





MAILING COMMENTS

PLEATHERINGS 1 (Lindsay): Welcome, Ethel! Delighted to have you here.

HORIZONS 117 (Warner): The Xero-derived Ace book has progressed very encouragingly since last autumn. It is now slated to appear as a fancy expensive Christmas gift book from Arlington House, a publisher about whom I know very little but who Les Gerber says specializes in tomes like "The Wit and Wisdom of George Lincoln Rockwell." It will also be a selection of the Nostalgia Book Club, and a year later will appear as an Ace Book. Contents include an introduction by Don Thompson and myself (mostly myself), plus chapters by Ted White, Jim Harmon, Dick Ellington, Roy Thomas, Tom Fagan, Bill Blackbeard, Chris Steinbrunner, Ron Goulart, and again Thompson and myself (separately). The only question is a chapter by Harlan Ellison which has been badly delayed, and may miss the book altogether. In which case I'd still like it for a hypothetical Vol II. ### As we all know, Apollo 8 was a glorious success; as I type this page Apollo 9 has been in orbit for half its planned time and seems to be doing equally well, and I'm sure we future-oriented science fiction people are convinced that Man has finally set his foot on the long Pathway to the Stars.

LE MOINDRE 26 (Raeburn): I have to say that trip reports to places I've never been and/or visits to people I don't know very seldom get to me. I mean, if you gave me a travelogue of my present or former home town, or a visit to someone I know, I'd be eager to compare impressions, learn what's new with (place)/(person). But a travel report about Mexico is like gossip about somebody I don't know...Mary Beth maybe.

MESSAGE (MZBB): See comment to Boyd, above, but you seem to have enjoyed your journey, and to have benefitted from it, to which I say, God bless you and more power to you.

QASAR 2 (Chalker): Methinks the lad protestest too much.

VOYAGE 1 (Rotsler): Lovely, lovely! By far the outstanding item in this very poor mailing. Arnie Katz has raised the question of whether Voyage would have seemed so outstanding in a better mailing; I don't know the answer. We live in our times, in our surroundings. In its time, in its surroundings Voyage was beautiful.

WRAITH 28 (Ballard): Enjoyed "meeting" you through these pages, Carol. Nice, pleasant, unegotistical first-personage, which was a pleasure to read. I'll look forward to more, especially as you get to know more of fandom and of FAPA.

SERCON'S BANE 39 (Buz): Sorry no Bangs in this Horib (his return is problematical at best) but if you're hungering, there is a dilly of a Bangs SF story in Doc Lowndes "Famous Science Fiction" #9, plus a little essay on JKB by me, which will contain little not already familiar to FAPA readers. As for Professor Thintwhistle, there was a deal cooking for publication of a book of his adventures, which unfortunately fell through. A couple of panels are reproduced on page 81 of the April Cavalier magazine, as part of an article on underground comix. I have not given up hope that my agent (Henry Morrison) may still cook up a deal for a Prof T. book, but at present that front shows no particular signs of action.

Eh-heh, screwed up the format again, din I?

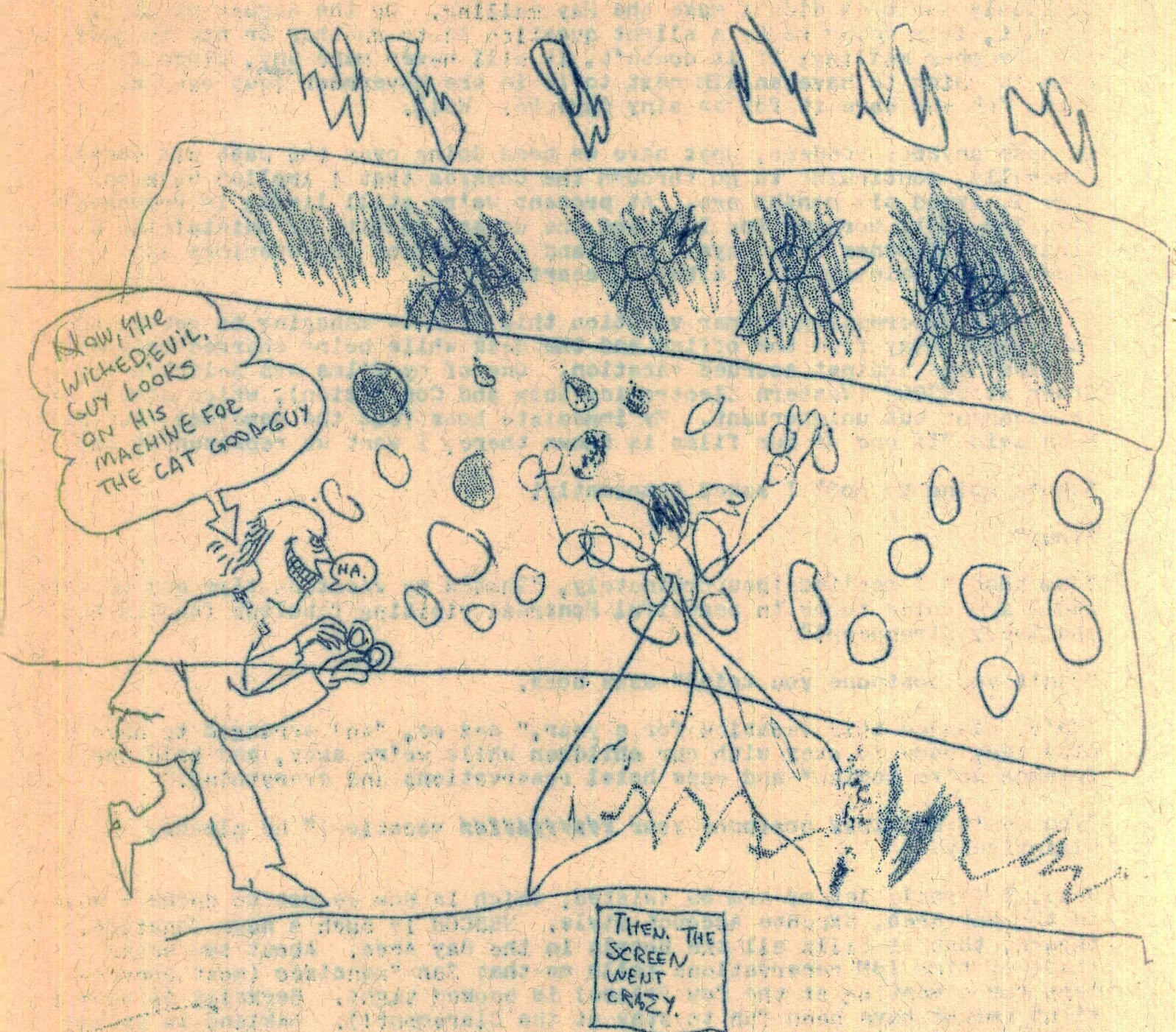
VANDY 31 (Coulsons): Funny thing is, I've seen credits running on some old "F Troop" reruns in which Leslie Goodwins was listed as director. It was quite a jolt the first time I saw that name on the screen, having already read of him in Leman's lovely report. Question is, if the guy really can get assignments and cut it in TV legitimately, why mess with a stupid racket like the collaboration business? On second thought, the answer is obvious: there must be more bucks in the racket than in the legit work. ### There's a paperback currently on sale with a title something like "The Power of Prayer for Plants." I flipped through a copy one day and it seems to be entirely on the level -- a serious book claiming to demonstrate that if you're having trouble getting your tulips to blossom -- or maybe even your sorghum to glow -- it will really help if you get out there and pray!

THE DEVIL'S WORK 10 (Metcalf): Are you trying to tell me that Andre Norton's books are nothing more than her portion-and-outline, published as-is without her having to write the rest of the book(s)? If so, she must write the longest outlines in the business. When I told Bill Donaho (in another forum) that I had read only Witch World stuff, he said that I was reading the worst Norton, and should read some of her other books. I said I would, if and when I ever got to it. Which as yet I haven't, but maybe some time I will.

NIEKAS (Meskys et al): Throw out the micro-elite type, learn a little more about mimeography -- first learn a little more about laying out material attractively -- and you may yet make a decent magazine out of this thing. In the current issue you had a number of worthwhile items drowning in the crud. Don Wollheim's Lunacon speech was fine as long as he stuck to his first theme, of how fine it is to have been a science fiction fan for so many years, and gosh, look, here we are living in a science fiction world! When he got on to the New Wave, I think he overstepped himself. It's true that stf shouldn't all be new-wavy type stuff, that there is indeed plenty of room for Doc Smith and Hal Clement and Robert a. Heinlein and all the others writers of all the other kinds of SF...but the horror that some people feel toward the New Wave makes me want to say, All Right, go read your comic books in peace, but leave others alone with their things too. Of course Don is not the most serious offender in this regard. That honor belongs to the Different crew. ### I enjoyed Phil Dick's ultimate DV story very much.

GODOT 10 (Deckinger): Glad you thought Different was funny. So did I, and I've been appalled at the number of people taking it seriously -- some of them even agreeing with its idiocies! The various "competing" airlines present a classic case of marketing products which have no significant differences. I recently flew to Kansas City for business, went out on one airline and came back on another, and you know, I don't even know what airlines they were! The planes were identical, the travel time was identical, they left from and returned to the same airports, the fares were the same.... When the product is the same and the price is the same, they have to sell you "frills." I'm not saying I like it, just that it's so.

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KIM CHI 13 (Ellington): Trouble with it when somebody you like produces a fanzine you like and in that fmz says something nice to you, it's hard to say back "nice job" and have it sound like a sincere appraisal and not just a mutual admiration society. What the hell, that's a chance I'll have to take: this was a damfine fanzine. I agree with you pretty much on you current TV and movie comments -- usually I turn to Pat and say "How can a sensible man like Dick Ellington like -----?" But this time you make sense. I haven't seen most of the TV fare you describe, but what you say sounds OK. As for the films, I agree that "2001" was quite comprehensible. I loved it. Also got an immense charge from "Taming of the Shrew" even though Pat had to drag me there to start with. Kee-rist could that guy ever write! ### Sorry we missed the Con; until we learned of our forthcoming little surprise we'd definitely planned to attend. What chance of your getting to St. Louis? Stop laughing and say something, willya? ### Not only is "All in Color for a Dime" coming out, it's coming out in 2 editions plus being tabbed for a book club. (See comments aforepage to, uh, Harry Warner, for details.) You should be getting a check from me one of these days, too. I dunno exactly how much each writer will get, but it should be a minimum of \$65 and a max of \$125. Plus free copies of both editions of course. Cheez, it's been a long haul, but it looks like paydirt's in sight! Jever think it would lead to this, back in '61 or whenever. ### Your statement to Moskowitz was just fine.

520 07 0328 (Perdue): Striking philosophy. The memoria to Lee Jacobs and Dale Hart serve as memento mori for all of us, I suppose, and fit in appropriately with your own philosophical ramble. Yes, a time comes when we realize not merely that we're going to die some day -- we learn that in childhood -- but that we're going to die some day pretty soon, and if there are things we want to do, places we want to go... we'd better put aside our "somedaying" and start doing those things, going those places. This is part of the rationale behind page 1 of this Horib.

WARHOON 24 (Bergeron): This is from the previous mailing of course. In response to your question about 18,000-member conventions, Bill Evans has provided an answer, but I'll add that, yes, there are a number of regularly staged conventions that are up in that class. I can't throw statistics at you because I haven't kept a file, but I have the impression that the newspapers give attendance figures for the big ones -- medical, bar association, American Legion, IEEE and a few others that are well up there into five figures. For that matter, the big national political cons last summer, between delegates, alternates, families, news people, support personnel and assorted camp-followers, hangers-on and supernumeraries might have got up there into that class.

QUOTATION: Head spinning and stomach churning from the effects of the gravity-powered descent, Marchant gathered his strength and readied himself for the inevitable impact. Far in the distance he could see the whirling planet's horizon as it curved away to the storm-roughened sea that washed the coasts of the continents Iqthal and Brannoss. To the north, farmland; to the west, snow-capped mountains, the tallest and most rugged known on any inhabited world; to the south, deadly, blinding desert; and directly beneath him, Sharraj, fabled capital of a mighty empire.

Marchant flicked on his telecom. "Mother, mother, you dropped me on the wrong planet!"

-- Tales of the Sepulchre.

As I was saying six months ago, when I typed the preceding stencil....

Obviously Horib 13 didn't make the May mailing. Or the August mailing. In fact, it's going to be a slight question as to whether or not it makes the November mailing; if it doesn't, it will never make any, since my name is going to have an ATM next to it in the November (cut out the extra "r" and save it for an ainy day) FA. Well.

In case anybody wonders, what have we been doing over the past six months? Generally, continuing to go through the Changes that I implied back on page 1, typed six months ago. At present we're still living in Poughkeepsie, I'm still working for IBM, and the uneasy duality of maintaining a straight existence five days a week and a different one evenings and weekends is maintained -- albeit precariously.

We had an interesting summer vacation this year -- managing to get in three full weeks away from the office and the desk while being charged only half a doxen days against accrued vacation. One of my films was selected to be shown at WESCON (Western Electronics Show and Convention), which struck me as pleasant but unimportant. My immediate boss felt the same way, but his boss said "If one of our films is shown there, I want us represented there."

"Who's going to go?" I asked innocently!

"You."

"Jam that!" I replied insubordinately, "That's my vacation time and my wife and I are going to be in beautiful Montreal visiting fabulous fannish Les and Trudy Nirenberg!"

"Can't you postpone you trip?" asks boss.

"We've planned this vacation for a year," sez me, "and arranged to have a nice lady come to stay with our children while we're away, and told our friends we're coming* and made hotel reservations and everything."

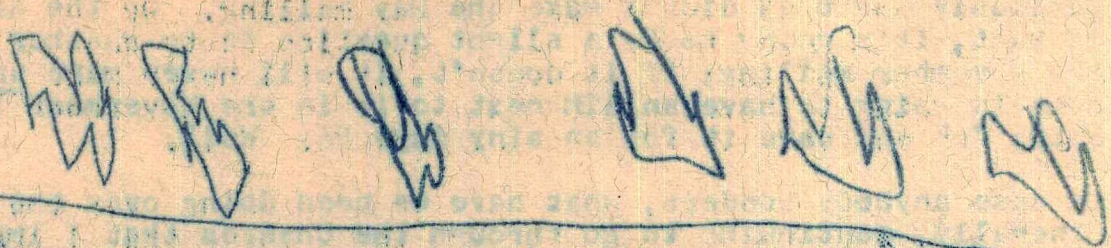
"You can't possibly postpone your ~~reservation~~ vacation?" he pleads, plaintively.

Well, I finally let my arm be twisted, which is how we got to spend a week in the Bay Area, Expense Account style. WESCON is such a huge function, though, that it fills all the hotels in the Bay Area. About two weeks ahead of time IBM reservations tells me that San Francisco (most convenient for a meeting at the Cow Palace) is booked tight. Berkeley is booked tight (might have been fun to stay at the Claremont!). Oakland is booked tight (might have been fun to stay at the Leamington!). Palo Alto is booked tight. Even San Jose is booked tight! Wow!

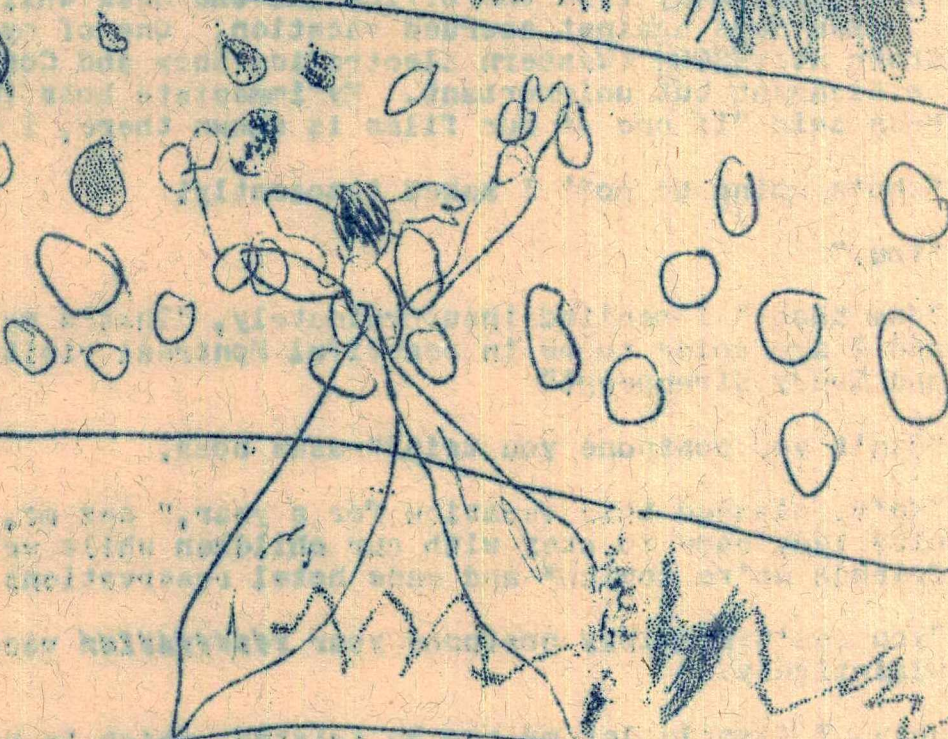
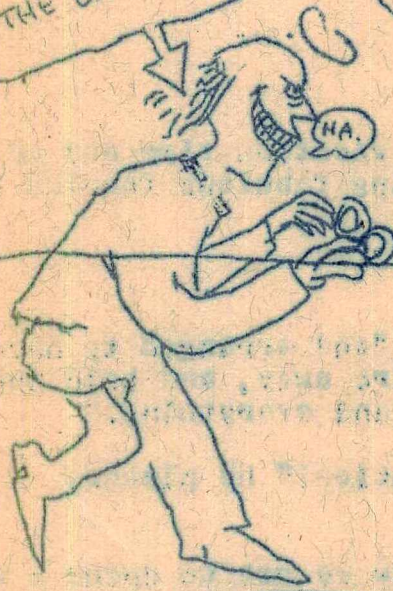
So I call up dear old friends Pat and Dick Ellington, only the phone is answered by this incredibly sexy cool female voice:

"Hello," says incredibly sexy cool female voice.

*Frank reference to intimate matters is part of the New Scene, as all you New Scene members out there know and the rest might as well find out.



Now, the
Wicked Evil,
Guy looks
on his
machine for
the Cat Good Guy



THEN, THE
SCREEN
WENT
CRAZY.

"Uh, hello," I stammer, "is this, uh, P- P- Poo- P-Poops-, uh, uh, Marie?"

"Y-e-e-s-s-s," sussurrates (or however you spell it) incredibly sexy cool female voice."

"Uh, th-this is Dick Lupoff, Marie," I respond suavely, "do you think, er, would you mind, um, that is I'd like, if it's all right with you I mean, um, would be all right if I sleep with you next week?"

Brief silence. "Er, not alone of course," I add reassuringly. "That is, um, my wife and I would both like to sleep with you." Pause. "If you don't mind."

Silence. I further clarify, "Er, this is Dick Lupoff. Do you remember me?"

"The name is vaguely familiar," says incredibly sexy cool female voice, "Mommy is shopping. Daddy's office number is...."

"Ehhh, mmm, thank you very much" I say, hanging up (not without first dazzling her with my quickness and sharpness of wit.

But first we took a few days off and bummed around New York, grabbing bed space with the Carrs. And then we head for beautiful White Like, er Lake, in the bucolic Sullivan (Catskills, borscht belt, etc) town of Bethel, New York, where a gathering of several music lovers was planned.

Now I had planned to write a full report of Our Experiences at the Aquarian Exposition, and had even got an assignment from Crawdaddy magazine to do the writeup for them. Got the assignment too late to cadge press ducats, having already purchased a pair of tickets, but I figured I'd earn back expenses plus some pin money by writing the article. It screws up my chronology sumpin fierce, but I'll tell you now that when we got home couple weeks later from St. Louis and I was all set to write the piece I decided to phone Crawdaddy and confirm the assignment, rather than do all that work and find that my market had folded in the meantime and I was stuck with a big unsalable piece. Phone disconnected. So I sent a letter to editor Pete Stafford saying "Are you there, buddy? You still want the Woodstock piece?"

No reply. Crawdaddy seems to have folded. So I never wrote the article. So I guess you'll never find out what Woodstock was like, from a fan's eye viewpoint. Except that Paul Williams was also there, on assignment from some little Chicago mag. What's the name, uh, Playboy, right. Paul says he's going to write up Woodstock as a science fiction novel for Playboy, which they will promptly bounce, but they've already paid his expenses plus a little cash over, and he'll have this ms to peddle elsewhere, so keep an eye out and maybe one of these years you'll be able to read Paul's Woodstock report, which when you do, figure, well, Pat and Dick were there too, and everything is exactly as Paul says, or maybe Not.

Where was I?

Oh yes, so after we left Woodstock (which actually didn't take place at Woodstock, but forty or seventy-five miles away) we headed for home, caught some shuteye (as they used to say in the hard-boileds) took our kids out for a lobster dinner, washed out our mud-soaked undies (ah, a fact from

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ White Lake creeps in after all!) and headed for the airport.

Now note that IBM had made all nice arrangements for us, even though they'd been unable to book us a hotel room out there. Airplane ticket and Hertz car rental all arranged, to pick up the car at the San Francisco airport. (Or was it an Avis car rental? Well, that is as it may be.) And for what was by this time a week or so we'd been living very informally: sloppy, comfortable clothing, and no shaves for me, and I hadn't had a haircut in quite a while. And for the flight across the continent, after only a few nanoseconds' contemplation of the options, we'd decided to dress the same way. We asked each other, "Why get all dressed up in a suit-and-tie/dress-and-stockings to sit for five hours in an airplane?" Couldn't think of a single damned reason, so we both wore blue jeans and tee shirts to fly, and Pat wore sandals and I wore low boots.

On the plane we shared a three-abreast seat with a college student who was headed to the coast to help a pal drive a camper back East. Somehow between infrared-broiled quick-frozen (whoops!) food and Franco Zifferelli's "Romeo and Juliet" in sparkling Astro-color we fell into conversation with him, going over contemporary social issues, campus unrest, etc., and dropping in occasional references to our three children and "When I got out of the army eleven years ago" and so on, and his eyes would pop every once in a while ... until we finally asked what was the matter.

"Why, you must be so old!" he said.

"Only thirty-four," I said.

"I thought you were a couple of hippies maybe two years out of school!" he said.

Which, you may rest, assured, didn't upset us in the least. In contrast with which, remind me to tell you about the couple we encountered a week later in the San Francisco airport on our way home.

But anyway, in due course we arrived in San Francisco (that is to say, after dessert), had our new friend good travelling, picked up our calculatedly meager luggage and hied to the Hertz (or maybe Avis) counter to see about picking up our rental car. There was a fellow right ahead of me in line, spiffily dressed and clean shaven but somewhat rumpled looking after a long air trip, who kept insisting to the reservations clerk that he was supposed to pick up a car, that his trip had been booked by IBM and was supposed to include a Hertz (or Avis) car. To which the clerk adamantly insisted that he had no record of any such reservation, was all out of cars, and could offer no assistance beyond directions to the limousine pickup point. This led to a lengthy altercation at the end of which the well-dressed and attache case equipped businessman stalked furiously away.

So I strode up to the clerk and said "You have a car reservation for me. Name's Lupoff, Ell, You, Pee, Oh, Eff, Eff."

Clerk looked quickly at me, checked reservations file, facially expressed mild surprise, returned with a reservation card. Looked at me again, less cursorily, clearly taking in hair that hung to eyebrows in front and over collar in back, weed's accumulation of whiskers, tee shirt, jeans, boots.

"Are you currently employed, sir?" asked the reservations clerk.



