

WELL, BY GOLLY, this is the first
stencil I've ever
cut for a nine-hole mimeograph.
You'll recall my mention last mlg
of the possibility of trading our
little BDC-Rex for an electric
(gosh!) Gestetner (wow!).

Precisely that has come about, or
is in process of coming about.
I'm starting to cut stencils the
evening of July 14th, 1966 (The
Crime of the Century was discov-
ered in Chicago this morning) and
the new Gestetner is due to be
delivered tomorrow morning. It's
going to be a little rough get-
ting this Horib out & to the OE in
just a month, what with a pretty
busy schedule ahead, but we'll
try.

And that I/we business brings me/
us back to the silly page credits
business. As usual, everything
gets split down the middle. Okay
there sec-treas? Mrs. Sec-treas?
Actually the writer at the moment
is Dick Lupoff. For a while I
felt as if I'd have to strain to
keep Pat up to the crifanac level
and in FAPA. Then she turned a-
round and wrote an article for
Lighthouse. In ms 22 pages. I'm
sure it will run a good bit less
than that single-spaced, but good
grief! Pat's last major piece of
fan writing was an article about
Mervyn Peake in 1960. At this
rate....

THE CON SEASON is in full swing,
and a fan with the
financial capability and the time
to do it in could literally at-
tend "a con a month all over." In
fact, more than one a month.

(Continued on page 19)

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HORIB 3 ✓

THIS IS THE COLOPHON: Horib 3 is published for the 116th FAPA mlg August 1966, by Pat and Dick Lupoff, Merry Hell, Poughkeepsie, New York 12603. Cover art, interior layouts & drawings by...er, uh, there aren't any this month, are there? Jack Gaughan did a couple of drawings of Pat when he and the other Gaughans were up for a visit some weeks ago. Not exactly flattering, I'm afraid. Jack was experimenting with an attempt to capture personality through portraiture that approaches caricature. But it's an interesting drawing. If I get around to having it 'faxed or offset one of these issues it might make a nice cover. And Steve Stiles has promised us some more covers. Some quarter now, maybe even Real Soon. This is the colophon?

(continued from cover)

...Actually we'd almost got out of the habit of going to conventions for a while there. Since the rather disappointing Disclave last year Pat hadn't been to any cons and I'd caught only one afternoon of the 1965 Phillycon until this past April. Then we both went to the Eastercon part of the Eastercon/Lunacon, and I went to the Luna (or program) part as well. The party part was quite good. Overcrowded at the McInerney-Brown digs, which is going some in that double apartment. But overcrowding -- short of extremes -- seldom really hurts a party. It was good to see Eliot Shorter back from the Army, John Benson, and numerous other good folk.

The program on Saturday (I missed Sunday) was...how I can say this? Pat had gone to the movies with Carol Carr during the program, and as Terry and I were going back to Brooklyn to meet them we tried to figure out whether the proceedings were really as dull and repetitious as they had seemed. Well, yes.

For Terry.

Also for me. But we've both been hearing the standard convention panels for a dozen years or more, and appearing on them for the past half-dozen or more, and.... But look at that kid in the second row. That's right, the one with the thick glasses, the stack of magazines clutched in his sweating hand, and the plentiful pimples and rapt expression on his face. That's the guy.

He's a high-school junior. He discovered sf last year, and he's read every issue of every SF magazine published since, plus every Ace SF book, most of the Ballantines, the Pyramids, he's a member of the SF book club (in arrears). And today he attended his first science-fiction conference. He has seen -- yes, with his own eyes, seen! -- no fewer than three science fiction editors, five authors, several artists, scads of Big Name Fans. Isaac Asimov signed his copy of Galaxy featuring "I'm in Marsport Without Hilda." He did, with a 98-cent Paper-Mate ball-point pen.

Those words were of glittering gold!

The Disclave, too, seems headed in right direction again after several years in the horse latitudes. The good old-fashioned small, informal, intimate, boozing, partying Disclave that we used to love disappeared after 1962. In '63 the DC inner circle -- Pavlat, Eney, Evans, Scithers -- were busy preparing their worldcon and didn't want to take time out to put on even so low-key a gathering as the Disclave. In '64 they just didn't bother to resume the series, and so last year the Baltimore boys did it for them.

For which they deserve credit, I suppose, except that they picked a Howard Johnson hotel in Maryland that deserves some sort of prize for ill-treating conventioners. Remember the assurances the Baltiboys got (or claimed to have got) from the manager? No interference with room parties to any hour providing conduct is reasonable. Only trouble was, the promise was given orally, by the day manager. The night manager never heard of it, wanted no part of it, and that was that! Too bad.

This year, saints be praste, we went back to the Diplomat Motel. Disclave '66 didn't quite catch the flavor of the olde series, but it came fair close. Two obstacles, I think, prevented really recapturing the old spirit. One, it was just bigger than had previously been the practice. It's hard to have a quiet intimate party in a small room with 120 people in it. I guess that's nobody's "fault," and I don't know what can be done about it, short of going (back/over) to an invitational system. Which of course has all sorts of problems built in. The other problem was the program. Which in turn had three faults: (a) it took place, (b) it took place in a crowded, smoky room with terrible acoustics, (c) it was dull.

Suggestion for Disclave '67: go back all the way to the old informal way.

In June and July we did not attend the Midwestcon, Westercon, Ozarkon... have I left anything out? We did, however, host the First Annual Poughkeepsie Burroughs Picnic. The Burroughs PokPic is not a substitute for the Poughkeepsie Science Fiction Picnics we have hoped to put on since we moved here in 1964. It's just that we haven't been able to get our SF friends from New York to come up here...at least not en masse; we have had a goodly number of them up in ones and twos but no larger groups. We haven't given up all hope of doing it, but we've sort of let our plans slide indefinitely due to lack of active response.

The Burroughs PokPic was the outgrowth of a little gathering last year at Henry Hardy Heins's home in Albany. Heins is the compiler of "A Golden Anniversary Bibliography of Edgar Rice Burroughs," a 417-page work which is the last word in the field. He invited me up one Sunday afternoon in May '65. Also at his house were Rodney Reston and Al Fick, both fringe fans, who live near Albany. Reston is a part-time book dealer who's got me some choice items over the years, such as St. John's "The Face in the Pool," a couple of Bangs books, and most recently a couple of G. A. Englands. Fick is a newspaperman, talented amateur printer, and you may recall was briefly a FAPAn a couple of years ago. I asked him why he never took up his membership in FAPA and he said it was all a mistake... he read the constitutional requirement for annual activity, didn't notice the requirement that initial activity be faster, and lost out!

Well Fick, Reston, Heins and I had a pleasant enough time for a few hours, poring over Heins's ERB memorabilia, examining a complete set of Unknown and a copy of "The Ship that Sailed to Mars" that Reston had bought, er, brought, etc. We parted vowing to renew the cabal "soon" but it took a little over a year to do it. Even at that, Al Fick cancelled at the last moment, but Heins and Reston made it, and Mrs. Reston. Also a few other Burroughs fans whose names may or may not be familiar: Hal Lynch, Alan Bruens, Paul Morris, Chris Steinbrunner, Don Wollheim, George Earley, George Heap. Including assorted wives, offspring, lady friends, there were I think 22 people here for bantburgers and choice grubs. It was a good day. Program was nil.

And here we are, by jingo, in July! Next Wednesday Don & Maggie Thompson are due in from Cleveland. They're driving all the way in one day, about 600 miles, so I imagine that they'll be able, just about, to say hello and go to sleep. If possible, we'll spend Thursday night sorting and packing some old juvenile periodicals I've promised Don, and Friday after work we're all driving to New York to meet Hal Lynch and another friend of Hal's, and see "It's a Bird It's a Plane It's Superman." Talk about Ray Bradbury's plays, here's one based on a story by an old stfan that's a success. But don't ask Jerry Siegel about it.

Saturday and Sunday, or at least certain parts of them, will be spent at the Comicon, a gathering whose nature is indicated by its name. Except, I might mention, there is a tale of dirty fanpolitik here that should make us pore esseff types feel like a bunch of pikers. Lemme tell you about it. First a little history:

The first Comicon was held in 1964. A self-appointed committee (I don't recall who was on it) put forth all sorts of grandiose plans for their convention. They were going to take over a complete resort hotel somewhere in New Jersey for a weekend. They would charge a frightening registration fee -- something like \$35 a head -- but this fee would pay for a complete weekend: room, meals, guided tours of publishers' offices, admission to program sessions, etc. The whole thing sounded fantastic, and it was. As the date grew nearer and nearer the committee quietly faded into the woodwork not to be heard from further. A high-school kid from Lun Guy Land picked up the pieces, booked the con into a stuffy room off 14th Street for a weekday afternoon, got buttons made up and charged a registration fee including membership button of, I think, a buck or a buck and a quarter, and actually put on the con. It was pretty dismal, but he did put it on, and he's due credit. (Kid's monicker was Bernie Bubnis, by the way, straight.)

Last year a fellow named Dave Kaler took over and put the thing on. I was out of town when it occurred, but from reports it was better than '64. At the end, Kaler is reported to have echoed committeemen from time unrecalled "Never again! Or at least not soon. I want nothing to do with '66 in any case." A group of miscellaneous stf-film-comics fans took him at his word. Under the chairmanship of John Benson they formed a committee to put on the '66 Comicon. Set up a program, hired a hall, sent out fliers, the works. Meanwhile, Kaler quietly changed his mind. He went out and set up a program, hired a hall, sent out fliers, and is putting on his version of the con. So there were two comics conventions this year. Both in New

York City. Both with all the work and expense of putting them on. Each with its own hall, guest-of-honor, program, etc. Three weeks apart (the Benson & buddies affair is July 23-24, the Kaler do is August 13-14) they can hardly have been worse timed: If they were closer an out-of-towner might catch both on one visit to New York; if they were farther apart they might justify two trips. But how can Clark Comicsfan get his already dubious dad to fork over the fare for two round trips to NY within three weeks of each other? Phoo!

Somebody is going to get hurt, I'm afraid, stuck with an expensive meeting place, a disappointing turnout (because the customers are split), and a whopping deficit either to make up out of his pocket or to default on. Which latter possibility can lead to all sorts of interesting sequelae. I hope the loser isn't Benson. His group seems to have stepped into a breach in all good faith, and set out to put on a decent con. Kaler's actions have all of the appearance of the sneak, the betrayer, and a few other choice things. Some people -- the Thompsons among them -- seem convinced that Kaler's johnnie-come-lately act was pulled in all innocent ignorance. Well, maybe so, but it doesn't look that way from Merry Hell.

Anyway, I'm grateful to be a witness rather than a participant in this mess.

And all of this brings us to...Cleveland, where Pat and I will be with bells on, especially since we didn't get to London last year. I hope we'll see most of you FAPAns there.

And now it's time for some:

M A I L I N G C O M M E N T S

THE FANTASY AMATEUR 115 Thank you, OE, for substituting those rerun pages in the last Horib. ¶¶¶ Looks like a couple new members this time. If so, Welcome, Tapscott. I don't know much about you, except for having some vague recollections of your being in some disputes in the Cult. But then, the Cult. Certain special situations notwithstanding, I think you'll find FAPA a more amiable place, and I trust that you'll enjoy it here. And Welcome, Fred Patten. I've been following your career since your brief joint stewardship of Shaggy and Salamander, a noble effort that, even if it didn't work. I know you will make worthwhile contributions to FAPA.

TRILL 2 (Wells) Your conscience-searching of Vietnam is something that a great many Americans share. The old idea of good guys versus bad guys seems gone -- and good riddance --but if we can no longer see ourselves in the guise of Flash Gordon versus Ming, we still have to make some painful decisions and then carry them through effectively. That piety is Wisdom for the Day. "And neither does anyone else in the FAPA" [really know what's going on in Vietnam]. Eney does, now. The first dittoed report he sent back had some fascinating stuff in it, and a good fan's eye view of that place should be highly valuable. I hope Eney will give us some more on-site reports.

HABAKKUK II:1 (Donaho) Surprise, surprise! Talk about time-binding!!!

Habakkuk doesn't get off with one line, don't worry. How long did you have that Bergeron bacover on hand? Looking at the identifiable fanzines converging on that little house, I note that over 2/3 of them are defunct. Just looking at them drug me back about five years, I think. I'm afraid that the Nelson, White abd Reardon pieces meant little to me. On the topic of music, I'm afraid that I'm either too ignorant to understand most of what is written, or else there's some basic fallacy in trying to verbalise about this utterly non-verbal (and usually wholly non-symbolic) medium. Let's just assume the former.

I did enjoy your diarizations of Berkeley-Oakland-SF life. And I must say that you rang a bell with your point of relative bohemianism. In ultra-heterogeneous Manhattan Pat and I were pretty ordinary people. But here in ultra-square Pok we're regarded as distinctly odd eggs. Just look at all the books in their house...and not even best-sellers or classics! All those weird crazy science-fiction books, and all those trashy westerns (like Walker's "Stories of Early Days in Wyoming"). And the pictures they have on their walls! Instead of prints of masterpieces, they have pictures of monsters!

Main item, of course, was Rogers treatment of Schneeman, a marvelous adjunct to "Requiem." Alva deserves the greatest credit for his research and writing, as you do for your work on all those repros of Schneeman drawings. I do have one gripe, which is the same complaint I have concerning Alva's book. In describing every picture that Schneeman ever drew for publication (I know it's not so, but so it seems), Alva tells altogether too little about altogether too much. I'd much have preferred to have him cover a quarter the material with quadrupled thoroughness, producing the same length piece. I would have liked much more analysis, more comparison, more discussion of trends, more searching for meaning, and far less of "...and then he drew...." A marvelous job nonetheless; thank you, and... more, please?

SYNAPSE (FAPA 115) Speer Are you serious in asking if there's ever been a forged letter or fanzine in fandom? I think that a number of faked letters have been sent, causing turmoil, but I can't cite cases. I know there have been several fake Fanacs (I published one myself), Don Thompson put out a phoney Fantasy-Times way back when, and I think the final issue of Peter Vorzimer's Abstractions was actually put out by -- do I remember right? -- Terry Carr and Pete Graham. I'm certain that there was a fake Kipple a couple years ago, and I think there was a fake Cry. ¶¶¶ I'd like to draw that 1930s moderne house for you, but there are two problems: [1] I last saw it when I was such a little kid that my recollection is vague. Remember, it was a neighbor's house, not ours. [2] I can't draw anyhow. I don't think I could draw a picture of the house I live in right now. My older brother ~~Myeroff~~ Jerry might help out on point [1], or else some surviving older relatives might, but I fear that [2] is insuperable.

As I remember, the basic shape was boxy, with a flat roof and many right angles, but all of the corners were rounded off. The furniture must have been made of curved chromium, a la the movie of "The Black Cat" with Bela and Boris. And -- the whole house was painted silver! A distinct, metallic silver. Beyond that, I fear, memory pales and fails. Sorry.

...but if that "Waiting List" cover was not by ATom, by whom was it? ¶¶¶ In expressions like "crawl.walk.slide" the dot is a personal shorthand for something to the effect of "crawl. or walk or slide or walk crawlingly or slide walkingly or do something with aspects of all three." It should never appear, that . construction, except in early drafts. ¶¶¶ Glad to hear that those premiums are still around. I suppose in a couple of years my own children will start sending for them. The waiting is unbearable and the ones that never come at all should earn someone a terrible punishment, but there is no thrill quite like opening up your very own Captain Midnight Seqrect Squadron Decoder Badge and Signal Whistle.

TAPS and STOBCLER are part of the recent splurge of new Apas. Andy Porter thinks they're mostly dying off, and that a new era of genzines is dawning. I hope he's write. An apa-oriented personalizine may be a strange place to say so, but I've always preferred real honest-to-god genzines with articles and editorials and reviews and pictures and cetera in them, to the slim crudzines that have so proliferated since 1963 or so. Make that '64; I'm thinking of the founding of Apa F as the start of the new apas.

An askari is a native soldier, often used as a guide.goader.guard of porters on safari. This, both in history and fiction. An assegai is a kind of spear.

NIEKAS 15 (Meskys) Ed, you have here some of the best material in the mailing, and some of the best material currently being produced in fandom for that matter. But you have such a terrible way of presenting it that it loses much of its value. Your choice of colors (lavendar ink on pink paper looks good enough to eat but not to read), your really awful micro-elite typing, especially in the two-column format, your hodge-podge of layouts...please try to clean up the appearance so that it comes a little close to the quality of the writing. ¶¶¶ Ben Solon kindly lists me as a "knowledgeable critic," and I'm highly flattered but I don't know why he calls me that nice thing. Is he talking about my fanzine reviews in Axe-of-happy-memory? Those were little more than shoppinglists.

SPINNAKER REACH 5 (Chauvenet) If you liked Dick Lupoff at the age of five, wait till you meet him at the age of, say, eleven-and-a-half. What a repulsive kid!

Damballa III:3 (Hansen) You're kidding, Chuck, you're putting us on about the Tibetan lama who sits around saying "Om mani padme hum." Have you forgotten the Green Lama by Kendall Foster Crossen, whose adventures ran in some dozen or more issues of "Double Detective" in the early 40s? If you can't find any, you might turn up one of the comic book incarnations of same, first in "Prize Comics" ("by Richard Forster") and later in "Green Lama comics" with nice artwork by Mac Raboy. The Green Lama was secretly the millionaire playboy Jethro Dumont; he had a third identity as Dr. Charles Pali (named for an oriental language). There was the usual supporting cast, mysterious headquarters in -- natch -- Greenwich Village. As Dumont he wore street clothes. As Pali he wore a green clergy suit. As the Green Lama he wore -- right -- green lama's robes. His favorite expression, of course, was "om mani padme hum." In the Raboy comic version that expression changed Dumont into GL; in the Crossen novels he changed clothing in more conventional fashion. Some of the stories are quite good. Bob Briney has most of them.

QURP! 5 (Bennet) Your remark that "Those of you who know the works of Piaget will recognise that if any work is of the right standard of difficulty and the work is interesting, then a child will work on his own," really grabbed me. In fact, your whole description of your school and educational philosophy sounded most attractive. I don't want to upstage my own autobiography (ahem!) by going into detail, but for many years I attended a school in which conformity rather than variety was the goal. Not only were the less well equipped children frustrated and defeated by the setting of a pace they could not match...the better equipped children were equally frustrated, bored by a level of work that held for them neither challenge nor interest. They tended to become what modern educators call "under-achievers," talent notwithstanding.

KIM CHI 8 (Ellingtons) Glad you liked the autobiog. I found it a mixed pleasure and pain to dredge up memories so old and deeply buried. I find it too difficult to contemplate repeating every quarter, so I think I'll make it an Annual Feature of this fanzine. And if I keep up the pace of five years per installment it should last a while. Let's see, through 1940 in 1966, 1945 in '67, '50 in '68, '55 in '69, '60 in '70, '65 in '71, '70 in '72, and then maybe a fragmentary installment in 1973, or maybe just put it off till the end of the five-year period. Yes, I guess you could say that this can last a while.

Ray Nelson's work was pretty effective, in a depressing sort of way. That's par for Nelson.

SALUD 23 (E.Busby) I remind you of Gomez Addams? "Why, fer Cryssake," I was going to ask until it struck me just a moment ago. You're thinking of me with a moustache, because I had one when we met at the Chicon in '62. And when I think of myself in a moustache, I guess I do resemble Gomez Addams. That's pretty funny, especially since I'd never had a moustache before that summer, and shaved it off that fall and haven't had one since. You caught me just at the right moment.

But you know what? I think that's so funny that I'm going to start growing it in again tomorrow. In six weeks it should be pretty strong. Will you be in Cleveland? Your chance to See It again!

BINX 2 (Grennel) Sorry I Bin Xed you last time, Dean. I'm still hoping feebly to see you and Jean next month too (see above), but as you get increasingly firmly ensconced in the Far West it gets decreasingly likely looking. Maybe Next Year, as the Dodger fans used to say.

SERCON'S BANE (F M Busby) Er, S's B 28, I should say. You're right about keeping deadheads off the FAPA roster, of course. I do think the dual-membership activity rule is excessively stringent, rigid. But frankly, thinking back to my waiting-list days (all those months ago) it was not the non-active members who irked. I was just delighted to watch Deadhead X slip closer and closer to the brink, and finally go over, making available a space for a w/ler and in the process bringing us all that much closer to Nirvana. What irked me was the Deadwood Joe, with no apparent interest or desire to participate

in FAPA, but who didn't want to give up that precious slot on the roster either. So, once a year there would be a spurt of frenzied activity to make the minimum requirement, then a new lapse into passivity.

Note that I disliked the practice, not the practitioners. Right, friends? Enemies I have enough of and I'm not looking for any new ones. Indeed, I am thoroughly familiar with the old "Brilliant Deadwood" theory, and am even willing to concede that there may be some validity to it in some cases. But there have been others in which even this argument did not hold, when the minaccing FAPAn involved was simply selfishly hanging on, taking all that FAPA had to offer and giving in return not an eyelash more than he could get away with giving.

But then, as you say to Rusty Hevelin, the hard core is growing and the soft spots are becoming fewer and fewer. Presumably, as Larry Shaw used to like to predict, FAPA will someday (and not too far off, either) come to have 65 "hard" members. Whereupon the w-l will grind to a complete halt and we'll never get any more turnover short of somebody's death.

FAN-DANGO 17 reprint (Laney) When Eney published "A Sense of FAPA" and thus provided me with an opportunity at last to read the legendary "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!" I concluded that FTL was one of the most over-rated characters in fandom's brief but messy annals. "Fan-Dango" does nothing to alter this opinion. Not that it's BAD by any means, but why for all the fuss and myth over Laney? Okay, Defenders of the Faith -- Have at me! [Not necessarily you, Buz.]

BIRTH OF A PROJECT (Locke) Geo, it was a pleasure to have you visit here, even briefly. Come back and stay longer! Meanwhile, here's how your story gets started:

In the early 50s it was Korea. Truman's war, they called it, the wrong war at the wrong time, fought at the wrong place against the wrong enemy. But they supported him. The UN, due to a lucky break over a temporary Russian walkout was able to sanction the war. Most of the non-Communist nations offers at least lip service and a good many gave tangible support. But everybody was a little bit uneasy about Unce Sam's global muscle-flexing.

Then in the 60s it was Vietnam. Johnson's war they called that one, although some saw fit to trace America's involvement back to Kennedy, or even Ike. The issues weren't as clear-cut as they had been in Korea, and the support not nearly so widespread. For the first time there was strong opposition to war policy, demonstrators marched, picketed, burned their draft cards. Senators denounced the President. Wilson of Great Britain qualified his support and De Gaulle of France offered none at all. It was the turning point for American world hegemony.

And in the 80s came Feringistan. Who was right in the original squabble may never be known. Was the Feringistani Woodchoppers and Chive Gatherers Party a bunch of Communists

as President Lindsay insisted in justification or US intervention, or were they simple arboreal reformers as the American Left insisted?

Perhaps time will tell, and until it does we should not judge "Bloody Jack" Lindsay too harshly. He had been a good congressman and an heroic mayor. He certainly meant well as President, but he miscalculated badly the amount of support America could demand for any arbitrary action. He went into Feringistan with six army corps of beltjumpers, four divisions of hypnotroops, the world's most advanced military computing equipment, and an air force carrying greater firepower than had been used in all previous aerial warfare in all history.

That should surely have been a strong enough force to put down a rebellion whose strength was estimated at sixty-five to seventy illiterate peasants armed with hatchets and chive hooks. But it wasn't, and as America poured in more and more men and the Ringo forces as they were known grew in proportion (at one point they were said to exceed 200 men, but most historians agree that that figure could be justified only by including young boys, camp followers and other support personnel) Lindsay became more and more desperate for a way out. After all, an election was coming. Further, all of the world's other powers -- all of them -- began to line up against further gantrification of the war.

Finally, Lindsay made his move. The Ringoes and their allies in bordering Korishah would lay down their chive hooks and negotiate or America would drop the Box.

The reply came, not from Feringistan or Korishan, but astoundingly from a worldwide condominium of forces. The nations of the world would put up with no more American power-plays. America's fangs had to be drawn, and the method chosen was dismemberment back into its component parts. Word came from Mexico City, capital of the new condominium, that a world council would be called to arrange the details.

If America refused... Well, she was still the strongest single power in the world, but she was no match for the combined military and industrial might of all other nations and that was exactly what she faced.

After seventy-two hours with the world perched on the edge of an abyss, Lindsay capitulated.

Out of the succeeding conference came the famed Mexico City Manifesto. The Manifesto declared that the United States of America was not and never had been a natural entity. That it was an artificial combine of what had been thirteen English colonies, augmented by aggression and greed to take the Mississippi purchase

from the aggressor Napoleon, other areas by force or craft from their rightful owners.

The Mexico City Convention ruled on the return of the stolen territories to their rightful owners.

Florida and California were returned to Spain. Alaska and Oregon reverted to Russia, becoming the 31st and 32nd members of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. France reclaimed the Louisiana Purchase. There was some dispute as to whether the former nation's most valuable island should revert to England, the Netherlands, or the aborigines. Even the Swedes put in a claim. The problem was solved by making Manhattan a World Federal District under UN control.

Claims by the Scandinavian powers and China to territory on the basis of prior exploration were brushed aside. The Viking and Chinese explorations had been given up voluntarily, Mexico City ruled, rather than having been stolen by the Americans. Meanwhile, Mexico took back Texas, the Gadsden Purchase territory, and a few other bits of border land for good measure.

Oklahoma was re-dubbed with its former name, Indian Territory. All remaining American Indians were transported there at Consortium expense. A giant plastic air conditioned dome was built over the entire territory, largely with native labor, and the residents were maintained in luxury on mineral royalties and indemnities for all the lands they had lost.

Meanwhile, the residents of the former United States of America all had new nationalities to become accustomed to. Residents of the "original 13" colonies became Englishmen overnight. New Hampshireites were now Canadian. Indiana farmers who had never gone beyond the counties of their birth were forced to deal in francs and centimes; their children came home from the new ecoles with books all in French. Pictures of Pierre Poujaud, Monsieur Le President, suddenly appeared in all public buildings.

Fantastic rumors spread of a Russian plan to dam up the Bering Strait and to dig a huge canal separating Alaska from Canada, while building a huge causeway from Ketchikan to Portland.

Well, you take it from there. Cosmic, hey?

HORIZONS 106 (Warner) 100 issues in FAPA! Fantastic. Is this a record? Your remarkd about finding it hard to think of growing up in the 40s sets me to thinking similarly oddly about those younger than I. If you'll forgive my preoccupation with military ills, consider that there is a generation now in school to whom "the war" means only Vietnam. To these, Korea is ancient history and World War II is one with the combats of the cavemen.

I enjoyed your "What I Did During the War," Harry; I almost always enjoy this kind of dredging into fan history, which is one of the reasons why I'm looking forward to your book. It may be merely the glamour of antiquity (to borrow de Uamp's fine phrase) but I seem to detect a feeling among the olden-timey fans that fandom was more than a goddam hobby. That it was not only a way of life, but a damned good one, good not only for those who lived it but possibly even good for the world.

We know, of course, that fans become old and cynical. But I think also that fandom has somehow become old and cynical...we need a renewal of some sort, and I don't know how (or whether) it will come.

And the names, the names of the long-departed fans you quote. It is odd to contemplate that gafiated fans (with few exceptions) are still alive, still "out there somewhere, living reasonably complete and normal lives. Tonight I am sure George Willick will come home and kiss Peaches Willick wearily. How did it go today, George, she will ask him, and he will grunt and answer and sink into an easy chair to relax before dinner.

Do they ever think about fandom? What recollections does George Willick harbor of the naked lady with the daggers. Does he really believe that Otto Kerner and Earl Kemp conspired to railroad D. Bruce Berry into a mental institution? Is it all a closed chapter, or does George look longingly at a typewriter and a litho master every once in a while? ...and where is Jeff Wanshell? Where is Paul Williams? Ad exhaustium.

POS HIKOMPOS 2 (Silverberg) Remarks aforepage notwithstanding, Bob, I'm glad you're in FAPA. I just wish we'd see more of you. In enjoyed these four pages, and I have just two things to say to you: [1] You and Barbara gave us the greatest funny little cat in the world, and we're entirely in your debt for her. [2] Don't Give Up the VirginVention!

ADAM FILM QUARTERLY 1 (Rotsler) What can I say? What can anybody say?

THE JDM BIBLIOPHILE 2 (Moffatt) Although I jighly enjoyed both "Wine of the Dreamers" and "The Girl, The Gold Watch, and Everything," (haven't read "Ballroom in the Sky") I haven't gone in for MacDonald's non-stf. So I passed this on to George Heap and a Rochester friend of his named Bruce Hyatt, and you may hear from them. It's an admirable publication, just not on a subject that appeals to me.

LET'S THROW DON FITCH IN THE POOL (Trimbles) Er, us, I must admit that I didn't read this carefully until today (July 18), so Pat and I just signed it and mailed it. Fitch is a good fellow, and would make a valuable FAPAn. I hope he gets re-instated and I hope he gets into FAPA.

UL 23 (Metcalf) Either I got an incomplete mailing without an "U1" or the thing grew legs. The latter could happen, with two small children wandering around here all the time. Sorry.

G. CLARKE'S FAULT 1 (B.Trimble) Good luck...we'll be there, all eyes.

GODOT 6 (Deckinger) Gee, Mike, I went through the mailing marking hooks for comments, and now as I look at "Godot" I find only that I have underlined the very last words in the issue, artificial crutches, and written beneath, "as distinguished from natural ones."

THE VORPAL DRAGON [2] (Harrell) I'm reluctant to go into one of those embarrassing Amis-Pohl type mutual admiration things, but I must say that TVD 2 was among the handful of really fine things in the mailing (or rather, post-mailing). Your cover may have been a bit overinked, and that paper, lovely though it is, gives too much show-through. Still, appearance wasn't too bad, and the stuff by Stiles, as usual, was marvelous for dressing up the zine. You are lucky to get Steve to draw and letter for you; double so to have him writing.

Your trying to explain FAPA to the security chief sounds pretty funny, and not unreminiscent of an experience I once had with an adjutant in the army. I won't recount the story -- wrote it up for Steve a couple of years ago under the name "Jerry Greene, Where Are You?" -- but it can be pretty sticky, albeit funny, trying to tell some serious and zealous security type all about fanzines, worldcons, apas, TAFF....

Steve, your remark about "some pimply faced Lt. Fuzz, fresh out of OCS and anxious to try his New Powers" also rings a bell. When I was in the service I was assigned to the AG school, in a department staffed by three civilians, two captains, three lieutenants, and several low-grade EMs. The latter were "Scientific & Professional personnel" with college degrees -- even advanced degrees -- serving as privates, PFCs, low-grade spec's.

Two of the lieutenants -- a fellow named Ken Lessler and I -- got along fine with the S&Ps, being on first name terms, etc., working on a cooperative basis. The third shavetail, John Henry (swelpme!), was extremely high on Discipline and All Like That, and he used to burn to find himself excluded from our caffe-klatsches. One of our captains, Vic Spelta, did not mix too much into the matter, but the other, Francis Xavier Mittenzwei, became enraged whenever he saw a lieutenant buddying it with an EM. FXM was a gross, terribly fat man who took great pride in his anti-intellectualism and missed no opportunity to expound at length on the way education was wrecking the Army and maybe the world. He was also not averse to taking credit for the work of his subordinates, various toadyings to senior officers, etc. Hey, I hope he never sees this. Frank, no!!!

Someday in my autobiog -- about the 1970 installment, I think, I shall tell you all about Staff Sergeant Bill Carlson, and civilian acquaintance of mine and our reunion in the service.

Or about "Bud" Goodyear, a master sergeant who earned some 50K bucks a year moonlighting at a profession that required extensive public exposure.

Credit where same is warranted department: The Fu Manchu parody in Xero 10 was by Lin Carter. Titled "Kiss the Blood off my Dacoits." It was a follow-up to "Kiss the Blood off my Patois, a Bond parody, in Xero 9. Lin also planned an ERB spoof, "Kiss the Blood off my Waziri," but I don't know that he ever wrote it.

-RAL-

A POST SCRIPT OF SORTS [July 25 1966] Well, we drove into Manhattan last Friday night as planned, but we didn't get to see "It's a Bird, It's a Plane, It's Superman" because it had closed. How does that grab ya, pal? We'd had six tickets: for Don & Maggie, Pat and me, and Hal Lynch and his friend. Hal's friend turned out to be an attractive dark-haired youngster named Alice Turner.

Fortunately we had a degree of forewarning, and Hal got us all tickets for "The Mad Show." First we went to cave Henri IV for dinner...that's getting to be a fannish tradition. Everyone had a good time; Alice, who is an Oz enthusiast, was being introduced to the wonders of fandom (both comics and stf). At the same time she was getting very pleasantly squiffed on Lancer's Crackling Rose Wine.

Just about the time she heard about the old All-Star Comics she started getting suspicious of all our veracity. "Spectreman goes to the Justice Club meeting and what does he do there?" she wanted to know.

"Why, he talks things over with God, or holds a planet in the palm of his hand...the Spectre was pretty potent," Hal explained. Or was it Don, Maggie, Pat or me. No matter.

"I just don't believe it," Alice giggled. "Spectreman and all these other odd people in the Justice Club...."

After dinner we had a walk and went to the Show. It was pretty funny, but how could it top Alice Turner? Still, the song "Stamp Out Hate" was fine, and there were some nice lines. Record of the week: "The Wit and Wisdom of Abraham Beame."

But it wasn't Superman.

The Comicon took place Saturday and Sunday at the Park-Sheraton Hotel. I must say that the convention facilities were quite nice: there were adequate huckster rooms, there was milling space in the hall, and the meeting room was excellent: plenty of comfortable chairs, adequate lighting and ventilation, a good sound system and a reasonable speaker's platform. [I remember the one at the Pacificon II: It was like sitting on top of a mountain.]

The opening item on the program was a two-man panel discussion between Don Thompson and Leonard Darvin on "What Should and Should Not Be in the Comics?" Or something like that. Thompson is a long-time sf fan and probably the one most sensible and talented comics fan. "Comic Art," which he and his wife publish, is far and away the best magazine devoted to the comics. Darvin is a lawyer, the executive chief honcho of the Comics Magazine Publishers' Association (for eleven years) and currently the Acting Code Administrator of the Comics Code Authority (a subsidiary of the association).

It looked like a nice fireworks type discussion. Darvin, I anticipated, would come on all bluenosed and puritanical. Thompson would give him the "freedom -- creativity -- civil liberties" line, and away we would go. Unfortunately it just didn't work out that way. Not at all.

Instead of coming on as the Big Censor, Darvin came on all sweet reason. "I am not a censor and I am strongly opposed to censorship" was the gist of his remarks. "The Code is a self-policing device used to protect the industry from those who would wish to censor it. Only those whose specialty is the distorted, the perverted, the ugly, cannot meet the Code."

Pretty disarming, no?

Thompson came up with a nice opener. Acknowledging the existence of the Code as a fact of life -- like it or not -- he proceeded to list flagrant violations of the Code, all appearing with Code seals in the past few years. All from the same (dominant) publisher. Darvin appeared, from the audience, to remain impassive during all this, although Thompson later remarked that Darvin grumbled under his breath all during the enumeration.

Darvin had two replies to the accusation that violations of the Code got out with the code seal, and the implied accusation that this was done with favoritism. To the first (ready for a beaut?) "Certainly this is so. This goes to prove that the Comics Code is a living document. Its dynamism is proof that it grows and changes with the times. Etc." To the implication of favoritism, a simple, outright, categorical denial. "We treat everyone exactly alike. We play no favorites. We persecute no one and we never have persecuted anyone." And so on and on.

It was, after all, not a trial. Not even a formal debate: a panel discussion. What was needed was chapter and verse, comics to wave about, witnesses or at least depositions of harrassment. Without these...impasse. And when impasse was reached, up jumped Our Man Ted White to liven things. "What about the persecution of EC? Why did you hound them out of business? Why did you force a name-change in PSYCHOANALYSIS? What about attempting to change the race of the spaceman in "Judgement Day?"

But again, all the accusations were unsupported. Ted could only prove they were so by saying they were so; Darvin simply denied all.... Ted had been highly excited in his questions, now some kid jumped up completely carried away, demanded to know why Darvin thought he was his (the kid's) mother. It was pretty bad.

Jack Kirby made a guest of honor speech. He seemed a genial enough fellow, but is obviously no articulator. His forte is drawing, and while his personal presentation was wholly unobjectionable, he didn't really have much to say either. It was an occasion for fans to honor a popular figure in their field, and Kirby drew a nice round of applause.

That was, frankly, about all of the program that I attended. There was a panel later Saturday on "The Forgotten Fifties" which I understand was very good, and Saturday night Chris Steinbrunner showed a familiar but still good bag of movie selections: Captain America, Captain Marvel, Superman, Batman....

There was more Sunday that I missed. Mainly it was a chance to see people I too seldom see: Otto Binder, John Benson, Lee Hoffman, Jon White, Al Wmsn....

A pretty good con, but somehow I do not feel impelled to rush headlong back into the musty halls of comicism.

-RAL-

WELL, BY GOLLY, this is the first
stencil I've ever
cut for a nine-hole mimeograph.
You'll recall my mention last mlg
of the possibility of trading our
little BDC-Rex for an electric
(gosh!) Gestetner (wow!).

Precisely that has come about, or
is in process of coming about.
I'm starting to cut stencils the
evening of July 14th, 1966 (The
Crime of the Century was discov-
ered in Chicago this morning) and
the new Gestetner is due to be
delivered tomorrow morning. It's
going to be a little rough get-
ting this Horib out & to the OE in
just a month, what with a pretty
busy schedule ahead, but we'll
try.

And that I/we business brings me/
us back to the silly page credits
business. As usual, everything
gets split down the middle. Okay
there sec-treas? Mrs. Sec-treas?
Actually the writer at the moment
is Dick Lupoff. For a while I
felt as if I'd have to strain to
keep Pat up to the crifanac level
and in FAPA. Then she turned a-
round and wrote an article for
Lighthouse. In ms 22 pages. I'm
sure it will run a good bit less
than that single-spaced, but good
grief! Pat's last major piece of
fan writing was an article about
Mervyn Peake in 1960. At this
rate....

THE CON SEASON is in full swing,
and a fan with the
financial capability and the time
to do it in could literally at-
tend "a con a month all over." In
fact, more than one a month.

(Continued on page 19)

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