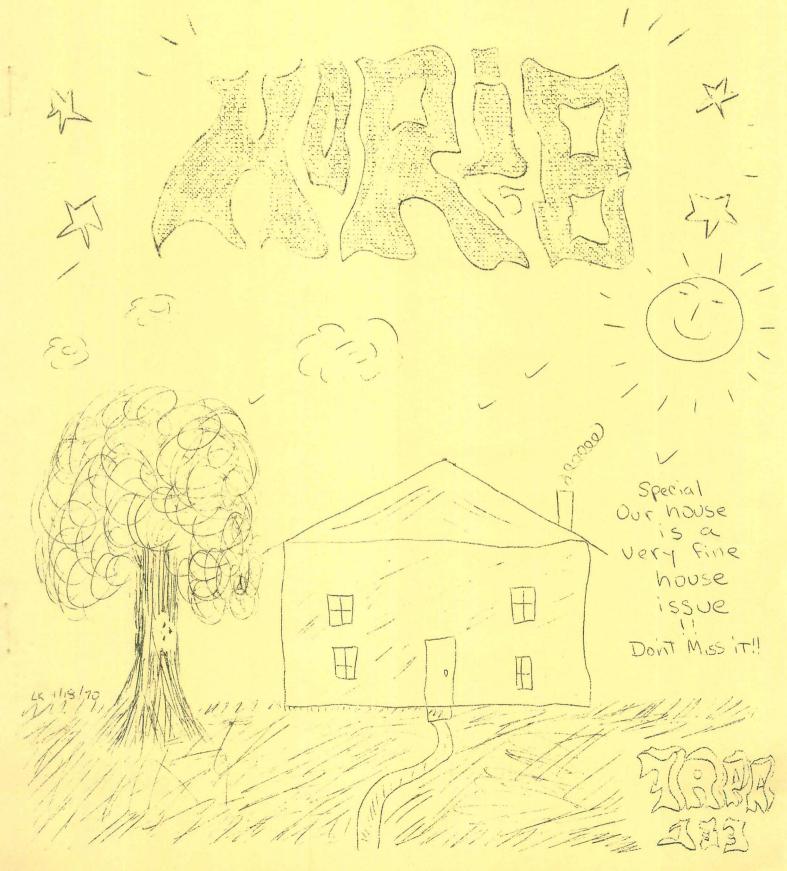
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HORIB 15 is published by Dick Lupoff, 3208 Claremont Avenue, Berkeley + California, 94705. This issue is intended for FAPA mailing + #132, August 1970, although stencilling is actually beginning way back + on Sunday, May 17. When it will be completed (if ever) is anybody's + guess. Not mine though.

WHERE MAH HAID IS AT

Jeez, I dunno what this Horib is gonna look like. Some time this past winter our old faithful mimeoscope, purchased on West 23rd Street from the All- Languages Typewriter Company, finally gave out. The frosted glass had cracked a year or so ago, and now it's finally fallen out, beyond restoration. So, until we can re-glass the thing, or replace it, I don't know how I'm going to stencil a cover. Maybe I won't (although I expect I'll type one if all else fails, being bound by habit and having had covers on all fourteen preceding Horibs).

Also I discover that I'm down to my last two stencils, one of which (not this one, the other one) has apparently been wet somewhere along the way; whether this will cause problems in cutting or running also will be seen.

But what the hell, this is a cruddy rainy Sunday afternoon, Pat and I were up most of the night listening to records and watching a groovy lightning—and=thunder storm, and I'm feeling mildly "down" in general. This was the afternoon I had promised myself to start work on a new novel (got two in my head and I don't know which I'll tackle first). Doing a Fapazine, or at least making a start on one, keeps my fingers going and gets me (temporarily) off the hook of more demanding writing. I'll get started on a new novel Real Soon Now, really I will.

And with no further ado (as a toastmaster I used to know loved to say at the end of his interminable introductions), we proceed to *Mailing comments*.

FA (officials) I was kind of surprised to find myself so high (tied for 11th) in the Egoboo Poll covering what was, for me, a year of relatively little activity, and that of a rather downish nature. Still, one needs all the egoboo one can gather, and I think those who tossed precious points my way. I can't promise an immediate resurgence in the level of my activity. Or non-immediate, for that matter. But you never can tell.

RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) Sure, you are one of the people I was referring to on that first page. ## I like the idea of a West Coast resident for OE, and will vote for you for that post. (At present it looks like yours by default anyhow.) As for your idea of dressing up the FA, as far as I'm concerned a functional OO is all that we need -- onethat contains accurate membership and WL rosters, etc -- but if you want to provide the lagniappe of a pretty production job on top of the required functionalism, why three cheers for you. Fine. Do.

VANDY (Coulsons) Buck, I don't know whether you're a fascist pig or not:

I expect not. But in any case, I do want to keep in contact with you & Juanita -- longtime pleasant associations, etc. Say, while I've got you on the phone, what ever happened to your career as an

SF (and non-SF) pro? Let's see, you had two U.N.C.L.E. books with Gene devesse. I read one with enjoyment and skipped the other not because of quality problems but because I'm not into spy stuff especially. Then you mentioned some kind of deal you had for a multi-volume SF saga... What happened?

Juanita -- same question for you. I read your Ace double -- "Stones of Zmblvmbl" or whatever -- and felt that you could do a lot more than you were allowed to do/allowed yourself to do in that book. I was looking forward to more but... What happened? \\$\\$\\$\\$\\$\\$\ I often wonder what people I know in a special context are like in the rest of their lives. Mark Walstead is a prime example -- I know him only in his vague, rambling shambling oddball convention persona. But he must have a job of some sort, probably has a family, everyday acquaintences, etc. What can he be like with them?

DAMBALLA (Hansen) Chuck, your corments on the last Horib really intrigue me. What, I wonder, did you find "offensive and in bad taste" about the cover? Admittedly the drawing and lettering were crude: I have no pretensions as a graphic artist and did the drawing myself for a change just for fun, but I assume you don't mean that. If it wasn't the picture that offended you maybe it was the words. Do you object to a motto of "God is watching you?" If so, please explain. Or did you object to "Santa Claus is watching too?" I hope you're not going to challenge my right to believe in Santa — if you wish to, though, I'm perfectly willing to debate the question in as rational a manner as is permitted by the emotionally charged nature of the subject. Or did you dislike "chrity chastity virtue godliness cleanliness piety legibility speling"? Are these not all admirable virtues? Or perhaps you objected to my list of blessings, "love peace whiskey dlight"? If so, please specify the blessing to which you object, and explain your reason for objecting. I will look forward to a dignified and fruitful exchange on this matter. Please do not let me down.

As for your question "Were you just relaxing on vacation, or have you really gone hippy?", ['You' referring to Pat and myself], I'll give you a partial answer and then ask you for some clarification. The partial answer is that we were, indeed, on vacation at the time of St. Louiscon. But that begs the question. If you will tell me what you mean by "hippie" and "going hippie," I'll try to tell you whether we've done that or not. Please do pursue this matter — it interests me. For an interim answer, however, did you hear my speech at the St. Louiscon? The audience was disappointingly small, but I don't recall whether I saw you there. At any rate, that speech contained a pretty good statement of where I stand on general principles these days. Several people asked me for permission to publish the speech in their fanzines; Ben Solon won out and was going to print it in NYARLATHOTEP, but to this date has not published an issue. I had only two copies, Solon got the original and Phil Farmer borrowed an unedited carbon abd I haven't heard from him in the past nine months either. Sic transit or something like that.

BETE NOIRE (Boggs) Impeccable production and excellent writing, as always.

I was much taken with "In a Creen Shade" but disappointed by the denoument -- all that buildub to a reunion and then you didn't pursue the meeting when you ran into a bit of a roadblock. Too bad. X. J. Kennedy, like Willis Connover, was always a bit of a legendary figure for me. I never knew him, but knew of him in a fannish context, and then he went on to fame and recognition in the Outside World, and I wonder what thoughts he has, if any, of fandom/SF any more. I suppose I'll never know, although I'd guess he'd call it a stage outgrown.

HORIB 15A is as good a thing to call it as any. Obviously Horib 15 didn't make the August mailing; in fact, nothing got done on it beyond the preceding two stencils, so let's just go on from there. The whole schmear is now aimed at the 135rd FAPA mailing, November, 1970.

WHERE MAH BOD IS AT

Then I typed the preceding two stencils, back on lay 17, the address given in the colophon was given only in anticipation. We were still, at the time, stuck in crumpy old Poughkeepsie, a miserable twon halfway between New York City and Albany in which we had been stuck since 1964. In fact, as I recall, my entire FAPA career until now was spent in Poughkeepsie. If I had my file of Horibs handy I'd check the date of the first issue to make sure of that, but I think I recall our having moved up from Manhattan before the first Horib came out.

In fact, not having my Horib file on hand prevents me from even knowing what page I'm on. If only I have more presence of mind back in lay, I have remembered my running format for Horib and put both this-issue and cumulative page numbers on that second stencil I cut, and know what page I'm on. Since I forgot to do it in May I have to look it up in my file -- see what was the last cumulative page number in Horib 14 and start adding. Abweel, it's someplace in the house, maybe I'll find it before this issue is done. If not, I'll make up for it in the next Horib. Probably. Tscha! There's a slight chance that the bound Horibs are in a bookcase, desk drawer, or the cabinet the mimeo stands on in the basement. But I think they're packed in one of the 39 boxes of books that I shipped out here and then stored in the garage. I've unpacked quite a few of them, but there are still some out there, and the Horib file is probably in one of them. Feh!

Incidentally, anybody out there who remembers hero or my "Man with an Axe" column in Larry and Moreen Shaw's Axe may recognize this typewriter. It's my good ole faithful Smith-Gorona electric portable, with which I was recently reunited after a separation of six years. I still have the IBM Selectric, and if I remember I'll say some more about the two typers. But for the moment, welcome back, S-C, you cut about a thousand stencils for me back in the early 1960s, and now with the inauguration of the seventies you make a fine comeback!

The stencils themselves, for the two preceding pages, which were cut on the Selectric, were Gestetner %s, one blue (pag 1) and one green (pg 2). Starting with this page I'm using Klean-Write stencils, made by the Frankel Manufacturing Company in Denver, Colorado. I picked up a quire at the local stationery store this morning because I didn't feel like driving down to the big office supply stores on Shattuck or University. Don't know anything about how good they are, and I won't find out until I run 'em off. Of course you'll know how good they are as soon as you see this Norib, Fapa buddy, but I have all this suspense to wait through.

Speaking of the ole Smith-Corona, it's had a huge fannish career. I bought it in the post book store at Fort Benjamin Marrison way back around 1957, with the thought of using it to cut stencils for a genzine I was going to publish with Lee Anne Tremper and/or Lew Forbes, two local fans that I used to hang around with. Unfortunately, while Lee and I got along okay, and Lew and I got along okay, Lee and Lew didn't get on very well with each other, so with me caught in the middle, that genzine never materialized.

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Well, there's the partial restoration of the old standard format. Heedless to say I haven't found that missing file. I haven't even looked for it. In fact, I haven't left my chair. Ahahaha.

After I got out of the army in the spring of 1958...

Well, I see that I'm getting posterior. By first typewriter is the one that I should start with. It wrote the first chapters of my fannish career, which leads me to the thought that you could define many a ran's career by his machines. By first typewriter. On it I letter-hacked, cut stencils, etc. by first duner. On it I published....

Anyway, my first typewriter was a Smith-Corona (wanual) portable that I got for Christmas, 1951, my senior year in high school. On it I letter-hacked, published my first fanzines (they were half-sized, pica type, carbon-reproduced) and wrote all my contributions to fanzines from 1952 to 1957, when I got this electric portable.

then I got the electric portable I gave the manual portable to my older brother, a lawyer who lives in Roslyn, Long Island, who was then a law student, and who used it to type assignments. He still has it, and as far as I know it's still in fine order and still working away faithfully.

The present typer was first intended for that abortive Indiana genzine. Although the Indiana genzine never materialized the typer proved to be a good investment, for I started using it for all my correspondence, as well as for contributions to other fans' genzines in the late 50s. Twig in particular comes to mind, but I remember writing for others such as Eric Sentcliffe's Bastion, on it.

by way of contributing to Axe was unique in my own fannish career, although I'm sure that other fans have worked this way. Larry asked me to do the column regularly, and after first trying it by handing in manuscripts which Larry or Morreen would type, I started doing my column directly on stencil, which I would then turn in to Larry. Since the mimeo that Axe was put out on was my old Rex Rotary, but since there was no room for it in my apartment, Pat and I kept it at the Shaws' house in Staten Island. The "rent" we payed for the space it took was to give them the use of the mimeo for Axe and their fapazine Ice Age.

Of course the arrangement wasn't really that formal. "e'd go out there frequently and if an issue of Axe was due I'd help Larry with it and if an issue of Xero or a Flyer was due Larry would help me with it.

Anyway, after the Shaws' brief move from Staten Island to Chicago, the Rex Rotary was moved to bhob Stewart's fifth-floor walkup on West 12th Street in the Village. I remember trudging up there in the spring of 1963. I'd lost my job in a personnel cutback at Remington Rand, where I'd been working on and off since 1958, and I was on unemployment, frantically hunting for another job, going broke, my spirits at nader.

But I still managed (with Pat and bhob) to get that last issue of Mero ready, and on hot afternoons I'd meet bhob and we'd wander around the luer West Side, down into the Village, climb those endless stairs, unfurl arbunch of stencils and start in to work.

while the Rex was up there bhob used it to publish his Inderview with B. Krigstein, one of the landmarks of comics fan publishing history.

ar char mevo

From there the Rex moved to Lin Carter's house in Hollis. I don't remember why it didn't stay at bhob's, but at any rate, when the time came to publish the Xero Index Edition we'd got the Selectric, and as I recall the whole index edition was cut on the Smith-Gorona except for one little quotation that appeared on the last page or the back cover — not sure which, I think it was the cover. The Index Edition was still run off on the Rex.

Reanwhile we'd also used the Smith-Corona to cut the stencils for The Reader's Guide to Barsoom and Amtor, although that was run off on an ancient but well-preserved A. B. Dick in Dave Van Arnam's office.

(Hi there, Dave! When you movin' to Berkely, boy?)

then we noved to Poughkeepsie, we sold the Rex to George Heap, who has used it as far as I know only for cultzines like Shagrat and a few issues of a little paper he put out called Barsoomian Times.

Also at that time we gave the Smith Corona electric to Pat's father, also a lawyer, on a kind of "permanent loan." He used it from 1964 to 1970.

After we'd been in Poughkeepsie for a while, and I was putting out Apa F fanzines every week by cutting my stencils and mailing them to Dave Van Arnam I decided that that was faaanish enough for me, I had to turn that ole crank with my own hand to get the full juice that fampublishing gives, so I went out and bought a little Bohn mimeo. Bohn and Rex have some sort of tie-in, the details of which I do not know, but I figured that our big Rex mimeo had been a success, so the little Behn would be good too. Well, it wasn't. There were perpetual paper feed and registration problems, and I was never really happy with the thing, although after a while I got fairly good at it by learning its quirks.

After a couple of years, though, I traded it in for a Gestetner electric. Although it was an old model and used, it was in good shape and has been serving me well ever since for Fapazines, other personal stuff, and for one issue of Lighthouse that Terry Carr and Alex Panshin helped me run off (or rather, that Alex and I helped Terry run off) and which Jack Gaughan helped us collate, and for a number of SFMA publications that I did around 1968.

This past spring the Selectric started acting up, and I'm afraid that I somewhat panicked at the thought of being stuck without a working typewriter, so I called up Pat's father and asked him if he needed the Smith-Corona. He said he didn't really use it very much, and I could certainly have it back if I needed it. So I went down to his office in the Chrysler Building and got the typer back.

Since we moved from Poughkeepsic to Berkeley, I've set up a new policy of reserving the Selectric for pro writing and the Smith-Corona for cutting stencils and other non-professional writing. In fact, I even use it for a good deal of pro-related correspondence, but I write all my manuscripts on the Selectric.

Speaking of the Selectric, it's a fine typewriter but one helluva delicate beast, and while it got along on routine maintenance between 1964 and 1969, once it started to act up this spring I had the IBM repairman in for something like four or five calls in Poughkeepsie and then one more out here after we moved. It seems to be okay now, but I've got my fingers crossed that the thing is really fixed right and not just chewing gum and bailing-wired together.

The motor does make a funny noise.

Ah. where was I?

The first of the training of the contract of t Now we are in Berkeley. The Smith-Corona electric portable and the IBM Selectric are set up in a little room just off the kitchen. This room was apparently inteneded as a breakfast nool: bhy the designer of the house, and it is a lovely little room except that part of the celing, located underneath a staircase oid lowered just to point where I can rise from under it or walk into it and bask myself neatly on the skull; so far I've done that only once, and I'm the only member of the family to whom it is a menace. One of those I will smash my skull and that will be the end of a Fapan. the comment of the second of the comment of the second of

Tell.

The only other drawback of the room that I have noticed is that it has no door. Being intended as a breakfast nook it connects directly with the kitchen -- there's a doorway all right but no door. So we've asked Jonathan Royce, a member of the Transoceanic Egg Commune in San Francisco, who is also a carpenter, to come over and install a door for us. So far it isn't done, but it will be nice when it's done. Reanwhile, if I happen to be working at children's mealtime, there are all sorts of distractions from the kitchen.

which reminds me that I once read in a book by Vincent Starrett of a famous English writer -- I believe Oliver Goldsmith -- who could work best when he was "in the bosom of his family." Somehow the thought of even cutting a stencil with children, dogs and cats swarning around me makes my blood run-gold, and when I consider what it would be to try to work on a novel under those circumstances -- brrrrrrrr!!!

But then, working practices of writers are one of those things that vary widely and apparently without hope of ever being agreed upon. And why should they be, as long as each writer find his own way of working effectively, and it does actually work for him?

At this very moment Ken and Kathy are eating dinner and quarreling in the kitchen, Tommy has had his dinner and is in bed, lat is at the grocery store, Snoopy is taking a nap, Kitty is taking an early-evening or late-afternoon sun bath, Bonzo is in the back yard awaiting his dinner, which I shall give him as soon as this page is completed, and Lenny Kaye is outside painting the house.

Ringo Starr is singing "An Octopus's Garden" on the stereo, which I have set in two living room windows (set the loudspeakers, of course) and as Lenny is outside working on the portion of the house between those windows, he hears both channels very nicely. He said to me a few minutes ago, "Ly wages may be poor but the working conditions are idea."

He was eating a peach ice cream cone on a sugar cone, which I had brought him back from the Baskin and Robbins ice cream store at the corner of Alcatraz /// whoops, error! error! error! ///Clare ont Avenue and College Avenue a few minutes earlier. At the same time I brought a cup of chocolate chip and mint chip ice cream for Pat. and a chocolate wilkshake which I share with Kathy. Ken was visiting his friend John around the block on Lewiston Avenue at the time, and Tommy does not care for ice cream at the present moment, although I expect that as he grows older the tad will develop a tooth for up to 31 flavors.

(I'm kidding about that, of course. Daskin and Robbins advertises 31 flavors, rather as Howard Johnson's advertises 28 flavors. Unlike Howard Johnson's, however, Baskin and lobbins generally stock all their flavors. Like Howard Johnson's they do change flavors from time to time, and recently posted a list of every flavor they'd every made in their stores. They claimed 151. I didn't count the flavors, however/

ARETHA FRANKLIN IS NOT A FAPA WIFE

Since typing the last page I have grown a day older. Nothing mysterious or cosmic about that (or maybe there is); I typed those preceding four pages yesterday and have just now resumed. "Now," for the record, is Friday, September 18, 1970.

We had quite a day yesterday — after getting Ken and Kathy off to school in the morning we took Tommy and Lenny Kaye up to the Hotel Claremont (yes, THE Hotel Claremont) to visit Pat's parents, who are in town for the week visiting us. A bit of geography: our address, as given in the August FA, was typoed as 3208 "Calemont" Avenue, etc. It should have read "Claremont," and I hope that the November FA will have it right. Just in case it doesn't, though, consider this your Notice. We did receive Jack Speer's teller's report on the latest FAPA election addressed to the misspelled address, so I suppose it's close enough ("close enough"), but things will reach here more reliably, I'm sure, if the street name is spelled right. I mean, Clairmont or Claremount or something like that is really "pretty close," but Calemont sounds as if there might really be such a street (fortunately there is not) and things can really get lost.

One of the very few things that I don't dig too much hereabouts — in general I really dig Berkeley and Pat and I are absolutely delighted with our move, our new house and neighbors, etc. — is that the post office doesn't seem too groovy. When we first moved in things kept "not arriving" in the mail, things that we knew hadraface been sent, and sent to the right address because the people who'd sent them phoned us when they got 'em back, to verify our address.

I went down and bugged the local PO branch, and the top clerk there, in typical civil srvice - bueaucrat fashion sturdily denied that the PO had screwed up at all: the fault must be with our correspondents, etc. After about three such futule (or "...ile" if you prefer) he suggested that we put a sign up asking the mailman to deliver our mail. Some system!

In sheer desperation we did make such a sign. It read something like this:
DEAR MAILMAN, YES, WE ARE THE LUPOFFS, PAT, DICK, KEN, KATHY, TOWN: PLEASE DELIVER
OUR MAIL, PLEASE DO NOT RETURN TO SENDER! Strangely enough, after a couple more spotty
days the letter carrier rang our doorbell (or, now that I think of it a little, I met
him on the porch as he was dropping off mail) and he said that they had indeed made a
boo-boo by not delivering our mail, and that they would do so in future. So ever
since we've been getting our mail pretty reliably. But the whole incident doesn't
make me feel too much confidence in the PO Dept.

And one thing that was sent here from New York, registered, has never arrived; the sender tells me (via telephone) that he sent me a letter registered mail and the letter (as I've told him) was never received. Unfortunately, the missing (if not purloined) letter contained some important business papers, which are replaceable but not easily so, so I'm still hopeing that it will turn up while my correspondent in the East keeps calling his post office trying to get a tracer on the thing.

It really makes me wonder if our postal system is even viable. Seems to me that when I was a boy (thus opening the gates to a flood of "when I was a boy" stories) we got much better postal service but substantially lower rates. Well, just this week I used a couple of old air letter forms that I'd had lying around the house for a while and the postal clerk told me that I'd have to add 2¢ postage to each. Still good value but still a rise in rates. Also came across some 4¢ post cards which I guess are now cbsolete. Hell, I remember the penny postcard (and the 3¢ letter). Maybe the new postal setup, if and when it gets rolling, will do better.

I CANTOT GET IT ON FOR DIMO VALENTI

"Then I was a boy" (he when-I-was-a-boyed) we had twice daily deliveries of mail at home, six days a week, and the PO was open all day six days a week. Now we're down to one-a-day deliveries six days a week and the PO itself is open five-and-a-half days a week. I've heard that before long it's going to be five days a week for both, and a rise, another rise I should say, in postal rates.

It's not that I object to paying -- even at 6¢ for a letter, that's still a bargain for sending something anywhere in the country, whether it's next door or across the continent. In fact, even if the rate went up to a dime a letter, I think that that would be a good value...if there were any service. But the PO seems to be both so slow these days, and so unreliable, that I don't think it's even a matter of price. it's a matter of getting decent service at any price!

some the contribution of the property of the second probability.

The second of the very few regards in which Poughkeepsie seemed superior to Berkeley was in the matter of garbage collection. In Poughkeepsie collection is performed by private carting firms, who for a monthly charge will haul away your garbage. Used to be so much a month for curbside service, so much (a higher rate) for garage service. After a while they dropped garage service -- even though they pulled in more money it was just too time-consuming for the limited work crews they had available, so everybody starting getting curb service only. For the flat fee they would haul away as much garbage as you happened to have. Not all items -- I couldn't get them to take away a worn-out couch we had, and had to have my Japanese ecquaintance Shunzo Ozava help me load the couch into the back of the station wagon (a 1967 Volvo 1228) and then Pat and I drove out to the town dump in a driving rain storm, very nearly getting the car lost in the thick mud out there, and dump the couch ourselves. The car got out of the mud okay too, and then we had to go to the town hall and get a special sticker for the car that proved we were town residents and thus eligible to dump garbage on the town lot.

in the enthropic of the light of the respect to the contract of the contract o The garbage men also wouldn't haul away trash barrels full of rocks that I raked out of the front and back lawns, and filled barrels with. I didn't really blame them as the barrels got so heavy I couldn't even move them once they were full. Whant I did to clear up that impasse was simply to distribute the rocks among barrels of regular garbage -- kitchen scraps, papers, empty boxes and cans, etc., so that when the garbage men emptied those barrels of trash they also got a few rocks in each. until such time as all the rocks were rid of.

several and of the obligation of the property of the second

Here ib Berkeley the garbage collection is performed by munici pal apployees -or municipal "employees" if you prefer - also for a flat rate. But the crucial point is that in Poughkeepsie, when the semi-weekly collection day came you put out as much junk as you had to get rid of, and they tookit all avy, as well they might. So that every so often -- after Christmas, for example == we would have huge piles of trash up beside the road, and when the garbage truck came, away went all the trash. of the control of the

Here in Berkeley the collection is weekly, and you contract for a certain amount of trash to be removed each time -- one can maximum contents 32 ounces, two barrels, etc. And that's all they will take. All.

So you wind up cramming and jamming your garbage down to make it all fit into those two barrels. ("hich is the amount of service we contracted for.)

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again the command at a commission of perhaps the contribution to the first of the first of the contribution of Well. I see that again I'm out of stencils. Cover maybe by Lenny kaye, thank you FAPA for election me V_*P_* ; official pronouncements if any in the FA. (figures and the state of the s

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