

ENCLAVE

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THE CONTRIBUTORS to this second issue of Enclave are a fine company, and since I have this space to fill I will elaborate. Ted Pauls is 21 or 22 (we are not overly concerned with accuracy around here), lives in Baltimore, edits Kipple. Soon to depart the ranks of bachelorhood is towering and talented Mike Deckinger of New Jersey, who is turning pro on us by selling to The Realist besides contributing to every fanzine except Femzine. (The line is Boggs', not mine, but it fits.) Our man in Canton, Missouri, is Skip Williamson, 18, who has sold to Help! and has a spread in the current Panic Button. Maris Cizevskis of Tasmania, Australia is a college student and a Tom Lehrer adherent as well, which isn't easy in Tasmania. Joe Pilati, editor of Enclave, does not exist (or so he is told).

SKEPTICAL SKETCHES

by Joe Pilati

Disarmament An item in the New Fandom Now? York Post last month noted that Mr. Norman Thomas, six times Socialist candidate for President, and, in my opinion, one of the great Americans of the century, might possibly run again in 1964 if circumstances were right. A combination of editorial whim and jubilation at this prospect prompted me to send Mr. Thomas a copy of Enclave #1 along with a covering letter. Mr. Thomas was kind enough to respond with a copy of a newsletter he writes, along with the following note:

"Dear Joe: Your amateur magazine certainly does credit to a boy of your age and I have looked it over and especially page 16 /the parody ad for "the Committee for the SAME Nuclear Policy -JP/ with much interest. ::: Alas; the statement that I might run again was predicated on the assumption, contrary to fact, that I might do it if I were 20 years younger. Running for President is not a job for a man of my age. ::: You may be interested in a copy of our Newsletter which I am sending. Sincerely yours, Norman Thomas."

From anyone but Norman Thomas, I would mildly resent the condescension implicit in "to a boy of your age"; under these circumstances, I am deeply honored.

The publication Mr. Thomas sent looks very much like a fanzine. It is called Post War World Council Newsletter and it is an enlightening and lucid four-page offset production written entirely by Mr. Thomas. It takes the form of a series of interrelated essays on international affairs. "The council," states the Newsletter masthead, "concerns itself with matters of foreign policy and, especially, with a crusade for universal disarmament under effective

international control, coupled with a war on the world's poverty, in which lie the seeds of true world government."

The PWWC Newsletter costs \$3.06 per year (12 issues) from PWWC, 112 East 19th St., New York 3, New York. For whatever my recommendation is worth, I command it to your attention as excellent supplementary reading. A sample copy is free from the same address.

It is regrettably true that a Presidential campaign is "not for" a man of Mr. Thomas' age; but it is for a man of Mr. Thomas' courage and insight. The question is whether such a man could be found.

Second Class I am probably the only sixteen year old person in
Meets Third Class the country who has received eight subscription
 itches from Eros magazine.

I've made a thorough analysis of the mailing labels used by this particular periodical, and my findings are rather revealing. One Eros junkmail package was imprinted with my old Fantasy and Science Fiction label. Since my F&SF sub expired in March, 1961, I can only conclude that Old Joe Mills' mailing lists certainly get around. Another Eros mailing arrived with my New Republic label, and still another with the label of our family sub to the National Geographic. Labels I'm reasonably certain were also used include those of The Nation, Monocle, and The Realist (but I doubt this last, since Paul Krassner is reportedly one of the very few ethical-type men who doesn't peddle his readers' addresses). The fact that Eros has used the lists of such diverse publications seems to indicate that Mr. Ralph Ginsberg, publisher of Eros, is well aware that we are one nation, indivisible -- yea, one world. Some of us may be hung up on Heinlein. Others may dig muckraking treatises on the evils of HUAC, and still others await their monthly ration of "Exploring Exotic Passaic, New Jersey, with Map Supplement."

But Eros -- ah, Eros is for all. (Oh, yeah -- they've used American Heritage lists, too, for whatever it's worth.)

The Eros people have, seemingly, missed only two periodicals in their relentless battle to Make the World Safe for Making It, and if Mr. Ginsberg is interested, those publications are McCall's and Western Horsemen. My mother subscribes to the former, my sister to the latter, and neither mailing label has shown up....yet.

Eight subscription pitches? That's too many.

The Secret Ballot Bit This section is concerned with my votes in the Fan Poll. I received the ballot from Harry Warner on March 14 and returned it to Charles Wells the next day. (What about you?) The reasons I devote space to publicizing my choices are twofold: (1) I'll be able to make a few comments about fanzines, columns and people I'd be unable to make anywhere else, and (2) perhaps I will include a few more comment hooks for the letterhacks. Onward....

BEST SINGLE PUBLICATION: My first choice was Warhoon #17, largely due to the 42-page Breen convention report; but obviously, Wrhn's other stellar contributors were also factors. Second choice: Xero #9, which was no more outstanding than the other two Xeros this year, but since I saw no really electrifying one-shots this year, I had to choose a specific issue. (A Trip to Hell wasn't electrifying, only depressing.) Pat and Dick Lupoff are definitely good people, and with Xero giving up the ghost after #10 comes out, their magnificent project deserves some recognition. Warhoon #16 was my third choice because I couldn't think of anything else.

BEST FANZINE: (1) Xero (2) Warhoon (3) Cry (4) Kipple (5) Yandro
(6) Comic Art (7) Bane (8) Cadenza (9) Bug Eye (10) Fanac (11) Cin-
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der (12) Axe

A few words of explanation are in order. Some of the more jaded members of the audience may question the 3rd place for Cry, but the lettercolumn in particular impressed me enough to rate it up there. Kipple has brought the wrath of the 103% trufans upon its head by publishing 50-page issues with nary a mention of science fiction, but since my own opinion is that too much attention is paid to that particular form of literature in fanzines, I chose Kipple accordingly. As a European production, The Bug Eye is nothing short of amazing. Fanac and Axe have disappointed me this year, but while they may never regain their aura of indispensability, they do a decent job for "news" fmz with damn near quarterly schedules. Everyone raves about Stefantasy, but I can't since I've never seen a copy -- and this is not to be taken as an anguished wail of "injustice!" either, since it's all due to my own inertia. Amra may be a beautiful production and consistently readable, but the subject matter leaves me cold and hence leaves Scithers' brainchild off my ballot. My sixth-place vote for Comic Art is in recognition of (a) the zine's excellence, and more importantly (b) the fact that my vote will offset that of at least one person who considers Amra's heroic fantasy to be acceptable subject matter for a fanzine (of course, I do too) while they insist comic art is not equally acceptable. (In this connection, Roy Tackett's denunciation of the Lupoff/Ivie comics presentation scheduled for the Discon (in Dynatron 15) ranks among the rank-est, most pedantic outcries of the year.) Panic Button isn't a fanzine anymore. Nosed out on my ballot were Inside, Rhodomagnetic Digest, Twilight Zine and some others, but that's too many post mortems already.

BEST FAN ARTIST: (1) Art Thomson (2) Geo. Barr (3) Dick Bergeron
(4) Eddie Jones (5) Bjo Trimble (6) Jim Cawthorn

ATom's Cry covers, and most of his other non-comic efforts seen by this observer, earned him top honors. Barr is pleasantly whimsical without being nauseating about it like NOTT, DEA, Barbi Johnson and various other non-talents, and Bergeron is just Unique. I wish I had seen more from Larry Ivie and Sylvia Dees this year, and conversely I wish I had seen less of the crudities of Adkins and the over-detailed monstrosities of Dave Prosser.

BEST FAN CARTOONIST: (1) Art Thomson (2) Bbob Stewart (3) S. Stiles
(4) Ray Nelson (5) Gary Deindorfer (6) M. Thompson

I hope I surprised no one with the double compliment for ATom. Bbob is one fan I'm very sorry to see going Pro. Hear that, Ted? Lock him in a closet. Maggie Thompson is probably too busy to publish outside Comic Art, but her work there clinched sixth position in my book.

BEST COLUMN: (1) File 13 (Boggs, Wrhn) (2) Doric Column (Tucker, Yan)
(3) The Harp That... (Willis, Wrhn) (4) Books (Carter, Xero)
(5) Advs. in Mundanity (Deindorfer, Sam)
(6) Jung and Thoughtless (Anonymous, Cinder)

The one installment of Deindorfer's "Adventures" I saw in Sam convinced me that here was a dark horse, even if my vote is the only one it gets. Boggs, Tucker and Willis need no elaboration. Carter is fandom's best reviewer of books and is rivalled in this field only by Coulson in Bane, to my knowledge. "Jung and Thoughtless" is too dry but worthy.

BEST FAN WRITER: (1) Redd Boggs (2) Dick Bergeron
(3) Walt Willis (4) Harry Warner
(5) Buck Coulson (6) Ted Pauls

Need I say more?

BEST NEW FAN OF 1962: (1) Paul Williams (2) Enid Jacobs
(3) Gary Labowitz

I haven't seen Williams' Within, so with a rather limited field from which to choose I picked Paul on the basis of many favorable reactions to him and his fanzine versus no unfavorable ones. Enid Jacobs is a young lady and future teacher in Maryland who has published nothing besides letters in Kipple and Yandro (plus, perhaps, another zine or two I've missed or don't get). She has also written me a number of articulate and hardly neoish letters; if she stays in fandom I think she will go far. Labowitz is at least clever enough for third place, although most of his writing seems forced. This was an awfully difficult category.

#1 FAN FACE OF 1962: (1) Avram Davidson
(2) Walter Breen
(3) Ted White

I was reluctant to vote at all in this category, since it implies that one has at least a nodding acquaintances with his nominees. Bear in mind that if I attend the Discon it will be my first convention. I overcame my reluctance, though, mostly because I have an intense leathing of "No Vote" votes, and I chose these three gentlemen who share a heritage of talent, buoyancy and face-fuzz. Avram is the #1 any kind of face, isn't he?

Technicalities
and Revisions

In the first issue of this journal I published an article of my own entitled "Trauma on the Right: Part One." The obvious implication was that there was to be a Part Two, but a glance at the first page of this issue will belie this. For this issue, I simply said "to hell with it", and unless there is a terrible shortage of material it won't be published next time either. Reaction to Part One was good enough, but the whole idea became uninspiring so I wrote some verse (accepted by Kipple) and some fiction (accepted by Yandro) instead. Too bad. :: One of my greatest hopes for Enclave is to run a series tentatively titled "Dissecting the Press," in which fans from various metropolitan areas would do just that to the newspapers of their respective areas. I'd like, for example, Harry Warner on Baltimore (or Ted Pauls on Baltimore?), Don Thompson on Cleveland, Les Nirenberg on the scandalsheet weeklies like the one he works for, and some of those fabulous Berkeley fen on LA and/or SanFran. I wonder if anything could come of it? (If nothing does by Enc 4, I intend to start the ball rolling myself. How's that for a threat?) :: FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD: "To a far greater extent than they would like to admit, our American friends are prisoners of an ideology almost as narrow as that of the Communists and just as firmly believed. The American ideology equates capitalism not only with freedom, but very nearly with virtue...." (from a London Observer editorial quoted by Roger Burlingame in The Sixth Column.) :: Speaking of virtue, here's a gem from the Newark Star-Ledger's advice column, "Helen Help Us": "Dear Helen: I am nearly 16 and my boy friend is 19. We have known each other almost three years, but it seems we are getting to know each other better all the time. :: "Do you think it is proper or right for us to talk about the facts of life and sex with each other? My mother seriously objects, but it doesn't embarrass us at all. What do you think? --The Two. :: "Dear Two: Ask yourselves why you discuss these things and I think you'll agree with your mother that you're on dangerous ground. Believe me, it's better to change the subject than explore it." :: Selling Out Defined: The latest Dave Brubeck Quartet album, "Time in Outer Space," is dedicated "to Lt. Col. John H. Glenn, Jr." :: Why Sometimes We Don't Sleep: "The Air Force has started a world-wide psychological screening to weed out any mentally disturbed men who might trigger a nuclear weapon without orders, a spokesman said today." (from the New York Post.) And with that thought.....

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THE LIBERAL AND FOREIGN POLICY

by Ted Pauls

In categorizing what passes for the liberal view with regard to foreign policy, it is necessary first to briefly consider the attitude in this field of the loyal opposition, the conservative right wing. It is dangerous to pigeon-hole people by beginning any statement with "all" or "most", but it is at least accurate to state that many conservatives appear to entertain an all-or-nothing attitude towards United States participation in foreign affairs: that is to say, they feel that this country should either control the entire globe, or, failing that, remain as isolated as possible. Of course, potential dictators and rabid isolationists have always been a minor portion of our political structure, but both varieties are now more dangerous than ever before. World domination, on the one hand, and isolationism, on the other, have always been ethically unacceptable philosophies: the first is unacceptable for the same reason any individual attempt to establish an authoritarian rule is unacceptable, and the second is unacceptable for the same reason that eating a ten-course meal while your neighbor's children are starving is unacceptable. In addition to this, they are exceedingly dangerous from a practical standpoint, totally apart from their immorality. Setting off on a course of world domination is dangerous because in the present, unlike any other era, it implies the possible destruction of the human race in any war between two or more greedy governments which happen to possess nuclear weapons. And isolationism is dangerous because in this complicated state of civilization, virtually everything which occurs in the world affects to some extent our national security and survival. Consequently, it is impossible to construct a figurative wall around our nation to isolate it from the outside world without incurring deadly danger. Nevertheless, one or both of these inane policies are advocated by a sizable group of conservatives.

Against this monolithic, if inevitably disastrous policy, the liberal structure throws an incredible hodge-podge of inconsistent and contradictory plans, each advocated by an uncertain minority of its members. There is no concrete liberal policy on many of these matters. The eventual objective, universal peace, is, I suppose, agreed upon at least nominally by the majority of liberals (read: people who call themselves liberals), but beyond that, there is no definitive policy. On any given matter, there are likely to be four or five entirely different views held by liberals and touted as the liberal position. When a large majority of liberals do agree on a given course in matters of foreign policy, one is left with the impression that this is largely attributable to coincidence.

In the recent Cuban crisis, for example, a vast majority of liberals were in agreement with the proposition that the United States was not warranted in invading Cuba unless that country should launch an attack upon us or upon an ally. The reasons for this attitude, however, were many and varied. The most significant reason, and one which was unfortunately held by a relatively small number of liberals, was that it was unethical to invade a "potential" enemy as a preventive measure. The United States, it was pointed out, simply does not go around invading countries which happen to incur its displeasure. The offensive missiles which were stationed on the

island of Cuba were not deemed sufficient provocation for invasion.

The remaining reasons were of a practical nature. Some liberals pointed out that the invasion of Cuba by the United States would provide grist for the Communist propaganda mills, a valid, if rather petty, objection. The overwhelming practical consideration cited was that such an invasion might provoke a nuclear war with the Soviet Union, and this appears to have been the prime cause for liberal concern. In retrospect, it is possible for us to observe from our superior vantage point that the proposed invasion would probably not have begun the nuclear holocaust; however, this was by no means evident in October.

Nevertheless, the dominant consideration should have been that an invasion was ethically unacceptable. Now that the danger has apparently abated, most liberals will grant that the proposed invasion was ethically unacceptable, although if hard-pressed they will concede that this was not the foremost consideration in their minds at the time of the crisis. Granted that premise, then, it might be interesting to ask this question: why did many liberals staunchly support the recent invasion and suppression of Katanga by the United Nations? Since there was absolutely no chance of Katanga launching an attack on the United States or any other country, the detached observer would be inclined to feel that there was, if anything, less reason for liberals to support the invasion. And yet, undeniably, they did.

Let us examine the facts in both cases in parallel fashion, with particular attention to the reasons given for the inconsistent liberal positions on these controversies. Mr. Tshombe has been called a number of impolite names by representatives of the political Left, among them "dictator" and "local straw-boss for a Belgian mining concern". There is basis for both accusations, although if Tshombe is indeed a dictator, he is at least a popular one. And he certainly works closely with several European mining concerns, without whose support his province might have been bankrupt long ago. It is logical to assume from this that they may have some or even considerable influence on him. But similar accusations can as easily be hurled at Dr. Castro; he is a dictator and a "straw-boss" for the international Communist movement. Dr. Castro is, indeed, more blatantly a dictator than Mr. Tshombe even at his worst. So far, there would seem to be no distinction.

Since no referendum was held, the liberal continues, Mr. Tshombe decided on his own to secede from the Congo Republic, thus robbing his people of their right to self-determination. In answer to this, mirroring even more clearly the inconsistency, it might be said that since no referendum was ever held, Dr. Castro decided on his own to bring his country into the Communist sphere, thus robbing the Cuban people of their right to self-determination. (In addition to this, it is interesting to note that since no referendum was held in Katanga, there is no way to tell which position the bulk of the population supports. Thus, the actions of the U.N. forces have an exactly equal chance of robbing the Katangese of their right of self-determination.)

Since there is plainly no ethical basis to make a distinction between the situations of Katanga and Cuba, then obviously the reason for the difference in the liberal attitude must be found in the realm of practical considerations. But it is hardly necessary to point out that unethical acts are made no less unethical by sound practical ba-

sis. This is simply another way of stating that expediency does not negate morality, a self-evident truth.

There are, indeed, practical differences between the results of the ethical positions on both issues. In the case of Cuba, what was ethical and what was practical were parallel; in the case of Katanga, what was ethical and what was practical were divergent. In sacrificing in this fashion morality for expediency, that faction of liberals who supported the suppression of Katanga were caught with their principles lying in the mud. The greatest practical advantage of supporting the Katanga action was that of propaganda. Most of the new, uncommitted African states opposed Katanga in this matter (the fact that it was none of their business apparently being irrelevant). By siding with these nations against supposed "colonial" influences, it was hoped to improve the image of the United States, which has itself been branded colonialistic in some quarters. It is too early to predict the effect of this move, but it will probably have at least some favorable effect in some areas. If this is so, it will be because the uncommitted nations in question are too naïve to recognize hypocrisy when they see it.

In any event, the support given this move by a portion of the liberal structure is unforgivable.

But this infraction of principles, however unfortunate, should not be taken as an indication of the average liberal attitude toward foreign policy. Although many liberals disagree on specific problems in foreign affairs, their motives are almost always humanitarian. The liberal (and I speak here of that hypothetical creature, the "average" liberal) is more interested in genuinely helping the "underdeveloped" countries, rather than simply winning them over to Our Side. On the other hand, his practical side recognizes the advisability of attempting to keep them from the clutches of any form of totalitarian government. This uncertain attitude, accompanied by the sheer depth and hence complication of the foreign affairs field, has produced the dissension and general disagreement about which I spoke at the beginning of this article.

Several months ago, John Boardman, one of New York's more extreme liberals, conducted a poll through the pages of his amateur magazine, The Pointing Vector (a newsletter sent to his friends, acquaintances and correspondents). Conclusions based upon polls are not always accurate, and in this particular case, only nineteen readers bothered to fill out the questionnaire. However, John's readership is composed almost entirely of liberals to one degree or another, and that the nineteen who replied generally tended toward liberal policies is adequately shown by the answers given on questions of domestic policy. (For example, public school aid by the federal government was supported thirteen to three, with three abstentions; aid to parochial schools was opposed twelve to three, with four abstentions; federal relief was supported fifteen to two, with two abstentions.) In matters dealing with foreign policy, however, the general disagreement and confusion which I have noted was evident. As a specific goal of U.S. foreign policy, "Peace and friendship with all peoples and all systems" was supported fifteen to one over "Victory over Communism" (three abstentions). But when the specific type of foreign policy preferred was investigated, the votes were scattered like buckshot. Three people preferred a "more militant" policy, four a "more conciliatory" policy, five the present policy, four didn't care for any of the alternatives, and three people didn't

bother to answer! On the question of whether or not the United States should support the admission of the Chinese Peoples' Republic to the United Nations, seven thought we should, three were uncertain, four were opposed and three didn't answer. If this sampling is even close to a representative sampling of liberals, it is no wonder that no concrete idea of the liberal position on many foreign policy issues can be found.

Most liberals seem to feel that it is best to judge each situation on its own merits as that situation arises, and to deal with each abstractly and independently. This is an extremely fine position with which to examine various political institutions, but it is an extremely poor attitude with which to operate a political institution.

But because of this attitude, it is impossible to present a liberal position on many issues of foreign policy which will not be repudiated by many liberals. However, there are a few premises which most liberals might be said to believe about foreign policy. Most liberals look askance at the support of dictatorships (for instance, Franco's Spain) by the United States government. This country is supposed to be opposed to totalitarian governments, and the mere fact that some of these governments happen to dislike Communism is no excuse for supporting them. This is once again a matter of sacrificing principles to expediency. In principle, the United States does not support authoritarian forms of government. In practice, however, the detached observer would find it painfully clear that the United States does not support that authoritarian form of government known as Communism; it does support fascist dictatorships, military oligarchies, and other forms of authoritarianism. The liberal does not care for this hypocrisy.

It is also relatively safe to say that most liberals feel that the United States should dispense its surplus food to all needy people with no strings attached. That this simply altruistic proposal is opposed by some conservatives is fantastic enough (it is, after all, merely the doctrine of charity which is allegedly a precept of this "Christian" society), but the grounds on which it is opposed are incredible. The opponents of such charity feel that it is foolish to give aid of any kind to our enemies (the Communist bloc nations), and also to our "potential" enemies (certain of the neutralists) in this Cold War. The starving people of these countries do not, of course, constitute "enemies", potential or otherwise; it is the governments which are or can be enemies. It is true that any contribution by the United States to combat the poverty of such countries will likely result in the strengthening of their economies, and thus strengthen the governments. But when weighed against the alleviation of human suffering, this is a minor consideration indeed. To oppose this charity is to oppose basic human decency.

Beyond these and a few other specific points, there is little else of a specific nature which can be safely given as the liberal position. The general objectives are slightly clearer. World peace, under a world government, is the eventual objective. The former is, I think, obviously desirable, but the latter is strongly questioned from many quarters. It is questioned first as to whether it is possible, and second, even conceding its possibility and workability, as to whether it is desirable. The liberal believes that a world government is both workable and desirable; its purpose, its reason for existence, he states, will be to uniformly administer law and justice, to the extent that this is possible. This objective has been given

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the title of the "One World theory" (whether originally by its advocates or by its detractors is unknown)*. Actually, there are many One World theories; it is unlikely that any two liberals chosen at random would precisely agree on the conception of world government. Similarly, there are a number of different grounds for opposing the concept.

At the risk of being accused of shooting sitting ducks, I will deal first (and rather briefly) with the largely inarticulate opposition from the extreme right wing. Basically, any One World theory is opposed from this quarter on the grounds that under any world government which actually impartially administers law and some semblance of justice, the United States of America would not necessarily be a leading world power. There would not in fact be any leading powers, in the strictest sense of that word, since the affairs of the world government, however different its various conceptions may be, would in all cases be conducted by democratic processes. Because of this "subversion of the power of the United States to foreigners" (an accusation already bandied freely about in regard to the United Nations), advocacy of a world government is seen as unpatriotic by the extreme Right. If this is unpatriotic, then I am proud to be so, for I am primarily a patriot of the human race, not of a single political, economic or military group within that race. Whatsoever shall advance the greater good of humanity is desirable, regardless of its affect on a single nation. I am a patriot of truth, of justice, and of freedom; I am a patriot of the United States of America only so long as the United States is a foremost exponent of those qualities.

If the radical right wing can find no better reason for opposing world government than that we would not necessarily be on the top of the heap, their position is hardly worth refuting at any greater length. There is, however, an articulate body of opinion which opposes the One World concept as they conceive of it, primarily composed of a group of scientists for which Garret Hardin is a spokesman. Professor Hardin, in his excellent book Nature and Man's Fate, outlines the objections to the liberal concept -- or, more properly, to one of them, for the good doctor chooses to attack the more extreme elements of the theory. His opposition to One World is based upon two points: first, that One World, in a profound sense, is an impossibility; and second, that the political concept of One World, while possible, is undesirable. In making these points, I regret to say that the Professor attacks with specious arguments that which is not at issue, and defends with lucid reasoning that which was never in doubt. The sum total of this is precisely nil. He proves merely that an absolute interpretation of One World, that is to say a world without competition, is impossible, which no sane liberal has ever denied. He also proves that biologists are not necessarily competent debaters.

Professor Hardin's first argument is intended to show that competition is inevitable, whether between nations, classes, or individuals. I doubt there are many liberals who would debate this point (although there may be a Marxist or two who has managed to convince himself otherwise), and I really don't see what relevance the argument has. We One Worlders, to use the derisive term of the radical right, are merely attempting to curtail the variety of com-

* I was under the impression that Wendell Willkie originated it.--JP
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petition known as "war," since it has now become too dangerous to practice; we are trying to set up a few universally applicable rules to keep order. No other form of competition, whether industrial, commercial, individual, athletic, artistic or whatnot has been mentioned. We do not believe that competition can be eliminated; we do not even wish to eliminate it.

Hardin's second argument is against the desirability of what he chooses to call One World in the political sense (though, as will be seen by his argument, his definition of "political" here is rather wide). Professor Hardin's position is set forth in this manner:

"Accepting it [the premise that the continued existence of the species is desirable], we see immediately, in terms of the picture of evolution developed in the last chapter, that the wisdom of man's dream of One World is highly questionable, to put the matter mildly. Any species which becomes one big melting pot of genes puts (to change the metaphor) all its eggs in one basket. There are countless adaptive peaks available; the one-population species can occupy only one. If circumstances change rapidly, it may be unable to adapt, and so will perish."

This is odd reasoning indeed coming from a scientist. Changes in "circumstances" (i.e. environment) lead to the extinction of specialized types (the "one-population species"). This is sound evolutionary theory. Unfortunately, it applies to man only by an incredibly wide interpretation -- unfortunately, that is, for the Professor's argument; it is fortunate indeed for man. For man the adaptable creates his own environment. Average 20th century man can live anywhere on the land surface of the earth with the assistance of his artificial environment, created by his "gadgets". Man's specialization is intelligence, a quality which adds an entirely new dimension to evolution, for with it he can cope with very nearly anything thrown at him by nature. Swiftly changing environment is dangerous to specialized species only when their specialization is a biological one, such as the bill of the woodpecker or the neck of the giraffe or the heavy fur of many animals which serves to protect them against low temperatures. But man's protection against extreme cold is a mechanical device, a gizmo; he has a similar protection against extreme heat, extreme wind, or extreme anything else. Natural phenomena of the calibre of a nova of the sun will, of course, neatly effect the extinction of the species. But the more subtle shifts in environment which have in the past led to extinctions are ineffectual against man, regardless of whether or not his genetic eggs are in one or many baskets.

But in any event, the liberal concept of One World is not necessarily intended to convey the impression of One World in the biological sense. We desire, politically, a united world; a world form of government, probably parliamentary, which uniformly administers law and, if possible, justice, and which prevents any outbreak of war by arbitrating differences. There would still be different races, and probably different nations (if only for the purpose of differentiating congressional districts), and competition -- individual-to-individual, and area-to-area. There would probably be classes similar to those in existence today, except the very lowest, starving classes. There would be a great deal else, much of it open to debate, and assuming

such a government to be workable and incorruptible to the degree that the current United States government is workable and incorruptible, I see no basis for genuine objections to its initiation.

Indeed, it is plain that something of this sort must inevitably be instituted if we are to continue to survive. We plainly cannot continue on our present course.

-- Ted Pauls

As a brief postscript to Ted's article, here are a few passages from The Liberal Papers, the volume brought out last year as a result of the establishment of "the Liberal Project" in the House of Representatives. (The Liberal Papers is Doubleday Anchor Book A290, \$1.25.)

"While producing little if any military strength, the attempt at physical containment stultified the political posture of the United States. Alliances with anti-democratic and unpopular governments (Franco in Spain, Nuri as-Said in Iraq) placed the United States in the invidious position of defending an outmoded status quo in various parts of the world where peoples desired radical change. Concern for its European allies caused the United States either to back the rickety remnants of colonialism (Indo-China) or else to take an ambivalent position (Algeria) which pleased neither the colonial power nor the people seeking freedom and independence. Concentration of American effort upon military containment caused a woeful neglect of the political opportunities presented by almost every part of a rapidly changing world. [...]/ We suggest that the ultimate aims of American foreign policy should be:

"(1.) The achievement of universal security against military aggression through universal disarmament under adequately enforced world law.

"(2.) The achievement of universal human betterment through worldwide cooperation in economic and social development.

"We suggest that the immediate aims of American foreign policy should be:

"(1.) To remove by give-and-take negotiation, with due regard to the vital interests of the United States and its allies, as much as possible of the tensions which now exist between the United States and the Soviet Union and between the United States and the People's Republic of China.

"(2.) To maintain, pending the achievement of universal disarmament, a military posture of sufficient strength to discourage aggression against the United States or against allies whom the United States is committed to defend, it being understood that such commitments are subject to revision as hereinafter set forth.

"(3.) To build and maintain for the United States and nations willing to cooperate with it a position of effective competition in economic development with the Sino-Soviet bloc until such time as universal cooperation can be achieved."

-- James Warburg, "A Re-Examination of American Foreign Policy," pages 55, 58-59 of The Liberal Papers.

"American liberalism seeks to combine the historical liberal attitude, which attributes primary value to individual freedom, with the progressive attitude, which is aware of imperfections in any status quo and is always ready to initiate reforms. In its first aspect, liberalism is opposed to governmentalization -- as Jefferson said, 'the less government the better' -- in its second aspect, liberalism is opposed to conservatism and committed to progress in the spirit of Franklin D. Roosevelt's 'new deal.' -- Quincy Wright, "Policies for

Strengthening the United Nations," p. 315

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ROSEBUDS, LOLLIPOPS AND THE FOUR LEGGED TROMBONE BY SKIP WILLIAMSON

Some of my compatriots will tell you that I have been in a pseudo-bourgeois form of semi-hibernation, or floating around on a pink cloud somewhere in my own little dream world for the past few months. I have, in fact, been something of a hermit, even to the extent of cultivating a beard (is this a sign of the weight of fandom on my brow? or on my chin?)

This past school year has been one of bewilderment, rude awakening, mad, gay, carefree affairs of the heart, and days of crashing boredom. These have been months of communal weekend orgies (where people were found hanging from second story windows, or making passionate love to fifths of Hiram Walker, or puking their entrails all over someone's baby blue sheets). This has been a time for meditation, a time to be sensitive, and a time for understanding. This is what we'll look back upon with a tear in our eye and say, "These were the Best Years of our Lives."

Sociologically, I picture myself as an odd combination of an extrovert, an introvert, and a myriad of other Freudian complexes. This, I would suppose, gives me definite schizoid characteristics and will probably make me the pet project of every amateur psychoanalyst in fandom. I have this dream, you see:

I'm on this flat plateau area that stretches on all sides to infinity. I'm clad only in a padded pink jockstrap, a pair of dark glasses (Polaroids, no less) and one tremendous jade earring. Suddenly a booming voice above me thunders "...so round, so firm, so fully packed..." every three or four minutes. I have an uncontrollable urge to start running in all directions at once. Then what should appear but an Amazon so utterly beautiful that anything I say would be meaningless. She's wearing only one well-placed band-aid and a propeller beanie. I start for her, but right before my jaundiced eyes she turns into a six-foot bottle of Southern Comfort. Naturally there is a complete transgression of my desires, and so I console myself with the booze (using all the hearty gusto befitting a true fan). Immediately after which I'm raped by 347 bright chartruese cockroaches (quite an accomplishment, even for 347 bright chartruese cockroaches). All this time I'm wondering what, pray tell, in the hell is going on. It's usually at this point that I wake up in a cold sweat. (You would probably wake up in a cold sweat too if you were raped by 347 bright chartruese cockroaches.)

This little facetious dream of mine should keep all the self-appointed analysts out there in a euphoria of the mind for a couple of weeks, at least. (Pardon me if my libido is showing.)

I don't feel I'm an ambivert (an animal that lives in a suspended state of conformity somewhere between the extrovert and the introvert). My ideas are too liberal for an ambivert. Besides, I have a beard, and no self-respecting ambivert would have a beard.

* * * *

Has anyone out there ever given consideration to suicide as a way of life? I mean seriously. Some egotists have tried genocide and
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homicide, but you have to admit that damn few make suicide a way of life. For most people it's just another goddamn hobby.

There have been only two groups of any strength that I can think of who have tried, with all their heart and steadfast conviction, to make suicide a way of life. These two groups are the Orientals and the True Existentialists.

Of course, with the Orientals it's their religion or the Thing to Do. Death before dishonor and you'll be able to meet your great granddaddy in the happy hunting grounds. But don't forget that it is still a way of life with them.

It could be said, too, that suicide is a religious ritual of sorts for the True Existentialist. The only thing wrong with this is that the True Existentialist has no religion. He has just himself (which is plenty for anybody, if you think about it). And if society becomes too much of a burden or a bore to him, he might as well end it all. Thus the True Existentialist's life is a crescendo of activity from the lowest point, where he is born into this cold conformist world because of someone else, to the highest point, where he solves the whole problem by committing suicide.

Unfortunately, there are so few True Existentialists left in the world that it hardly makes becoming one worthwhile. I think the fad of True Existentialism went out in the thirties or forties when the bohemians made their exit, leaving a vacancy that was later filled by the pseudo-beatniks of today.

If one really wants to make suicide his way of life, it's first advisable to make certain preparations (this isn't the kind of thing you rush into, you know). Your whole life should be primarily your own and should build up to this one tumultuous, climactic event where you fizzle out with all the majesty of a true patron of the art.

Originality is most emphatically necessary when considering suicide as a way of life. Anyone can fling himself from the fifteenth floor of some office building, or slash his wrists on a broken Pepsi bottle, or throw himself in front of a speeding Volkswagen (Kharman Ghia, to be sure). But you aren't just anybody. You want to be unique.

I'll make a few suggestions now on how to do yourself in uniquely.

An artist has great possibilities. He can squeeze the contents of a tube of oil paint into each nostril, and then wait a couple of days for it to harden. Or he could mount himself on a canvas stretcher and stretch himself to death.

Lovers could go into a clinch and stay that way until they're eventually absorbed by each other or drop from lack of proper food-stuffs. At least they will both go in a state of sheer ecstasy.

If you happen to be a Negro (or have dark skin for some reason or other) you can always enroll at the University of Mississippi.

As a last resort, there is one method left -- a method that probably should be left unmentioned, but you must remember that this is to be used only as a last resort, or if you are taking your suicide even more seriously than the True Existentialist. This is doubtlessly the most painful, the most prolonged, the most elaborate, the most frivolous and the most preposterous way to die:

Become a fan,

-- Skip Williamson

ENCLAVE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE FOLK BOOM: "There's nothing so silly as a C.C.N.Y. psych major sitting on a street corner twanging a guitar and singing about building barrel staves on the old Ohio River...."

-- Jean Shepherd, New York City radio personality.

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A PHYSICAL FITNESS PROPOSAL

by Mike Deckinger

It has come to my attention that in 1905, Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, enacted plans which led to the construction of the Panama Canal. The amount of time, money and energy devoted to the undertaking was enormous, and the end result is a monument to the courage and determination of the brave men responsible for the construction of this important waterway. It was necessary for them to hack through steaming jungles, battle hostile animals, and expose themselves to countless germs that nestled in their bodies and slowly reduced the ranks of workers. When the task was completed, not only was sea travel revolutionized, but the men who worked on the project (and survived) had endured the toughest and hardest rigors. Their bodies were conditioned and molded through their feverish activity.

President Kennedy has proposed that a program be instituted to restore the flabby, sagging American to his former impressive status as a barrel-chested, strong-muscled giant, unconcerned with the obstacles that might be a challenge to the less physically developed individual. The President is absolutely right in his convictions; there has been a slew of undeniable evidence attesting to the fact that Americans are generally run down and in poor condition.

There is a way to combat this sapping of strength, a way to restore the average man to the muscular excellence the President so rightly seeks. Theodore Roosevelt set an example for all of us in his Panama Canal building program. It's up to every American to see if he can meet that challenge -- by building his own canal. Theodore Roosevelt proved that it could be done, and what was accomplished fifty years ago can surely be done today, with much more skill and a greater degree of accuracy than Roosevelt ever dreamed of.

The first step is determining where the Canal should be built. The Panama region is out; therefore, some other site is needed, one that will give individuals the best opportunity to condition themselves and get plenty of good exercise. We can again take a page from American history, this one from the story of how a railway joined the East and the West. Why not an East Coast/West Coast canal, stretching from New York to California, and crossing as many states as possible? Establishing such a country-spanning canal would immediately alleviate the crowded shipping conditions at the Panama Canal, and provide an undreamed-of opportunity for Americans to undertake a physical fitness crash program bound to result in a sturdier and heartier nation.

Once this route has been decided upon, and the various formalities attached to it taken care of, construction should begin immediately. Work could progress at a relatively rapid rate through the use of cranes, bulldozers, steamshovels and so forth, but the use of such machines would deprive the individual of his right to perform the excavation himself. Compare the exercise one man, sitting in a bulldozer all day, receives, with that of two hundred men toiling in the hot sun with picks and shovels. Granted the project would

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PLONKING PERIODICALS

by Joe Pilati

It is highly debatable whether we are in the Best of All Possible Fandoms, and as a fan with only two years of letterhacking, contributing and publishing behind me, I am singularly unqualified to determine the truth or falsity of that cliché. I do know that I have received in the past two months more excellent fanzines than ever, and I would venture to say that many of these couldn't be matched by anything from the Early Days before the earth's crust had cooled.

At the top of the pile before me is the latest Cry (#166). It is notable for a superb Atom cover, Wally Weber's witty wordage wondering why (I can't keep this up any longer) the Farley File of Fandom isn't considered a threat to us all, and Avram Davidson's four-page letter, written as a sort of purgative after the birth of Ethan Michael Anders Davidson, and perhaps not intended for publication by the Crygang or anyone else. As always, Cry is recommended reading. (25¢ from Cry, Box 92, 507 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington.)

The vaguely stfnal portions of John Boardman's political journal, The Pointing Vector, have broken off amoeba-like as promised and have become a new magazine (more properly, a newsletter) called Knowable. Issues 2 and 3 are at hand. Each of these contains two pages of humor in the vein (or rut) of 1066 and All That, written by John and entitled "Science Made Too Easy." This kind of thing is fine in small doses, and John has shown commendable restraint. He has shown no such restraint in publishing five chapters of a round-robin story written by himself and various friends "all over creation". "The Story," as it is wryly dubbed, is a sword-and-sorcery epic featuring such characters as Sir Cumference, Herr von Dumpling, Sir Tinley, Dumbert and Pompey -- and it's every bit as bad as it sounds. Knowable does overcome this monster, though, with sacrifice and struggle. John has written some good fannish pieces including a review of A Sense of FAPA, in which he details numerous colorful FAPAn disputes of varying magnitudes. As Buck Coulson has said, Boardman is one of the best writers in fandom, but at present Knowable looks as though he hasn't decided exactly what to do with his talent. Knowable is 5/\$1. from John at Box 22m New York 33, New York.

The Twilight Zine is definitely one of the most improved fmz of the past year. No longer is it a depository for second-rate verse by Ike Asimov (but he's a Name!) and filk songs which, while excellent, were always trivial. #9 includes two major articles -- actually term papers written for courses taken by MITSFS members -- in which editor Bernie Morris and Ed Olsen tear into Tolkien and HPL respectively. Mike Deckinger contributes a very superficial and at times inaccurate article mourning EC comics, and Doug Hoylman's crossword is a compendium of unlikely lino (i.e. "Judicial body in Southern U.S.: mob" and "This accounts for half the sex in SF: male" /Ask Phil Jose Farmer?/). TZ is unreservedly recommended; the M.I.T. crew are a mad bunch and as long as at least one of them can type and transcribe notes, their fanzine will be worth getting. (It's 25¢ from Bernie Morris, 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Massachusetts.)

Monster movie fandom is ascending, and presumably someday their fanzines will do the same. (Terror was OK, but Terror is dead.) The Transylvanian Newsletter #2 is a decently mimeoed 7-page job which is hampered by unpolished and ungrammatical writing. For those who are interested, it's 10¢ from Harvey Ovshinsky, 19947 Forrer, Detroit 35, Michigan.

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Al Kracalik, editor of Lunar Look #1, asks for "constructive comments on why" his mag isn't appreciated, in the very likely event that it isn't. Al is determined to publish fan fiction, and this he does, seemingly without regard for the quality thereof. Bill Bowers contributes the only readable story, and besides the three unreadable ones, we have a mistitled and inept article by Seth Johnson. (It would have been a fairly good and authoritative portion of a loc, but as an article it is unfortunate.) Sorry, Al, try again. (25¢ from Al Kracalik, 1660 Ash St., Des Plaines, Illinois.)

Happily, Charles Wells is not so orthodox as Kracalik in his approach to fanzine publishing. Chuck promised in Cadenza #6 that he would soon publish an article on *Science*Fiction*, but his plans were thwarted when the "article" became his Warhoon column instead. Cadenza #7 is out now, almost totally devoid of sf material, and it may be a much better fanzine for the lack of it. It is mainly letters and an article on axiomatic systems which is clear and revealing. (20¢ from Charles & Jane Wells, 200 Atlas, Apt. #1, Durham, North Carolina.)

Axe has transformed itself from the best news fanzine into one of the best general interest fanzines extant. The January and February issues (#33 and 34) arrived in early March and late March respectively, but so little of the material has time value that this is irrelevant. These issues contain many good things: "William Atheling" on current sf prozines, Dick Lupoff's fanzine reviews, book reviews by Sid Coleman and Bob Stewart on imaginative films. Best of all, Axe is the place to get the Willis trip report, in tantalizingly small portions. My favorite item in either issue is Willis' devastating letter to the president of Greyhound Buses, bemoaning in the inimitable Willis manner that company's appalling service and indigestible food. Axe, however, is delicious....try it soon. (20¢ from Larry & Noreen Shaw, 1235 Oak Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.)

Now that the Coulsons are using regulation-size staples instead of those microscopic job, there's damn little to complain about in Yandro. #s 120 and 121 present a striking contrast in covers. The first is a beautiful Eddie Jones job, reminiscent of the best of Wally Wood's work in Galaxy, even though the subject matter (rocket lifting -- once we said blasting -- off) is ordinary; on the other hand, the cover of #121 is a flat, uninspired drawing by Ric Gentry (subject being a robot gone berserk, I think), the likes of which I haven't seen since Cele Goldsmith defrosted Frank R. Paul for the anniversary cover of Amazing. Marion Z. Bradley in #120 is good, and Joe Hensley is better than good; nothing at all in #121 is even fair. (25¢; Bob & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana.)

Ted Pauls' new newsletter format for Kipple is unsatisfactory to me, but Kipple is still the undisputed leader of the Politically Aware fanzines. I have a theory about Kipple which can be stated briefly thus: (1) Kipple is no longer a fanzine, but (2) Kipple is still a part of fandom, though it is gradually departing the microcosm and (3) becoming the nucleus of a "Kipple fandom" with headquarters at 1448 Meridene and virtually no connection with, shall we say, the types who will stage the Discon. Kipple is, in short, isolating itself; whether this be a Good or a Bad Thing I cannot say. I enjoy the mag, though. (20¢ from Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland.) #36 is current.

Dynatron #15 is only the second issue I've seen, so my impressions are tentative and written with hesitancy. The Tacketts are talented people, but their zine seems too casually put together; at times it is haphazard. Roy and Chrystal write entertainingly on many topics, Rick Sneary produces a useless three pages on reference books (and God what 16.....enclave #2

misspellings!), Ben Evans uses the old Mad magazine device of aping the first grade primers, this time in a stfnal manner, and Len Moffatt agitates for the wretched, miserable, crummy, stinking, intolerable city of Los Angeles as the 1964 Worldcon site -- but don't think I'm prejudiced! 64friscoorfight64friscoorfight64friscoorfight -- yes. (Dynatron costs 15¢ -- very reasonable -- from Roy & Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico.)

Terry Carr's latest four-page excursion into fanzine reviewing, Troll Chowder #1, was a rider with Axe #33. The reviews are considerably more polished than Terry's Ace half-Double Novel, but since that's not saying very much I'll add that he has produced the best fmz reviews of the last 12 months or more -- perhaps since the last Habakkuk. As a bonus, we get Ted White's lovely put-down of A Trip to Hell.

Another rider, this time with Xandro #120, was John Russell Fearn: An Evaluation by Philip Harbottle. The only thing I could think when I pulled this out of the envelope was, "They must be kidding." And that's all I can think now.

Jack High #12 is reportedly the last issue, which is regrettable. JH led the motley pack of satire/comics fanzines, and #12 is a fine issue from the Edwing cover to the Deckinger movie column (with well-aimed blasts at Jerry Lewis) to the original and hilarious anti-censorship tract by Bullwinkle's creator, Jay Ward. Most of the other material is from the Smudge file, which means I deemed it good enough for that lamented journal, but I won't comment. Phil may still have a few copies of #12 left; you should get one for 30¢. (He will still be publishing a biweekly four-page newsletter @ 6/50¢. The address is Phil Roberts, 283 Hoopingarner Road, Route 1, Bronson, Michigan.)

The rest of these reviews must be compressed mercilessly. Blasé #1 (no price; Art Spiegelman, 63-12 Carlton St., Rego Park 74, N.Y.) is a new, very small satire zine. Art has promise but needs practice. Sathanas #4 (no price; Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan) is a good 40-page con report; as good as Breen's, I think, but miserably mimeoed. Best line is in the additions and corrections: "Page 34: Wally Weber got sold for two cents, not ten." One of the best comes last: Lyddite #4 (30¢; Gary Deindorfer, 121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, New Jersey) is an outstanding faanish zine. Besides nine pages of Dorf's truly unique editorials, there's Ted White and many of the best letterhacks.

-- Joe Pilati

A PHYSICAL FITNESS PROPOSAL continued from page 14

take longer, but the benefits of such labor would be so substantial that the utilization of powered digging machines in our proposed canal is unthinkable.

Volunteers will be accepted at first for the tasks of clearing the land and digging the ditch. As more and more laborers are required, a drafting program can be set up as a subsidiary of Selective Service, whereby men will be granted deferments of military service while serving in the Canal Construction Corps.

An added benefit, to the already apparent boons to employment and muscular development, will be the status attached to canal workers. No greater honor can be bestowed on one's name than to be recognized as one of the brave pioneers carrying out the physical fitness program.

Undoubtedly, there are inconsistencies attached to this proposal, and they must be handled properly. But it is hoped that eventually the sincere words of President Kennedy will inspire patriotic Americans to join in this great effort, just as the words of President Roosevelt did did over fifty years ago.

-- Mike Deckinger
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THE HIGHLY ESTEEMED GOON SHOW

by Maris Cizevskis

The stars of the British "Goon Show" were Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. The best known of the trio is, of course, Peter Sellers -- largely because of his paramount success after the Goons disbanded.

On the surface, the preceding sentence sounds rather discouraging with its implication that "The Goon Show" was, at the time of its original presentation, obscurely tucked away in the BBC schedule where only true diehards would bother to listen. But more on this later; first let's introduce the Goons and provide a brief description of this indescribably funny program.

Peter Sellers was born in Southsea (Britain). The young Peter had close ties with the theater since both his mother and father were in show business and some uncles were producers. Upon the outbreak of World War II, Peter enlisted in the R.A.F. and whilst serving in India, began doing impressions at camp concerts. His fame spread, and he subsequently joined "The Gang Show" (the armed forces entertainment unit) touring the middle east. After demobilisation, he tried to break into the theater and after many disappointments finally made his name at the Windmill Theater in 1948. Peter got his first job with the BBC by phoning producer Roy Speer and pretending to be Richard Murdoch and Kenneth Horne recommending the new offbeat comedy series, "The Goon Show," and especially a part for Peter Sellers.



Peter Sellers

The originator and accepted "Chief Goon" is the brilliant Spike Milligan. He not only has multiple voices equalling those of Sellers, but wrote many scripts with the other script writer, Larry Stevens. Spike had previously done some theater work, and he must have been surprised when the archaic BBC accepted his series, through the efforts of Roy Speer, who became the producer of the show.

The third and "greatest" member of the Goons was Harry Secombe. Harry's diminutive size was the target for many spoofs during the shows, yet he was an accomplished operatic tenor with some stage experience!

The show would run for one half hour (the national BBC does not broadcast commercials and shows have no sponsors) and a series consisted of twelve weekly episodes. It took some time for the characters to be developed and accepted by the British radio audience. The characters were all independent and easily stereotyped, and the cast became so adept at voice changing that it was unbelievable that there were only three men in the cast. If you're accustomed to the no less Goonish "Stan Freberg Show," you know what I mean.

The roles were as follows: Secombe played the "charlie" Neddy Seagoon; Peter Sellers played the suave con-man Gripwhitethin, the retired (or was it deserted?) Major Bloodnock, the aged Harry Crum (lover of Min), the heroic boy scout Bluebottle, and the odd-man Fred Spoons; and Milligan played the villainous Count Jim Moriarty, the quavery Minnie

Bannister, the "idiot extraordinare"....famous Eccles, and the odd-man Jim "Adolphius" Spriggs.

Fred Spoons and Adolphius Spriggs would become policemen, factory laborers or Parliamentarians as the script required. Outright impersonations were few, but those executed were memorable, such as the "Indian or Pakistani," the "BBC newsreader," and the "Yank" ("Hearne-Hearne of the Hearne-Hearne"). The Goons' impression of a crowd was a knockout -- a multiple recording of the Goon crew repeating audibly -- very audibly -- "rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb...." It must be stressed that the numerous sound effects were an integral part of the show, like the artwork in Mad. The ones I recall are the Scotsman with bagpipes being run over by a steamroller (listen closely and a low moan and strangling sound is discernible) and the record of walking speeded up to indicate running (and this was usually accompanied by singing, too).

The compere (or narrator) of the show was Wallace Greenslades. The serious relief was provided by the Dutch-born harmonica virtuoso Max Geldray and the Negro singer Ray Ellington plus a quartet. This serious relief divided the show into three parts and gave it a pattern. The first part would consist of a long opening and the star, Ned Seagoon, starting out on his mission, adventure, deed or journey.

"Hullo folks. Calling folks. This is my speaking trumpet folks."

Before long, Ned would be accosted by Gripwhitethin and Moriarty:

"My name is Hercules Gripwhitethin and these teeth resting in this jug of stale beer belong to none other than the Count Jim Moriarty! Say another 'Ow' for Neddy, Moriarty."

Gripwhite would have some scheme to relieve Neddy of his money. "We can sell you all the junk in Britain, Ned! You'll have the monopoly!"

The plot would unwind. The highlight would be when the zany pair, Min and Henry, would ramble lunacy having little or nothing to do with the plot; I can't recall how they developed. Nevertheless the Min-Henry gags are the core of Goon humor. For example, a sputtering car grinds and wheezes to a halt, and Henry mutters "Oh dear! The wick in the engine has gone out."

Major Bloodnock, with his explosions and his guilt complex ("It's a lie!") would provide many spoofs on army life:

"1944 -- wartime. All officers were hard at work at the administration HQ, writing their memoirs."

The half-wit Eccles would goof along with his friend Bluebottle. Ned would usually be saved by Bluebottle and the show rounded off with various mutations of march music:

Bluebottle: "I will save you, my captain! / Rolls up trouser leg and runs up cardboard Union Jack. Takes out cardboard trumpet. / Tarumppa, tarumppa, Ooh the cardboard is all soggy!"

Behind the zany situations, the biting satire was ever present. To quote a contemporary commentator: "A radio programme which borders on lunacy and brings a rage of controversy wherever it is heard." Milligan attributed his groundings in humor to four writers: Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, Stephen Leacock and Jerome K. Jerome.

The main theme would be the main satiric target of a show. Such names as "Insurance -- White Man's Burden" and "Africa Ship Canal" (the latter was Suez) explained them.

To give examples of Goon humor, one needs a tape recorder. Voices would often go wild being speeded up. Josephine's voice would turn into a husky masculine voice. At times the tension would be so great (usually by the time Eccles enters) that mere silence would bring roars of laughter. Similarly, the first words by some characters (Min yelling "Henry"; Bloodnock shouting amid explosions "It's a lie!"; Bluebottle screaming

"I will save you!") would bring cheers in anticipation.

Here are samplings of Goonery:

Two loud whooshes. Gripwhitethin: "The Count and I were queuing for Sputniks in Siberia when we heard that you had some money, Ned."

Moriarty: "We finally caught Neddy in Wales." Ned: "Yes, huh huh, but I made them come to me on their knees!" Greenslades: "You did?"

Ned: "Yes, heh heh, I was hiding up a drain."

Greenslades: "Scene 2: A self-contained sewer." Splash, splash. "La dee, la dee dee dah." Splash, splash. Gripwhitethin: "Come on in, Moriarty, the water's fine!"

Gripwhitethin: "What is that excruciating brew?" Moriarty: "Taste it, taste it, Gripwhite." Loud slurp. Gripwhitethin: "What is it?"

Moriarty: "Your Laundry....sock supreme."

Ned: "That's a nasty hole you have in your head." Eccles: "Where?" Loud rifle shot. Ned: "There."

Bluebottle: "What's the time, Eccles?" Eccles: "Ah.....wait a minute. It's half past eight." Bluebottle: "Here, wait a minute.....you haven't got a watch. How do you know the time?" Eccles: "I've got it written on a piece of paper." Bluebottle: "How do you know that the time is half past eight without a watch? How do you know that when you take out the paper the time is actually half past eight?" Eccles: "Well, when I looked at the clock this morning it said half past eight....so I wrote it down on a piece of paper....that's how I know." Bluebottle: "But just because you wrote it down on a piece of paper this morning doesn't mean that the time is now half past eight! How do you check that the time is actually half past eight?" Eccles: "Why I've got it written down on another piece of paper."

Night Club Manager: "You can't come in here, you have to be a member!" Eccles: "Of what?" Manager: "The human race." Eccles: "Well how do I join?"

By 1956, the Goon Show had millions of listeners all over the world. It could even be picked up on short wave. The show had its greatest success from 1954 onward. At one stage, the Australian A.B.C. would broadcast a series at 7:30 pm Tuesday, repeat it at 10:00 pm Saturday, and broadcast an earlier series 10:00 pm Friday.

The immense popularity of the Goons' vocal efforts in the musical field resulted in (English) Decca's release of several recordings. To quote Royston Ellis, authority on "the big beat scene":

"The Goons/...for years previously had startled everybody, including the BBC, with their antics on sound radio. When Haley and Presley were vying for top placings on the charts in 1956, the Goons were warbling crazy best-sellers like 'Ying Tong Song' and 'Bluebottle Blues.' Insane their pranks might have been, but they are some of the few record artists whose passing has been really mourned."

In Australia, "Ying Tong Song" had great air exposure. The other records were "I'm Walking Backwards for Christmas" (Reuters reported that some fans took 40 to 50 mile walks backwards from Southend or Brighton to London), "Bloodnock's Rock and Roll Call" (a brilliant spoof: "Ladies to the left, gents to the right. All join hands. Panic!"), "Ee Ah Oo", "I Love You", "Whistle Your Cares Away" and, in the wake of Sputnik I, "The Russian Love Song." But trouble was brewing.

On December 17, 1957, a giant 160-lb. pudding was being stirred in London's largest bakehouse at Lyons Candy Hall. The Goons were to have presided, but only Secombe was present at the extravagant publicity stunt, to be followed by a show called "The Great Christmas Pudding."

Sellers caused ill feelings when he recorded with the rival company Patlophone and his skit on the current skiffle sound "Any Old Iron" forced the Goons' "Ee Ah Oo" and "I Love You" from the hit parade.

In November, 1957, Spike Milligan saw the film "Bridge on the River Kwai" and said, "It gave me a wonderful idea for a script. It was wide open to satire. I knocked out a cracking piece. In it, I took a tilt at the glorification of war. The BBC turned it down flat....without even looking at it. I was so upset I went to bed!"

In March, 1958, Milligan stated that the Goons were facing extinction because of his rift with the BBC, which refused to accept his terms for running the show. Spike came to Australia, where his parents and brother live, for a stay of five months or indefinitely depending upon whether the BBC would acquiesce. The A.B.C. Light Entertainment section assured work for Spike, who described BBC executives as "terribly insular" and deplored their indifference to the Goon Show. "Whereas the Goon Show could go on improving," he said, "I feel that I have my best as a writer to come. I got no indication that the BBC was willing to progress along with me. I am not a crank -- I just seek progress in humor." He criticized the BBC's reluctance to try out new ideas: "Shaw -- dead. Giraudoux -- dead. O'Neill -- dead. That's the only kind of writers the BBC like -- dead writers. They do The Women of Troy by a dead author who was a success 2000 years ago. Where's the challenge in that?"

After a brief rest with his family in Sydney, Spike began work for the A.B.C. in mid-1958. He wrote and starred in the half-hour series, "The Idiot Weekly," which was an ersatz Goon Show in newspaper style. Co-stars were Ray Barrett, Bobby Limb, John Bluthal, Reg Goldsworthy and Michael Eisdell. The producer was Max Green. Eccles was the only Goon character utilized in "Idiot Weekly" scripts. The program was not very popular since few characters were developed and spoken presentation of the Australians was comparatively poor.

Samplings of "Idiot Weekly" humor:

"Before we go on this expedition, we must take an oath." Chorus: "All right." "Repeat after me....we swear." Chorus: "We swear." "We also drink and smoke."

At the Melbourne University Maths class: Tutor: "Hm, Jones, what did you get?" Jones: "I got 98546, sir." Another voice: "98446!" Tutor: "Well I beat you both. I got two jacks, 8, king, queen."

By September, 1958, the BBC had accepted Spike's terms for a new Goon series and Spike returned to Britain for the reunion. Although the show was identical to the earlier shows, it was now called "Vintage Goons" and featured one new character, Little Jim, whose entire vocabulary seemed to consist of "He has pfallen in the water." The new series was short-lived, though; the twelve episodes were the last.

Peter Sellers' film roles had attracted many producers, and he quit the Goons in January 1959 to accept a \$100,000 contract to make five films in five years for the Boulting Brothers. He began work immediately on "I'm All Right, Jack" while Secombe worked in a Manchester stage show and Milligan made plans for television films, including the award-winning "Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film" in which Sellers co-starred with Spike and Dick Emery; the last time any Goons were together.

The Goons may be gone, but their humor lives on through the two LPs, "The Best of the Goon Shows -- Vol. 1 and 2". These are truly representative of Goon humor, and each side has one complete BBC tape, minus the musical breaks. These LPs are superb and help fill Parlophone's coffers. Bloodnok couldn't even scream "It's a lie!"

-- Maris Cizevskis

/Highly Significant Footnote: Maris writes that since 1/1/63, Parlophone has released a 40-minute LP of Sellers, Milligan, Peter Cook and Jonathan Miller in "The Bridge on the River Why"! -jmp/

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OUTSIDE AGITATORS

....in which various letterhacks tear apart the Helpless Editor, whose pained and futile pleas for mercy are enclosed in brackets7.

BERNIE MORRIS 420 Memorial Drive Cambridge, Massachusetts

Like Woodie Guthrie said: "Stand up and sing out for Hughes, the qualified candidate willing to use." Maybe he didn't say that, but he should have. He certainly should have. According to the New York Post of March 4, 1963, Guthrie is in a Brooklyn hospital, "wasting away....victim of an incurable nervous disease, Huntington's cholera." He can barely speak. There is no justice. And the Hughes folksinger you mention was probably Pete Seeger, star of the HUAC hoot-nannies.7 The whole Hughes campaign was thought of as a joke around here, not that Stuart wasn't a ghod man, but what can you expect from a bunch of ~~stupid~~ voters who go by the sex appeal of the candidates: rather than by their honest qualifications.

Anyway, we're wallowing in apathy (to quote that crummy little freshman) and don't want to be disturbed. My solution to the whole business is somewhat like Parkinson's. He advocates the liquidation of all candidates who fail to get a majority in a European type vote of confidence. While this is a basically sound idea, it does not go far enough in its aim (which is the scaring off of corrupt politicians & etc.) I modestly propose that even those who do get a majority backing be similarly disposed of. I'm sure you will agree with this plan as it is in accord with your policy of authoritarian anarchy. I also have an ingenious method regarding the current famine and overpopulation in Ireland. It takes care of both problems at once. More about that later. Much later. Bernie, it's been done.7

Ever since Malcolm X spoke here, about three months ago, some people have been spasmodically selling Mohammed Speaks, the Muslim sheet, at various spots around the M.I.T. grounds. I got one for comparison to American Opinion, Minority of One and other idiot papers. I didn't think it was too funny, but then I don't see much humor in Buckley's ravings. Since you do, why don't you get a copy of Mohammed. The magazine distributors here are all spies for the NAACP. Seriously, I think you're wrong about Minority of One. The editor, M.S. Arnoni, is no idiot, and though he is another American leftist afflicted with political myopia, the copies of his mag I've seen have had some pertinent material. Arnoni rationalizes away his "Reds-can-do-little-evil" kick by noting that to 99% of the American press "Reds-can-do-nothing-but-evil". This last assertion is valid, but it isn't really a legitimate excuse for playing the other kind of Editorial Cowboys and Indians. Still, TMO cannot be characterized as "idiot".7

If I haven't told you before, and I don't think I did, you have the most refreshing thing since menthol cancer sticks. The duping was much better than the average dittozine, and the material was so good that I strained my weak old eyes in the few places that were blurred, a luxury in which I don't usually indulge myself.

ROBERT COULSON Route 3 Wabash, Indiana

What's wrong with Roald Dahl writing James and the Giant Peach? Seems like an honest fantasy title. Besides, everybody is writing childrens' books today. Remember "Shane"? Well, Jack Schaefer, who 22.....enclave #2

wrote the book, last year won an American Library Association award for "best children's book on animal life". And John Ciardi won a Boys Club of America medal for The Man Who Sang the Sillies. /Good for all of them. I don't care what Dahl writes (though I'd like more in the vein of Someone Like You and his fantasy shorts); the bit on his children's book last issue was supposed to be tongue-in-cheek, but I don't think I'll try that again./

I'd have more to say about Warren's article if I was sure of the point. Publishers have to make money? I know that; I don't need a 3-page article telling me so. Publishers must compromise with their i-deals? Admittedly, some fans don't seem to be aware of that fact, but most of us know enough about Life and the World and all like that. Fans shouldn't be so critical of professional efforts? Now there we part company, if that's what he meant. I'm quite willing to let Warren do whatever is necessary to sell the magazine, but he isn't going to sell it to me unless he does what I like. (I don't like Famous Monsters, and I don't buy it.) Now, on the unlikely assumption that Warren wants to sell me the magazine, how is he going to do it unless I tell him what I want? If he doesn't like my opinions, he doesn't have to read them. (Using myself strictly as an example of the Fan Critic; in actual fact I've never offered him my valued advice because I'm not a horror movie fan and I know he doesn't want to sell me the mag.)

I think Skip Williamson has been taken in by our propaganda. "What other group has conventions that are infamous and notorious as those of fandom?" (And who is responsible for leaving out an "as" in that sentence?) /The little old typist, me./ At the Chicon, who paid for the masquerade ball by patronizing the bar in the ballroom? The onlookers from the Catholic convention, not the fans. Did you hear of any fans who had to be ejected from anyone's room by house detectives? Nope -- but a very tough and very drunken Seabee gave several of us a very bad time until two tougher and soberer house dicks got rid of him. Fans are nice, quiet, humdrum conventioners; we're disliked by hotels because we don't give them enough business, not because we're such rowdies as we like to think. /Stop it, Buck, you're shattering all my illusions and I don't like that....../

PHIL ROBERTS 283 Hoopingarner Road Route 1 Bronson, Michigan

Don't knock the kiddie stuff. Take it from me that some of the stuff done for the kiddies is pretty hip and pretty good, and I would not let a "kiddies" label knock any hero from my billboard. Note Bullwinkle -- and if you claim that this really isn't "kiddie," just check on some of the Bullwinkle children's toys. /I wasn't knocking Dahl; I was expressing bewilderment at the incongruity of his "kiddie" work compared with his macabre fiction. The Bullwinkle analogy is strained. Toy merchandising doesn't necessarily pigeon-hole the series. Ward and Scott are unhappy with their 5:30 Sunday slot on NBC, you know; they thought their old 7:00 slot was ideal for the purpose of corralling both the kiddies and those in search of the best topical satire the one-eyed monster can grudgingly offer. The six-year olds may dig the opening scene of Dudley Do-Right riding backwards on his horse, but you can be sure they'll just blink at most of the gags thereafter (excepting, of course, the slapstick material necessary for the program's "mass" appeal./

Warren made a good and true point, but did he say anything everyone over 15 doesn't already know -- especially those who have followed the career of Kurtzman?

Enclave is a good magazine. The linos are better than well han-
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dled and the articles are ok, but somehow the duplication and overall effect is going to make it rough for you to defeat the ghost of Smudge. /Well, since we're not duplicated any longer, that problem should be licked, and as for the "overall effect", ~~I don't want to know~~ what does that mean?/

SKIP WILLIAMSON 1008 College Street Canton, Missouri

Hey, you made an unforgivable error in Enclave. You said I was 17 when in reality I'm a big 18 and have been since last August 19th (and if everything holds true to form I'll be a bigger 19 this coming August 19th -- wowee!) /Everybody send this character a card./

I was kind of interested in Julian Scala's views, particularly on Ole Miss and segregation, in the last issue. Even though I don't think I ever came to a conclusion as to just what Julian Scala's views really were on Ole Miss and segregation.

One of my closest friends (a dancer of some esteem frequently seen pirouetting around these parts) is about to acquire a sister-in-law who is none other than, you guessed it, Miss Ole Miss. Apparently she has scholastic and physical (sigh) supremacy over her fellow students. I haven't heard anything about her extra-curricular standing, but I do understand that some of the extra-curricular activities down there get pretty wild. /Yes, such as target practice with real-life French newspaper reporters as targets./

MIKE DECKINGER 31 Carr Place Fords, New Jersey

Enclave was a curiously unbalanced publication, vacillating between commendable peaks of amusing satirical speculation, and valleys of contrived humor and unfunny scribblings. But I felt that the good features undeniably overcame the less skilled ones, and I'd be interested in seeing the trend that future issues take.

The Camper article, according to a report in Axe, was returned for a rewrite, and apparently it will see print someday. The idea that the whole thing is a hoax is, of course, entirely possible, though I tend to think that despite the debunking non-appearance, it will be on the stands within the next few months. /A hoax, in this instance, is highly unlikely. I've talked to both Mrs. Camper and her son Fred, and neither had any knowledge of fandom before encountering my old Smudge. I could relate a dozen incidents backing up the article's legitimacy, but this one will suffice: Mrs. Camper asked me to send copies of Smudge to Dr. Frederic Wertham so that he could give her a few quotes. Upon receiving Wertham's home address, I complied with her request and also asked the Doctor to write a rebuttal to Don Thompson's article, "The Worth of Wertham," which was to appear in Smudge #4. Wertham promised to do so as soon as I sent him tear sheets of the duplicated Thompson pages. Subsequently, he called me and invited me up to his place (in Pennsylvania Dutch country) for lunch and an afternoon of talk from which I might garner quotes for the rebuttal. (Dr. Wertham said he had no time to write a formalized article.) I didn't go, though, since Wertham lives over 200 miles away and this was on three days' notice. Since all of this happened in July and August, Wertham has been sending me packages containing reprints of his articles from Ladies Home Journal, TV Guide and The American Journal of Psychotherapy (his own fanzine). I'm almost tempted to review the latter periodical in the Enclave review section..../ I think it is highly unlikely that this article will affect fandom in the slightest, outside of perhaps inducing a few

science fiction readers to send away for fanzines, and convincing several hundred thousand others that sf is more than just a form of literature.

Another point that further enshrines Roald Dahl, in my opinion, as one of the most skilled and accomplished short story writers is the degree of research and background he manages to introduce into his work. You probably know the commotion that greeted the Alfred Hitchcock television of his "The Man from the South," whereby letters protesting the distasteful nature of the show were received by the score. Only one other Hitchcock show, the adaptation of Stanley Ellin's "Guest of the House," generated so much interest. Bloch's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" was filmed by Hitch, but the network refused to show it. /I think you mean Ellin's "Specialty of the House," not "Guest"./

Jim Warren says little that hasn't been said before, and probably more succinctly too.

Your own verbal Buckley-baiting is a rather ineffectual attempt at anything more than revealing the overriding aberrations of Mr. Buckley and the National Review. I wonder if you know about the incident concerning the NR in El Segundo, California. I'm not fabricating any of this; it's a genuine newspaper report. It seems that Mr. Harry Bougeno stepped into a Rexall drug store and asked the clerk if she had the National Review. "Oh yes," she said, lowering her voice, "I'm not allowed to put it on the rack. I have it back here under the counter. If you want it, I'll put it in a paper sack for you." Upon questioning the assistant manager of the store, Mr. Bougeno was told that they did not know about the specific magazine, but that "the PTA had given the store a list of magazines with the request that they not be put on display due to the proximity of the high school."

Edwing of the Apes I will not comment upon. Just as fan-fiction is discouraged in fanzines, so should this sort of haphazard scribbling be discouraged in "satire" zines. /I know you'll question the relevance of such information, but Mad and Rogue have been paying Edwing \$50. a page for his "haphazard scribbling." Mad farms out his ideas, usually to Wally Wood or Joe Orlando, but Don tells me that Rogue has purchased his artwork as well as his gags./ I don't know why it is, but in practically every humor zine I've seen, the numerous cartoon strips have been bad and unimpressive. The juvenile drawings, poorly contrived situations and unsuccessful attempts at humor all lend a much more sphmoric tone to the zine than I'd feel you want.

The SAME ad, on the other hand, was quite good.

Williamson, too, is a good writer, though one of the most infuriating topics (for the readers) that a neo can handle is the significance of fandom. Ginsberg is generally recognized to be a better writer than Ferlinghetti, even though the former's fame is built largely on Howl, which does have definite qualities. But it's wrong to assume that Ferlinghetti is the only beat poet to record for Fantasy Records. /Skip didn't even imply such./ The infamous Lenny Bruce has had four records on Fantasy (even if they are devoted to shticks with only one attempt at beat poetry: "Psychopathia Sexualis".) Fantasy has also done a dual record of both Rexroth and Ferlinghetti, with the latter's noted "Junkman's Obligatto" among others, and singles of Ginsberg (reading Howl, of course) and Rexroth ("Married Blues," "Quietly" etc.) Bruce, if I'm not mistaken, is still on trial in Chicago for obscenity in his act, and when that comes to a head the local gendarmes plan on reviving the old charge of junk. /Paul Krassner said on an FM station here that Bruce was originally charged with the rather ludicrous crime of "alleged obscenity" (underlining mine)./ There seems to be undeniable

proof that he takes narcotics and the law just loves to nail someone on this. /Kenneth Rexroth has -- or had -- an excellent series called "The Autobiography of Kenneth Rexroth" on Pacifica's noncommercial WBAI here. I don't think it was a production of that station, though; Rexroth seems to be connected with Pacifica's Berkeley outlet.7

PAUL WILLIAMS 163 Brighton Street Belmont, Massachusetts

Thank you for sending me Enclave, which has a good deal of merit. The cover is a very impressively balanced design, but unfortunately you seem to have made some sort of mistake in the middle left-hand portion. I guess you drew in an extraneous line and then tried to erase it, and erased (with a knife) the wrong line. That is what I hate most about ditto -- there's no easy way to correct a mistake.

I like some of the humor in your editorial ("Especially after the Chicon." "Can't they do anything right over there?"). I suggest that you learn how to spell "Guantanamo" and that you stop spending all that space on simple puns. /If Uncle Avram can do it....7

What's so horrible about Roald Dahl's doing a children's book? /I get the feeling I've heard this before.7 If I remember the reviews correctly, it's supposed to be pretty good. I haven't read it, but certainly children's books are not to be blanket condemned. Do you have a lower opinion of James Thurber, or E.B. White, or C.S. Lewis, or William Saroyan because they have all written children's books? /No.7 (I don't -- see my series in Mezrab, Jr., or whatever Steve Bradley calls his fmz.) If you thought James and the Giant Peach was a crummy book, then you have a right to be disturbed. But right now you sound like one of those people who say: "My God! Did you know that Howard Fast is writing science fiction?"

The NY Post is the only significant publication that features regular criticism of the press, eh? Have you ever read A.J. Liebling's excellent New Yorker column "The Wayward Press"? And have you ever seen a copy of The Reporter? /In both cases, yes, but both magazines feature highly irregular criticism of the press, as opposed to the Post's.7 But you've brought up an interesting point: Speer should be proud of his quasi-quotemark idea.

Jim Warren's article was just fine -- he's absolutely right. The sex in Help! and the juvenility of his other three magazines are definitely justified from a publisher's point of view. Of course, it doesn't say much for the buying public. Incidentally, despite the fact that I have no particular love for any of his publications, I know for a fact that Jim Warren is a Good Person. This seems like as good a time to say it as any.

I have two copies of the National Review, because they contain Ted Sturgeon book reviews. In the classified section of one there is an ad which says: "YOUNG CATHOLIC CONSERVATIVE GIRL wishes to share apartment with family or same. Must be located in Manhattan area, convenient to transportation. Willing to share expenses. Write Box 207, NR." In the other copy, two issues later, the exact same ad appears, but the words "CATHOLIC CONSERVATIVE" have been dropped. I'll let you ponder the significance of that.

The Tarzan stuff was amusing. SAME was more so.

While I wasn't particularly interested by Skip Williamson's column, I was downright disturbed by Julian Scala's bit. Scala is, he claims, actively supporting apathy. That, by damn, is a contradiction in terms. I submit that your friend Julian is trying to look smart. He's above (that should be pronounced in a Hollywood accent) such nonsense as pol-

itics. Wouldn't spit on it. Of course not. By the way, Mistah Scala, what in your opinion is "Stuart Hughes hue". Or are you merely making a crack at the fact that he has written about such foolish things as political science? But let us not be picayune. Basically, what I would like to know is how can Julian Scala be so disinterested and apathetic about politics that he has to write a vehement column denouncing it? /I can't speak for him, but part of the answer might be that I asked him to write about the political atmosphere at Cornell./ He may be repulsed by the whole thing, but apathetic he's not. Despite your statement I would define him as "cool." Time was when liberalism was "cool." All the "smart" college students were picketing or somesuch. Now liberalism is too popular for college students. If the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court can be about the most openly "cool" guy of them all, it's time to change the meaning of the word. So now one rebels against the liberals and the conservatives. Gosh, if that young man can ignore both factions when colleges are so highly political, why what a very sophisticated young man that sophisticated young man must be. You're cool, Julian, but you haven't put anything over on Walt Kelly:

Churchy: It's the same...the extreme right is a greedy bunch...the extreme left is greedy...which one's for you?

Owl: I am for the extreme center.

You have an interesting style, Julian Scala. Why waste it on being "cool"? You'll find that fans can be as square as the squarest prof when they happen to believe in something that is considered square... as John Boardman, Bob Jennings, Ted Pauls, and a number of other "open-minded" people are unhappily finding out. /Boardman open minded???/

Anything that costs 75¢, is offset, is published by people I and most other stfen have never heard of, and is about comic books is not what I call a fanzine. So I have no intention of getting Alter-Ego to "see what a fanzine can be." I would say, off the cuff, that The Realist has more connections with fandom than Alter-Ego and most of the comics fanzines. And as you said in different words in talking about The Panic Button, nobody ever thinks of Astounding/Analog as being the ultimate in a pseudo-Campbell fmz. /Come again?/ So really, why should go out of my way to read the comics and satire zines which hold no interest for me? Why shouldn't the comics fmz be ignored in stf and fannish fandom? Walt Breen doesn't jump up and down trying to make us trade with the journals published by avid coin collectors, and Mez Bradley doesn't expect fans to correspond with circus-goers. I like stf, I like publishing Within, I like Cry, Warhoon, Vorpall Glass, Fan-ac, Horizons....hell, I like Enclave. /Thanks loads, I think./ But if I'm being standoffish not sending copies of Within in trade to eager comics fans, pardon me while I walk over here and stand off. /All of this deserves an answer. Don Thompson said in a Comic Art editorial that he knows 99% of comic books and 95% of comic strips are crud, but the small number of each that remains should be given serious treatment. By quoting a Pogo strip earlier in your letter, you backed up this assertion. Again, Dick Lupoff reviewed a copy of CA once and made a snide comment to the effect that if euthanasia, Vietnam, folk music and agnosticism are acceptable subject matter in fanzines, why isn't Herriman's classic "Krazy Kat" equally acceptable? When you drag in coin collecting via Breen and circus-going via MZB, you achieve no worthwhile purpose. The comic strip medium has had and continues to have moments of excellence. I suggest you pick up some of the old EC stf titles circa 1953-54 and peruse a few of their Bradbury adaptations -- admittedly these are the exception, but how much magazine, paper-back or for that matter hardbound stf is as skillfully done?/

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BILL SPICER 418-H W. Stocker St. Glendale 2, California

Somehow, the idea of James Warren's operation being "schlock" never occurred to me, but now that you mention it the term does appear to fit certain aspects of it. As he proclaims, "The Name of the Game is still Money." And that it is. The main item that deservedly earns the onus of "schlock" is the incessant peddling of those off-beat goodies in the back pages of all of Warren's publications. This, I think, is where the real money is -- not in ordinary circulation. Without paid advertising, it is a rare magazine indeed that can survive on over-the-counter sales alone. (Playboy claims it can do this. Perhaps it can; I don't know. But you can bet your booties it's the advertising that has put Hefner's company, and Hefner himself, in the high-income brackets.) Maybe Warren feels he can make more money with these mail order sales than by accepting regular paid ads -- and I think you will agree that without the sale of "little black boxes," "Electric Samovars" and assorted record albums, the James Warren operation would probably be somewhat less successful than it is. /Whether I agree on that or not is irrelevant, for our opinions are no more than speculation. Perhaps Jim Warren will clear us up./ However, if it takes a schlock operation to continue giving us a Kurtzine, then I lift my glass high and "here's to schlock." May you sell a million cartons of Brand X Cigarettes.

I like your "statement of policy". It leaves plenty of room for experimentation, plus lots of variety in upcoming issues. I do hope, though, that you will not lean too heavily on politikking and stuff like that there. This first issue struck a pretty good balance between fan-type material and the more Realist-oriented kind of comment. /That allusion to The Realist was the most gratifying egoboo I received in all the comments on #1, and even though Enc doesn't deserve it, I beam./ Julian Scala's column was very good and very funny -- I hope to see it continued in future issues. /That's up to Julian./ Also very interesting was "Trauma on the Right," which I was forced to take at face value since I have never read a copy of National Review. See, it's like I'm not overly politically-inclined anyway. This is why I hope Enclave won't turn into a 90% "world problems" publication, but if you insist upon commenting about these things, please keep your jaundiced eye well-peeled and your tongue where it belongs: in your cheek. /Ahem. I must point out that contrary to any prior claims, the term "jaundiced eye" is a Trademark of either Ted White or Terry Carr, I think./

Any contribution from the likes of Don Edwing is always a treat -- here's hoping you can persuade him to become a steady contributor. /I am trying, since in this case I am on the side of the ~~Angels~~ Spicers, as well as Don's many other admirers, as opposed to Crochety Old Mike Deckinger. Mike is getting married soon -- what can you expect?/

I am inclined to agree with you about Mr. Bradbury's latest offering, Something Wicked This Way Comes. Having been a fan of his for many years, I was expecting something far more stimulating and exciting -- something which might have surpassed even what I feel to be his best work, Fahrenheit 451. But alas, such was not the case. One would think that Bradbury's recent Salinger-like "just-something-once-in-a-while" output would produce something more significant. /At this writing I await the May F&SF with the promised pair of Bradbury tales. His appearance in Galaxy last October was most disappointing of all -- I mean, another little kid growing mushrooms in the cellar, fa crissake./

JOHN C. ROBERTS 6120 Hoyt Street Arvada, Colorado

Warren's article indicates the position of an editor who strives to
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fill the vacuum of his own specialized interest for the edification of others, which appears not unlike the proselytizing efforts of religious and political messiahs. Then we see that once the gap has been partially filled, the romance and fervidness wanes and mundanity becomes the driving force. /Damn, I just made a typo -- in John's letter the word "mundanity" is followed by a slantbar and the word "money", i.e. "mundanity/money." Sorry./ This might explain your own switch in pubbing. /Definitely not; though admittedly my interest in the subject matter covered by Smudge has waned, I've never even attempted to make any money from amateur publishing. I would be foolish to try./ I assume you are still under the economic wing of your family in most respects. /I like that expression, "economic wing." The answer is yes./ You have the monetary freedom which allows experimentation and escape from boredom. This is good since you don't have to pretend to be the prophet of your material long after it has lost its freshness. /I don't think I follow you, but at this point I should explain to that vast body of readers who are unaware -- or were heretofore unaware -- of John C. Roberts that he is a fringe fan and contributor to Jack High. Mr. Roberts is a high school teacher of social studies for Filthy Lucr. Pity the poor pro who must, for economic reasons, keep grinding out the same tripe long after it satisfied neither the writer nor publisher nor the reader...ie Mad. /As a frequent visitor to the Mad gang's offices, I can attest to their continued exuberance and pride (perhaps inappropriate) in their product./

Williamson's comments on the plight of nonfans is agreeable to me since I also share the feeling that if nothing else, fanzines deal with ideas and concepts rather than concrete things (such as stamp collections, rock collections, girl collections, car collections, money collections). I would classify idea collecting far superior to thing collecting even though some fanzines are more classifiable as things than anything else. Redundancy of terminology is apologized for, but I hope you get the idea. /I think I get the idea./

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM: Larry Byrd (whose new address is 313½ Delaware, Leavenworth, Kansas), Jerry G. Bails, Dennis Richard, Ted Pauls, James Warren, Bernie Bubnis, Don Dohler, Walt Taylor, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon and Harvey Kurtzman. Thanks to one and all; the lettercol had to be cut somewhere and this was the place. The following is in the form of shock therapy: "...I'd never get involved in a 'labor-of-love' fanzine with a multibuck loss every ish." That's your bloody but unbowed editor in the lettercolumn of Cinder #5, published in November, 1961. Ted White predicted in the next issue of that fanzine that "Joe Pilati may figure he's got to break even on fanpublishing, but I bet if he ever does he won't keep at it for long." TEW can stop combing the lice out of his beard long enough to pat himself on the back -- he was absolutely correct, for as he went on to say, "the pleasure of communicating with people is far more important, and it goes beyond simple egoboo. Those locs are signs that what you do is not being lost in a void; that it is being appreciated, and responded to." As penance for my fuggheadry I intend to purchase Ted's next book of jazz criticism (which was reportedly in AJ Budrys' hands at Regency Books a few months ago....) and read it from cover to cover, which as we all know is not very easy given the present state of jazz criticism. This WAHF section, in which I am making a valiant attempt to reach the bottom of the page, is being typed to the Herbie Mann & Co. rendition of "It Ain't Necessarily So," a fact which should bring shrugs of the shoulders and blinks of the eyes to future fan historians. Remember that it's '64 FRISCO OR FIGHT and STUART HUGHES FOR whatever he chooses....



ENCLAVE 2

FROM:

Joe Pilati
111 S. Highland Ave.
Pearl River,
New York

TO:

David G. Hulan

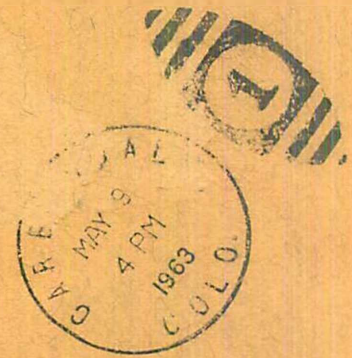
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Alabama
tr?

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Huntsville,
Alabama

This will be or has been Enclave #2 in either case, this is Enclave #2, the magazine of authoritarian anarchy. #3 will be out in June unless something unexpected happens, and it will contain Williamson's column, the return of Scala's column, and an article by Don Thompson of Cleveland Press and Comic Art fame. But the preceding plus whatever of my own material is printed will take maximum of 12 or 14 pages in Enc 3; obviously it will be necessary for some of you in the Vast Reading Audience to send another few articles. (Not to mention letters.) How about some material from Deindorfer, Demon, Williams (both Paul and Larry), Lupoff, Boardman, Schultheis, Plott, Boggs, Langdon, Nirenberg, White, Hulan, McCombs, Nirenberg, Morris... this will not be an exercise in futility if even one of the aforementioned people comes through. Who'll be first? As I noted last time, I want articles, fiction and verse of all types. Be stfnal, be political, be satiric, be comic-art-oriented, but please be here in Enclave! I would like to run one or a few one-page or longer stf book reviews in each issue, if anyone is favorable to the idea.

WAHF ANNEX: Since typing page 29 I have heard from Brandon Taylor, Jay Lynch and John Boardman, who thinks Barry Goldwater wants to throw him in a concentration camp. Down, John boy, down! Thanks to all of you.

"We have always known that heedless self-interest was bad morals; we now know that it's bad economics"

Franklin D. Roosevelt

During the New York City newspaper strike I discovered that the Newark Star Ledger has a man on their Washington bureau named Edgar A. Poe!!!

Dept. of Misplaced Adjectives, or Is This a New Specie?: "It can't be any real source of difficulty for the noofan to come up with a reasonably intelligent mailing list."

Vic Ryan, Banc #8

...and it's '64 FRISCO OR FIGHT! jp