

enclave

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SKEPTICAL SKETCHES

This is Shirley a Mistake of some kind... The December issue of Cosmopolitan magazine appeared on the stands on November 26, and immediately caused a great wave of dismay/excitement/horror/apathy (circle your choice) in the microcosm. Since the first announcements in Axe, strange characters wearing propellor beanies have been haunted by one terrible question: "Is Shirley Camper a Fugghead?"

The December Cosmo didn't provide any kind of answer, as we all know at this point, and neither did the January Cosmo. I can only speculate on the reasons for her article's absence....Perhaps Ray Palmer sent his three men in black from the lower echelons of Dero-land to silence her. Wheee! Perhaps Chrys Moskowitz decided to try suing someone before. It may be that Mrs. Camper staged an inspiring rebellion against the Hearst editorial hierarchy, which tried to coerce her into mentioning only such publications as Realm of Fantasy and So What, whilst avoiding Warhoon, Amra, Xero and Cry. Cosmo has to keep its eye on freelance writers, you know, lest they provide free piñolas to obviously superior publications....

Maybe my sense of wonder is running away with me. After all, she could have missed the deadline. Especially after the Chicon.

I have more than the average fan's interest in Mrs. Camper's article. It happened, you see, that my now-defunct first fanzine, Smudge, was the indirect cause of her assignment. Her son (Fred) was a charter subscriber, and through Smudge got on the mailing lists of quite a few good fanzines. All this is by way of admitting that I should get my fair share of the blame for whatever atrocities ensue.

And atrocities will ensue. Unless one is optimistic to the point of inanity, no other possibility regarding a mass-mag treatment of fanac is likely.

Speaking of which, I was toying with the idea of how Cosmo or any similar magazine might handle Coulsonian capsule fanzine reviews. Here are a few of my efforts. They should be read with righteous indignation. (Everything in mass magazines must be read with righteous indignation.....)

POINTING VECTOR: a very crudely reproduced magazine which is beneath contempt for a number of reasons. Disparaging remarks about

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such upstanding Americans as Dwight Eisenhower and J. Edgar Hoover are scattered throughout. I can't find John Boardman's name on the Attorney General's List, but he ought to be there!

PAVIC BUTTON: an unAmerican publication loaded with allegedly "arty" poetry and prose. We readers of the Saturday Evening Cruel know of the type of people editor Nirenberg is obviously aiming at; starry-eyed idealists who go to Bergman movies and wear beards. The Panic Button is unconventional, which is bad in case you didn't know it.

YANDRO: This one comes out of the great state of Indiana, but it certainly has nothing in common with Homer Capehart! The editors, a Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, try to convince readers of their folksiness in twin editorials; but both of them listen to folk music, which is sufficient evidence of their unfolksiness.

WARHOON: It's about science fiction. Have you ever heard anything so silly? [At this point our mass mag's reviews are interrupted with a full page "Coming Next Month" house ad, which proclaims such intriguing features as "Norman Vincent Peale on the Cuban Crisis", "New Hope for Quadruple Amputees", "I Found God in the Lost and Found" and "Our P.T.A. Made \$50,000. by Opening a Bookie Joint."]

And Watch Out
for Red Herrings!

I have something here that might be of interest to the rightists in our midst. I was leafing through a dictionary the other day (Webster's Approved -- you can use it in Golden Minutes if you like, Buck) and while the pages plopped satisfyingly I happened upon the definition of a Red Grouper. It's "a large food fish, about three feet long, frequenting the waters of the southeastern coast of the U.S." Not too close to Guantanamo, I hope....

Something Rickety
This Way Comes

Ray Bradbury's new novel, Something Wicked This Way Comes, disturbed me greatly, but not in the manner its author intended. Bradbury's short stories in Dark Carnival (and in The October Country; they're mostly the same stories) deserve all the praise they have received, but they demonstrate that Bradbury is best in small doses. In his straight fantasy and sf tales as well as his "flabbergasted-little-kids" stories (which comprise large portions of A Medicine for Melancholy and The Golden Apples of the Sun), Bradbury is so consistent that he becomes boring. For twenty years or more, he has continued to display unembarrassed wonder at things that have long since lost their luster for his faithful, jaded readers. Even with his relatively small output, could Bradbury be a stylistic hack? Maybe.

Something Wicked is but another excursion into Bradbury's favorite worlds, where childish wonder is remarkably wonderful, and deep, dark mysteries are awfully mysterious, gang. The background is an appropriately sinister carnival freak show not unlike that which served Charles C. Finney so well in The Circus of Dr. Lao. For Bradbury, it isn't enough. He shows plenty of arrogance in the name of one of his protagonists: Jim Nightshade!?! It seems that Nightshade and Will Halloway, a pair of Atypical American Boys, are prone to let their imaginations go wild upon the arrival of Cooger and Dark's Pandemonium Shadow Show. They develop severe cases of paranoia (Bruce Berry-itis), and it is then Bradbury's job to sustain this condition interestingly for the rest of the 317 pages. He is not altogether successful.

All of the successful Bradbury short story ingredients are here, including a bloodier-than-usual massacre of standard English

usage. The plotline is rickety and hardly worth more than a short novel, Galaxy type -- that means about 20,000 words. I think it will be tedious reading for anyone who has never before encountered Ray Bradbury; for the long-time follower of Mr. B., it's sheer horror.

But again, not the kind of horror Bradbury intended.

If excess stomach acid can burn a hole in this handkerchief, think what Strontium 90 and Iodine 131 are doing to your atmosphere!!!

Disillusionment, Inc. When I was twelve years old in 1959 (for it would have been difficult for me to be twelve years old in any other year), I was held spellbound by Boris Karloff as the Monster in Universal's original 1932 production of "Frankenstein". Boris Karloff seemed to me the epitome of all that was wonderfully evil, and I relished his every celluloid resurrection. But I was in for a rude awakening. I learned somewhere, probably in a magazine article, that Boris Karloff had made kiddie records! Yes, the Frankenstein Monster it(him?)self had recorded saccharine-coated narrations of fairy tales! It couldn't be, but it was. I saw the album jacket myself a few weeks after, and I never felt quite the same about Karloff. Phony Karloff!

Something similar happened to me only a few weeks ago. When asked to name the most skillful weavers of the short fantasy tale (an unlikely occurrence, I know, but a useful device nevertheless), one might blurt out "Roald Dahl" along with Fred Brown, Matheson, Sheckley and others. Dahl's stories can usually be picked apart with great ease, but they are still among the cleverest anywhere, and Dahl's craftsmanlike execution often makes up for structural superficiality. Let the traditionalists have their moldy HPBs and Tolkeins....I'll take Dahl's highly-polished ten-page gems.

But do you know what Dahl is doing now? I'll give it to you straight, as Long John Nebel (local radio character) is always saying. Picture yourself in a bookstore, passing a table overloaded with oversized childrens' books. Picture yourself walking past, and then doing an almost imperceptible double-take. You go back to the table, and you see it. Roald Dahl's name. And a title:

James and The Giant Peach.

The one man among ghouls who never deserted his on-stage craft comes to mind: Good Old Un-Phoney Lugosi. Can't you see old Bela, after a hard day on the set of "Son of Dracula" or any of his other low-budget potboilers, going home and taking his daily shot? (At this point we hear in the background a Jonathan Winters sound effect: zoooooolllllpppp!)

Problems of Socialist Agriculture Dept.:

SOVIET VIRGIN AREA
SHORT OF GOAL AGAIN

(N.Y. Times headline, 11/13/62)

/Can't they do anything right over there?/

"What's That Again?" The New York Post is, so far as I know, the only publication of any real significance in the country that features regular criticism of the press. The criticism of magazines, specifically, is carried out in a weekly column called "Magazine Rack", by one Al Horne. In his column of November 18, Horne looked disparagingly on the differences in the "quotations"

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of Richard Nixon as reported by our two leading news magazines upon Nixon's departure from his "last press conference". Time, you see, had reported that Nixon said the following to his Press Secretary, Herbert Klein:

"I know you don't agree. I gave it to them right in the behind. It had to be said, goddammit. It had to be said."

On the other hand, Newsweek quoted Nixon thusly:

"I know you didn't want me to do that. I gave it to those goddam bastards just where they deserved it."

Whereupon the Post's Horne blared: "Perhaps what we need -- newspapers as well as newsmagazines -- is some new punctuation device to distinguish between the verifiable quotation and the educated guess."

Will anyone venture to guess that Time and Newsweek will be using our own "quasi-quotes" five, ten, or twenty years from now?

The Era of the
Cheap \$5. Word

"To a considerable degree, Kennedy's own personality stamps his Administration. He is tough-minded, quick, incisive, highly articulate, a machine gun talker who uses \$5. Words. (For example, today's problems are not "complicated"; they are "sophisticated".)"

-- from an Associated Press article by Reiman Morin

"Calling the /election/ results his 'great victory', /West German Defense Minister Franz Josef/ Straus said it showed the 'correctness of our policy, in spite of the events of the last few weeks.' The 'Spiegel affair', he said, had not influenced the voters."

-- New York Times, 11/26/62

Franz Josef Straus suppressed the press,
Received a vote of confidence,
The voters weren't at all perturbed
When Mister Straus became disturbed
At certain of the journalists
Who had Franz Josef on their lists
Of undesirables in Bonn --
'Twas on their trail Herr Straus was on!
He looked into Der Spiegel; That
Was where Franz Josef smelled a rat
Der Spiegel is "The Mirror", friends,
And here our sordid fable ends:
The rat, it seems, was just a mouse
Who called himself Franz Josef
Straus.

Which Twin
Has The Phoney?

"Further depreciation of our dollar through deficit spending must be halted. The time to stop it is now; the way to stop it is to begin living within our income. We cannot stand idly by while our heritage is frittered away on potions and nostrums by economic charlatans whose only claim to fame lies in their former peddling of academic theory and nonsense" -- Sen. John Tower (R-Tex.) in A Program for Conservatives (Macfadden Books #50-152, 60¢)

"ALBANY, Dec. 4 (AP) -- Major contributors to the Conservative Party in New York State were reported today...In an accounting, the Conservative Party reported contributions of \$167,424 and expenses of \$199,142. The statement gave no indication of how the deficit would be met." -- New York Times, 12/5/62

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Case of Conscience might be interested in the following, from that ultrahighbrow periodical called TV Guide, specifically an article entitled "Life is a Spiral Staircase".

Today Bud Collyer is 54 years old. Through all these years of changing and frenzied activity, only one thing has remained constant in his life: his religion. When he is not on camera, religion guides his major activities. It is the almost exclusive object of his thoughts and conversation.

Religion is the central theme of his family life. He is married to ex-radio actress Marian Shockley, and his three children are now more or less grown up... "From the time our children were very small," Bud explains, "they knew that there was Somebody Else in our family. They couldn't see Him. They couldn't touch His hand. They learned early that when they spoke to Him, He had His own ways of answering....He became a part of everything they said, and did, not one day a week, but seven. God became as familiar and welcome at our house as anybody's Uncle Joe.

Bud, indeed, considers God "the realiest member of our family," and solemnly recounts, while consuming his leisurely lunch, how God has helped Cynthia to pass exams, has advised the Colliers on business contracts, and most recently how He saved Bud's life by guiding his hand to a lump on his leg -- allowing him to discover it just in time for surgery.

With all of those capitals, I thought at first that Bud might have been referring to Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. But the best part of the article comes a few paragraphs before those quoted above. It has a more striking effect, however, at this point:

Perhaps Collyer's most notable role of all was Superman, which he played from 1938 to 1952. "I loved Superman," he says, "the guy who could fly through the air. It was the ultimate in unabashed corn...."

Statement of Policy? This will not be one of those revolting little paeans to funac you see in so many first issues, annishes, or other publishing "occasions". I realize that introductory remarks calculated to precipitate soggy memories ten years from now are traditional at this point, but then I don't expect Enclave to be traditional. Furthermore, I'm no Redd Boggs.

What I want to say is quite simple; a word or three on the type of material I want to publish.

I want to publish what is good, and what I like.

I want articles, fiction, a few columns, and artwork. I won't restrict subject matter to comic art or science fiction, political commentary of faanishness. I want all of these in Enclave, but at the same time I will make no attempts to balance the material in any given issue.

I'll try to adhere to a bimonthly schedule. Good, solid letters of comment are requested and will be printed. Regular letter-hacking will insure your place on the mailing list. You can send (Continued on page 20)

JIM WARREN ANSWERS HIS CRITICS....



I. The Publishing Game

Publishing isn't a game. But if it were, the name of the game would be Money.

Let's take a look at a few publishing successes: Life, The New Yorker, Mad, Playboy and American Heritage. I cite these examples because each of them represented something new when they arrived on the publishing scene.

Life was heavily bankrolled for Henry Luce by a group of private investors who had liked Luce's idea for Time. Time, in time, gave birth to Life.

Harold Ross, editor and creator of The New Yorker, was backed by a millionaire family.

Mad, I am told, was backed by E.C. family money to the tune of \$75,000.

If memory serves correctly, I recall reading somewhere that Hugh Hefner borrowed \$10,000 to launch Playboy, and eventually he bought out the interests of his original investors.

And American Heritage was created with an initial investment of some \$60,000.

* * *

I am sure there are notable exceptions, but for the most part, publishing is a Money Game. It is a business. I'm also sure that had the aforementioned publications failed, most of the lost investment would not have been sorely missed; it would have been written off as a healthy tax loss to the individuals involved. Needless to say, I am happy that none of the above publications failed. Each brought something fresh and good to the reading public. They deserved to succeed.

Now let me describe another type of publishing venture. This one was born with an original idea -- as all good magazines are -- but lacked the attractiveness to secure any outside capital. Not only did potential investors think the idea was silly, and represented sheer disaster insofar as money is concerned -- but most of the established publishers laughed the would-be publisher out of their offices.

But somehow the publisher found a distributor. Somehow he managed to talk a printer into giving him credit. Somehow he talked an editor into trusting him for the payment for writing the mag. Somehow he pasted up the issue himself. And somehow, the issue hit

JIM WARREN is publisher of Help!, Famous Monsters and Screen Thrills. Collectors of Lupoffiana will recall his first fanzine appearance, in Xero #5, where Jim's cartoons earned him the comment "Rising Young Talent". Enclave is privileged to present here Mr. Warren's answer to such fannish epithets as "Schlock Operation!" Comments, readers?

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PUBLISHING PRAGMATISM

the stands. All this was accomplished without outside (or investment) money. It meant that the publisher had to sleep in bus stations at night during his trips to New York City distributors. It meant that coffee and Hershey bars had to substitute for lunches and dinners. It meant a hell of a lot of other things that hurt -- especially when you're in your twenties and most of your contemporaries are holding down respectable jobs and drawing respectable salaries.

Well, the gods were with that "crazy publisher" with that "crazy idea". Since that first issue (with the improbable title of Famous Monsters of Filmland), the publisher has invested well over a million dollars in subsequent issues of additional magazines. In each instance, he has signed his personal guarantee for every dollar. And he always will.

The Name of the Game is still Money.

* * *

II. Money and Artistic Success

Purity is forever the goal of the Fan. The Fan sees his field of interest through the eyes of a young man with his first love. The world spins in perfect orbit; time is laced with truth and beauty. Then they get married -- which is the ultimate expression of love -- and he gives himself forever and to accept the grace of she who was once a total stranger.

And love is pure, in every heart, when life is free. The intense young man sees his girl in a form unreal, a touch of loveliness at nature's finest bloom. The two will love, have a moment's touch of eternity, and then (our Hero thinks) they will live together in bliss.

So they live together 24 hours a day. No longer does he only see her at the golden moments when she is a prepared shrine of desire. No longer do they walk with hands entwined, and dance along a street that turns into flowered walks. On Friday nights, when week's work is done, the joy of weekend freedom won -- is lost. There is now the time to pay the bills.

The rent is due.

The food must be purchased.

The apartment must be cleaned.

Furniture must be paid for.

And his true love has turned from a shrine of desire into -- a housekeeper! And she must visit a beauty parlor once a week. That costs \$40.00 a month. She becomes unhappy with the neighborhood. Wants to move. The apartment is too small, and she -- his love -- comes equipped with relatives.

So it goes. Had he not married, he could have loved, but never lived. Man needs both: the love that compels him, and the

living through which he creates a home, a family, a work of art -- or a business organization.

* * *

I was the wide-eyed young man in love with publishing. My love was pure, so I married it. I published Famous Monsters. With that very first issue, my life began. And what living!

"You mean you want that much for a full-color cover?" "Look, it's just a simple typesetting job. Why the hell is it so expensive?" "Are you kidding? I can't pay that for engravings!" "What do you mean, the local wholesaler wants a rebate of 3½¢ per copy?" "I know we use a freight car load of paper every issue, but cut the price!" "Forry, drop everything! The next issue has to be out in one week. OK? I'll grab the next plane for Los Angeles. Don't worry -- we'll work around the clock over the weekend. We'll make it!"

"Look fellas, I've got 350,000 magazines printed and paid for. You've got to ship them. I know you've got a strike on your hands, but those mags have to get out!" "You won't distribute my magazine in Peoria? Why not? But this is crazy -- there are thousands of people out there in love with the romance and mystique of the horror film!"

"OK, Warren. They love you. All those readers out there love you. And they all love horror films. But will they buy the magazine? Love is one thing; plunking down good money for the magazine is another. We've seen too many "pure" guys create a good title, but a "pure" one, and go down the drain to the accompanying tune of tens of thousands of dollars. Everything goes down the drain. Love, title, money, time -- everything."

* * *

When you are a Fan, you can love. Now that you're a Publisher, you have to live with Publishing 24 hours a day. You've got to work at it hard. You put your money, time, and future right on the line.-- not those fans out there, but you. Fans can still love, but you can't. You can't because you're living with it. You can get hurt. You can fail. You've got to develop your magazine so that you can still hold it up as a labor of love, but you must also develop it so that it can continue to live.

In publishing, as in real life, lovers are notoriously poor providers.

-- Jim Warren

Sneaky Plugs Dept. "We won't have to," Smith went on. "If we push the craft it will begin moving. Left to itself it will only go so high and then fall back to the center, but with the rocket coming behind us, we will be helped by the shock wave of air that precedes it. If we are motionless, that shock wave will not be able to overcome our inertia and we will crash. If we are already moving, then some of the inertia will already have been overcome and the shock wave will move us along a little faster. The air between will serve as an effective cushion and the second rocket will approach more and more slowly as we move faster and faster. It will push us, if you like. It will push us four thousand miles."

The driver nodded. "Yes, I remember reading something like that in The Intelligent Man's Guide to Science..."

As the editor of a recently disintegrated fanzine devoted to the Kurtzmanian satire field, I was often asked which of the contemporary satire magazines was my favorite. My answer was usually Help!, but I knew I was being a purist and a pedant when I refrained from naming the funniest satiric publication of all. Of course, I refer to Bill Buckley's National Review.



FIRST OF TWO PARTS

The intentional satire of National Review is pitifully obvious. It is only in the straight-faced editorial matter that the real wit of this conservative compendium is discernable. If you can suppress the genuine fright you might feel when you realize that some people take NR seriously, it is easily the funniest magazine in the country. And as kids in New York and perhaps elsewhere say, that's both "funny ha-ha" and "funny peculiar".

To begin this survey of an American Publishing Phenomenon, I dig out the issue immediately preceding the last Presidential election. The cover date is November 5, 1960. This issue is just chock full of goodies, so let's analyze it without further ado.

Here we have a review of a book called The Negro in American Civilization by Nathaniel Weyl; NR's reviewer is Willmoore Kendall. The primary merit of Mr. Kendall's review is its levity and all-around brightness. The opening sentence goes into a category we'll look at more closely later -- a category called "Right-Wing Revelations". I'll simply reprint that sentence and let you stare at it awhile:

No one can read The Negro in American Civilization by Nathaniel Weyl (Public Affairs Press, \$6.) without realizing: (a) that we have long needed a compendious and objective survey of the facts about the American Negro...; (b) that we -- not merely "we" in America but "we" in the West -- do have a "Negro problem", the mishandling of which may be the instrument we shall use to destroy ourselves...

Aren't you glad that Willmoore Kendall and his cohorts have gotten the word at last? Cheeee, fellas, there's a problem. Perhaps if we wait another hundred years ol' Willmoore will think up a possible solution or two. I wouldn't want to disband the NAACP in the meantime, though....it's like holding your breath whilst waiting for Godot.

Later on, Mr. Kendall notes that the Weyl book propounds the viewpoint that states "Negroes, on the average, just plain chalk up lesser scores on intelligence tests than whites, and with greater difficulty than whites, at school. They just plain do commit fantastically more crimes, proportionally, and more violent crimes, than whites. And Weyl believes that these statistical tendencies have -- at least at our present state of understanding -- to be explained in large part...by terms of biological inheritance." (End of quote.) Mr. Kendall is more than willing to accept Mr. Weyl's thesis. In fact, he jumps at the chance to embrace it. ¹

¹For an excellent refutation, see "Scientific Racism" by Donald C. Simmons in The New Republic, January 3, 1963

One of the funniest sections of NR is the half-page box headed "For The Record". Still perusing the issue of November 5, we discover in that department a real sizzler. To wit: "At Chicago meeting of SANE (nuclear disarmament outfit) resolution was adopted stating that no agreement on cessation of tests would be effective without 'Peoples' China'." Either NR is performing another of its semantic somersaults by looking with scorn at the characterization of China as "peoples'" (I hate to tell you, Buckley, it's Mao's adjective, not SANE's...), or this is another manifestation of the magazine's child-like disbelief in the present Chinese government, and its corresponding devotion to the beneficent and Pro-*Western* Chiang. At any rate, another reason I like NR is contained within unintentionally satiric innuendo such as this. Yeah, I like NR. It's just that I wouldn't want my sister to marry William F. Buckley, Jr.

On page 272, James Burnham has one of NR's early pieces on the Congo. The Far Left, you will remember, made Patrice Lumumba a martyr. National Review was here taking its first faltering steps toward making Moise Tshombe a martyr without even getting killed first. It was a lovely spectacle on the Right: NR's exhortations in the name of Mr. Tshombe and Union Miniere were re-written in the most widely-circulated conservative publications (i.e. 75 or 85 percent of the daily papers) and finally, in a blinding blaze of brotherhood, legislators of the Eastland-Thurmond ilk were expressing their heartfelt devotion to Tshombe on the floor of the Senate. Author Burnham must be excused for his diatribe's heading -- he may not have been responsible. It is, tastelessly enough, "At the Crack of Khrushchev's Whip". Nicky must have been damned surprised to see what his whiplash wrought....

Unfortunately for NR, on page 277 a young man named Robert Schuchmann takes a stab at intentional burlesque. (Schuchmann was at the time chairman of Young Americans for Freedom, about which more later.) His contribution, a fantasy on the New Frontier's cabinet appointments, is typified by these lines:

ANNOUNCER: It appears that they are the only contenders for the post -- but -- just a moment, ladies and gentlemen. There is a disturbance in the hall and -- my goodness! This is spectacular...Thousands of doves are flying into the ballroom! They are pulling a huge golden chariot, and the aroma of incense fills the hall! The chariot is carrying -- yes, ladies and gentlemen -- it is carrying ADLAI STEVENSON! Governor Stevenson is dressed in the official uniform of the Indian Congress Party. He is also wearing the fez given to him for this occasion by President Sekou Toure. The Governor is tossing olive branches....

Following this jolly frivolity, Frank S. Meyer tells his readers about the televised debates of 1960. He no like. Dick no good, he say. Jack worse, he bellow. Therefore he concludes: "The hope of this country is not in the next President...we must look /to/ the Congress; to the rapidly growing conservative leadership that is being thrust up /?/?/ in all areas of American life; to the constitutional tradition, the love of freedom, the love of country, that, despite all efforts at eradication, still remain deeply implanted in American breasts." Doesn't that just get you right here? Right where? Best guess wins a genuine vinylite plastic statue of Herbert Hoover.

Before we leave this first NR under examination, we shall stop for a moment in the Classified Ads. Exhibit A, under the "Literary" classification, states bluntly: "POLITICAL WRITING, CONSERVATIVE: can change Liberal thinking. Articles, selling copy; consumer or academic styles." I haven't been very fannish so far, so I'll grab the opportunity at this point to say "It certainly is a wonderful thing." Exhibit 10.....enclave #1

B is under "Travel". There's no need to reproduce the ad; suffice it to say that is on behalf of "Birchwood Inn -- the inn with a personality". Presumably an Impeach-Earl-Warren personality. Our final exhibit is a simple one, so totally in step with NR's editorial ideology: "BOOKS ON ANTIQUES and their prices. Free circular!..."

* * *

As we jump ahead six months, the most intriguing item in the issue of May 6, 1961 is an article by Henry Hazlitt. The title itself is food for the Sense of Wonder: "How to Taper Off Foreign Aid". Mr. Hazlitt begins with the assumption -- to him a fact -- that economic assistance has been an almost totally disastrous fiasco. He has damn little evidence, and the other side seems to have plenty, but let's let it ride. How, asks Hazlitt, "can we extricate ourselves from the program with the least awkwardness?" Step right up, folks, it's as easy as A-B-C. Instead of aid, we offer loans. Well, says the unbeliever (in the divinity of Goldwater), that's not too radical, except for the fact that those areas most in need of aid are least able to repay loans. As a matter of fact, we've been offering loans for years. But Hazlitt goes on: "Congress would write into law the conditions for eligibility for such loans. Among the conditions might be the following: The borrowing government would have to refrain from additional socialization or nationalization of industry, or any further expropriation or seizure of capital, domestic or foreign. It would undertake to halt inflation. The borrowing government, for example, might agree not to increase the money supply by more than 5 percent in any given year....The borrowing government might be required to dismantle any exchange controls...."

In short, Mr. Hazlitt would want to institute a sort of international loyalty oath (loyalty to laissez-faire) as a prerequisite to loans. "What's Good for General Motors, is good for the U.S.A." Was someone saying, the other day, that among respectable men the doctrine of colonialism is dead? That's what you think.

But I repeat, although Hazlitt and the rest of the NR crowd continually propose schemes worthy of the late Fred Allen (an 11-foot pole for people you wouldn't touch with a 10-foot pole), they are taking themselves seriously. This makes them all the more ludicrous -- at least until they demonstrate political potency, which they have. Last year, Louisiana Know-Nothing Otto Passman succeeded in lopping off \$0.8 billion from President Kennedy's foreign aid bill. (He wanted a slash of \$1.1 billion.)

The May 6th issue also marks the first important NR jaunt into the world of Edwin Walker. An editorial, headed "Ten-shun!", begins:

"The following letter, signed by a company grade officer whose name we withhold, gives another view of life under General Walker, recently humiliated for allegedly committing heinous political crimes."

The soldier, if he is a soldier, begins in this way: "Firstly, it Walker's 'Pro-Blue Program' is not affiliated in any way with the John Birch Society. It is an all-encompassing program teaching positive belief in God, American heritage, and anti-Communism." All very commendable, right? Wrong. Whose anti-Communism did Walker purvey? Was it that of Norman Thomas, or John Kennedy, or Robert Taft, or was it that of Robert Welch? I would feel much happier about the indoctrination if it were the anti-Communism of Kennedy being drilled into the captive audience, but even in that event, it would be in dubious legitimacy since the audience is captive. As for "American heritage" -- well, I like the magazine, myself -- actually I shudder to think of Edwin Walker's concept of "American heritage" after his insane behavior at Ole Miss some time ago. I hardly need point out that a program extolling "positive belief in God" to the

military, by their superiors, is downright outlandish.

Incidentally, dear readers of Enclave, I'd like to pass on a little more of that soldier's letter. "...you might drop General Walker a letter of encouragement, c/o 2nd Infantry Division, APO 112, New York, N.Y." Just in case you're interested....(no, on second thought I don't think the address is any good now.)

Frank S. Meyer is back, this time with a look at "The Conservative Movement: Growing Pains". He has a gift for juxtaposition, you know? Not to mention a penchant for oversized sentences. Sample:

"A proper understanding of the double enemy we face -- Communism and Liberalism -- and of the interaction between them is essential if these disparate emphases /the differing motives of different rightists/ are to be united in a single movement in defense of a free republic against internal and external enemies."

In the Classified, one is mildly surprised (but only mildly) at the repetition of one word particularly dear to NR. A teacher and headmaster in search of work describes himself as "well educated, fine character, conservative." A "RECENT COLLEGE GRADUATE" seeks a position, reminding us that he's "conservative". Public Action, a "legislative service", screams "CONSERVATIVES! Help block leftist measures and support sound ones, by sending skillfully aimed and carefully timed letters..." The trend reaches its unlikely conclusion with an ad beginning "BEAUTIFUL GIRL is willing to part with beautiful auto -- cream white 1960 MGA with wire wheels, white walls, and only 4600 miles -- for very conservative price..."

* * *

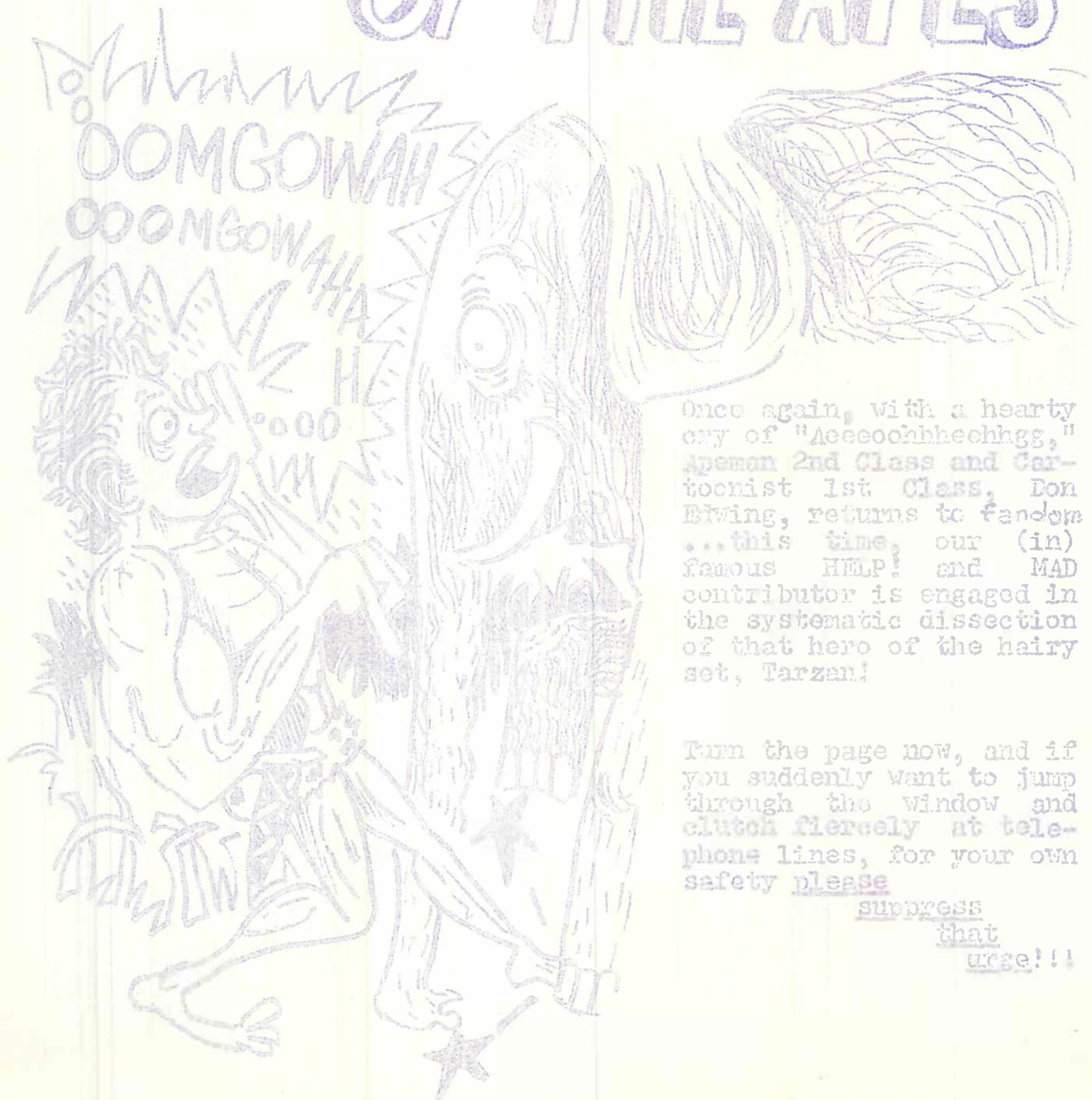
The issue of November 4, 1961 features the single finest "Right-Wing Revelation" I've encountered in years of NR scanning. It comes from "In This Issue," the page-one Self-Ego-bo column that is a fixture of too many magazines. "We feature," it begins, "an analysis by Otto Von Hapsburg of the conservative tendency to consider that labor unions are organically opposed to freedom..." (Otto, pretender to the thrones of Austria and Hungary, shatters this "tendency", but he does it meekly -- that is, conservatively. He concludes by saying that "Conservatism and trade unionism are not organic rivals. They are destined to be brothers and allies in the defense of liberty." Which must have scared the hell out of the U.A.M., not to mention the AFL-CIO.

Still, one is struck with the indiscriminate manner in which NR snickers. It laughs at the unfunniest things. "After the 30-megaton Soviet explosion, The Washington Post donned its vestments and delivered a 100-megaton funeral oration. 'Unnumbered hundreds of thousands ...will die before their time...Others will be born with infirmities that never would have been visited upon them! Yea, some born even a thousand years from now...' From all of which the Post concludes that we must find 'new resolve that such blasphemy against creation not be repeated.' Which means we won't test, while we cannot guarantee the Soviets won't, which means the Soviets will eventually attain nuclear superiority, which guarantees a Soviet world. Yea, some born even a thousand years from now will weep, because the Post buried the wrong body."

Remember that the Post was denouncing Soviet nuclear tests. This was what NR chose to ridicule. Was my favorite satiric magazine trying a bit too hard here? Had it become so arrogant in its own wit that it became sickening? And on the same page was an editorial on the sixteenth anniversary of the United Nations. It was headed "Put the Poor Thing Out of its Misery".

Another NR trait is habitual self-contradiction. NR has often
12.....enclave #1 (Continued on page 20)

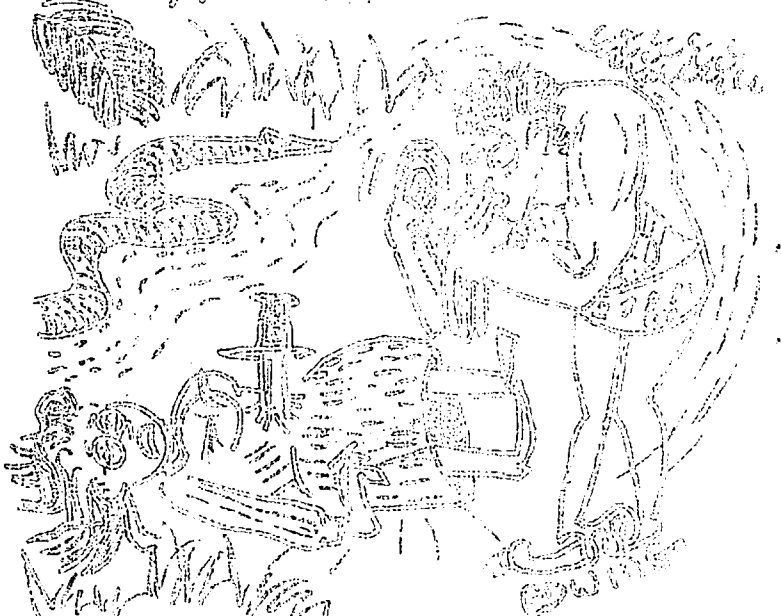
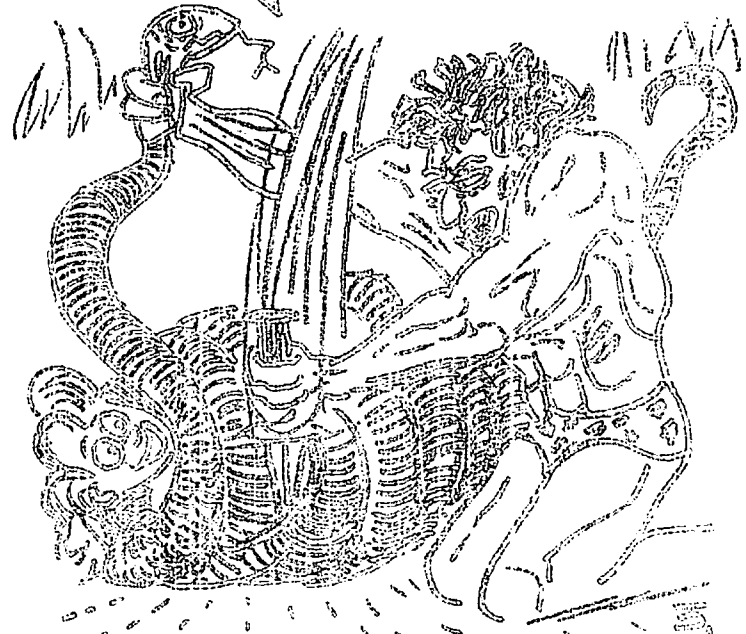
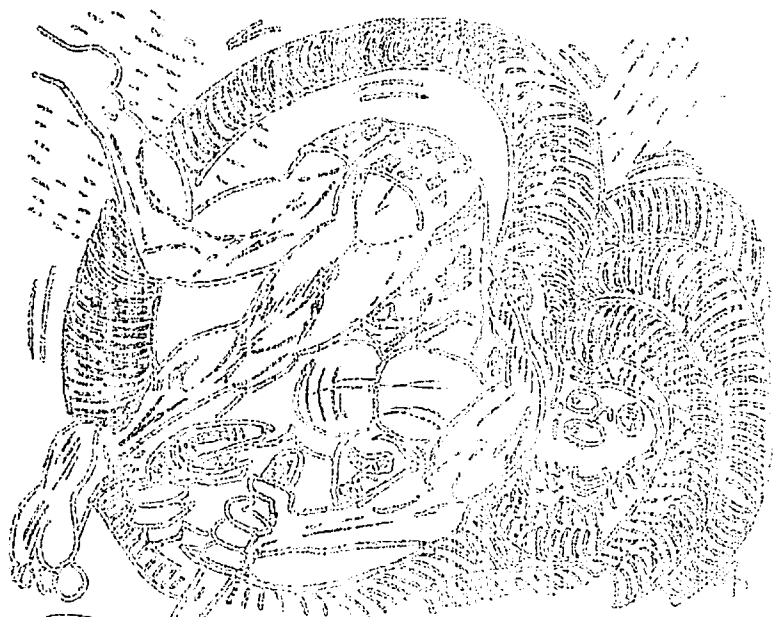
EDWIN OF THE APES

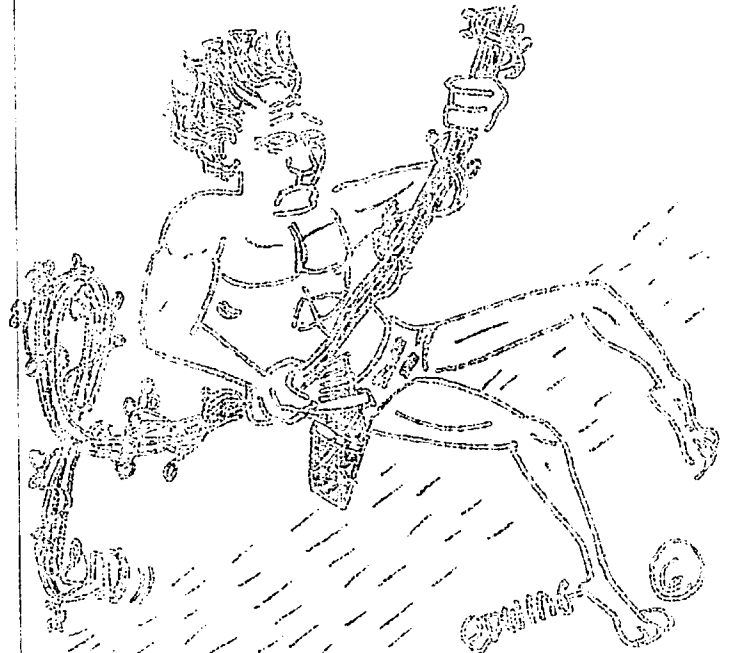
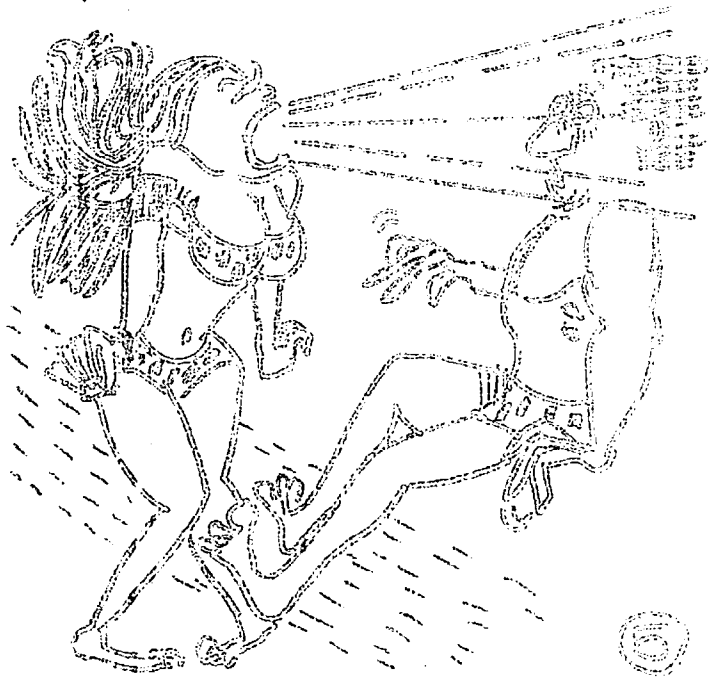
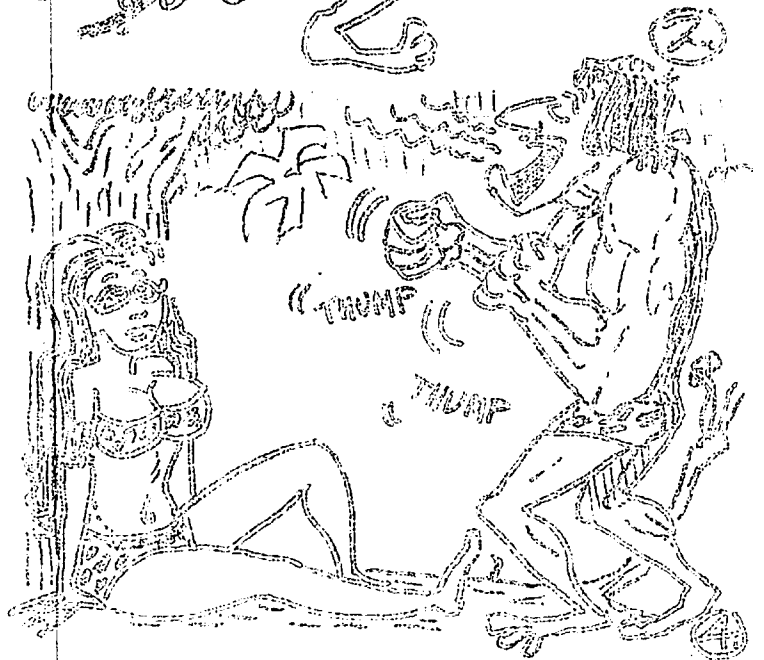
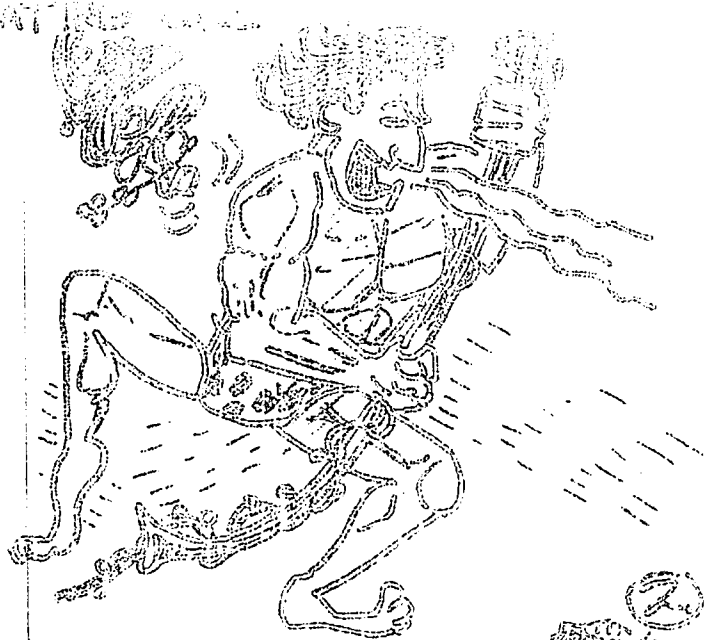
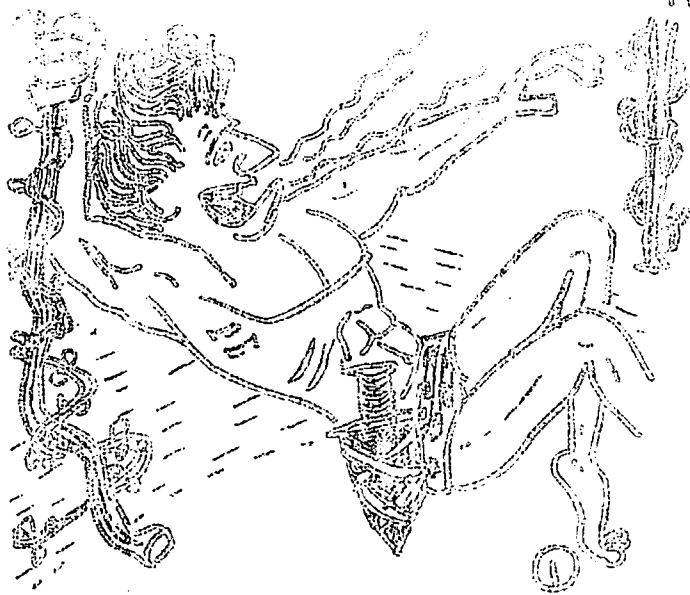


Once again, with a hearty cry of "Aeeeoohhhechhgg," Apeman 2nd Class and Cartoonist 1st Class, Don Edwing, returns to fandom ...this time, our (in) famous HELP! and MAD contributor is engaged in the systematic dissection of that hero of the hairy set, Tarzan!

Turn the page now, and if you suddenly want to jump through the window and clutch fiercely at telephone lines, for your own safety please

suppress
that
urge!!!





TURN THE RASCALS OUT

A CALM, RATIONAL APPEAL FROM SAME

Are you being duped by filthy leftists who scream and rant against "The Bomb"? The newly formed Committee for the SAME Nuclear Policy proposes to be an antidote to the shifty-eyed pinks in our midst -- such unscrupulous characters as Bertrand Russell, Linus Pauling, Norman Thomas and Homer Jack. After all, what do they know?

We at SAME stand unafraid in the midst of these vicious appeasers, knowing full well that the Fallout Shelter is our only protection. We place our faith (what there is of it) in Bigger and Better Bombs (The B-B-B Plan), lovingly referred to in our literature as "Our Big Atomic Pals."

Our Board of Supervisors includes many distinguished Americans who know war; its glories and gallantry, the abundance of patriotism, and (most important) its morally solidifying effect on all parts of the population. These well-known side effects of war have been present consistently in ordinary, run-of-the-mill, "conventional" war. Think of the glories, then, to be had in unconventional war through the use of our "Big Atomic Pals."

Help us stamp out Godless Communism and maybe the human race to boot. "Conventional" war always brings with it great prosperity. It doesn't take much thinking to extend this great Maxim and conclude that Nuclear War will bring us the greatest boom in history! We can prove, once and for all, the superiority of the Free Enterprise System.

We are secure in the knowledge that our "Pals" are every bit as good as theirs. This must always be the case, disarmament or no disarmament! SAME cannot be identified with radical organizations that are utterly and irrevocably against disarmament -- we favor it as long as it doesn't apply to us.

If you would like to help us spread our Message throughout the country with ads like this one, please contribute to SAME today. You may mail your check directly to SAME headquarters, or, on the other hand, you may simply pay your federal income taxes next year and not gripe about spiraling "defense" expenditures. Write your Congressman in support of more and better "Big Atomic Pals" -- our direct road to lasting and perhaps eternal peace!

COMMITTEE FOR THE SAME NUCLEAR POLICY^o BOX C-14
STROUTS RD, NY

SAME believes in: The B-B-B Plan; Nuclear Leapfrog; Compulsory Shelter Program; A weakened UN and a strengthened AEC. SPONSORS OF SAME include Sen. Barry Goldwater, Richard Welch, Daddy Warbucks, Dr. Talbot Edwar, and Nick Khrushchev. Send for free SAME literature: "1000 Things To Do In Your Fallout Shelter During Nuclear Holocaust"; "There are Peace-mongers In Our Midst," (a frightening exposé including chapter on White House pickets "He Gave Them Coffee!"); and "I Love My Big Atomic Pals," a story book for children.

and!

a column by
Skip Williamson

I was wondering just how anyone in Mundania could actually refute Fandom. I mean, I've heard stories and read articles in dozens of assorted fanzines about how someone from the outside world will drive a lone fan publisher into the ground, ostracize him on the spot, and show him that Fandom is nothing more than a ring of stale baloney. Something like this hasn't really happened to me, but I suppose it will. The only reason it hasn't happened thus far is probably because the community I live in is strictly from Hunger. I'm already considered so far out that I'm generally put out to pasture and left to rot with my own ilk. As far as I know, I'm the sole representative of CantonMissouriFandom.

I guess one should always look at the other person's point of view, shouldn't one? I don't dig stamp collecting or model railroads. I don't want to put down anybody's kick, but to me Fandom is certainly more cultural (istthat the word I want?) than collecting second-hand wart hogs. I don't want to start running off with a bunch of crap about how almighty and nostalgic Fandom is and how it should be revered by the world as the greatest animal since Eve, but I do think that the average lone fan has little protection against the plagues and pestilences rained and heaped on his shoulders by hordes of Mundanians.

Let's use the example of Jophan (the ~~third~~/immoral bard) who is yet a neo, but nevertheless a fan. Jophan is nervous, timid, impressionable and virtuous. Also he is right fresh out of Fuggheadville and the clutches of domineering parents. Would it be proper to send this fragile thing into the cold world of grey flannel conformity, to be corrupted, demoralized, and turned into a number on a checklist? Or, on the other hand, should the warm, motherly hands of Fandom snatch away his self-confidence so that he will be driven to blog or mameo ink instead of sports cars? Who could take anything but the second choice? Is all the world a stooge?

Fandom is far more constructive than most other hobbies. Where else could you learn to fight and fued over trivial matters with the best of them, and in what other field does one learn to publish pornographic materials, pass them off as magazines, and send them through the mail courtesy of J. Edward Day's Third Class Courtesy? What other group has conventions that are infamous and notorious as those of fandom? And last and certainly least, what other group is as completely unknown to

SKIP WILLIAMSON is a humble, exuberant 17-year old neofan from Canton, Missouri. He is editor and publisher of Squire, and his stuff has appeared in Pania Sutton, *Shoen*, Smudge, Jack High and other influential media, not to mention the prozine Help!

mcclave #1....17

everybody else as Fandom is?

Up to now I've been talking about Fandom as a hobby. Now, sure as hell someone out there is going to say that he always considered Fandom a W*A*Y O*F L*I*F*E. I hate to go around breaking the dream world bubbles of contented newfan, but I think that Robert Bloch provided the best answer to this.

To make his long article my short one: when Fandom started to swing, we were right in the height of the depression, and certain souls being laid off and broke as last year's Christmas toys had nothing more to do than publish fan magazines and live from day to day on the meager and hard-earned egoboo reaped through their toils. Then, and only then, could Fandom have been a Way of Life.

Now we live in an era of noticeable setbacks, blue chip stocks and overpopulation, where some fans are well off. (Fifty rich would be better.) Some are still destitute, but most are able to take care of themselves through outside enterprises. You could hardly expect anyone to give it all up and seriously consider living in the dream world of Fandom. We could try; that would be nice.

* * *

Sometime last summer I got hold of a book called The Beat Generation and the Angry Young Men. This book was suggested to me because it contains Allen Ginsberg's Howl, which was supposed to be pretty good stuff....well, pretty good if you go in for advance-guard poetry. This is the kind of thing that is banned by straight-laced women's clubs that wave flags and proclaim that sex is dirty and should be enjoyed only on one's wedding night with one's soul spouse, and even at that time should not really be enjoyed but looked upon as a dire course of action. You know the kind of group.

It's also the kind of thing that will bring reality to the surface without the use of lily-white words and embarrassment. Not that we should live on a steady diet of this stuff, but it is refreshing for a change.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti is a Big Name Poet in San Francisco largely because of his City Lights Bookshop. Around 1958, Ferlinghetti published a collection of his poetry under the name of A Coney Island of the Mind. The book was pointed out to me not too long ago by an English professor when we were discussing the works of the Hung Up Generation. The same instructor loaned me his copy of the book mainly because of a poem entitled "Christ Climbed Down".

A Coney Island of the Mind isn't quite the book that I expected it to be, but nevertheless Ferlinghetti does have a gift for imagery. It is imagery that makes these poems. They have no rhyme schemes, no rhythmic patterns, and not much else that used to be called poetry.

Along with the stock shock and harsh realism prevalent and typical of his ilk, Ferlinghetti also presents rather forthright opinions on political tendencies. He has a record cut on the Fantasy label called "Tentative Description of a Dinner Given to Promote the Impeachment of President Eisenhower and other poems". Also hitting Ike hard is his poem, "I Am Waiting".

I am waiting for my number to be called
 and I am waiting
 for the living and
 and I am waiting
 for dad to come home
 his pockets full
 of irradiated silver dollars
 and I am waiting
 for the atomic tests to end
 and I am waiting happily
 for things to get much worse
 before they improve
 and I am waiting
 for the Salvation Army to take over
 and I am waiting for the human crowd
 to wander off a cliff somewhere
 clutching its atomic umbrella
 and I am waiting
 for Ike to act.

A Coney Island of the Mind wasn't as good as Ginsberg's Howl, but then Ferlinghetti just isn't as good as Ginsberg. Both are worth reading -- that is, if you aren't a member of the D.A.R. or Uncle Sam's Flag Waving, Storm Trooping, Hell Raising and Chowder Eating Society.

-- Skip Williamson

"The United States deployed its whole military power, conventional and nuclear, against....an alteration of the status quo."
 -- Walter Lippmann on the Cuba bit, The New Republic, 12/22

THERE COMES A TIME in every fanzine for the phenomena known as Checked Lines. The time is now, and I hope each of you will pay close attention to the P*E*R*S*O*N*A*L*I*Z*E*D message below -- and act!

_____ You contributed to this issue.	_____ We trade fanzines
_____ I'd like an article from you.	✓ _____ Would like to trade (all-for-all)
✓ _____ I'd like some artwork from you.	_____ This is your last issue unless you do something....
✓ _____ Please comment. Printed loes earn free Issues -- & gratitude!	_____ We like you.
_____ You have been subpoenaed to appear before HUAC. Too bad!	✓ _____ Your fanzine is reviewed herein
_____ You promised a contribution.	_____ THINK!
_____ Please review	

You won't let them hurt me, will you, Mr. Berry? Please....."

DICK - PLEASE EXCUSE DISAPPOINTING
 DUPLICATION; #2 WILL BE
 IMPECCABLY LITHOED

20¢ for a single copy, but please don't make it a habit. Contributions and trades (all for all or one for one, by mutual agreement) as well as locs are acceptable payment. This first issue is going out to 80-odd people. The next issue will go only to those who respond in some way.

I'm egotistical enough to believe that I can make this into a pretty good fanzine if I have good material -- articles, fiction, artwork, letters.

How about not throwing this one on the pile?

TRAUMA ON THE RIGHT continued from page 12

defended the state and federal agencies detecting "subversive activities". "Defended" is too weak a verb; MR's backing of "un-Americanism" has been constant and wholehearted. In the issue at hand, MR details its struggle against Hunter College in New York City. The magazine had been leasing Hunter facilities for its "Forums" (innocuous little evenings featuring "Operation Abolition" and similar diversions.) Suddenly, Hunter declared that MR had to go. The trustees at Hunter cited four rather preposterous reasons for expelling MR, and they boiled down to "We don't like your politics". MR was justifiably angry. What happened? Why, MR took its case to the American Civil Liberties Union! The ACLU (N.Y. branch) concluded, in MR's words, that the magazine "was being denied its civil rights." (Probably the only instance in eight years where those words were used un-ironically in MR.) "We wrote in our letter to the NYCLU," continued the editorial, "that right of private college administrators to 'dispose as they see fit, without accounting to anyone, of their premises' does not extend to those who administer public property." Which, in view of the Meredith case, is interesting.

What about the subversion-detection crowd? Yes. The same thing is that California's local HUC, the Tenney committee, condemned the ACLU vigorously. Does MR know it is consorting with potential subversives? Let's all hope so.

James Burnham has a nice article called "Defense and the Defensive". ("Our defensive policy" is a respectable-right way of saying "Mcovin policy", the radical-right phrase.) The article is quoted because of Burnham's engaging application of "conventional defense" strategy to the cold war, which is nothing if it is not unconventional. He says: "It is not only our strategy, but our tactics that are defensive...While on the defensive in basic strategic terms, it is possible to take the tactical offensive in this or that respect. It is not only possible but routine. You cannot hope to defend a given position unless you make forays or attacks on this or that flank, threaten your enemy's rear or communications, point in an alternative theater, and occasionally counterattack."

Before leaving this issue, I want to commend MR for a superb insight into the Ike administration. Frank S. Meyer, in his column, says that "With all his weaknesses, Dwight Eisenhower had one strength as President...the voices of the Establishment, which dominate the intellectual life of the nation, reached him only in muffled tones."

You may write this off as the familiar paranoia and/or anti-intellectualism, but I say no. For who can deny the inevitable fact: if an Establishment exists, Kate Gray is got in it. -- See Pledge #2. The second and final part of "Trauma on the Right" will appear in Enclave #2, detailing such wonders as Ted Sturgeon's irregular still-book review column, and MR's reaction to the incidents at Ole Miss, 20....enclave #1

a column by Julian Scala

Politically speaking, there is trouble in Ithaca. The Cornell Liberal Union is beginning to rip and stomp in every direction. This Meredith deal in Mississippi has them constantly on the verge of mass apoplexy (when there isn't a football game); they have a bulletin board in the lobby of the student union building, and it's plastered with sizzling AP dispatches about Ole Miss and the Supreme Court and Barnett and the impending picketing of Howard Johnson's, about which more later. Besides this, they have a table where wildhaired young liberals and pinkos can sign up for membership in the CLU, and get such esoteric privileges as carrying "STAMP OUT JIM CROW" signs. The other day they had a rally on the steps of the union building. They had a Negro girl telling us how we were all wallowing in apathy and that everything the NAACP could not carry off was due to our crass indifference. Before long, the whole crowd left for lunch, wallowing in apathy. A guy up the hall, a fascist, had the most provocative idea on the matter: Ship all the NAACPers to Liberia. Ship the CLU to Liberia, I say. And the Conservative Club, which has been quietly signing up wildhaired young reactionaries at its table, offering the esoteric privilege of a peek at The Blue Book, should be shipped there, too. Then we could wallow in apathy in peace.

The liberals have a number of other causes: one of these is to get a faculty member elected to Congress. His name, symbolically, is Freeman. Harrop Freeman. He is running for Congress in this district and hasn't a hope in hell, which is probably why the libs have adopted him so zealously. He is a Liberal Party man of Stuart Hughes hue.

The other project is to picket the Howard Johnsons in Binghamton and Elmira. A couple of H.J.'s on Route #1 have been Discriminating. The liberals intend to descend on Binghamton and Elmira with rapid and rabid glee, to picket these poor restaurants (neither of which is in any position to change anything on Route #1, but the libs apparently think they can and are holding out for pure spite). The whole business is near hilarity. I can see all those bearded and rawboned idealists marching around Binghamton with "STAMP OUT JIM CROW" signs. Haw haw.

But the main topic of raging controversy for the last few days has been a new statue placed between the two libraries, the busiest thoroughfare on campus. The statue is a big old massive green metal freeform thing by a guy named Lipchitz. He calls it "Song of the Vowels", but it looks like a lot of things to a lot of people. To me, it looks like a bicephalous earth-mother being raped by a bicephalous archangel. The editors of The Cornell Daily Sun, who came out against it with condescending whimsy, described it as a "banana attacking a sardine" or something. Readers devised

JULIAN SCALA, who is 18 and not-very-cool but reasonably collegiate, is a grammar little Freshman at Cornell University. (The above was written a few days before the 1962 Congressional elections --- now go orient yourself!) Scala is a Good Man and an Apathetic Draft-Dodger.

enclave #1....21

even more elaborate and patronizing comparisons. Set to at least two people, it looks like a song of the vowels. These two wrote an indignant letter to the Sun, full of praise for Lipschitz and his lyric vowels, and full of wrath and contempt for the intellectual peanut gallery. I kind of like it, myself. Up close. At any distance it looks too much like an open baritone turned inside out. Close up, it looks like a bicephalous earth-mother being raped by a bicephalous archangel, which trips exciting Freudian levers in my subconscious every time I pass by. We're going to need federal troops to integrate the thing. Already, white footprints are being painted all over it and quickly removed. The footprints are an extension of the tracks painted between the statues of the two founders opposite each other on the arts quad....my mistake, report is they were dog tracks. Real dogs, in which the campus abounds, shun it. Perhaps its feral implications are well understood by them, seeing as it looks like the earth-mother (bicephalous) being raped by an archangel (also bicephalous) close up.

My roommate, George Jean Nathan, was telling me how by some subtle politics (I smell the NAACP) and other misunderstandings, his high school elected a Negro football queen. Each year it is traditional at his school for the Class President to crown the Queen and kiss her a big juicy one on the mouth. The class president, a Southern Gentleman, went through with the first half of the ceremony but refused to kiss the girl. Was she a piece? I asked Nathan. Sure, said George. I asked him what he would have done under the circumstances. "The same thing," he said, "this contact between races can be carried too far," "But she was a piece," I protested. "No, I still wouldn't have." I'm rooming with a goddamn Southern Gentleman. His point of view is cool because of its candor. You get sholt of a lot of guys (or girls) with liberal convictions, and they might (1.) do it because it's cool and novel and also liberal, or (2.) do it because they've been carrying "STAMP OUT JIM CROW" signs all this time and they can't very well back down now. I'd have done it because it would be cool and novel and she was a piece.

--- Julian Scala

 EPILOGUE: In case anyone is interested, Harrop Freeman garnered a grand total of 3.2% of the total vote in the 33rd Congressional District race for the House. (This was a slightly better showing than that of Professor H. Stuart Hughes in Massachusetts, whose total vote of 49,000 comprised 2.4% of the vote, compared with 55.6% for Senator Teddy Kennedy and 42% for Republican George Lodge.) #### And in early December, the management of the whole Howard Johnson's restaurant chain came out with a press release in which he pronounced anti-segregation an official position of H.J.'s. I think this fact sort of muddies Julian's attitude of, as he would put it, "condescending whimsy" toward non-violent protest against social evils. Scala will, hopefully, be back with more exasperating impertinence in Enclave #2. --- JWP

 Whatever happened to Lyndon Johnson?

Dr. Luther Lattin has a few provocative paragraphs on the Jewish Nation Deal. Rev. G.M. Hirsch says he "hates" it. He had a few Jewish Nations in the United States Congress." He is, Reverend, we go....about 30 in the Senate and 130 or so in the House.

A much better issue than the previous two is Kenige #119. Dave Hulan's lead article, "The Blind Faith of Atheists", may be a subconscious reply to the controversial Beckinger story of two years ago. Like Beckinger, Hulan's writing is quite disorganized, and paragraphs almost never follow one another logically. Despite this stylistic limitation, Hulan says something that ought to be said (although it has been said, many times) and that is that a fundamentalist atheist is as much an exponent of "blind faith" as the much-maligned (deservedly so) fundamentalist Protestant or R.C.

Other good features of #119 are Rog Ibert's story entitled "I'll Bury You Back", and John Beckinger's article "Science" (the latter reads like a John Campbell editorial except that it makes sense).

So goes Yandage. On and on, and readable as ever. If it isn't part of your monthly reading fare, it should be. (Price is 25¢ per copy, \$2.50 per year, from Robert & Svenita Coulson, Route 3, Nabash, Indiana.)

In Defense of the "Comics" Fanzines There is a growing fanzine category today which is being either ignored or condescended to in most of the long-established fanzines (or the fanzines for long-established fans; for our purposes, we can use these interchangeably.) This category represents the satire/comics fanzines. Note that first adjective well, for these are zines producing their own satire in the style of Kurtzman's Mad comics or Feldstein's Mad mag, as well as articles and other standard merchandise. Occasionally these zines venture into the reportorial coverage of comics or satire mags (in the tradition of Kahn Comics, Comic Art and Smudge), but they usually confine themselves to amateur humor. Roughly 70% of their material is crud, and another 20% is only passable; you can see that these zines print more crud than most mag. (It hardly seems possible.) At any rate, the field is expanding, the material is improving, and the field's top people are paying more attention to layout and general format. Four of the five zines I am going to review are dittoed, but all of them can boast a higher standard of readability than most "mainstream" zines.

The best of the current crop is Jack High, published quarterly by Phil Roberts, 283 Hoopingsaver Road, Freason, Michigan, at 25¢ per copy. Phil pays a great deal of attention to visual presentation, and even if his material was awful, it would be a pleasure to look at. As it is, some of the material is excellent. Contributors to the latest issues (#9 and #10) included Bernie Dunnis, Mike Deckinger and Jay Lynch. The last-named may not be familiar to Enclave readers; Jay is a Miamian whose ability to cartoon and caricature rivals such Big Name Pros as Jack Davis and Will Elder. (These people may be compared to Clocks and Heikala, in their own field of comic art.) The only real criticism I have of Jack High is that it needs proofreading, and editor Roberts sometimes needs a dictionary. These are mere quibbles in view of the zine's quality.

Wild (30¢ from Don Dohler, 1421 Overbrook Road, Baltimore 12, Maryland) is like what's-her-name in the nursery rhyme -- it 2....enclave #1

is either very, very good or horrid. The duplication is impeccable. Dohler is a wizard at the ditto crank. We are just beginning to see occasional "straight" features in Wild along with the cartoons and panel presentations. These add much-needed balance to the mag. Wild #9 is distinguished by a really spectacular cover, done with the silkscreen process in no fewer than eight colors. Inside are the imaginative cartoons of Lynch, Skip Williamson and Don Dohler, and also some pretty lousy ones by Art Spiegelman. Bullwinkle fans -- and if you're not a Bullwinkle fan, you must be a damned fool -- will be especially interested in the next Wild (#10) which will have an original offset cover by Bullwinkle creator Jay Ward, as well as quite a few other impressive coups for Dohler, i.e. an interview with pro cartoonist Syd Hoff, and a Kelly Freas water-color painting.

Squire (25¢ from Skip Williamson, 1008 College Street, Canton, Missouri) started as strictly a satire/comics zine, but it is now more general and much better. Williamson can rightly be called the only editor in the field who can write well and draw well. Squire #2 features a macabre story by one Alan Ackermann which is something of a gem. Other features are by Tim Blickhan, Phil Roberts, John Carter, Bill Baxter and yours truly -- all promising. If I were to say that Squire is graduating into the general fanz field, this would imply that satire/comics zines aren't to be considered on the same level as animal or fannish zines. Since I don't want to do a hatchet-job on my opening thesis, I'll only say that of all the zines reviewed in this section, Squire has the most potential.

Chaos (15¢ from A2C Jim Belcher, AF17575312, Box 347, 6981st RGM, APO 347, Seattle, Washington) has beautiful reproduction, presumably offset. It's only 16 pages and can be read in ten minutes, but I recommend it. The editor is another good cartoonist (that is a prerequisite to editing a s/zine, I guess) but Chaos' text features leave a lot to be desired. #2 featured text things on Robin Hood and adventure mags, but these faded in comparison to something called "The Serious Page". The latter was a reprint of a "Back-To-The-Bible Broadcast" transcript entitled "Four Things God Wants You to Know" -- prompting me to ask whether Chaos has a direct line. It would be unfair to question Belcher's editorial prerogative, but I don't think a little incredulity is out of hand, namely: this is the first time I've seen social satire and Bible-belt dogma in the same magazine. Fun! Oh well, if Jim could locate better text pieces, Chaos would go places. Not necessarily Valhalla, either, but as Mark Twain said.....(fill in with appropriate Twain quote.)

A newcomer is Tilt (25¢ from Tom McKinnon, 1739 Flynnwood Drive, Charlotte 5, North Carolina). Tilt would be a lot better if McKinnon would stop trying to blatantly imitate the satiric prozines, notably Mad and Cracked. Buck Coulson, reviewing Wild, once said that Wild obviously garners inspiration from Mad rather than Analog. This is true -- but the reason Wild is one of the better satire zines is that "inspiration" is all its editors garner from prodom. The fact is that prodom in the satire field is woefully unoriginal. Help! occasionally has moments of greatness, but Mad plods along with the same old formulas, and Mad's lessers plod along behind -- usually about three months behind. It is because of this situation in "their" prodom that satire zine editors must be willing to experiment with new and fannish editorial schemes. (I don't like the word "fannish", but it is applicable here.) Tom McKinnon apparently won't tinker with his

zine's format; at least he projects this unwillingness in Filt #1. He has two choices before him: he can make Filt a good satire fanzine, or he can let it remain a mediocre satire proxine which just happens to be dittoed and distributed by mail.

More Work for Les Once when I was very young (like about eighteen months ago), The Panic Button was a technically good and editorially excellent fanzine. Now, through some mystical rites known only to Les Nirenberg, PB has miraculously transformed itself into a technically mediocre and editorially fair-to-middling semi-professional magazine.

Not that the magazine has degenerated in the last few months; on the contrary, it has improved in every respect. But it isn't a fanzine. Consequently it has forfeited the right to be judged alongside Cry, Kipple and Yandro. Instead, it has been thrust into the cold, cruel world of "little magazines", where it fares rather poorly. Even serving the function Les has apparently set aside for his mag (that of an irreverent and iconoclastic journal of satire and seriousness), the new PB is largely unsuccessful.

Let me note that I have always regarded the arrival of a Nirenberg fanzine as an Event. Les almost never publishes uninteresting material. He has a sharp eye (ever seen a sharp eye?) for the absurd, and he is fortunate enough to have an Art Editor named Don Arioli, whose cartoons and layouts make PB a visual joy.

The material in the last two issues ranges from pure crud (a long poem called "Toronto by Night" by Sean O'Quinn) to goodness (stuff by F.M. Busby, Deindorfer, Calvin Demmon and Nirenberg.) PB, in short, will be evaluated differently in its different functions. If Les wants to trade his Superior Publication, I'm willing, but I'm also bewildered.

After all, Paul Krassner won't trade The Realist... (PB costs 35¢ a copy, \$2.00 per 6-issue sub, from Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada.)

Plonking Periodicals Answer

Warhoon #17 (20¢ from Dick Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, N.Y.) is ample proof of Urhn's right to the 1962 Best Fanzine Hugo. Even the paper is distinctive. #17 is the largest issue in some months (92 pages!) and the heft is entirely justified. Walter Broom's report on the Chicon devours half the issue; I enjoyed it but wouldn't want to read it again. There are also short columns by Baxter, Wells and Jim Blush. Each is worth a page of comment, but all I can say here is that for one issue of one fanzine to have so much seems unfair. Letters, SAPS mailing comments, and an editorial (in which Bergeron manages to pull Bullwinkle, Roteler and Toulouse-Lautrec into a discussion of Picasso) round out the issue. And what an issue!

Comic Art #4 (50¢ from Don & Maggie Thompson, 29 College Place, Oberlin, Ohio) is extremely impressive. There are those who break into little ecstatic shivers when Joe Trupham compiles an index to the Early Works of E. Steffnal Gothick -- and yet, soon Comic Art and other fanzines of its ilk. Myself, I was stunned. Major item in #4 is an article on Ed Wheeler's "Minute Movies", an exhaustive and refreshing history of what must have been a great comic strip. Other contributors are Jerry DeFuccio, Paul Seydor, Tom Fagan and Ron Gouliart. CA must not be dismissed with a few words of praise for the material and mimeography. The fact is that this is a fanzine with built-in permanence (as opposed to the built-in obsolescence of Age and Humag.) Next 26....enclave #1

to nothing in CA is of merely transient interest. The Thompsons are making quite a contribution to the field named in their mine's title. Your 50¢ could hardly yield a better fanzine than CA.

Inside #1 (25¢ from Jon White, 90 Riverside Drive, New York 24, N.Y.) follows the honorable and dangerous path of the half-size offset fanzine. Like Escape, Rhodomagnetic Digest, New Frontiers and Ron Smith's earlier Inside, this production is a beautiful one. The two long critical pieces in this issue (Leland Sapiro on "Technique as Creation" and William Blackbeard on L. Ron Hubbard) were too stuffy for my taste. Bob Bloch has the best and bitingest item; a two-page lesson in "How to be a SF Critic". We also have a Randall Garrett poem and a clever comicbookish story by one Joseph Farrell. Old EC Comics fans will like the beautiful drawing (charcoal?) by Al Williamson.

Spectrum #1 (6/\$1. from Ian Carter, Apt. 40, 2028 Davidson Ave., New York 53, N.Y.) carries on Lin's fine book reviews heretofore seen in Zero. Ian is a colorful reviewer-type, a la Davidson, as opposed to the colorless P. Schuyler Miller type. Bright and good; recommended.

Comicscope #1 (20¢ from Walt Taylor, 390 Wombly Rd., Upper Darby, Pa.) is a new serious-type comics zine. The artwork is bad and the text mediocre, but Taylor needs time...and material. If you have an article lying around on the costumed/super heroes and such (no, I realize that sentence is a horror...) here is a new market for you.

So What #1 (25¢ from Fred Norwood, Bellingrath Hall, Northwestern, Memphis 12, Tenn.) has a very appropriate name. Cruddy artwork and cruddy poetry complement cruddy articles and, by god, a cruddy parody of F&SF. Intriguing interlines by a computer at M.I.T.

Alter-Ego #4 (75¢ from Jerry Bails, 17645 Gaylord, Detroit 40, Mich.) is worth 75¢, something that cannot be said of 99 out of 100 fanzines. Top-notch articles, beautiful artwork, and offset repro make A-E the best comics fanzine I've ever seen. Even if you aren't a comics fan, you should get A-E #4 just to see what a fanzine can be. Professor Bails has made his last major fanzine a really memorable one. Future issues will be published by Ronn Foss, 233 Benton Court, Suisun, Calif. at 50¢ each. Jerry still publishes the newsletter, The Comic Reader, on an irregular schedule, free for a stamped envelope.

Fantasy Journal #3 (25¢ from Jim Hollander, 976 Oak Dr., Glencoe, Ill.) has improved greatly. It's primarily for fans of fantasy and horror films. This issue contains Bob Greenberg's lengthy article on England's Hammer Films, and a column by Bob Bloch.

The Bug Eye #11 (from Hel Klemm, 16 Uhland St., 423 Rheincamp-Utfort/Eick, Krs. Moers, West Germany) reaches a standard of excellence not often seen in stateside zines. Ina Grade and Rolf Gindorf contribute good political articles, Mike Deckinger sends something from what is probably Volume XXVI of Deckinger's Diary, and the lettercol is readable. No price given, but get it for trade, comment or contribution.

G2 V. 2 #2 (3/25¢ from Joe and Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif.) depresses me no end. If it's true that fanzines project their editors' personalities, I sure as hell hope the Gibsons are being "misprojected". With the plethora of "yeh"s and "d'ya know"s and "by gum"s and "tolja"s and "unnerstand"s, the Gibsons come on like Grand Old Opry. (OK, Fannish Grand Old Opry.) Articles

and other features are generally pointless. The price is nominal, but then so is the material.

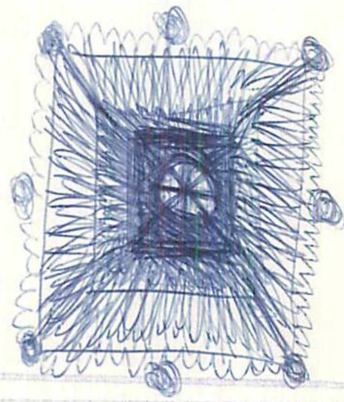
Cinder #13 (25¢ from Larry Williams, 74 Maple Road, Longmeadow 6, Massachusetts) shows that even Larry Williams is not Fandom's Punctual Pariah. This is the first issue in five or six months. Nothing memorable or outstanding, but there are enough better-than-average things to keep Cin out of the crudzine category. "Jung and Thoughtless" is probably the best fanzine review column extant. (If Marion Zimmer Bradley and/or Terry Carr would get to work, Jung would have competition.) There is also another selection from the Rantings and Ravings of Jack Cascio. After six or seven consecutive issues with his (Cascio's) funny, monotonous wails, Larry has decided to make the present article Cascio's last in Cinder. I think I'll sort of miss old Jack. I mean, where else can you find a characterization of a certain Bruce Berry/Bob Jennings exercise in fanfiction as "this TRUE DOCUMENTED account"? (Caps are Cascio's.) Bill Plott's article is uneven but interesting, and the lettercol and editorials are readable if unspectacular.

You have just finished (I think) Enclave #1, the magazine of authoritarian anarchy. #2 should be out sometime in April. Promised for that issue are articles by DON THOMPSON, LARRY BYRD, MARIS CIESEVSKIS and whoever else shows up in the interim. SHEP WILLIAMSON and JULIAN SCALA will probably be back with more assorted idiocy, as well as BRANDON TAYLOR if he meets his deadline. I still need material, especially another article or two. Artwork is, as they say, earnestly launched for. I'd especially like some Steve Stiles stuff, Atom creations, Rhob Stewart scrawls and William Retsler things. WHHF The Paradox Press. No, I still don't want any Feghoots! --- jp

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