

horib 1



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COLOPHON TYPE INFORMATION: Horib 1 is published for the 114th FAPA mailing, February 1966, by Pat and Dick Lupoff, Merry Hell, Poughkeepsie New York 12603. For page credit purposes, just divide the whole thing down the middle: whatever Pat writes, Dick edits; whatever Dick writes, Pat edits. Material first-drafted on stencil is the result of prior discussion and consensus. Production chores are similarly divided, even if only to the extent of one co-FAPAn's carrying out the garbage while the other cranks the mimeograph, or the other reading bedtime stories while the one holds a one-fan collating party. If all of this sounds like a cop-out designed to impede the division of credit that's exactly what it is. We both feel that the divided credit system is more than a mite silly. We've a joint membership, o-n-e, jointly held. It is not two half-memberships clumsily clamped together to meet a quasi-legal requirement.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION: One cold night in the winter of 1960-61 we were visiting our friends Larry and Noreen Shaw in their Staten Island home, actually combining a purely social visit with a fanac session, using their cellar as a mimeography center, when Larry (or was it Noreen?) asked if we were on the FAPA waiting list. We were not. Why not (since just about everybody else was)? Just hadn't got around to it. Well, we ought to...so in due course we sent off our postcard, and in due course found ourselves among the wait-listers in the Fantasy Amateur. We were somewhere in the high fifties or sixties; some collector type FAPAn can look it up if he feels inclined. And we settled down for a wait.

Well, it's been a long wait. And even its end has had a certain character of uncertainty that has prolonged the suspense a little extra bit. There was a mass-blackball farce of a year or so ago. We heard about it well in advance, from several separate sources (if it was intended as a secret it was the worst kept secret since the Inchon landing), and asked Terry Carr if he would please blackball us first, say one day before the rest of the list got it. We would wait out our year, apply for membership and vault the whole list ahead of us because they couldn't re-apply for another day. Well, that didn't work for reasons known to all in the Association, and just as well, I suppose, but I do feel an occasional pang at the thought of the lovely ploy it would have been.

Then this past December (1965) we started to receive cryptic postcards from Bob Pavlat concerning our long awaited membership. So-and-so was out because he hadn't made the page requirements and we would be in in the February mailing in his place. Whoops, So-and-so was circulating a petition and the vacancy might not occur that we were slated to fill. Stand by. So-and-so's petition had succeeded and the vacancy would not occur but Thus-and-such who had been ahead of us on the w-1 had not paid his 25¢ and so would not be filling the vacancy that it had been anticipated that he would be filling so it was available for whoever was next, which was us, so we would be in

after all. No, it turned out that it wasn't really Thus-and-such's fault, there was an international currency problem and Thus's US surrogate had slipped up, so we were out again.

At one point we even knew, or better we thought we knew, who was leaving FAPA and whose place we would take, and went so far as to draft a eulogy, French Academy style, to that "departed" FAPAn. Turns out he hasn't departed, so he'll never see the eulogy. No, we won't relent because the draft has been destroyed. So we can't relent.

And so it went, until Monday, January 17 1966. We received our nth card from Bob Pavlat, telling us that the suspense was over, we were in FAPA effective with the February mailing. What this will do to the membership roster we do not know. At one point Bob had written that we could consider ourselves in stasis. Now we don't know who is o-u-t that we are replacing, or whether things have gotten swirled around to the point that FAPA will wind up with one of its temporary overenrolled conditions featuring sixty-six or more members. Well, after nearly six years of waiting, that's no longer our problem. There are sixty-odd poor jibonies out there waiting and they can worry about vacancies and pore over the ATMs on the roster each quarter and try to calculate the likely number of drops per quarter times four divided into the length of the w-1 ahead of them minus the third trigonometric function of their hat size to figure out how long the wait is likely to be. We were out there in the cold for a long, long time. Now it's Buckmaster-and-Hannifen-and-Klemm-and-Tapscott-and-Patten-and-Kaye-and-Sanders...right-on-down-to-Lerner-and-Wright-and-Linder-and-anybody-else-who-has-climbed-aboard-the-waiting-list-since-it-was-last-published's problem.

But you know, about 1957 Dean Grennell published an issue of Grue with a wonderful cover on it, probably by ATom although it isn't handy to check, showing a poor dispirited looking amoeboid BEM sitting sadly in the foreground of what looked like a plain of infinite dimensions, and beside him an identical and identically sorry looking BEM, and beside him another, and beside him another, and so on as far as the eye could see and presumably endlessly on beyond that, and the caption of course was "The FAPA Waiting List," and fellow FAPAns, it took me some years to come to a full realization of the brilliance of that portrayal, but some time along around 1963 or '4 after we had been on that list for some three or four years and had clung our way up from 58th or whatever place we'd started at, and we looked ahead and there remained still a seemingly insuperable delay and then we looked behind us and there -- lo! -- were two or three times as many people patiently waiting as there were ahead, why we understood, at last, what those poor BEMs on Grue felt, why they looked the way they did.

What To Do About the Waiting List, we suppose, is a topic which has been beaten up and down in FAPA until the five-and-a-fraction dozen members are sick to hysterics of it, and we will not be the ones, at least at this particular stage of the game, to raise it again. The w-1 is just a goddam good thing to be off, that's all. Especially having got off it the right way.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: At least I am informed that it is customary for a neophyte FAPAn to introduce himself autobiographically, and I [Dick] am never loathe to talk about myself, especially when I can do it under the pretense of its being somebody else's idea. A few ground rules before beginning:

1. While I will try to give an adequately rounded picture of myself I will concentrate on the fannish aspect of the story. Mundane events will not be excluded prima facie, but for the most part they will be played down. E.g.: I don't see what earthly (or extraterrestrial, for that matter) difference it will make to Rusty Hevelin that I was once upon a time third string right guard on my junior high school basketball team, which lost most of its games.
2. This is strictly first-draft on stencil, thus boding ill for the organization, accuracy, completeness, grammar, spelling, rhetoric, and punctuation to be manifested.
3. Length is strictly as happenstance will have. Boredom, fatigue, or whim may stop me at any time. And that may mean "the end" or "continued next mailing" with equal likelihood. The last time I tried writing something like this was in a weekly apa (Apa F). The result was an eight-part Pacificon II report squeezed into seven weeks for no reason whatever, and totalling something like 44 pages.

Okay? Okay!

THE BIRTH AND EARLY CHILDHOOD OF DICK LUPOFF AS PERFORMED BY HIMSELF:

Well a dear old aunt of mine recently turned up a copy of the birth announcement sent out by my parents when I was first had, and I suppose I might as well offer the first reprint ever to appear in Horib now. It read: "Announcing the arrival of our son/Richard Allen Lupoff/on Thursday, February 21, 1935/Weight 7 lbs./Mr. & Mrs. Sol Lupoff/ 2300 Ocean Ave./Brooklyn, N.Y." No zip code.

I was their second child. My brother Jerry is three years older, is a lawyer in Roslyn, Long Island, has a wife and two sons, and will not play a prominent role in this narrative. Suffice that he stopped beating me up about twenty years later when he discovered that I was bigger than he. We get along well now but are not at all what could be termed "close."

I have no recollection of the Brooklyn apartment; my earliest memories are of life in a comfortable house on 166th Street in Flushing, Queens. One entered the front door and upon the left entered the dining room. At the rear of this room was a swinging door to the kitchen, in which a round-topped wooden radio stood upon the table. Turning right in the kitchen, you had the stove on your right, another door before you, the refrigerator on your left, the sink (with a window above it) far-

ther to the left was the sink. Directly behind you (remember, you've turned 90° right since entering the room) is another window, facing out toward 32nd Avenue (it was a corner house), and now, having completed the circuit of the room, the kitchen table against the wall beside the dining room door.

Go through the kitchen door at right angles to the one that brought you from the dining room. You are in a small hallway. To your left is a door leading to a small back stoop and a short flight of outside steps. Directly ahead of you is a door leading to the basement staircase. This goes downward to the right from the door, and at the bottom is a doorway going left again. It leads to a room with bare cement walls. This room contains a furnace. The room is about twice as long, running from the front of the house to the rear, as it is wide. At the rear of the house there is a doorway leading back to a room directly under the kitchen. In this room there is a washing machine and a drier. Another doorway leads back to a room beneath the dining room; this room contains a ping-pong table and perhaps a bar.

Actually the stairway from the ground floor led to this room; the door to the unfinished room was at the foot of the stairs. Let's go back upstairs. Whoops, there between the doorway leading to the cellar stairs and that leading outside to the back stoop is a small bathroom. Very important, that.

Don't go back through the kitchen and dining room, but walk through the short hallway paralleling the long axis of the dining room. Before you reach the front door you will notice that you are at the foot of a stairway leading upstairs, but instead of climbing it, turn across the foot of the stairs and you're in the living room. To your right is a large sofa. In the living room itself [How can this be??!!] are two rugs [Perhaps at different times!!], one a dark persian with an intricate pattern, upon which I used to lie for what seemed long periods, although from the retrospective viewpoint of a parent I now suppose it was seldom more than a few minutes at a time, tracing the pattern with my forefinger. The other rug was a genuine polar bear skin, with the head attached, glass eyes inserted, the mouth open, the lips (as it always says in chapter 3) drawn back in a snarl, the teeth, at least the two canine fangs, upper and lower, attached. I used to lie head to head with the bear. I did not give him a name or pretend that he was alive and that I was a hunter out to kill him or he hungry and going to devour me. "He," in fact, is misapplied. The bear was it, a rug, non-fantacised. Yet it fascinated me. Is there an affinity between children and floors or carpets? My son lies on the floor to look at books sometimes (he is too young to read) or to watch television (but he seldom watches television except for "Journey no make that Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" or "Batman" or "Lost in Space" or occasionally a rock-and-roll show ["Dan-cing"] but the music and dancing shows excite him too much to watch them lying down; he sometimes likes to dance himself).

Behind the living room couch there was room for me to crawl.walk.slide and I crouched.lay there occasionally, and on one occasion slid a penny along the floorboards beneath the wall molding which did not

meet the floor evenly and never recovered the penny nor told anyone about it. Climb over the back of the couch from the space behind it and cross the living room along its long axis. On the left is a dark wooden breakfront, directly before you is a baby grand piano which a man came to tune from time to time. On the right was a fireplace and mantelpiece. Or maybe not. A doorway nearer the couch, which placed it at the front of the house, leads to a porch, originally open and screened, later enclosed. I have almost no recollections of the porch.

Zip! Back to the front door. Face inward. Directly before you are the stairs which lead to the second floor. Climb them. Run your hand along the wooden bannister with the large wooden knob at its lower terminus. It is supported by square wooden posts, two on each stair.

At the top of the stairs, on the left, are two bedrooms. One, that at the rear of the house, belonged to my maternal grandmother, born in Austria, arrived in the United States speaking no English the day McKinley was shot, widowed by an elevator accident. The other room, at the front of the house, was occupied when we first moved there from Brooklyn by my parents. Later they switched rooms with my brother and myself. The other half of the upstairs held a bathroom and another bedroom, from which a doorway led to stairs going to the attic. This contained two rooms, an unfinished room with eaves used for storage and a bedroom, occupied by my aunt, my mother's sister, who had been married and divorced.

The house had lawn on three sides, a detached two-car garage that held my mother's Chrysler and my father's Buick coupe, later traded for a Packard coupe which he drove all during World War II.

My father was an accountant who left that profession to enter the meat-packing business with his two brothers. I do not really know what our economic level was in the late 1930s and early 40s, or to be more accurate I had no idea at the time what our economic level was. In retrospect, to have owned a house and two cars in those years at the end of the Depression my father must have been doing well indeed in the meat business. I remember that he smoked White Owl cigars for a time, later gave them up in favor of another brand. At the time I thought that this was indicative of financial reverses, that he could no longer afford White Owls. Many years later I learned that White Owls are a relatively cheap brand, and that he had changed not to an inferior brand because he could no longer afford White Owl cigars but to a more expensive brand now that he could afford to.

Eggs and butter were delivered by the Egg Lady who drove a Chrysler Airflow. Bread and cake came from Dugan's bakery by route truck. We used Borden's milk, although for a long time after learning to read I took Borden's stylized logotype for 73orden's. We used a brand of ice cream that I took to be Green Leaf Ice Cream. It was Breyers. I do not believe that I can recall any more brand names of household good that we used; there was, of course, P&G Soap, but that was elsewhere than in Flushing.

Family reading habits I do not know, except that my brother and I of

course read comic books ravenously, and the bottom drawer of the breakfront in the living was crammed to overflowing with them. I do remember the series of newspapers which were favored in my home, changes presumably referring to changes in political orientation; in his youth my father had been a socialist, which does not at all jibe with the paper chronology, although since it presumably antedates my own recollections there is no necessary conflict. My divorced aunt's second husband, now many years deceased, at one time used to receive postage-due copies of the Daily Worker, but that was much later, during or perhaps shortly after World War II.

Back in the 1940ish period when my recollections commence we used to read the Daily News in the morning and the Journal American in the afternoon, and both on Sunday. Later we switched to the Mirror and the Post, and later still to the Herald Tribune and PM. Of them all, during the whole period up to 1947 or so (by which time much, much had changed, in personnel and geography) my favorite was PM, an ultra-left New York afternoon daily that carried Crockett Johnson's Barnaby strip and headlines during the debate over the Taft-Hartley Bill referring only and always to it as the Slave Labor Bill. I believe that my Uncle William, now almost 90 and long since retired in Florida, once flirted also with far left politics but when he got a job he changed his politics.

Home entertainment in those pre-television days was largely oriented to the radio, and we had quite a number of family favorite programs, or at least children's favorite programs, that we listened to with great regularity at home, and also a routine of listening on Sunday afternoons when we went for pleasure drives, or to visit my paternal grandmother, as we frequently did, at her apartment in Coney Island.

Among our favorites were the Green Hornet, the Lone Ranger, and the Shadow. I was also addicted to Uncle Don (I was convinced for years that the picture of the gentleman on the Mueller's Spaghetti package, presumably Mr. Mueller, was none other than Uncle Don) and sent for his special Sparky Watts magazine. I also memorized -- I do not recall whether I ever actually sang it aloud -- the Uncle Don Club Song. And dangblast it, wasn't Sparky Watts, it was GABBY SCOOPS. Some twenty years later I tried to remember the quatrain, and could retrieve only the first three lines:

Hippity gitz hotcha rainbow ree
Sibonia skippidy hi lo dee
Hoe-nee-ko doak and an aliiikazon
Sing this song with your Uncle Don.

There, now that shows how treacherous memory is. I remembered most of the song, for decades, but I've forgotten the incident which occurred only a few years ago. What I recalled were the first, second, and fourth lines. The third line was supplied by Barbara Silverberg, who must naturally have learned the song many years post facto, through a much older sibling or friend.

Later I became addicted to the five-days-a-week children's programs,

and with them the associated premium offers (Do they still exist? DO THEY STILL EXIST?), but even then there were premiums, and I believe that my first acquisitive arousal can be traced to radio premiums, I remember with emotion a luminous Tonto belt and an also-luminous Shadow Blue Coal ring, and later, in the five-days-a-week period, many Captain Midnight Secret Squadron Decoder Badges, Whistle Rings, etc., the final and horrid Captain Midnight premium that I ever obtained being a Captain Midnight Ovaltine Shake-Up Mug.

The more I think of it, the more convinced I am that my father was a highly successful businessman. I know that he inherited nothing. His parents had immigrated from Odessa. They lived on the Lower East Side, in a series of noisome tenement dwellings, and moved almost constantly because they seldom had money for rent.

Yet, in my early childhood I can remember our owning a bungalow (Is there such a thing as a bungalow any more?) in Venice, Florida. My recollections of that building are less extensive than those of the house at 32-05 166th Street, Flushing, and the most vivid is not of our house, but of that located next door to it, on the right as you faced the houses from the street. On the left was a vacant lot. The house next to ours must have been built in the ultimate 1930s moderne style, because it had no corners, only curves, it was rounded everywhere, and may even, if I am not memorofantacising, have had a round rather than a flat or slanted roof. And it was painted silver. Silver!

Our own house -- our Flushing house was brick, I do not recall the construction of the Venice bungalow, but I have rather a tickle that it was Spanish-style stucco and I don't think it was flamingo pink but I lean toward hoping that it was -- had a stone floor, and a fireplace; a kitchen, dining room, and living room in which my father listened to Stan Lomax's sports broadcasts; bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs, swings in the back yard and incredibly rustic lawn furniture painted a brilliant blue that rubbed off. A pair of spinster sisters lived nearby; I do not recall their name; one was blind, and had a typewriter which she worked with impressive accuracy, sensing her errors and xxxing them out and typing the correction following or beneath the error; her sister had an automobile, in which she took her sister for rides.

Another man living nearby had, to my recollection, the unlikely name of Mr. - Voose, and a very old automobile in which I once rode, covered outside and in with every license plate Mr. Voose had ever had issued to him, and a strawberry patch where my grandmother took me on occasion to pick strawberries.

I see that I am running out of space, and I want to reserve the next page for Pat's self-introduction, which I am assured is substantially briefer than mine.

In the preceding few pages we have taken me up to the age of 5, lacking only a few details and incidents. I am afraid that I have emphasized ground rules 2 and 3 to the detriment of 1...this may be continued.

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: As for me, I'm Pat. I got involved in fandom, sort of, in 1958 when I used to sneak Dick's fanzines in the John. He used to leave them there, mysterious bits of colored paper -- usually mimeographed -- about which he would hem and haw and say nothing. Finally, after this had been going on for about six months, I gathered that I would only get an explanation by persistence. So I persisted.

I learned that I was reading science fiction fanzines, although at that point I was mainly reading Fanac, which seemed to my befuddled mind to be about a very odd sort of science fiction indeed.

"Humph," said Dick, blushed, "er, I didn't want to tell you this before, but I'm interested in science fiction." Out came a vast assortment of pulps, magazines, fanzines and books.

"Great," I said, "I didn't want to tell you this before but I'm crazy for western outlaws. Out came a smaller collection of magazines, pulps and books.

And so we lived happily ever after, overflowing with books, two children, a neurotic dog and two cats, and I'm casting around for a gray collie puppy in the spring. Yes, gray -- they are gray where the normally colored ones are brown, and they are beautiful. We saw some half-grown ones this fall and fell in love with all of them. But we want a little puppy.

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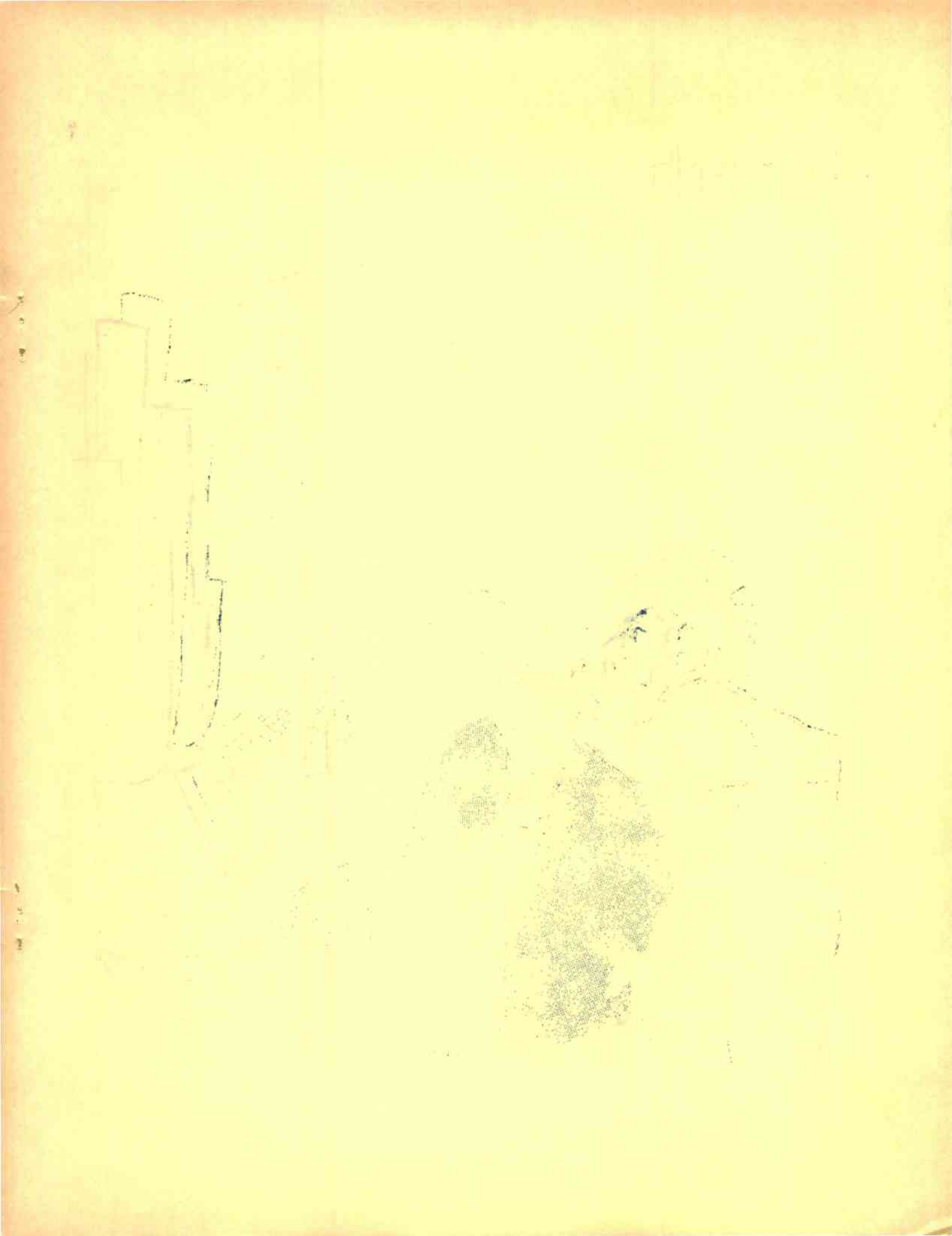
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A BOOK A DAY FROM NOWHERE: For no particular reason except ~~scholarly~~ fannish curiosity, I would like to gather whatever information I can on science fictional and fantasy pseudobiblia. I don't mean imaginary works referred to in SF or fantasy books, like the Nekronomicon of Alhazrad or The King in Yellow (the one within The King in Yellow by Chambers). Rather, "real" books really believed to exist...but that dunt.

In conjunction with some recent research I found ~~couple~~ non-existent books by Edgar Rice Burroughs: Emperor of Pellucidar, Fools Rush In. In fact, I even created a pseudobook myself by referring to I Am a Barbarian in print, but Ian Ballantine has now come along to bail me out by publishing the book. (It isn't SF or fantasy, just author-related.) This brings up an odd sub-category, however: pseudobiblia that become real: I Am a Barbarian, Bechdolt's The Torch, Ewing's I, Libertine.

It would make a nifty little article for publication in a fanzine... or maybe even a prozine! Any FAPAns willing and able to provide data? Title, author, bibliographic (or rather, pseudobibliographic) info, characters, plot synopsis, setting, etc....

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horib 1

