night editor during the course of a night's work, particularly when something new and significant has happened in a given news situation. However, in the case of the Cyprus story in question, nothing new had happened. A 4-48 headline consists of two lines of 48 point type running across four columns on the eight-column page, with each line counting 22 to 24 characters. (48 point type is about as tall as four lines of the type on this page.) Since it would be ridiculous, from the esthetic standpoint, to have a mere five paragraphs of type -- and five news-story length paragraphs too, meaning a maximum of two short sentences per paragraph -- beneath a headline as large as a 4-48, it was necessary for me to add three or four paragraphs to the story with information gleaned from more wire copy. Let me reiterate that nothing in the least extraordinary happened in Cyprus that night to warrant either lengthening the story or inflating the headline. However, some other stories on page one had "died" with the second edition -- that is, they had begun in the third edition of the previous day, had run through all subsequent editions, and could run no longer -- and, at the same time, no other page one story of any great import was available. The Cyprus story, therefore, was blown up for what is, in the newspaper makeup context, the most valid of reasons: the front page needed at least one big, eye-catching headline. The story, of course, was practically the same one that ran in the earlier editions under the one-column head it deserved. The next day, something big might happen in Cyprus and only space for a "4-c" head might be available. It's very reasonable, I think, for the average newspaper reader to try to determine the importance of a story by the size of the headline that caps it; but if he does so with most papers, he will often be misled.

An interesting thing happens to The World-Herald after its first five morning editions have come off the presses. Its sixth and seventh editions are called the Sunrises, and the addition of the name barely hints at the transformations inside. With these two editions every day, The World-Herald turns itself from a staunchly conservative paper into a mildly liberal -- shall we say, "moderate"? -- journal. The harrumphing editorial page that runs through the first five editions

suddenly becomes the midwestern counterpart of The New York Herald Tribune (which, while nominally Republican, generally looks with great disfavor and disdain upon Barry Goldwater and company). The earlier editions' Right-thinking editorials themselves are not replaced with new Center-thinking ones, but rather with sprightly and unsubstantial brief essays by the Sunrise Editorial Page Editor dealing with such matters as his sons' haircuts. But more to the point, columnists are replaced left and right, or to be strictly accurate given the tendencies of those present in editions one through five, right and right. Some conservative types remain, but along with them arrive Ralph McGill, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, Art Buchwald, and sometimes others of non-conservative leanings. Also for these two editions, the comics page boasts Pogo (in addition to some "new" politically neuter strips). Other changes of lesser significance, at least to me, take place: medical columnist T.R. Van Dellen is replaced by medical columnist Lester L. Coleman, advice columnist Mary Lane gives way to advice columnist Ann Landers, and so on. I mention all of this not because I have any strong opinion one way or another about the Sunrise alter-ego of the "regular" World-Herald, but merely because I think it interesting as a journalistic phenomenon.

This has been a critical essay; I haven't thought it necessary to mention the many very good things about The World-Herald because the recital of them would not be terribly gripping -- not that I suppose any of the foregoing was gripping -- to either writer or readers. With regard to what I have seen as the various deficiencies of the paper, it is probably necessary to make this final comment: I am convinced that none of the higher-ups at The World-Herald are of malicious mind. Most of those nostalgic Americans who call themselves "conservatives" do no deliberate harm; they can sometimes see the wrongs around them, but they cannot see how, often through no action more pernicious than inaction, they perpetuate these wrongs.

BEFORE THE PAGE RUNS OUT ON ME...

Elsewhere in this issue there appears a statement by Ted White withdrawing from the 1965 TAFF competition. Needless to say, I regret Ted's decision, but I am at the same time impressed with the reasons he gives for making it. It is with no regret at all, however, that Enclave swings its support to Terry Carr. Our Carr-for-TAFF slogan appears on page one, but we like Tom Perry's, too: "Support Terry Carr -- a Nice Guy for TAFF." He surely is. ::: Harlan Ellison's "open letter" on page 27 is, of course, printed at his request; personally I don't think it necessary, but then I disagree with most of the readers (or at least most of the letter writers) about the Ellison story in #5. I thought it a harmless and rather ingenious bit of whimsy, not pretending to be anything more than that. I would not have written some of it the way Harlan did, but I think it hardly within the province of a fanzine editor to make substantial changes in fiction. ::: During my last three days in Omaha (this is typed four hours before I board the plane back to New York) I've had the pleasure of seeing seven fine fans passing through and heading west, namely Bill Bowers, Bill Mallardi, Alex Eisenstein, Durk Pearson, Marion Bradley, Walter Breen and Ted White. All but the last two are new acquaintences, and all are valued ones. And thanks, Tom and Gwen Perry, for being superb hosts.

--Joe Pilati

ted white:
MINOR INTRUSION

ROCK KNOCK: The last time Joe was here I proudly hauled out my latest record. "I've got a new record, Joe," I said. "Want to hear it?"

Joe nodded. "What is it?" he asked. "A new Mingus?"

I put the record on, and soon the air was filled with the throb of electric guitars and youthful voices. "This is 'I Get Around,' by The Beach Boys," I said, while Joe sat aghast and stared alternately at me and at the 45-disk profaning my stereo system.

"I'm going to devote my next column for you to rock and roll," I said happily, making vague twisting motions with my hips and pounding my foot on the floor.

"Umm, Ted," said Joe dubiously, "I think you'd better read Ray Nelson's article in that new issue I just handed you..."

* * *

Well, I have, and now I see that I shall have a little more to say than I'd planned to. Because while Ray has effectively spiked one of my guns -- the theme I'd expected to develop that r'n'r is the actual folk music of today -- he's thrown out so much misinformation in the process of making that valid point that I've simply got to object.

I object, right away, to his concept of a single instrument dominating a field of music. This is patently absurd. And Ray's examples prove my case.

Classical music has many styles, of course, and I'd hesitate to even say the violin dominated the romantic period. Certainly the keyboard and wind instruments were more prominent in the baroque period, and I suspect that the piano remains the most frequently resorted-to instrument in classical music. Most composers, after all, are and have been pianists, and have written first for piano, later orchestrating from the simpler scores. The reason is obvious: as Ray pointed out, the piano is the most orchestral of all instruments (with the exception of the organ -- but as James Blish once noted, the organ is capable of so much orchestration that it is rarely effectively used, and the number of major pieces for organ and orchestra can be counted on the fingers of one foot, while the piano manages to act both as a substitute for and complement to the orchestra in a wide variety of settings.)

Jazz certainly has reflected the dominance of many instruments in its short history, and the piano has usually observed a parallel path to the mainstream of

jazz. The piano was used, of course, in the very earliest forms of jazz, such as the rags, but always solo. The reasons were simple: the piano existed in a separate environment (bars, brothels, etc.) while the"jazz band" was a marching band playing on the street. Significantly, when bands began playing for dancers they usually used piano -- Lil Hardin Armstrong was pianist in Joe Oliver's Chicago band, for instance. But the pianistic tradition continued to develop separately, in the hands of the great Harlem stride pianists like Johnson, the Kansas City boogie men like Ammons, and, of course, great keyboard artists like Tatum. It was probably not until the days of bop that the piano became truly assimilated into the mainstream of jazz, and then subservient to the saxophone.

While it is true to some extent that the playing of an Ellington is reflected in his orchestrations, this is largely a matter of harmonic concepts -- chord construction -- and not of the characteristic sounds of the piano being echoed. Ellington, of all people, exploited the native sounds of the instruments he employed, and in his early "Mood Indigo" sounds and the jungle music of "Black and Tan Fantasy" one finds no pianistic reflection at all. Ray's other two examples -- Kenton and Basie -- are equally unlikely candidates. Basie's orchestras have always been predominately shaped by the characteristics of brass and saxes, and Basie's piano acts as an accent almost in counterpoint to the orchestral statements. Kenton's bands, of course, are reflections of the arrangers he currently has working for him, at least one of whom (Bill Holman) was a saxophonist, and another (Bill Russo) a trombonist.

The saxophone gained prominence in jazz as early as 1927, when Coleman Hawkins began to hold sway over an entire generation of tenor saxophonists. His hold was unbroken for ten years, until Lester Young began propounding the "cool" approach -- a good ten years before the "cool school" of modern jazz -- and even now he is the dominating factor in the work of such modern tenor men as Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane.

In competition with the tenor, the alto sax has been a leading voice, beginning with such giants as Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter, and gaining complete ascendancy with Charlie Parker -- whose melodic and rhythmic conceptions now dominate every instrument in jazz. To say, as Nelson does, that "In cool jazz, even the honking and screaming saxophone is tamed down to play with a vibratoless, thin, pianistic tone," is to commit two major errors. First, the conception of the sax as "honking and screaming" is a very limited one -- albeit sometimes brought to fruition by such men as the late Pete Brown -- and never the most important one in jazz. Second, modern or "cool" jazz (a misnomer, actually, since the cool vogue lasted from about 1947 ((the Konitz-Tristano school)) through 1953 ((the West Coast school)) is hardly vibratoless, or anything approaching that. The modern alto tone is actually something harsh (Bird's legacy) and often rough-edged, while the cool conception of the tenor has always been in the minority, despite such brilliant tenor men as Lucky Thompson and Stan Getz.

Again Nelson is in error when he says that "other jazz instruments...have tended to imitate the uniform timbre of the piano." Nowhere is he more obviously wrong -- again -- as with the saxophone. As Don Heckman recently pointed out in an unusually perceptive piece in Down Beat, the saxophone is one of the few instruments with not only a widely variable range of tone and timbre, but also with no standardized conception of timbre. The variations allowable within the broad spectrum of jazz have been one of the major reasons why saxophonists have been able to create such individual sounds. One trumpet player sounds much like any other (barring only his choice of mutes, his ability to half-valve, and his phrasing), for the trumpet has only a narrow range of valid timbre, but the spread in saxophones is immeasurably broad.

I must also disagree that pianists have "minimized" such "cheap tricks" as "playing in the cracks" -- striking adjacent keys on the piano for quarter-tones and blue-note effects. This happens to be a major feature of modern jazz piano, as can be readily heard in the playing of such giants as Thelonious Monk.

I can't help wondering where Ray gets his ideas about jazz, for his piece is riddled with misinformation about jazz practices. One has only to listen to any jazz radio show to disprove many of his points, and while I don't expect everyone has a collection the size of mine with which to rebut him, it certainly does not require much more than a broad, if superficial, familiarity to disprove such statements as "At this time the jazz musicians were talking about an 'implied' rather than a stated rhythm and had either fallen back on a repertoire composed almost entirely of 'old favorites' or 'standards' or had, as in bop, blown the melody to bits..."

This is a hoary chestnut almost totally discredited. The "implied beat" was the work of Jimmy Giuffre -- never a contender in the dance-music field -- and developed for his "folk-funk" trio which was quite popular both in and out of jazz. (I might add that the "implied beat" was no less propulsive than a stated one: when everyone is swinging it isn't necessary to underscore the obvious.) At the same time Giuffre was developing his trio, Horace Silver and Art Blakey were starting the Jazz Messengers, the focal point of "neo-bop," or, as it was later called, Hard Bop. This was basically blues-oriented music, with the phrasing but not the harmonic complexity of bop, a strong beat, and gospel-tinged. It was the genesis of "soul jazz" or "funky jazz." It was not only obviously accessible to the masses: Silver's "Señor Blues" was actually a juke-box hit. His "Doodling" and "The Preacher" have also been widely popular. At the same time, jazz composition was flourishing as never before. A number of serious compositions came out of the experimental groups (see my column last issue), and some very bright and catchy tunes were being written for the more mainstream groups. To speak of "old favorites" or "standards" being the norm, to say that bop had "blown the melody to bits," is to speak in purest ignorance. The entire period of the fifties in jazz represented a two-pronged drive: (1) retrenchment; the integration of bop with the previous roots of jazz, as in Hard Bop, and the revived and very successful Basie Band; (2) experimentation: the boldest flowering of post-bop thinking to date (recent years have witnessed considerable regression). Needless to say, while the experimenters were reasonably well represented on records, the mainstream musicians were in the majority, made most of the records, and worked the most.

My final cavil is the statement that with the exception of such groups as Art Blakey's, modern jazz "drums are almost as politely unobtrusive as the string bass." Ray has obviously never attended a live jazz session, where the drummer, while not quite as overbearing as in burlesque, usually succeeds in drowning out what subtlety may exist in his fellows' work. This has become a serious complaint in modern jazz. While less obvious on records, where a judicious engineer can simply turn the drums down, it is certainly noticable and objectionable in the clubs, and many leaders are complaining about the lack of drummers who "listen" instead of soloing all the time.

* * *

So much for that. Now, back to rock and roll.

I've watched the development of rock and roll from several viewpoints. I was still in high school when it started, and bought such hits of the time as Rusty Draper's "All Night Long" and a number of Bill Haley records. As a blues fan I enjoyed many of these early examples of the fusion between rhythm and blues and country and western music. (Oh yes; is Ray Nelson unaware of the dominating role of the violin,

nee fiddle, in c&w or hillbilly music?) I also welcomed the influx of Negroes into the white-buyer-dominated popular music field.

But the early vitality of r'n'r wore thin quite rapidly. I peg it with the advent of such "sweet" and smooth Negro groups as The Platters, who introduced the "plink-plink-plink" piano as a cliché, and the return of strings. It was inevitable: the ascendancy of r'n'b in the popular field meant that it, like all other types of music gone popular, would eventually be overcome by the slush 'n' syrup content of pop-music thinking. I'm reminded of China's countless conquerers who invariably became Chinese...

As recently as four years ago, rock 'n' roll neither rocked nor rolled. The beat had been toned down, choral groups (like the Ray Charles Singers -- no relation to the Ray Charles of blues fame) were predominating, and string backgrounds were common. Sometimes a good singer could surmount these obstacles, but rarely for the duration of a whole two-minute record.

My opinion of popular music has never been a snobbish one; I've gone through spells of listening to AM radio -- often when nothing else was handy -- and always found a few things to like. I prefer contemporary music, jazz, and the blues, but not to the exclusion of everything else. I probably enjoy pop music, on the average, more than I do so-called folk music, for example.

But I was disappointed in the gradual swamping of the first sign of virility in pop music since Benny Goodman, and for that reason the recent resurgence of strongly rhythm-oriented stuff like surfing, hot-rodding and Liverpool r'n'r has pleased me.

The rock, as Nelson calls it, has been around now, as a pop music form, for over ten years. And apparently that's what it's taken for the kids not only to assimilate it, but begin producing it.

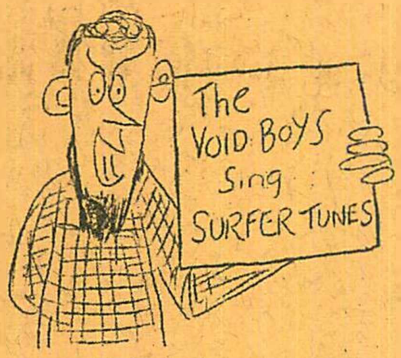
On my block there are at least half a dozen teenage boys who sing the latest hits in rough-edged harmony. The other day I passed four girls sitting on a stoop, four doors up, singing "My Guy." Every block has kids who do this, and while many of them are content to learn records by heart and sing them, others begin introducing new (if initially derivative) material of their own. In just such a fashion groups like the dozens which sprang up in Liverpool or on our own West Coast (like The Beach Boys) get started. The recording industry is in such turmoil that if a group has something, it has a good chance of getting it on record, and while most of these erstwhile hits die aborning, every so often one catches on.

This return to "folk roots" -- the kids -- has meant a considerable regression in general musicianship. Most of these kids play only rudimentary drums or basic guitar chords -- but this in itself has been a blessing, for it's eliminated the string sections, and the raw-edged voices of the kids have displaced the sweet-as-syrup choral groups.

Now, after ten years of basically fifty-year-old blues-progressions, rock 'n' roll is developing some new clichés. I was quite impressed with several Beatles tunes, which are melodically engaging in a very fresh way, and "I Get Around" (which I thought enough of to actually buy), while in some ways rather eclectically put together of dissimilar bits and pieces, has some very arresting harmonic progressions.

Actually, I suspect now that a great many of the kids now writing rock music have subconsciously absorbed some of the harmonic language of the music their parents

may have listened to. While they seem to have discovered how catchy key-changes can be, they seem totally unaware of the standard bar-form construction of pop music. This is not necessarily bad, for it means a break with bar-restrictions as valid as was Ornette Coleman's in jazz. Standard pop music is an eight-bar form, of course, a compilation of two sections of eight bars (A, A), an eight bar bridge (B), and a restatement of the first eight bars (A), for an A, A, B, A form. The traditional blues form consists of one twelve-bar statement, which is simply repeated in each successive chorus. (A, A, A, etc.) Les Gerber and I sat down and listened to "I Get Around" and discovered the following thoroughly unorthodox construction: a four-bar intro; eight-bar A; a B section composed of a four-bar statement, a two-bar interpolation, and a repeat of the four-bar statement, making a total of ten bars; A again; a two-bar interpolation; an eight-bar C, which consisted of a weak guitar solo over voices; B again; A again; a three-bar interpolation; restatement of the four-bar intro; and an A fadeout. Stated in terms of bars per statement: 4/8/4,2,4/8/2/8/4,2,4/8/3/4/8. It's pretty hard to define deliberate pattern there, which makes me think this tune, like Topsy, just grew. There are three basic themes, plus various interpolations which fit in, musically, but certainly were not demanded by anything but a need for variety.



Without going into the details of it, the tune on the flip side starts out in the key of E, and ends in F#. Pretty obviously the new rock is not afraid of key-changes, and while such simple modulations will not suffice for freshness long (they're already becoming trite in such items as "The Little Old Lady from Pasadena"), they do mark the first valid improvement within the form, and significantly a growing sophistication on the part of the folk-mass of kids who generate it.

I've gotten very varied reactions to the Beach Boys record from my friends. Some have found it as utterly nauseating as all the other r'n'r they've ever heard (which signifies to me that they haven't really heard <u>any</u>), while others, normally more at home with classics or jazz, have enjoyed the record thoroughly. Typical was one friend to whom I mentioned the record. "Oh yes," he said. "I heard it on the car radio while driving east. That's one of the better ones; I liked it." Normally his tastes run to Sibelius.

CHARLES MINGUS AT THE FIVE SPOT

"This group is just getting together," Mingus said in apology as he opened the first set of the evening. "When you only play a few weeks of the year, you can't keep a group together all the time. This is a new group, and it's still learning." Despite this, the group had only one new member, and although its raggedness was often apparent, it was also an exciting and challenging group -- as Mingus's groups always are.

It was a quintet -- "They can't afford to hire more than a quintet here," Mingus said. "I'd rather have a band I could write for. Hell, I'd like to have a real orchestra, with violins, cellos, oboes, all that -- <u>then</u> you'd hear what my music sounds like." Jaki Byard was on piano, Mingus on bass, Danny Richmond on drums, Booker Ervin on tenor, and Tommy Turentine on trumpet. In many ways it was a return to the instrumentation of the old Showplace group, which featured Eric Dolphy

and Ted Curzon, a relatively openly-scored almost-blowing group. This was more than usually evident because the group played several standards and established jazz works. Those pieces more Mingusonian had little textural depth, and there was little filling in behind the soloists. Nonetheless, there were some surprises.

The first set opened with a solo piano excursion by Jaki Byard dedicated to Art Tatum, "A.T." Byard at several times during the evening demonstrated his ability to play in many different styles, with an affinity for Harlem stride piano, Garnerisms, and full-flowing Tatumesques. One might suspect that their mutual respect for Tatum is what holds Mingus and Byard together.

When the full group assembled on the stand, it was minus Richmond. "We'll have to do without our drummer -- he's not here yet," Mingus said, and just then Danny came in. "Sit this one out," Charlie told him. "You don't know this one, so you just listen to it so's you can learn it."

The piece was announced, after some head-scratching, as "Wartime," but when it was repeated at the beginning of the second set, the title had evolved to a more appropriate "Warwhoop." It alternated free-formish pseudo-Eastern scalular runs and percussive piano effects with a swinging melodic section which modulated at one point into a sort of boogie-rag. The trumpet-tenor unisons were quite ragged, but had pulled together by the piece's conclusion. (The performance on the second set did not seem noticably improved in this respect.)

This was followed by "A Train," which was also repeated during the second set. Everyone got his teeth into this durable piece of Ellingtonia, and the group, which now had Richmond at the drums, began to really swing.

Next was "Skylight," a piece performed as "Pennies from the Skylight" at the Town Hall concert. It was one of Mingus's slighter ballads as performed by the quintet.

Another Ellington piece, "Sophisticated Lady," followed, and was given over largely to a throbbingly eloquent bass solo by Mingus. Every so often someone remarks to me that he can't understand bass solos, apparently because he conceives of the bass as being too limited for effective solo use. To listen to and to watch Mingus executing a flowing and articulate bass solo is, for me, a thing of joy. His fingers fly across the strings as he plays lines one would swear belonged on a guitar, or, at the very least, a cello. He can simulate an arco sound simply by very rapidly vibrating his fingers on the strings, he can play pizzicato (plunked) lines while also playing arco (bowing), and occasionally picks out a counterpoint with his left hand -- one or two fingers miraculously free for the moment for the task -- to the major line of his right hand. His intonation can vary from the classically pure to the slightly flat tone preferred in jazz, and he has added to these basic bass colorations such devices as pulling a string around to the left of the finger-board and, by varying its tension while plucked, produce a nasal, "talking" sound perfectly in keeping with the latest of the "New Thing" sounds of Ornette Coleman & Company.

The last tune of the set was the now-classic "Pithecanthropus Erectus." This was Mingus's first Atlantic recording, and one I've come to know by heart. It is sometimes painful to hear a piece you've memorized played differently, and this performance was doubly so because I thought the horns were missing the point of the piece. As originally recorded, the solos told a continuing story, each solo adding to what had already been stated. But this time Ervin and Turrentine treated the piece as a theme on which to base a simple blowing solo, and the organic unity it had was thereby lost.

Late in the piece Mingus became dissatisfied with what Byard was doing at the piano, and motioned for Jaki to take his bass while he took over the keyboard. Afterwards Charlie said, "I didn't know for sure he could play bass, but I figured he could; he knows a lot about music and the bass is pretty easy to do simple things with." While Mingus demonstrated the attack he wanted from the piano, Byard, his eye on Mingus, picked tentatively but with some familiarity at the bass.

Having done this once, Mingus began repeating the instrumental swap during the following sets, usually to demonstrate the way he wanted Byard to work on a piece, and occasionally, I think, just because he wanted to play piano.

Mingus's piano playing, like his bass playing, is bold and authoritative. He pushes at his soloists, relentlessly driving, exhorting them to keep going, keep climbing, keep building. (Byard's approach is far more timid, and this seems to underline their fundamentally different personalities.) During the third and final set, Mingus began an unaccompanied and full-handed exploration of several vague themes in which he too paid his dues to Art Tatum and inadvertently revealed the reason for his difficulties with his pianists: he expects as much from them as he himself puts into whatever instrument he is playing. He wants another Tatum (for technique) combined with another Mingus (for emotional drive).

The second set included repeated tunes, a rousing version of "Fables of Faubus," the standard "I Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance With You," and a blues which began with his warming up a new bass and developed into a full-shouting piece.

The final set included several standard ballads, among them "My Search," Mingus's lovely paraphrase of "I Can't Get Started" (but lacking any harmonic statements from the horns); an old bop favorite suggested by Danny Richmond, which amazingly enough Ervin did not know; and "Ecclusiastics," in which Mingus played piano.

It was an exciting night, as nights with Mingus always are, in one way or another, and ended with the sudden appearance of Shafi Hadi, who had last played with Mingus some years ago and since disappeared from the scene. Hadi sat quietly and listened, and then joined Mingus after the last set as he explained to me the origins and evolution of "Neurosog" and "Duke's Choice" and their title mixups on their Bethlehem recording. I asked Hadi if he expected to return to playing. "I don't know," he said. "Something happened, and I couldn't do it any more. Maybe I will -- I don't know." He was one of the most inventive voices Mingus has ever had with him, and I hope he will make a return of some kind to the music world.

On the other hand, I devoutly hope that the obnoxiously faggoty waiter who inquired frequently of us in a sarcastic tone, "Strong drinks?" in an effort to have us drink more, retires completely from the scene and returns to whatever rock he originally crawled out from under.

CRITERIA FOR CRITICS: Every so often I read a pronouncement from somebody about What's Wrong With Critics. Lately I've heard this refrain most frequently from Harry Warner and Norm Clarke. Both are quite pronounced in their dislikes, but neither seems able to point to an example of, in their case, musical criticism which suits them. In other words, both can tell you what is wrong with present-day criticism, but neither has improvements to suggest. This irritates me, both as a layman and as a former practicing critic.

The major plaint seems to be that critics really only tell you what they like

or didn't like. And this appears to make the critic-critics very unhappy. I get the feeling from Harry Warner's recent diatribes on the subject that he really believes there is, somewhere, if one is only perceptive enough to find it, a truly objective criterion, not only for critics but also for critics to use. Ideally, he seems to be saying, all critics should measure up to this criterion, and all criticism should reflect a single, measurable, objective Truth.

It may be that I'm misunderstanding Harry and Norm, and I'd like to think so, since I value their opinions.

Criticism is a thing of magic to those who blindly follow it, but, as I pointed out four or five years ago in a Void article bearing the same title as this section, critics have no true objective criteria, and are simply a little more articulate in voicing their opinions than are their fellows.

To understand this, one must understand the critical/analytical function in the human being.

Essentially, all value judgements rendered by a person are emotional reactions. These reactions will be based upon the total personality-makeup of the individual, and while grossly the same from person to person in the same environment, finer and subtler points will vary remarkably -- even between identical twins.

The value-judgement is basic. It boils down to I Like/I Don't Like. Whenever we experience something, we react in this fashion, liking or not liking, responding or not responding. Our reasons vary. Three of us listening to a parade going by may have quite different basic reactions: A is stirred by the martial qualities of the music -- his heart is lifted and he wants to march with it. B enjoys the sonorities of a predominately bass choir, and while not moved to activity is still enjoying the music. C, trained to appreciate good classical music, finds the sour notes offensive, the ensemble thin and ragged, and the music generally a travesty of what he prefers.

Each has experienced a valid reaction. If each was a critic, A's review might say, "The Blah-Blah Marching Band played stirringly and with great spirit. The excitement of the music was obvious to all of us, marchers and bystanders alike." B, on the other hand, would write, "The noble tradition of the brass choir was again reaffirmed in the clarion call of the Blah-Blah Marching Band. The music resounded with the call to arms, and..." And C would write bitterly, "The sad state of musicianship in modern bands, whose function is now nearly as outdated as their tradition, was again demonstrated. Few of the members (who, it must be remembered, are largely untrained, part-time musicians) managed to play in tune, and the unisons simply weren't. The razz-ma-tazz and phony luster managed to disguise the wretchedness of their playing to most of their listeners, but, it must be admitted, the bass drum seemed to stir people the most."

All criticism boils down to this. All critics react emotionally first, and then rationalize later, projecting their own criteria upon their audience. Their success or lack of it will depend mainly upon the degree to which they are in tune with their audience's tastes. They should, if possible, be more articulate in voicing these tastes, but in order to serve a valid function, their tastes should not vary too greatly.

Each audience has its own vocabulary. All specialized groups do. And while there's been a lot of carping about the language used in music criticism, few of the examples quoted as being meaningless truly are. They are phrases and words with

special or augmented meanings to the audience to which they are addressed.

If, for instance, I say a drummer plays with great "drive," I will communicate easily with any jazz fan, for he will know exactly what I mean. If I say the music is "virile" or "muscular" or even "masculine," he'll know what I mean: this is a no-nonsense sort of up-tempo, blues-oriented, slightly crudely toned or phrased jazz, probably with propulsive and obvious drumming. I could, if I had to, spend a line or more specifying that, but why bother when one word is so immediately expressive?

Finally, music criticism exists to serve two separate groups: first, it is for the musicians and/or composers and conductors involved, and in this it is the purest form of criticism ("You did this wrong, or that right; here's what you should have done there"); second, it serves the purpose of a review for an audience of potential buyers or listeners. In the latter case it should tell them, basically, whether to bother with the piece or not, and if so, what to look for in it. If it can offer an insight into the music that will bridge the gap between the creators and the audience it has ultimately succeeded.

Few musicians or composers bother reading reviews today, and few ever have. Among creators there is an almost universal scorn for critics, despite the fact that some creators turn critic themselves. So, by default, the critic writes to his buying audience, the audience whose tastes he tries to reflect closely enough that his own tastes will serve it.

This is the present day music critic's function. And while a lot of critics have poor taste, and many more are inadequate to the task of justifying their tastes, by and large the field of criticism is not doing badly today. Certainly not as badly as its critics would have us believe.

THE TOM WILSON STORY: One day in 1957 I was wandering around Harvard Square in Cambridge, Mass., when I blundered into a little side-street record shop. The shop was not notable for much in particular, except for one thing: it had a complete stock of all the Transition record releases, some twenty or more.

I was mildly astonished, since Transition records seldom appeared in my area (Washington, D.C.), and I'd not thought there were more than a half dozen or so. I had two: the "Jazz in Transition" sampler and the Cecil Taylor album, which I'd purchased on the strength of his absolutely beautiful version of "Sweet and Lovely" in the sampler. Here were many, many others: "Jazz in the Stable," their first release, several Donald Byrd albums, a Sun Ra album, and several of Boston-area groups.

When I remarked on the store's startlingly good Transition stock, the clerk laughed and said, "Sure. Transition is run by a guy in Harvard. Their offices are right down the street."

I came that close to meeting Tom Wilson in 1957.

* * *

Transition was a short-lived but unusual label. The album jackets had no notes, only a front-cover picture in two colors, but stuck inside was a small photo-offset book of notes, which rarely however included much text (the Sun Ra album featured

Ra's poetry for the most part), but had copious photographs, explicit personnel listings, tune timings and so forth. When there were notes they were usually good ones, signed by Tom Wilson.

The company was a shoe-string outfit, run while Tom was in college, but it brought out a number of first-rate recordings. The early Donald Byrd albums were on Transition, as were several other developing groups, one of which included John Coltrane. Cecil Taylor's first recordings were for the label (ample justification alone for its existence), and (with Cecil) Steve Lacey's first moments on record. The Sun Ra group had made one or two extremely limited releases on Ra's own Saturn label, but gained its first prominence beyond Detroit on Transition.

The catalog was ambitious, but not very commercial. The company folded.

* * *

The next time I noticed Tom Wilson's name was, coincidentally enough, on a Cecil Taylor album on the United Artists label. UA had just launched its record line, and was operating on the independent-producer gimmick which had worked successfully for the parent film company. Tom was one of several independent producers who made jazz recordings for the label, and I noticed his name on some of the most significant albums of the period. (Cecil Taylor has, with the exception of one side of a Verve Newport lp, been recorded by two men for various labels: Tom Wilson and Nat Hentoff. Taylor is an exceptional artist and it is wholly to the credit of these two men that he has been given the recording opportunities he's had.)

* * *

One spring moment in 1960, I met Tom Wilson. His latest activity was the production of a "jazz sequence" for a local FM station, WNCN. The jazz programming, created by "Communicating Arts, Inc.," Tom's new company, was an entire segment running from eight or nine at night until midnight or one. (Not only do I not remember exactly, but the times changed occasionally as well.) The show featured hourly segments, some pure jazz programming, some featuring jazz critics (Ralph Berton, Nat Hentoff, Martin Williams, Leonard Feather -- one each night) who both played records and commented on them, sometimes at length, and occasionally presented interviews. On the whole, this was the most intelligently programmed jazz series on the air (on the East Coast, anyway; I've never heard the LA and SF all-jazz stations).

After several months on the air, Communicating Arts started a program guide, called Jazz Guide. As I recall, listeners were asked to answer some question or other by postcard, and they would get a free copy of the Guide as a reward. Pretty obviously it was simply a way of building up a mailing list, but it was also a pretty good way. I bit.

So, one bright and sunny spring morning I received a copy of Jazz Guide in the mail. It was thin, excellently printed, beautifully laid out, and featured a few articles plus a program guide which did not, unfortunately, mention the records played on the programs. (Obviously, very little foresight was being exercised.)

I was at that time desperately seeking outlets for my writing, and it occurred to me that this was a natural. So I phoned Communicating Arts and asked to speak to Tom Wilson. He was extremely friendly on the phone, and suggested I come up to his office the next day.

Communicating Arts, Inc. was located on Fifth Avenue around 20th Street.

According to the directory of the building it was located in the penthouse. This turned out to be one short flight of stairs above the top stop of the elevator. In truth, the "penthouse" was a large, barn-like structure on the office building's roof. The large windows provided an excellent view of the top of an airshaft and quite a good deal of gravelled roof, as well as the windows of the taller building next door.

It was immediately obvious that the penthouse had not been occupied long by Communicating Arts. The great room was nearly bare, although one of the two smaller rooms which opened off it had a desk, file cabinet, and some chairs. The other one was filled with odd sizes of boards and sheetrock.

The first person I met was a young fellow who turned out to be the art director of Jazz Guide. I told him I was impressed with his work, while he in turn informed me that Mr. Wilson was on the phone, but would be out of his office in a minute.

A minute later I met Tom Wilson. He was one of the tallest, thinnest, most impeccably Ivy League Negroes I have ever met. He stood at least six feet four. He towered over me.

* * *

By remarkable coincidence, the first issue of the revived Metronome, featuring my first column, on Ornette Coleman, had come out the day before. Tom had seen it and he was instantly in favor of using me in Jazz Guide. I found myself immediately comfortable as we discussed possible topics, payment, and suchlike. I now no longer recall the rates, but I believe I got somewhere between thirty and fifty dollars for a short column. The topics were to be wide-open and of my own choosing; it would be a column of jazz opinion. If I wrote something quickly, we could make the second issue with it.

That afternoon I sat down with an article rejected by both Jazz Review and Metronome and first-drafted a more informally written piece from its first half. It was on jazz snobs of various types, and Tom ended up titling it "Snobs and All That Jazz."

Then I went uptown to Larry Ivie's and asked him to do a drawing of me suitable for a column heading. After half an hour of scribbling, Larry came up with a very nice sketch, which I then took with my column back downtown to the Communicating Arts penthouse.

Every time I went up there (and I often dropped in just to chat with Tom and whoever else happened to be there; one time I spent two hours talking with Bill Henderson, who was just then making it as a jazz singer, before finding out his name), there seemed to be a little more furniture. Eventually the place took on a nicely-furnished air, but it never completely escaped its barn-like look.

Tom loved the column, his art editor loved the sketch, and I was in business.

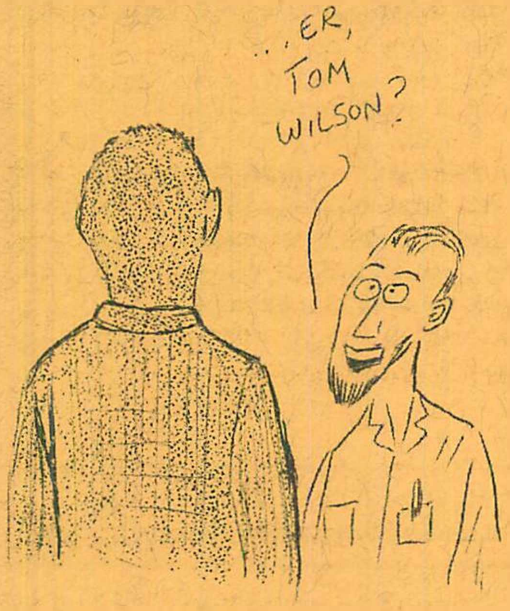
But it didn't last long. I had columns in the second and third issues of Jazz Guide, but there was no fourth. Communicating Arts was torn asunder in a stockholder fight. Nevertheless, in the few short months I was associated with it I had a number of exciting moments.

One occurred when Harlan Ellison called me up from his apartment next door.

"Turn on your radio, quick!" he shouted. I tuned in WNCN (it hadn't been on because Sylvia and I had been, as we say, otherwise occupied), and I listened in amazement to the last five minutes of Leonard Feather's program. Feather was concluding a lengthy quote from my column, which he then applauded. It was the first time I'd been read aloud on the air.

Tom Wilson asked me to go to Newport that year, too. Due to various snafus, he was unable to secure me a press pass, and my Metronome press card was ignored by a rather unpleasant fellow who denied me entrance to the concert the night I arrived. The result was that I attended the "Newport Rebels" concert produced by Charlie Mingus down the road apiece, missed the tear-gas and rioting at Peabody Park, and produced two articles on the "jazz riots," one for Jazz Guide, the other for Rogue, my first substantial sale.

Harlan Ellison was materially responsible for the Rogue sale, and he played a role in Jazz Guide too. I introduced him to Tom, and in short order he had a column on restaurants and things, which immediately paid off in the form of a number of fine meals around the town "on the house."



But the second installment of my column and my Newport piece were to be my last items in Jazz Guide. The third issue had been a month late, and by then the handwriting was on the wall. One day I found the penthouse empty.

* * *

Later that year, though, Tom called me up and asked me to meet him uptown. He had a new project and wanted me to meet a man he wanted to bring in on the deal.

While we were walking over to the cocktail lounge where we were to meet this other fellow, Tom filled me in. He was launching a newmagazine, 33 Guide. The idea was short, pungent reviews of records, opposite photos of the album jackets, for a magazine to be sold to and distributed in the record stores, a la the Schwann Catalog. A variety of music types would be handled: pop, jazz and folk. There would be so many Best Buy records per issue, and a clever little chart on one page. It sounded sure-fire. The man we were about to see was presently with Schwann, and had become personally interested in the Guide when Tom approached him to ask about distribution.

Months later, two issues of the Guide appeared. Both were about half-successful in the goals they'd had set for them, but neither ever appeared in any record store I entered, and my only payment for my reviews was the promise of 5 per cent of the stock in the company.

33 Guide was a good idea, but like most of Tom's ideas, the backing was not equal to the aspirations. Once, when I was talking to his wife, she said, "Poor Tom." He gets these great ideas -- and they really are great -- and then he can't get them to work. That's the story of his life. Every time he tries to make a go of it on his own, he fails."

* * *

On the other hand, Tom is by no means an out-and-out failure. After 33 Guide fell through (my only gains from it: about twenty records and forty or fifty copies of the two issues), Tom became A&R man for the dormany Savoy label, and produced ten or twenty albums for it, some of which he gave me.

I lost touch with him for a while, for after one of his projects ends in failure he becomes so thoroughly despondent that he cuts off most of his contacts (until the next Idea comes to him), but I ran into him again in the fall of 1962.

I was then working with Fred von Bernewitz at the Charles Theater on Avenue B, a lower-east-side movie house which had a foreign art film policy, and I was mildly dating one of the cashiers. One night after we'd closed up shop, extracted our day's pittance from the woefully small box office receipts, and were wondering what to do, Edie (the cashier) said she'd seen a party advertised in the Village Voice. There was supposed to be live jazz, so we went.

It was on the bottom-east-side, in a loft, and was a fund-raising for a "little magazine" called Umbra (shades of John Hitchcock's old fanzine!), to be put out by what I later discovered was a Commie front group. The jazz group was one of the Village coffee house avant garde groups, led by Archie Shepp, who'd previously played tenor with Cecil Taylor.

That should've tipped me off, and while Edie and I were struggling through the crowd, I bumped into a tall fellow, and, staring up at him, saw Tom Wilson's smiling face. "Hey, Ted!" he said. "Great! Where ya' been, fellow?" I replied with about the same words, and while a girl hung petulantly to his arm (I said nothing about his wife; he said nothing about mine), he briefly explained he was now producing records for Audio Fidelity, and was launching a new jazz line, Dauntless. "Hey, I'll have you do some liner notes!" were his last words as the crowd flowed in between us.

I haven't seen him since.

-- Ted White

"Walter Breen was in town, and I missed your deadline."
-- Steve Stiles, in a letter dated March 6, 1964.

A STATEMENT ON THE 1965 TAFF CAMPAIGN ...by Ted White

Thanks very much for the plugs for my TAFF campaign; I appreciate them and I hope you'll be able to trot them out again in a couple of years. Unfortunately though, I don't feel I should run for TAFF this year, for the following reasons: (1) Terry Carr has been nominated. I nominated Terry in 1958, and campaigned vigorously for him, but due to the split in the "fannish" voting between Terry and Bjo Trimble, the victory went to Don Ford. I have no desire to see another split of this sort and I feel that Terry and I would mostly compete against each other and not the other candidates. (2) There remains the possibility /late July/ that Bill Donaho will be running, and inasmuch as I have appeared to many his chief opponent in the Boondoggle matter, I am very much afraid that this fight would be carried over into the TAFF race, where I do not believe it belongs. One of these reasons might not have dissuaded me; both are sufficient, I think, to justify my withdrawal. Thanks again -- and vote for Terry.

"Stop fondling that chair; I'm sitting in it." -- CTT

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walt willis

INSTANT FANDOM

"Oifig an Phuist" said the green sign over the shop door, an inscription that always makes me feel I am expected to whistle for service. But I knew what it meant all right. It had been impressed on my memory by Chuck Harris, who on his first visit to Southern Ireland confided gravely in me: "If Oifig an Phuist doesn't mean Gentlemen, I did a very silly thing in the Post Office this morning." As for the rest of the sign, it said with a sort of rush of vowels to the blood, "Caisiean Griaire." But that was simple: the green and blue peaks of Beenoskee and Cummeen were evidence enough that I was in Castlegregory, County Kerry.

You are cheating, said my subconscious quietly. It was remembering one of the games I used to play on long dull bus journeys through familiar surroundings to and from school. The idea of this particular game was to imagine I was an amnesiac victim who had suddenly wakened to find himself on the bus: the aim was then to fix my position in space and time solely on the evidence observed through the bus window. It could be surprisingly difficult and I was always being faced with ethical problems as to how much knowledge I should allow myself. As here for instance: for all I knew there could be mountains exactly like Beenoskee and Cummeen in Paraguay, even down to that soft shadowy blue. But I wasn't on a long bus journey this summer holiday, so I brushed my subconscious aside and walked into the shop.

"Anything for Willis, Poste Restante?" I asked at the counter opposite the groceries. The little old lady produced a picture post card and, pausing only to read both sides, handed it over. One side showed the United Nations building photographed from an unflattering angle and labelled The House That Hiss Built. The reverse was completely filled with airmail stamps, printed Goldwater propaganda, and a handwritten message from Joe Pilati. Goldwater I remembered, having seen him last night on Telefis Eireann. He was the man with one foot in the nineteenth century and the other in his mouth. But this Joe Pilati, who wanted some article I had promised him -- in a previous existence? Fandom was as unreal to me as work; I didn't miss either of them. As Bob Shaw put it once, work is the only thing you can do for years without getting the habit. Sometimes I think I have a vocation for retirement. It's a pity it comes when you're too old to enjoy it; and of course, as another Shaw pointed out, youth is far too good to be wasted on children.

Of course, I speculated, the economy is wrongly organized too, all back to front. Obviously one should start off one's life with several years on pension, with nothing to do but travel around and chase girls. Then when one is ready to settle down one should be

given a big gratuity and a huge salary to set up house and rear children, the salary diminishing as one's needs grew less. Long holidays at first too, of course, while one could enjoy them, diminishing as one got more interested in work.

Well, at least I had the long holidays, I thought. As I came out of the post office somebody got into a black Volkswagen saying to the the driver, "Can you give me a lift as far as Glockamorra?" I could go there myself, I thought, and report to America on how things are. I couldn't think of anything else to write about, though during the next few days while rowing on Lough Gill watching the trout leaping out of the water or lying on the sands wishing the sun would stay out longer than the trout, I tried feebly to concentrate on the problem. Certainly there was nothing resembling science fiction nearer than Tralee, sixteen miles away, except perhaps the book "Angling in Ireland" published by the Irish Tourist Board. From this volume one can learn that humanity is in imminent danger of extinction by being pulled into lakes and rivers and trampled to death by hordes of voracious Irish fish. Maybe I could do a screen treatment of that for Hitchcock, but it would hardly do for Pilati. Something about fandom was indicated, but all I had was my pocket diary.

Could fandom be reconstituted from these clues, I wondered. If I were a victim of total amnesia, could I learn from my diary what fandom is?

It must be some kind of international organization. There was a note of the address in Germany of a man called Scithers, and a memo to send a copy of the "Angling in Ireland" book to one Toskey in Seattle. Also I had apparently made two air trips during the year to visit people, one to London and one to Newcastle-on-Tyne. On the first trip Madeleine and I traveled separately, so that she landed at 4 and I at 6. When I told this to somebody called Weber, he apparently said, "My, that was a long aeroplane." There was also a note that I had had stuffed olives during the flight for the first time. I didn't like the taste of them, but they looked so pretty I nearly took one home as a pimento.

Okay, what about fandom's aims and methods? There was a note that according to calculations made by Archbishop Usher in 1650, the world was created on the 23rd October, 4004 B.C. (I seem to remember that some other ecclesiastical mathematician fixed the actual time of creation at about three in the afternoon.) Could it then be assumed I was a member of some fundamentalist sect? Hardly, because on another page there was a blasphemous slogan: "Jesus Christ for TAFF; he'll walk it." There was also a quotation from Freud ("The most effective adaptation to environment is to die"), a cryptic reference to V-bombers, and a note that according to one A. Young the Red Spot in Jupiter was caused by the presence of free radicals. Finally there was a page headed "The Worst Typo in the World," referring to the foundation stone of Antrim Courthouse, on which the mason had chiselled "Bult 1726" and then, discovering his mistake and reluctant to suggest that the entire edifice be demolished, had added a carat mark and a tiny "i".

Would it, I wondered, be legitimate to deduce from all this that fandom was a loosely organized and broadly based social grouping, in-

terested in epistemology and generally in questions affecting the future of humanity? That it had no narrow or fanatical aims, but was just a group of like-minded people talking to one another through correspondence and amateur publishing, more of a party than a Party? It seemed pretty worthwhile to belong to if that was the case.

But alas, it wasn't. Or so it seemed when the amnesiac looked in his notecase for further evidence and found a letter from Phil Harbottle giving instructions on how to get to his address in Newcastle-on-Tyne and including a quotation from a letter from "a well-known U.S. fan":

> Anything that can be done to bring fandom back to the straight and narrow way of 'science fiction' would be wonderful. It is very sad to read of the present mess here in America on the morality or lack of same in some fans. This is a reason I think why we lose so many potentially valuable fans and also for the wide difference between fan and professional fields. It is a shame but the blame must be attached to the sercon fans who have abandoned fandom to these BNFs who just spout off on everything but science fiction. I feel as does Sam Moskowitz that these people are not 'real' fans. They are fake fans who are here not to contribute, or to learn, but to impress with words the younger and often less knowledgable fans. The more I read the old fan magazines, the more I am impressed with the fanatical zeal to push science fiction.

((If I may have my memory back for a moment, I don't have permission to give the name of this "well known U.S. fan," but I guessed who it was and so will you. I'm sure you'll also speculate as to what sort of person thinks science fiction has to be pushed as if it were some sort of inferior dope, and what would happen in the pro or sercon field if one of their members were unjustly treated. If the answer is that they would have just kept on talking about science fiction, then I say shame on them.))

Obviously the amnesiac would have a different impression of fandom if he had found himself with someone else's notebook, so to that extent my game had ended in failure. Fandom is different things to different people, as we have all been finding out. To me it is rather like some offices I have been in, where the work is not too demanding and the morale is good. Everyone is there for the same reason, and the work is competently done, but the conversation is not exclusively devoted to it, but instead ranges over the widest area from art to politics to private office jokes. And if the work is anything requiring imagination or initiative it is done all the better on that account. In that "well known U.S. fan" I think we have a specimen of the typical office bore, the small minded bureaucrat. Let him stay in his little back room with his old files.

-- Walt Willis

Vote for Barry. He's sick.

A Common Measure Quatrain for Dave Van Arnam

We hail the valiant New York Mets,
The pennant they shall seize;
For Casey Stengel sold his soul
To Mephistopheles.

ANOTHER MODEST PROPOSAL

by Don Thompson

Hugos and fan awards and fan polls are all very well. They serve to reward those persons the majority of (voting) fans consider to be fine fans/pros who are doing the field proud. It is, in other words, a means of giving a boost to someone who's already on top. A nice gesture, one I entirely favor.

But how about the guy who <u>really</u> needs a boost -- the guy who's been stepped on by one or more of his fellow fans and who needs some good, old-fashioned, arm-around-the-shoulder* sympathy and some expressions of support? There's no provision for him in the fan poll, unless his shafter wins some poll's "fugghead of the year" category.

So I now propose a trophy, to be presented to the person fandom deems to have been given the rawest deal of the year by some segment of fandom.

The trophy would take the form of a large (say six inches tall) gold-plated screw, mounted point up on a simple wooden base with an inscription on the order of "To Joe Reamedfan, in recognition of the shabby treatment he received from fellow fans in 1964."

The Golden Screw Award, had it existed a few years ago, might by now have been presented to Ted White, defendant in a legal suit which it may not be safe to discuss in print even now; to Earl Kemp, victim of a malicious libel perpetrated by D. Bruce Berry and published by Robert Jennings; and, of course, to Walter Breen.

(Note: In the unlikely event that someone finally presents proof of guilt on Walter's part -- and by proof, I don't mean "I have seen letters which I can neither produce nor reproduce but you have my word on it and how much more evidence do you <u>need</u> for Christ's sake?" -- perhaps the award should go elsewhere.)

Hopefully, the award would not have to be given every year, though judging from fandom's recent track record, it probably would. However, just to be ready (and fans being what they are), it might be a good idea to have a trophy ready for the runner-up in years when the competition is stiff.

The second-place trophy could be a simple, silver-plated spire rising from a base. Presentation of the Silver Shaft could be augmented, when the second place winner is only a few votes behind the winner, by having the shaft barbed to represent the severity of the circumstances by which it was earned.

After all, you might as well have something to show for what you get out of fandom.

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* It is to be hoped that certain Berkeleyites will not misinterpret this simple, <u>innocent</u>, friendly action. It is to be hoped. -- dt

Tom Perry, editor of (insert this month's title here), is conducting a one-fan drive to bring back the dialog review, a fannish literary form first popularized by Dick Geis in his Psychotic/SFR, circa 1954-55. Here is one such review. — jp

DIALOG on ANALOG

"This cover on the August 1964 ANALOG Science Fact and Science Fiction reminds me of—"

"Only fifty cents, boys and girls, at your local newsstand. Be the first—"

"Whaaat?"

"If we're going to sell it rather than review it, we may as well do a good job. Just five shillin's the copy in England—"

"Quit that shilling! Now what's this all about?"

"Critical reviewing is a thing of the past. Read the letter column. Seth Johnson says fans who aren't enthusiastic about modern SF are poseurs."

"That's too bad. Now let's get back to the job of critically reviewing this issue of ANALOG."

"Seth won't like it."

"Perhaps not. But most of the science-fiction coming out nowadays is crap, and forbearing to say so simply because it is the Literature of the Future is——how you say?—fuggheaded."

"Fine. I just wanted to hear you say it. Let's blast at will and show utter disrespect for the Sacred Literature. You were saying about the cover?"

"Yes, two men, one apparently injured, struggling in spacesuits across red sands that must, from the two tiny moons above, be those of Mars. Behind them is their wrecked ship. Seem familiar?"

"Hmm.. Should it?"

"I now show you a copy of ASTOUNDING Science Fiction for December 1952. Observe red sands, wrecked ship, one space-suited figure. No moons, but the caption pointedly reads, 'The First Martian.'"

"Hm, there do seem to be some similarity at that."

"Twelve years haven't improved the idea and the execution has certainly suffered. The first cover is more striking and better designed. Ambiguity has also crept in. The caption tells you that the first spaceman will never find the civilization he seeks and his ship is so thoroughly wrecked as to be of no use to him. But the latest effort shows one man dragging another away from a fairly intact, though disabled, ship. Presumably he is pretty sure there's help close or one or both of them would stay in or near the ship. But how is he going to get his companion over those rocky hills in the foreground?"

"Search me. Maybe there's Martians in them there hills."

"There might be, for all one can tell. Even when well executed, stefnal art too often is meaningless. That can be said of all the pictures in this issue—and that's all I feel like saying about them."

"So much for the 'art.' What's next?"

"I suppose this editorial. It's called 'The Barbarian Menace' and contains all Campbell's tricks, most of them a quarter century old by now. The special definitions, the far-fetched examples, the italics and exclamation marks instead of thinking."

"We expect that. What does he say?"

"As usual, it's hard to tell. On the surface he says that 'citizens' mustn't appease 'barbarians.' A citizen is one who will work for his living, while a barbarian won't. Furthermore a barbarian cannot adapt to changing conditions, while a citizen can."

"Well, it's logically okay to use such special definitions if he sticks to them."

"Sure, but he doesn't. After saying that barbarians would rather fight than work and that their sense of personal honor 'doesn't happen to include honesty,' Campbell calmly reveals that Socrates was in his view a barbarian."

"And practically admits that he does so simply to outrage his readers. But his attempt to justify himself is no less outrageous. He says: 'This may be a very subtle point to an outsider; Socrates would have been able to teach at a university without considering that he was demeaning himself by working——but he

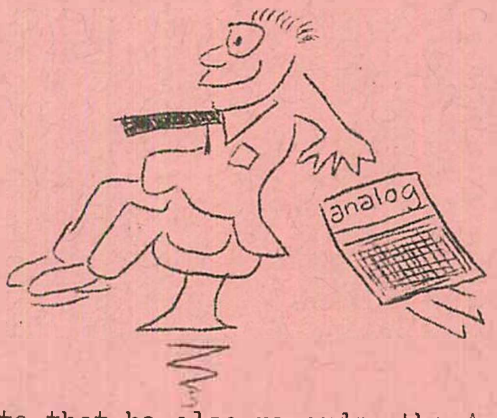
wouldn't have been able to accept a job with a corporation as a mathematician.'"

"It's a keen insight into John Campbell if not into Socrates. Apparently it's not enough that a person work for a living—it has to be at something he dislikes. Campbell says Aesop showed he was a citizen—because he could accept being a slave."

"At any rate this example of Campbell's is a downright insult to the intelligence of his readers. By Campbell's own definition Socrates' search for truth makes him a 'citizen.' And by any sane definition, his drinking the hemlock must be one of the most civilized acts of history."

"I wonder if Campbell isn't at heart as hidebound as the city fathers of Athens. He shares with them a failure to understand a philosopher's value to society."

"Yes—most amusingly where Campbell acknowledges his own debt to Socrates after 23 hundred years, while maintaining he wasn't 'economically productive.'"



"Note that he also regards the American Indians in colonial times as barbarians. 'They did not, and could not, work for a living.' I wonder if he thinks all the Indians in North America got along for hundreds of years by stealing from each other."

"Either that, or he doesn't consider hunting work, even when it feeds the tribe. For that matter, there were farming Indians in colonial times, weren't there?"

"Yes, and one might wish that a descendant of one of those who bailed out the colonists on the first Thanksgiving would show up at Lexington Avenue and demand an explanation from Campbell."

"Unlikely. Campbell's ancestors—his cerebral ancestors, if not lineal—robbed the Indians blind while proclaiming their own virtue; even today it's not likely many of that subjugated race have risen to the professional elite that includes ANALOG in its reading matter."

"At any rate Campbell, by his own cockeyed definitions, is a barbarian rather than a citizen. He can accept only his own standards and he is an artist and an arguer—all of which he condemns. It might even be argued, by one who dislikes his magazine, that he is not 'economically productive'—in spite of the fact that he intercepts a certain amount of the goods produced by those who are in a purely legal fashion. Campbell says that a shyster lawyer is a barbarian; surely, then, a shyster editor is."

"You can make a stronger case than that. His whole editorial is essentially just a re-write of Ayn Rand's book, For the New Intellectual. His contrast of the 'citizen' with the 'barbarian' and the ritualistic tribal member is her thesis of the honest man contrasted with the 'Hun' and the 'witch doctor.' Only the names have been changed."

"Hm, I think you're right. And whether or not one agrees with Rand's philosophy, Campbell's theft of its essence identifies him within its framework. Sort of a right-thinking Hun."

"As to Rand's philosophy, as you so generously call it, it's worth noting that it's based on an economics as phoney as Campbell's premises."

"Okay, but back to the ranch. Campbell ends on this thought: 'Until the citizen realizes that self-defense is not only an ethical right, but also an ethical duty, he will yield to the barbarian simply because he can adapt.'"

"An obscure statement, but one interpretation is that he is condemning coexistence and advocating a holy war on communism."

"Conceivably, but it's foggy enough he can't really be accused of saying that—or anything at all, really."

"But if that is what he means, it's right in line with his barbaric failure to understand standards other than his

own. What are you laughing at?"

"I just finished reading 'Genus Traitor,' by Mack Reynolds."

"What amused you most—the plot, the characterization, the extrapolation—or just the writing?"

"The writing, I think. Apparently Reynolds will never learn such basic matters as how to handle dialog. He suffers a bad case of what that high arbiter of stef, Mr. William Atheling, Jr., refers to as 'said-bookism.' To get words from the mouths of his characters he makes them snap belligerently, snarl, repeat, grunt, shrug, bite out, smirk, bite out hotly, grin—"

"Here's my favorite: '"See?" he waggled an amused finger at her.'"

"It's interesting how he uses adverbs as a substitute for characterization. The protagonist is supposed to be an ugly, unpleasant, cynical man. So he is constantly twisting his mouth, grimacing, sneering, and so forth."

"Them's not adverbs, boy."

"Whatever they are, they're his substitute for characterization. And this extrapolation is just as crappy. Dig this for instance: 'Since the advent of the TwoWorld government and the substitution of universal credit cards for money, crime had fallen off dramatically.'"

"Pretty absurd, eh? Especially since the hero of the piece demonstrates that by stealing credit cards one can buy things without paying for them. Robbery and theft shouldn't be diminished. If anything they should increase; a stickup that might yield a few dollars today would give the robber the equivalent of several hundred or thousand dollars before he had to ditch the stolen card."

"Yes, and the whole point he's making is that diminished crime means fewer cops so that his hero can elude them with ridiculous ease. But crimes of violence probably wouldn't be diminished at all by changes in the form of government or currency."

"And this TwoWorld government is farfetched, too. He says, 'World government became an overnight reality'—because of a threat of invasion from Mars."

"Even so he keeps referring to its traditions——solid rockbound traditions for a government some ten or fifteen years old."

"You know, I'm beginning to doubt that Reynolds has an expert knowledge of sociology, as another stef critic claims."

"He certainly likes to show off what he does know, or thinks he does. He apparently believes the story about the city Tamerlane is supposed to have destroyed so thoroughly that all signs of it have vanished, even its name. I suppose he accepts it because there is nothing to support it. But he doubts that Russia stole nuclear secrets from the U.S. —because, I suppose, there is too much evidence to support it."

"Yes. Well, this story is the tale of a supposed 'world traitor' who returns to Earth after having consorted with the Martians and given them the secrets of space travel. Benjamin Fullbright is a runty, hatchet-faced man who is easy to hate. He is forever sneering and twisting his mouth."

"Ugh. His best friend, a man whose life he saved on Mars and who is a world hero, rescues him from his trial--and takes him home to kill him."

"Fullbright kills him instead and runs off. He makes his way to a girl reporter and spills half his story to her--telling her things that she knows but the readers don't, as she keeps reminding him."

"Yes, a tedious and hackneyed device, which was cheating when it was new."

"Then he runs off again, kills some more people, and then tells the rest his story to the father of one of his companions on the Martian expedition. This man believes Fullbright killed his son, but for some reason doesn't shoot him when he gets a chance. Highly implausible."

"Finally Fullbright gets to tell his story to the world. He claims we gotta go conquer the Martians because there is a third enemy that is worse and we'll need the Martians' help to beat them when they show up. He says we can't cooperate with the Martians though because they're too much like human beings."

"An exaggerated cynicism that may well be popular with younger readers. As if the Allies had to conquer Russia before they could unite against Hitler."

"And Reynolds gives the story a 'lady-

or-tiger' ending: '...he wasn't just sure how the audience-jury was going to vote.' Period. The end."

"By Ghod, I know how I'll vote. Kill the silly bastard."

"This business of the 'audience-jury' is worth exploring. The idea is that some 12 billion (count 'em) people are watching on their telly sets and they all get to vote."

"Western concepts of justice seem to have yielded too much when the TwoWorld government was formed. There's no assurance the jurors are qualified, no way to determine whether they've been affected by news coverage of the crime—"

"And they vote not only on the final verdict, but on each motion or objection by counsel. This business of the jury being the judge too is a perversion of democracy that makes it easy for Reynolds to sneer at democracy. How do you suppose 12 billion televiewers would vote if someone pleaded the Fifth Amendment? Would they get to hear the story or not?"

"Yeh, I can imagine."

"There are two more stories here, both bad, or at least not good. Damon Knight tells one called 'Satisfaction,' about a happiness machine that makes people too happy. All he does is establish the situation—no attempt is made to build a story around it."

"The same is true of 'Inter-Disciplinary Conference,' by Philip R. Geffe. It's shown that several scientific disciplines have discovered evidence that, fitted together, would imply a pre-dawn civilization. Then there is a whatchacallit, inter-disciplinary conference, during which all the scientists laugh at the idea of an inter-disciplinary conference. Then they go home."

"Obviously a story with a Message. Can you guess what it is?"

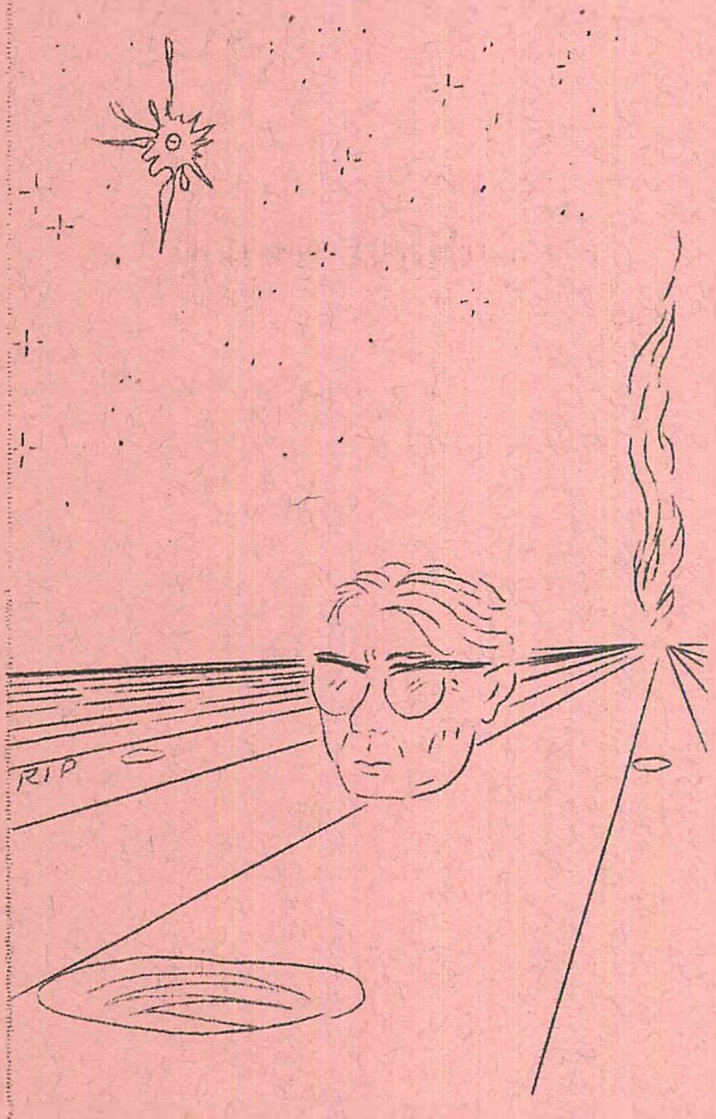
"You might better guess who the author is. If Campbell didn't write it, I bethe suggested it pretty fully to one of his stable."

"I suppose so. What about the articles on 'science fact' and the serial installment also in this issue?"

"I don't know, I don't think we should mess with part of a serial—especially as it's probably no better than the others. As for the science fact, I doubt we're competent to review them."

"I demur. We can at least touch on the presentation, which is lousy. Observe: a two-page blurry photo of a mouth, bled to the gutter, illustrating an article about 'How to Make a Robot Speak English.' Rather excessive, no?"

"Yes, and the article is presented



with typical Campbellian cuteness. A picture of a man's ear is captioned '...a device developed by several million years of research, technically a computer steered array, simply a device for locating sound when used with a mind.'"

"Oog. I can't help but wonder about this Dr. Batteau. In view of Campbell's past and present interests like the Dean

drive, psionics, dianetics, and such, I find it suspicious when he introduces a scientist as 'one of those...who spend their time doing, rather than writing about it.' He says, '...most of his "papers" are in the Patent Department files.' Hmm."

"You're too suspicious. What did you think of the article?"

"Well, the higher mathematics was slow going. I, uh, I didn't finish it."

"So. Campbell would say you have no right to an opinion."

"He might be right. I wonder what'd happen if all the people who didn't understand it stopped reading his magazine?"

"I don't know. I'm not just sure how the audience-jury would vote."

—Tom Perry

"...the first Southern President named Johnson in 100 years." -- TEW

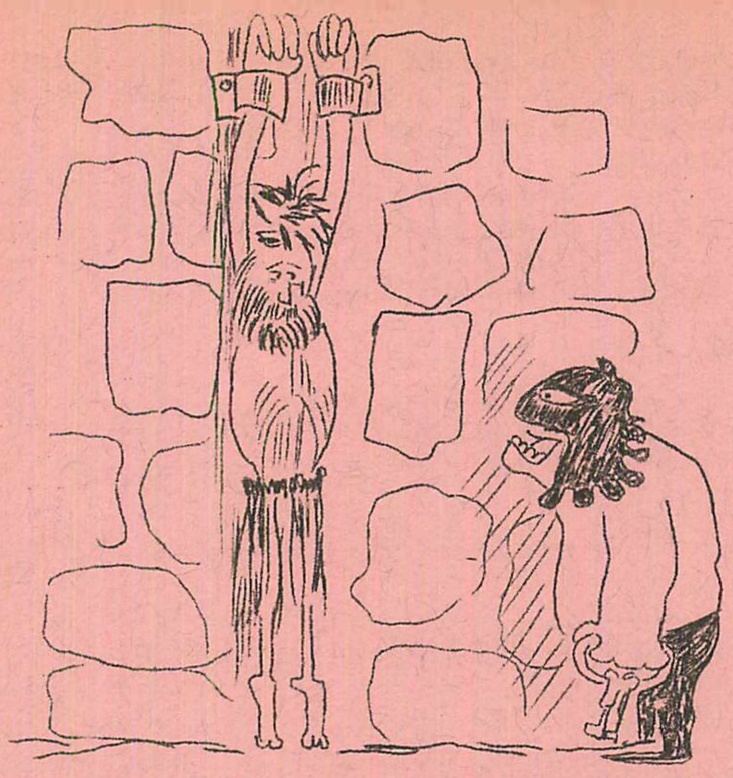
A MESSAGE TO THE READERS OF ENCLAVE from Harlan Ellison

Sirs, Mesdames:

You are correct. "The Little Boy Who Loved Cats" stank. No excuses. I'm sorry. It was a very old story, resurrected and touched up from a rewrite, and sent along to satisfy an obligation to a fine editor who deserved much better. It was written, God help me, in 1954, before I'd ever sold a professional word, and it smells like just what it is. A bit of garbage. I can only commend your gestalt honesty in panning the crap out of it, as it so richly deserved. That you were not flummoxed into praising it just because it was by "a pro" as the readers of most mainstream magazines do, is to your conglomerate credit. Were I to cop out by saying I haven't written that way in ten years, guys like Tom Perry might say, "Who cares, I've never liked his work anyway," so I won't. All I offer, as sincere attempt to make apologies for imposing such dreck on you, is the following:

My most recent stories have appeared in a magazine called Knight. It is a girlie book, but the stories are, I feel, some of my best. In the July 1963 issue appears "Blind Bird, Blind Bird, Go Away From Me!"; in the January 1964 issue appears "High Dice" (a reprint); in the April 1964 appears "Neither Your Jenny Nor Mine"; in the July 1964 issue appears "Lonelyache"; and in the currently selling issue of August 1964 is "The World of the Myth." Of these, I would stand unashamed behind "Blind Bird" or "Lonelyache" and with reservations (because 10,000 words were edited out of it) "Jenny." "Myth" was written some time ago, and is flawed, by my own standards; in the next issue of Knight is another I would stand behind completely, "What I Did On My Vacation Last Summer, By Little Bobby Hirschhorn, Age 27." There is also a story of which I am rather proud in the 8th Best SF annual from Judy Merril, "All the Sounds of Fear," and "Paingod" in a recent Fantastic. To anyone who was outraged by reading "Cats," please send me your name and address, and I'll send you a buck to purchase any issue of Knight you may wish, or adequate funds to obtain the Best SF or the Fantastic. To try and make amends. Even if you don't like the Ellison story in Knight, there are a lot of healthy broads therein, and well, maybe that'll make amends.

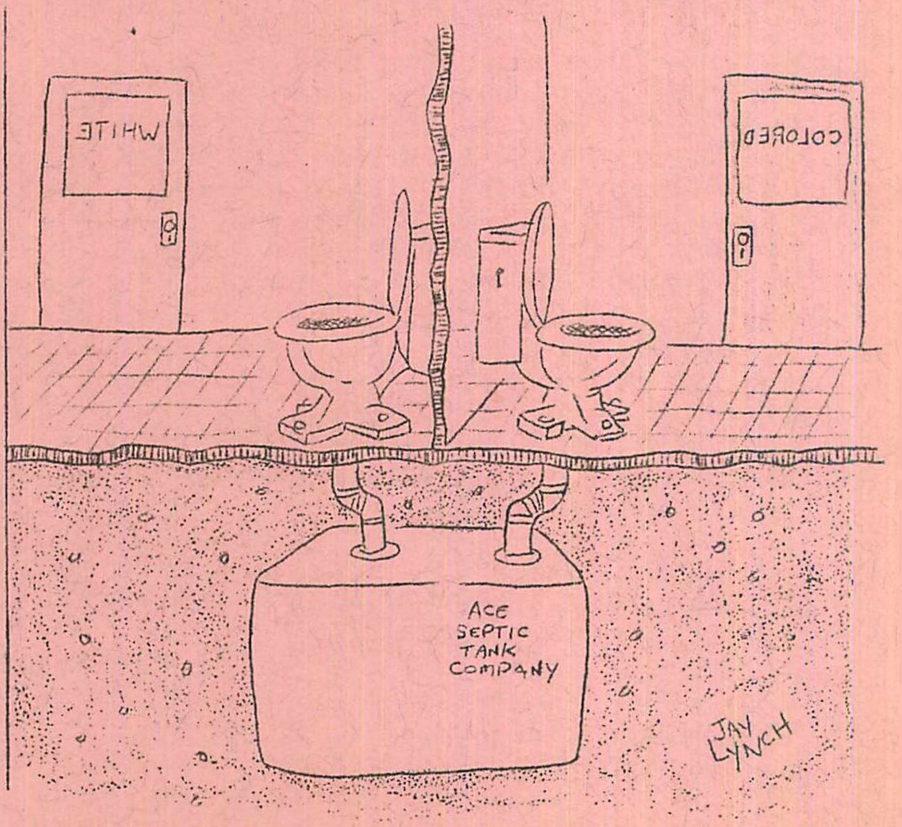
2313 Bushrod Lane
Los Angeles, California 90024



"Are you still hanging around?"

edwing

ENCLAVE COMICS



scenes FROM THE SOUTHLAND

a guide to [redacted]

THEFAIR by [redacted] john boardman

Many tourists plan to come to New York during 1964 and 1965 to visit Thefair. Some information and assistance on tourism in this quaint territory may be of value to them in preparing for and enjoying their travels, as little is generally known about this tiny but powerful land.

GOVERNMENT

Thefair is an absolute monarchy, ruled by Robert I of the Moses dynasty. Reportedly he is descended from the original Moses, and like him delights in moving around large numbers of people. King Robert is an irascible man who brooks no interference with his plans from his subjects or from neighboring monarchs. He has a deep distrust of democratic government, dating from thirty years ago when he was soundly defeated in an attempt to unseat Herbert the Great, the late founder of the Lehman dynasty. He rules Thefair with an iron hand.

TRANSPORTATION

Thefair is located on Long Island, and is entirely surrounded by New York City, with which it lives in a state of uneasy neutrality. The City, as its inhabitants call it, hopes to relieve its overpopulation problem by encouraging emigration to Thefair, and facilitates transportation in that direction. People deported to Thefair are crowded aboard trains at Times Square and Grand Central, amid scenes reminiscent of the infamous Umschlagplatz in Nazi-occupied Warsaw.

SEAPORTS

Thefair's sole seaport is Marina, on Long Island sound. Between Marina and Thefair is a wasteland populated by a savage tribe called "the Mets," who suffer from a chronic inbred lack of co-ordination. "The Mets" are ruled by an elderly chieftain who speaks to them in a language no one else can understand. Travelers need not fear this tribe, as they pose no danger to anyone who visits them.

The merchant fleet of Thefair consists of a number of unseaworthy vessels. The smaller ones are called "hydrofoils" and have been known to leave unwary travelers stranded far from land. A larger ship, the Bounty, is moored at Marina. The naval authorities of Thefair have at present no plans to put it to sea.

POPULATION

The population of Thefair varies from 30,000 to a quarter million. They are divided into two castes, the "Takers" and the "Taken." Both castes move with a foot-weary gait, but the "Takers" can be distinguished by a jingling sound around the pockets.

ECONOMY

The economy of Thefair is very weak, and the kingdom is currently seeking a loan from Washington to buoy it up over a financial crisis. Severe inflation is a problem at present; prices are abnormally high as a result of this. There are few places where a meal may be purchased for less than $4.00 in U.S. currency. Poverty is common among the "Taken," particularly those with children, but it is not unknown among the "Takers." A sub-caste of the "Takers," the "Shareholders," faces total ruin.

CURRENCY

United States currency is eagerly accepted in Thefair, as in any soft-currency country. In addition, Thefair prints its own paper currency in denominations of 25¢, 50¢ and $1.00. Like many other nations with financial difficulties, Thefair attempts to improve its foreign exchange position by dealing in its own currency at a discount. Thefair currency may be purchased at a discount of about 25 percent at certain banks in The City. However, most shopkeepers in Thefair refuse to accept Thefair scrip, and insist on a hard currency such as the U.S. dollar. Establishments which accept Thefair currency are, in fact, listed on the bills. Most of them are located on the streets of Meadow Lake in southern Thefair.

INTERNAL TRANSPORTATION

The Sons of the Grey Dog hold a virtual transportation monopoly within the borders of Thefair, and accordingly charge exorbitant prices. Like many other countries lacking adequate transportation, Thefair is experimenting with a monorail. However, the high cost (80¢ for a 4,000 foot trip) tends to discourage its use. Tourists are warned that water sometimes drips from the monorail cars as they pass overhead.

The Swiss government is attempting to alleviate Thefair's transportation problem, and has built a "Skyride" which gives a fine view of Thefair and neighboring lands. However, tourists should be warned that the Swiss do not sell round trip tickets on the "Skyride." Parents who send their children on the ride sometimes have to seek them among friendly Korean natives a third of a mile away.

RELIGION

The state religion of Thefair is a sect called "Protestantcatholicjewish." Some observers believe that this cult is a merger of several different religions, but there are no significant differences in practices at their several temples. "Protestantcatholicjewish" is also the state religion of The City, as its public officials testify on almost every occasion.

Most noteworthy of Thefair's temples is that of the Mormons. In a nation distinguished for bad architectual taste, theirs is the worst. Appropriately, the Mormon Temple is located next to the Festival of Gas.

Although the inhabitants of Thefair profess the state religion, most of them are communicants of a belief called "Free Enterprise." Missionaries explain the tenets of this faith in "The Hall of Free Enterprise." Tourists are cautioned not to ask the priests of "Free Enterprise" how they account for Thefair's attempt to seek a loan from Washington.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Some, though by no means all, of the major foreign powers have embassies at Thefair. The most important are:

SPAIN: The Spanish Embassy is one of the finest in Thefair. However, owing to an apparent shortage of food in Spain, meals are more expensive here than anywhere else.

BELGIUM: This embassy is closed owing to diplomatic disputes of an unclear nature.

RUSSIA: Thefair recognizes the Russian Empire rather than the Soviet Union. The Russian Embassy is a replica of Fort Ross, an early Russian settlement in California. On exhibit there is the Virgin of Kazan, one of the most famous relics of Orthodox Christianity. The Orthodox Church has it on loan from the present owner and is hoping to raise enough money to buy it. Their task is complicated by the fact that several generations of pious Tsars added jewels of great value to the ikon.

THE CITY: High spot of this embassy is an 18,000 square foot replica of the City, perfectly in scale and showing every building. An ice show in the same building has just been declared a disaster area by Thefair.

COCA-COLA: This powerful empire displays scenes showing various parts of the earth which are under its jurisdiction. The signs of Coca-Cola's soverignty are evident in each scene, but the panoramas are so cleverly contrived as to be worth the seeing.

WISCONSIN: In this embassy there is a seventeen ton cheese.

POLYNESIA: Thefair's official tourist guide describes this embassy's restaurant as "inexpensive." It's dead wrong.

UNICEF: This exhibit is easily the best single item in Thefair. This small, weak nation is under the protectorship of the powerful Pepsi-Cola empire, and is located at its embassy. Children will particularly enjoy it.

G.E.: This empire's embassy, like three others in Thefair, was designed by Walter-of-the-Mouse. Visitors are shown furnished homes of various periods. One home, furnished very much like those in which most of us live today, is called "A Home of the 40's." Visitors are also given a demonstration of a controlled thermonuclear fusion reactor. Presumable G.E. has undertaken this research in its own defense against the people who will be thrown out of work by the various automation

processes also on exhibit.

I.B.M.: This great power, whose growth over the past several years has been paralleled only by the unemployment statistics, has better taste than to show visitors the devices which will deprive them of their livelihood. Numerous interesting mathematical exhibits, and a demonstration of how problems are solved, make this a definite must.

JAPAN: Aside from the displays of medieval duelling in the embassy courtyard, the decor is completely modern. The visitor sees shelf after shelf of goods manufactured by the nation's Transistor Lords.

SEVEN-UP: Food is quite reasonable; one may get four sandwiches here, plus all the national beverage one can drink, for $1.50.

RHEINGOLD: This barony, closely allied with "the Mets," has reconstructed a street of The City as it existed sixty years ago. However, the prices at the colorful period restaurants are bang up to date.

GENERAL CIGAR: A display of magic is announced here, but it is necessary to stand overly long both to wait for it and to watch it. Moreover, no magic here displayed is comparable to the magical speed with which money vanishes in Thefair.

VISAS

No passport is required for entry into Thefair. Visas are $2.00 U.S. at the entry ports, but can be obtained at lower prices in The City. Children may enter at half price; this practice gains rather than loses money for Thefair, as its astute rulers have learned that children are responsible for by far the greatest expenditures once admitted to the territory.

WARNING!

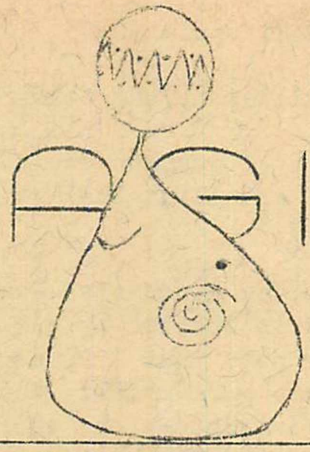
Since Thefair is an independent nation, visitors are cautioned to remember that they are no longer in the United States. Particularly, the civil liberties guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution are not in effect here. Thefair's police are efficient and forceful in their suppression of civil unrest. There is a complete ban on political demonstrations, though in effect it is enforced only against Negroes. The internecine hostility between the Jewish and Arab residents of Thefair sometimes leads to picketing; however these demonstrations are not disturbed by the government of Thefair. No guarantees of freedom of speech or assembly are contained in Thefair's constitution.

However, that's "Free Enterprise."

-- John Boardman

AN ECHO, NOT A CHOICE

"((In Alabama, Gov. George)) Wallace will run under the rooster, traditional Democratic Party symbol. It will be Wallace vs. Goldwater, head-to-head. A vote for President Johnson is impossible under a new state law." -- from a column by Evans and Novak in The Omaha World-Herald, July 9, 1964.



OUTSIDE AGITATORS

SETH JOHNSON 339 Stiles Street Vaux Hall, New Jersey 07088

So your in Omaha Nebraska now. May I suggest you look up an old woman fan fiend of mine. A second grade school teacher and member of N3F and quiet a personality if you get to know her, or rather if she gets to know you. Elinor Poland, 12322 C st. Omaha Babraske. She writes some pretty emotional sugar sweet poetry by the way in fannish vein. But she has to be coaxed.

Actually of course this is a letter of comment on Cranston and Enclave. And I'm really sorry that I cant be more encouranging after all the fine work and typography and printing and artwork you have painstakingly put into the thing. But the fact remains I much prefer your earlier fanzines, typos and dim spots and all towhat you put out this time.

In the past you featured articles and stories from people who felt violently enthusiastic over what they had to say and wrote at a fever pitch. And in spite of their shortcomings the enthusiasm was contagious and infected the reader.

But this issue looked like the work of highly skilled poseurs. Not enthusiastic or even feeling strongly about anything but demonstrating their literary skills and talents. And as a result the articles and litelary contents just fell flat on their face.

And I can't see how anyone can promote a person like Ted White for TAFF. That guy has the reputation for not only snubbing neofans and N3F members especially but for biting thier heads off and snarling in their faces to boot. He is highly talented and highly gifted but just as likely to insult half the people he meets in England as to gain any good will.

Besides TAFF is for fans and White is now a pro. Seems to me that should automatically eliminate him from the TAFF. And not just for F&SF but he was associated with a professional music periodical as well as feature writer.

Well I'm really sorry I couldn't say much nicer things after all the hard work and typographical skill and excellence you put into the zine. I can but hope and pray you'll get away from imitating the more or less famous fanzines and strike out on your own and be original and be yourself. Believe me your much better that wqy.

/This is not the first letter I received after #6 appeared, but I thought it ought to be published first in the lettercolumn and in its entirety, with not one word, not one letter, not one subtle dig changed. Thanks, Seth, and pray for me, will you?/

AVRAM DAVIDSON 2017 Berkeley Way Berkeley, California 94703

How is life in picturesque romantic Omaha, cow killer to the country?

Ignoring for ye moment, and mightbe forever again (I suspect you of being a crypto-jacobin, and as a neo-girondin, well...) the rest of excellent Enclave no. 6, on to my friend and compeer Mr. H. Ellison's "Up to My M---ins."

Hey, that's great news on being well-reviewed in The Manchester Guardian, Harlan! And now for the kernal in the knut, viz Charges Wrot in Stories by Wicked Editors. It is true (whether The Manchester Guardian knows it or not) that I am now a Wicked Editor mineself. It weren't always so. Once I was a mere worm-writer, what time I even collaborated with Harlan* Ellison* -- one novel, unfinished -- one story, disappeared spurlos versenkt from HE's apartment. And I too suffered from idiotorial mutilation. So you see, I know. I have been there.

Shortly after the great Davidson-Ellison and/or Ellison-Davidson collabo, HE up and left and became himself an editor. In a semi-irregular symposium of sf pro people, I mentioned that F&SF (of which I wasn't then but a contributor to) had the kindly policy of asking the writer of a story to do whatever chopping and changing was deemed needful to a story. I suggested this as a model for all editors. (Note-- insofar as possible I still adhere to this precedent, and I never in any event make changes without author's consent.) I said all editors. From Editor Ellison came a stiff reply, ... that magazine requirements in regard to space available for advertisements often required cutting of stories without author's coöperation or even consent.

Would like now to confront Author Ellison with Editor Ellison. Hmm? Hey? And, also, frankly, did the latter ever give the author "the opportunity to read the galleys..."? Are you blushing? Frankly, I don't. I should. There are too many typoes in F&SF, including in my own stories. But we don't have the staff to do the work this would require. It's an idea, though.

But don't get me wrong. I sometimes love Harlan.

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

Bob Tucker doesn't even begin to Tell All about the exciting things that happened in the early days of worldcons. For instance, there was one that almost exploded before it began because of an outburst of anti-semitism by some con committee members. There was the day that Mrs. Will Sykora had to buy a new purse because she had broken beyond repair her perfectly good purse, using it to speed on their way two members of the Futurians who had just been thrown out of a fan gathering. However, I imagine that the coming Pacificon will be even more peaceful and friendly than the past two or three. When fans are really steamed up and feuding through the mails about something, they behave like angels in personal encounters, for some reason of fannish psychology that I don't pretend to understand.

The zipcodes have some usefulness at present. In Hagerstown we have a main post office and a branch on the northern edge of town, from both of which mail carriers depart. Until the zipcode came along, local clerks were forced to memorize dozens upon dozens of streets by the location from which their carriers left, so that the mail would go to the branch or stay in the downtown post office. The city was too small to get postal zone numbers, but it now has two zipcodes, which instantly tell the forgetful clerks and the ignorant novices into which sack each zipcoded envelope should go. And as I've told Tom Perry via letter, I feel that the use of two commas before and

after quasi-quotes would be a better change than his equotes. Typists could use them without taking time to backspace and linotypists could provide them without investing in a new batch of matrices.

I thought that Ray Nelson provided the best record reviews in this issue, even though he wasn't reviewing records in particular. He was specific and descriptive of the music, instead of resorting to generalities and attempts to communicate his own reactions, the faults that beset most record reviews, and particularly those of jazz.

Someday, somehow, I'm going to corner someone from Cosmopolitan to determine if that magazine ever commissioned an article from Shirley Camper. We have only her word for it plus the indirect evidence of those expensive long distance phone calls she made. Without the calls, I might suspect she was a person who had never sold anything more important than recipes to The Indiana Housewife but put on this big song and dance on the theory that she might get enough information to interest the Cosmo people in her ~~submission~~ article. /Yes, and even with those calls, she might have been nothing more than Andy Silverberg gone falsetto. But seriously, I was shocked the other month to see in Bestsellers, a newsdealers' trade magazine which I get by virtue of being an ex-employee in a stationery store, that Shirley Camper had brought out a paperback, from Belmont I believe, on How To Raise Children With Psychology. Given the fact that one of Mrs. Camper's friends and mentors is Frederic Wertham, I think we should all Neill and pray for abysmal sales of her volume on child-raising. ((The pun in the last sentence is for the benefit of Sandi Bethke, Gwen Perry and Ted Pauls, although the rest of you may laugh too.))/

Of all the fans who have sold professionally, Harlan should be the last to seek to bypass editing of his fiction. He is very vain, he writes too much, and he has only brief experience as a selling writer, three qualities that automatically make a strong editor a very useful aid. I think the whole science fiction field suffers from the lack of genuine editors: those who will make improvements in the material they handle through some knowledge of grammar and consistency of style and writers' padding tricks.

It is curious the way nonconformists are getting back of the cigarette industry to fight the government propaganda about the dangers of smoking. You'd think the whole set-up would be made to order for the opposite reaction. Here is the tobacco, grown to enrich the worst sorts of segregationists. It is smoked because school kids adopt the custom in order to conform with their classmates. The cigarettes are advertised through Madison Avenue, and without such advertising, television networks wouldn't be prosperous enough to be quite as obnoxious as they are. Presumably, the nonconformists don't go so far as to battle anything that would cause them personal inconvenience, like cutting out smoking.

I wish Robert Lowndes had brought up a most intriguing matter regarding the Clayton Astounding: did it perhaps cause fandom to be born? This is one of the matters that I won't have time to delve deeply into in my fan history, because it would take much searching of letter columns and efforts to track down long-missing fans. But there seems to be some cause for believing that the Clayton Astounding was the decisive factor, appealing as it did to a younger audience than did Amazing and Wonder.

Bob Lichtman has the facts on the Emancipation Proclamation somewhat distorted. Lincoln did withhold it while the news was bad, but the event that made him decide to issue it was the battle of Antietam, only fifteen miles from Hagerstown, which was a victory for neither side. The drawn battle halted the South's series of successes and that was enough to make the issuance of the proclamation safe. The CSA wasn't "another country", a status it could have achieved only by winning the war, since the American

Constitution makes no provision for fragmenting the nation.

DON THOMPSON 3518 Prospect Avenue Cleveland, Ohio 44115

Just for Harlan's information: Dorothy Parker saw a copy of Gentleman Junkie because Jerry DeMuth sent it to her. So that's who he should thank. He can take full credit for the deserved praise heaped upon him, though. Jerry was working for Regency Books at the time; he is now risking his skin among the redneck savages in the Southern U.S. as a member of the Student Nonviolent Coördinating Commottee (see Rogue, July 1964, for Jerry's report on this).

How about we impeach Jim Warren?

Everybody seems to take the subject of kitsch more seriously than I do. The article Maggie and I did was for fun -- we like kitsch as unintentional humor and have (and had) no intention of writing an article blaming kitsch for the John Birchers or pushing it as a symptom of growing unAmericanism or whatever. Everybody expects serious stuff in Enclave, I guess.

I think "Excelsior" is bad writing, not just old fashioned. And I personally like to believe that Florence Foster Jenkins was one-upping everyone who paid to hear her sing. It's much easier than believing that no one ever let on to her that people were sniggering at her.

TOM PERRY 4018 Laurel Avenue Omaha, Nebraska 68111

In the best tradition of fansmanship, I must say that the best thing in the entire issue is the filler on page 29 about the Republic Steel Company's policy. It is the most cohesive, tightly written piece in the magazine. That is, of those I have been able to read. I have been unable to read the consumer reports on jazz, folkmusic, cigarettes and science fiction. I think this is pretty good considering I only got the magazine this morning. Tomorrow if I'm feeling good I hope to be unable to read the pieces on rock and roll and race. It looks like being a good week.

The most comment-provoking thing in the mag, though, is Les Nirenberg's letter enunciating his disillusionment with fandom. It was most clever to juxtapose it with the letters from Harlan Ellison and Marion Bradley. Nirenberg publishes his own stuff but I suspect if he branches out he'll find his stuff as cruelly chopped as Harlan and Marion have, and perhaps then he'll begin to understand the reasons fandom exists. As for the money, only the best-paid writers make more than they could in a mundane, non-creative position for the same effort, and as for the egoboo, most writing that sees publication in the mundane world is forgotten long before writing of the same quality is in fandom. When Les learns this, perhaps he'll understand why one of the best and most creative writers of all -- Walt Willis -- sticks to fandom despite occasional temptations to go pro. Walt's column in Warhoon on Fred Pohl's ascendancy to prodom takes on an added meaning if one remembers that Walt was once offered the editorship of Galaxy, and declined. I seriously suspect that the mundane world will one day "discover" Willis and then study the special circumstances and subjects under and about which he wrote to understand him better. But this may be a hundred years from now. Can anyone imagine copies of Gentleman Junkie, Sword of Valdones or Panic Button being read after a century? Not I.

To be sure, you did not rip twenty thousand words bodily, bloodily and insensate out of the middle of my article, and I suppose I should be glad of that. But while I

hate to be a primadonna -- that is, I hate to be seen being one -- I do object to your stifling a minor joke. The parenthetical "hi, Joe" in my manuscript after the phrase "Apostrophes are frequent here (in fandom)" was, of course, an apostrophe -- an address to someone not present -- intended to satirize the hi-Joe-hi-John-hi-Norm-how-is-it-to-be-home-Betty school of fan writing. I assume you deleted it because you didn't get it... /Yes. Will everyone please send Tom the egoboo of which he was deprived as the result of my inexcusable ignorance?/

Gee, it was good of Bob Lichman to tell me about the Civil War. His remarks could involve us in a furious debate on teleology and whether the practical politics of the Emancipation Proclamation invalidate its good features and so on, but I think I'll demur. As for being "so proud as all that" I don't know how proud I was being of the Emancipation Proclamation or just where Bob would have liked me to stop, but I still think it is sort of nice, in a way.

It's wonderful how brilliant Norm Clarke can be even when writing around the hacknayed fanzine theme of what-shall-I-write, and his closing sentence is a perfect seven word satire on most music reviews.

Stiles's ditto collages are quite good. It's a pity as he says that the art form is restricted by the colors of the carbon sheets the ditto people make. Isn't there any way to treat the sheets and mix one's own colors as it were?

TOM JONES 622 Plater Aberdeen, Maryland 21001

I have a sort of apology to make, as I was one of those unthinking simps who sent money, yes money, for copies of Enclave. My only excuse is that I'm human. It's just that when I hear and read nice things about something, I want to find what it's all about. And when I see a fanzine get plugs in both a pro-humor and a pro-sf magazine not to mention a good deal of publicity in comics fanzines, well, I just feel I'm missing out on something if I don't purchase an issue. Oh, I'm sorry, did I say purchase? I'm very sorry, I meant acquire. You'll understand, won't you, because in most cases when one wants something in magazine form one must, in an entirely barbaric manner, pay what is commonly called money. I understand your position, as anyone should realize that it's idiotic to even think of paying money for anything, let alone a fanzine. But of course, you must excuse the rest of the world for popularizing money, since we should be able to acquire food, clothing, and shelter by merely commenting on them, shouldn't we? /I received several letters from new readers contending that my editorial section on "Sticky Quarters" last issue was petty, condescending, and pretty much unnecessary. Looking back at it, I tend to agree; I'd still publish such an editorial if I had #6 to do over, but I would temper my comments somewhat by explaining just why the vast majority of fanzine editors are exasperated by money sent them in response to wholly unsolicited plugs in other publications. (Incidentally, as I expected, some older fans and fellow publishers agreed wholeheartedly with me.) I'm sorry about the tone achieved by those comments, but I stand by the sentiments, despite their crude presentation. Tom's comment is published, and some others on the same subject aren't, mainly because Tom's were the most good-natured and personally enjoyable. You may argue that I was by no means good-natured in my editorial, but when did I ever claim to being fair about these things?/

STEVE STILES 1809 Second Avenue New York, New York 10028

I certainly hope you're older than 17 by now, because when I was that age I was publishing a four-page illegible crudzine containing such livewire articles as "The

Philosophy of the Can Opener" and great stuff like that.

In regard to your fillo on page 17, you will remember our little talk at a recent Fanoclast meeting when Dave Van Arnam mentioned Army propaganda films. It seems that one film depicted a slovenly malingerer lying on his barracks bunk while his fellow soldiers marched off to church. "Hey, Karl!" said a pal, "Ain't you going off to worship God?" "No," said Karl, "because our Constitution grants us freedom from religion!" At this point, the scene fades and the screen is filled with the words, "Does our Constitution grant us freedom of religion or freedom from religion??" The film would end there and an officer would come out and give the fellows a little chat. I think they handled the whole thing wrong; they should have had some guy come out dressed as George Washington and say, "I think our Constitution grants us freedom of religion," and then another guy with a sign, "Thomas Jefferson," around his neck, should come out and say, "Atheism is Communism," and then have a real tall guy with a beard, top hat and shawl come out and say, "God is an American." I am, you know, an advertising student, and I do, you know, stand a good chance of being drafted, so if I am I think I'll try to get to work on that.

My ditto collages look quite nice /said Steve Stiles, blushing frantically/, but aside from the slight stuffiness of my introduction I am dismayed that I neglected to point out that I pulled off something entirely new in spirit duplication and created some new colors by a two run process: after I ran off my copy, I put colored areas on entirely new masters and ran them off on top of the original compositions. The result was that, when running blue over purple I got a nice cobalt blue, and when running red over brown I got an entirely new brown. In some cases this didn't work out: for example, in my second collage I ran a brown spot over a red area, but the result is too faint to be noticed. In all cases there was blurring of color running over white areas, but in such abstract compositions I don't think that matters too much. I may be able to eliminate such side effects by using a porous masking sheet, and if I get good enough registration I may try the method on cartoons and illustrations.

I laughed and laffed at Norm Clarke's "Jazz Column." And I did my laughing on the subway, and all the other passengers thought I was going to create a "subway incident," so they beat the hell out of me. Is it true that jazz came down de riber to New Orleans, or what? /Ted White will answer that penetrating question in his next column installment; also, next issue, don't miss Steve Stiles's monumental study, "The Philosophy of the Can Opener."/

JAMES H. KLECKNER 70 Radnor Road Great Neck, New York

I'm tired of people describing extremist groups as extremist groups (or fruitcakes, or some other easy appellation) and then dismissing them as if labelling them makes them dry up and fly away. I recall a psychiatric case conference in which the patient was coming on strong about spies, communists, atomic secrets, world-wide plots and so forth; this easily diagnosed him (diagnosis available on request), and made his case very easy until a very bright member of the staff noted that if these ideas made him a candidate for the happy farm, then we'd better go out and corral a fair percentage of our total population whom we let run around the streets loose. Point is that these lunatic fringes are not odd, inexplicable weirdos. They (as a group) are predictable if you step back far enough to look at our whole culture, just as is violence, which apparently was discussed a few issues ago. Our Puritan ancestors (in the northeast, anyway) who fled to "escape persecution" as the history books tell it, and who were so very concerned with goodness, right behavior, purity and other "good" things, were also the ones who burned people at the stake for being witches, put unbelievers

to death or at best turned them out into the winter forest to perish. Within that Goodness dwelt a lot of sadism, all socially approved. And within the Plains Indian groups, the Commanches were outwardly aggressive, stealing horses and killing as a way of life, while the Cheyenne avoided killing wherever possible. Great honor came not from killing an enemy but from touching his head and escaping with your life. Instead of being sexually agressive like Commanches, the Cheyenne would abstain between children: a period of about ten years was not uncommon. By Good Moral standards, the Cheyenne were good, the Commanche bad. And which group was it that ritually sacrificed human life? Right, the good Cheyenne. Thus the Cheyenne did not avoid aggressive action; like the Puritans, they used it within their own system of thought.

NORM CLARKE 9 Bancroft Street Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada

After what I said about Harlan's story in the last issue, I'm glad to report that I thought "Up to My Muffins" one of the best things in #6. It's funny and straightforward -- no coy cuteness or gimmicks -- and makes me think that Harlan may be okay, after all. (You must realize that "The Little Boy Who Loved Cats" was the first thing of HE's I'd read since 7th Fandom days.)

Ray Nelson's "Don't Hang the Twang" was another high (!) spot in the issue, although, of course, I'd argue some of his contentions and assumptions. I suggest, for example, that either he's not serious or he really hasn't listened to much jazz when he claims that "jazz instruments...(use) only mild and uniform vibratos or no vibrato at all"; egad, what about Bechet, Hawkins, Bill Harris, Hodges, James Moody, Armstrong, Clifford Brown and hundreds of others? The "vibratoless" players are a very tiny minority, and in fact I know of no jazz musician who doesn't make at least some use of expressive vibrato. And I think Ray has it completely backwards when he says that jazz drummers "limit themselves to a vague kiss-kissa-kiss" on the cymbal, and "punctuation marks," while the rock drums "are capable of a very wide range of expression." Well, of course, I don't know what bands Ray has been hearing, but most rock drummers I've heard (and worked with)have done little other than lay down steady eighth-notes or triplets on the top cymbal, and their "punctuations" never stray very far from the heavy slam, on second and fourth beats, on the snare drum; on the other hand, most jazz drummers will rattle, roll, tinkle, boom and crash incessantly all around the beat, using all their cymbals and tom-toms ~~and temple-blocks~~ and whatever else is convenient (including the hi-hat cymbal stand, etc.) Sometimes it can drive you nuts, in fact; I often prefer a straight, hard beat, but don't tell me that rock drummers use a "wide range of expression" and jazz drummers don't, because it ain't so. And I can't resist saying that if "that brassy twang is the real voice of America," then it's no wonder America's prestige has declined. Rock is great because it "packs more wallop than any other kind of music"? Yeah, but who wants to be walloped allatime? You know who: masochists, that's who.

Good ghod, I can't honestly believe what's happening in the U.S.; it is frighteningly similar to the scene in Germany of the 30's, with a feverish nationalism combined with a convenient scapegoat menace -- the Jews in Germany, the Liberals/Socialists/Communists/Pinkos/OneWorlders/Peaceniks...oh, anyone not a 103% Bircher. Do I sound hysterical here? No wonder, that's the way I feel. You are so right (!) when you say that Walker and others like him are "no cause for fits of laughter"; I'd like to be able to say something Clever and Humorous about him and the others, but I just freeze with horror. I feel almost certain that Goldwater and his Gang will win an election -- if not this year's, then the one in '68 -- and that will be It, baby. Of course there were some grimly funny bits among all the sickness, such as Walker's line, "If you think Texans approve of Johnson, well, disapprove yourself." I wonder if Walker

"approves" himself to excess? They say that leads to Insanity.

I guess Steve Stiles's (okay, TPerry?) ditto collages are Interesting and all (and I guess he'll hate me for saying that), but no matter how wide I open my mouth, there's still nothing I can say about them. Yep, they're art stripped to its barest essentials all right: shape and color and form. The shapes are shapeley, and the colors colorful; and as for the"form," I gather that Steve means something other than "shape"; and I guess I'm just not hip to the Form. I don't rail against "horrible modern art," except a lot of the time; but I do like a painting to tell me something, or at least hint at something. This is not to say that I want to look at nothing but pictures of horsies or little boys dressed in blue. Actually, what I like to look at is Modern dirty pictures; Stiles's third collage may be kind of dirty, at that. I wish I knew. Let's have some more good old Iconoclastic Cartoons, there, Steve! (Really, I'm not putting down the collages; they look Nice, and I haven't a damn thing more to say about them.)

And I bet Calvin Demmon is putting us all on with his "Green Day in Manhattan"; either that, or the story has some deep profound message, and the baby carriages are symbolic and all, and I don't get it. But I bet Calvin is putting us all on; Ray Nelson exerts a powerful influence. /Calvin described "Green Day" as "a shaggy-dog story"; I think that's what it was./

There is a notion that pops up every so often in fandom, and Les Nirenberg has voiced it again: "Fandom is a training ground for Aspiring Professional Writers." Certainly it's true that some fans use fandom as a critical audience for their developing writing skills, and that's fine. But this bit that fans should stop their silly chitterchattering and get to work on "worthwhile projects" turns me 'way off -- probably because the word "worthwhile" itself is not one of my favorite ones ("I like Worthwhile music, not that crude, frivolous jazz stuff.") Hell, Les was around fandom long enough to know that there are all sorts of reasons for being a fan, other than the one of trying to be a Real Writer.Why does Les say he would "never put down a Silverberg or Warner who ... puts out casual, personal-type fanzines," with the implication that he would put down other fans who turn out "casual, personal-type fanzines"? I guess he thinks it's okay for Warner and Agberg, because they have Proved Themselves, and after a hard day's work making money at the typer, to sit down and relax, in a casual, personal-type way, at the typer. On the other hand, there is something Wrong, I guess, with a person who, after a hard day's work making money at the Candy Store, sits down and bats out a few pages of chatter. No, no; after his hard day's work at the Candy Store, the fan should sit down and Work Hard on a truly worthwhile project like a science fiction story. Les baby, have you gone so far out into the great big Competitive world that you have forgotten what FIJAGH means? I guess so. /This is the Starspinkle section of Enclave, now: Les Nirenberg's Panic Button has folded, apparently due to financial difficulties. I'm sorry; I always thought it was a good magazine, sometimes almost as good as Hyphen, Void, Lyddite and Quark?. But beyond that, I will say nothing, since I have just come home from a hard evening's work making money at the Newspaper in Omaha.../

JOHN BOARDMAN 592 Sixteenth Street Brooklyn, New York 11218

Tom Perry's article has long been needed in fandom. Although I have had frequent failings in matters of correct spelling and grammatical usage, I feel that my zines are not among the worst in this regard. For one thing, though, I'd like clarification on the following matters:

(1) Does the word "everyone" always take a singular form? Is the following sentence grammatically correct: "Since everyone in the room spoke German, I addressed him

in that language."?

(2) Is there such a word as "gotten"? If so, when is it to be used in place of "got"?

(3) May singular nouns with plural implications be used as plural? Is the sentence "The enemy staff is engaged in playing games among themselves" correct?

/Mr. Perry replies:

"Damdifino."/

MZB's review of Saturn Over The Water so intrigued me that I just finished the book. It's every bit as good as she says -- though I feel the "kicker" could have been introduced earlier. It would have enabled the reader to savor at greater length the contrast and conflict between the "Saturnian" and "Uranian" ideologies.

PAUL WILLIAMS 163 Brighton Street Belmont, Massachusetts

Bob Tucker's article is quite funny, of course, but the only comment I have, all through it, is "Oh yeah?" The irony of a statement like "no longer does that other side have the splendid opportunity to paper the countryside with flyers and fanzines denouncing the exclusion act" is almost too much to believe. Are you sure you didn't send an advance release of this article to Bill Donaho in January, as a sort of prod at the hornet's nest? /Oh my Ghod no. If you can believe that, you can believe that shrimp whistle and anarchists consort with police officers./ But even aside from the Donahoggle, conventions nowadays are only too full of the nonsense Tucker describes. I won't go into details, but the five days I spent at the Discon could be written up in a novel by James T. Farrell. In fact, those five days could be written up in a novel by Paul Williams. So watch out.

Say, editor, why don't you publish articles on vital matters like the speed of light or the tax cut? I hate to carp, but Thom Perry's article was really pretty poor Perry. Not only that, but many of his points are highly debatable due to quickly changing punctuation and grammar rules. If it's all the same with you, though, I'd just as soon not get into a debate on the placement of apostrophes. I will debate the zip code, however. If Thom will examine his mail, he will note that a majority of Americans still do not put zip codes on addresses. It should be obvious that machines to read zip codes will be absolutely useless until everyone realizes that the zip code is as essential as the name of the state. Unless you have a machine that sorts out zip-coded and non-zip-coded letters, making a travesty of the whole thing, how can you possibly put machines to work sorting mail until the country has had about two years to get used to the codes? Instead of griping like an article-writer looking for something to write about, Thom should think this thing out and give the government, evil and malicious though it may be, the benefit of the doubt.

I always thought SANE stood for Society Against Nuclear Energy. Ah well. But I object to Thom's objection to "the American tendency for using long words where short ones will do." If I weren't far from my bookshelf, I'd quote George Kennan on "the dangerous American tendency to use short, snap phrases instead of thinking things out." Kennan was talking about the American use of slogans (Better dead than red, all that sort of crap) as a great rallying point, making it very easy for Americans to go on not thinking about the policies behind the slogans. If people would realize, for instance, that this is a zone improvement plan, and not just a magic zip code, perhaps compliance would be more general.

I'm for Ted White for TAFF, of course, no matter who else is running. I don't know if there's another fan I admire more than Ted White, as a fan. His editing and writing have served as models for me, and his success in being what I think he really wants to be, an editor, is very pleasing to me. /This paragraph for future reference./

I too have resigned from the Pacificon, if it's of interest to you. I outlined my opinions to Mr. Donaho very carefully, and returned my membership card. /This paragraph is intended to rebut the erroneous -- and at this writing (August 20, 1964) uncorrected -- statement in Starsprinkle that Paul was to appear in a Pacificon fan panel. Even if Paul hadn't added his name to the fannish honor roll not attending the Pacificon, he could hardly have been in the panel anyway. Reason: Over Labor Day weekend (and for a month before and a few days after), he will be (is) (has been) within the jurisdiction of another kind of Police State. He will, that is to say, be in the Soviet Union on a Choate School scholarship tour./

I've had a bit of a problem with people who send money, too. Not many do, but those that have seem to get sort of p.o.'d when they don't hear from me for six months. I don't blame them, but that doesn't mean I have time to tell each and every one that Within will take its own .sweet time getting published. And I see no point in telling them so -- they want the fanzine, not my note. My policy is to rip the quarters from the little pieces of paper they're stuck to, pocket them, and toss letter and envelope onto level surfaces in my room. When I finally publish, I'll clean off my level surfaces and fulfill the obligations. This method must cause some consternation, but anyone who goes on a crying jag about the temporary loss of a quarter just shouldn't send it to me.

Marion's review is excellent -- it gives an idea of the plot, theme and value of the book, fulfilling precisely the demands of a good book review. I'll have to get a copy of Priestley's book. Boardman's review, on the other hand, is quite insufficient. It is not an ordinary review, surely, for it's not ordinary practice to review books that are decades out of print. The substance of the review is its plot summary of this thirty-year-old book, which, John assures us, should be buried. I can't understand why he simply didn't leave it buried.

The conclusion of Skip Williamson's column is rather immature; I get sick of people talking about the "basic evilness of mankind." If people want to sit around talking about what's wrong with our society that 38 people could watch Catherine Genovese be murdered, to what extent are these moral failings found in ourselves, and what can be done about it, fine. But the hordes of people who run around saying, "Y'know, 38 people watched this woman being murdered and not one did anything to save her? Well, it's typical. Mankind eats shit, is all," just make me sick. People like Williamson who insist on saying at every opportunity that scientists are all busy discovering new ways to destroy mankind, etc., are useless. This doesn't apply to Kubrick and Southern, who effectively pointed out specific drawbacks in our defense system and, indeed, in our government. "Dr. Strangelove" was a healthy movie. But screaming about what a jackass man is is a worse disease by far than lung cancer. Men are perhaps foolish; man is another matter.

Williamson also suffers from Thom Perry's problem of putting too little faith in the intelligence of some of the men in our government, in this instance Surgeon-General Terry and his crew. You know, it's just possible that Terry considered the fact that a great many Americans smoke, and took it into account before releasing his report. Why, there's even a possibility he might have some statistics on the subject. He might even know a little more than Skip Williamson.

Finally, I wish I knew what Williamson was trying to say. Did he do all that talking about cigarettes just to introduce the question of basic values? Is he somehow trying to defend his right to smoke cigarettes, and if so, why doesn't he just say so? Is he trying to say anything, for that matter?

"Modesty enters into this not at all" was a striking line in "Up to My Muffins"; it is a fine description of a Harlan Ellison letter. If you aren't used to H.E., this sort of thing can be very offensive. But if you can put up with his irrepressible, dominating, little-man-with-big-fists style, Harlan's letters, invariably written in self-defense, are fascinating. His letter made excellent reading. Actually, being a restrained egotist, I often think the way Harlan does, but I'd never dream of making such a public display of bravado.

As usual, Bob Coulson does a highly competent job of reviewing folk music, despite our natural differences of opinion. One thing has disturbed me greatly about Prestige records. Bonnie Dobson at Folk City has been reissued without any changes as Hootenanny with Bonnie Dobson, and several other records have received similar treatment, in each case with no indication that an earlier version existed. So, caveat emptor. /For those in our audience who don't know French, that means "Screw Prestige."/

I think Bob confuses two different magazines, one called Hootenanny, the other called something like ABC Hootenanny. The first has nothing whatever to do with the second, and I think Bob saw one issue of each. The second has a popular approach which leaves much to be desired. But the first, edited by Bob Shelton (a New York Times music critic) is excellent, and kept up its quality in the second and third issues. The other one, incidentally, has folded.

Damn it, Nirenberg, that's a busman's holiday! However, Les is right; fandom is a proving ground for the really talented and ambitious fan -- a place to learn about writing and editing, an outlet when you're not ready to publish professionally, a great media for experimenting, and a source of contacts too, but not an end in itself. For people like Coulson and Weber, who have their jobs and want to spend leisure time in a creative hobby, fandom is excellent. But the great fannish novel is just never going to be written, because by the time anyone is capable of it, he should be out of active fandom. Thus Ellison, Silverberg, Wollheim, Pohl -- the purpose of fandom is not to be a proving ground for this sort of person, but when a talented person appears in fandom he should certainly take advantage of it. And then, like Les, move on to more mundane things. The tragedy of fandom is people like Boggs, who should be doing better things. /I'm not sure what you're saying here, Paul, but I do know that Les didn't say "fandom is a proving ground for the really talented and ambitious fan"; he said fandom should be that for everyone in it. I don't agree, for reasons well-stated by Norm Clarke and Tom Perry./

Harry Warner: I wish I knew what subdivision regulations are. I may want to oppose them myself.

The opening line of Seth Johnson's letter is, I'm afraid, probably the most beautiful thing in Enclave. Seth's letter is interesting, but rather non-arguable, since he brings up a question (distribution of wealth) and skips on without bothering to answer it, and then the one point he does make is lamentable. 400 million Americans discussing philosophy? That's not too m

Ray Nelson and all the people commenting on his article /in #57/ seem to have missed a basic point of psychology. From what I understand, people are not supposed

to desire comfort or violence or anything that would be of any use in establishing a utopia. People want to be scared; they have a natural, human need for fear. Ask the experts about this. /Oh, Seth.../ I may be wrong. At any rate, I don't think any of us have much right to run around being amateur psychologists.

If you yourself are responsible for the headings this time, you should be proud. (If you aren't, you should be ashamed, because you gave no one else credit.) Pages 1, 18, 41 and 54 are especially well-executed. /Well, heh heh, we did neglect to credit Ted White for the headings on pages 9, 18, and 54 last issue, but better late than never, I guess. Others were mine; you know, the ones that weren't any good./

* * * *

ALSO HEARD FROM : Stephen E. Pickering, James Ashe, James Goodrich, Betty Elkin, about a dozen additional respondees to various goddamn plugs, and Nelson Rockefeller.

a cheap holiday

(Following is the text of an Industrial Workers of the World flyer which was passed out in front of the San Francisco Spanish Tourist Office. It was passed on to Enclave by Ray Nelson, and is published for two reasons: it's well done, and I'm interested in finding out if this issue arrives in Spain. Mack Reynolds will be sent a copy, mainly because his work is mentioned in Tom Perry's contribution, but also as a Test Case. -- jp.)

In Spain we are able to provide cheap holidays, where you, the tourist, have value for your money, good, cheap food, and fine hotels which provide good service at prices you can afford; altogether a splendid value.

How do we do this? We keep the cost of living low by preventing strikes that would put up wages. Our absence of strikes makes your holiday cheap.

However, some malicious people try to alter this situation -- and spoil your holidays. You will be glad to hear that we have ways to solve this. One is by garrotting the troublemakers.

Garrotting is a method of humane execution in which the victim is strapped to a post and slowly strangled by a metal collar tightened manually from behind. Objections to this procedure are absurd -- the entire operation need take, as in the case of the so-called "anti-fascists" Granado and Delgado last August, only half an hour.

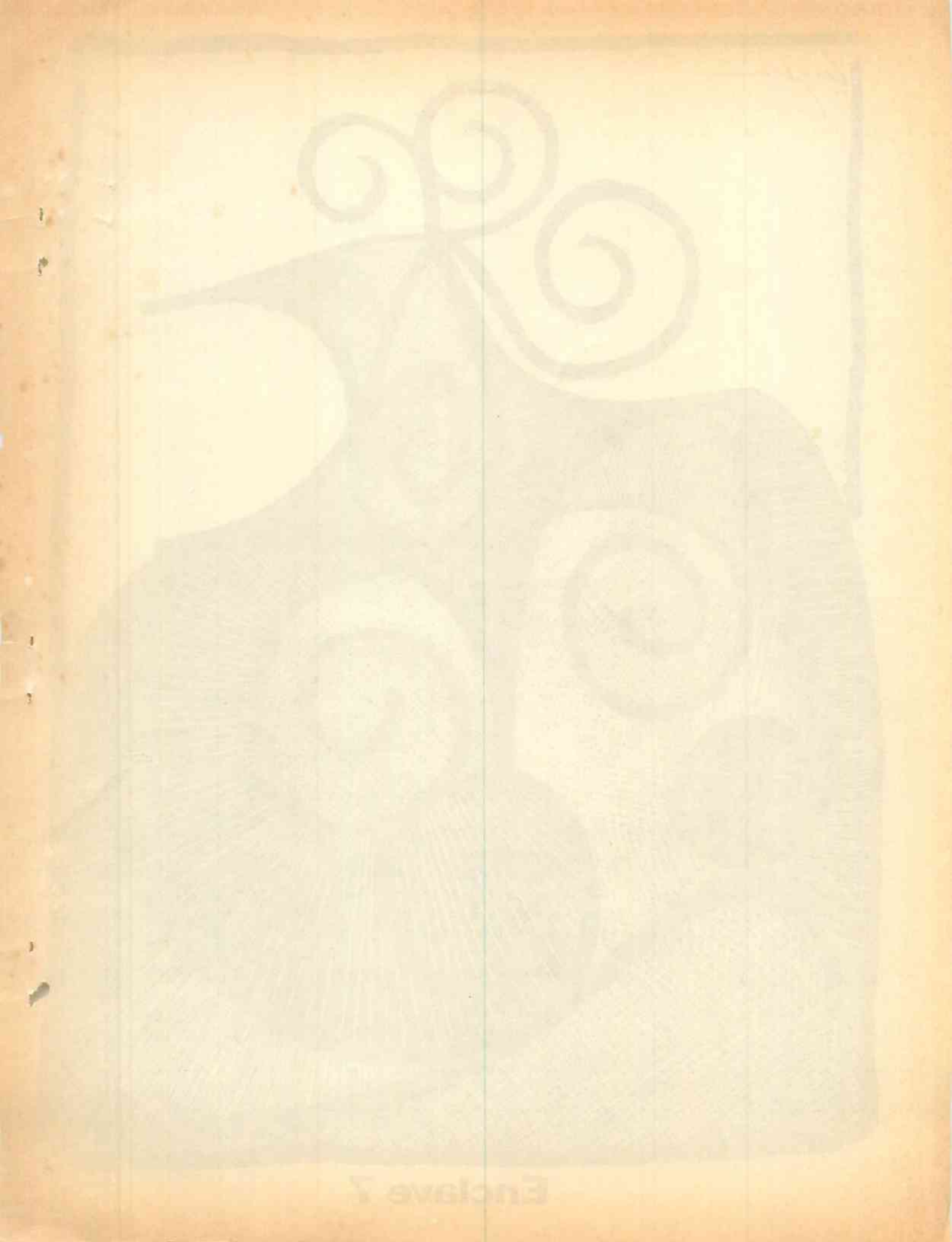
Other methods we have successfully used to discourage strikes include shaving the heads of wives of those who have the impertinence to demand higher wages, as recently with the Asturian miners. We also castrated some of the husbands.

You will be glad to know that we have modernized the medieval instruments of torture used by our forefathers of the Spanish Inquisition. We find electric shocks applied to the body's most tender and private parts particularly effective.

And any risk of your encountering unpleasantness on your cheap holiday is prevented by our jail system, where we keep opponents of pur political regime, which we have modeled closely on those of our beloved and deeply lamented friends, Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini.

So do not hesitate to book your holiday in Sunny Spain, where the cost of living -- for tourists -- is cheap and human life even cheaper.

"It's not late. It's still today." --Sandi Bethke



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