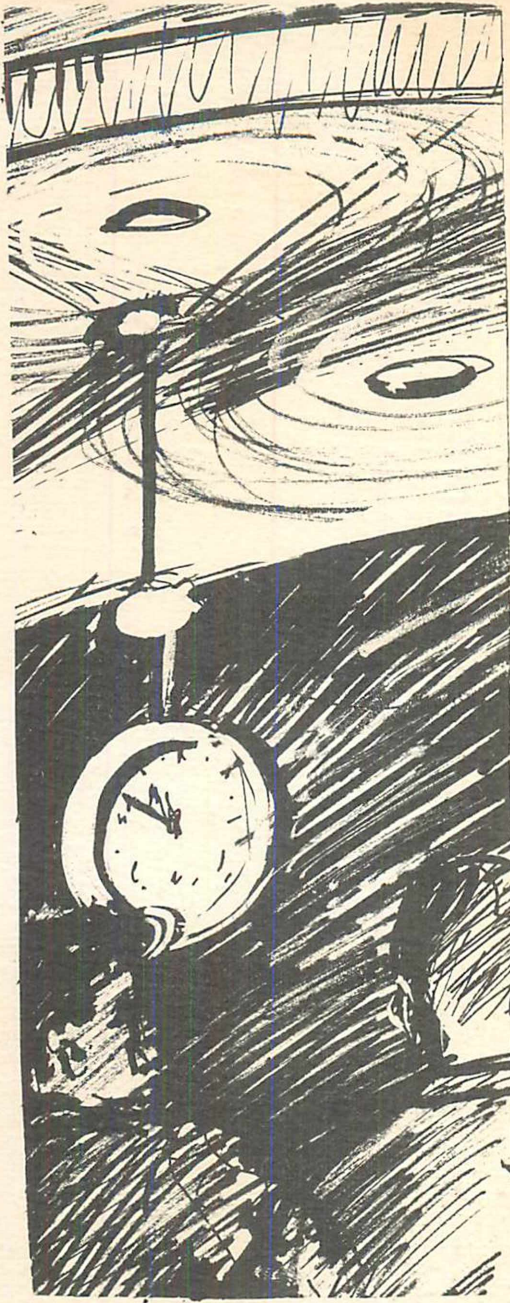


ENCLAVE

no. 3 july 1963



bob stewart



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Cover by bhob Stewart

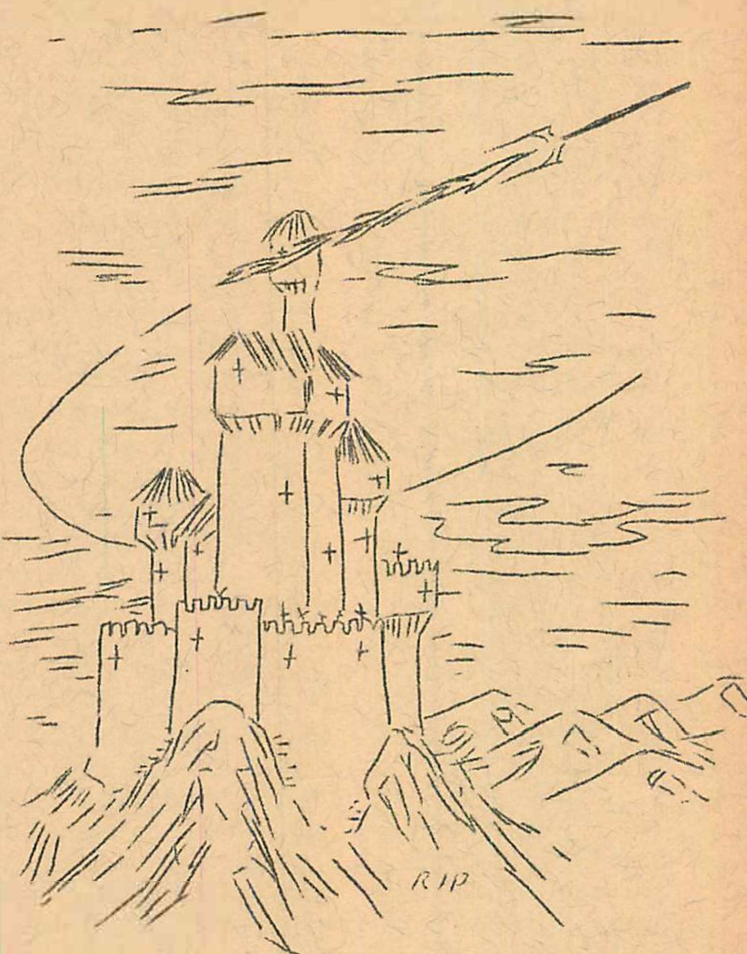
Interior Embellishment:

Dick Schultz (1)
Bjo Trimble (20)
Joe Pilati (13)

Mimeography by Juanita Coulson
(who also stencilled the artwork)

Who's Who Cover artist BHOB STEWART has sold to The Village Voice, The Realist, Dude and other discriminating periodicals. He is also Art Editor of Xero, the fanzine that deserves the 1963 Hugo. DON THOMPSON writes a financial column for The Cleveland Press, a publication decidedly inferior to Comic Art (which happens to be a fanzine edited and published by Don and Maggie Thompson). JULIAN SCALA, 18, has deserted Cornell University ~~like a rat on a sinking ship~~ and is now on the road (as we say in hedonist circles). ENID JACOBS attends Towson State Teachers College. JOHN BOARDMAN, Putterer in the History of Denmark (Ph.D for short) teaches physics at Brooklyn College in his spare time. However, his main occupation is publishing four (we counted them) fanzines. ROBERT AND JUANITA COULSON, Troop Leader and Den Mother of Fandom, hold forth in the bustling metropolis of Wabash, Indiana, with their faithful Gestetner, their son Bruce, and their venerable fanzine Yandro -- five times a Hugo nominee. :: A pretty motley bunch, isn't it?

PERSONALS/ BARRY: meet me at 1964 convention. Maybe we can work something out. -- Nelson. :: I am not responsible for debts incurred by Enver Hoxha, having left my Warsaw pact and party congress. N.S.K.



THE EDITORIAL ME

by Joe Pilati

A few weeks ago I watched a science-fiction movie on television.

If that sounds somewhat reminiscent of "I Was A Chinese Opium Eater" or similar confessional potboilers, rest assured it was intended as such. The experience of viewing this particular cinema epic is deserving of the same saccharine treatment.

It was called "The Day the Earth Stood Still", and the people to blame for its direct and indirect presentation are 20th-Century Fox and NBC respectively. I have neither the space nor the inclination to evaluate the whole shabby production, but I found one aspect of it so morbidly fascinating that I thought I'd pass it on. (Maybe I'd lose it, like the stigma of being "It" in some awful game of "tag".)

It seems that the peace emissary from an intergalactic federation has been mortally shot by a dastardly, untrusting Earthling. Prior to being shot, the spaceman had told a female Earthling he had befriended to make sure to say "Graxcaf-zloty-veeblefetzter" to his (the spaceman's) Giant Robot in the event that he (spaceman again) is killed -- else the Giant Robot, masterless, might decide to annihilate the whole damned planet Earth. The Earth Female follows orders, mutters the mystic incantation to the robot. Whereupon the robot takes his master's corpse, along with said Earth Female, back to the giant saucer.

Inside the capsule, Our Extraterrestrial Hero's carcass is penetrated by beams of light, A- to Z-rays, blowtorch devices and squiggly lines on the screen, as our Terran Heroine looks on, rapt and awed. The various and sundry Buck Rogers devices have the effect of bringing Our Hero back to life: he squirms a bit, sits up on his platform, rubs his eyes and then stands. Earth Female is quite shook at the spectacle.

She stares at the recently resurrected spaceman. "But....but....you were....you were...." She means "dead," in case you haven't guessed. Now she points at the robot, who had been manipulating all of the Buck Rogers devices. "You m-m-mean," she burbles, "he has the power of life and death?" A moment, as they say, of shattering suspense.

"Of course not," retorts the spaceman. "That is in the hands of the Almighty. These devices have only temporary effects....."

Personally, I was disappointed at that rejoinder. I had expected Our Hero to smile knowingly and murmur, "Don't you know who that Fat Robot is, Buddy? It's Jesus Christ Himself, Buddy. Jesus Christ Himself."

The Small Joys of Life Have you ever stood in a deserted corner of a massive "chain" store, and suddenly become aware that you are within range of a dozen brand-new, factory-fresh typewriters, each of them clutching to its carriage a sheet of blank paper, each of them beckoning: "Come, come. Wreak some small revenge on the Dirty System."?

Sure you have. But I'll bet you were more imaginative than I was at the time. There were twelve of E. J. Korvette's shiny pastel typewriters before me, and the best I could do was peck out on each one of them the information that "E. J. KORVETTE IS UNETHICAL" and "E. J. KORVETTE RUNS GUNS TO THE CUBAN REFUGEES". And that's how a small joy becomes a small disappointment.

I disagree with what you say, and I think you oughta go to jail for it"

Ethnic Mythos

Buck and Juanita Coulson's column on folk music begins in this issue, and I hope to publish it regularly. The folk column was to be, and still might be, just one of a number of critical columns -- on jazz, films, current science fiction, and anything else agreeable to both the potential columnist(s) and yours truly. Alas, though, I haven't yet been able to get a jazz reviewer, and I have only the most tentative agreement with one talented fringe-fan to do occasional film criticism. I'm not even looking for a science-fiction critic; I only want some acceptable reviews of current stuff from anyone, with any editorial arrangement from one-shot to columnist. Help!

Anyway, the appearance of the Coulsons' column -- which I'm very pleased to have here -- brings up the question of my own attitude toward Folk Music and Ethnic Ethics. (Actually, it doesn't bring up anything of the sort, but how would you affect the transition?) Let it be known that I personally detest about three quarters of the folk music I hear, which amount is considerable given the folk preoccupation of various local FM radio stations.

Mellowing young liberal iconoclasts have been discovering for years that "the people" in general are grossly undeserving of the sanctity accorded them by the likes of old Upton Sinclair, and, in fact, quite a large portion of that assemblage known as "the masses" is utterly reprehensible. Folk art and folk music can be put down similarly. I think it is symptomatic that a female folknik of my acquaintance, totally committed to and converted to the Ethnic Way of Life, regards Paul Krassner's magazine The Realist (the gutsiest magazine in the country -- and Paul, if he weren't modest, would say "ballsier" because he's ballsier than I am) as "tasteless". Yes, dear hearts, if "ethnic" is not synonymous with "phony", enlighten me as to what is.

I cannot dredge up even one iota of shamefacedness (if that commodity is dispensed in iotas) when I say that I much prefer Harry Belafonte to Huddie Ledbetter, and that I admire Pete Seeger solely for his scornful attitude toward congressional investigating committees. I share the Coulsons' contention that professionalism in folk music, as in everything else, is generally desirable; but I part company with Buck and Juanita by admitting that I don't particularly like the good professional folk artists either, and even a single band of Baez can send me scurrying back to Monk and Coltrane. Given this attitude, I find it cruelly ironic to be able to present a four-page folk column by two of the best qualified folk critics in fandom, and at the same time to admit inglorious failure in my attempts to locate even a mediocre jazz critic. I may end up being my own jazz critic, and if that is the case, you can be sure of mediocrity.

One thing is fairly certain, though: the True Folkniks have forfeited a good deal of their healthy rebellion against, to use Jean Shepherd's phrase, "creeping meatballism". If the really severe cases of Ethnicism sometimes worship the Vanguard label, it never occurs to them that they can themselves be vanguards of nothing more than their own self-defeating insularity.

After all, the fortresses of the philistines cannot be razed with guitar picks.

One Good Line Shot to Hell

So I was sitting there in Chemistry class, see? And the man at the big desk in the corner is conducting what he calls a "drill," firing questions from a Regents' Review Book with all the exuberance of Trotsky's assassin. And then the man's piercing stare is aimed at me, so I listen intently as he asks me a question.

"What is a condensed ring?"

I didn't think of the probable reaction; I just blurted out:

"That's the works of Tolkien as they would appear in Reader's Digest."

Stunning silence and quizzical looks.

I wonder how it would have gone over at a Fanoclasts meeting.

"An honest God is the noblest work of Man." -- Robert G. Ingersoll

I Go Hugo I would be interested in knowing how many other fans, upon receiving the Hugo ballots with the third Discon Progress Report, greeted this year's nominees with anguished thoughts like "My God, was science fiction really this crappy last year?"

Maybe it was. I voted in every category (I dislike votes of "no vote" merely because one nominee has to be a bit better than the rest), but only in the Best Short Fiction department could I find anything really worthy of a Hugo. Vance's "Dragon Masters" was a nice, smooth job.

Elsewhere, though, I checkmarked the little squares only diffidently. For Best Novel, I missed both Sylva and The Man in the High Castle, and that forced me to choose A Fall of Moondust, somewhat minor Clarke though it is. No, I just couldn't stand Mr. Piper's effort.

Best Dramatic Production? It had to be "Twilight Zone"; I missed everything else. Incidentally, the Progress Report listed "Burn, Witch, Burn" among the nominees, but it wasn't on the ballot. Heads must roll.

Best Pro Artist is Schoenherr by a mile (measured, of course, across the top margins of JWGhod's large-size pages).

I think Uncle Avram comes closest to editing a "Best Professional Magazine," and let's just forget how the December 1954 F&SF stacks up beside the December 1962 version. Galaxy plunged just too far, Analog has everything down to a formula (so does Avram, but I like his), and I couldn't stand the two issues of Fantastic I bought last year. Alas, I saw nothing of Science-Fantasy in 1962.

The best fanzine has to be Xero. This is the last chance to recognize the Lupoffs' superlative efforts, and I fervently hope they aren't passed up. Of course there is always the gnawing knowledge that Yandro is always passed up after it's nominated, although I think this may be due in part to the fact that (well, make that my opinion that) it is consistently good and rarely great -- deserving of a nomination but not a Hugo. I loathe HPL, so there went Mirage. (Jack Chalker is a nice guy, though. Why don't you publish a Kurtzman fanzine, Jack?) Warhoon is great, but this year it's Xero. I've never seen Shaggy; presumably Ellick has quietly disposed of the trade copies I've been sending him.

adv't / UNPUBLISHED FILES OF RARE E.C. ARTWORK AND STORIES TO SEE PRINT
You read correct. Being prepared for distribution now is a black & white comic book utilizing stories and artwork by the old EC "gang" that were never published, due either to censorship by the Comics Code, or because the particular title it was intended for suddenly folded.

Now being offered for sale are 100 "shares" in this venture. Each share costs \$2. and entitles the holder to a free copy of each issue of the comic mag as long as it is published, mailed in a large envelope. Shareholders' copies will arrive prior to general sale of the magazine at 75¢ per copy. Now is your chance to do your part in the initial drive to bring these rare stories to public light, and to gain a substantial bargain in the process. Simply drop a letter stating how many shares you wish reserved in your name to EC REVISITED, 313½ Delaware, Leavenworth, Kansas. Payment will be due when you receive your certificates; send no money now.

4.....enclave #3

WHY MARION FOR TAFF?

by Juanita Coulson

Marion Zimmer Bradley has been in fandom a long time, longer than some of the younger fans have even been around, period. She was a famous name to me when I first drifted in back in 1951. In those days, she was letterhacking in the Standard mags and writing columns and fiction for fanzines.

She has written several well-remembered fan columns: "Cryin in the Sink" (fanzine reviews for Max Keasler and Harlan Ellison), "What Every Young Fan Should Know" for Joel Nydahl's Vega, and through the years a number of similar columns for us, Ted Pauls, and others, not to mention articles in Amra, Cry and so forth.

The important thing, I think, (and it's important to her, too), is that she considers herself a fan who just happens to have sold science fiction professionally. When you've been around to a few dozen conventions, one of the most familiar cliques is that of the professionals (who at one time were fans like the rest of us peasants) who are "above" all this, have exclusive parties, and chuckle in embarrassment over the childish days when they actually used to publish fanzines. Marion, if anything, tends to confuse some of the professionals, because she chats with the neos and fans and looks on with wide-eyed awe at fellow professionals (who generally haven't written either the quality or the quantity of herself) as someone important "because they're professional".

And additionally, a bit of comment from Ted Carnell /editor of the two leading British sf magazines/ -- and too often the factor that's ignored in the stateside TAFF campaigns is how a fan is going to be received in England. Ted says that it would be nice for a change to have somebody who, in case they were at a party or a bar with several professionals, could speak with them. Too often there is no line of communication; and in this particular case, the shoe seems to have been on the other foot in the visits of previous TAFF winners, with the British professionals standing wistfully on the sidelines while the British fans monopolized the delegate. The British pro feels embarrassed and left out because he wanted to talk to this visitor from the States, but sensed he wasn't up on American fan talk, and was pretty well limited to hello-goodbye.

Carnell's idea is that Marion would be a double threat candidate, able to converse equally well with fans and pros (and I gather, from this, that, and the other, that British pros aren't quite so prone to little cliques as some of their American cousins).

Anyway, Marion has rendered, and is still rendering, continuing service to fandom, and in my opinion deserves the award. She would make an excellent representative who is known and who would fit in over there.

/And let it be known that Enclave strongly supports Marion Bradley for Trans-Atlantic Fantasy Fan, despite the fact that we didn't think Sword of Aldones was too hot. -- jp/

"Biography should be written by an acute enemy." --Arthur James Balfour

CoA Dept./ Jay Lynch, 282 Baxter Lane, Hoffman Estates, Roselle, Ill.
Bill Plott, P.O. Box 654, Opelika, Arkansas
Skip Williamson, 700 White Street, Canton, Missouri

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On Chrystie Street, a block from the Bowery in New York, there is a mission named the Catholic Worker. I went there with a friend on one of the first warm days of March. We walked North from the IRT at Chambers Street, peering down the dark, shattered side streets, looking straight ahead and walking briskly when bums sidled up to us to try to wheedle dimes. We nearly missed the building; it was an old store in a block of old stores, most of them empty. In each of the display windows that flanked the doorway was a small, handlettered sign:

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Below each sign was a large religious statuette. The windows were filthy; the whole front of the building buckled out. A sign on the door read COME IN! with an air of shabby hospitality. We hesitated a moment, grinning foolishly, self-conscious of the suits we were wearing and almost afraid to juxtapose ourselves with this place. Then we went inside. In the dimness I made out one long, large room with two rows of long, unmatched tables parallel to the store-front. Across the room a small line of men stands at a counter and receive plates of food. To the right is a narrow, ascending stairway. The tables are jammed with bums, mostly men; a few are women. All look old, a corrupt aging; a few look dead. Their clothing and bodies seem equally decayed. Their faces are grey and creased, with dirt in the creases, their eye-whites yellow and jaundiced. Bums with sunken chests and soft, sickly-white arms. All look old, and perhaps they are; it must take a number of years to hit bottom. But living as they do must age them rapidly; a human byproduct, a social excrement. They talk in rasping groups or sit hunched and silent over bowls of soup. It is noon; they are having lunch.

We gaped for a few long seconds. A thin bum with a long, hard face the color of sidewalks approached and blocked our way as we tried to move farther inside. He looked us over with yellow, suspicious eyes, as if we had come to confiscate the soup. We were aliens and looked it.

"Waddya want?" he said. My friend, Joe Morlan, was behind me; I felt the bum's rotten breath in its unalloyed pungency, got the fuller glimpse of his stained and hollow teeth.

"We're looking for Phyllis Masek," said Joe. Phyllis was Joe's Beatrice, and we had come to find her. She was an employee of the Worker rather than a client; she had come from Boston to work there.

"I don't know her," said the bum, "and I know everybody who works here. His eyes narrowed. A short, fat bum with wide, mild eyes came up behind him and listened to the exchange.

"She usually don't come in until about one, one-thirty," he said vaguely. All the bums at their tables had suspended motion and eyed us as trespassers. We'd be back, we said, and went uptown for lunch.

When we returned we were told Phyllis would be found on the third floor. We climbed the narrow stairs; on the second floor a lot of people were seated around two tables made of plywood sheets resting on sawhorses. The atmosphere here was easy and jocular; a few old bums grinned shyly and toothlessly at the other people, a shabby, lanky Negro, too cheerful to be a bum, a Puerto Rican woman with at least two darting and laughing children. The men puffed luxuriously on rare cigarettes. The crew as a whole was busy addressing envelopes and stuffing printed sheets into them. As we climbed past, they began to sing a hymn.

THEY BUSTED ALL THE WINDOWS

by Julian Scala

LOST CAUSES: first of a series on American radicalism

On the third floor we found a large corridor full of trash, a few blank doors, and a large room apologetically posing as an office. We went inside. A short, mesomorphic young man with a red fringe of beard and paint-splattered jeans told us that Phyllis had gone up to Grand Central Station to make some photostats, and if we liked we could wait. Joe sat on a broken chair and I sat on the edge of a desk and looked the place over. The end of the room held a row of large windows looking out on Chrystie Street. One window had a torn window-shade taped across it lengthwise to cut the sunlight. The floor sagged dolefully in the middle; its bare, worn planks were patched with large sheets of tin. There were a number of crippled desks around the room, each littered with papers and topped with one or two little statuettes of the Virgin or Jesus. The only source of artificial light in the room, excepting some dubious-looking desk lamps, was a bare bulb dangling near my head. The walls advertised the balance of religion and politics characteristic of the Catholic Worker. "Sacco and Vanzetti must not die!" was scribbled on the wall near the windows, and a sticker reading "bomb tests kill people!" was plastered right above my head. Large pictures of Christ were everywhere. There was evidence of other lost, but fervent, causes. The Catholic Worker was aware and dismayed about present outrages, at least, as the bomb test sticker illustrated.

The man with the red beard came over and talked to us. He had been thrown out of a Dominican monastery just before he came to the Catholic Worker, he said. How and why did he come to the Worker? Just sort of drifted in last fall, he explained. A thin old man with a wide, toothless smile came over and introduced himself as "Smoky Joe." He pointed to a pair of framed photographs on the opposite wall, one the bust of a heavy man, and the other a thin, wildhaired man with a gaunt, mad grin; he carried a child and a sign protesting nuclear testing.

"Those guys are Peter Maurin and Ammon Hennacy; I've known them for twenty-five years at least -- someone the other day said I've known them thirty. I don't remember exactly, but it's been a long time," said Smoky Joe, proudly.

"Well, who are they?"

"Who are they? Well, Peter founded the CW with Mrs. Day, and Ammon was one of the best agitators around..."

While I was at the Catholic Worker I was given a copy of the organization's monthly newspaper, The Catholic Worker, and a pamphlet, "Two Agitators," by Maurin and Hennacy. From this literature and what I heard while I was there, I got some understanding of the nature and activities of the Catholic Worker.

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The two words "Catholic" and "Worker" illustrate the ideological straddling which characterizes the organization. Dorothy Day, founder of the movement, its financier and still one of its central figures, left the formal Communist Party in the early thirties, adopted Catholicism, and established the Catholic Worker as a newspaper, an organization, and a program, in 1933. Since then the CW has been constantly open to suspicion from both the splintered American left and the majority of Catholic opinion. The CW has no formal affiliations with the Church, and churchmen have complained that the context in which the CW considers itself Catholic is a presumptuous perversion of the word. Other churchmen and many lay Catholics contribute funds and sympathy to the CW.¹

The CW sees no contradiction in being Catholic and at the same time favoring such words as "communism" (but not Communism) and "anarchy" (as a dissolution of the laws of Man, and an obedience of the laws of God). The contradiction that the CW deplors and advertises is the supposed incongruity of a "Christian, capitalist state." The CW is somewhat unique among the varying proponents of leftist thought in that it views capitalism in a newer context than the striped pants and top hat stereotype. It holds Soviet "Communism," European "Socialism" and American "free enterprise" as equally vile manifestations of dehumanization, voracious greed, injustice, and dark, Darwinian competition. Man vs. God; the tyranny of the princes of the earth. Capitalism denies morality, denies God, and crushes man.

The CW's answer to this hard-bitten jungle is "distributism,"² a sort of agrarian anarchy. "...what anyone possesses beyond basic needs does not belong to him but rather to the poor who are without it."³ Or, as a friend of mine who has recently turned mystic puts it: "If somebody wants something I have more than I want it, why shouldn't I give it to him?"

This, of course, is not alien to "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." Nor to Acts 4:35: "...and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need," describing the formation of the first Christian communities.

With distributism there must be the doctrine of "personalism," and "voluntarism."⁴ The CW would like a revolution, and claims that the CW itself is a revolution, for: "It will be a revolution in the conscience of every man rather than a political revolution of the organized masses."⁵ Capitalism must be recognized as the base thing it is, individual by individual. It is the moral duty of such an aware individual to reject godless capitalism (there's a switch) and leave the cities and the industries and return to the soil. In doing this, the laws of man must be rejected in favor of the laws of God; men will live in pastoral communities in love and cooperation, and in pure democracy. Those who reject majority decisions need not take part in the majority action, or they may quietly leave the community.

I doubt that the Catholic Worker seriously expects this to happen;

1. Official opinion of the Church hierarchy is cool and non-committal.
2. McCloskey, Michael J. The Catholic Worker Movement. My most trenchant information concerning the ideology of the CW is derived from this essay in the pamphlet Two Agitators, described above.
3. The Catholic Worker, September 1954.
4. McCloskey.
5. Day, Dorothy. Introduction to Two Agitators.

what the organization is is a collection of people who have subscribed to and followed this ideal on their own, first in their minds (personalism), and followed it up with their own wills (voluntarism), by feeding and clothing the bums (distributism). Unlike the dyspeptic revolutionists of the old IWW and SLP conviction, who theoretically waited and still wait to pull off a resounding mass smashing revolution of arms and enforcement, the CWs are not biding their time and laying for their chance: their revolution is personal, not political, and they are attempting to carry it through on their own, now, not later, by acting in a distributional frame of mind, and acting outside rather than against the princes of the world, specifically the American government, by not paying taxes, by not registering for the draft, by not taking part in civil defense drills and so forth. As proof of their activity, there is generally at least one CW man in jail.

It is in this activism that the CW avoids identification with the factions of the small, squabbling left. Its newspaper, The Catholic Worker, although rather touchingly ingenuous, has none of the petulance and wistfully vicious dogmatism of, say, the Socialist Labor Party's peaked Weekly People. It will do now to examine the CW's activity more closely.

The major difference between the bums on the Bowery and the Catholic laymen (many of them converts from Protestantism, Judaism, Atheism and Worse) who run the mission is a question of state of mind. I am saying that the hosts dress no better and are probably little more prosperous than their clientele. They are younger, for the most part, cleaner, and certainly more cheerful and more vital. They are not paid; they eat with the bums if they have no other resources, and are provided with "apartments," so to speak, in the neighborhood. I saw Phyllis' apartment, a \$25. a month sixth-floor walk-up on Spring Street. The floor slopes at a gentle 15-degree angle; the rest I'll leave to your appalled imaginations.

The old store on Chrystie Street is the spiritual core of the CW movement, and it is here that the newspaper is produced and edited (it is printed by a private jobber who has given the CW credit since 1933.) There are other Catholic Worker missions in other parts of the country (including an adobe shack in Arizona), all of them on fraternal terms with the original place, but connected by no organizational strings, which is in keeping with the CW doctrine of personalism.

One of the CW's objections to capitalism is that its competition engenders a non-productive element in society, a cast-off, neglected byproduct. Such a by-product is the community of five million unemployed, and the specialists in this category are the Bowery bums. Emulating Jesus, the CWs feed and clothe these bums, largely with contributions from expansive capitalist donors. . . who would find the Bowery somewhat tacky as their own environment. Destitute Puerto Rican families in the neighborhood are recipients of charitable bundles from the CW.

On a more ideological level, the CWs are frequently engaged in passive and active protest against the encroachments of government -- Government and all its offices being nothing more to the CW than the immoral imposition of the will of certain men on other men. Few of them probably need to fear income tax raps, but they have been arrested for resistance to civil defense drills; the draft, and other odious institutions. Pacifism, quite logically, is a heavy cog in the CW machine. Besides protesting against war and bombs through passive resistance to

taxes, drafts and drills, many CWs have been active in picketing and carrying anti-bomb signs. Their newspaper comes out in favor of unilateral disarmament and against all bellicose activities. The CW is important in the disarmament movement, and it is best known through its activities in that direction. A young man in the office, more pugnacious than the other CWs, sneered condescendingly when he found that Joe is attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"I picketed there last year -- they've got armaments research going on up there," he said accusingly.

The CW is also sympathetic with labor, although it views the means and ends of unions dubiously at times. CWs have actively participated in strikes, and gotten their heads bashed with the best of them.

The New York Catholic Worker observes its policy of pastoral democracy by maintaining a farm (Peter Maurin Farm, I think) on Staten Island. Miss Day provides most of the support the farm requires, including, I suppose, payment of the vile property tax. Most of the CWs who work in the Chrystie Street office spend some time on the farm, and I believe that shoals of bums are taken out there frequently to improve their state of mind. Once there, they earn their keep and are in this way introduced to the practical application of CW philosophy.

When Joe and I first approached the doorway of the CW, each of us knowing next to nothing about the outfit, a bum ambled over and asked for a penny. He leered when he said it, so I supposed it was some kind of Bowery put-down or a local joke, and maybe it was, because up in the office I found out about the Catholic Worker newspaper, going for a penny a copy. The paper was founded with the movement in 1933 by Maurin and Miss Day. Its circulation rose steadily until the Spanish Civil War, when it began to drop steadily, disappearing almost completely during the suspicious chauvinism of the Second World War. Nobody could tell me why the Spanish Civil War did the paper in; the reactionary stand of the Spanish clergy and most lay Catholics and the atheistic stand of the radicals and most workers might have resulted in a severe schism among the CW readership: the readers solemnly committed themselves to either the Catholics or the radicals, and both turned on the CW for opposite reasons. The CW itself must have dissolved slightly in confusion and its editorial voice must have turned depressingly schizoid. No one at Chrystie Street could tell me, though; even Smoky Joe, who has been there since the beginning.

The Catholic Worker now has a circulation of about 60,000, and I was told it is quietly climbing. It always has and always will sell at a penny; the profound dip into the red at each publication must be met by contributions. Somehow it seems ostentatious to sell a newspaper for a penny, but I assume the CW has its reasons.

There are eight tabloid-size pages in the paper each month. It is a homely, intimate paper, full of amiable feature articles with chatty descriptions of the trees near the Chrystie Street mission, or the flowers on Peter Maurin Farm. It is much friendlier and easier reading than the diatribes in a paper like Muhammad Speaks or The Weekly People. There is the usual repetition of dogma found in most small ideological papers, and the overall innocuousness of its prose can be damned annoying.

The masthead of each issue consists of the words "Catholic Worker" flanking an allegory of sorts: a highly simplified Christ with his cross behind him has his hands on the shoulders of two proletarians. You can tell they're proles because one carries a spade and the other carries a pickaxe. The one with the pick is black, the other isn't.

Their hands are joined. The CW has to be admired for getting three vast themes into one little masthead symbol.

Below this imposing scene, the newspaper is neatly and quietly laid out. No photographs: a few woodcuts of saints and Jesus (I was disconcerted by one picture of Christ in overalls.) The front page of the March, 1963 issue is dominated by an article about Cuba reprinted from a Franciscan journal. Conclusion: the revolution has been curdled by Marxism, but there is still hope. Other lead articles deal with the founding of CW missions in London and Tuscon. The second page rambles on about Cuba and also features an amiable letter to the editor about the defeat of the Lower Manhattan Expressway project. On this page I found out that Miss Day is still editor and publisher, and that a year's subscription costs a quarter. An article commenting favorably on the downfall of a Chicago slumlord leads off page three, and below it is an article by the old ex-atheist and unrepentant agitator Ammon Hennacy, a living folk-god of the CW. Hennacy is now running Joe Hill House, a mission, I assume, in Salt Lake City. His article, like many others, is in the form of a letter; it rambles on from talk of capital punishment with the warden of a local federal pen to talk of the weather, to mention of a girl he hadn't seen in years: they went to jail together in 1955 for non-participation in an air-raid drill. He talks about how all the windows in the mission got broken, and closes on a sour note about the trouble of running a mission.

The last page contains a book review of Franny and Zooey. The review is entitled "Mr. Salinger's Omission," and deals with a dogmatic lapse on Salinger's part in dealing with the Jesus Prayer.

The next issue has a chatty article about the Chrystie Street mission that concludes "There's quite a racket downstairs: the fellow who broke the window just....kicked the door in." Earlier in the article the writer describes an exchange between a cop and a young mystic poet named Szabo who hangs around the CW:

Here's a fragment of the conversation:

"Szabo: 'I believe in the Beatitudes,'

"Policeman: 'Sounds like a pretty shitty organization to me.'"

The rest of the article, and another article about the Staten Island farm, ramble on in about the same way, describing the lives and times of various Catholic Workers. There is a long article by Robert Oppenheimer which I haven't read, and a letter from a woman in San Francisco who is painting a picture of St. Joan in prison to send to Hennacy.

There is no advertising in the paper, but some interesting notices appear. Lecture meetings are held at Chrystie Street every Friday night, the paper announced, and from the inside I hear that ~~Mid~~ Day generally appears. I also heard that the meetings aren't as dull as they might sound, but received no clarification on that point.

I returned to the CW briefly about a month ago, and talked with Phyllis and the man who had had the beard, but by this time had shaved it off. They exchanged a lot of shop talk, with inside references I couldn't catch, but I gathered that the CW, somewhat against its better judgement, had decided to join the Reds in Union Square on May Day. I don't know the outcome of that. The ex-beard, whose name turned out to be Joe, explained a recent tragedy involving the CW: the first floor can only provide places for about a hundred men at mealtimes, and frequently they get a surplus of customers who have to wait. The Catholic Worker who was running the show one particular night told a score or

so of surplus bums to wait across the street. They obeyed, and stood in a patient knot waiting their turn. A police wagon suddenly appeared and took them all away. The next morning all the windows in the CW office were broken.

-- Julian Scala

OUTSIDE IVYLAND (*hi there, Paul Williams*)

The cute paradox of Dynamic Apathy, which I coyly hinted at in my first column, needs elucidation. A reader of the first issue writes that the idea "disturbed" him. I am wounded that anyone took the column seriously enough to get mad at me, so I want to clarify my stand.

Who is my first consideration? Myself. If the concept of political Apathy appeals to me, who is to say it's worthless? But I have no interest in forming an Association of Political Lethargics for the idea of organization is incompatible with my concept of Apathy. This is my political creed:

1.) Politics are unimportant. Except in the sense that house flies and corn smut are important -- as annoyances.

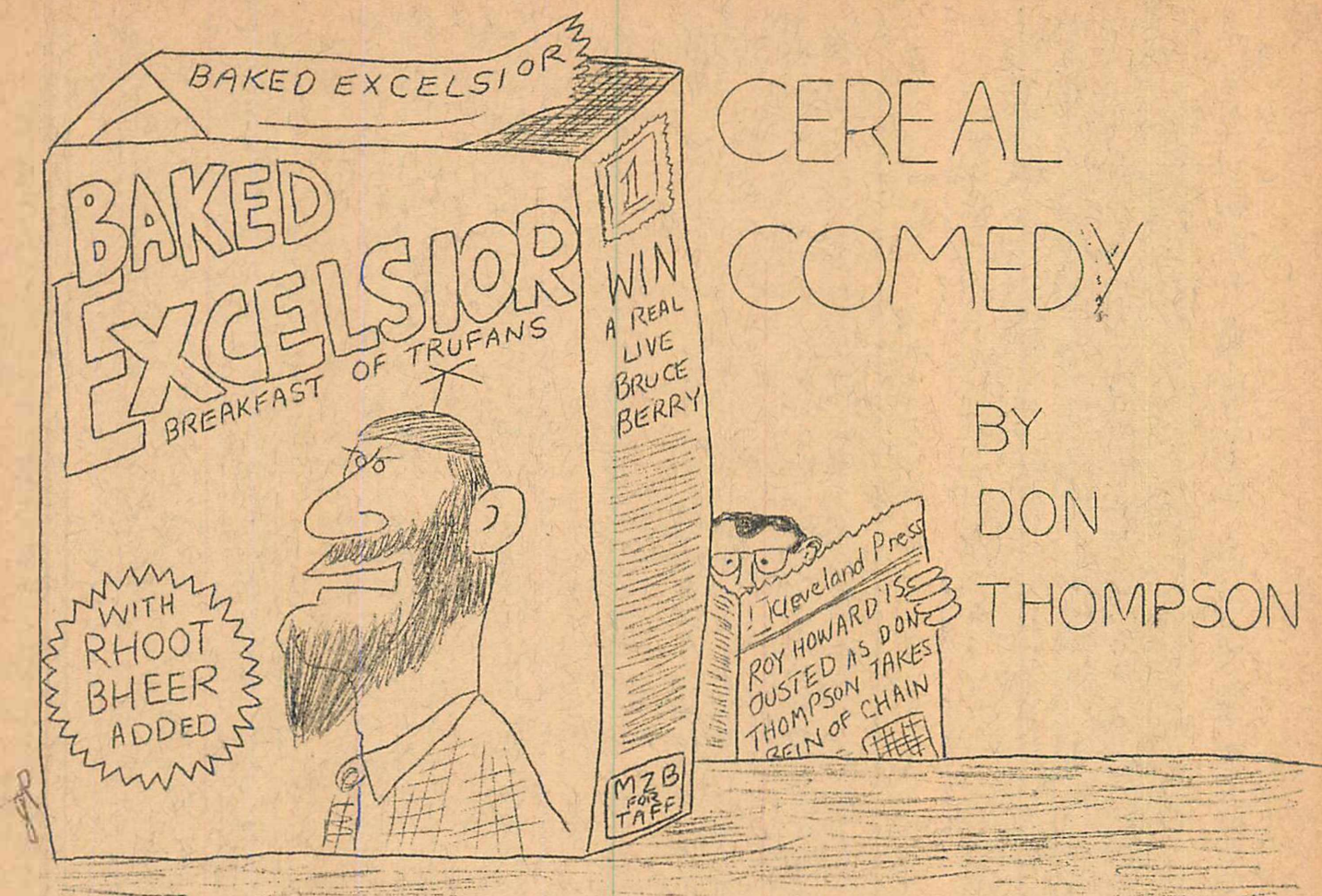
2.) It would be very nice if everyone ignored politics; without clientele, it would atrophy and die. But I'm not interested in participating in any movements to that end.

I'm non-political; I don't want to be bothered by the government or any of its machinations. I don't want to vote, join the army, pay taxes, or collect social security. I am interested in the business of government and politics only as a phenomenon, like a nova elsewhere in the galaxy. I don't feel "above" politics, but outside them. Nor do I consider myself included in some cool vanguard of modern thought.

The government claims it has given me roads and education and protection from vile communists, but in return it wants two years of my life; my life, if necessary. It wants my money, too, and when I'm old and senile it intends to coddle me in its antiseptic bosom. No thanks, government; I would be poorly educated if I had depended on you, although I suppose you did your best. Your roads and waterworks are just fine, but I imagine I could survive without them. The Communists may or may not be more ideologically obscene than you, but I wonder at your methods of preserving me from them. You and your brother nations behave like dirty little boys, which I could forgive if the chance weren't so large that your wranglings might get me killed. With the international fabric woven as it is, armies and bombs are merely apropos, but I don't like the fabric, didn't weave it, and am not obliged to support it. I would rather spend four years in one of your slimy jails than two in your army.

So screw you, government; your best is not good enough, nor could it be. I am not out to overthrow you, you can be assured of that -- if some people are bitter about you, they can stomp around as much as they like, so long as they don't bring me any petitions to sign. I don't want to topple you, but try to build a road through my house or my life, and you will be short a couple of surveyors. -- J.S.

"Avoidism is a new, optimistic philosophy designed to save modern man from himself. The principle of Avoidism is simple. An Avoidist simply avoids things. He avoids because nonavoiding leads to involvement, and all of man's troubles grow out of Involvement. Descartes said, "I think, therefore I am." The Avoidist says, "I won't, therefore I ain't gonna."
--Roger Price in I'm for Me First; quote selected by your editor, a firm believer in Involvement.



When I was a kid, about a decade or so back, I consumed one heck of a lot of dry breakfast cereals, not so much because I liked the stuff (which tasted like baked excelsior) as because they featured all sorts of good things on the package backs. Kix, for example, had some jim-dandy cardboard train models which, unfortunately, could not be put together -- or even cut out -- by anyone lacking the manual dexterity of a brain surgeon. Of course, you could also send away for some pretty keen stuff -- I remember a set of planes I got from whoever was sponsoring Jack Armstrong. They were made of paper, which you cut, rolled, pasted and shellacked, and which, if you pasted a penny under the fuselage, stuck a wooden matchstick into the underbelly, and launched the things with a rubber band, would fly for hundreds of yards. Wish I still had those planes.

Well, either I've grown stodgier or the cereal people have lost their imaginations, because cereal boxes are pretty dull reading today. (The cereals make pretty drab eating, too, but that's beside the point.) There is but one noteworthy exception to the rule of uninspired cereal box Americana.

I refer to Ralston's line of "bite-size" cereals -- Corn Chex, Rice Chex and Wheat Chex. The Ralston boxes have been brightened for about a year now by a back-of-the-box newspaper called The Morning Chex-Press ("the only newspaper with good news only"), which prints cartoons, poems, ("I love my dog / And he's no bother / Except he likes / To chase my father") oddities (Leonard Bock of Ohio raised a potato that

not only looked exactly like a horse but later won the Kentucky Derby.") and quick condensations of current bestsellers such as "Fifty Years as a White House Groundskeeper," by Otho G. Cleveland.

This agreeable insanity, it develops, is the work on Ron Goulart, freelance advertising copywriter and science fiction author.

Cartoons and copy are all done by Ron, who boasts that he reaches a circulation of 8,000,000 boxes with each "edition." Twelve different packages are planned for the whole series, though I've seen only five to date. (Books and magazines are slow to come on sale in this area, too, so why not cereal boxes?)

In addition to the paper (once displaced by a full-page Ralston ad which occupied the entire back of the box), Goulart writes commercials for the sides of the boxes which are unlike any I've seen save those of Stan Freberg Limited (But Not Very).

Sample: "HOW ABOUT STEAK AND EGGS FOR BREAKFAST TODAY? Look, we make this cereal and we don't eat it every morning. If you promise to have two bowls of Rice Chex tomorrow we'll look the other way and you can go ahead and have steak & eggs today."

Another package offers two different advertising approaches. One side blares: "EAT CORN CHEX OR ELSE!" The other, or soft sell, side, is headed "TRA LA LA LA LA!" and tells the reader a little story with the advertising message subtly worked in, thusly:

Well, kiddies, guess what Maurice Bunny thought when he woke up in the cabbage patch this morning? "Where's my ranch style house?" he thought. And hippety-hopperty he went off to see his lawyer. Jason Elephant, Jr., his lawyer, was seated in his office. "Well, my goodness, whatever caused you to come hipperty-hopperty over here this way?" the elephant exclaimed. "Someone stole my car and house," said the rabbit. "Well, what you need is a big bowl of Corn Chex. Oh, my, they're delicious when you eat them with milk and sugar. Corn Chex are even grander than old-fashioned corn flakes. Corn Chex is what you need," said the elephant.

"What I need," said the rabbit, "is a new lawyer."

And he got out of there.

Does this sell cereal? Well, one little girl wrote the Ralston people that she preferred their boxes to comic books.

And it is refreshing to find people so concerned with your welfare that they warn you to be careful when turning the page upside down to read puzzle answers lest you dump the Rice Chex in your lap.

And whose day wouldn't be brightened by the Chex-Press' perennial weather report: "Clear blue skies, moderate temperature, warm wind from the south."?

All in all, it's not a bad paper. And it gives you something to read when you're trying to chew the cereal, which still has the consistency of baked excelsior.

-- Don Thompson

"The Explainers" (by ~~Jules/Feltter~~ your friendly neighborhood editor)

~~TRADE?~~
____ You contributed. ☒ Please contribute ☒ Article?
____ You commented. ☒ Please comment ☐ Review?
____ You paid. (25¢ ea.) ☐ Please review ☐ Artwork?
____ You know why. ☐ Don't review! *** ☒ Your last
____ This copy compliments of _____. issue unless....

AMERICA'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS

by John Boardman

Dachau. Auschwitz. Treblinka. Majdanek. Bergen-Belsen. Theresienstadt. Ravensbruck.

These names are a grim litany of hatred and death. For all history they will be marked as the places where the Nazis imprisoned and murdered their political enemies and "non-Aryans" by the millions.

El Reno, Oklahoma. Tule Lake, California. Wickenburg, Arizona. Florence, Arizona. Avon Park, Florida. Allenwood, Pennsylvania.

Are the names of these six American towns destined for the same infamy?

Concentration camps have already been built near these places. Offices and quarters for the future wardens and guards are already in existence. (The wardens and guards themselves were temporarily transferred elsewhere during an "economy drive" in the late fifties.) All is in readiness for the activation of these camps. People in the neighborhoods are vaguely aware of activity there, but no one seems to be particularly concerned.

According to Section 102 of the "Internal Security Act" of 1950, the President of the United States is authorized to "make public proclamation of the existence of an 'Internal Security Emergency'." Section 103 states: "Whenever there shall be in existence such an emergency, the President, acting through the Attorney General, is hereby authorized to apprehend and by order detain, pursuant to the provision of this title, each person as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person probably will engage in, or probably will conspire with others to engage in, acts of espionage or of sabotage."

This potentially dangerous law was enacted over the veto of President Truman. Among those voting for it were Representative John F. Kennedy and one of its co-authors, Representative Richard M. Nixon.

Is there a provision for the appeal of these arbitrary actions? Section 104 states that an individual apprehended under this act "may introduce evidence in his own behalf, and may cross-examine witnesses against him," but immediately goes on to say, in stark violation of ancient traditions of Anglo-Saxon law, "the Attorney General or his representative shall not be required to furnish information the revelation of which would disclose the identity of Government agents and officers which he believes it would be dangerous to national safety and security to divulge."

What does this legal verbiage mean? It means that should the United States be faced with war, invasion, or "insurrection within the United States in aid of a foreign power" (Ross Barnett is immune), the President could cancel with a stroke of the pen the freedoms guaranteed in the Bill of Rights, and men and women will be sent to prison camps for what they might possibly do.

The government would not be required to justify this action if it decided to plead reasons of state security. And just what is "insurrection within the United States in aid of a foreign power"? A strike by a union alleged to have Communist members? A demand by Ryukyu Island Japanese to be reunited with Japan? The Puerto Rican independence movement?

Unfortunately, there is precedent for such high-handed deportation, even in this country. During the Second World War, thousands of American citizens of Japanese ancestry were interned (Continued on page 18)

SUBGROUPS, INGROUPS AND LUNATIC FRINGES

by Enid Jacobs

Some people collect stamps, rocks, or out-of-print sci-fantasy. I collect esoteric organizations. Collectors of this commodity have a large and varied field to work with; it is, indeed, amusing, amazing, and somewhat awe-inspiring to realize just how many of these cults and subcultures do exist, managing to ignore the bomb scares, political furors, declining food rate and other problems of the confused conglomerate that is society -- while focusing on one comparatively insignificant (or obsolescent) detail of it. There are the dedicated groups of hero-worshippers, who doggedly perpetuate the memory of their usually defunct hero: e.g., the gaggle of Hank Williams venerationists that can be found around every country-music center. (Hank Williams, in case some unenlightened people have never heard of the same, was a country singer and songwriter with a plaintive twang and a promising career, which latter was cut short by an untimely -- and, I believe, singularly gory -- death.) The lovers of Williams that I knew would meet in an unused room of the local country-music radio station (some of them wearing cowboy clothes and toting guitars) where they would play their idol's records, mourn his passing, and (especially the females) weep quietly.

Then there are the historical societies -- such as the Society for the War of 1812 in Baltimore. Just what its members hope to accomplish, I am not sure. Sometimes I tremble to consider it: Could they wish to start the War of 1812 over again, dissatisfied, perhaps, with the results of the first one? Do they merely wish to express approval that the war was fought in the first place? Are they the ones responsible for the fairly widespread rumor that we (America) won the War? Are they, perhaps, a front for a radical political organization -- or maybe a reactionary one? No one seems to know except the members of the Society -- and they aren't telling.

Psychologists tell us that almost every quirk of behavior, no matter how bizarre, would have been considered normal on some level of maturity -- the two year old one, perhaps. This theory seems to hold true for subcults; many of them would have been timely and respected at one time, but are sadly out of date (and thus hopelessly crackpot) today. Take the Anti-Vivisectionist League of Maryland. One hundred years or so ago, when people were still recovering from the wounds inflicted upon their convictions by Darwin's scholarly and deadly-dull writings, vivisection was quite an issue. Wary of the unfeeling Science that had poked holes in their religion as it was then, many people were outraged by seemingly heartless attempts to kill off harmless animals in experimentation. It was Thomas Huxley who persuaded much of 19th century England to accept the theory of evolution (and, a small but definite minority, as well, to accept a daring innovation called agnosticism). He also helped convince the populace that (a.) the animals were being sacrificed for the future welfare of human beings, and (b.) animals would be used for experiments only when absolutely necessary -- and then would be quickly and painlessly put to death, and (c.) that scientists were not animal hating fiends, but kindly fellows who really loved their furry friends. The matter should have ended by 1900 at the latest. Yet today, a stalwart group -- who have extended their complaints to include any scientific tinkering with animals -- solemnly pass out

leaflets ("Help Us Protect Your Pet!") every now and then. The utter futility of their goal renders them rather pathetic. Time has galloped on since the 1860's, and even as their leaflets are run through the printing presses, psychologists are injecting Rhesus monkeys with various serums, physicists are sending mice up into space in nose-cones, and clumsy college sophomores are slicing and hacking the corpses of cats and frogs -- not to mention cows' eyes -- in their biology classes.

Religion seems to be a breeding ground for ingroups. There is the organization that prints atrociously illustrated, and even more atrociously written tracts -- "When Jesus Comes, Will You Be Ready?", "Ye Must Be Born Again!", "Warning: The Lord's Coming is Very Near! Repent!" -- and distributes them, with uncanny accuracy, to unsuspecting freethinker types. Then there is the coven of screaming Pentecostals whose beliefs, by all rights, should have died out in the Southern backwoods fifty years ago. They still believe in -- and encourage -- visitations from the Holy Ghost in the form of "the gift of tongues." It's quite an experience -- fascinating and rather frightening -- for a member of the Ethical Culture Society (another ingroup, a relic from the 19th century) to listen to the ones whom the Divine Spirit has entered, shouting in gibberish that sounds like the letters on the typewriter keys read backwards, perhaps with a touch of ancient Hebrew, usually ending with a fervent English exclamation: "Praise the Lord!" or "JE-sus!" Of course, on the other side of the coin, you find the organized groups of "militant" atheists. Both words are theirs; since they never seem to do much of anything except grumble, and since their only unifying factor or purpose is a vague dislike of religion, it might be more appropriate to call them muttering anti-theists. They are relatively harmless; their main activity, besides asking for money, seems to be the publication of semi-literate magazines containing articles blaming the world's ills on the Roman Catholic (or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Episcopalian -- take your choice) church, lists of books written by and for members of the subculture -- Sadist God, The Bible Unmasked, etc. -- and columns in which anti-theists snivel in their bheer at the callous, brutal manner in which anti-anti-theists treat them. Perhaps they operate on a sort of "misery loves company" theory -- certainly no other group of human beings appear more miserable than these griping unbelievers, whose antics and attitudes are almost enough to send a wavering agnostic, screaming, back into Christianity.

Subgroups are everywhere. These inner circles are discussed as but a tiny segment of the vast aggregate of the esoteric and often outre subcultures that surround us completely, albeit our blissful ignorance of their existence. Sometimes an ingroup appears when you least expect it. Take the incident in my history class last week.

There I was, happily purusing an amateur magazine -- it happened to be Kipple -- when I overheard two students, displaying shocking lack of respect for the lecturer, mumbling in the back of the room. I was deep in my fanzine, but I heard one of them say: "----some crazy organization -- they read science fiction, imagine! -- they publish these things, for free, I think -- they're nuts!" "Not at all," injected the other, "subcultures like that fill a deep psychological need, especially for -- ahem! -- poorly-adjusted people." I was listening eagerly to this conversation, when suddenly a cold, hard suspicion hit me.

Could these people -- oh, it hardly seemed likely, but could they,

possibly, be talking about fandom? Fandom, the glorious Way of Life, the Magnificent Microcosmos, the Hope of Tomorrow, the level of Perception where the Proud and Lonely Ones meet and communicate? Was this fandom, to these people, merely another interesting and eccentric sub-society? Did some other collector of esoteric organizations chortle with glee as he added fandom to his little list? Was this possible? As you can imagine, this consideration gave me pause for quite a few seconds. But then I came to the conclusion that although they might indeed mean our subculture, it was highly improbable (where, for example, would they have heard of fandom?), and, not wishing to waste time with improbabilities, I dismissed the matter and returned to my copy of Kipple.

Still -- one wonders.

-- Enid Jacobs

AMERICA'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS continued from page 15

in camps of this sort. One of these camps, Tule Lake, has been renovated to serve again in this new capacity.

Not one of the World War II internees was ever compensated for the loss of liberty and property which resulted from these cruel measures. Furthermore, not one single act of sabotage, treason, or sedition took place during the entire course of the war among these people who had been so shamefully mistreated by the United States -- an adequate answer to those officials whom suspicion drives to such extremes.

Very few people know about America's six concentration camps. The press has not considered the subject to be newsworthy. Liberal organizations have been concerned with more immediate problems, as have liberal periodicals. But these six camps, and the law under which they were constructed, remain -- until a panicky government decides to write America's name beside Nazi Germany's in the Book of Infamy.

-- John Boardman

I promised John Boardman I would not comment on the above article in the same issue in which it is published. (John didn't ask for any such statement, but I mentioned to him that I believe in "immediate editorial neutrality" on published material.) At any rate, all I will say at this point is that the article is an ideal model for anyone interested in practicing the authorship of "semantically-loaded" propaganda material. This is not, I suspect, the way to defeat "the un-Americans". jp

BE WITH US NEXT TIME GANG

-when SKIP WILLIAMSON opens his column by saying "I can't and won't argue religion or the existence or non-existence of a God" -- and then goes on to do so for four pages.
-when DEREK NELSON and BILL CHRISTIAN reveal the inner workings of a Dangerous New Organization called the William McKinley Fan Club.
-when JOHN BOARDMAN picks apart Robert A. Heinlein's "Podkayne of Mars".
-when DON EDWING, the deranged descendant of Daumier whose last fan appearances were in Enclave #1 and Smudge #4, returns with another fabulous folio of his goodies.
-when MARIS CIZEVSKIS focuses on state censorship in Australia.
-when JOE PILATI tears his hair out if nobody actually comes through
-in the next (September) issue of Enclave, the newsily weakmagazine.

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

by Robert and Juanita Coulson

As long as this is scheduled to be the first installment of a column on folk music and folk records, an introduction might be in order. Any reviewer is prejudiced; we'll state our standards to begin with so you can tell whether you're going to agree with us or go off in a corner until the next issue of Little Sandy Review arrives. Note that we aren't going to argue our opinions, and we certainly aren't going to change them; any letters of comment complaining that we're using the wrong standards for judging folk music will be heartily laughed at and otherwise ignored.

Our prejudices are relatively simple. We feel that any professional entertainer should be able to sing and/or play better than a pick-up group of amateurs. (If you've heard Juanita, Sandy Cutrell, Les Gerber, Ted Johnstone and Bruce Pelz having a folksing at a stf convention, then you know our standards -- a professional performer should be able to do better than that.) You might be surprised at the number of folksingers who don't measure up. The "ethnic" singers have voices like rusty hinges, and the commercial ones play guitar with all the grace of our five-year-old son. (And a few of them, like the popular Brothers Four, have miserable voices, amateurish timing, and are incredibly bad instrumentalists. At least the Brothers Four used to fit this category; Juanita says that some of their recent work has improved somewhat.)

This particular column is being written by Robert Coulson, with advice from Juanita. Future ones will probably have some other arrangement. In any event, Juanita, who has musical training and folksinging experience, will have the final word on quality over me -- I just have strong opinions. Mostly we'll concentrate on records because out here in the sticks that's the only way we get to hear folk music. (All the songs of rustic simplicity are performed in big cities nowadays; the simple rustics never even heard of them until the Kingston Trio began making the Top 40.)

One exception to our dependence on records might be mentioned. The "Hootenanny" tv show, which comes on here at 8:30 PM, EST, on Saturday nights over ABC, is an excellent place for a novice -- or even an expert -- folk enthusiast to size up new performers and find out which ones he wants to hear more of via records. It has one drawback in that to date not one performer or group has shown up as well on the show as they do on records. Bob Gibson is a notable example; he has some excellent records out, but he has done nothing whatsoever on "Hootenanny" to indicate the fact. Still, the show is an indication; if you like a performer there, you're bound to like him on records because the records are better. (Even records of "on-the-spot" personal appearances, which are by all odds the poorest type of folk music.) A good thing about the show is the variety presented; except for Negro "blues" or "street songs", just about all varieties of folk music have already been presented, in the first couple of months.

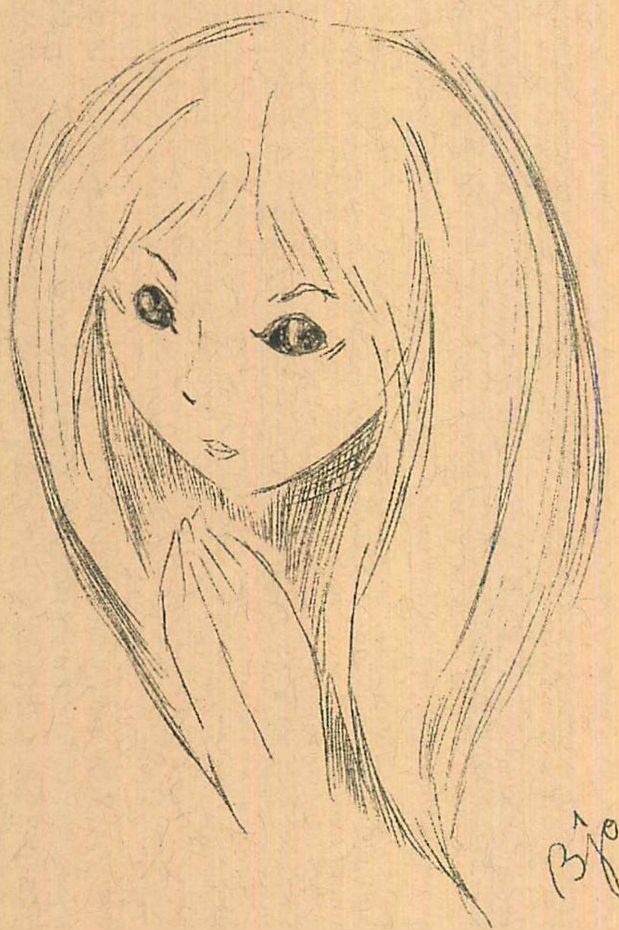
Our most recent purchase is one that's been out for awhile: THE CHAD MITCHELL TRIO ARRIVES (Colpix CP411). This doesn't contain any of the trio's famed humor songs ("The John Birch Society", "Lizzie Borden", "Rum, By Gum", etc.) but it does have most of their best "straight" folksinging, done with a gusto and professional polish that only the limelights can match, and even they can't do it all the time. (The readers who don't believe that folksingers should have professional polish can go sit on their imitation Colonial furniture and listen to

their imitation ethnic singers. We feel that professionals should sound professional. I'm not sure whether the Trio has translated some of the foreign folksongs on this record, or simply written new English words to the music, but either way it makes for pleasant listening.

The Limelighters seem to be putting out records in a frantic effort to match the Kingston Trio in quantity; it seems that every time I walk into a record store they have a new one out. After some very good early recordings, and some clunkers later on, their last few have been pretty good. FOLK MATINEE (Victor LPM2547), while containing some awfully mediocre material, was saved -- for me, at least -- by the inclusion of "Reedy River", a beautiful (if somewhat sentimental) song by the Australian bush poet, Henry Lawson. "Blue Mountain Lake" also sounds awfully good to anyone who has suffered through Frank Warner's ponderous attempt to be rustically cute with it. OUR MEN IN SAN FRANCISCO isn't particularly good -- I've yet to hear one of Victor's "Our Man in...." series that is particularly good. MAKIN' A JOYFUL NOISE (Victor LPM2588) is quite possibly the best record the Limelighters have ever produced. I don't know how a strongly religious or strongly anti-religious person would feel about it, but we found their versions of these "white spirituals" to be perfectly fascinating. Lou Gottlieb, in particular, is in his element. He never sounds quite authentic in a straight folksong solo -- and seldom does them -- but he can be almost incredibly sanctimonious when the occasion calls for it.

Group folksingers are better than ever. The Kingston Trio, who started the present fad, weren't and aren't good singers or musicians. They aren't really bad; sort of "slick mediocre" according to Juanita. The Brothers Four and The Highwaymen, who followed them, were pretty bad, and so were their lesser-known imitators. The Limelighters and the Chad Mitchell Trio finally showed what could be done with commercial folk music, and now it seems that even the new groups are musically competent. A new outfit called The Wayfarers has a record out on Victor. It isn't going to set the world on fire, but it's surprisingly good for a new group. The Phoenix Singers (on Warner Brothers #1485) are more than competent. The songs on their record are the same old folk standards that everybody does, but the performances are definitely not the same old thing. Inman and Ira (Columbia CL1731) do have some original material and their performances range from good to outstanding.

The newest of the "big name" folk groups, The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, manage to split the Coulson solidarity on folk singers. I



think they're great, and Juanita keeps muttering "buncha drunken Irishmen..." Their earlier recordings, on their own Tradition label, were full of enthusiasm, but as one of them remarks on a later record, showed the defects of a pick-up group which hadn't done much singing together. Their later recordings, for Columbia, contain much better performances but have been marred by Columbia's penchant for on-the-spot recordings full of audience noise and by the fact that many bands duplicate the songs they'd already put out for Tradition. Their most recent, THE BOYS WON'T LEAVE THE GIRLS ALONE (Columbia CL1909) manages to avoid both defects and contains some good entertainment. (Providing, of course, that you like Irish songs; I do.)

One of the biggest disappointments I suffered recently was when I picked up the latest record by the Easy Riders (Epic LN24033). Glancing at the notes, I was horrified to discover that Terry Gilkyson was no longer with the group. Sampling a few bands at random corroborated my opinion that without Gilkyson the Riders are just one more group of mediocre folksingers, and I hastily put it back without buying it. For a sample of the Easy Riders with Gilkyson, we recommend WANDERIN' (Columbia CL1272). This is a rarity; the slick commercial arrangement that retains the "true" folk flavor. Even Les Gerber had to admit that their version of "East Virginia" was pretty good, though it's one hell of a long way from the traditional one. And Les is considerably more of a folk "purist" than we are. If we had to cut our folk library down to half a dozen records, WANDERIN' would be one of them.

Despite all the recent emphasis on group singing, I still prefer my folksongs by an individual performer. The best groups have yet to equal the best individuals. This point is proven, to my own satisfaction at least, by Ronnie Gilbert's record, COME AND GO WITH ME (Vanguard VRS9052). When she doesn't have to fight her way through the rest of the Weavers to be heard, Ronnie turns out to be one of the best female folksingers around. She has power, range, enthusiasm, and she should even be respectably "authentic" enough to satisfy the folk-niks. She also has enough knowledge of the folk field to stay away from the songs that have become threadbare from overuse. One of my favorite singers, and records.

Both the ethnic folklorists and Richard Dyer-Bennett agree that the latter is not a folksinger. He has too much concert training to satisfy the purists; besides, he sneers at their crudities. However, he does perform folksongs, mixing them with occasional German lieder, classic ballads or guitar concertos. (He's quite proud of his guitar playing, with reason; he could probably have become the successor to Segovia if he'd wanted to be.) Occasionally he even does something with science-fictional connotations; his first record on his own label contained the Byron poem, set to Dyer-Bennett's own music, which Bradbury used to such effect in our field: "And The Moon Be Still As Bright". (Which is not the name of the poem, but who's better known in fandom, Byron or Bradbury?) His latest record (Dyer-Bennett #DYB 1601) shows the advantages of owning your own recording company. One side consists of Dyer-Bennett reading Mark Twain's long-suppressed "1601", while the other side contains "songs in the same free spirit." With Dyer-Bennett singing them, every song is beautiful. And every song contains more descriptive four-letter words than Oscar Brand dared to put on his celebrated "Bawdy Songs" series for Audio Fidelity. (Some of them are the same songs, and in every case Dyer-Bennett's are both more scholarly and dirtier.) The reading? It's all right if you care for that sort of thing. I've always thought the piece highly

overrated, myself. If it's the sort of thing you faunch for, here it is. I bought the record for the songs, and consider my money well-spent.

Elektra Records has announced a forthcoming release of a solo record by Judy Henske. This we are looking forward to. Judy's previous recording experience was as part of Dave Guard's somewhat nauseating Whiskeyhill Singers. She was the only halfway decent singer in the group, and on a solo she should come across very well.

Another good one for people who like Irish songs is AN IRISHMAN IN NORTH AMERICAY (Folkways 3522) sung by Tom Kines. At \$5.95 for a 12" lp, Folkways records are badly overpriced, but there are places where they can be obtained at a discount. I first encountered Kines when he made his first record for our favorite recording company, Elektra. This was MAIDS AND MISTRESSES (Elektra EKL 137), a good example of Elektra's one bad habit of putting sexy titles -- and jackets -- on perfectly normal examples of folk recording. Neither of these records is overburdened with standard items and both are fine performances.

I might mention that by "standard items" I mean the ones that everybody knows, and that every would-be folksinger in the country has recorded. Several years ago, for example, Liz Wilson sent us a tape in which she asked some question about "John Henry". As a gag, on the return tape I included fourteen different performances of "John Henry", taken from the records owned by Gene DeWeese and myself. Today I could probably make it twenty-five. This is the record, but there are several others which bob up on almost every record put out by a new group.

Some of the best folksingers haven't put out any new records recently. THE BEST OF CYNTHIA GOODING isn't too recent (and it isn't her best, either), but it's her latest and she does a good job of showing off her mastery of English, Spanish, Turkish and Italian songs. At this writing I've seen no evidence that her two-record set for Elektra, A TREASURE CHEST OF SPANISH FOLK SONG, has actually been released, though it's supposed to be out. (Another difficulty of living out here is that it sometimes takes months for a new release to trickle out from the metropolitan centers.) Ed McCurdy's TREASURE CHEST OF AMERICAN FOLK SONG (Elektra EKL205) has also been out for some time and is one of the bigger bargains in the field; two records for the price of one. McCurdy is our choice for the best male folksinger; performances by anyone else are measured against his. (Sometimes the other performances are better, but not very often.) The best female folksinger in the business, Odetta, hasn't done much in her last couple of records, for Riverside and Victor. (They're superior to records by most other folksingers, but they aren't very good for her.) Unless, of course, you're a Negro blues fan, since that's all they contain. She's done better on blues, but never devoted an entire record to it before.) Her best records, according to Juanita, are ODETTA AT THE GATE OF HORN (Tradition TLP 1025) and MY EYES HAVE SEEN (Vanguard VRS9059). The latest Joan Baez release, JOAN BAEZ IN CONCERT, has all the disadvantages of a personal appearance recording. Baez fans (not being experts on quality in the first place) won't care, but if you want to hear her at her best get either of her first two for Vanguard: JOAN BAEZ (VRS-9078) or JOAN BAEZ, Vol. 2 (VRS9094). Or get both of them.

We'd like to finish up with a plug for the funniest folksong-parody record we've heard, ALMOST AUTHENTIC FOLK SONGS by Dolan Ellis (Reprise R6038). In contrast to Allen Sherman's mediocre nightclub humor on MY SON, THE FOLKSINGER and the various Smothers Brothers discs which fail to capture the facial clowning which is an important part of

the Brothers act, ALMOST AUTHENTIC FOLK SONGS is genuine humor, much of which is based in a knowledge of folk music. Some of it might be over the head of the neophyte, but I can't see how anyone with a fair knowledge of folksongs could fail to appreciate it (unless he is one of those utterly serious folkniks who actually believes that Folk Music Is A Precious National Heritage And Must Be Preserved In Its Natural Purity.)

-- Robert & Juanita Coulson

GREAT (and unheeded) IDEAS OF THE PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE NEWSPAPER

"'I am obligated to carry out the court order.' In these unequivocal words President Kennedy set forth yesterday his determination to enforce the admission of two Negroes to the University of Alabama, even if Governor Wallace persists in his threat to stand in the classroom door to bar their entrance.

[...] "If [the President] does not fulfill his legal obligation when the two Negroes present themselves for admission June 10, there seems to us one course of Federal action that will preclude the mass disorders the President so rightly fears. That is for Mr. Kennedy himself, as the man charged with supreme responsibility for the enforcement of Federal law, to accompany the Negro students to the campus and to see that they are enrolled. The force of his presence would be more than that of a division of Federal troops -- and more calculated to speed the victory of civilized procedure throughout the South."

-- The New York Times, in an editorial published May 23, 1963.

[On May 25, The New York Post reported that Bobby Kennedy had "laughed" at such a suggestion by novelist and essayist James Baldwin. If you once believed, as I did, that we have an Administration unlikely to laugh at reasonable suggestions by responsible spokesmen toward equal rights for every citizen, I imagine you're as disgusted with the "New Frontier" as I am. Will the Kennedys laugh as the nation burns? -- jp/

Free Plugs Revisited

The Potrzebie Annual will be published in late summer or early fall by a group of stalwart satire fans in the best (or worst, depending on how you look at it) Smudge tradition. It will feature Antonio Prohias original artwork, an interview with cartoonist Don Orehek, an article by yours truly on E.C. artists, and a special offset "photo folder" section. The publishers are Alan Hewetson and Larry Zazelenchuk, who have already had some success as semi-pro movie makers, and whose "company title" is not, therefore, the usual manifestation of fannish ego inflation, but a Legitimate Enterprise with bank account and so forth. The Annual can be ordered, at 50¢ per copy, from Zaz-Hew Enterprises, 478 Ash Street, Sudbury, Ontario, Canada. It should be pretty good.

FANZINES WANTED

Your humble editor will pay \$2.00 hard cash for a complete copy of Xero #7, published by Pat and Dick Lupoff, in reasonably good condition; or I will trade a mint complete copy of Xero #8 for the aforementioned item. Other fanzines I earnestly faunch for include Bhub Stewart's Potrzebie #1, any issues of Ron Parker's Hooah, and the Coulsons' Yandro #96, featuring Maggie Curtis (Thompson)'s article on Walt Kelly. Help! jp

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OUTSIDE AGITATORS

(beginning this time with late comments on Enclave #1. As usual, editorial interruptions are enclosed in brackets [like these].....jp)

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

Your editorial has lots of meat in it. I generally share your political opinions, but I think you badly overstate them. The gentle poke is far to be preferred to the bang of the blunderbuss. [Mea Culpa.]

That bit about the Conservative Party doesn't really prove anything, you know. I mean, both Senator Tower and the Conservative Party irk me no end, but unfortunately your attempt at showing how inconsistent conservatism is does not work; the party and the senator simply have no connection with each other and neither is responsible for what the other one says. [Mea Culpa again.]

Indeed (referring to your article) the extolling of religious belief to members of the military by their superiors is not only "outlandish"; it's unconstitutional. The whole military chaplain program is unconstitutional. But I suppose we can't reform everything at once. [I shudder to think of the consequences of any attempt to oust chaplains from the military. Sure, they're unconstitutional (although this is a constitutional interpretation too narrow even for my taste), but if there were a real campaign to get rid of them, it might conceivably be the sort of liberal action that could bring neofascists to power in the U.S. And anyway, I've become rather detached about chaplains since I finished Catch-22.]

WALTER A. WILLIS 170 Upper Newtonwards Road Belfast 4, N. Ireland

Living in Europe, one is not only 3,000 miles away from American fandom, but three weeks behind it, and when you fly there the plane is also a sort of time machine. And when you return it brings you back to the past...fanzines you've already seen, letters outdated, a dead reality. It's something like being deprived of a precognitive faculty, and any restoration of it, however brief and partial, is very welcome. I mention this to show that I appreciated your firstclass mailing me Enclave.

But don't bother to do it again. The Atlantic Ocean is a reality, and must be accepted. What I should really thank you for is mailing me a firstclass fanzine. I would have appreciated it even if it had been floated across in a bottle, like Fanac. [Breen uses carrier pigeons to transport overseas copies. You didn't know? And consider yourself lucky; here in the States we get Fanac via drunken Saint Bernard.]

I liked your Skeptical Sketches best I think, and one way or another knew enough of the American scene to appreciate most of them. I admired your forthcoming attractions for the massmag, one of them being the best I've seen since Sloan Wilson's title for the ultimate Reader's Digest article: "New Hope for the Dead". Incidentally, an outrageous new BBC tv satire program ["That Was The Week That Was"] had a wonderful sketch about the circulation department of the RD, showing the dictation of the letters they send you when you don't renew your subscription; and next week they pointed out that if everyone returned the reply-paid blank RD had enclosed with that week's Radio Times without putting their name and address on it, it would cost the RD £120,000. "Of course," they added, "we mention this only to tell

you you shouldn't do it."

I agree with you about quasi-quotes, and have often thought that with the interlineation they are fandom's most potentially valuable contribution to syntax. The question is how to get them published in the mundane world. "Bem" has had a hard enough fight to get into the dictionaries, and "egoboo" is only halfway there despite the efforts of Eric Frank Russell. What we need is a good juicy libel suit involving quasi-quotes. [Oh, Chrys!]

Jim Warren's article was fascinating, and it's poignant to think of such a nice person having to sleep in bus stations (though Madeline for one flatly refused to believe it), but it's hard to see what criticism this could be an answer to. If one does think a thing is worth doing, it is rather a reinforcement than a contradiction to say that it is difficult. [??]

I almost dread the second installment of "Trauma on the Right." Please don't tell me that Sturgeon writes for the NR. [Yes.]

Do you mean Derek Nelson is for real? [Apparently.]

Julian Scala throws an illuminating light on race relationships. That Southern gentleman who refused to kiss the coloured girl represents an interesting intermediate stage in integration. His ancestors had no compunction about going to bed with coloured girls and presumably neither will his descendants. He seems to be having the worst of both worlds.

I'll forgive you for your assessment of Nirenberg's current output, with which I wholeheartedly agree. A pity that columnist ever discovered him. Fandom lost a good writer when he went portentous.

I read your pencilled note about going impeccably lithographed [I must have written that 75 times after noting the disastrous ditto results of #1] and despite years of disillusionment I am trying desperately hard to believe it. I would, though, just as soon you went adequately mimeographed and frequent. [How's this?] I think this is just about the best first issue of a fmz I've seen and any improvement at all would be phenomenal.

HARRY WARNER, Jr. 423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown, Maryland

My delay in writing to thank you for Enclave and to comment on it is not entirely my fault. I banged myself up in a fall last January [I've heard of parthenogenesis, but this is unlikely], didn't get back from the hospital and then the ~~old/foxy~~ convalescent home until the end of February, and then mundane and fannish things piled up during this incapacitation in the most unnerving fashion.

You shouldn't apologize particularly about the reproduction in this issue. A few pages are kind of faint, but I was so surprised and gratified to find that you put accurate spelling and English grammar onto the pages that I hardly noticed the anemia of the fluid deposits here and there. The fact that you are only 15 or so [16, dammit!] makes this literacy even more impressive. It's much easier to take seriously the blueprint of someone for rescuing civilization if that individual has mastered the art of spelling words containing more than four letters.

I doubt that Mrs. Camper's article on fandom for Cosmopolitan will ever see print, and I hope that it doesn't, unless she has swept the fog away from her mind's fannish thoughts. [That's called a mangled metaphor, I think.] She got me on the telephone by long distance late one night after she had done much work on the article, and the things she still didn't understand about fandom were numerous and im-

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portant. Worse yet, she apparently knew nothing about hobbyists in general: you'd think she had never encountered a stamp collector or a specialist in old steam locomotive lore and seems convinced that fans of science fiction and fantasy are the only people in the world who do things that are not aimed at making money or pleasing wives.

I enjoyed reading Jim Warren's article. But when someone sets himself up as a pretty brave and fine guy because of all the risk he is running with his finances to publish Famous Monsters, I react in about the same way I do when I hear of someone who has dashed into his blazing home and safely emerged just before the roof crashed down, clutching triumphantly the dollar bill he'd forgotten to salvage from the kitchen cupboard hiding place.

Your article on National Review seems eminently fair /that surprises me since I intended it to be blatantly unfair/, quite maturely written and intelligently planned. I can't take issue with you on anything specific, because this is a publication which I don't read nor have I any intention of reading. /But the Sturgeon reviews are great./

I suppose that Edwing of the Apes would not seem particularly brilliant to anyone who gets all the fanzines that specialize in satire, but few of these come to me and this trio of pages impressed me as something fresh and delightful. Goodness knows what Mrs. Camper would think, if she was so sure that that picture in Xero /"The Shadow Meets Snoopy, a cartoon sequence by Henry Mazzeo in Xero #87 was pornographic. This is the kind of feature that lithography will injure: as long as it's dittoed, the cluttered pages look appropriate, and if you go to the more professional-looking medium, you'll have to take more care. /Edwing is sure to lose something in mimeo, too, which is why you'll find those familiar purplish pages when next he contributes to Enclave -- probably next issue. :: I just noticed that Harry uses a colon wherever I would use a semicolon; (see?) I suppose I'm wrong again./

Many fans who claim that they are forced out of fandom are simply using a dirty look or a nasty remark from a parent or teacher to spring free from an activity of which they're tiring. There have been a few cases of parents literally removing fans from fandom, but not many. I agree with Skip Williamson about most of his points, although I must cluck sadly over his adoption of the famous Moskowitz phrase, "the height of the depression."

Julian Scala's description of the embarrassing moment at the queen crowning reminds me of the similar situation I absent-mindedly created. /Harry is a newspaper photographer, dear two dozen mundane readers./ I was taking a picture for the newspaper at a boy scout meeting where Hagerstown was demonstrating its liberal nature by honoring Negro scouts and giving some kind of award to their scoutmaster. For the picture, I suggested that the district scout head should be shaking hands with the scoutmaster. Hooboy. Even tolerance has certain limits in Hagerstown, I was given to understand in no uncertain terms. I had to take the picture of the men just standing there, staring into the camera, wishing I had brought along another camera so I could offer to use one for each race.

DON THOMPSON

29 College Place

Oberlin, Ohio

I agree, sadly, with your panning of Bradbury's Something Wicked. A Bradbury fan of longstanding, I pounced upon the book with gleeful little cries and carried it home, eager to read it. I managed to struggle through the first two chapters, but I've not been able to finish

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it -- I've had it for four months.

Before you go around saying that Boris Karloff has sold out by making recordings of fairy tales and nursery rhymes, maybe you should give them a listen. One of those nursery rhymes scared the hell out of me, due in large part to the reading BK gave it. It ends:

And when my back begins to smart,
'Tis like a penknife in my heart,
And when my heart begins to bleed,
'Tis death, and death, and death, indeed.

Man, you hear him read that and see how well you sleep.

As for Roald Dahl selling out by writing James and the Giant Peach, I think you've got his career upside down. He started out writing children's stories and turned to horror-suspense-fantasy stuff as a relief. For instance, back in the early forties, he wrote The Gremlins, which was picked up by Walt Disney and made a part of the world's folklore for a regrettably short period.

Jim Harmon likes to slip inside jokes into his stories (in reference to the plug for Asimov's Intelligent Man's Guide to Science). I recall a character reading "a sociological treatise on 19th century sex murderers by the noted authority on sex, Bloch" in one of Harmon's stories.

Is Julian Scala for real? /That's the trouble with fans....overpowering incredulity. What happened to your sense of wonder, Thompson? Of course Julian Scala is for real. I know the bastard. / I hope not. With Jennings, Berry, S-- and C---- M----- and Cascio, who the hell needs Scala?

Incidentally, I object to your calling P. Schuyler Miller a colorless book reviewer. I am a wholehearted admirer of Avram Davidson, but I wish to hell he'd do a second draft of his book reviews. And it wouldn't hurt a thing if he'd condescend to check some of his statements, either. Sky, on the other hand, does carefully thought-out reviews in depth, with a very wide knowledge of the field. He eschews the pyrotechnics of Knight and Blish, avoids the fuggheadedness of S.E. Cotts and the late (as a book reviewer) Alfred Bester (who called three of Asimov's novels 20-year old books when a glance at the copyright notice would have told him that the oldest was scarcely ten), and writes straightforward reviews. Avram is fun to read, more fun than anyone, but he's a lousy book reviewer.

I certainly hope the plan to give PSM a Hugo for his book reviews bears fruit. No one deserves it more.

BOB JENNINGS 3819 Chambers Drive Nashville 11, Tennessee

Your editorial was the best thing in the issue. It was Witty, sarcastic, varied. I mean, what more can you want from an editorial? I could nitpick on a few points here and there. Like, for instance, I enjoy So What quite a bit, and consider it to be a Fine Fanzine, or, the only good Ray Bradbury is Ray Bradbury writing horror tales for Weird Tales anyway, or, New York Times quotes are dull. You know, things like that.

Jim Warren's article seemed to be a waste of space to me. He takes up three pages just to say (a) he came up the hard and rough road because he had this Great Catchy Idea and (b) he loves this Great Catchy Idea and to hell with the rest of you.

It looks to my untrained eye as though you couldn't find any really concrete examples of Right Wing Fuggheadedness in National Review, so you set out to build small molehills into towering mountains, not too successfully either.

Edwing of the Apes was damn good. By all means let's see more from this artist/humorist. /Real soon now. Lower case denotes sincerity./

I can't say I like much beat poetry. Like, I read "Howl" once, a couple of years ago, and found it very dull. /You may be the only person in the world who found "Howl" dull. I can understand adverse reactions on the grounds of taste (the awful blue tinge on some noses will never be eradicated) but not on the grounds of interest./ You may class me with the flag-waving PTAers, but I am in favor of poetry which has definite meter and definite rhyme scheme. I look on free verse as a sort of bastard form created and praised by incompetents who have neither the skill nor the imagination to produce good rhyming metered poetry. And let's not go screaming about the message which can't be spoken in traditional poetic form. This is a wagon load of straight bull so far as I'm concerned. /Ah, Jennings, your exceptional critical faculties light up the skies this day./ I've never seen any "vital message so important or unique that it could not be expressed in traditional poetry. For that matter, "Vitally Important Messages" should be expressed in clear, simple prose rather than hiding themselves in obscure poetry to begin with. /!!!/ Surely Vitally Important Messages should be heard, and slithering into the wormwork of a free verse poem is not the way to be heard. /You're entitled to your opinion, but answer me one question: from the standpoint of attire, do you also prefer a straitjacket?/

(From this point on, comments refer to Enclave #2. - jp)

AVRAM DAVIDSON P.O. Box 416 Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania

Very Estimated Sir:

Continued application secures results, or Perseverance Means Pluck, or, At Last! a(n) LOC! There are others who kept at it and, snort that I am, I didn't answer, being busybusybusy, like Mike Domina -- and if he reads this: Mike, my apologies.

Why Joe Pilati deserves this good fortune and Mike Domina not, who indeed can say? Mekhtoub, in the ageless language of the mystical and syphilitic East.

Thank you for mentioning my name (could that be the secret? Hmm?? Well, Mike, come to think of it --), thanks for mentioning my son's name. How come you didn't mention my wife's name? You got anything against my wife? Her name is Grania, G-r-a-n-i-a, hinthinthint.

And now for the honest part. Contentswise, Enclave didn't really interest me. I am not very political. Even when I was 16, I wasn't very political. But when I was 13 years old, boy! was I ever political! That was the year I supported Norman Thomas. /It just shows you how conservative I really am, 'cause when I was 13 I supported Hubert H. Humphrey. Please comment again, kind Uncle Avram, and thanks especially for the gorgeous stationery you used this time. It was printed in four colors and on the back it had testimonials for Fantasy and Science Fiction from Louis Armstrong, Clifton Fadiman and Hugo Gernsback. Goshwow, talk about stationery! I may even renew my subscription./

DEREK NELSON 18 Granard Blvd. Scarboro, Ontario, Canada

If Ted Pauls thinks liberals have widely divergent views on for-
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eign policy, he should listen to a group of conservatives and other right wingers trying to agree on even one aspect of this field. It's unfortunate that the right wing is mainly in opposition to policies rather than being for something, yet, now that I think about it, Canada is finally going to get nuclear warheads for our weapons systems. And this was the last big issue on which conservatives fought hardest.

But to get back to Pauls. I supported the invasion of Katanga (though many on the right did not) and up till a short time ago the invasion of Cuba (i.e.; I would still have supported it back in October.) The abolition of the Communist base in the Western Hemisphere and the freeing of the Cuban people, to my mind, show a higher moral position than the liberal's harping on self-determination. If you're going to allow Katanga to secede against the will of the majority of the Congolese populace (as expressed in Parliament), and more important, against the sections in the Congolese Constitution which deny them this right, then I see no objection to allowing Mississippi to secede, or Staten Island, or even the individual citizen. [The latter possibility is less absurd than you might perhaps think. Sometime during the second Eisenhower Administration, a lady in Texas who owned a rather large farm did secede from the United States, at least to her own satisfaction if no one else's, and the wire services had a field day with the story. (My only information is from memory on this.)] More seriously, though, in your last few sentences you express the belief that consolidation of power is to an extent a Good Thing. Why, then, are most conservatives so vehemently opposed to even speculating (by persons in government) about world government? (I guess the obvious answer is that the conservatives don't believe that the concept of consolidation is so flexible; personally, as a liberal, I only hope so.)

It's also interesting to note that while Ted bitches about American support of Franco and other right-wing dictators, he makes no bones about giving support (both political and economic) to left-wing dictatorships and neutral governments that are totalitarian. If the USA were to cut off aid and otherwise oppose all the authoritarian and totalitarian regimes in, say, Africa, it would have maybe half a dozen left to support out of the thirty-odd independent African nations.

It would seem to be a much wiser attitude if one were to adopt the position of (a) Is the nation in question a Russian military base or satellite? [Presumably you refer also to the Chinese ones.] If so, deny it aid. Then ask (b) Is the government, of whatever nature it may be, producing internal stability and a better life for its people? If the answer to the first question was no, and the answer to the second yes, then give it aid. [But do not pass "Go" and do not collect \$200.] Such diverse ruling systems as Marxist Mali, Communist Yugoslavia, Fascist Spain and absolutist Ethiopia would get aid under such circumstances. But nations such as Haiti and Poland would not. I ask Pauls what the alternative to supporting Franco would be (and I ask rightists what the alternative to Tito is -- although he shouldn't get as much aid as he does).

It was Pauls who said that he differentiated between one man killed and ten, between ten and a thousand. If Franco kills ten, would the thousands to die in the anarchy of Communism following his removal make it any more ethical to deny him support now? [Is Communism the only alternative to Franco, then? Franco says so, but do you?]

As for the One World theory, I believe it's an impossibility so long as nationalism, Communism, capitalism and all the other isms exist side-by-side. I'd appreciate liberals more if they plugged harder

for possible regional things like European Union, ASA, etc. instead of wild dreamings about one big happy world family. /But the democratic Left and the moderates like Kennedy do spend a great deal of time plugging for regional "interdependence", and it is the conservatives who growl about the advent of "Euramerica" and the sanctity of "soverignty". The architect of the Common Market, Monnet, happens to be a Socialist; the OAS (not the Secret Army one) is....well, with limited space I can only generalize to the effect that the oft-heard rightist argument that the right preaches pragmatism while the left bubbles idealism seems largely specious. I think we've got both, whereas you've got neither./

Incidentally, I didn't like Pauls' indiscriminate use of totalitarianism and authoritarianism, as though they were one and the same.

Goddamn it, man! I don't mind you admiring Norman Thomas, consorting with John Boardman, damning National Review and Barry Goldwater, but you, sir, have passed the limits of tolerance (even for fandom) by being anti-Winston Churchill! (May God forgive you -- if He can.)

REDD BOGGS 270 South Bonnie Brae Los Angeles 57, California

Enclave #2, May 1963, arrived in April. You obviously haven't got the hang of this fan publishing caper. Fan magazines dated May aren't supposed to be published and mailed before July at the earliest.

Outside of this staggering gaffe, Enclave is certainly an impressive achievement for "a boy of your age" or even (ahem) a boy of my age. In fact, I'd seriously suggest that it is the most impressive new fanzine of the past year, with Spectrum, perhaps, its closest rival in that respect. Of course I haven't seen all the new fanzines, partly because a lot of my fanzines still go to Minneapolis and take a while to get forwarded, partly because I haven't done enough letterhacking in the past year to be eligible to receive all the new fanzines by right of being articulate. However, for what it is worth, I'd say Enclave is one of the few remaining pieces of evidence that this Best of All Possible Fandoms will remain that way in the foreseeable future.

Juanita Coulson did a nice job duplicating your fanzine, but I take it you are responsible for the stencilling job, which is very good too. I like some of your format ideas; the double-column layout of page one, the distinctive typed headings for several of the items in the issue, and the running "heads" at the bottom of the page -- whatever the technical term for the latter is; I've forgotten. /Tails? Feet?/ I'm not sure why you chose to type some article headings and use a lettering guide for others, unless you acquired some guides in the midst of stencilling the issue. /I did; the typed heads were a measure of desperation, but they turned out so well that I'll be using them most of the time./ The typed headings are actually more interesting because they are distinctive. I remember that Al Ashley, who had a flock of lettering guides to hand, once chose to use typed headings in his Fapazine for some reason or another: typed headings between borders made of asterisks or plus signs or whatever. But it's seldom nowadays that one sees use made of the typer keyboard for such ornamentation.

In re the "heads" at the bottom of the page, I'd certainly suggest skipping a space between the last line and the "head"; it is a little jarring to end up reading something like "Some egotists have tried genocide and 12.....enclave #2." /Yeah, but it's true as it stands./

I'm impressed with the evidence you set forth in Skeptical Sketches that not every young American belongs to the John Birch Society. Your

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belief that Norman Thomas is "one of the great Americans of the century" pleases me almost as much as your choices for "Best Column" and "Best Fan Writer" in the Fan Poll. You not only have an IQ somewhat in excess of 99, I'm sure, but refined taste.

Eros has apparently conducted one of the heaviest direct mail advertising campaigns in magazine publishing history, and you are probably not the only 16 year old who has received eight subscription pitches from Eros unless -- as is quite possible -- you are the last 16 year old in the country who reads any magazines outside of Action Comics. /You mean like Wild West Weekly?/

Your choices in the Fan Poll are obviously exquisite and about the only place I raised an eyebrow even a micromillimeter was where you said "Barr is pleasantly whimsical." I never thought of Barr as whimsical except in a couple cartoons here and there: it is not a characteristic trait, I believe. /Well, I was thinking particularly of his cover for "Yawndro" #112, and his lusty barbarian-type Jesus for the Easter Yandro. That's my kinda whimsey./ I might rate Bjo Trimble higher on the "Best Fan Artist" list, but otherwise your choices are pretty close to mine. I'm flattered at your choices of "File 13" as best column and myself as "Best Fan Writer," and I just wish I could think of what I did to rate such an honor in each case. Alas, I wrote very little in 1962. But thanks anyway. /Just as "hunger hurts," "brown-nosing helps." This is a nice letter of comment. I also dug Discords 16-17./

Once the reader plows into it, "The Liberal and Foreign Policy" by Ted Pauls is quite interesting reading. But I suggest that it is a big mistake to start out an article -- especially one with such a dismal title -- with a 29-line paragraph. That first paragraph ought to have been split into thirds. Ted also starts out on an abstract level, which is a mistake. Once he got to talking about Cuba, Katanga, and such matters, the article read more easily and lucidly. I don't know whether he wrote this article especially for Enclave or whether it was a Kipple item he couldn't fit into his own fanzine /the latter/, but it seems to me to read a little more solemnly than his Kipple articles. In Kipple he has achieved a certain sardonic effect that takes some of the curse off his pea-soup fog style, but there isn't much of that here.

Still, even Ted Pauls at his heaviest and murkiest isn't quite as abstruse -- or do I mean obtuse? -- as James Warburg in the quote you append from The Liberal Papers. "...the attempt at physical containment stultified the political posture of the United States" indeed! Can "posture" be "stultified" (i.e. made a fool of)? Both Ted Pauls and James Warburg might study George Orwell's essay "Politics and the English Language" to their benefit, I think. /I agree with you -- that's a great essay -- and I hope Ted follows the advice, but I'm afraid I didn't send Jimmy Warburg the last Enclave, nor can I send him this one. Apparently he never sent his CoA to Larry and Noreen Shaw. (Did I mention Larry Shaw? Oh, hell -- now Pauls will never write for me again!)

Skip Williamson in "Rosebuds, Lollipops and the Four Legged Trombone" sounds a little strained /you'd be strained too if you were inside a four legged trombone/, as if he were striving to achieve the results he admires in some model or other. The whole thing reads a little like a pastiche, though there are a lot of interesting and enjoyable lines and whole passages here. Williamson seems to have unlimited potential, and I imagine he will succeed in selling both artwork and writings, and succeed resoundingly.

Mike Deckinger's "A Physical Fitness Proposal" was, I'm afraid,

pretty heavy-handed whimsy. /Oops, Redd spells it without the "e". (I just checked Webster and it seems we're both right -- that's good.)

"Plonking Periodicals": An excellent fanzine review column. Star-spinkle #6 called the Willis letter to Greyhound "blistering," and you call it "devastating". I didn't think it was quite so mordant or fulminous as all that. Of chief interest, perhaps, was WAW's use of a ploy we've all attempted at some time or another: the threat of Exposure in an article we're writing (which will circulate in an edition of 200 copies). Los Angeles is a "wretched, miserable, crummy, stinking, intolerable city"? Well, it may be wretched, miserable, crummy and stinking, but it isn't intolerable. I find it quite the opposite. In fact, I am so delighted with life in Southern California that I laugh all the time. I sit here in Gemütlich Grotto and chuckle by the hour, in fact.

I was enlightened, though disillusioned, by Maris Cizevskis' excellent article on the Goon Show. Possibly it only proves, once again, that verbal humor doesn't necessarily click when reduced to print. But only the recollection that such people as Mal. Ashworth and John Berry revered the Goon Show prevents me from writing off the show as another illusion shot to tatters. I suspect that the Goons were really nothing marvelous: probably far below the level achieved by Fred Allen, Henry Morgan, Bob and Ray, and other American radio comedians at their best. /Chauvinist!/ Incidentally, this article makes the mistake of not coming right out with the fact that the Goon Show appeared on BBC radio. By the way, ref. p 20, what's "sound radio"? Is there another kind?

"Outside Agitators" is a good letter section. Apparently many of the fans who have expressed alarm over the Shirley Camper article's possible effect on fandom are unaware that fandom has been profiled in such magazines as Life and Harper's without causing any earthquakes or other catastrophes. /Fans are fear-begotten./

ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES

(address withheld upon editorial intuition)

/Note: I asked Mr. Lowndes if he might do an article on the decline and fall of the Columbia sf line./ In reference to your request, the occasion of the death of the Columbia chain of fiction magazines is simply stated: Early in February 1960, the distributor informed the publisher that he would not handle the magazines any longer, as of that date. The only chance for continued life of any of the titles, which included western, detective and romance books as well as science fiction, was for the publisher to get another distributor who was willing to handle them. None was found.

The question of how long any or all of the titles would have survived had the distributor not defected, or had another distributor been found, is interesting., but not one I am in any position to discuss. And I must confess at this stage that it does not particularly interest me.

The neatness of Enclave is a joy to behold, and while the contents do not particularly hold me (Warhoon more than satisfies what little interest I hold along these lines) it seems to be a very good publication of its kind.

MIDGE WEST 12 Parkhurst Road Wood Green London N.22, England

I particularly enjoyed Maris Cizevskis' article "The Highly Esteemed Goon Show," as I discovered many facts about the Goons I hitherto had not known, and I wondered if your readers would be interested in

my experience of working with them.

At the inception of Commercial Television in this country, it was decided to try and present the Goon Show on tv. This unfortunately proved a flop as the Goons rely a great deal on Sound Effects for their brand of humour and in vision the imagination did not have as much scope as in radio. However, I was asked to appear in one of the series called "Yes It's The Cathode Ray Tube Show" with Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan, and two Goons Maris forgot to mention, namely Michael Bentine and Graham Stark. I arrived on location to be nearly knocked down by Mr. Sellers' MG sports car, and was informed that this particular episode dealt with the plight of four scientists cum astrologers -- played by guess who -- according to whose calculations it was discovered that Mars was about to collide with the earth. The whole world in utter chaos, scientist Sellers came up with the Goon-brilliant idea of gathering every available schoolchild to blow Mars away seconds before the moment of impact. Dressed in gymslip and straw hat I was to run round assembling the children for this purpose. All went well until it started to rain -- it sometimes does in England -- and I slipped on a wet grass verg; both hat and Midge went flying in their best unlady-like manner. I was replaced on my feet by Goon Bentine, who had retrieved my hat, with the comment "now lofty it's not the moulting season yet." My confidence somewhat restored, I continued running, but alas right into the MG, near to tears and with a gashed knee, the school children laughing fit to burst, I had one of those moments when I feel rather insignificant. Rescued this time by Goon Milligan, whose "never mind Cinders, you shall go to the ball" was very unappreciated at the time, I managed to finish filming without further incident, although soaking wet and the worse for wear. The moral of this story is it is far better to listen to the Goons than to see them on the idiots' lantern or work with them.

I don't know if you can use the following in your Dissecting the Press page but I thought it was priceless. It comes from the Sunday 5th May issue of the Mirror. Apparently the film reviewer of the paper had seen the press showing of a film with some very earthy sexy scenes in it, and decided to ask various members of the audience their opinions about them. I now quote: -- "Mrs. C of Southgate: I feel that these scenes should not be shown, as in real life you would not be able to see them, because nice people always turn the light out" (oh yeah)! /It sounds like a Reader's Digest article -- "Nice People Always Turn the Light Out." Actually I had hoped to publish a series of articles on the press, but whether this comes to pass depends upon the readers. And in re the "Dissecting" title, is my face red! I was glancing through some old copies of The Californian magazine (later The American Liberal, now regrettably defunct) and I was shocked to see that "Dissecting the Press" was a running column head. Apparently the suggestion when I first received my copies of the Californian was very subtle.7

PAUL WILLIAMS

163 Brighton Street

Belmont, Massachusetts

A socialist fanzine, now? /No -- only an editor bordering on it.7 Eros has published more pages of junk mail than they have of magazine; for all their advertising they seem to be doing very poorly, and deservedly so. I have a rather low opinion of Ginsberg. /Me too.7

I challenge your statement that Lin Carter is fandom's best book reviewer. I don't even think he's a particularly good reviewer. He scarcely ever backs up his opinions. Perhaps you are confused because along with Coulson (who does have much merit) he is the most prolific.

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I am glad to say that Skip Williamson's column is much more interesting this time around. Even though he seems to be obsessed with the horrors of fandom ("If you don't like this country, go back where you came from...") But, but...I thought Suicide was a Way of Death!

Best thing in the issue was Mike Deckinger's satire on the President's 50-mile-hike kick. Why don't you make this a little smoother and more tongue-in-cheek, Mike, and submit it to The Outsider's Newsletter?

I suppose there's no way of getting out of it, I have to comment on Ted Pauls' article. I now realize that in a way I'm lucky that I never received a Kipple in trade for the three Within's I've sent him. This article is a mess. He starts out by saying that some liberals have come to a conclusion for practical reasons rather than moral ones, and that this is a Grave Mistake. His conclusion is that despite the difficulties involved we are doomed if we don't form a united world government. Pfui.

Pauls makes more statements that I am unhappy with than I could possibly argue against, but I'll take on a few. He starts out by complaining "there is no concrete liberal policy"! I think he not only forgets what the word liberal means, but he never knew! Take any definition of the word, fit it into that statement, and have a good laugh. For example, "not strict or rigorous". So: "there is no concrete unrigorous policy"! What gives this guy the idea that a liberal is any Democrat who is not a segregationist, or anyone who reacts against John Birch? Or even anyone who reads The Reporter? /My God, what gives you the idea that Ted said that? Besides, all your arguments so far stem from your assumption that Ted "complained" about liberal inconsistency. He didn't. He only pointed it out -- which is admittedly something of a moot point, but you gotta expect moot points from Ted. / Pauls' train of thought is evident: I am a liberal. My ideas are wise. Therefore, every smart liberal should have my ideas, since they're clearly liberal and wise.

Pauls seems to feel that being a liberal makes you one with other liberals, that Lenin was one with Roosevelt. /!!!/ The next step is card-carrying liberals, right Mr. Pauls? By damn, I Paul Williams am a liberal, and I reserve the right to think what I want to think, and I believe that there is a difference between Cuba and Katanga, a practical difference among others. And I believe that World Government has the chance of a snowball in Hell, and that I (and everyone else) have better things to do than to stand around throwing snowballs.

JOHN BOARDMAN

Box 22

New York 33, New York

I think that one of the factors overlooked in the highly touted "conservative revival" among youth is the way in which people develop that concern for others which is basic to liberalism. Children are intensely self-centered. Behind all the sophistication, conservative writing on economics reduces to a childish howl of "Mine! Mine! Mine! You can't have it!" It is only as the child grows older that he learns consideration for others. Then, as he is exposed either through his own reading or through a history or sociology course to the reality of man's inhumanity to man past and present, he often develops an urge to do something about it. Thus is another liberal born. /Pass out the cigars .../ But the process is a slow one, and quite a bit of experience is required before knowledge produces conviction and the conviction becomes well enough grounded to be called ideological. /I agree to an extent, but don't you think it would be quite simple to take the whole body of liberal thought on a given problem, and, through reductio ad absurdum, turn it into a phrase as distastefully childish as the one you cited above? I think liberals and conservatives add nothing to the

meaningful political dialogue through the use of such tactics.7

I think that the small turnout for the poll in Pointing Vector #10 renders the results, to which Ted gives so much space, relatively worthless. Two of my respondees were the stalwartly conservative Lupoffs.

MIKE DECKINGER 31 Carr Place Fords, New Jersey

/In re Williamson's #2 cover:7 About a year ago, at a Cinema 16 showing devoted to propaganda films, a film titled "Message from Mississippi" was shown. It was precisely the sort of thing that looks like a well-handled satire, until you realize that it was produced with a genuine feeling to justify a deplorable practice. It begins deceptively enough as a mild travelogue, recounting some of the advances of Mississippi's agriculture and industry. Then it gradually delves into the fact that Miss. is segregated (and damn proud of it too, the announcer implies) and further states what a happy relationship exists between the races because of this segregation. We are shown glimpses of segregated housing, segregated parks, and (so help me) a segregated hospital. The latter institution is made even more ludicrous when the announcer boldly admits that while the patients are segregated the doctors are not, and white doctors have no qualms about treating colored patients. I was kind of sorry they omitted shots of the blood bank, because I'd love to have seen two shelves containing bottles of blood for transfusions; one shelf would be labeled "white" and the other "colored". The film closes with a stern and patriotic message from the Governor, indirectly hinting that this is the Mississippians' way of life, he likes it, and outsiders better not poke around if they know what's good for them. It's damned frightening to see a film like this.

I neither share your admiration for Norman Thomas, nor regret that he isn't going to run for President. I'd as soon have George Lincoln Rockwell run, as Norman Thomas. /!!!!/ From what little I know of him, Thomas impresses me as a sincere but misguided zealot whose political affiliations have obsessed him with unwarranted delusions of grandeur. /Do you really mean that, or is your choice of words questionable? I doubt very much that affiliating oneself with the impotent (but generally commendable, in my opinion) American Socialist Party would give delusions of grandeur to anyone./ I have a grudging respect for his tenacity and for a few of the things he advocates, but that in no way counters my initial dislike of the man. /If you have a dislike for the man, which doesn't sound very thoughtful on your part, that's OK; but considering the thousands of your words I've read, I'd say you agree with more than a few of the things Thomas advocates. If you or anyone else is interested in "Test-Your-Own-Agreement-with-Thomas," so to speak, the 1962 Socialist Party platform is obtainable for 25¢ from the SP-SDF, 1182 Broadway, New York 1, New York./

Ted Pauls' encompassing article was dry, tedious, overwritten and virtually uncommentable. It's the sort of thing that fares well in Kipple, but outside the zine it has a dragging influence.

You violated the first rule of fanzine reviewers by calling attention to Sneary's "sneary-ized" spelling. That's like enthusing over the fact that all Goodyear tires are round, or Ann Landers is convinced teenage boys want to knock up teenage girls. There are certain things that go without saying, and calling attention to them reveals lack of prior knowledge of your own. /Sorry; the Snearyisms just knocked me out./

I think I would rate Cizevskis' article as the most enjoyable thing in the issue. There is a short featurette playing in several art houses

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titled "The Case of the Mukkinese Battlehorn," starring Sellers and Milligan, which is a Goon-ish half hour comedy satirizing Scotland Yard's fictional super-detectives. In one scene Sellers asks a subject if a certain name is his. "Such is my name," the man replies. "Well, Mr. Such," Sellers begins. In another scene a crook tosses a brick through a locked glass case containing a priceless battlehorn. He sneaks over, picks away the pieces of glass, snatches up the brick, and darts away with it. About halfway through the story the film suddenly breaks and an announcer appears with a bedraggled, goofy-looking man. The man relates a series of disasters which have left him homeless, jobless, penniless -- and yet, even though he had no insurance, he still feels happy. Addressing the audience now, the announcer says that this man was brought on for no other reason than "We just wanted to show you what a perfect idiot looks like." Then the story resumes.

If you really want to throw darts at Pohl for the Bradbury story in the October Galaxy, I can give you a reason. That little tale wasn't even an original, as Pohl implied. It was a write-up of a half-hour tv screenplay that Bradbury did for Alfred Hitchcock. On tv it was better than in print, too.

ALSO HEARD FROM: Dick Schultz, Larry Crilly, Tom McKinnon, Bill Plott, Ronn Foss, Phil Roberts, Bill Spicer, Don Dohler, James Warren, Maris Cizevskis, Walt Taylor, Jay Lynch.

Have you ever cut the stencils for a 36-page magazine in one steaming 3-day weekend? It's enough to make you resolve that your First Giant Anniversary Issue will have about 2 pages.

This is, or was, Enclave #3, the magazine of authoritarian anarchy. You can expect #4 in late August; it may not come, but expect it anyway. I need contributions, especially science-fictional types, but anything else I like, I'd also like. And remember -- Bradley for Britain!

ENCLAVE 3

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Joe Pilati
111 S. Highland Ave.
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