

WHY NOT # 4, published by Al Lewis, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif. several days past the N'APA deadline, but a full three hours before the mailing goes to the Post Office.

It was Bruce Pelz who came up with the idea as we were all sitting around a table at Cantor's. This was supposed to be SHAGGY day, but Editor Fred Patten and half the staff had been over at Forry's monstercon, and the other half of the staff had been setting N'APA zines in sundry piles all over the Mathom House floor which on Thursday nights doubles as the LASES clubroom. That is, until Steve Cartier dropped by and invited Jack out to a party. "It can wait one more day," said Jack, looking at Don Fitch's uncollated zine and the stack of Masters that were supposed to become WHY NOT.

So there we were with a half-assembled N'APA mailing, no N'APA OE, and an irresistable urge.

"Let's put out a fake N'APA mailing," said Bruce, and the N'APAns at the table--Bob Lichtman, Patten, Don Fitch, and myself looked at each other with calculated malice. "We'll put out the Yap and make Leslie Norris editor."

Lichtman sensed the history being made. "The first N'APA blitzkrieg!" he said.

"Yes," I added, "we'll announce that the OE has been suspended by the Directorate for malfeasance."

"And we can stash the mailing down at your place," said Bruce.

"And then when we get it done," added Bob, "we hand Jack his mailing."

It seemed only justice--since he had gone without us.

Mathom house is for the moment the site of varied fanac. Lichtman and Pelz have gone to Bruce's to pick up some stencils; in a few moments they will be back to begin composing the YAP. Fred Patten is busy lettering headings on the Stencils for SHAGGY #59, the Christmas issue (what do you mean we're late; we have a week and two days to get it out before the Turkey goes on the table--happy new year, all) Ron and Bjo have just broken off a chorus of "He is a Futureman," from the Westercon operetta we are working on, and Ron is mentally composing "Squirrel Cage" in his head while reading a few pages of Tom Jones. John is sorting through Broyles' Who's Who in S-F Fandom for birthdays for the SHAGGY calendar. Blake Maxam is helping Bjo miswrap Xmas presents, and Don Fitch is collating HFPP (pronounced as a sort of mild interrupted burp).

Today Forry threw a party for all his monster fans. It grew out of a phone call to one of his young acolytes, and drew flocks of 11-16 year olds (and a few down to about 6) including one rom as far away as Sacramento, who flew down with his fater, a professor at Sacramento State College. With true profesorial curiosity, he had run a survey on his son's monstrous-er-monster-fan friends, and had come to the conclusion that they were all highly creative and highly

ISN'T THIS MORE
AN AMBUSH THAN
A BLITZKRIEG?

* CHUCKLE *



imaginative, creators of magazines and movies, and full of a truly astonishing repertoire of information of motion picture special effects processes and technical gimmickry.

A couple of years ago I had one very ardent monster-fan in one of my eighth grade classes; he dropped in at school to see me the other day. He has made some half-dozen films, most of them black and white 16mm silent, though a couple have had synchronized tapes--well, they were supposed to be synchronized.

Science fiction fandom grew up because fans of the S-F magazines tried to produce their own magazines in imitation of the professional journals which they so much admired; in due time they became fanzines (except S-F Times) and something quite distinct. The monster fans are movie fans, and their amateur work is imitations of what they honestly admire--small editions of Famous Monsters of Filmland, and amateur movies--16mm, 8mm, or whatever they can get their hands on. One rather excellent artist who could not afford a movie camera had done a set of flip-books, portraying King Kong's battle with the biplanes. Also, some of the more fortunate were there with collections of stills to swap.

There would seem to be a lot of potential fan-material here, and when they grow out of their 11-year-oldishness (I have a certain prejudice against 11-year olds; I teach them) they may well form the bulwark of the next fandom. Look at how many of the E-C comics enthusiasts of several years ago are fans today.

Forry is highly interested in mining this talent; the Monstercon was also a test case to see how the exposure to sf fandom would take. A raffle was held each hour or so; correction, a drawing for a door prize; no money was involved; the prize of which was an issue of Astounding, or Galaxy, or one of the other promags, and we had prepared a souvenir booklet, with a biographical sketch of Forry, some other stuff of monster interest, and ads for LASFS and the Westercon.

The results of this experiment will be interesting.

Observant readers will notice a new address at the head of this issue, which explains the delay in getting this into the mailing. Ron and I have moved, to a half-duplex in West L.A., and there were all the usual sort of inconveniences involved with moving, and setting up a house: getting lamps, wastebaskets, trash cans, brooms, a slipcover the couch needed, and furniture. One wall is to be covered by a bookcase. I am going to build it this week if we have some clear weather. We have had quite a run of rain and some miserably cold weather (for California--I have been talking to a transplanted Chicagoan who is revelling in her first snowless winter). But after three drought years we need plenty of rain to green up the state again. I spent most of the week before last putting together a couple of desks, using unpainted wood chests-of-drawers and a pair of doors, and finishing them with stain and varnish. The result looks good, and for the first time ever I have enough desk space.

At Mathom House (Back on the Ambush) Bob Lichtman is compiling the YAP while Pelz is sorting the mailing into piles. "We'll have to leave out the Treasurer's Report", he said, "we'll let Jack postmail it."

"Postmailed 00's are an LA tradition."

"From now on," said Lichtman, "you're going to be known as Al WC Lewis." "Somebody's been reading too many British fanzines."

Ron Elik walked through. "Why aren't you working on 'Squirrel Cage'?" asked John. "I'm composing in my mind," said Ron.

"Decomposing," snorted Bruce.

A shout from the dining room and all repaired to view Bjo's cover. (For the benefit of the uninitiated, reading from L to R there is: back row: Ronel, Al J. Lewis, Fred Patten, Bob Lichtman, JT; front row: Bjo, Blake Maxam, Don Fitch, and Bruce Pelz.)

"I haven't done a cover like this since MMSY," said Bjo.

"Remember Jack's campaign promise?"

"Which one?"

"The one where Jack promised to have all his YAPs on white paper," chortled Bob.

"Where did you get that verse?" "It's an old Wobbly verse," said Bruce. "Anything that Bob turns out these days is apt to be an IWW piece." "How are we going to send these?"

"I'll write 'educational materials' on there," said Bob.

"But these aren't educational materials."

"I've been sending allsorts of thins as 'educational Materials' from the Berkeley Post Office," said Bob.

"It'll be fantastically cheap if we can," said Bruce.

"Besides," added Bob, "they have to cross if off if they won't let it go....Hand me that marking pen."

And that is the story of how we subverted N'APA mailing 11.

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COMMENTS ON THE 10TH MAILING

WESTERCON MATERIALS: Jack Vance is to be Guest-of-Honor, and Alva Rogers Fan-Guest-of-Honor. Jack's acceptance was received too late to get our Second Progress Report into this mailing, but look for it next time around. Plans look good. Now if some of you people would just join... We have a new address as an aftermath of the wholesale moving of LA fandom this past quarter:

WESTERCON XV, PO Box 54207, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California.

MATIAN BARNACLES - Meskys. Noted.

AeV SUBSTITUTE NUMBER 3 - The Other Al Lewis- Much the best thing you have ever done, I think. This piece comes alive. We can feel the sea and see the stars. It's real. To try to communicate beauty is difficult; I have only ever managed it satisfactorily once, in a letter that was printed as a half-page squip in DYNATRON 5. It requires a feeling of exaltation, an intense re-living of the

experience with selective recall. At least that is the way I have to do it.

SONOMA #6 - Metcalf. Canticle for Leibowitz should have been ruled ineligible under the rules in effect at the Season. However, the new rules, adopted there, would have qualified it on the basis of first pocket-book publication in 1966. The new rules would also have dis-qualified Who Killed Science Fiction? ***I think soldiers living overseas have a distinct advantage when it comes to retaining pay. At least I saved money like crazy in Korea. There was simply nothing worth spending it on. Amusements were a movie, the PX, and the Library, all on base, and nothing else. Of course when I hit Japan I managed to spend everything I had made in Korea, but it was a calculated expenditure and I can never remember being short of money while I was in the service.***I agree that the prime function of the N3F should be the introduction of Neos to fandom. It is the only job that can be done better as a group effort than an individual effort. Your remarks about an organization being helpful because young fans prefer joining an organization to joining an anarchy interested me because I have always preferred to work as part of an organization myself. Had there been simply a group of LA fans rather than a LASFS I would have been in and out of fandom within two years. I expend a great deal more care and energy on something where I feel a sense of responsibility to others than I do on something that is merely done for my own satisfaction. No, correct that: I will expend a great deal of energy doing something for my own satisfaction and practically nothing on something whose only return is egoboo. In this I am an atypical fan, but it explains in part why I find both LASFS and N3F congenial. That, and the fact that all fans are mad.

PARADOX # 2 - Robbins. Pleasant, but little to comment on here. What makes a fan? Like I said, they're all mad.

DEVIL RITTER # 1 - Eklund. The typewriter, not the stencil, is what makes repro good or bad. An electric usually cuts a perfect stencil, an upright a good one. I've cut many an excellent SHAGGY stencil on the old Underwood my Dad bought used in 1929. Portables, on the other hand, are usually worthless. They lack heft. At the moment the LA crew are experimenting with seconds at \$1.80 a quire. Brian Storey, the hot-shot salesman who sold us the Rex Rotary is stocking them and coding them as "LASFS" stencils--a sort of private joke. "Gee," said Bjo, "we've got a stencil named after us!"

said John. "Cheap seconds."

GEMZINE 4/31 - GMC. The reason Birchism has come under such heavy attack is the conviction that it is dangerous--a good deal more dangerous than Communism itself. Communism is not deeply entrenched in the American Way of Life --Birchism is. And Birch, like McCarthy, is a symbol: a handle and a label by which one can classify the whole ultra-rightist movement. The Birch Society itself is negligible: the philosophy of which it is an extreme case is not.

This past week in Los Angeles there has been held a "School of Anti-Communism." Its leaders are all respectable people and I have no doubt, sincere. Military men, ministers, and the like. They are also responsible.

When one of the speakers - an ex-General - made a speech demanding that Earl Warren be hung, he was forced to apologize by the more responsible managers of the School. The point, however, is not the statement, it is the atmosphere of hate that seems to accompany so many of the statements from this group. It is the willingness to resort to violent, unconstitutional, and cruel measures to obtain their ends. It is a spiteful quality to their intolerance.

Yesterday Forry received a call from a rather concerned former fringe-fanne who had been considerably shaken by a statement that during the 1930's a Weird Tales Magazine had been published in Los Angeles whose sole purpose was to destroy the minds of American youth. Also it had been established that this whole business of monster movies and monster magazines was Communist inspired--a deep plot.

These are obvious absurdities: there was NO magazine, Weird or any other kind edited from Los Angeles during the 1930's; the only LA pubs in the science and fantasy fields ever to emanate from this city were Bill Crawford's two ill-fated publications, Fantasy Book and Spaceways, in the 1947-50 period. And I think Forry's unconcern with anything political need hardly be defended in this company.

But this idea of "plot" is typical of the paranoid mentality that is receiving hearing and respect. Simply disagreement or different standards, or even State Department bumbling are all lumped together as a conspiracy. And certainly if all the things one doesn't like are attributed to a single Machiavellian agency the world presents a fearsome menace indeed. And while Ray Palmer may believe in Jeros, everybody knows there are Communists.

One of the more harmless concerns of the rightists is described by Cleveland Amory in his column in the Dec. 2 SATURDAY REVIEW. It seems that Heila Hopper and a number of others got quite upset about the Supreme Court having ordered "In God We Trust" removed from the dollar bills. In proof they showed examples of bills with, and bills without. A sensible suggestion and a phone call eventually cleared it all up: "In God We Trust" had been added to the bills--in 1947.

The other day I saw a film at school. This is one of several that our local self-appointed Keepers of the Public Morals have condemned as a Communist plot to infiltrate the schools. The Board of Education OK'd them over the vociferous objection, but restricted them to showings to 9th graders and above. This film is about as fair and objective as a film could be, and certainly goes out of its way to point out shortcomings in the Communist system, particularly in agriculture and the failure of Collectivization to increase food production. One of the grounds for objection was that "It showed Russian children playing happily like any other children." The film is in the school system but these people have managed to create conditions where I cannot show it to my 7th grade World Geography classes--one of two places in the curriculum where it would be really useful.

These are the same people who are trying to ban Tropic of Cancer. At a recent public hearing the whole audience sat around while one member read off all the salacious passages and "tsk-tskk"ed. When one person got up to state that "he had learned most of those words in grade school" he was shouted down as a Communist. Source of information? the arch-conservative Los Angeles Times. Sure, there are salacious passages if you try to

pick them out. And anybody who is willing to wade through one of the most crushing bores ever written deserves a bit of titillation.

Yep, "Bait-Box" is a good name for that column, Gen.

FOOFARAW 2 - Patten. Shucks, Fred, you still aren't a member of the NSF, legally. Harness has screwed up again.***George W. Fields typed his name on the title-page stencil, and that is about all he had to do with getting THE WILLIS PAPERS published. Ted takes full credit for this.***"The Star-Spangled Banner" was not adopted officially as the US National Anthem until 1916; I can't tell you about "Rule, Britannia."

NEBULOUS #3 - Harrell. I enjoyed reading through, but nothing commentable here.

SEVEN EYES OF NINGAUBLE - Larry Anderson. Amen on layout. 'Course I haven't got any thish, but I'm in favor of it. Aside from certain incidents, I've encountered surprisingly little really furrheadedness in the LA schools. Course one of the danliest is that we have to have the desks in the classroom facing sideways, away from the blackboard, because the fire regulations specify so many inches between rows, and that is the only way these individual-unit desks may be made to fit. And this is a brand-new school, designed at taxpayers cost to be a perfect teaching plant for some \$2½ million.

NO PLACE # 6 - Busby. A great con, Buz!

VAUX HALL FANATIC - Seth Johnson. Noted.

COSWALZINE #190. Coswal. Interesting, but might have been more useful if indexed by the author than by the magazine: put all Garsbackiania together, all Hornig, etc. However, thanks.

NEOFAN #3- Hennifan. I liked it, but have little to say. One thing that interests me is the way in which newcomers to fandom so quickly absorb the attitudes of "in" groupers. The remarks about Laney and LASFS and Seth and the apa snobs are the most obvious cases here. This doesn't necessarily make them invalid, but it is an intriguing point. Alva Rogers has some things to say about Laney in the latest SHAGGY that should be of interest.

NEFFERVESCENT - Franson. An interesting bit of research, but I'm afraid the emblem is here to stay. And there are other things that need improvement more. I agree with your remarks about the application forms.

CRY OF THE WILD MOOSE - Anderson. Kozak has eliminate the excellent acetate process for reproducing color prints from slides in favor of a much duller paper process. If there were any other place to get color prints where I could avoid those damn dull, fuzzy paper prints, I would. Give my bitch to the company. Money, as usual, triumphs over craftsmanship.

At this point I begin to run out of both space and time so the rest of these will just have to wait for a post-railing except one. RACHE: Bruce, I'm getting damn tired of these same pages of statistics. After the first time, who cares?

Al Lewis
17 Dec. 1961