

THE AMATEUR EFFER

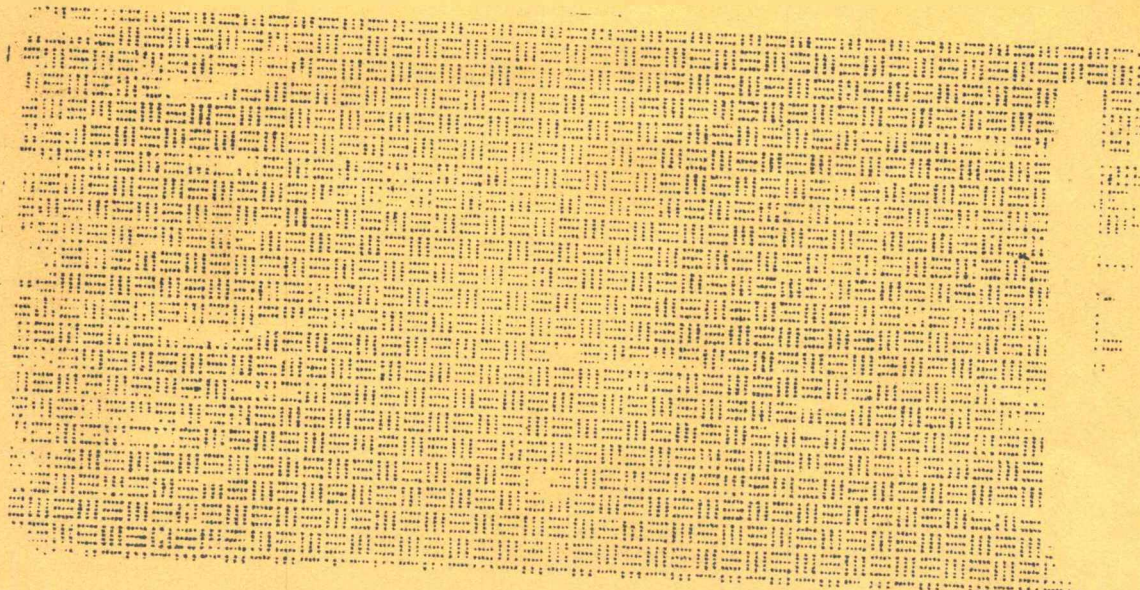
VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE!

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All of the abovementioned members are present, plus three Immoral (non-contributing, for this mailing) members: Bob Brown, Andy Main and Jon White.

There is no official business. Absolutely. None, in fact.



This is BAYING AT THE MOON #3, June 1964. Published frequently by Michael J. McInerney, Apt. 4C, 268 E. 4th St., NYC, NY 10009. This fanzine of opinionated review is available free to interested fans, but I can only decide your interest by your participation. Therefore proof of interest is shown by trade, loc or friendship.

I would like to include here an important newsnote. There is a new fan club in existence...The Faanish, Insurgent Scientificianal Association (FISTFA) meets every two weeks on Friday nights at 268 E 4th. The club is completely informal and has no officers, no dues, no programs, and no restrictions on who can come. I will not exclude anyone who can keep their actions fairly rational; i.e. anyone who starts breaking up the furniture or attacking an attendee physically, will be ejected, but those are the only grounds for exclusion. And even with these restrictions no one will be kicked out because they might become violent, but will be ejected only after they have actually done something. Why even William Donaho would be admitted to fistfa meetings if he showed up at the door. ## By the way the non-exclusion aspect of the FISTFA is I think its most important reason for existence...I feel that at least for one night every two weeks there should be a place where any fan can go to meet with any other fan without having to worry about any kind of formalities. The FISTFA is about the only group I know of faanishly speaking that doesn't have a membership committee to vote to accept or reject new members. This type of practice has always seemed to me to be identical to that used by college fraternities. I fought the fraternities throughout my two years at college and I won't accept such things in fandom. Veto's are too easily misused.

ejected will be ejected

Next meeting is on June 26, 1964. It is the 7th FISTFA meeting and will start anytime after 6:30. For further information give me a call. My number, and Rich Brown's too since he is my new roommate is GRue 3-8230

Other news notes... Walter Breen has been reinstated into FAPA by a vote of 39 members so far (June 17) and the count is not complete. Thus Breen who as a result of the blackball was not even on the waiting list has been jumped over the waiting list to join the group. This is the first time in the history of FAPA that any member was actually voted in by the members rather than just receiving a membership as a reward for a 4 year wait on the wl. I thank FAPA for restoring some of my faith in fandom.## New York fan George Nims Raybin will be spending two weeks down south this summer as a lawyer for CORE. For a while I thought I'd be getting bailed out of a southern jail by him but I've since decided that I won't be able to help out down south this year.## Earl Evers has been drafted by Uncle SAM. His new address is Private Earl Evers, US 51533159, P Company, 2nd Training Regiment, Fort Dix, NJ 08640 Send 1st class mail direct, but send the fanzines and third class to him at the E4th St address and I'll forward them.

THE GREAT KATZ -DIDDLE !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

By
Mike McInerney

It is with great reluctance that I publish this incredible account of perversion and un-americanism. But I feel that some explanation is owed the loyal members of the Fanish & Insurgent Scientifictional Association (FISTFA) due to the precedent shattering expulsion of Mr. Arnold Katz from the FISTFA.

I first met Arnold Katz at the Lunarians, which in itself was indicative of what was to come. But I closed my eyes to these early signs since I've always tried to be fair and impartial in my dealings with other fen. At this first meeting, Katz had come to the Lunarians with Len Bailes. Frank Dietz, who runs the meetings at his place, had to quiet them down several times when their passions and emotions threatened to get out of hand.

Nevertheless, even after this bad start, I resolved to give him the benefit of a doubt and so I told him about the Fanoclasts and Fistfa. This was a serious mistake since more damaging evidence was accumulated over the next few weeks.

Katz has an "u conscious" habit which bugs those who know him. While he is speaking to you he places his hand upon your knee. I wouldn't have raised such a loud complaint about this if it had only happened once to me, but he has done this to 3 or 4 people at Fistfa meetings. As host to the Fistfa I feel a moral responsibility to the easily corrupted neofen to protect them from such an obviously evil person.

Nor is this the most damaging evidence!

At most Fistfa meetings a large quantity of liquid is drunk, with the inevitable results, and at least on one occasion Katz has been intercepted while trying to follow a fan into the bathroom (supposedly to finish a conversation)! Needless to say the vigilant members put a stop to that one before it got very far.

As should be apparent by now, Katz has been using the Fistfa to make his pickups. I have decided that I can no longer expose young fen to the dangers of this evil man and I can not accept the risk of possible legal action from irate parents. Therefore, from this point forward, Arnold Katz is banned from the Fistfa. Of course there is no personal animosity involved in this decision. I make this move reluctantly, thinking only of Katz's own good.

This is an Apa "F" fanzine

HOWLS

FROM THE READERS

TOM PERRY: Thanks for Baying At The Moon #2. I can't help agreeing that changing titles each issue provides variety, and I hope you keep it up. I may adopt this myself. However, there's a danger you may use up all the possible fanzine titles, or at least the good ones, and thus put an end to fandom when no new publisher can think of a new title and all the old publishers have given up. (Already we have duplication—there have been two FANTASY FICTION FIELDS and three SCIENCE FICTION REVIEWS.) However, this may be an unduly pessimistic view. Perhaps each publisher could title his zine with his Z.I.P. code number.

...Then there's the argument that while Donaho's character assassination was wrong, the committee had a perfect right to bar Bréen from "their" convention. This may be true in a strict legal sense. But by fannish standards it is all wrong. It is fandom's convention, not the committee's—they are simply the people we have allowed to do the dirty work and reap the glory and profit. If a mundane lawyer were made to understand this, he might have come up with a solution acceptable to fans—legal problems are generally susceptible of several solutions, depending on what is desired.

(4018 Laurel Avenue, Omaha 11, Nebraska)

After reading QUARK I almost changed titles again to Baying At Pilati. But I resisted this temptation since I like this final title, so this is Baying at the Moon from now on. ## You bring out a good point, and one I'd been hoping that someone would bring out soon. Namely, the committee is not the con, but the committee has been acting like it is the con. While I have no intention to disrupt the convention, I do wish to disrupt the committee for its misuse of its power. The committee has acted without even trying to consult the members of the convention. Since the committee is so strongly claiming to be the con some people have found it very difficult to attack the committee without also attacking the con. This is regrettable but also understandable. It seems to me that the con-committee is the cause of this confusion, however. So I propose that if the con committee really has the best interests of the con at heart that they will remove the confusion by removing themselves. In other words I hereby ask the committee to turn the job & responsibility of running a con over to some group who can put on a good unprejudiced con.

Bob Lichtman: Calvin (Demmon) does not think your note about sending garbage to him is very amusing. What would you think if someone sent you a pile of crap?

(6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 90056)

Bob, I'm sorry Calvin doesn't like to get garbage through the mails. But if he were a true fan he would be used to getting garbage through the mail. It comes in little packages called fanzines.

This is an Apa "F" fanzine

TED WHITE: Richard Eney's letter in BAYING AT THE MOON #2 is pretty much just that. One might wish that at some point he'd get down off that tired old hobby horse of his, and stop equating everything evil in the world with me. On the other hand, anyone with some knowledge of psychology knows how unlikely it is that Eney will ever grow up and out of his paranoia; he's been at it for as long as he's been in fandom, and baying at this particular moon since 1957. Seven years, that's...

Eney has taken advantage of the BOONDOGGLE situation to reheap the coals of his old vendetta against me. It's amusing to see Breen's Defenders tagged as "Ted White's side in the Berkeley dispute"—if I knew no better, I'd think I was the one attacked in the BOONDOGGLE... And the photocopy he's sent around (and is apparently distributing throughout fandom) of a line from an old letter of mine is carefully snipped from context. He's been corrected on it and knows better; this is just his way of playing dirty.

As far as Ellington being "mad as hell at White for giving /the charges in BOONDOGGLE relating to his daughter/ general circulation" this is news to me. As you pointed out, Donaho did a pretty thorough job of publicly circulating his charges himself (and to a far more diverse lot than the hard core of fandom MINAC reaches). As for Dick being "mad as hell" at me, well, here's a brief quote from a more recent letter: "Thank you for the apology and a note of same from myself. I didn't mean to make that letter /the one in LOYAL OPPOSITION and MINAC and the one Eney was referring to/ sound quite so strong — I was actually trying to make it clear to fandom in general what I had in mind and most of the dripping vitriol was meant as skunk-tail-waving — hands off or else and that kind of jazz."

As far as the business about "the parents of all the children", I never said "all"; I simply heard reports which did not name the parents involved, and mentioned this briefly in MINAC #13. There is nothing about them testifying for Breen in anything I wrote in MINAC #12. In addition, Eney's line "not a kangaroo court; Tew's just using Loaded Words," again proves his inability to read. I don't believe I have ever referred to the hearing thus; certainly not in MINAC #12. The phrase (loaded or not) appeared in a "Report from Spy Z," who said the hearing was being called that in Berkeley. Several Berkeley correspondents have since used the phrase in letters. Spy Z lives in LA. It would be nice if Eney learned to read sufficiently to decipher different by-lines. My material is always signed; so is everything else in MINAC. It would help if Eney stopped attributing material by other people to me, in his zeal to call me names.

(339 49th St, Brooklyn NY)

/I printed this letter intact primarily since I felt you deserved equal time to comment on Eney's uncut letter in the last issue. You seem to hit him in a few spots that he won't be able to get out of easily. Since you have both had equal time here I'd like to cut off any furtherance of the Eney White feud here and now, at least in these pages./

Actually folks I'm getting very sick of all aspects of fannish feuds. Up until now I had never participated in a fannish feud, and I hope to never again participate in one. Therefore I'm going to try to keep feud material down to a minimum in future issues. New information or clearing up of old misinformation is encouraged, but personal invective will not be printed in the future.

By the way, would anyone out there like to do prozine reviews for me?

AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF FABULOUS FANTASTIC FANAC # 5

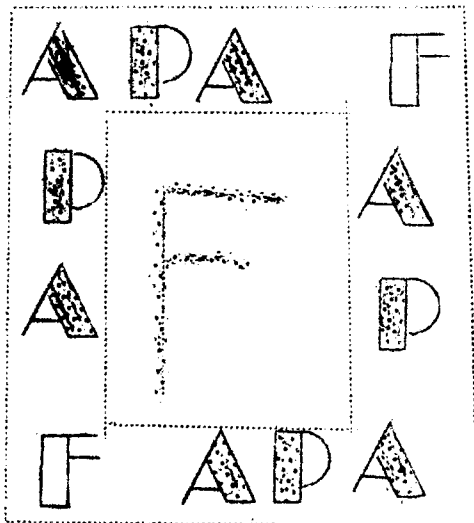
The FAANISH & SCIENTIFICAL ASSOCIATION (FISTFA) will hold its usual biweekly meeting at the apartment of Mike McInerney & Rich Brown on Friday July 10, 1964. Arrive anytime after 6:30. The meeting on Friday July 24 however will be held in Newport, Rhode Island due to me (njm) going there to attend the Newport Folk Festival. I do feel sorry for Steve Stiles and Dave Van Arnam who will hereby lose their record of never missing a meeting. There is I am told a rump FISTFA meeting being held at Andy Porter's apartment on the same night July 24. Andy lives at 24 East 82nd St., NYC NY. Any statement that this is the real FISTFA meeting and the Rhode Island meeting is the rump one, is totally false.

By the way, the space devoted to expulsion of a member on page 1 of BATM was only speculation. I would be very surprised if anyone is every excluded from a Fistfa meeting. I just wanted to make it clear the only conditions under which a person would be excluded.

A new Apa is forming with the July 10th mailing of the Fistfa. Apa "F" which is FAPA spelled backwards, is the only apa in history which has weekly mailings. The plan is that at each Fistfa or Fanoclast meeting as many attendees as possible will bring zines run off special for the meeting. Everyone present will receive copies of the publications. So if Bruce Pelz wants to join this apa he will have to come to New York. Ha!

this is an Apa "F" Publication from

Mike McInerney
Apt 4C
268 E. 4th St.
NYC, NY.



THE FANOCLAST WEEKLY #2
!!!!!!!!!!!! SCOOP FIRST DRAFT, STARSPIKLE, AND FANAC ISSUE !!!!!!!!!!!!!

RICH BROWN

DEAD

SPECIAL TO THE FANOCLAST WEEKLY: Earlier this week I was extremely saddened to learn that Rich Brown died in a fire in a lower east side building. At first I could not believe that Rich Brown was dead. Even after the above headline was stenciled, I could not bring myself to believe he was Gone, so I called up Mike McInerney. After speaking to Mike about the news, rich himself got on the phone and told me that if something was printed in THE FANOCLAST WEEKLY it was the truth. I turned from the phone and read the first part of this stencil. So now I must recognise that that great little guy is dead.

COULDN'T BELIEVE NEWS

When I first heard the news, several thought raced through my mind; "It can't be true", "What am I going to use to fill the space in EXCALIBUR that he was supposed to write something to fill?", and "Oh boy, I'm now #3 on the SAPS w!" We'll sure miss Rich, but not by much.

RICH BROWN SHALL RISE AGAIN.....DETAILS NEXT WEEK

THE FANOCLAST WEEKLY IS PUBLISHED BY ARNOLD KATZ, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park. It is Meow Pub 9, Katzac #19 and is published for trade, LoC, and APA F. 7/10/64

I had an interesting experience last Sunday. I woke up in the morning (which is interesting in itself) and decided that since it was the first Sunday in the month, I would go to ESFA meeting in ~~Amixotic~~ exotic Newark, New Jersey. After about two hours of traveling I arrived at the YMCA where the fabulous ESFA meets. The board on which the day's events were listed didn't say anything about an ESFA meeting, and the guy at the desk didn't know about it either. This didn't bother me at all since the YMCA has never bothered to make things simple for ESFA. I sat down on one of their redecorated chairs, and I began to wait for the usual early arrivals. About three o'clock I began to get a little worried as not one fan had shown. I called McInerney from Newark to ask him if the meeting had been canceled. Mike was out, or so rich informed me, so I asked him if he knew if there was a meeting. He sounded terrible and claimed he had a sore throat, so he must not have been thinking too well when he told me there was a

meeting. I don't blame rich at all. Considering that he had died in a fire two days before (the radio said Richard Brown had died in a lower east side building, and since I have heard rich call himself "the one and only rich brown" I must conclude that it was he,) he did very well to even answer the phone at all. On the strength of this call, I hung around for another hour. Just before I left, I went down to the room usually used by the ESFA and saw a bunch of women setting up huge platters of food. Instantly I realized this was not ESFA, they had chosen a deceased man to be guest of honor at the Open Meeting in order to save the expense of his diner, and rushed down to catch a bus for New York.

As long as I was in the city, I decided to call Dick Lupoff to see if I could come over and ~~bring him the zine~~ give him my fanzine. We talked for a couple of hours, and he showed me a fanzine he put out called Xero. I offered several suggestions for improvement, and he seemed to take them with good grace. Pat and Dick seem to be very nice people beneath their veneer of fannishness, but they aren't quite as good BNFs as Bruce and Dian Pelz. I think they would do well to follow the example of the Pelzes who are good BNFs, not in the sense of slavishly imitating their shticks, but in the sense of following the example of good BNFs.

Sometimes it hard to keep up with the news of New York fandom, especially when everything is DNQed. Things are getting so bad that I can see the following situation taking place.....

AtheK: How are you, rich?"

rb: I'm dead, DNQ.

AtheK: Gee, that's too bad, DNQ.

rb: DNQ on my DNQ

AtheK: DNQ on my DNQ on your DNQ.

rb: DNQ on my DNQ of your DNQ on my DNQ.

AtheK: Let's form a secret apa. DNQ

rb: But if it's DNQ, who can we ask.

Seriously, among other news is that Ted is not running for TAFF after all. Terry Carr is. I think Ted would have been a great TAFF man, and we certainly would have gotten a great TAFF report from him, but Terry is also a good man, and he would be a great choice to send to England. So let's send a Carr by Plane!!

Contrary to Dave Van Arnam's report in the last FIRST DRAFT, "Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea" will be seen on TV as a series. TV Guide informs that it will go on this fall. The same company is also preparing a series based on "The Lost World" for '65.

For those who don't believe in the studious reading of colophons, this zine is produced in part for the very first APA F mailing. For information, ask your local secret apa snob.

Last meeting I also found out that MINAC is folding. I think it's a shame because MINAC was a good zine and the best of the small frequent fanzines. Ted is going to be doing a new zine with rich brown and Any Main, so it's not all that bad for us white fans. Er, that's fans of whit, down CORE.

See you all next week.

Arnie the K

THE

CRUDZINE

QUARTERLY

Vol 4, No 2, Whole Number Four

Published by rich brown (268 e...oh, hell, you know what the address is) for APA 'F'. The Crudzine Quarterly is edited weakly and published irreligiously, irregardlessly and irredundantly. It is Brownzine #76 and Piebald Plonker Press Impression #5.

Let's see...Retchingly, sobbingly, puking up his stinking guts...No, that's all of four months old, but it does bring up a question: Whatever happened to the Richard Wayne Brown Science Illustory Fandantion? Whatever happened to the Eat At A Chinese Restuarant On The Way To Chris Steinbrunner's House To See An Old Movie Once In A While Society? Whatever happened to the Good Old Days of fandom, when the worst that could happen to you would be to get involved in a \$50,000 Libel Suit? And the Fannish Laugh, where can it be found? Is It A Bird? Is It A Plane? No...it's Soooooouuperman! Who seen Courtney's boat? What did the neofan say to the farmer's daughter? Who is The Iron Claw? Who stuffed Mary's little brother in the mailbox? Is Fandom and Scientifiction going to the dogs? Is Fandom and Scientifiction going to the Katz?

These are certainly interesting questions, but they are not within the purview of this fanzine.

"Apa-F is FAPA spelled backwards...Dick Lupoff

MAILING COMMENTS: I liked the unofficial mailings very much. I hereby become the first fan, to my knowledge, to have mailing comments in Apa-F.

Tell Me If You See The Humor Dept.: I pointed out to mike j. m. that the reason I could never point out faults in his arguments was that he never said anything definate. "Well, hardly ever," he said.
--rich brown, 1964

FIRST DRAFT #18

Vol. 3, No. 6

10 Jul 64

which is Dave Van Arnam's written-on-stencil contribution to the first New Series Apa-F Mailing (the only apa with no activity requirements!)

Of course, you do have to come to Fanoclasts Meetings to get the mailings, but...

Clarification of a point which I was questioned on by each and every member last Meeting -- in which I seemed to blame William Donaho for the demise of CRY. What I was speaking of was not CRY's death, which was the fault of whoever it was that decided that Wally Weber shd be transferred to Huntsville, Alabama. Now, rich brown was thinking of writing to the Busbys and offering to pick up CRY where it was forced to leave off; they might very well have refused, but there certainly would have been a possibility. But due to the Donaho demolition attempt, which has put F.M. Busby on one side and rich on the other, rich felt that it wouldn't be consistent to be knocking Busby's arguments on one hand and on the other hand asking him for a favor. Actually, rich's point is more complex than that, but it all boils down to the recent activities of the Rev. Donaho and his associates.

I'm finally going to send out copies of FD (the complete run so far, 18 issues) to half a dozen or so people around the country. Not sure just who, Tom Perry, Bill Blackbeard, Don Fitch, Calvin Demmon, Bruce Pelz (from #8 on; I sent him the first 7 before), Felice Rolfe (back in '52 she helped me put out my first fanzine, DARK UNIVERSE), and maybe 2 or 3 other people. But I'm just about out of copies of the first few issues; I ran only 30-odd copies, and I just totted up the people that get FD handed to them at meetings -- there's 21 of you!

Inasmuch as several of these people may not even heard of FIRST DRAFT, it seems appropriate here to mention briefly what its Noble Purpose is; unfortunately FD does not have a Noble Purpose. I put it out as a sort of conversation-substitute, written on stencil, with the associated purposes of giving a rundown on the last meeting, variously, of the Fanoclasts and FISTFA, which meet on alternate interlocking Fridays, if you take my meaning, and also to try to complete the story of an incident that happened on the BMT Subway after the Farewell Avram & Grania Davidson Going Off To Mexico Tomorrow Special Fanoclasts Thursday Meeting. (That was a sample of genuine first drafting Van Arnam at his most intricately and ever-so-slightly-confused "best.")

Being written as a conversation-substitute, then, I do frequently write things that I would ordinarily modify considerably before sending out as a Real fanzine. I'm thinking of remarks, for instance, that I put in FD in first draft form that I will some day get around to revising and putting into the Cult. I'm not particularly interested in getting sections of it quoted in other fanzines because it is written with a particular situation, a particular small audience, in mind, and because I'm a demon for rewriting. True, Al Lewis did quote a page of FD2 in his SAPSazine, but that was, well, sort of non-political; that was ok. But remarks I make on the William Donaho affair are, really, on the order of transcribed conversation rather than completely-thought-out essays.

Null-Q Press

Undecided Publication #19

I suppose I'll send Donaho a set one of these days just for the record; but my remarks in FD are not official statements; one of these days I'm bringing out a decimal oscillator for the Cult (stealing an invention of Bill Blackbeard's, I think it's going to be called D/OUBLECROSS, unless someone has used that already).

I was very smart last Fanoclasts Friday. I made up a list of everybody that was there so's that, like, I wouldn't forget anyone? So I forgot the list. Undaunted, though, I make an attempt...rich brown, Mike McInerney, Ted & Sandi, Steve Stiles, myself, Arnie Katz, Andy Porter, Andy Main, and...and! Bbob Stewart!

(But -- that's incredible!)

Andy Main, rich brown, and Ted White are bringing out a new fanzine, title not yet released for general consumption, following the imminent demise of MINAC. Apa-F has been reconstructed under a new mailing system, with Mike McInerney providing the first Official Organ and with publications expected from Mike, rich, Ted, myself, Dick Lupoff, Arnie Katz, and possibly Steve Stiles, John Boardman, Andy Porter, and Andy Main. Good Lord! This paragraph has been the Outsurgent Edition of Fanac #100-and-whatever.

Part of the reason I'm sending FIRST DRAFTs to Bill Blackbeard, Don Fitch, and Tom Perry is that I have a great admiration for these guys' publications that I've seen (and in more than one case, received and in my carelessly thoughtless way not even acknowledged). Not that FIRST DRAFT is anything like or equal to any of the above gentlemen's recent issues; just that, well, hell, what can I say about a one-sheet publication even if it is weekly? (It isn't necessarily published each Friday, but each Friday's meeting since the first issue 2½ months ago has seen at least one new issue; that's 16 consecutive meetings, including tonight.)

It's a shame that I've hit Apa-F every time since I started but haven't done more than get a quote in SAPS, a letter in the Cult, and nothing at all in ShFAPA. Say, Don, when's the next Shadow-FAPA deadline?

It's easily explained, though. This nerve-wracking waiting around for something to break somewhere along the line with these three different contacts I have with these various TV and movie people. It's been a couple of months now. I'm reasonably certain that the lightning will strike, but when? Any sort of fanac just seems a little too much of an investment of vital nervous energies, under such pregnant clouds. Except for FIRST DRAFT, of course. But FD is already a completely formed habit

"I almost wrote a poem, once..." (Mike McInerney)

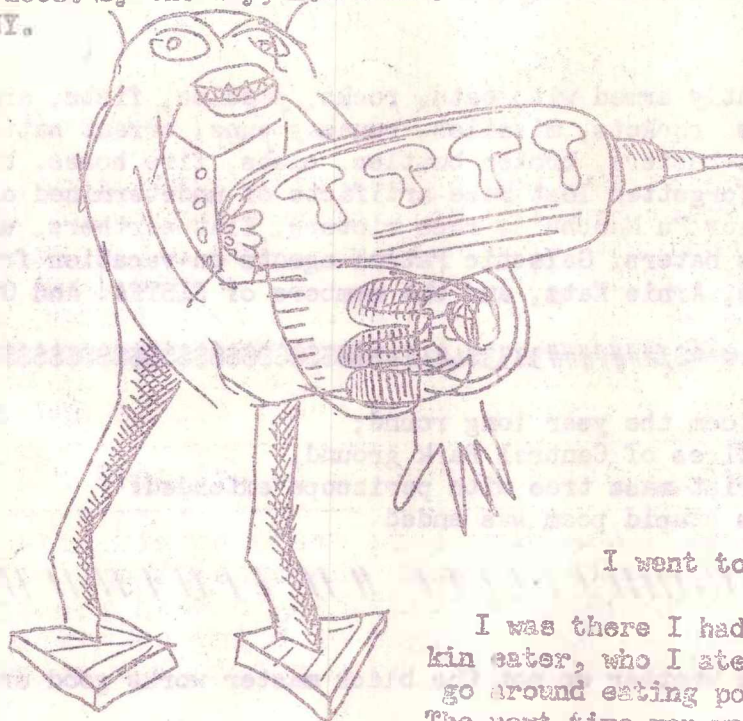
that I mightn't even be able to break if I should want to. Wouldn't like to put it to the test, but.

I suppose everyone has heard the latest grisly bit of news on the "Vigilantes/Involvement" front? I was a bit bugged when an 84-year-old man, robbed and beaten a few months ago by a pair of punks, got arrested for Sullivan Law violation when he shot one of them to death in a repeat-attempt. But now -- a very pretty girl, Arlene Del Fava, 27, remembering Catherine Genovese and the couldn't-care-less citizens that watched her being murdered, stabbed a sailor attempting to rape her -- and was arrested because it happened to be a switchblade knife. This sort of crap is so unspeakable I won't say any more about it.

-- dgV

#1! HI, ARNIE KATZ!

you said that you were just 18 and that you didn't go to a bar and have a drink because you don't drink. Clod. You couldn't grouch that is pardon me I'm typing at two am and its late. You have to wait about 3-5 weeks to get a draft card in order to drink and thus you couldn't get a drink even if you were a lush (which you might be but I don't know about that-I withhold my judgement until I can frame you definitely.) Sorry to rank you out arnie but I have to use rich brown Hare's minec and he might get mad at me. You can get me in the next issue of your crud-zine, which I must admit has fewer typos than mine does. By the way, I'm over 3 months older than you are, so WATCH YOUR STEP, SONNY.



BILL FOR TAFF I THOT WAS QUITE A LAFF.

I went to the fanoclasts and while

I was there I had a fight with Peter Pumpkin eater, who I ate; that'll teach him to go around eating poor defensless pumpkins. The next time you want to eat a pumpkin go

over into the pumpkin and if he beats you in a fair fight, don't eat him because he will have won his fight. If he doesn't put up a good fight, or if he is a pacifist, eat him because that is the thing to do. We fans are proper sorts, and we give the other guy/bem/thing/vegetable/fruit a fighting chance.

I think I will end this thing here because I want to put my name in and also it is getting very late or early if you want me to say so.

this was published by the guy whose name I think I put on the front. It is available free to the attendees of the fanoclastas and the fistfa meetings. It is from andy porter at 24 E. 82nd st ny, ny, 10028. It is D N Q.

Organ: Written by Robert Lewis Stevenson. Contents: Minutes of the 2,756th Fanoclast meeting (July 3, 1964).

TONIGHT'S
THE NIGHT
TO GO TO THE
MOVIES



The third of July Fanoclast meeting opened with explosions, as some idiots outside the magnificent meeting hall of the Fanoclast Cnes were celebrating some obscure holiday, or something. When all were assembled, Oscar Hammerstein, a nobody, fulfilled the duties of the last day in office by reading the minutes. Walt Willis sent a note saying that he wouldn't be able to make the meeting, but "Maybe next time!". Although nobody present could detect a pun in this message Mr. Willis was fined .10 for our pun fund because everybody knows about Willis and puns.

"My father was a printer, and I'm reverting to hot lead."

Somebody also mentioned that a Les Nirenberg would be attending the meeting, but was mercifully ignored. Oscar announced there would be no old or new business brought up because everything's been pretty much the same for the last five years and shows signs of being even moreso in the next five. This business being concluded, Hammerstein was voted out of office, and yhos elected.

Avram Davidson, guest speaker for the evening, read us a speech on the future of s.f. in Mexico and was corrected on several points by Ted White, editor of F&SF. Later Ted read the grateful membership his latest jazz reviews, concluding with the words "O.K. gang, remember: get Eney!" The membership agreed wholeheartedly, even though most of us don't know who this "Eney" person is.

Leslie Gerber brought a girl friend to the meeting and showed the membership his latest trick.

Steve Stiles told the membership the same jokes he had told during the last meeting. Getting no response, the cunning Stiles was forced to make up some new ones which he vowed to tell again at the next meeting.

Dave Van Arnham, most ill-tempered of the membership, drank beer.

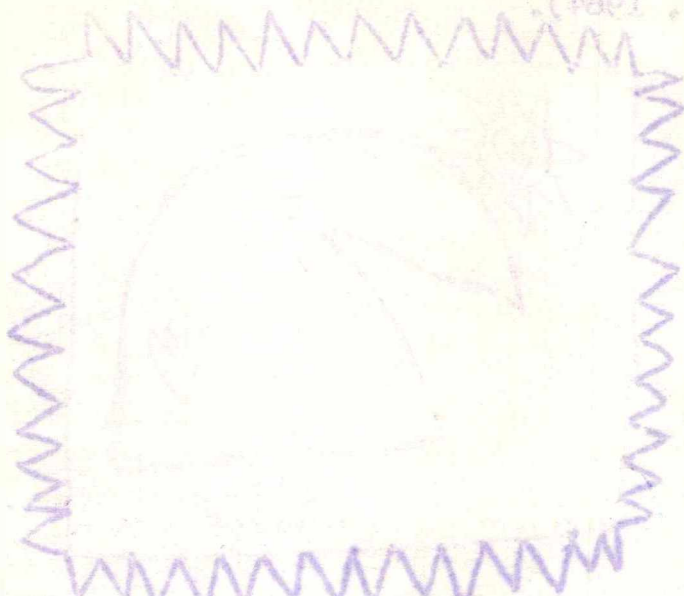
Rich Brown (or "rich brown") announced he was quitting fandom to mixed reaction. Later Mr. brown announced that he was publishing a new fanzine entitled "Fanac".

Bob Stewart showed up and amazed everyone by putting his head behind his foot.

Joe Pilati was present and collected interliniations.

John Boardman told the membership all about World War I.

Bill Bunghole was deplored for his habit of spreading vicious gossip, and it was also mentioned that Bunghole was an ex-jailbird. Later there was a fistfight, and then the usual orgy.



TO THE
MEMBERS
OF THE
COMMITTEE

The third of July fascist meeting opened with explosions, as some
ideas outside the magnificent meeting hall of the fascist
celebrating some obscure holiday, or something. When all were assembled
Guest Hammerstein, a nobody, filled the duties of the last day in
office by reading the minutes. Walt Willis sent a note saying that he
wouldn't be able to make the meeting, but "Maybe next time!" Although
nobody present could detect a pun in this message Mr. Willis was fined
-10 for our fun had because everybody knows about Willis and puns.

"My father was a printer, and I'm reverting to hot lead."

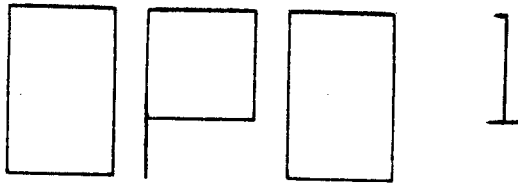
Somebody else mentioned that a Les Wrenberg would be attending the
meeting, but was carefully ignored. Oscar announced there would be no
old or new business brought up because everything's been pretty much the
same for the last five years and shows signs of being even more so in the
next five. This business being concluded, Hammerstein was voted out of
office, and those elected.

Avram Davidson, guest speaker for the evening, read us a speech
on the future of e.i. in Mexico and was corrected on several points by
Ted White, editor of WAF. Later Ted read the general membership his
latest less reviews, concluding with the words "O.K. gang, remember: rat
gang!" The membership agreed wholeheartedly, even though most of us don't
know who this "gang" person is.

Leslie Garber brought a girl friend to the meeting and showed the
membership his latest trick.
Steve Stiles told the membership the same jokes he had told during the
last meeting. Getting no response, the cunning Stiles was forced to
make up some new ones which he vowed to tell again at the next meeting.
Dave Van Arman, most ill-tempered of the membership, drank beer.
Rich Brown (or "rich brown") announced he was drifting London to
attend reaction. Later Mr. Brown announced that he was publishing a new
language entitled "Fanc".

Bob Stewart showed up and sneezed everyone by putting his head
behind his foot.

Joe Picket was present and collected interminations.
John Boardman told the membership all about World War I.
Bill Burghole was deplored for his habit of spreading vicious gossip
and it was also mentioned that Burghole was an ex-jailbird. Later there
was a fistfight, and then the usual orgy.



© P © I July 10, 1964

OPO 1 is an APAF zine produced by Pat and Dick Lupoff for (appropriately) the first mailing of fandom's newest aypeeay. In case the type

and duplication looks familiar to you, the type is the IBM Exec that Dick uses at work, and the duplication is by means of Xerox machine (sheer coincidence) also at work, if I can get at it long enough to make twenty copies while no one is looking.

OPO, by the way, stands for One Page Only, a self-imposed restriction designed to prevent this zine from going the way of a Certain Other which will remain Namesless (or even Nameless, richbrown). If I observed the recently increasing practice of ranging all of my publications into one gigantic sequence, with a "total" number as well a number for the specific periodical I imagine that this would be LupPub #30 or 35 or so. Let's see, four issues of SF52 (five including #0 which was never circulated at all), two One Shot Wonders, eleven Xeros, The Rumble, Flyers 1 - 5 and a couple of unnumbered lower-case-f liers, a Fanoclast Bulletin that got stencilled but apparently never run off, The Reader's Guide to Barsoom and Amtor, Fanac 100 (yes), and a quarter share in Bathtub Gin combined with the Journal of the Richard Wayne Brown Illustory Foundation (or Fandation)... how many is that? You count 'em, I am too lazy.

Oh, let's see, I did send one thing to Redd Boggs, signed by Pat and myself, which Redd might still put through FAPA, I dunno. But then, it would be in the August mailing and have a higher Luppud number than OPO 1 anyhow. Its name is Thirty-Nine Votes Would Have Been Forty But I'm Too Young to Vote, and I think that really tells you what it's about. It's a one-copy zine, unless Redd decides to circulate it. And then there was Orgy Interrupter #1, a one-copy zine that went to Bob Tucker in 1961. Golly, one tends to lose count.

This Xerox process, by the way (all publishing fans talk about their reproductive processes, don't they?), is a pretty nifty one. All you do is type (or write, draw, etcetera) on ordinary paper, put the completed page ("master copy," if you will, but certainly not a master in the sense of spirit duping) down on a glass plate atop the Xerox machine, set a dial for the number of copies you want, and push the "start" button. You fellers make a good machine, George Heap. It's not so hot for solid areas or tone, but it's fine for type or line drawings. Slow, too, but OK for short runs. One night a pal and I made two complete copies of a 241-page book manuscript in about an hour, using two Xerox machines. ((Speaking of spirit dupers, above, has anyone noticed that one of the cereal companies is offering kids a 4-color spirit duper as a premium? How can we reach those thousands of nascent fen? Or do we want to?))

There seems to be very little room left here, and I do want to keep to One Page Only, at least for this first issue. Besides, TPO is difficult to pronounce. But OOHPO sounds sort of nice. One-and-One-Half-Page-Only. A word about SF: Davy is a good book, but I think The Wanderer is the best-of-the-year so far.

Parting shot: If OPO resembles First Draft at all, that may well be because First Draft is the best fanzine around these days.