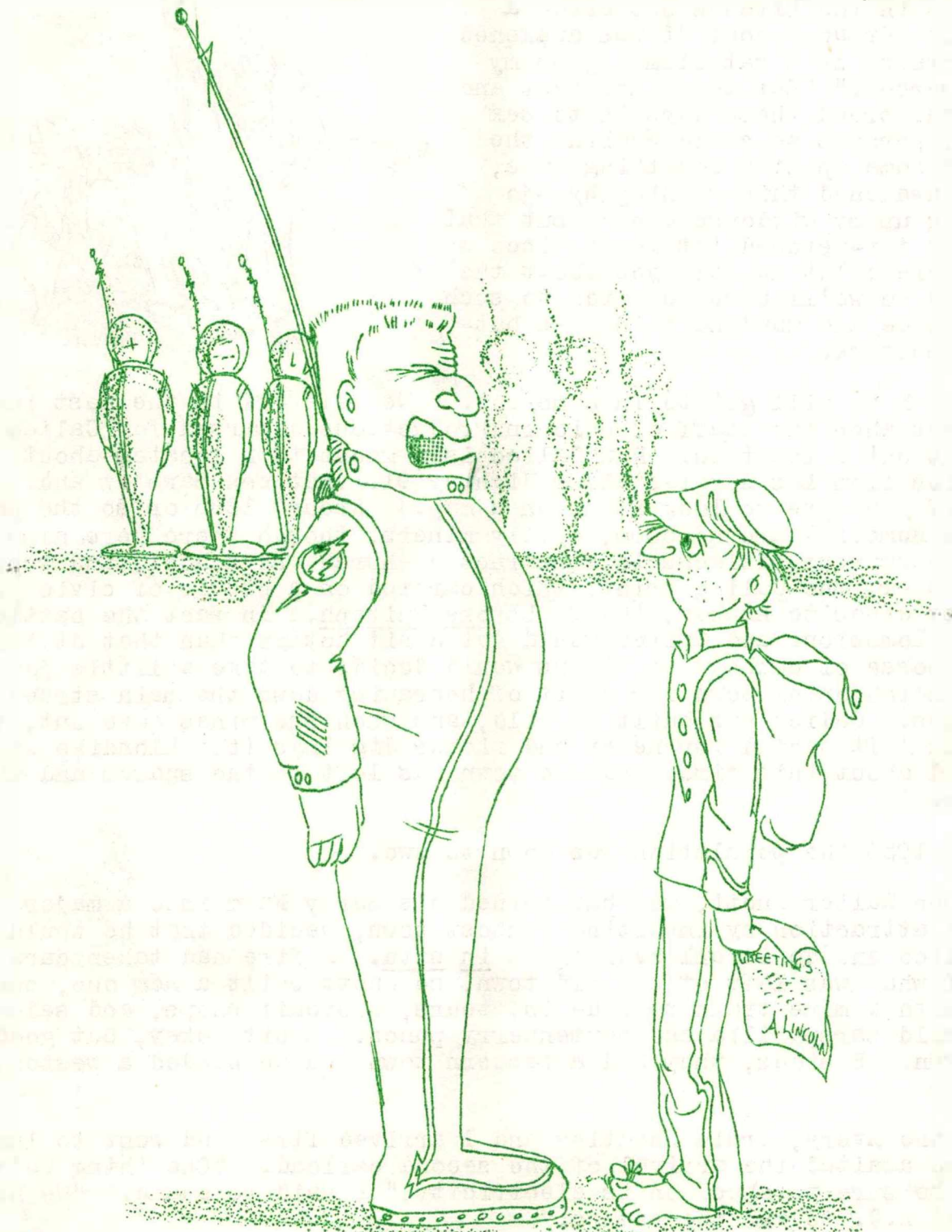


WHY NOT ?

U.S. GOVT
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"WHERE TH' HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?"

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They say one should always begin with a narrative hook. So how's this: "Bjo was in the kitchen buttering a poster." Or how about "I was awakened this morning by a rat climbing up my window screen." But these are fact and since the trend these days is to sex novels, perhaps we could combine the two and come up with something like, "I was awakened this morning by Bjo climbing up my window screen." But that is a bit far-fetched (at least since she got married; let me tell you about the time...) so we'll have to stick to such commonplace and mundane things as buttering posters.



Which we will get to in a moment. We left off in the last installment when the staff of Unicorn Productions departed for Calico to scout out a location. Now Calico is a ghost town located about 150 miles from Los Angeles along Highway 91. (Between Barstow and Yermo if you care to look it up on a map.) Around 1885 or so the population numbered around 5000, mostly miners, though there were also enough permanent citizens to construct a church and school, and support a newspaper, the Calico Print, which carried on a battle of civic pride with its opposite number, the Tombstone Epitaph. In fact the battle between Tombstone and Calico would get a bit hotter than that at times when a posse of cowboys or miners would decide to take a little jaunt to the neighboring town for a bit of hoorawing down the main street with guns. Calico was built on gold, and when the mines gave out, the town was left behind for newer and richer diggings (the Klondike strike occurred about this time) and the town was left to the snakes and the spiders.

In 1950 the population was down to two.

Then Walter Knott, who had turned his Berry Farm into a major tourist attraction by importing a ghost town, decided that he would buy Calico and do it all over again in situ. A fire had taken care of most of what was left of the old town, so Knott built a new one, complete with a mine train to ride in, tours, souvenir shops, and saloons which sold sarsaparilla and boysenberry punch. A bit hokey, but good clean fun. Besides, they had a western town and we needed a western town.

Duane Avery, Ernie Wheatley and I arrived first and went to lunch while we awaited the arrival of the second carload. "One thing we've got to be sure to check on is electricity," I said to Duane. "We need 110 volt A.C. to run the camera."

"They probably have it," he said, "they can run a line from Barstow."

"Of course, if they don't, I suppose we could always run an 3 extension cord from Los Angeles."

"How much would that cost?"

"Well, I paid \$4.05 for that fifty foot extension cord. So if we figure approximately 5300 feet to the mile..."

"At \$8.10 per hundred feet..."

"Let's call it roughly \$8.00..."

"Comes to...hummm....8 times 53....three eights are twenty four, carry the two....\$424.00 per mile....times 150 miles...."

"We can tap in at San Bernadino and save fifty miles...."

"42,400 dollars!"

We sat and contemplated that figure in awe for a few moments. "What happens if somebody pulls a plug?" asked Ernie.

"We'll have to station an electrician every fifty feet to see that that doesn't happen," said Dwayne. "And an electrician is skilled labor."

"That's104 electricians per mile...."

"Times one hundred miles comes to 10,400 electricians...."

"At \$3.50 an hour..."

"Times two days..."

"And we'd have to have a fleet of trucks to take them to their posts..."

"A truck could hold twenty men..."

"At ten thousand dollars per truck...."

"Maybe we had just hire a studio," said Dwayne. "We could buy out Desilu or something..."

"Or maybe just buy the cord." Long pause. "Say, Dwayne, how would you like to dig a hundred miles of ditch?"

In due time the second car arrived, with Bjo, John, Billern, and a Polish photographer Bjo had met at the Hobby Show. "Don't you think you ought to tell her the news?" said Dwayne.

"Oh. Yes. Bjo, we've just figured out that for \$42,000 dollars we can run an extension cord out here from LA."

For a moment she looked shaken. "What are those boxes at the foot of the power poles for?" she asked in a withering voice.

"That's where they keep the fireflies," said Ernie.

* * * * *

We talked to the management of the Ghost Town and they were terribly co-operative. Not only could we use the town the following week-end but they would be glad to loan us guns and props. Phil, the Wrnagler, was equally tickled by the idea of watching a couple of tenderfeet try to make like badmen on horseback. We monopolized his string for two hours the following Sunday morning without paying a thing. Oh, we bought quantities of boysenberry punch and sarsparilla, but I don't think this began to pay these people back for their kindness.

* * * * *

After we had made arrangements, we set out to show the Calicos to our photographer. Stefan could speak no English, and we could speak no Polish, but he and Bill got along adequately --not well, but adequately with college German. Poland is more liberal than most iron curtain countries, but they had taken no chances of Steve leaving the country with any great deal of value and then not returning. He was allowed to take his Rollielflex and Exacta, two hundred dollars cash and a suitcase full of clothes. This is not very much on which to see the United States. He had come to Los Angeles because his brother lived there and because there might be some opportunity to sell some of his work in this country. He had at the Hobby Show in Los Angeles some forty or so black-and-white enlargements. Now anybody can shoot a color slide and with half an eye to exposure and composition come up with something pleasing to the eye. But to produce good black-and-white work requires a true mastery of technique and the eye and feeling of an artist. The pictures that were on display there that day had been taken all over the world, from central Europe to Hong Kong, and they were among the very finest I have ever seen. I don't know what Stefan took in the Calicos that day---in the bare, tumbled red hills and the crumbled abandoned mines---but I am sure they were different from anything else in his collection, and that they were beautiful.

* * * * *

Bob Lictman has told the story in SAPS of how we went on location the following week-end, and of how he uttered his two immortal lines, and of how Burbee shot Ted Johnstone and left him in the street for twenty minutes, while we filmed on oblivious of the fallen figure in the dust, and how the villains stalked to their doom in step, and how Bruce Pelz, always seeking realism, bounced, as he hit the dirt.

* * * * *

Back from Calico, we had several major sequences still to shoot. My house was the logical place. One of our scenes was laid "on the edge of town." The edge of town became the wooden wall decorated with a couple of signs. "This will do it," said Bjo, waving her completed masterpieces, "now we have to make them look old." A couple of quick rips disfigured them. "Do you have any Crisco?" asked Bjo.

"What do you want Crisco for?" I said. "I'm afraid all I've got is butter."

"That will do," she said, grabbing a knife, slicing a neat pad, and making a swift flourish across the paper. "Now, Ernie, walk on it and it will be properly antiqued." 5

And so we hung them. The first poster proclaimed, "P. T. Busby's Circus; Elinor and her Trained..." and right next to it, "Granny Carr's LYE SOAP!"

* * * *

The next sequence took place outside the office of the Corflu Creek Courier where Pecos Pelz is threatening B.R. Toskey the editor. We moved out to the backyard, and, again decorated with assorted signs---"Visit Firestone's Funhouse; Diner's Cards Accepted," "Wanted for Gun-Running: Dean Grennel, Contract Indian Agent," "Inexpensive Printing Done Cheap," "Se Habla Fannish," etc--- it made a passable newspaper office. Jack Harness played Toskey. He has an exceedingly good touch with bits of business and an exceedingly bad touch with dialogue. We started to rehearse. All went well until we got down to the middle of the scene.

"Well, I reckon you've got more troubles than me," said Jack.

"No, no," shouted Bjo, "it's 'I reckon you've got more troubles than me!'"

"Well, I reckon you've got more troubles than me," said Jack.

"No. Look Jack. I reckon you've got more troubles than me."

"Well, I reckon you've got more troubles than me."

"Try it again."

"Well, I reckon you've got more troubles than me."

"Look, Jack. Try it very slowly and carefully. I - reckon you've - got more -troubles - than me."

"Well, I reckon you've got more troubles than me."

"Great! That's it! Let's shoot it! Camera! Slate! Action!"

"Well, I reckon you've got more troubles than me."

* * * *

So we put it in the can, and all was well until we saw the rushes. Jack delivered his line in his own inimitable way, closed the door behind him, and there, reflected in the glass big as life were cameraman and camera! They're still there, too. There are lots more contretemps, and the story of our expedition at Berkeley to reshoot the scenes with Karen Anderson, Jim Caughran and the Carrs, but those will be told in full some other place. The movie is done, and corny as hell, and a technical abomination, but we had a ball doing it. Watch for our next production, Martian Eye, with script by Ted Johnstone, a story of 21st century daring. Do!

6
CONCERNING CONSTITUTIONS

The chief item of business before N'APA seems to be the securing of a satisfactory constitution, or rather, since we are subject to the Constitution of the N3F, By-Laws. I hope this project is not abandoned out of general boredom before we have something to our liking.

The By-Laws should do two things: firstly, provide a clear statement of the rules whereby the Alliance carries on its regular functions, and secondly, provide a provision for emergencies when some event occurs which prevents the group from operating in a regular manner.

At present we have an unamendable preamble and an unamendable article. This is of no consequence, since by adopting a new set of By-Laws entirely we are not amending the old, but replacing them. The adoption of the Constitution of the United States did not follow the amending procedure of the Articles of Confederation. All the new set of By-Laws needs is the approval of the members of N'APA and the assent of the Directorate. Actually, this set of By-Laws derives its authority from the Directorate, and they have the legal right to impose a new set upon the membership at any time. The new By-Laws should clarify the relationship between N'APA and the N3F Directorate, stating the conditions under which Directorial intervention was permissible. Of course, such limitations on the power of the Directorate would have no legal authority since the power of the Directorate is set forth in the Constitution of the N3F, and can only be limited by amending the N3F Constitution, but such limitations in the N'APA By-Laws would be a powerful moral limitation. While there seems no prospect of Directorial interference in the foreseeable future, this would provide against a future possibility, and give reassurance to some of the membership.

The Constitution that Bob Lichtman has proposed is a distinct improvement over that now in effect: it is more orderly and it is more explicit. Before we vote to adopt it, however, I would suggest that it be reworded in the interests of conciseness. I also very strongly suggest that we do not require 2/3 vote of the membership to amend. We have already had this trouble once in N'APA. I am equally against, however, the present procedure of amendment by majority vote. I think amendment by 2/3 of those voting is the most satisfactory arrangement. I will vote against anything that contains so restrictive an amending procedure as 2/3 of the membership.

Other items requiring clarification: the duties of the N'APA Representative of the Directorate, the selection of an emergency OE (this should not be an appointment of the regular OE for obvious reasons; it should be either elective or appointive by the N3F Directorate or President) and a method of recall of an OE who is acting in an arbitrary fashion which is displeasing to the membership. I would like to hear some opinions on these last points.

Today is deadline day. I had had the best of intentions to get 7
this issue into the mails in plenty of time, but first there was
a movie that had to be finished, and then a convention clear back
in Pittsburg that mustn't be missed, and so here we are....
postmailed, and only my second N'APazine, too. However, I don't
intend to set myself a precedent. Wherewith on to the department
entitled

THE GOOD DOCTOR

(can you think of a better title for M.C.'s?)

N'APA YAP is listed last in the mailing but I like my contents up
front where they are most easily findable. By-and-large satisfactory
with most grotches of minor nature. Wish you'd listed Lambeck's
titles, fractured French and all, and I think MZB's title was clearly
enough stated on her one shot. With the passage of this amendment,
the non-reply voting system should be a dead issue. Nothing should
ever be written so as to require a percentage of the membership, only
of those actually voting. While I think a simple majority is too
little to amend by-laws, I voted for the amendment so that we can
do things constitutionally from here on out. I think, Belle, that
you are to be commended for breaking the log-jam here; sometimes
one needs extraordinary measures to prevent an even bigger mess. I
think most people will agree that since we are probably going to
adopt a whole new set of by-laws, anyway, a liberal interpretation
of this set in the interests of efficiency is of small moment.

BOB LAMBECK - Assorted Titles - I'll treat these all in one lump
instead of listed order. Oh, bravo, so you've got more titles in
the mailing than anyone else. Isn't that just peachy keen. It's
a minor pain for every one else but you've got a record. I hope it
stands for a very long time. Your defense of rock-and-roll is
interesting, Bob, because once again, like Janet Freeman, you are
defending it not on musical (r&R is indefensible on musical grounds)
but on sociological grounds. It is a symbol of rebellion and some-
thing that your generation can generate group solidarity by defending.
And the words are unusually stupid --even by folk music standards.
Ever look at something like, say, Barbara Allen, in the clear light
of day? Still, its a beautiful and sentimental song, and one of my
favorites. Maybe bad lyrics are a matter of degree. Certainly
most song lyrics are not noted for their intellectuality, save for
G&S, and Tom Leherer, and a delightfully unprintable thing that
starts out, "Ch, a sailor once told me before he died..." Anyhow,
I remeber rather vividly a little Italian love-song I caught a few
weeks ago. I remember it vividly because it was something of a
traumatic experience. The title of it was "Domani." Recognize it?
"Domani," yes. But "super-doooper domani?!!!" Aaargh.

LESLIE GERBER - Fanac 55 - A lovely piece of satire. I got mine
through the mail, was taken in by the first page story, thought,
"how nice," and then began feeling queerer and queerer as I pro-
ceeded through the magazine. Wonderful!

8 MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY - A Fanzine for Karen Anderson

No comment other than to say that it was a most pleasant discursion, and one of the most worthwhile pieces in the mailing, in spite of its size.

BIG DADDY BUSBY - No Place # 1

Lots of constructive thought here, most of which I agree with. This brings up a few thoughts concerning the operation of N'APA which I may as well go into here as elsewhere. Firstly, N'APA is a brand-new apa, and should be both willing and eager to borrow from the experience of its older and more experienced brethren. There is nothing shameful in this; in fact, its downright good sense. By choosing well, we start with the benefit of several years' experience we don't have to accumulate through trial and error. The most salient feature, I think, is the activity feature that keeps SAPS hopping, and the absence of which leaves an awful lot of deadwood in FAPA. Contrarily, I have a certain partiality toward the division of responsibility in FAPA. However, since N'APA is already responsible to the N3F Directorate, most of this apparatus is unnecessary. This would seem to argue in favor of an omniscipotent OE, then, again along the SAPS line. Similar solutions to similar problems is not slavish copying.

N'APA has helped N3F immeasurably, not by providing another outlet for Neffers, but by bringing a more actifannish element into the N3F. There is no question but that N'APA must remain part of the N3F, not because it needs the N3F, which it doesn't, but because the N3F desperately needs the sort of people who find their expression in the apas. Right now N'APA is wrapped up in N'APA procedure, but the N3F is coming in for its share of examination, too, and in future years will be well-served by having a continuing body of interested critics. Furthermore, by trapping even a small body of active general fans within its ranks, there is a subtle shift in emphasis: critics have for some time been saying, "these things are wrong with the N3F"; now, neffers themselves, they begin to say, "what can we do to cure the things wrong with the N3F?" and to propose solutions. And some of them even get so desperate they decide to try to run the club.

As you point out, Buz, all fandom doesn't need the N3F, but it seems to me that all fandom could benefit from proper use of the N3F. There is at the present time no organization doing a satisfactory job of recruiting into fandom. It seems to me, that N3F, with suitable changes in its procedures, could fill that void in such a way as to earn a respectable niche in fandom. Beyond recruiting, there must be other general services that such an organization could perform. I can envision a couple: a how-to-do it guide to fanzine publishing would be of inestimable value to quite a number of neffers and non-neffers alike. The point, of course, being that genuine accomplishment will call forth its own support.

There is a catch, of course; N3F services can be available to N3F members only, but if they are of sufficient value, people will join N3F to secure them, and if they aren't of sufficient value, why should they bother? I think N3F should recognize that at the present time, its services are not regarded as of sufficient value by far too many people.

MIKE DECKINGER - Conjure 3

Typewriter comparison seems to be an endless fund of fannish fascination. The one I am using now is an old Underwood No. 5 that my dad bought used back in 1929. It has been through many a battle, and it is still as good as it ever was. The first stencils I cut with it were an old SHANGRI-LA back in 1950. When we revived Shaggy a couple of years ago, I bethought me of this old behemoth which had been reposing in my father's desk for seven or eight years at that point and dragged it out. None of the six or seven portables that the crew had would cut a very good stencil, and though we have since acquired an electric with elite type, whenever pica seems called for, its this old iron maiden that does the trick. Oh, there are a couple of letters that don't cut completely in the capitals, and its a bit slow and sticky at times, but its dependable. I'm afraid I have a good deal of affection for the beast.

I'd like to take issue with you on Simak: I regard City as virtually his only good writing. However, that's worth an essay in itself, and I don't have time to go into it here.

FANAC exists by correspondence. If somebody doesn't tell the editors about a given social event, they can hardly write it up. Naturally, west coast coverage is better, because its first hand, and the editors can cover it in more detail. If letter writers from the rest of the country would cover their sections in more detail, FANAC could do the same in print. Ron and Terry do a real fine job of editing, but they can only edit the material they get.

SETH JOHNSON - Vaux Hall Fanatic

Sex starved femme fans? Damned if I've ever met any. Most married fannes seem thoroughly happy, and most unmarried ones are thoroughly propositioned, so if there is any lack of sex, its their choice. You can make a better case with the men.

Give me one good reason why a professional editor should be interested in the N3F.

BOB LICHTMAN - KTP 2

Comments on the constitution at length elsewhere.

NORM METCALF - Sonoma 1

The LA junior high school where I taught last year solves its problem by a fairly rigid division of the class along the lines of reading ability. There are eighteen sections in the A8 class, for instance, with those on top being damned good, and those on the bottom practically illiterate. It has the advantage of getting the good kids in classes where you can really push them, but the disadvantage of getting the troublemakers all together in the low groups where they are more difficult to manage en masse. Schools vary greatly within the city of LA, too. Wendy Ackerman teaches at a real Blackboard Jungle type in downtown LA, whereas I have about as fine a situation as one could want in the San Fernando Valley. The average IQ at Sequoia Jr. High was about 104, and at Portola, which will be opening for the first time this semester, the average is likely to be close to 110. I am really looking forward to working with those kids, especially so since I'll have one top group this year.

10 BRUCE PELZ - Savoyard 5

Legible, in the proper light, but not easy to read under any circumstances. I think one thing I particularly notice about comic books is their size. When I first started reading them, a dime comic held a full 64 pages --and the fifteen centers ran to 96. There was space for plot development then. The Justice Society could really operate---and all dozen of them had room for a complete adventure. The smallest comic of them all was Nickel Comics -- anybody remember Bulletman? --and it was 32 pages. One other thing I remember fondly was the 25-part serial they ran in Captain Marvel. The thing was coming out bi-weekly in those days, and I remember how upset I was when I missed one of the parts and how diligently I scoured the back-issue magazine stores till it turned up. That serial was a howling success, and they tried to repeat it later with an 8-parter or something as I recall, but it wasn't nearly as good.

Five days is a legitimate margin between deadline and mailing. It only takes an evening or two to do the work, but it is not always possible to get to work in any given evening. Some people have obligations besides fanning. Five days is little enough. Your remarks point up what I said about N3F having to provide a substantial attraction for the general fan.

ED MESKYS - Peskys on 4

Seems as good a place as any to state my statistics: 50% local fan, 30% convention fan, 15% fanzine fan, 5% corresponding fan. But the convention takes by far the largest share of the pocketbook. I see no immediate cure for the double-dues system. Constitutional provision will have to be made for it, but people never will be happy. Face it: N'APA and N3F are not the same thing, and you can't coordinate the dues without being even less fair and confusing than things are at present.

Club fandom around LA is a long way from dead. Attendance runs about 30 to 40 most of the time. We are currently looking for larger quarters because the place we are in now will just barely accomodate people without giving room to show films or have programs. LASFS has had its downs, too. At one time about 1954 attendance hit a low of three. It has been going up since, however. If meetings are dull, people stay away in droves. You've got to provide something for the club to do, and you've got to continually refresh the membership. LASFS seems to have a complete turnover about every three years, with a few exceptions like Forry Ackerman who have been there since the Meeting 1. But the club had a tradition, and, more important, a permanent address where people could always be found on Thursday nights. So people would drop around to renew acquaintances and some of them stayed, and the club picked up again. Just lately we've been having a run on old members from the early-to-mid forties. But it was the faithful core who kept the club alive through the lean years.

I don't know how any of this is going to help New York with all its feuds and factions. But just make sure there is a club in existence somewhere when Faircon time rolls around, because that is where you are going to find your new blood if you ever do.

Looks to me, though, as if the Faircon Committee has quietly assumed the functions of the clubs: it has all the active New Yorkers in one lump having fun together and doing something.

E. MARTIN CARLSON - Kaymar

Pleasant, but not much to comment on here. But that story cried for a punch line. Thanks for the pic, too. If I can get some time in the darkroom one of these evenings, maybe I can get one into my next. //

G.M. CARR - Dream Stuff 5

This seems as good a place as any to tell a little story which might come under the general heading of the "Why I Like GM Carr Department." It was last summer, after the auto accident that had put Djinn and Bjo in the hospital, and we were all up in Seattle recuperating. It had been sort of a long siege, and we decided that an excursion to Victoria by ferry would be just the sort of relaxation and fun that everybody needed at this point. Bjo was staying with the Busbies, and Djinn with GM, so Wally Weber (who was hosting me) and I had to gather the gang together and get everyone down to make the eight o'clock boat. We dropped by to pick up Djinn first (since she is the slowest to get up in the morning) and sure enough, found her just struggling out of bed. I think I mentioned last time that I worry. I was worried this morning; we had to go clear across town, and buy the tickets, and the boat was likely to be more crowded than usual since the Queen was visiting Victoria that day. GM seemed quite unconcerned. "You've plenty of time," she said. "Why not have breakfast while you're waiting?"

"No, we can't," I said, "we're kind of in a hurry."

"What would you like?" she said, bustling around with some pans.

"Nothing, thanks."

"You'll have something, won't you," she said to Djinn.

"Oh, yes, I'd love to."

"What do you usually have for breakfast?" to me.

By this time I was having fidgets. We'd been here twenty minutes and Djinn looked as though she would be at least twenty more. I glanced at Wally for support. Wally glanced away. "OH, bacon, eggs, pancakes, cereal," I said sarcastically.

"Fine," she said, taking out a dozen eggs, a couple of pounds of bacon, a box of oatmeal and some pancake flour.

"Not all at once!" I said, appalled. My usual breakfast consists of a glass of orange juice and a couple of pieces of toast or a bowl of corn flakes --whatever can be thrown together with the greatest haste to tide me over till lunchtime. GM put the pancake flour away.

"Look, we're really in a hurry," I said.

"Nonsense!" She plumped the oatmeal into four steaming bowls and reached for a platter for the eggs. I looked at Wally.

"I guess we might as well eat," said old weak-willed, breakfast-mooching Wally.

What else can you say to that kind of hospitality?

And --oh, yes-- we made the boat with half an hour to spare.

The girl in the pony-tail at the Solacon was Eleanor Turner. That costume won the prize for "Sexiest." Trina came in the black Leopard (terminology, Marion?) with silver glitter as the "Spiral Nebula." And pardon me for second guessing that again, Bjo, but I think Trina should have won that particular prize. Oh, yes, we've been over that a number of times, but I'm still unconvinced.

12 Your remarks to Bruce Pelz generate several comments concerning the ethics of money. An excessive amount of money is an evil in itself, except under certain exceptional conditions. To have money creates responsibility, because money represents power. If a child is starving and one possesses the money to buy food for that child, then that child's life becomes the measure of that money. One may not have asked for the responsibility, but in acquiring money, one acquired the responsibility, too. This is something that Carnegie, Ford, and Rockefeller all realized late in life, and the great foundations that bear their names are the result. Their money was not excessive, once they had determined to use it wisely. Ford, Rockefeller, and Carnegie each created something great, were rewarded in proportion, and plowed that reward back into the future of humankind. But what has Aristotle Onassis done that we should accord him respect?

Picture the Rockefeller eight hundred millions spent not for the benefit of the nation, but for the aggrandizement of a single family. Such an incredible amount of power in the hands of a single individual could not have been tolerated. The corporation was too big as it was, and had to be dismembered. Rockefeller was a man of strong religious convictions, and this kept him from excess, but history has shown what happens to societies wherein power has been allowed to accumulate in the hands of the few. It has never failed of abuse, and the outcome has been both disaster to the society and to the individual.

Money begets power and power begets (since its holders are merely human) a regard only for the other holders of power. And so we have an aristocracy. It may be a good aristocracy, if it has traditions of service. Nelson Rockefeller and Jack Kennedy are products of just such a tradition. But their aristocracy is limited, and controlled. Whenever that aristocracy has been uncontrolled it has lost sight of any end beyond itself and the result has been a 1789 or a 1917.

And so we have inheritance taxes and income taxes, that a man may make something as a reward for his effort, but not so much that he creates a fortune that can build into an uncontrollable giant which must bring about an end of all opportunity and the eventual destruction of the society in which it grew.

FRANK R. PRIETO, JR. - Fantasy Reviews 1

My reaction to this zine and the one that follows is mixed. I appreciate the work having been done; I have absolutely no objection to finding it in the apa; but I hope it does not represent the limit of your activities herein. The pocket-book listings are handy; gathered together in quarterly segments such as this they become even more useful reference material. Still, they have appeared once in SF Times, which is where they belong, and I am not entirely happy about allowing reprint material apa credit. I can be submitted, you understand, but I do not feel it should be submitted for page credit.

The item I would like to take issue with you about is Philip Jose Farmer's Flesh. I consider this probably the best novel published so far this year, and a worthy candidate for next year's Hugo. It is, because it has something to say, and it says it well. I do not think we should be so blind on the subject of sex to refuse to consider an honest and carefully thought-out attempt to come to

terms with it. Furthermore, this is sound scientific science 13
fiction, as a look into any of the work currently being done on
the anthropology of myth will tell you. I have gone into detail
on this story more lengthily in Shangri-L'Affaires No. 51 to
which I refer you. Go back and re-read the story from the viewpoint
of being a serious novel, and without the preconceptions induced by
the dust-jacket and blurb, and see if you think I'm not right. As
far as the rest of the Beacon-Galaxy series goes, I concur, although
not for the same reason. I think its damned dishonest to promise
a bit of nearly-pornographic sex and then come across with such a
fine piece of writing as Odd John or good space opera of the Troubled
Star sort. Another point for Flesh; the inside delivered what the
blurb promised.

JAMES V. TAURASI - Fantasy Comics 16

Probably Bruce Pelz will think more kindly of this than I; it's
simply not something I care about. This brings up something which I
think merits discussion: the place of criticism in an apa. As far
as I am concerned, an apa has one great drawback as far as serious
creative writing goes: its too small. If I turn out a piece that
says something, that I want to put before an audience, I'm not going
to waste it on N'APA with its circulation of forty. I'm going to
put in in Shaggy with a circulation of 250. It'll reach a lot more
people there and generate a lot more criticism. The only advantage
of the apa is the give-and-take. To cite a recent example, Earl
Kemp's Who Killed Science Fiction? is much too good for SAPS. It
is a work worthy of being kept for permanent reference; it does not
belong in anything as transient as an apa. I very much question
whether you will find enough response in N'APA to have made the
effort worthwhile. But try sending this out as a rider with Science
Fiction Times; I'll bet there you find a goodly number of people who
are genuinely interested in this sort of thing. Of course, if you
wish to put it through N'APA, too, there will be some, at least, who
are interested, and who will give you intelligent comment. I am
sorry I am not one of them.

ANDY MAIN - Sisu

Bet everybody comes up with the national derivation of this
title; it was used as the title of a book about Finland published
just a couple of months ago from (I think) Ballantine. I like this
sort of nattering; its pleasant to read (in an apazine; I wouldn't
have nearly the patience for this sort of thing in a genzine; my
prejudice) but doesn't inspire an awful lot of comment, either.

Mostly on your recommendation, I went to see The Seventh Seal
a few weeks ago. Unfortunately, it was on a double bill with
Pather Panchali. I say unfortunately, for it is a good film.
Pather Panchali, however, is a great film, and side-by-side the two
only served to point out the weaknesses of the Bergman film. It is
more complicated, more tortuous, less alive, and by Bergman's own
standard, shows less of the truth. (I might add, in fairness, that
Bjo, JT, Ernie Wheatley and Don Simpson saw it with me, and they do
not all agree). It is true that these are two very different types
of picture: the Swedish film is symbolic and mystical and circumscribed
in time; the Indian picture is uncompromisingly realistic, more varied,
sprawled over a dozen years of time, and also, I think, more human.

*Horizon, III, 1, 9 (September 1960)

14 Death is never far from the knight of the Seventh Seal. But if, in Pather Panchali, we are not continually confronted by a looming figure in a black cloak, death is never very far offstage. There is the perpetual shadow of famine hanging over the Bengali village, the continual reminder of age in that incredibly ancient (and oh so wonderfully portrayed) aunt. And to me the most poignant moment I have ever seen on film comes when the camera holds on the face of the boy Apu as he hears the keening of his parents for the death of his sister. Ingmar Bergman is an impressionist; he creates from moods and feelings. Sayarajit Ray was an illustrator, and I think this may have something to do with his superiority in communication. Bergman has the power of the shadow, but Ray remembers that he must also color his picture with the light of laughter. In this, I think Ray is the profounder talent.

When a citizen grows so cocksure of his own infallibility that he is no longer capable of seeing any power greater than himself, then he is no longer responsible.

EVA FIRESTONE - Wyoma 5

Unidentified Flying Object is a ufomism for Flying Saucer - anon.

Your lead piece is one of the most interesting bits of Saucerian detection I've read. If the whole business could have been on this plane instead of Little Green Men from Venus the ufologists would not be the object of derision they are.

I learned to read somewhere between four and five, near as I can figure. I can remember back to the early Buck Rogers comic strips, and how I could not read them; I can visualize the setting in the house. Since we didn't move there till I was nearly four, that places it in time on one end. On the other end, I could read by the time I entered school, which was about five. I don't remember actually learning to read, though. I didn't pay much attention to whether a book was adult or not --I suppose some of the reference and fact books I read in grammar school were adult. The first one that I can remember that impressed me as adult was "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea", and that because I recommended it as a good book and some of my classmates had trouble with it. This was the sixth grade. I also read Wells' Outline of History about the same time and in the 7th grade I discovered Wells' science fiction. Seems to me that from about ten or eleven on I was reading "adult" books, though of course they were about astronomy and exploration and war and the sort of things that are appropriate to the interest of a ten or eleven year old. Matter of fact, I don't ever recall having trouble deciphering the meaning of anything until I hit a college philosophy course. 'Fraid Bertrand Russell is still the only philosopher I really dig.

ERRATA: FOR "ITS" READ "IT'S" IN ALL SORTS OF PLACES IN THE PRECEDING PAGES; I DON'T FEEL LIKE GOING BACK AND CORRECTING ALL THE NUMEROUS INSTANCES OF THAT PARTICULAR LAPSE.

Mostly illegible and incoherent; better luck with

Polhode #2

The remarks on the Philadelphia conference, though a year old (now) were interesting, but what particularly pleased me was the run-down on the IES. Alma Hill excepted, I had heard nothing about this since the original ASF announcement. It is nice to be brought up to date, and I think the IES is of interest -- as are all the fringe groups that spring up around science fiction. Not that I want to belong, you understand, but it's nice to keep track of them, if only for purposes of debating John Campbell.

The de Camp piece was a precis, and read like it; after reading Kemp's symposium it lacks moment. Jean Bogert's chatter was pleasant, but Ray Nelson's half-page is so obviously incomplete that I wonder why you bothered with it. This is a cute idea; why didn't he write it?

When I was editing Shaggy I made a calculation: Cost, approximately \$40 per issue, including paper, ink, and postage. Subscriptions: 6 for \$1.40x6 = \$240. That is, since we pub 250 copies per issue, if every single reader subscribed we would just break even. Damn right fanzine publishing is non-profit!

GUY TERWILLEGER - Tulgey Wood

Damn, wish you'd played out the whole chess game. I remember fondly that story by Poul Anderson, "The Perfect Game," I believe it was, in F&SF a few years ago. That game had one of the most beautiful denouements I've ever seen. A queen sacrifice! It was both good fantasy and good chess. I read through the story first, and then went through it again with a chess board. Wish I'd been able to follow yours the same way. A thing like this has got to be done perfectly, or it doesn't come off at all. That is probably one of the reasons it's done so seldom.

Have you recovered from the Westercon yet? It was a small convention but a great party! I think that trip will remain as one of the most purely unadulterated good times I've had. Just to top it off we ran into a snowstorm in Yosemite on the way home. On the 5th of July!

Linn is planning on putting on the 1962 Westercon and bidding for the Worldcon in '64. Bet you think we're all crazy at this point. We probably are, too. Still, that's what it takes and there is always some new idiot (like myself) to disregard the warnings of the old idiots (like yourself). Sneary, Moffatt, et al are sitting gleefully by and making snide noises. They'll give us all sorts of advice, but get involved again --- never!

ALMA HILL and D. BRUCE BERRY - Zzz #3

Last spring when I was teaching English, I found that I was teaching everyone - 7th, 8th, and 9th grades exactly the same thing-- how to construct a literate English sentence.

I'm not surprised that Coswal gets confused about postage stamps. I used to collect them, and I still subscribe to Linn's Weekly Stamp News. Mostly, interestingly enough, for its articles on Yemenite politics. (After all, where else would one expect to find articles on Yemenite politics?) So far, to date, in 1960, the US of A has issued or announced 42 (forty-two!) new stamps. The latest one is due out in October commemorating the first mechanized post-office. In case you hadn't guessed, it's election year.

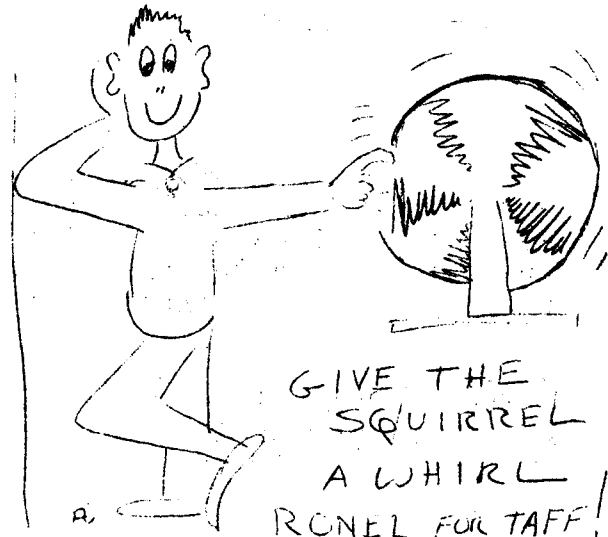
16 RON ELLIK - Hirondel #2

Pleasant, but no handle for comment here. Besides, six weeks have elapsed since I typed the last page, and I'd like to get this out while it is still a postmailing to September instead of a premailing to December.

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY -

Picture Trick # 3

Again, one of the most readable and enjoyable pieces in the mailing, but with little to comment on. I haven't seen a circus since I was a kid. A few years ago the last of the circus tents was folded in this area, and now when the circus comes to town it is to go on the stage of the Shrine Auditorium or someplace like that. The main acts are still there, but somehow it lacks the romantic aura of carnival. If one wants that sort of thing one has to wait for the County Fair once a year. Even though Los Angeles County has become pretty citified in the last few years, a conscious attempt is made to keep the fair rural. Why, as late as 1950 we were still the leading agricultural county in the nation. Now, of course, the orange groves have been subdivided en masse, and tract homes have replaced the green countryside. It gives one a crowded, cooped-up feeling, and there is no place nearby where one can go anymore to get away from all the pressing hordes of people. Fortunately city life has other compensations, but I still have a certain feeling of social claustrophobia.



ALAN J. LEWIS - 4eV Substitute Number One

Well, it filled pages.

ED MESKYS - More Peskys on Four

As long as the turnover in N'APA continues at the present rate I see no purpose in expanding the active list. It doesn't appear that anyone will have to wait over six months under the present conditions, anyway.

One of the faults of the N3F has been a rather fuggheaded brand of self-glorification. The influx of Barbarians, for whatever reason they chose to come in originally has been the best thing that has happened to the club in years. The fresh-air that blew in with them will make a big difference, I think, and all for the better. It is time the N3F became part of the mainstream of fandom again. The club has been in-growing for some time. It is in need of a period of out-growing for a while. I think such a process is under way at the present time and I think the Barbarians in N'APA will accelerate the process enormously. Furthermore, I think N'APA will have much more of value to offer the stronger and more diverse the characters of the individuals who make it up. The neofan who comes in to N'APA will get more from the contact with people who would otherwise be outside the N3F than he would if the apa were composed solely of those he would otherwise meet in round robins, letters, the welcommittee, etc. Furthermore, considering

the wild enthusiasm with which old-time Neffers flocked to join 17
this apa, I think we may thank the Barbarians for the fact that
it exists at all, and certainly for a great deal of its success.
The N3F should try to provide something of value for as many types
and temperaments of fans as possible. The fact that so many new
members did come into the N3F solely for the purpose of joining
N'APA indicates that the N3F has broadened its attractiveness. I
think this is a good thing for the N3F.

GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN - People are Crazy

If an apa becomes too big it becomes unwieldy. A first-rate
apa for some people is more desirable than a third-rate apa for a
lot of people.

Probably one fault of the Fanzine Title Clearance Bureau lies
in its name. "Clearance" implies authority, which it does not have.
Probably "Fanzine Registry" would be more descriptive of what this
particular organization tried to do. Or at any rate should have
tried to do. Since Pavlat has completed his check-list, keeping
track of pre-1952 titles has been very much simplified. Ideally,
a Fanzine Title Registry should have records of all the fanzines
ever published. In fact, record-keeping should be its primary
job. This means, of course, that if it were to be revived, in or-
der to function properly the very first job it should undertake is
to bring the Pavlat index down to the present. Thereafter, it
would be relatively simple, though still a job demanding a great
deal of conscientious effort, to keep it current. It is a job that
needs doing, and would be received with effusive gratitude in many
quarters, but who has both the collection and the energy to do it?

ED MESKYS (again) - N'apacon

You are pushing Bob Lambeck for Hydra honors for this mailing
with the not-so-subtle distinction that you have something worth
saying each time around. Good Lord, censor THAT Berry story? It
is either printable or not, and if it is too off-color for N'APA
why is it not sufficiently off-color to be barred from the Memory
Book being published by and advertised in N'APA. As far as I could
see it was quite inoffensive, and if one is going to go to the
paranoid extreme of trying to imagine and guard against all the
possible unfavorable interpretations of everything one will soon
end up with either nothing at all, or one will end up by becoming
a contemptible absurdity, as the American Legion did a few years
back when they teed off on the Girl Scouts as a hotbed of Communism!
If you are going to that extreme you might as well start by banning
the word "reproduction" from fanzines because of its sexual conno-
tations. Who are you trying to protect? Bruce Henstell? That
cause was lost long ago. I thoroughly believe in moderation and
good taste, but I believe even more in good sense.

JOE CASEY JR. - e

Oh, for shame. You, too, have succumbed to the corruption
of our youth. That back cover. Tsk.

The book reviews were too short and cursory to be worthwhile,
but your short story was prettily and artfully done. More.

Now, on to the two mags that made the mailing but missed the
mailing page, and the two mags that made neither:

18 COSWAL - Dero

What purpose does Bible comparison serve? If one does a decent job of scholarship, one has to go back to sources, and this involves mastering the original Greek and Hebrew, as well as the intervening Latin. It can't involve a deep interest in the Bible as Truth, it seems to me, or you would have at least read it through once. There are stranger forms of literary diletantism, though I should be prepared to argue that fandom has at least social utility to the individuals who participate.

LARRY ANDERSON - Facade

I have been an adamant foe of microelite in mimeo, but this is the first I've seen in ditto process, and I will concede that it is much more readable. Combined with wide margins and the page decorations this is about the most pleasing layout in the mailing. We have two Teachers' Organizations in California: the old, established, and rather conservative California Teachers Association, a branch of the NEA, and the American Federation of Teachers, branch of the AFL-CIO. The latter is smaller, but much more active. It pushes the CTA and the CTA pushes the State Legislature, and the result is a rather effective educational lobby. I happen to be AFT, myself.

RALPH HOLLAND - Quoth the Walrus # 5

Postmailed, and containing a wealth of information that I can find very little to argue with. N'APA is a branch of the N3F and subject to all the rules of the Directorate. The Directorate can, however, (even if N'APA can't) set limits to and define that power. By assenting to a set of by-laws which define the extent of Directorail authority they can lay a bogeyman. It is up to N'APA to decide what limits they wish placed on Directorial interference and then present them to the Directorate for its assent or rejection. A clearly defined set of criteria at this time might free N'APA to discuss more edifying subjects.

Alfred Bester's book review in the November F&SF capsulizes rather neatly, I think, the standards held by the present dominant school of science fiction writers. In Bester's terms this constitutes a eulogy: "Robert Sheckley is, without doubt, the most sophisticated and finished performer in science fiction...Whenever Mr. Sheckley appears on stage, we settle back comfortably, confident that this precise craftsman will make his flawless points with a minimum of fuss and a maximum of brilliance." He might as well have said without thought and with a maximum of verbal pyrotechnics. Now Robert Sheckley is one of my pet peeves among modern writers: only Randy Garrett of the leading authors is a bigger hack. But what is at work here is not bad writing, but good writing with a different standard. This came out quite forcefully in a rip-roaring gabfest at LASFS a couple of weeks ago. The group found itself sundered in to two camps, Trimble, Sneary and myself defending scientific science fiction, and Felz, Jim Harmon, Bjo and a gust whose name I cannot recall arguing the case for a literary science fiction, with others chiming in from time to time.

"The important thing is the human element," they said. "Human beings are universal and do not change with time. One should try to write about the eternal verities. Science is fleeting and rapidly outdated. If you want to write a story that is still valid twenty

years from now, you've got to write about people. The highest responsibility of the author is to his art. If we want to read about science, we'll read Scientific American." 19

"If we want to read stories of angry young men," say the other side, "we'll read Kerouac and Osborne and Camus. So the world is in a bad way. We accept this as axiomatic and where do we go from here? To write stories bemoaning ones fate is a waste of time. Science is the dominating force in our world and science fiction is the only form of literature that has tried to make terms with it. The problems we need to find answers to are not the ones that confront us today which will soon be obsoleted by technological and sociological process, but the ones that we will be facing ten and twenty years from now. We have to know where our society is going in order to guide it. We know where it is. Science fiction writers have got to have a good knowledge of science if they are going to give any valid answers, and most of the writers writing today are scientifically ignorant and don't care." A lot more was said during the two-and-a-half hours but that is the gist. The battle in the science fiction field today is a battle between two sets of standards. And I regard one set as being falacious, useless, and destructive.

ART HAYES - Memoritor 12

This is the nearest thing the N3F has to a genzine and I don't think should be included as a N'APA postmailing. However, since the OE has decided otherwise:

This magazine is a curious mixture of very good material and utter crud. The story at the top of page 4, for instance, is wholly without point. This is the sort of thing that depends on a punch line, and there is none. It is badly written and the editor shows himself without discernment for printing it. Read the lead article in your own Memoritor 12, Art. The whole stupid silliness about Saturnalians and Odd Ones charms me not. In fact, the only really good pieces in the issue are the letter by Donald Anderson, and the really insightful piece by Phil Kohn. And it makes all the rest of the issue worthwhile.

It does people a lot of good sometimes to see ourselves as others see us, and this applies to nations as well. Most of the points made herein are well taken, but I must disagree on the recognition of Red China and her admission to the UN. Does he really think that the United Nations will function more effectively to preserve peace with a nation as member which has proclaimed that a hydrogen war is desirable and that it would benefit therefrom? Color has nothing to do with it. The United States and China were traditional friends up to the time of the Communist Revolution, and we still continue on freindly terms with what we choose to regard as the legal (though admittedly powerless) government thereof. In fact it is precisely the strength of this "China lobby" within the U.S. that has prevented the US from withdrawing her support from the Kuomintang. We can hardly hand over Formosa to the Reds, and if we recognize the Peiping government as the legal government, we can hardly continue to support the island against them.

On the other hand I agree with you completely that the United States must make herself the friend of revolution. Yet we did just that in Cuba and find ourselves in a peculiarly embarassing spot because here we can, unlike Russian and China, solve our (this!) dilemma by force, and yet we must forbear to use it as long as another course remains open.

The most interesting proposition, and one that is new to me, is the suggestion that other nations might be willing to follow the United States into Federation. This was something that was talked about quite a bit a few years ago, but with the decline of the United World Federalists, little has been heard of it of late. It seems to be axiomatic that Federation would be a Good Thing, but so far have the people of the United States failed to be convinced that I have no one put forth the notion that other nations would be willing to federate with us. We take it for granted that we are suspect of imperialistic designs and that this is bad.

I think it should be pointed out, however, that local federations, which surely must precede a world federation are something less than successful. The Federation of Mali floundered two months after it was born, Indochina separated into its component kingdoms the moment the French withdrew. The Congo has not yet made good its authority in Katanga (it hasn't even made it good in Leopoldville!), and the European Defense Community is having hard going against DeGaulle's cries for a French national army.

But the need for competent and imaginative leadership in this country is desperate. Nixon has demonstrated the competence; Kennedy seems to have the imagination. Does either one have both?

This has been WHY NOT No. 2, postmailed to the 6th mailing of the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance. The date of this publication is October 28, 1960.



COVER BY BJO - ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 2 BY DON SIMPSON THE EDITOR OWNS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL ELSE.

WHY NOT

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