

OPO 2

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July 17, 1964

An Apa F zine produced by Pat and Dick Lupoff for the second exchange (I think that's a better term than "mailing") of the Fanoclast/FISTFA aypeeay. Apa Effers whose files go all the way back to the first exchange will notice

that the typography of OPO 2 differs from that of OPO 1. Perceptive little fellers, aren't you? This is my home IBM typewriter, a Selectric. Duping will still be via Xerox machine, if I can get away with it. And, having stuck within One Page Only last week, I'm going to let this fall where it may. Half a page (unlikely), one page (perhaps) or more (probably). One more note on duping: errors in OPO 1 were corrected by simply erasing and typing over. Here at home I use "cortape," a reel of thin paper tape upon which is deposited white chalky powder. When you make a mistake, you lay the tape over it, strike over the mistake, and viola! the error is blanked. Then you back up and strike over again, making the correction.

I've used two brands of the stuff: Dixon, which I tried first and like very much, and Tipp-Ex, which I'm using now and which isn't quite as good. There's a third brand, Taperase, that comes in sheets instead of reels. I think I'll stick with Dixon after the present reel runs out.

By the way, "I" is Dick, and OPO is composed "on master" like its inspiration, FIRST DRAFT. However, Pat and I generally talk things over before I type, and as a rule you can count her in on what is said in OPO. For specific cases, ask. And -- I hope this will wind up mechanics -- this is being typed on Sunday, July 12, but it may not get done today, in which case there may be additional segments dated any day this week. The 17th is the official pub date to coincide with the Apa F exchange.

I don't know whether Pat and I will be at this next Fanoclast meeting; if not I'll try to get OPO to Dave Van Arnam or someone else for inclusion in the exchange. With the new baby born and settling down, Pat and I will be able to get out more this summer than we have been for some time. On the other hand, that may involve a number of weekends out of town, which won't help fanac much.

All of which leads me to the fact that we went to Poughkeepsie yesterday, partly for the drive and partly to visit a friend but mostly to look at houses. We saw one that we liked very much, and may well be moving up there around November. As far as I know, Pkpsy's total fannish reputation is based on Jerry & Miriam Knight's spell there the winter before last. I've never seen their report, but I suspect that the opinions expressed were somewhat negative. Poughkeepsie, as my mother, a native but long since moved far away, will tell you, is a pretty crummy place.

And there, I think, is the whole key to living there happily. [The move is to be co-ordinated with the transfer of my job from New York to Pok.] The hip crowd thereabouts -- which is to say, the scientific/professional/managerial class of IBM employees -- do not relate to the city of Poughkeepsie at all. They live, for the most part, either on the outskirts of the city, or in other communities anywhere from five to thirty miles away. Their social life is largely oriented to their homes. [[Make that oriented.]] Their cosmopolitan urges are directed

to New York, which is eighty miles away, about two to two-and-a-half hours away by not-too-good roads or rail. If all of this comes about, Pat and I could still, for instance, attend Fanoclast or FISTFA meetings once in a while. Leave home at six, arrive before nine. Going home should be little problem, as we've been promised sleeping facilities "any time" by Pat's parents, who live in Manhattan.

I don't think there are any fans in the Poughkeepsie area at present. There is a Burroughs fan in Poughkeepsie; I know because he bought a copy of "The Reader's Guide to Barsoom and Amtor." I don't think Pok is near Pearl River; Pilati should know, or I can look it up. I don't know how near it is to Fosterdale, either, but I'll look into that. (Fosterdale is where Al and Arlene Williamson live.)

One thing that I hope will work out is an annual or even semi-annual party that Pat and I will try to throw for our New York type fan friends, if we can coax them into making the trip. With a house, yard, cellar, etc., we might wind up with something resembling the Coulsons' annual picnic, although it doesn't have to come in the summer. Maybe an annual farnish Xmas ~~celebs~~ or New Year's party. Well, that all remains to be seen. The whole thing is as yet indefinite, and future issues of OPO will contain news of further develop'ts.

THAT MEETING...

...Friday night at McInerny and Brown's [Mikee, I pay you back the e], was a barrellful of fun. The Story was a lot of laughs, although a couple of residences still puzzle me a bit. The California residence worked out real nice. How can someone live in California, but not in Northern California, Southern California, Baja California, the Island of Catalina, etc.? Simple: he lives in California "not yet," and of course he's Avram Davidson. But that other fellow who lives in the United States, but not east of the Mississippi, nor west of it, nor north, south, on, under, over, etc., and who turns out to Arnie Katz!!!

Oh well, it was fun. Now if only someone would get Steve Stiles aside and give him a little intensive coaching in the alphabet....

It was pleasant seeing several people for the first time in very long: Jon White, Bob Brown, Andy Main. Good for you all! Oooh, it just struck me that this isn't really the second Apa F exchange, nor was last week's the first, but rather, as was pointed out at the meeting, Apa F has sorta just growed in recent months, around Minac, First Draft, F'ast Weakly &c.; so be it. But 7/10/64 was the first formalized exchange of Apa F, w/OO & like that, so for simplicity's sake, I shall regard it as....

LUPOFF'S BOOK WEEK

I know that a lot of people (les gerber) keep reading lists of all the books they read. They may even have a reason for so doing. Mainly for my own future reference, here is a list of fairly recent reading I've done. I don't really know how far back some of this goes, but in future I'll try to mention only books read since the preceding OPO:

The Other Human Race, H. Beam Piper. Pleasant, but nowhere near the equal of its prequel, Little Fuzzy.

Web of the Witch World, Andre Norton. The author seems not to know what to have her characters do, they sort of sit around and wonder for about half the book; then they do it, well, but it's an awfully slow starter. Again, not up to prequel.

Inside Outside, Philip Jose Farmer. A lot of interesting elements, but not adequately formed. Good try, no prize.

A Plunge into Space, Robert Cromie. Turn-of-the-century SF, magnetic globe-ship goes to Mars, Martian girl stows away on return passage, has to be thrown out when discovered in order to make the air supply last. Anybody seen "The Cold Equations" lately?

Lepidus the Centurion, Edwin Lester Arnold. Arnold's other two books, Phra the Phoenecian (1890) and Lieut. Gullivar Jones (1905) were fine jobs in very different ways (P the R is a fantasy, LGJ is stf). Lepidus is a very dull story of a Roman legionnaire revived in Victorian England. Too bad.

Bottom of the World, John Coleman Burroughs and Hulbert Burroughs. (Startling Stories, 9/41). Pretty competent pulp adventure, Mu theme. Hully tells me that he and JCB stopped writing because of WWII svc, and just never resumed. Might have been interesting if they had.

Bomba the Jungle Boy, Roy Rockwood. Yecchh!

Golden Blood, Jack Williamson. Haven't finished yet, but it's a fine lost-race novel, although somewhat dated (it's from WT, '33).

The Expendable Man, Dorothy B. Hughes. (Pat says: very good mystery.)

The Trail of Fu Manchu, Sax Rohmer. One of the best of the series.

No, I didn't read all those books last week. They are all recent, but I haven't kept records of when I read which. I think I average two books a week, less when I'm writing something because my writing takes up the evening and weekend hours when I'd otherwise read. I have, in recent months, accomplished two reading tasks which I'd been postponing since 1951 and 1956 respectively: The Ship of Ishtar, and the Ring trilogy.

That's enough books for this week.

LUPOFFS' MOVIE WEEK

Also, this goes back some weeks, but we've seen four worthwhile pictures recently, a high for the past year I think. Tom Jones, Dr. Strangelove, The World of Henry Orient, and That Man from Rio. The last seems most commentworthy. It's a sort of James Bond Meets Tarzan in the Wild West, starring Harold Lloyd, if you can conceive of such a picture.

Tonight we're going with rich brown, Mike McInerney & Steve Stiles to see Things to Come and Transatlantic Tunnel. I've seen TTC before, but only on television. It's a great picture, and I look forward to

seeing it Right. TrT is by rep a classic, but bhob Stewart says it's dull. Well, it will be on first, so even if bad it can't hurt too much. And I might disagree with bhob.

MAILING COMMENTS:

Do you realize that this is the first time I've ever written mailing comments for any apa? I don't really know how to do it. I think I'll go read the mailing right now, maybe that will give me some ideas. Excuse me.

BAYING AT THE MOON, McInerney. Glad to read your policy statement about all bona fide fans being welcome (or do they even have to be bona fide fans?), especially since I was the guy responsible for rich brown's father Bob's attendance at the meeting of July 10th. I don't know of any other parent/child combination in fandom. Well, Buddy McKnight & Peggy Rae Pavlat, but I don't think Buddy is that much a fan. And Betsy Curtis & Maggie Thompson, but Betsy is more of a vile pro than a fan.

Good for George Nims Raybin. I don't know how much good the Mississippi Project can really accomplish, when it's up against as strongly entrenched an Establishment as that in Mississippi, but I haven't given up hope.

I hope Earl is doing all right in the army. I've served both as an enlisted man and as an officer, and it really isn't That Bad if you try to make an adjustment and roll with the punches. But if you try to fight it, you can really have a bad time. I understand that a number of people tried to explain this to Earl before he left, and the fact he's not yet in jail indicates that they may have got through to him. Hell, maybe he'll like it and go RA.)

The Katz=diddle isn't as funny as the Dog-Diggle, but it's funny. Have you noticed Arnie's veneer lately?

Mike, I tend to agree with your statement about feuds, particularly with regard to the Boondoggle. I really think that we distantly-removed observers have made a lot of noise to little effect...I am referring to those on both sides. However, I do think that the FAPA blackball-override was something where people could take meaningful action, which they did. Hurrah!

ANNOUNCEMENT, McInerney. Will there be an Apa F exchange at Newport?

FANOCLAST WEAKLY #2, Katz. Too bad ESFA wasn't in session that day. Would have saved you a trip to my house, and me ...well, never mind. You were at the ESFA meeting the day I was the invited speaker, although I didn't know you at the time. Gee, I really had a claue going for me. Will Jenkins, rich brown & Steve Stiles all went over to Newark with me, so I wouldn't be all nervous. Jenkins sat down and went to sleep, directly to sleep, did not pass go, did not collect \$200. brown and Stiles sat in the corner whispering. You gave me dirty locks, right through your veneer. I hope you get tapped for jury duty someday. You're ideally qualified to be a venireman. 10¢.

I had a good time, though. Didn't have to talk very much, just show those Blaine, Crandall, and Frazetta drawings. Oh, Reed Crandall was in town recently, and I met him for the first time. A fantastic character. I tend to imagine that artists look like the people they draw (actually that's backwards, of course). Ivie certainly draws Ivie all the time. Frazetta put himself and his wife on the cover of "The Secret People" for Lancer. Williamson looks like his stuff. But Reed is dumpy, bald, and Midwestern as they come. A Nifty Guy nonetheless.

Terry Carr will make a good TAFF man, and if he takes Carol with him (he'd better!) he'll be twice as popular.

THE CRUDZINE QUARTERLY #4, rich brown. Hey, hey, tonight we'll have a meeting of the Upper West Side Going to a Science-Fiction Movie and Eating in a Chinese Restaurant Once in a While Society. Seriously, the NY fan clubs that have come and gone over the years make a truly fantastic story. I hope Harry Warner covers the topic thoroughly in his book. I once wrote an article on Fan Clubs in New York for bhub Stewart's Cultzine (this was Years Ago) but he rejected it. Oh well. Maybe I'll resurrect the Xero Fun and Games Book from limbo and publish it for Apa F. bhub and I wrote it for Xero 10, but decided it needed more work, and never got around to doing it, and then XX appeared without the Book, and we just let it go. rich brown and Dave Van Arnam know what's in it, though.

You should hang in the Fantasy Film Club more than you do. If you thought that The Iron Claw was a remarkable serial, you ought to have seen The Purple Monster Strikes. Sample Dialog:

PM, a perfectly ordinary fellow from Mars, meets an earthly professor, whose name I forget; let's call him Professor Jameson, just for old stf's sake. The Professor speaks:

PJ: Welcome to Earth. Do you speak English?

PM: Of course, we've been monitoring your radio broadcasts.

PJ: Fine. My name is Professor Jameson. What is yours?

PM: My name is a Martian one, and would mean nothing to you, so why don't you just call me The Purple Monster?

Much et cetera, including PM's call for help (Marcia the Martian comes to his aid) but that's enough.

Then there was "The Phantom Empire," with Gene Autry, sometimes known as "Pellucidar Out West." And don't forget "Secret of Treasure Island," by L. Ron Hubbard. (Yes!)

FIRST DRAFT #18, Dave Van Arnam. Hmm, glad you reminded me of QAR. Maybe First Draft is the second best fanzine going.

GAMBIT # 49, Ted White. I wish everybody would vote for the Hug. Or maybe the Frug. I'm told by one of the Sweet Young Things at the office that that latter dance is pronounced "Froog." I was the recipient of a number of dirty looks for suggesting that it was the "Froolugg." Well, you know what I mean.

Ted Pauls fascinates me. What a strange person he must be, just sitting there day after day (or night after night) putting out that terrible little magazine of his. I must say that the recent discussion (in LOG?) of his lettercol editing practices was pretty disturbing.

DEGLER! #1, Andrew Porter. Did you know that rich brown was in love with Barry Goldwater? Golly by the time OPO 2 is distributed, rich's sweetheart may be the Republican nominee. Gosh!!! Have you read "In his own Write?"

I must say that Degler! reads pretty much like a typical neoline. This is progress. Keep it up! Ask Armie Katz for advice if you have any difficulties.

I hope Pat and I get to attend the next meeting at your home. McInninny, ayaaaaaaaahhhh!!!

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT TO GO TO THE MOVIES, Steve Stiles. Yes, it is. One thing in your meeting minutes intrigues me. You say that "Rich Brown (or 'rich brown') announced he was quitting fandom to mixed reaction." What a strange verb. I suppose you might have said that he is "quitting fandom to join the Peace Corps," or "to go to Alaska." But to mixed reaction... how does one do that?

Is it something like mixeding things?

Have you read the current National Review? It has a "Program for a Goldwater Administration," which is probably about as close as we'll ever come to learning what a Goldwater administration would be like, but it would be fascinating.

As for their next issue, with Barry presumably still nominated, and with Moise Tshombe the Premier of the Congle...heh, that's not what I meant, it's better than what I meant...Buckley should be out of his head with joy. Until November.

If Pat and I move before election day, I guess we won't be able to vote.

THE AMATEUR EFFER 1, McNertney & brown. Adequate.

Hey gang, that seems to be all for this issue. Rather than waste the rest of the page, I shall demonstrate the complete typeface of this unit:

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]234567890--=qwertyuiop!asdfghjkl;'zxcvbnm,./

This has been OPO 2 for Apa F 2.

See you next week.

Pat & Dick.

WELL, BACK TO THE OLD EXEC at work. Today is Thursday, July 16, and these are a few parting shots intended to wrap up this issue of OPO. As Dave Van Arnam has said, weekly publication is so damnably infrequent that one cannot keep up properly with passing events. I did run off the preceding six pages of OPO 2 a couple of days ago, and noticed that the Xerox machine (it's model 914 for those who care) was pretty faint that morning. The blackness of the image depends upon how much powder there is in the machine. You have to add a special black powder now and then, rather as you have to re-ink a mimeograph, or the image gets very faint. At this office, mere technical employees are not permitted to do this; you have to be a mailroom employee to qualify. So the six pages are just faint. Maybe this seventh will be better.

The powder is deposited on a drum, and the copy paper gets the image from the drum. Sometimes the drum gets a little bit dirty, and you get copy with a grayish background, either solid or streaked. Again, only Special People are permitted to clean the drum. We'll see how it is today.

One or two fans have asked me the cost of a Xerox machine, possibly contemplating it for publishing fanzines. I have my doubts. For the most part the machines are rented. For a flat monthly sum you get as much use of the machine as you want, up to a maximum number of impressions. Above that max, you have to pay for each additional copy. Something like 4¢ or 5¢ apiece. User supplies paper, Xerox supplies powder. The process is too slow for large runs, and I think too expensive for small ones, unless you are a Business.

AT THE MOVIES last Sunday rich brown didn't make it after all. He was home writing an essay on Ayn Rand for Steve Stiles's genzine SAM. While rich sat home sweating for Steve's benefit, Steve, Mike McI, Pat and I went over to the New Yorker as planned. First thing on was a surprise bonus: chapter 10 of "Haunted Harbor" starring Kane (Spy Smasher) Richmond, with my favorite Kenneth Duncan as a heavy. Watching one chapter of HH was quite enjoyable, but I wonder how it would hold up FFC fashion, i. e., shown all in one session. That's a tough test, one that few serials can pass.

Transatlantic Tunnel had its moments, and I was glad to see Richard Dix in action, but on the whole it was far too draffy. I mean draggy. I'm glad to have seen it, but I wan't glad to see it. Things to Come was even better in full than it had been in chunks. A great movie, unquestionably one of the half-dozen or fewer really outstanding SF films that have ever been made. The style was somewhat more flamboyant and melodramatic than is now fashionable, but the picture still holds up beautifully after nearly thirty years. Marvelous.

Ba AuH₂O got the nomination, as expected, rich brown, but I don't really understand all the fuss. History shows that incumbent presidents get re-elected, and I confidently (i. e., I'll make large bets and give odds to anyone who wants to lose his money) expect Johnson to win by a large margin in November. I don't see why Goldwater is so eager to take a pasting, and I comprehend even less the reluctance of his enemies to let him do so. Besides, whom did you expect, Hiram L. Fong?

What does concern me, deeply, is the vice-presidential nomination. On the Democratic side. The vice-presidency has become increasingly important in recent years, in its own right. Further, between the possibilities of presidential illness or death and of there being another Oswald around, the possibility of succession must be regarded very seriously.

So who is Johnson's most likely choice? Bob Wagner. He doesn't even have brains enough to keep one avenue open while the next one is being repaved. I can just see it: a Communist coup is attempted in Japan, the Japanese government calls upon the United States for assistance. President Wagner's solution: he appoints a committee to study the situation. Members: Cardinal Spellman, Robert Moses, George Meany. Ninety days later they turn in a confidential report; by this time the People's Republic of Japan has taken over the Philippines, Indonesia, and Malaysia.

If it's not Wagner, then the next most likely man is Bobby Kennedy. I think He is a totally reprehensible person, but he is intelligent and energetic. Of the two, I'd rather have the capable bastard than the good-natured slob. Number 3 choice is Spineless Adlai, whose prime virtue is his eloquence. Let him try that on Mao.

You want something to worry about? Don't worry about Goldwater, who will lose anyway. Worry about Johnson's health. That's where the danger lies.

BOOK WEEK REVISITED

Golden Blood is a pretty good lost race story, although I'd have liked to learn more about that lost race. Two flaws in the book. One, Williamson had apparently just learned a new word back there in nineteen and Ought Thirty and Three, and about every third word in the novel is xanthic. But it's educational. I learned what xanthic means. Go thou and do likewise. The other is, he apparently had trouble writing transitions, and about the only method he knew was unconscious*. Every chapter ends with the hero either getting knocked on the head, or breathing the xanthic mist of sleep, or passing out from exhaustion. Still, enjoyable vintage Wmson.

Pharaoh's Broker is another turn of the century SF novel I read a few weeks ago. By Ellworth Douglass. Chicago grain speculator goes to Mars in a \$10,000 space ship built by his owlish old physics prof, corners the market on Martian wheat, etc. Fun.

The Face in the Pool, 1905, is the only book J. Allen St. John ever wrote. Subtitled "A Faerie Tale" it is a very bad sequel to, of all things, The Sleeping Beauty. However, it has four color plates, fourteen full-page line drawings, illuminated letters, spot drawings, etc., all very vintage St. John, and fascinating to behold. Some of his work looks ver' much like Hal Foster's drawings.

Now I think that's really all for OPO 2.

See you next week at APorter's.