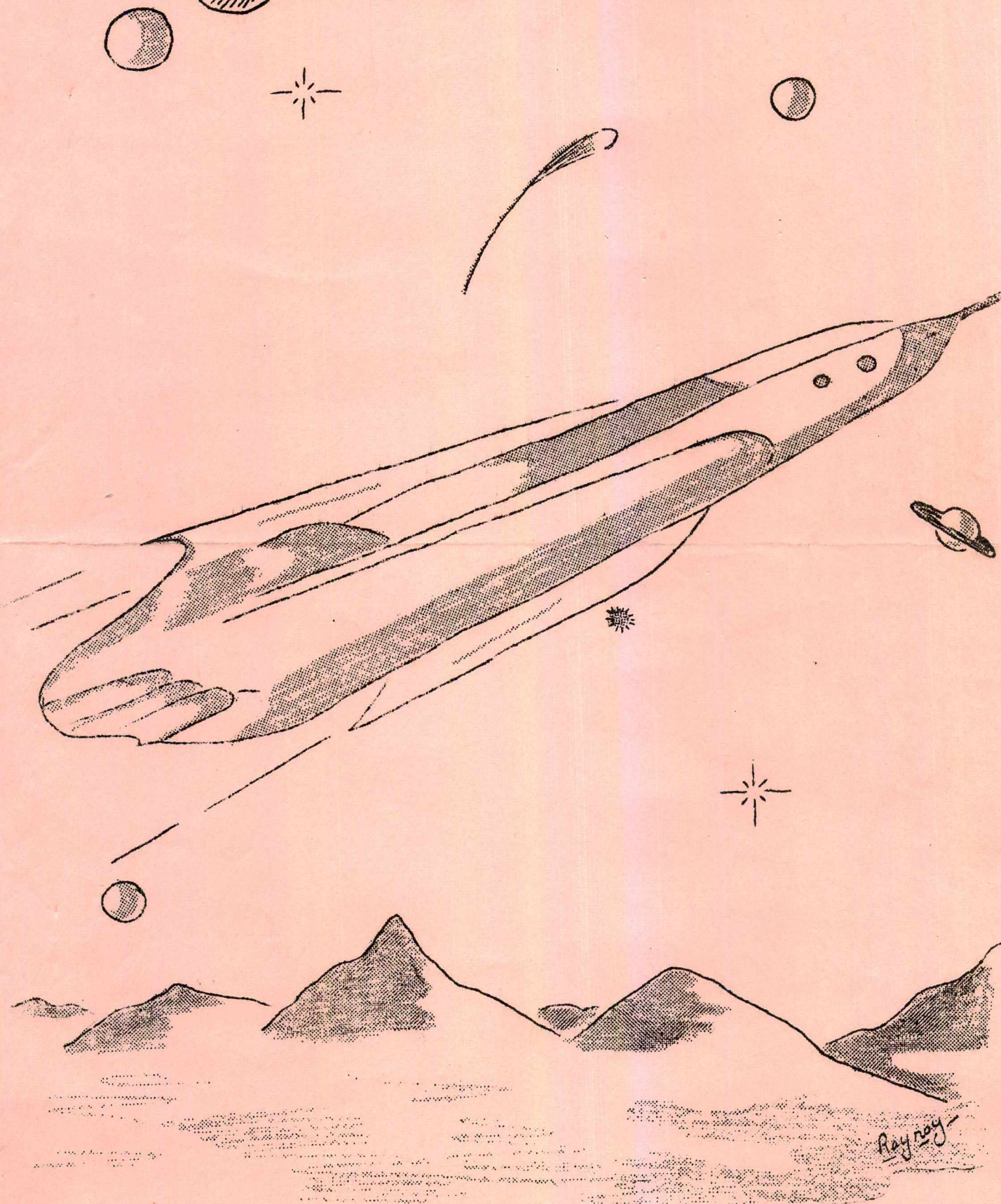
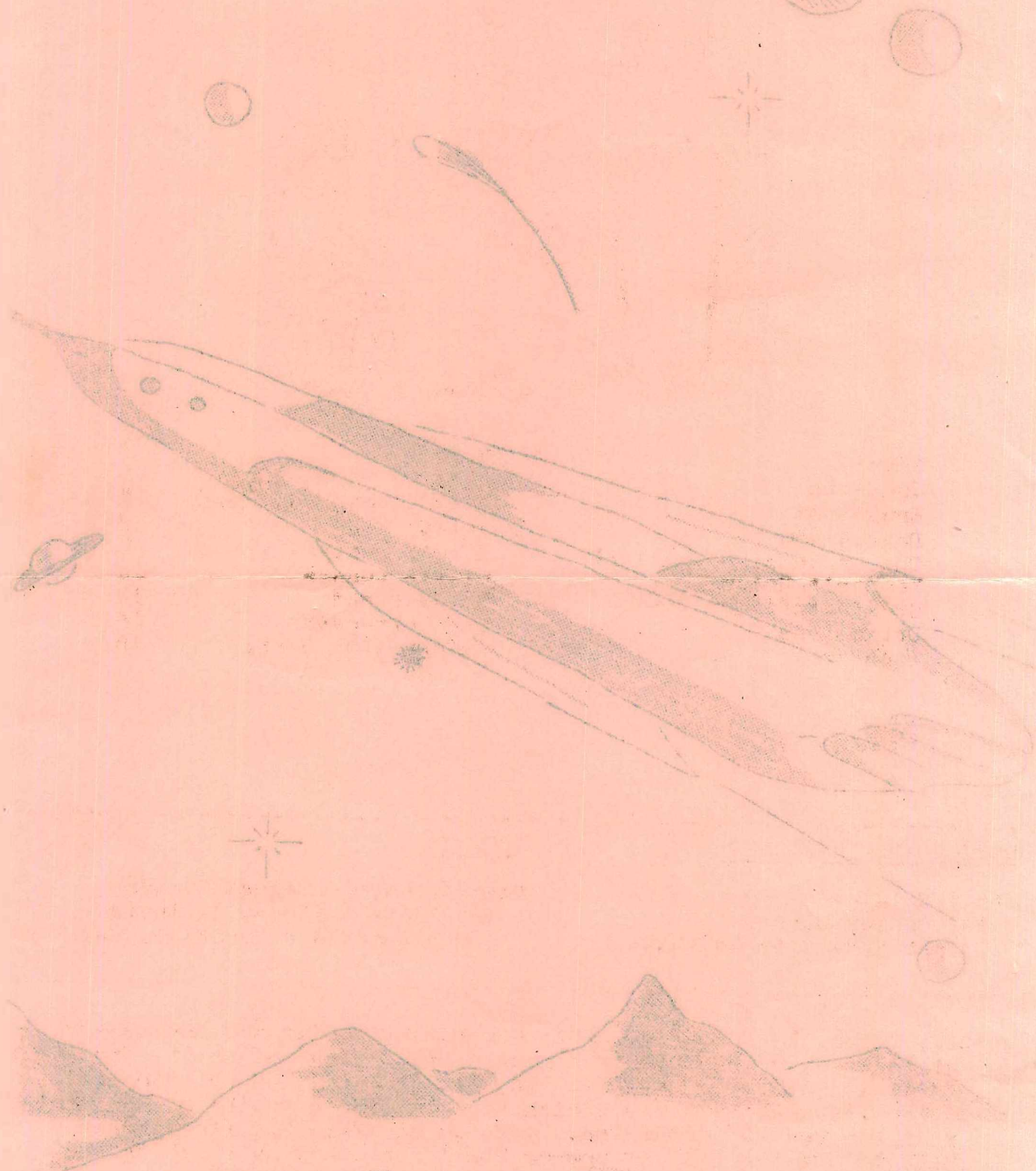


# OOPS LA #2





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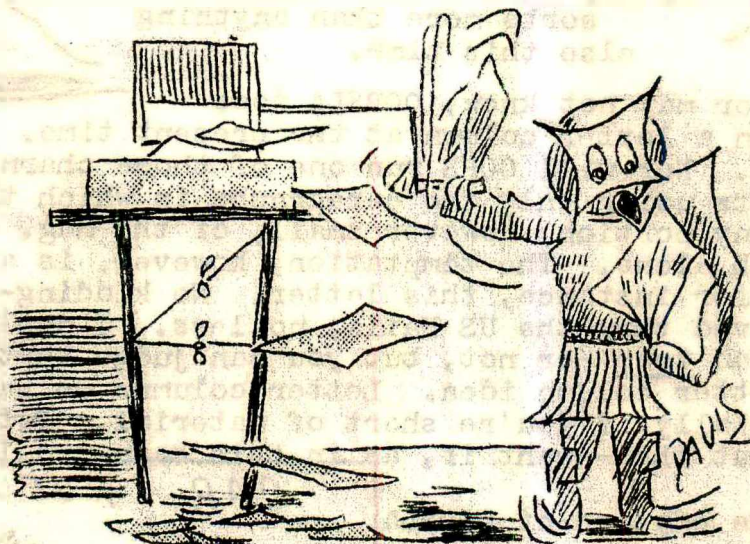


# O O P S L A !

Number Two

10¢

February 1966



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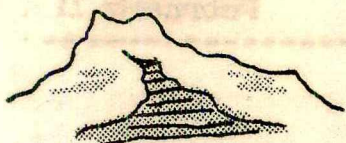
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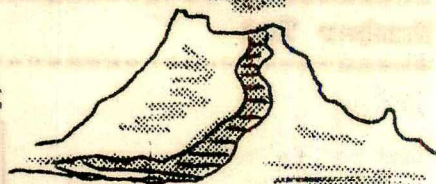
OOPSLA, Volume 1, Number 2, published rather confusedly once every sixth week, or nine times a year. You get one of an ish for 10¢, three if you've forked over 30¢, six for 60¢, and we even will allow you eight and the annish for \$1--single copies of the annish will run you 25¢ otherwise. Ads run you from 75¢ for a whole page to 50¢ for half of one or 25¢ if you only want 1/3 of one. OOPS badly needs two or three page fanfiction (humorous) and light articles of the same length. Boggs and Elsberry, are you there???



# Eruptions!



By way of a letter column of sorts more than anything else this time.



As you may or may not know, OOPSLA does not intend to run a letter column at the present time. And it may well never do so. Nor will OOPS run one of those charming little pages of letter excerpts using only the paragraphs in which the writer unwittingly praised any portion, however small, of the mag. No, far better leave well enough alone. The temptation, however, is at times overwhelming--take, for instance, this letter. No kidding--it is a letter. One that I received thru the US Mails, no less. I don't know if it's ture--typo, I mean true--or not, but you can judge that for yourself. --Back to the letter column idea. Letter columns do have their uses, you know. Especially if you're short of material. But there is still one drawback about them--waht if, as in this case, no letters arrive?

Greetynges to the edytore of OOPSLA

I hoppe thaet thou wiltst not be angrey with me (iff thou arst, I chalenge thee to a dule)but I feele thaet I muste crytycysmes maken. As I am a scoler, and a studdyer of memmes myndes, I founde thaet thou waest makynge sadde and sundrye remarks agaynst thyne fanzyne. Truley thenne must thee admonyshed be, fore I feele thaet thou havest an conditione of inferyorite compleks consernynge thyne fanzyne, whiche musteth y-romovan be. My clamour begineth thusly:

Thou hast maney remarks make-nd thaet hurteth thyne edy-torryal muchely: Thou spekest too muchely about the poore pryntyng thou wast supposed to haven. I lookede and seked throgh-out thyne publicatione for verey badde mymyografyng which thou sayde waeth presynt, but fore myne lyfe I coude nay fynden any. FYE! Thou waest truly a lyer thaet musteth sternly delten withe be. Synse I kenne somethynge abowt howe thou mak est thyne stencyls, I sugg-este thaet thou strikestthyne typewryteres keyes nay so haerd wen thou wrytest the oes, and thaet thou putttest a betere bacynge shete behynde thyne stensyl thaet willeth not permitten suche hapenynges.

Thaet whiche broughteth the mosten humour to myne haert and hed, and waeth the maker of teares in myne eyen frum laeafter, waeth thyne humuorous poeme caled Mymyografy. Iff thou cannst more wryten thaet

CAP. FUTURE ?





arth of suchely mannere, I wille surely wantan thyne fanzyne mucheley morely.

It maketh me weopen thaet thou hadde nay muchely materyal fore thyne fanzyne, but iff thou wilt of acord with the goodenesse of thy haert perryttest me to wrytan of varyous sundrye and humoures thynges to be in thyne dryblynges puttan, thanne wille I very joyous be. I canne tellan abowyt my varyous encownteres with large and dedley dragones (whiche thou calast beres) in the northerne wildes of Grenlanden. (Nowe canst thou nay more dragones fyndan becas I have thaem alle y-killan. Betwikst thou and me, these maney dragonenes were broughten to eorth by mannes frum the redde planete whiche the ancente Laytynes I thynke caled Mars or Marres.) I suppose thaet iff it waer not foer me thisse woerld woulndan haven been over-runned by these beasten. Alle thisse stryketh myne myndes memorey, in whiche I remembere the tye wen I was fyghtynge a byg and monstrous dragone on the northerne tyepe of Grenlanden. O, waeth he a ferosiouse beaste, with a bodey thaet waeth twenty mannes longe. Frum his mouthe cameth thayre fyer and flayme thaet woulde scorchen the pantaloones from the bray veste knyghte. But alle thisse hadde nay affect on my feorlessnesse, for I was of the brayveste knyghtes in England. I drewe myne trustey sworde and strode towards thisse teryble beaste. In myne hande felten the sworde verey hevy, but thaet affected my bravery not, though I am very weake and the sworde is very dificulte to caryan. The baetle lasted longley, for then ten dayes and nightes. But aefter weoldynge myne sworde ryghtly waeth thisse beaste ded as the myses in the deores or Westmynyster Abey. Aefter myne tryumf overe thisse beaste, dugge I a hole fiftey feoten in-to the grounde in thiss hole putte I him, and overe himme the dirte did I y-placan. But enuf fore thaet.



Bryllyngs, gyllynges, humuorously suchely,  
I enjoyed thyne fanzyne verey muchely,  
Bid I thee, to me more senden  
Or else I wille thyne lyfe y-endan.  
I am a brayve Knyghte  
Thaet looke fore a fyghte--  
Though I too am a scolar;  
Thyne werke rateth from me a dolar.

(Suche poore poetrie)

I thynke thaet thou arth curyous abowt myne orygyn. A manne named Porfesor ----- construed me frume a tyme machyne. Do thou not askest me how suche a thyng was done, but here am I.

Sir Clarence Upslaugh  
Knyghte in Kynge Alynnes Kourte.

That's a letter? You should try to copy one someday, let alone just read it. Wot a mess. And as for thatte steroye (whoops!) he mentioned--would you like to see it in OOPS? Fer gosh sakes, write!!!

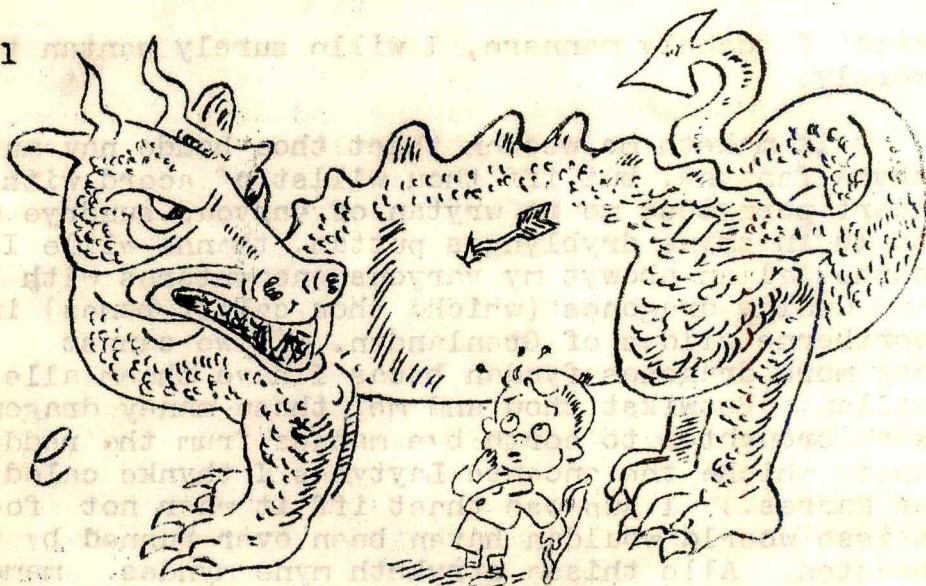


A letter to a Mythical  
girl in a not-  
too Mythical  
Land.

dear  
Alice

by

Shelby Vick, Esq.



Someday Morning.....  
Somewhere.....  
February the whenth.

So much has happened to you. You've had even more excitement than Lee Hoffman at her first convention. Do you ever think back over the time you were strolling down the Mobius Strip and met The Grulzak? He was a rather unusual character, wasn't he? Green feathers and red scales, ten sets of eyes (one exceedingly small pair with which to read reduced-print fanzines such as Science Fiction Digest) and two heads. Of course, you can only see one of them because the other head has been dianetically audited and is clear. The Grulzak has six legs because its mother read too many of Burroughs' Mars books. You greet it with your customary "Hi" and it says:

"What's good about it?" in a gruff voice.

"What's good about what?" you ask, slightly puzzled.

"What's good about the morning, of course. Everybody always greets me with 'good morning' in a bright, disgustingly cheerful sort of tone. When everybody knows there's nothing good about a morning. Morning is the beginning of a day. And it's in the day when so many things happen. And it's seldom that these things are good. It's usually things like falling down and breaking a wing --"

"--But I don't HAVE wings," you break in. "Besides, I didn't --"

"Har-rumpff! Don't interrupt! Exceedingly bad manners," the Grulzak grumbles. "As I was saying, people greet me with 'good morning'. The radio sings out 'good morning to you, good morning to you' and even plays music about it. Just because another day is starting. Sounds like they're actually looking forward to things like finding bugs in your beer or some crudzine like SOL in your mailbox."

"I don't drink beer," you tell him, with forced patience. And if you don't like SOL, why don't you drop your subscription?"

"Humph!" the Grulzak humphs. "Didn't subscribe to it in the first place. And don't talk when you weren't addressed."



Dear Alice II

"But YOU addressed me!" you tell him, exasperatedly. "And bes--"

The Grulzak looks you up and down. "Mmmmm. Oh, yes; so I did. Green and blue print with ruffles. Quite nice, if I do say so myself."

"You stamp your foot in anger. 'Not 'dressed' -- you were talking to me."

"Uhhh --- har-rumpfff! Yes. Of course. Of course... What was I saying?"

"About people who say 'good morning' when I didn't even say 'good morning' in the first place. I --"

"Ha! Quite ill-mannered of you not to wish me a good morning. Harboring a grudge against poor Grulzak? What did I ever do to you?"

"No, NO!" you exclaim, holding your temper in both hands. "I --"

"Oh, well," the Grulzak moans. "Such is the fate of poor old Grulzak. Sad, so sad. Reminds me of a chap I met this morning. Down at the newsstand. He picked up a copy of the MARTIAN CHRONICLES. Bad taste. Exceedingly bad taste. I told him so. He had the audacity to disagree with me. Told him I couldn't stand Bradbury. He said he admired him greatly. Thought he was the best writer to bless us with his talents in the past twenty years or so, whether s-f writer or otherwise. Maybe fifty years. Said Bradbury surpassed all his predecessors. Had a marvelous style, unique plots, fresh and original slant, and the best characterization of any. The man was really sold on Bradbury--he raved on for nearly half an hour praising him. Hardly let me get a couple of thousand words in. Finally stalked out in a huff." The Grulzak felt in his pockets. "He gave me something very interesting as I was



leaving. Here."

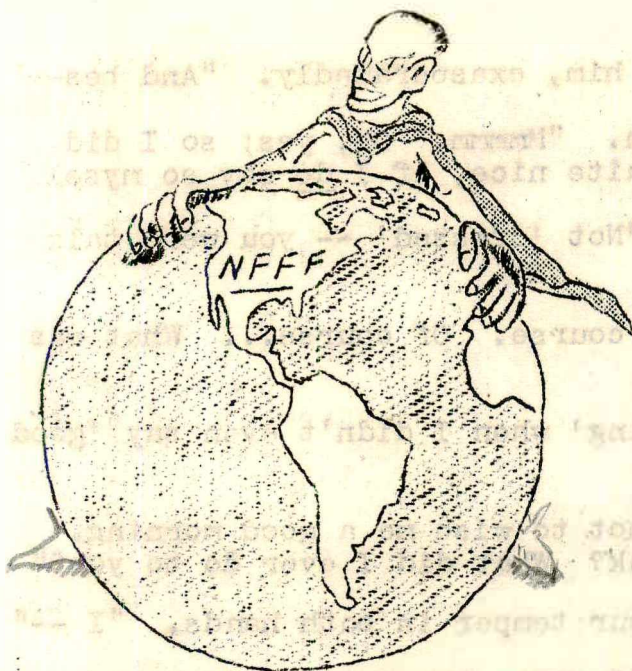
He hands you a small square of gold.

"Well --" The Grulzak blows his nose. "Must be on my way. Very improper of you to take so much of my time. Umoh! Most impolite. 'Good morning' indeed." With that he waddles on by, runbling softly to himself.

You look at the card he gave you: the thin square of gold handed him at the newsstand. You raise your pretty eyebrows. Neatly printed in silver, it says: "Ray Bradbury, Esq. -- Writer Extraordinary -- Venice, California."

You gaze after the departing back of the Grulzak. "But I didn't say 'good morning' you murmur helplessly.





# THE ORGANIZING INSTINCT

by

Lemuel Craig.

What fan clubs do you belong to? Name half a dozen. Probably you can't. But you'd be surprised at the large number of fans who could. And I'll wager that you belong to at least two. ((Right--three, to be more exact.))

Since fandom first evolved as a byproduct of the venerable SCIENCE FICTION CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, clubs of various sorts have been an integral part of fandom. Fans, especially newly hatched ones, seem to delight in organizing. Yet the record made by the uncountable number of fan clubs, past and present, is a sorry one.

Most of fandom's outstanding achievements have been the work of individuals--two or three people at the most. Seldom has a club even lent sponsorship to something of lasting worth, much less see the job through. Yet at least two thirds of the petty squabbles and feuds which have riddled fandom for years can be traced to jealousies and official backbitings resulting from the almost universal desire for each member to run the club his own way.

Let's look at the clubs active today. The colossus of the field is the NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION. This outfit, boasting 400 members has an active welcoming committee which does much to aid the new fan to adjust to our microcosmos. A number of leaflets, of aid to the neofan, are published. But what does the N3F offer the experienced fan? Hardly anything that this writer can see. ((or this editor.)) THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN was a top-grade fanmag when edited by Rapp. But since his departure it has been returned to the editorship of Ray C. Higgs. Higgs is a zealous, hard-working and highly admirable fan. But he edits the dullest fanzines of anyone I know. Of course, this could be because he is overworked. I understand that at present Higgs edits not only TNFF but also has his own SAPS and FAPA zines, plus editing the two other N3F sponsored mags, FUTURIST and POSTWARP. Presumably he also must take time out to earn a living. With this sort of schedule, poor quality fanzines can be expected but not excused. Higgs would be far wiser to devote himself to a maximum of two magazines. In the meantime, TNFF remains unreadable.

One of the club's most admirable projects was the idea of sponsorship of special club fanzines. But again the results were unhappy. POSTWARP showed signs of becoming another VOM while Rapp edited it. Bob Johnson's editorship saw most of the sizzle die out of the mag,

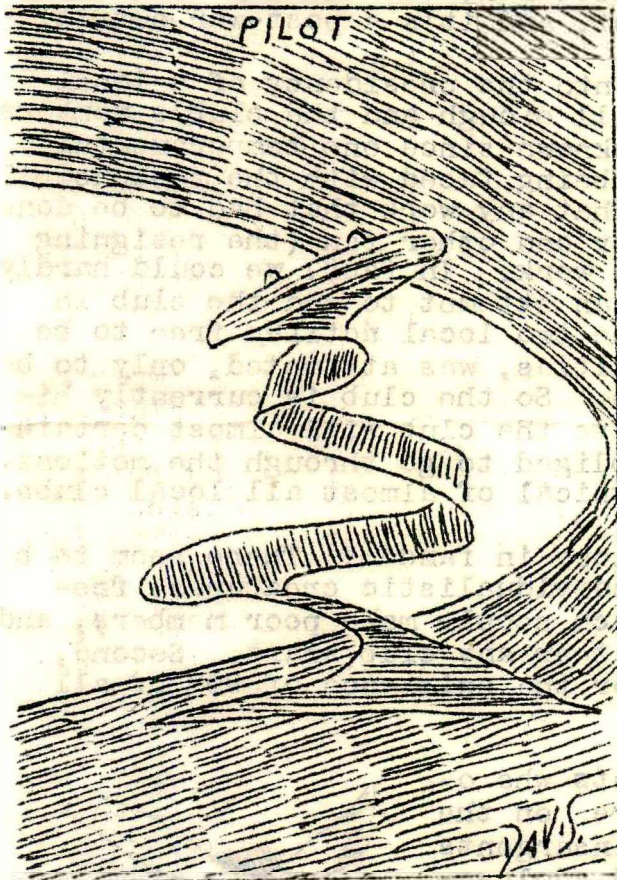


## The Organizing Instinct II

tho replaced with some of the unique tough Bob shows in ORB. This didn't help much when the mag changed hands again. And now with Dugg Fisher another ex-editor, Higgs has it.

FUTURIST has an even sorrier history. Edited by Redd Boggs, the first issue showed promise. But issue #2 didn't appear for another whole year (the mag was supposed to be a quarterly) and this, too, has landed in Higgs' lap.

ALEPH NULL was at least granted a clean death when Bill Venable no longer had time for it, but subscriptions were passed on to FANVARIETY. This sort of bypassed the idea of a club sponsorship but since FV was one of the liveliest fanzines being published, it indicated a possibility of new life for at least one branch of club activity. Instead, the officers of the club seemed unable to leave well-enough alone and constituted themselves as censors, publicly spanking FV, despite the fact that it seems the club was taking a free ride at FV's expense rather than vice versa.



Various other ideas have been proposed, most of which never saw fruition. One good idea which did was the annual Laureate Poll. The 1949 poll was a valuable document. Rapp published the name and number of votes received by every person. But this year only the top winners were announced, and no indication was given as to how many votes were received by each. And the results of this poll throw doubt upon the reliability of any poll taken in this fashion. Roy Lavender was voted #1 fan of the year, although as far as this writer knows, Roy Lavender has done nothing whatsoever in fandom during the period stated except fulfill his duties as a N3F officer. And while proper attention to such a job is admirable, it hardly entitles one to the title of #1 fan of the year. Despite the large number of fans reached, the scales are unfairly tipped toward N3F officers and publications. It is un-

derstood that QUANDRY is planning its own poll this year. This should make better and more accurate reading even if it does take in a smaller segment of fandom. ((The QUANDRY poll was distributed around the 3rd week of January--ballots are due in by the 29th of this month. The results should see publication in late March or early April. --ed.))

The above is not meant to indicate that the NFFF is worthless. I shall continue to remain a member solely because I believe in supporting the NFFF program of indoctrinating neofan. But the name NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION, at present, is synonymous with dullness for anyone more than six months a fan.

The INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION CORRESPONDENCE CLUB is the N3F's chief competition. It partakes of many of the same faults. However,



### The Organizing Instinct III

the member ship roster is smaller and contains far less deadwood. And Ed Noble does a top-notch job of editing the club O-O, EXPLORER. When I'm asked by new fans now which clubs to join, this is the one I tend to steer them towards first, the NFFF second. But even this club has little to offer the experienced fan.

Most other national clubs seem to die aborning or afeuding. I believe the CENTAURIANS survive but they must be highly inactive. At least, one never hears anything about them. A newcomer showing promise is TLMA, but it will probably find itself in the same dead end as the others, if it survives.

On the local level, very few clubs can trace their history further back than two or three years. There just aren't enough active fans in any given town to keep a club going, ordinarily. The feud-ridden LASFS seems the only exception. If I'm not mistaken, the EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION is the second oldest, and it's a post-war outfit!

This fan found himself propelled into the presidency of a local club some months ago. This town is small enough and the club's members are sane enough that feuds have been unknown since one temperamental young man moved to another state. But being faced with the responsibility of running the club, it developed that any work that had to be done would be accomplished by the President or one other fan (the resigning President.) No one else was willing to work. In fact, we could hardly drag them out to meetings. Therefore, an attempt to end the club in its third year of life, thus leaving the two local actives free to be active, unhindered by local responsibilities, was attempted, only to be met by opposition from several quarters. So the club is currently hibernating. Any future attempts to revive the club will almost certainly fail, but the club's officers are obliged to go through the motions. From what can be learned, this seems typical of almost all local clubs.

Why have organization been such flops in fandom? There seem to be two reasons. First, fans are highly individualistic creatures, frequently temperamental and stubborn. Such people make poor members, and even poorer officers. Their feuds can tear any club apart. Second, there is practically no valid reason for the existence of 99% of all the fan clubs there are.

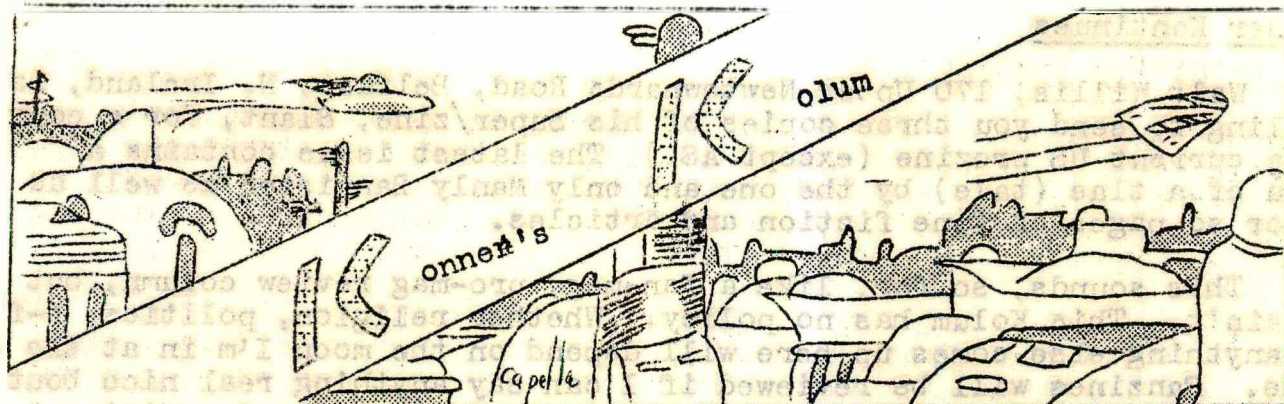
There is a group known as insurgents who oppose all organizing. Perhaps they are on the right track. But since most of the insurgents in fandom are obvious cases of arrested adolescence and worse, since they are second only to the Deglers in the amount of noise and fury over nothing which they produce, their cause has not been joined by the saner, more adult members of fandom.

But there are a few clubs which do not come under the above heading. Three clubs remain active constantly, have little trouble sustaining membership or interest, and worry very little about the more conventional branches of fandom. These are the HYDRA CLUB, FAPA, and SAPS.

The HYDRA CLUB is actually a group of pro-  
((continued on page 17))







by W I L K I E C O N N E R

One of the better new prozines to cross my ken is IF, published bi-monthly by the Quinn Publishing Company, Inc., Kingston, N.Y. The publisher is James L. Quinn and the editor is Paul W. Fairman. It is a sort of Other Worlds/Amazing combination as witness such names on the contents page as: Howard Browne, Ray Palmer, Shaver, and Phillips. ((The opinions expressed here are definitely not those of the editor, who considers IF one of the most likely mags he has ever seen, and does not like the OW/AS combo very much at all.)) This issue is digest sized, 160 pages and 35¢. If the magazine gets better as it goes along it will be well worth the 35¢, since this first issue is good. In addition to the above mentioned names you will find Miller, Jr., Lesser, Sturgeon, Heiner and a guest editorial, this one by Capt. Ken Slater of the English Slaters, he of the BAOR fame and a square shooter for the good of fandom. Also there is an interesting department called "Personalities in Science Fiction" which is taken up with a fan who "lives in PO Box 702 ((crowded, Bob?)) Bloomington, Ill." to quote the article, named Wilson (Bob) Tucker. Next issue will feature Ray Palmer. They didn't say when that well-known columnist, humorist, adventurer, lecturer, wolf, writer, reader, hell-diver, heel, good sport, Wilkie Conner will be featured. ((No wonder.))

TLMA #3 should be out very soon, and take it from one who knows, it will be a humdinger of an issue. I helped prepare part of it, and even I can't wait to see it. Lynn Hickman, 408 W. Bell St., Statesville, NC is the guy to send your buck to, and for that buck you become a member of the second largest fanclub in the world, The Little Monsters of America. You get the club zines, TLMA and the Little Corpuscule, and there are other advantages cooking, too.

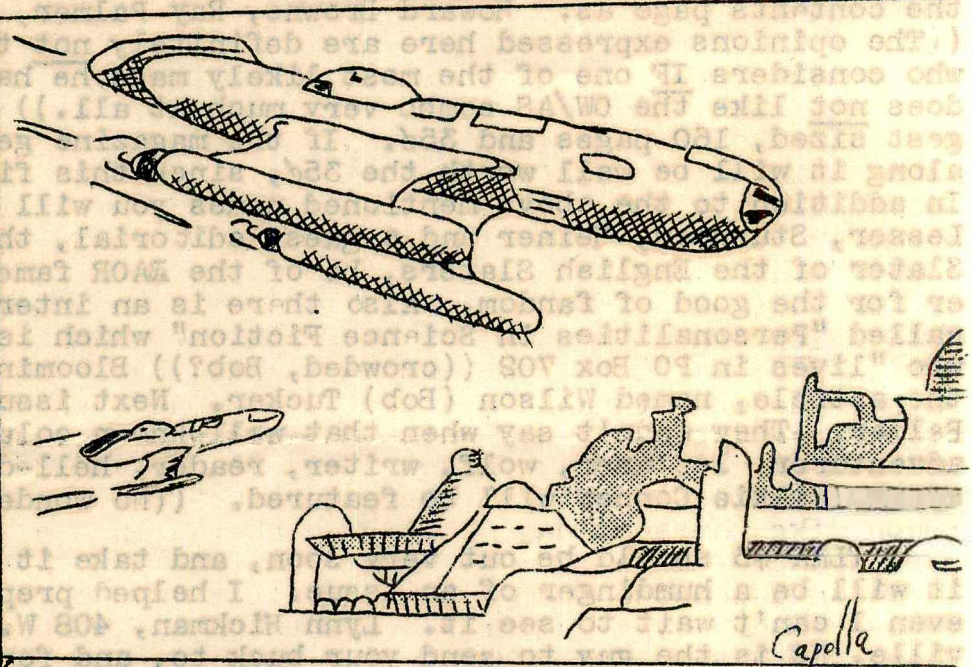
Henry Burwell of Science Fiction Digest/Cosmag fame delivered the latest issue of his and Ian Macauley's mag to this address in person recently. I enjoyed meeting Henry. He had a wonderful personality, and I'm sure that all who know him feel the same way I do. The Nan. number is twice as large as it used to be, no more microscopic print, and is very beautifully litho'd. It is printed so that one way you turn it it is Cosmag and the other way it is Science Fiction Digest. It will probably be the first fanmag in history to have two front covers, for this magazine is the front no matter which way you turn it. Write to Ian T. Macauley at 57 E. Park Lane, SE, Atlanta 5, Ga., and send them 25¢ for a sample. Say you heard about them in Konner's Kolum and by heck you want a copy. One will be mailed post-paid. It is a bargain, too, since it costs them 32½ cents to print and mail. Where else can you buy something for less than it cost? (I know--any fanzine. All fmz editors may now settle back and put their knives and/or pistols back in their pockets.)



Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N. Ireland, is willing to send you three copies of his Super/zine, Slant, for a copy of a current US prozine (except AS.) The latest issue contains a lulu of a tale (tale) by the one and only Manly Bannister as well as 60 or so pages of fine fiction and articles.

This sounds, so far, like a fan-mag, pro-mag review column, but it ain't. This Kolum has no policy. Whether religion, politics, s-f or anything else comes up here will depend on the moon I'm in at the time. Fanzines will be reviewed if I can say anything real nice bout them. I am against saying anything bad about a fanzine in print. Too much labor and effort goes into a fanzine to come out in the open and say it's bad. There is something good in even the worst fanzines that drop into our mailboxes. Even if it isn't anything but the sweat and blood of some editor, it is worthy of the honor of at least being acknowledged as something other than just paper with mimeo-hecto ink smeared across it.

Therefore, here and now, I promise to acknowledge to the editor every ish of any fanzine I receive, either by a sub (it'll have to be exceptional), offering a contribution, or by writing a letter of comments to the editor. (If I am pressed for time I will at least send a post card, though in no case would I mean that the magazine stunk and therefore rated nothing but a card.) I think

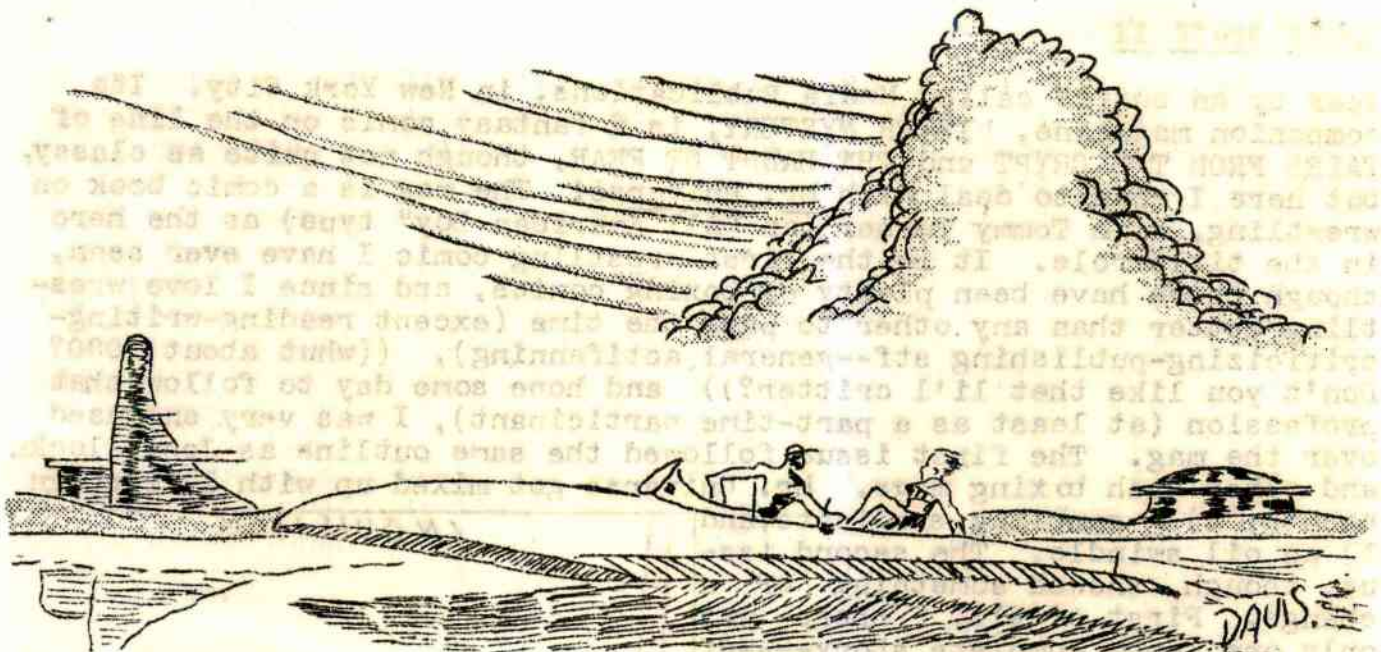


the least anyone can do is to acknowledge receipt of a fanzine. Too often I have merely read a fanmag, tossed it aside or put it in a drawer, intending to write to the editor but I never did. Therefore, since it is so darn easy to forget these things, I think it would be nice if every fanzine had a little reminder printed someplace: "if this is a free issue, please acknowledge." Or something similar. ((Ok, you lazy critters, this means you. How about a letter??)) If the editor has any stray cash (who has) he might include a post-card with the free issues for a reply, but this would cost 2¢ more each ish and isn't a very practical suggestion. ((None.))

Well, here I am almost at the bottom of the second page and I still haven't said anything yet. So I'll leave the rest of the room for Gregg who might have a filler or two around that will fit in just nicely. ((That's right, pass the buck to me, Wilkie.))

(forged) → Wilkie





G R U F F S T U F F by R. J. Banks, Jr.

" The following lines are excerpted from my column of the above name, which kept Max from a happy editorship of FANVARIETY and me from becoming a big name fan. I hope the reader will find some worth in them, and promise that it will not happen again--both FANVARIETY and 'Gruff Stuff' ! "

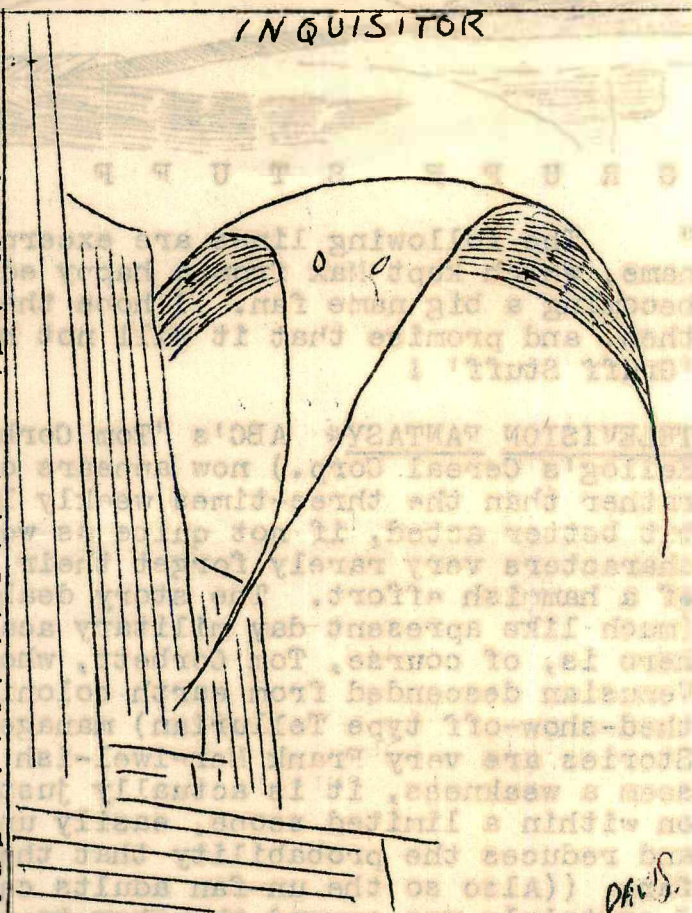
TELEVISION FANTASY\* ABC's "Tom Corbett, Space Dadet" (Sponsored by Kellogg's Cereal Corp.) now appears once weekly in half-hour lengths, rather than the three-times weekly 15 minute shows. The program is a bit better acted, if not quite as well written, than Capt. Video. The characters very rarely forget their lines, and seem to make much less of a hammish effort. The story deals with life in a "Space Academy" (much like a present day military academy) in the 23rd Century. The hero is, of course, Tom Corbett, who with his two pals (Astro, a Venusian descended from earth colonists, and Roger Manning, a loud-mouthed-show-off type Tellurian) manage to win through in every situation. Stories are very Frank Merriwell-ish in tone, and while that would seem a weakness, it is actually just the opposite--this keeps the action within a limited scope, easily understandable to the young viewers and reduces the probability that the writer will extend himself too far. ((Also so the un-fan adults can understand what's going on--ed.)) I certainly recommend the show to children of the proper age-group (8-12), ((that include any of you readers?)) but real stf fans (even that young) won't find much worthwhile in it.

An interesting sidelight on this show is the fact that the Kellogg Company has put out a series of rings in connection with it. These "Rocket Rings" come in a series of 12, with six different colored backgrounds and six different color rings. Getting all possible combinations, then, a collector would have 432 different rings! I wonder just how many fen are collecting them? I am, but I'm going to be quite happy (I assure you) when I get a complete set of 12. Eating 432 boxes of Kellogg's Pep ((commercial?)) is just a little bit out of my line! --There is also a comic feature based on the program running in many Sunday comics and daily strips.

FANTASY COMICS\* MISTER UNIVERSE is a comic brought out five times a



year by an outfit called Media Publications, in New York City. Its companion magazine, MISTER MYSTERY, is a fantasy comic on the line of TALES FROM THE CRYPT and THE HAUNT OF FEAR, though not quite as classy, but here I mean to deal with Mr. Universe! The mag is a comic book on wrestling, with Tommy Turner (an "All American Boy" type) as the hero in the title role. It is the first wrestling comic I have ever seen, though there have been plenty of boxing comics, and since I love wrestling better than any other to pass the time (except reading-writing-criticizing-publishing stf--general actifanning), ((whut about POGO? Don't you like thet li'l critter?)) and hope some day to follow that profession (at least as a part-time participant), I was very enthused over the mag. The first issue followed the same outline as Joe Palooka and other such boxing mags. Mr. Universe got mixed up with 1) foreign agents, 2) a gambling syndicate, and 3) an oil swindle. The second issue, though, showed something of a change. First of all, there was only one long, complete story---of course it was plugged editorially as the first time a comic book had been made up entirely of one long story. Naturally, that isn't true, but it is stated dogmatically by every publisher to bring out such an item. Second of all, the story was a fantasy. A lost-land type of extravaganza, with Mr. Universe battling dinosaurs deep in a Brazilian jungle. Universe is welcomed by the simple savages as their lost god, Manu, and using motion picture film, experimental army flares, and other developments of modern science, leads the wily High Priest on a merry chase in his fight to prove that he is Manu--and thus save himself and his friends from a horrible death. There are some quite obvious holes in the story, as in most all comic book stf, but it is quite representative of the better quality comic book stf. ((As for myself, I want POGO. You can have your wrestling and stuff--give me the Okefenokee.))



Yes, the current Jack Carson movie about wrestling, "Mr. Universe" is based on the comic book character, but it doesn't represent wrestling (which it presents as a gambler controlled fake), ((well?)) half as well as the comic book. Certainly there are crooks in wrestling, but what sport doesn't have them? ((POGO, lessen you count ol' Seminole Sam as one.))

R.J.



blings

Consisting of suchly  
as reviews, rumors and a final  
editorial--also all left-overs...

(Con't from Page 9) professionals who have formed a social club in New York City. It seems to have become a cross between a writer's guild and a social lodge. FAPA (fandom's oldest national club) is a collection of people who publish fanzines for the club's quarterly mailings to members. Many retired fans remain in FAPA, and the magazines devote only a relatively small portion of their space to fantasy and fandom.



SAPS is FAPA's wiseacre little nephew. Devoted to the same cause, it is sloppier, saucier, and more unruly than its elderly relation. What have these clubs in common which others lack? Why do they survive when others die out of internal strife or boredom? The answer is simple. Each has a definite purpose in life. Each was formed to fill a strong need. These are not artificial groups grafted onto fan life to satisfy the subconscious desire to organize. They grew out of a definite need which existed before anyone started organizing.

What can be done to save the NFFF and its abortive brethren? Frankly, nothing appears possible. Oh, a good editor for the O-O will assure the club's survival as an adjunct for a while (providing the editor doesn't become disgusted and break loose, taking his magazine with him, as frequently happens.) An Art Raup can completely revitalize a club during his tenure, giving it a temporary period of glory. But with his departure the club must revert to its old status of a hopeless white elephant mired to the hips in the mud of fannish indifference. For there is no basic need for such clubs. What few useful items they have found to occupy themselves are excuses for their existence, not reasons. These items could usually be accomplished more easily elsewhere.

I am a member now of four clubs, three national, one local. I shall continue to dutifully pay my dues. But I shouldn't have even the slightest pang if I were told tomorrow that all except FAPA had been done away with forever.

Does anyone know how to oppose organization without going insurgent?

[illegible]

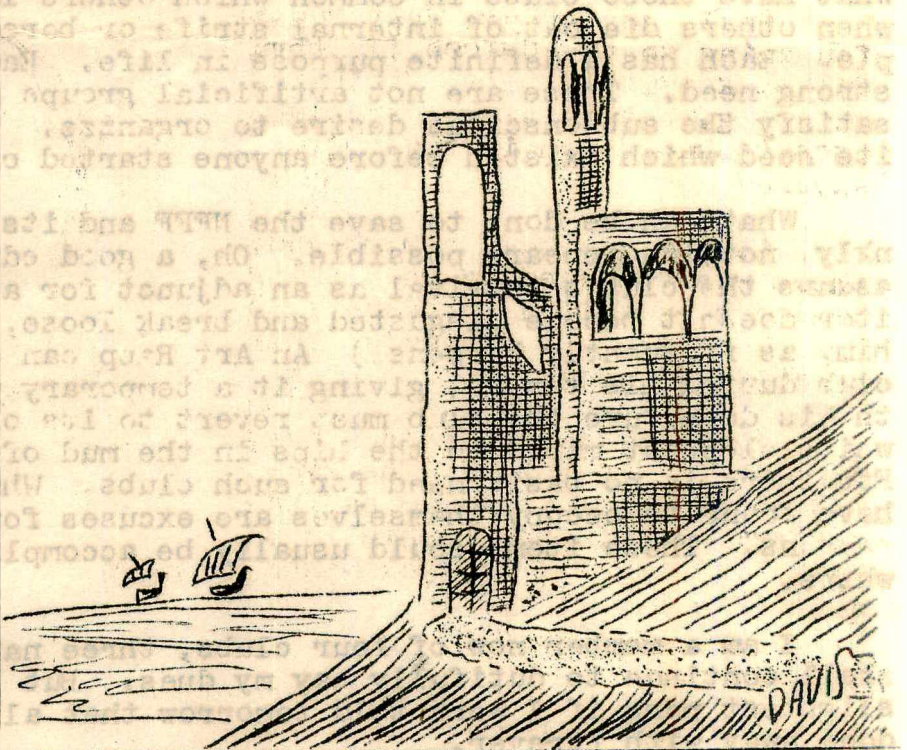


the

31 U 3H

FILE

- COSMAG/SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST\*\*\* 57 East Park Lane, NE, Atlanta 5 Georgia. This nicely litho'd zine will cost you 25¢ per, which may be a little high for a fanzine. Personally, I consider about 15¢ tops. However, these boys don't. C/SFD has a rather boring but unique column by Ridley, a weak version of Walt Williams and a few minor matters of interest. Nice artwork, format and presentation. Wonderful fmz review. Question: worth 25¢??
- EUSIFANSO\*\*\* 146 E 12 Ave, Eugene, Oregon. Pubbed "at intervals right on the interval" for 10¢ per. Printed, and has some good contents as a rule. If Craig is to be a regular feature down EUSI was, then it's well worth the dime. Nice. Get one.
- RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST\*\*\* 2524 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley 4, California. This one improves muchly with this issue. Nicely put together, edges fixed up, layout better and nice inside decoration. The contents, however, are still too much for me. Exceptionally good for a change was an article by Wm. F. Temple and a football ticket for Jan. 1, 1997 at Newhope, Mars. Another 25¢ bi-mo, which could be worth it if they'd get some fire in it. Um?
- BIZARRE\*\* Bi-mo, no price listed. Excellent mimeoing, good contents here. However, layout could be improved muchly. Try some lettering guides, boy and a little practice with lay-out. Whoops, I now see it is 15¢ per. Be better at a dime..
- SPACESHIP\*\* 760 Montgomery St., Bklyn 13 --bi-mo ----excuse me, quarterly, at 10¢. At a dime, I say ok. Needs a little more art, a better layout, and more care. Contents good. Get it
- CONFUSION\*\* Box 493, at Lynn Haven, Fla... Only a 5¢ piece... We like it muchly. #3 is getting real great--this zine is going places!!! Get one for sure!!
- ODD\*\* 1302 Lester St., Poplar Bluff, Mo. No price. Monthly. If you like it, get it. I trade with Duggie. I like it. You??
- worth mention are STF TRADER, Box 3, Tyro, Kansas for the best ads there are, or you might try Ad-O-Zine, 2058 E. Atlantic, Phila., 34, Pa. First one is your best bet and cheaper--only a dime.





That was the review page, right? Well, listen. All fmz' I get marked for review will herewith be reviewed while space lasts. But I'm gonna call 'em as I see 'em. I got varied response to #1--some people felt I should not give my opinions on the mags, but just present them so the readers could take their pick. Others complained about me running the same old sugar-coated reviews everybody runs. Well, from now on I'm gonna describe 'em however I feel about 'em, tho I did that the first time, but was rather easier. There are a good lot this time, but next fmz I run across that needs blasting, I'll give it to them. Ok?

Thinking about Craig's article, we wonder about one thing. What are we going to do with Keasler as one of the N3F directors??

NOTICE: I'm making certain exceptions this issue and sending a second sample copy to a number of people. I think there's enough improvement over #1 to warrant it. However, this will be your last if you don't send in a sub or a dime to cover the next one. You know who I'm talking too. You!

As you may have noticed, the cover by Fultz isn't here, as I had said in #1. Reason is, I liked it so much that I'm thinking of using it for the Annish, so it's stored away. Instead is a cover by two fen in NYC and Boston--Rayroy. Like it?

Back to reviews and #1 again. On page 14, line 5 should be as such "by the great you know (Nothing Sirius) who." I mistakenly said (File 13) and I'm sorry as heck, Rich. Apologize to you, too, Redd.

Hey! Any of you West Coast fen going to the CHICON II thru Salt Lake City?? I'm thinking of going, but no transportation except that which is too costly. Anyone?

As you may have remembered, there was supposed to be a thing around here called "Personals," but there isn't. Nobody's interested, I guess.

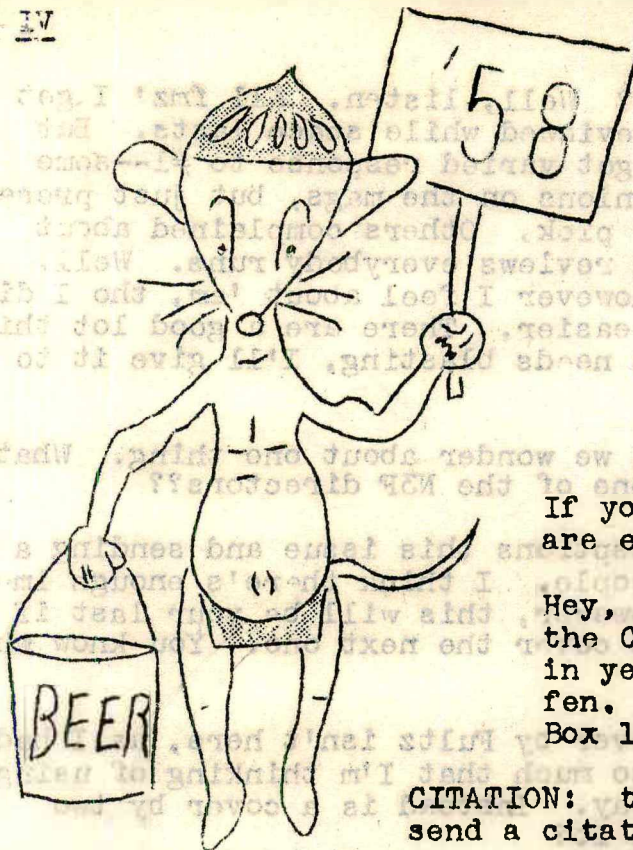
Incidentally, there's a new fanclub in NYC called "The Variants" and pubs it's O-O called VARIANT WORLD. Membership is a buck. If interested, you might write Sheldon Deretchin, 1234 Utica Avenue, Brooklyn 3, N. Y.

OOPSLA extends its sincere appreciation to Shelby Vick and Tom Covington for their support of the name. Heck, I like OOP-SIA as a name, too. ((Read BIZARRE and CONFUSION, folks.))...

WAW WITH THE CREW IN '52!!







Here are the next few mailing dates for OOPSLA. In each case, the deadline is one week and one day before.

#3	March 25
#4	May 6
#5	June 17
#6	July 29
#7	September 9
#8	October 21
ANNISH	December 2

If you check those dates, you'll see they are every sixth Tuesday.

Hey, they're giving away moon craters for the CHICON II. Have you sent your buck in yet? Get a deed to a moon crater, you fen. The address is: S-F Convention, Box 1422, Chicago 90, Illinois. Hurry!!!

CITATION: to Paul W. Fairman, editor of IF, we send a citation for a courageous editorial in

his first issue. He made the most daring statement an editor can make in a promag and deserves praise. Believe me, but see for yourself by buying IF #1 and reading that editorial.

Noticed anything different?? OOPs plans to run at least one illo pdr page from now on, and we don't quite know how you feel. Care to tell us?? You want that many, or do you care? For ghu sakes, tell me

MISCELLANY: Any of you other fmz' wanna trade? We'll be glad to do so. ## Jupiter now has 12 moons. A new one was discovered not long ago. This expanding universe. ## I need material! Three and four page very light and fannish fan fiction, or articles of the same calibre. Will take serious articles, occasionally, too. ## The GAL-AXY anthology should be out soon. Seems to me we heard of an astounding one, once, but.... ## Next ish of TCS-AB will contain "Minions of the Moon" by Beyer. Out April 1st. Sounds good. ## You guys see OW's new \$50 contest? Buy a copy of the March issue and find out. If Rap keeps this up, I may continue to buy for some time to come. Nobody, but nobody sneers at a \$50 bill. ## Rap also wants enuf guys to promise to sub so he can make OW monthly. 2000 fen at \$5 per, he figures. You volunteer? ## Anybody got AC Clarke's "Sands of Mars" "Exploration of Space" and Howard's "Sword of Conan" for trade?? --I also wanta trade faneds for lettering guides and shade plates. Youse guys interested??

Quotable quote from SPACESHIP #15 by Rich Elsberry: "Just why do you publish a fanzine, anyhow? I find the work abominable. ... But its the mimeoing that gets me. ... Then there is stapling and things.. And just what do you get out of publishing...but egoboo? It's a lot of work to cut the stencils and mimeo it--and there's addressing and stamps. You can't possibly make ends meet charging a dime...." Ahh, but that ego-boo's wonderful stuff, Rich. It must be, or else why am I.....



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