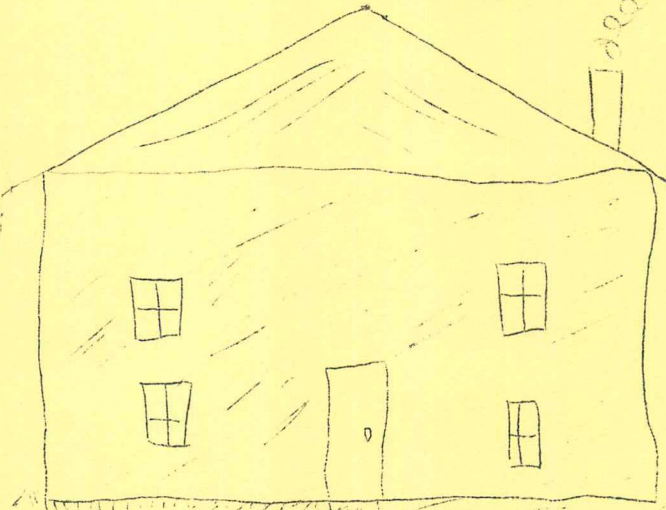
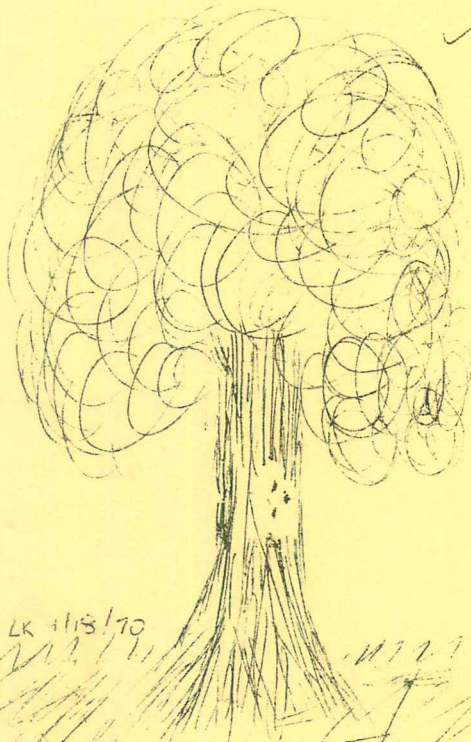


YEE FOLKS...  
HERE IT IS!!

TRASH



Special  
Our house  
is a  
very fine  
house  
issue  
!!  
Don't Miss it!!

TRASH  
1983

LK 11/5/70







SF (and non-SF) pro? Let's see, you had two U.N.C.L.E. books with Gene deWeese. 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 Zmblvmb1" 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 acquaintances, etc. What can he be like with them?

DAMBALLA (Hansen) Chuck, your comments 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 "chirity chastity virtue godliness cleanliness piety legibility spelling"? 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 and 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 Green Shade" but disappointed by the denouement -- all that buildup 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 Conover, 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.





Well, there's the partial restoration of the old standard format. Needless 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. My 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 fan's career by his machines. My first typewriter. On it I letter-hacked, cut stencils, etc. My first duper. On it I published....

Anyway, my first typewriter was a Smith-Corona (manual) 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.

When 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 Gentcliffe's Bastion, on it.

My 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 Norreen 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. We'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 bhub 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 bhub) to get that last issue of Xero ready, and on hot afternoons I'd meet bhub and we'd wander around the liver West Side, down into the Village, climb those endless stairs, unfurl a bunch of stencils and start in to work.

While the Rex was up there bhub used it to publish his Interview with B. Krigstein, one of the landmarks of comics fan publishing history.

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-Corona 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.

Meanwhile 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?)

When we moved 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 fanpublishing 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 Bohn 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 Papazines, 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 Caughan 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 Poughkeepsie 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?

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 intended as a breakfast nook by the designer of the house, and it is a lovely little room except that part of the ceiling, located underneath a staircase, is 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 these I will smash my skull and that will be the end of a Fapan.

Well.

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 Trans-oceanic 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. Meanwhile, 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 swarming around me makes my blood run cold, and when I consider what it would be to try to work on a novel under those circumstances -- brrrrrrrrr!!!

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, Pat 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, "My 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! /// Claremont 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 milkshake 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. Baskin and Robbins advertises 31 flavors, rather as Howard Johnson's advertises 28 flavors. Unlike Howard Johnson's, however, Baskin and Robbins 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 131. 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 typed 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 had indeed 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 service - bureaucrat fashion sturdily denied that the PO had screwed up at all: the fault must be with our correspondents, etc. After about three such futile (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, TOMMY: 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 hoping 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 obsolete. 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 CANNOT GET IT ON FOR DINO VALENTI

"When 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!

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 acquaintance Shunzo Ozawa help me load the couch into the back of the station wagon (a 1967 Volvo 122S) 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.

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. What 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.

Here in Berkeley the garbage collection is performed by municipal employees -- 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 took it all away, 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.

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. (Which is the amount of service we contracted for.)

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.

'Bey now,

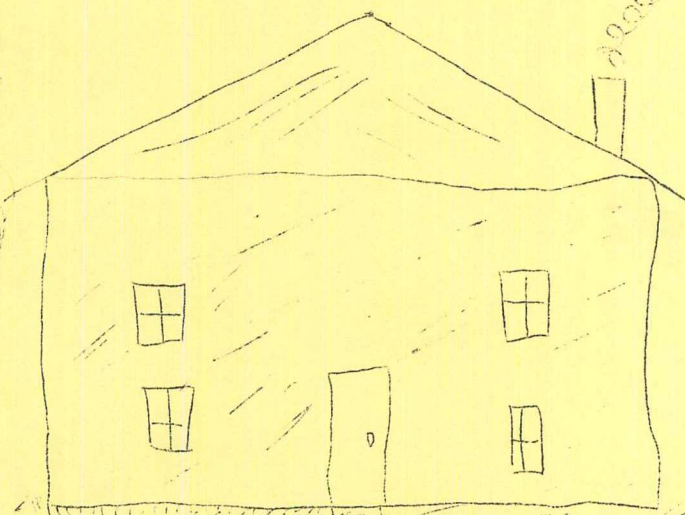
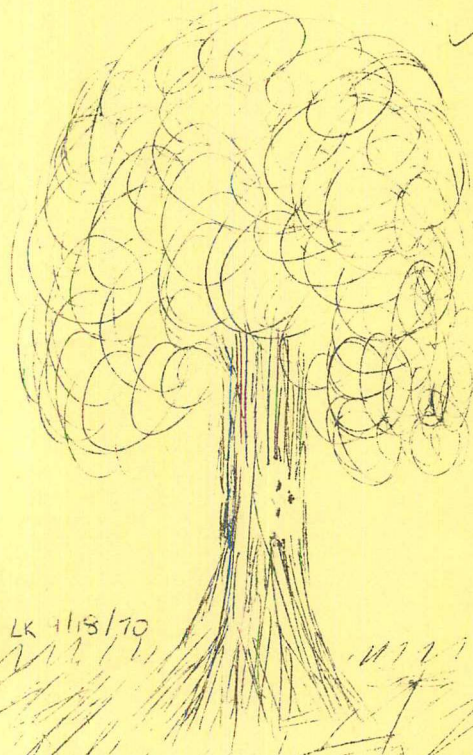
Dick!





YES FOLKS...  
HERE IT IS!!

TRIP



Special  
Our house  
is a  
very fine  
house  
issue  
!!  
Don't Miss it!!

TRIP  
1983

LK 11/13/70