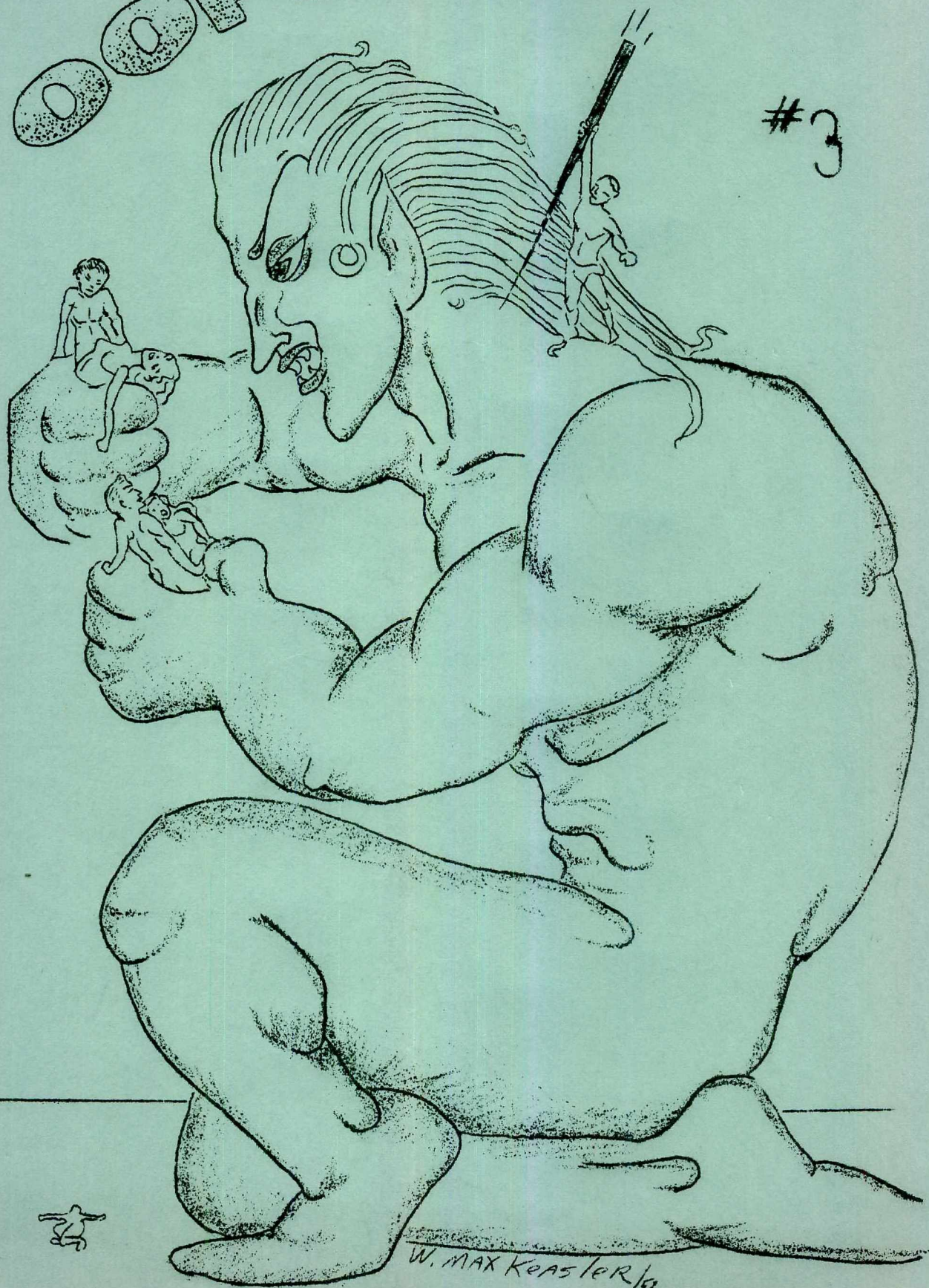


OOPSLA

#3



ALBERTA

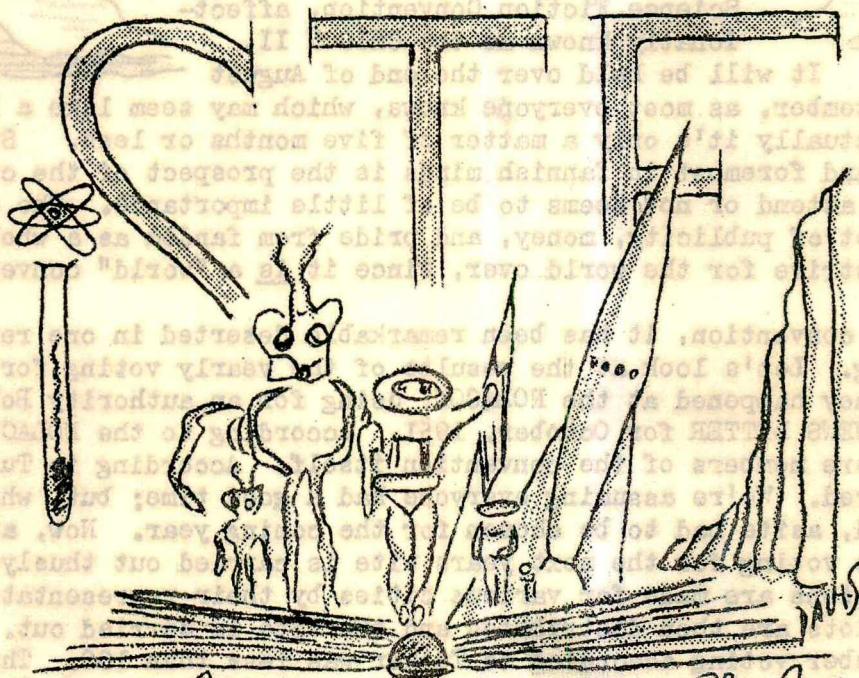


O O P S L A !

Number Three

10¢

March 25th..



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Editor and Publisher

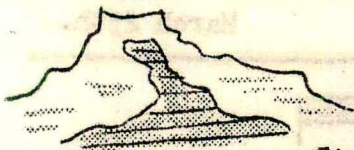
Gregg Calkins
761 Oakley Street
Salt Lake City 16, Utah.

Artists and Others

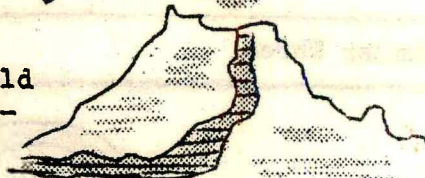
Dave Stone -- Bob Fultz -- Ray Capella --
Ontario -- Illinois -- New York City --
Allen Mulaik -- Slip-sheeter -- SLC-

OOPS!A!, Volume 1, Number 3, published every sixth Tuesday right on the nose, making nine issues a year. All nine (eight plus an annish) go for \$1 or you can have six for 60¢. Three cost 30¢ and single copies are 10¢ each. Ad space is \$1.00 per page, 60¢ per half-page, and 35¢ per 1/3 page. Personals are 5¢ for a maximum of five lines. No more than three personal ads per person per issue. In submitting material, remember humorous fan-fiction and articles get preference over serious stuff unless exceptional. Include return postage if you want the ms back. When in SLC, phone 9-7067 for OOPS. Next issue mailed on May sixth!

Eruptions!



This year it's the 10th Annual World Science Fiction Convention, affectionately known as the CHICON II.



It will be held over the end of August

and first of September, as most everyone knows, which may seem like a long time away for some, but actually it's only a matter of five months or less. So, naturally, the thing first and foremost in fannish minds is the prospect of the convention: if they are able to attend or not seems to be of little importance. The convention comes in for a lot of publicity, money, and pride from fandom as a whole, and is a goal for fen to strive for the world over, since it is a "world" convention.

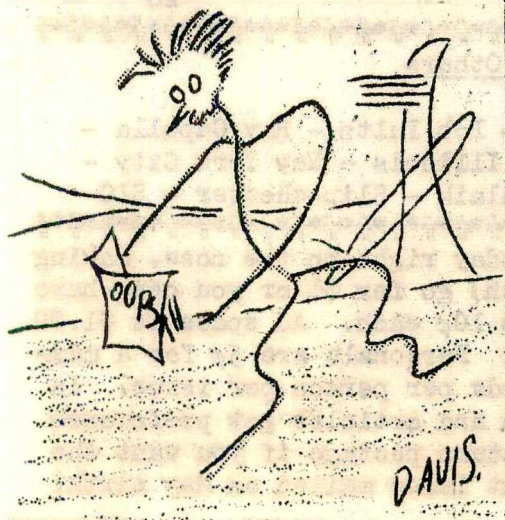
But, for a world convention, it has been remarkably deserted in one respect. That respect is voting. Let's look at the results of the yearly voting for the next year's con site as they happened at the NOLA CON, using for an authority Bob Tucker's SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER for October, 1951. According to the NOLA CON booklet, almost 300 fen were members of the convention itself. According to Tucker, only 183 actually registered. We're assuming everyone had a good time; but, when the final day rolled around, a site had to be chosen for the coming year. Now, as you may or may not know, the voting for the next years site is carried out thusly: a session is held, and nominations are made for various cities by their representatives at the convention. Ballots are then distributed and the vote is carried out. At the NOLA CON the total number voting according to Tucker was less than 100. That is just about a 50% vote. Out of these 100 votes, 30 were sufficient to put Chicago into the lead for 1952. Now, when you consider the fact that membership was about 300, you can see that a "majority" of around 10% had full control of the next years con site. Presumably this will happen at the CHICON II.

So what can we do about it? Why is the representative vote only about 30% of membership, and controlling vote only a third of that? Furthermore, is the voting fair? Oh, we don't mean that the votes are fixed, or anything, but does the voting give a majority of fen equality in voting? Are we represented by the present scheme, or directed? This year the total membership is already over 300, and the attendance promises to be high. Yet we'll be willing to bet that fewer than 50% get in on the final voting. Why? Probably half of them are too busy to make it, don't know about it, or are already leaving the hotel. The sad part about it all, tho, is the fact that the convention committee could almost insure an 80% vote IF THEY WANTED TO TRY! We'll be willing to bet that stamped, self-addressed post-cards sent out by the con committee about a month after the convention, voting would become so simplified that

fewer than 20%, if that many, would fail to vote. Nomination would be the same as now, of course, and cities nominated would be printed on the back of the card. The total cost would be only \$10.00.

So, this is the question: do you want a representative vote or not? What are the pro's and con's on the subject? If you are in favor of a change, what do you think should be done and how? Let's hear an idea or two. Letters on the subject and further details will be printed next issue, and we might also have a short article by one of the Convention Chairwomen, also.

And don't forget to send that buck to: Convention Committee, PO Box 1422, Chicago 90, Illinois. Hurry



Dear Alice:

I guess you'll have to refresh my memory a little. Some of the things you've told me about must have become a mite distorted with age. I seem to remember them quite clearly, but surely I couldn't be right. Some of the things that happened... Well, they just couldn't.

Stop me if I'm wrong.

There was the time when you were taking a nap in the downy stardust along the Milky Way. Something woke you—a soft, persistent sound. It seemed to come from the vicinity of a monopetalous dicotyledonous plant—it was someone sobbing. Realizing it couldn't be the little white cloud that cried—not here, hiding behind a monopetalous dicotyledonous plant—you ventured nearer to investigate. It was then you heard the small, whining voice, sniffing to itself. You cocked your pretty blonde head inquisitively, and listened.

"...and Redd Boggs hates me and Bob Tucker hates me and Vernon McCain hates me. Even (sob!) Lee Hoffman hates me!"

"Uh--hi, there," you ventured timidly.

"You hate me!" the little voice screamed in surprised accusation.

You were somewhat taken aback. "But--I don't even know you," you protested.

"You see? You see? That proves it. You don't even care enough about me to ask my name."

The crying started afresh.

You felt helpless, listening to the pitiful sounds. "Well, tell me, then—and please quit crying--what is your name?"

"You'll hate me!" it screamed, and the sobbing increased.

"No--no I won't; honest."

"I don't care," the voice sniffed. "I'll tell you who I am. You hate me already. I'm—I'm..." the voice lowered to a whisper. "I'm--Yngvi."

"Oh..."

"See?" it screamed accusingly--"you do hate me, too!"

"Quit it!" You stamp your foot impatiently. The crying stops with startling suddenness. "There; that's better. Now--" you settled back on a moonbeam, "now do try and get hold of yourself, and tell me the reason for all this nonsense."

"Well," the voice sniffed again, then timidly cleared its throat. "I'll give you an example. There were these two hufans, Streety--no, Roady... No, that's not right. Pathway? --Laney! That's it. Laney and Birdbee. They were conferring in a cellar on a new fanzine. Now, these hufan beings were more accurately

Dear Alice

known as neofen. That means they put out a neopolitan fanzine—SHAGGY DOG TAILS, I think. But they were getting ready to put out another zine. They were talking about what big name hufans they might get to contribute to their new gem...

"We gotta have David Ish," said Trailways.

"And Gregg Calkins!" Birdbath insisted. "We couldn't think of putting out a zine without a bigshot like Calkins in it."

"That's right; that's right. And we'll have to have a tremendous ciruclation. I vote we put out no less than eight."

"Eight dozen? Hundred?"

"No, just eight."

"Well, that sounds a little steep—but I guess we can afford it. Nothing is too good for our fanzine." Birdseye stopped, suddenly. His face lit up with exultation. "I've got it!" he cried. "I've got it, I've got it!"

Alleyway backed off. "Well, don't get near me—it might be contagious."

"Our lead, I mean! Our chief contributor! This will MAKE our fanzine!"

"Yeah, but what will it make it?" Backalley questioned dubiously.

"Tops, of course."

"But we're not after tops. Kids play with those. We're planning on putting out—"

"Oh, shut up! You know what I mean. This contributor will make out zine the best on the market. We just can't go to press without—him!"

"Who? WHO?"

"The biggest name in fandom, that's all! Who could that be but—"

"You don't mean—?"

"Right! Rodric Cadwaller Drinkwater!"

At this point, Alley Oopsla clubbed Birdsnest and swung out the window, ululating for Ooola.

...

The voice stopped. Then: "You see?" it asked you.

"No, I don't," you admit. You looked at the monopetalous dicotyledonous plant and your scalp began to tingle. There was still no one visible. And if there WAS anyone there... Maybe it'd be better to just consider yourself insane, and the whole thing a figment of your imagination. But the voice continued.

"Well, it's very plain," it said, irritably. "At the bottom of page nine they used for a filler four very painful, familiar words. 'Yngvi is a louse.' They didn't even know me, but they hated me already." The voice trembled. "Everybody hates me!" Yngvi bawled.

LEE HOFFMAN



((Brought back from a horrible printing and death in OOPS #1 by popular demand, to a re-printing here in OOPS #3.))

VITAL STATISTICS: 5'8", brown eyes, auburn of hair, not much Southern accent according to her wirepondents, and definitely NOT skinny. Contrariwise. These are her own words. Our bet is that she isn't fat, either.

"I was born the youngest of two siblings in Cook County Hospital, Chicago, Illinois, on the 14th day of August, 1932. For six happy years I lived in that city, riding ponies on Sunday and carrying a pair of mighty dangerous (I hoped) cap pistols, and burying the dolls that I got for Christmas after I'd given them a decent hanging.

Sometime in 1938 my family and I moved to the town of Lake Worth in Florida to take up the honored profession of tourist baiting, in the form of rooming houses. It was in LW I met stf. The lad across the street, who became my best friend, had a tremendous assortment of comic books featuring stf. I had long since been a fantasy aficionado, being given to listening to LIGHTS OUT from a very tender age, and begging ghost stories for bedtime tales. I enjoyed them (the comics) but found no special appeal in that literary form, preferring the hoof-and-horns business of a child infatuated by cowboy movies.

It was in 1940 that my family brought me to Savannah where we owned a home. Here we decided to settle, forsaking the tourist trade for the steadier income of a radio family. I went thru grammar school in a dull sort of way. My best friends were a couple of lads who taught me to trade comic books profitably and a girl who owned a couple of ponies and had travelled with a carnival, altho she was just in grammar school.

Junior High found me stationed in the library for a homeroom and there did quite a bit of reading, especially fantasy anthologies. This reading continued into high school, along with my interest in Westerns and the discovery of the radio. Out of the interest in radio came the theatre. There I discovered fandom in the form of ex-fan Walt Kessel, who was my crew chief of my first production. (I only acted once, however. My interests and abilities ran to crew, especially stage carpenter.)

I became fannishly active with QUANDRY and soon joined FAPA. My first year in that organization was rather dull from the organization's view-point. As a youngfan I was pretty much bewildered by it, but going into my second year it caught up with my interests and now my FAPA publishing is one of my major interests.

Still have my interest in Westerns, tho I don't read them much any more. Enjoy stf. Like horseback riding but am downright poor at it. Can cook well, tho am no expert. At present I am employed as assistant to the chief housekeeper here at home and receive in payment for my labors my room, board and spending money. Work good hours and have time for fanning and sundry other pursuits.

Q U A N D R Y

101 Wagner Street,

Savannah, Georgia.

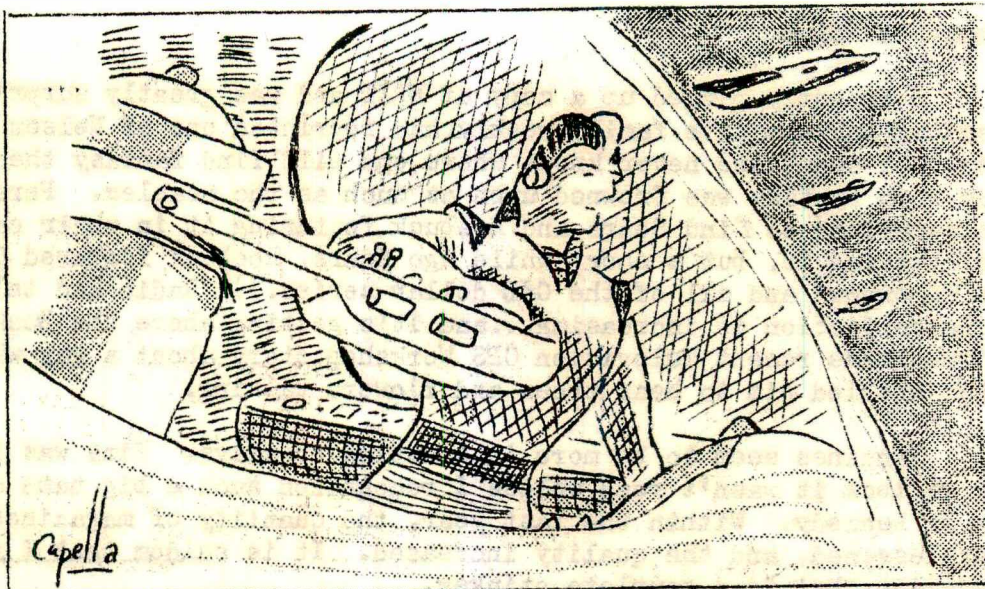
Get it!

KONNER'S

KOLUM

BY

WILKIE CONNER ...



Redd Boggs gently pointed out, in his so-right way, that KK#1 would have been much more interesting if I had talked about Henry Burwell, rather than his mag. And as I said, Redd is 100% right. Any journalist knows that people are the most entertaining of subjects, as witness the success of Walter Winchell and the screen and radio fan magazines. They deal almost entirely with personalities. Why I didn't consider Burwell good copy is beyond me.

Perhaps one of the reasons I didn't write too much about Burwell was that I was swayed by the man's modesty. He is the kind of a guy who would much rather have his magazine publicized than himself. That is, he isn't the type of fellow who enjoys the lime-light. At least, that is the impression he left with me.

Burwell is one of the most likeable people, fan or otherwise, it has ever been my pleasure to meet. He has a captivating personality that is congenital, rather than acquired. Henry came into my house a stranger, yet so charming was he that I felt as though I'd known him for years.

Hank will never be frightened by his own shadow. He's too thin to make one. He's a veteran of World War II--and, like me, he's paying for a house he bought under the B. I. Bill.

Being too modest to talk about himself, I had to learn from other sources about his many contributions to fandom. For instance, he never once mentioned that he is the publisher of Sam Moscovitz's fine history of fandom. (The title escapes my rather hazy memory, but perhaps Gregg can supply it!) ("The Immortal Storm") And he just barely mentioned that he was responsible for Walt Willis being able to put the next copies of SLANT out; at least, on good paper. Incidentally, Henry is one of the few people in the world, so I've been told, to have a complete set of SLANT!

Burwell sells radio parts over several southern states. Though he is a travelling salesman, he didn't tell me one farmer's daughter story. Like me, Henry has a poor memory—he's been owing me a letter since his visit. Remember, Henry?

Henry is the sort of guy you can't help liking, and I hope, when next he's in this neck of the woods, he will stop in and see me again. (That goes for any of youse guys and dolls. Whenever you happen to be in Gastonia, drop in to see me—the welcome mat is always out.)

This Kolum originates from a new address, since I bought a new house: 1514 Poston Circle, Gastonia, NC. All my friends and enemies please take note. The phone number, though, is still the same: 7056.

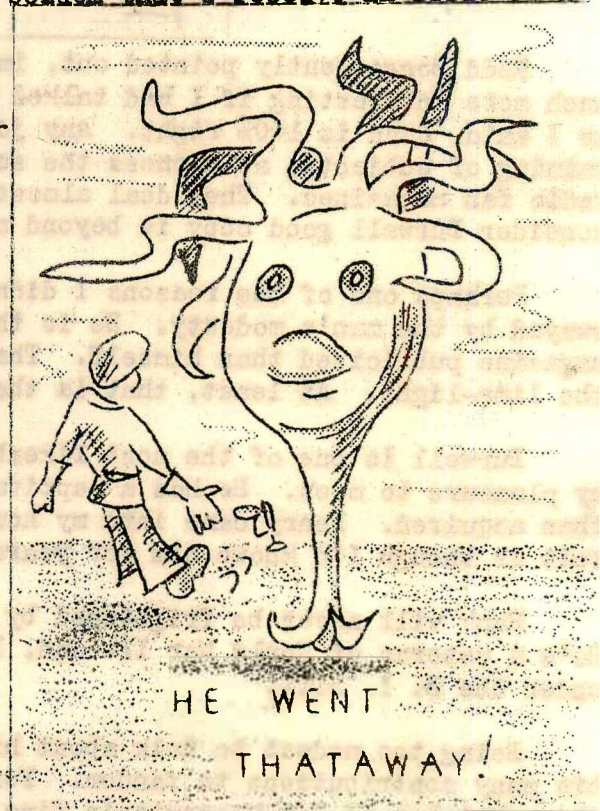
I recently picked up a copy of ERIT and was greatly surprised to note this usually conservative family weekly had reprinted one of Nelson Bond's ESQUIRE stories. It seems one never knows where one will find fantasy these days—yet I remember when fantasy was frowned upon as much as the measles. Personally, I wouldn't be surprised to find Sears and Roebuck featuring it in their catalog. ((Pardon me for butting in, but a short while ago Sears, Roebuck featured Crossen's "Adventures in Tomorrow" and all of the G&D dollar series.)) Radio and television fantasy and science fiction is increasing...and it's getting above the Buck Rogers level. As witness the recent Television CBS Workshop story about a guy who invented a machine that enabled him to hear trees and flowers talking.

Fanzines seem to be more interesting nowadays. Time was if a fanmag came into my mailbox it wasn't read unless I recognized such a big name as Laney, Boggs, Tucker or Kennedy. Within the last year, the quantity of magazines to come into my ken has lessened, and the quality increased. It is seldom that I receive an issue of a magazine that is a complete stinker.

The next issue of TLMA, from the Little Monsters of America, 408 West Bell Street, Statesville, North Carolina, will be a corker. I spent a recent week-end with Lynn Hickman, the Master Monster, helping him with the magazine and I know whereof I speak. This issue is rather late, but doubtless this will be the last late issue. Lynn is getting married in June, and his wife will be able to help him on the magazine. Working away from home all the time Lynn has only a brief week-end or two to assemble and mail. I can't get over to Statesville as often as I would like to, to help him, and it seems that everything is left to Lynn alone. He's doing a fine job, though, and I take my hat off to him.

So, until next time, this is it.

W. K. K.



PERSONALS

33

The personals are back again. Remember, if you have ANYTHING to advertise, this is the place to do it, whether it be a new fanclub, new fanzine, or established mags, books for sale, or convention information try a personal ad in OOPSLA!

.....Carl Swanson of Velva, North Dakota has many books and magazines of all kinds for sale. Science-fantasy and weird magazines for 25¢ up, books for 50¢ up. He also is willing to buy and exchange. Write Velva, North Dakota..... I sell or trade both US and British s-f mags and books—Haggard, Rohmer, Stapledon and what I specialize in. Drop a card for a list to John E. Koestner, 2124 Rene Court, Brooklyn 37, New York.....Remember these ads next time you have something to sell but don't want to pay full-page rates that most fmz's charge. A personal ad is only 5¢ for up to five lines.

THE LAUGH'S ON ME

—BY REDD BOGGS

I swear I saw that fellow materialize in the road in front of me! I had to swerve my old flivver hard to keep from hitting him square. The flapper riding in the seat beside me let out a screech that rang in my ears as she bounced against me too heavily for pleasure. "You hit somebody—you killed somebody!" she hollered.

"Aw, can it!" I yelled at her as I looked around and saw the guy was hunky-dory. He came up beside the car—a funny looking galoot with a queer metal helmet over his noggin. Say, but he was a sight! My girl said later that he was dressed in some outlandish clothes in addition to that crazy headpiece, and I guess that's why I thought he was coming come from a masquerade party.

"Hey," I said, "if you ain't the feline's robe de nuit, popping up like that in my headlights! Why, I could have run you down!"

"I'm sorry. I—miscalculated," he apologized, and he spoke in the awfulest highbrow dialect I ever did hear. "My spatial co-ordinates were wrong, as I realized just as I saw you coming at me like—like a kamikaze. Thank you for turning aside. If you'd hit me!..... I owe you, if not my life, at least my era. My equipment is very delicate."

"Look here, by golliès, you gave me a shock," I said, trying to get the shakes out of my system by working up a mad at him.

"Yes, yes, I would like to repay you for everything. It was all my fault." The fellow looked a shade bewildered, waving his hands around. "But, you see I have no credits—money. Let me give you a glimpse of tomorrow. Would that repay you?"

"Money? Repay me?" I spluttered, but Helen—that's the flapper who was with me—squealed, "Oh, goody! A fortune teller! Ask him something, lambkins."

"Let us say I will give you three wishes as in a fairy story," said the funny gink. "Three answers to any questions you have about tomorrow. But you must ask me something about national and international affairs of this era—something I can say."

"Tell us about the big election," said Helen eagerly. "Will Hoover win?"

The guy knitted his brow, making his shiny helmet twitch a little. Then he



The Laugh's on Me. II

spoke, as if he was reading from a history book. "Hoover 21,392,190 votes; Smith, 15,016,443. Hoover will lead in all states but six, will split the Solid South, and will be the last Republican president for—"

"Last Republican president!" said Helen. "Ha ha. That's really a laugh, I hope to tell you! Why, the Grand Old Party was never stronger." Her old man's a local bigwig in GOP, and naturally she didn't like this prediction by the fellow one bit!

"The communists are going to beat 'em out in 1932," I said to tease her, winking at the man in the helmet. "Sure, that's what'll happen. The commies promote International Brotherhood, you know. That's the coming thing, you can bet your sweet life!"

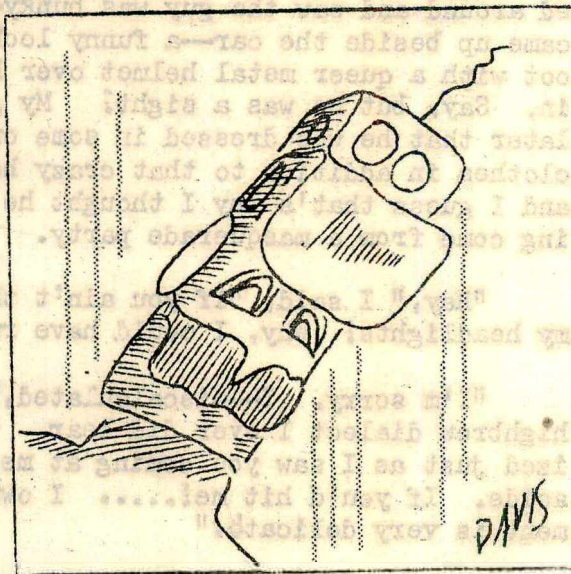
The amn frowned again and then remarked, kind of ironic-like, "I will tell this to you. Within 20 years the communists of Russia will be displaying their 'International Brotherhood' by claiming that they, the Russians, and they alone, invented every modern invention from the radio to the fountain pen."

"You're all wet, if you ask me," I told the man with a laugh. "You can make better predictions than that. Ask him something else, Helen angel."

Helen shook her head sulkily, still thinking about the GOP losing in 1932. I shrugged my shoulders. "Sorry, mister. I guess your act ain't getting across too gosh-awful good."

"You still have a question to go," the man said, looking at Helen and then at me. "No? Very well, then. Goodby." He had raised his hand in a gesture of farewell, when his eye fell upon the magazine lying in the seat—a magazine I had bought at the drugstore where we'd stopped for a sundae. It was one of those ritzy new magazines called Amazing Stories. You know, it's one of those fantastical magazines about shooting off to the moon and such.

"I'll give you a hint about the future of that 'science fiction' literature," said the helmeted man with a smile. "It's a glimpse of tomorrow that you'll disbelieve as you did my other glimpses."



"Make it snappy," I said, racing the motor. "We're pulling out."

"Within 25 years," said the man quickly, "the leading writer of science fiction will be a man who fears and distrusts science. Yes, a man who is deeply anti-science in outlook."

I drove away, laughing aloud, because this was the silliest prediction yet. Scientifiction—that's what they call the stuff—scientifiction glorifies science, and Mr. Hugo Gernsback isn't likely to let a science-hater tear down his highfalutin magazine that way, I can tell you. Any fool ought to know better.

"Even without a crazy helmet on my head," I told Helen, "I can pull off a better fortune telling act than that! Just ask me the questions we asked that boob and then listen to some logical answers. I can predict better than he can any day of the week—yes, and twice on Sunday's and Holidays." (Continued on page 24.)

THE

JAUNDICED

EYE

KEN BEALE

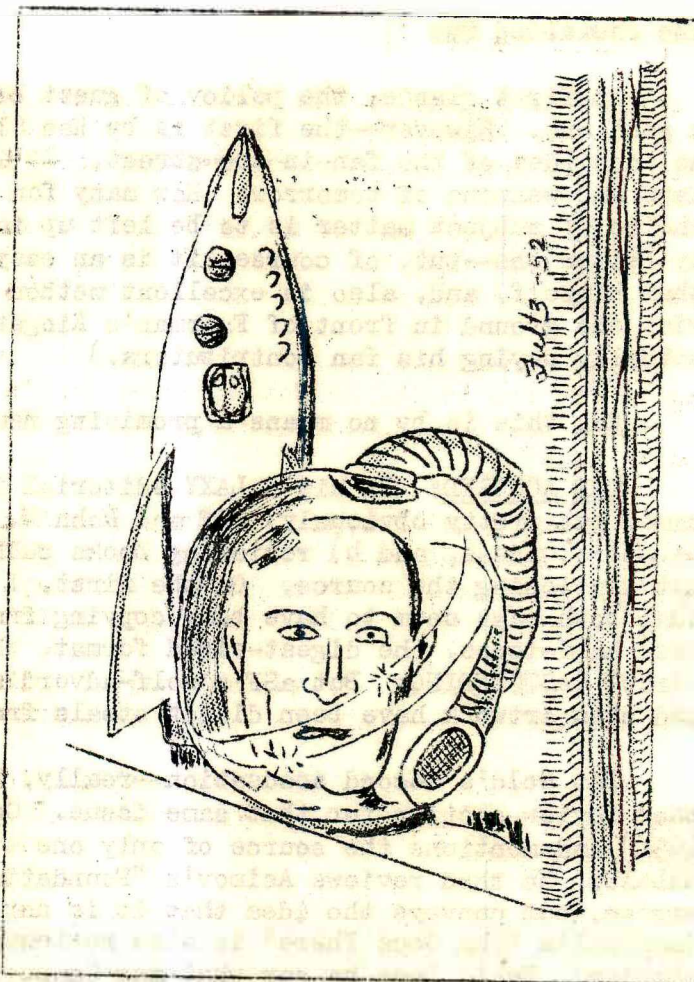
This is my second try at being a fmz columnist. The first was in Russell Watkins' zine, DAWN, now folded. That was a news column--this will be a more general one, covering news and views on subjects sfictional. As the title suggests I'll probably pan more often than praise.

UNDER THE SUN: A new title in the field is Paul W. Fairman's IF--Worlds of Science Fiction, which appeared locally a few weeks ago, heralded by much ballyhooing in the fan press and a direct-mail scheme of sending a copy of the cover to numerous fen. I got two of these, portraying a leopard-skin-clad gal holding a tiger on a least (household pet, no doubt) and being menaced by a chap with a gun. A rocket in the background provided a science fictional note. This, it is to be assumed, is an illustration for the lead story, by one Howard Browne.

Well, shortly thereafter I picked up a copy. If the sale of the first issue is anything to go by, the mag should be a tremendous success. I had to go to about a half-dozen newsstands before finding one copy, tho its companion mag, STRANGE, The Magazine of True Mystery (evidently a cross between FATE and the true detective mags) was in evidence at several. Of course, this phenomenal sale may have a simpler explanation--the distribution may have been poor, and only 2 or 3 copies supplied each dealer. I am inclined to suspect that this is really the case.

Looking at the issue (which I still haven't read entirely), we find an amazing hodgepodge of other magazines' ideas--format and size reminiscent of GALAXY; cover stock and layout from WORLDS BEYOND; editorial policy as regards stories from OTHER WORLDS; policy as regards catering to fans from MARVEL; authors from OW, AMAZING and FA; and artwork from AMAZING by GALAXY.

With a magnificent display of impartiality, editor Fairman has bought stories from the Ziff-Davis/Clark Publishing Company coterie--Palmer, Browne, Shaver, Phillips, and some of the contributors to the those mags--Miller, Lesser and Sturgeon. The latter looks to be the only decent author in the entire line-up, but I haven't read the stories yet, and so cannot really judge. Such a truly honest, straightforward way of lining up a contents page has not been seen in the field since anthologist Ken Crossen bought stories by three of his personal friends and one from himself for the fifteen selections in "Adventures in Tomorrow."



At first glance, the policy of guest editorials by fanmag editors seems to be a good one. However--the first is by Ken Slater, certainly not a typical one, and no one's idea of the fan-in-the-street. It is serious, thoughtful piece on the warfare and weapons of tomorrow. How many fan editors can duplicate that? If the choice of subject matter is to be left up to the writer, than this idea is a slightly better one--but, of course, it is an easy way for Fairman to get out of writing them himself, and, also in excellent method of getting free filler. (I promise to kiss the ground in front of Fairman's Kingston, NY, office if I discover that he is actually paying his fan contributors.)

No, this is by no means a promising newcomer to the field.

THE ACCUSED: In his GALAXY editorial for February, HL Gold berates (not by name, but pretty obviously) aSF and Hohn W. Campbell for: a) stealing his (or, rather GALAXY's) ideas, and b) reviewing books published by or reprinted from GALAXY without mentioning the source. On the first, I will not comment overly, except to say that both mags seem to have been copying from each other like mad. After all, who used half-tones, the digest-sized format, the adult policy, and most of the writers first? ASTOUNDING. But aSF's self-advertising, recent authors, new cover-format, and even artwork have been direct steals from GALAXY.

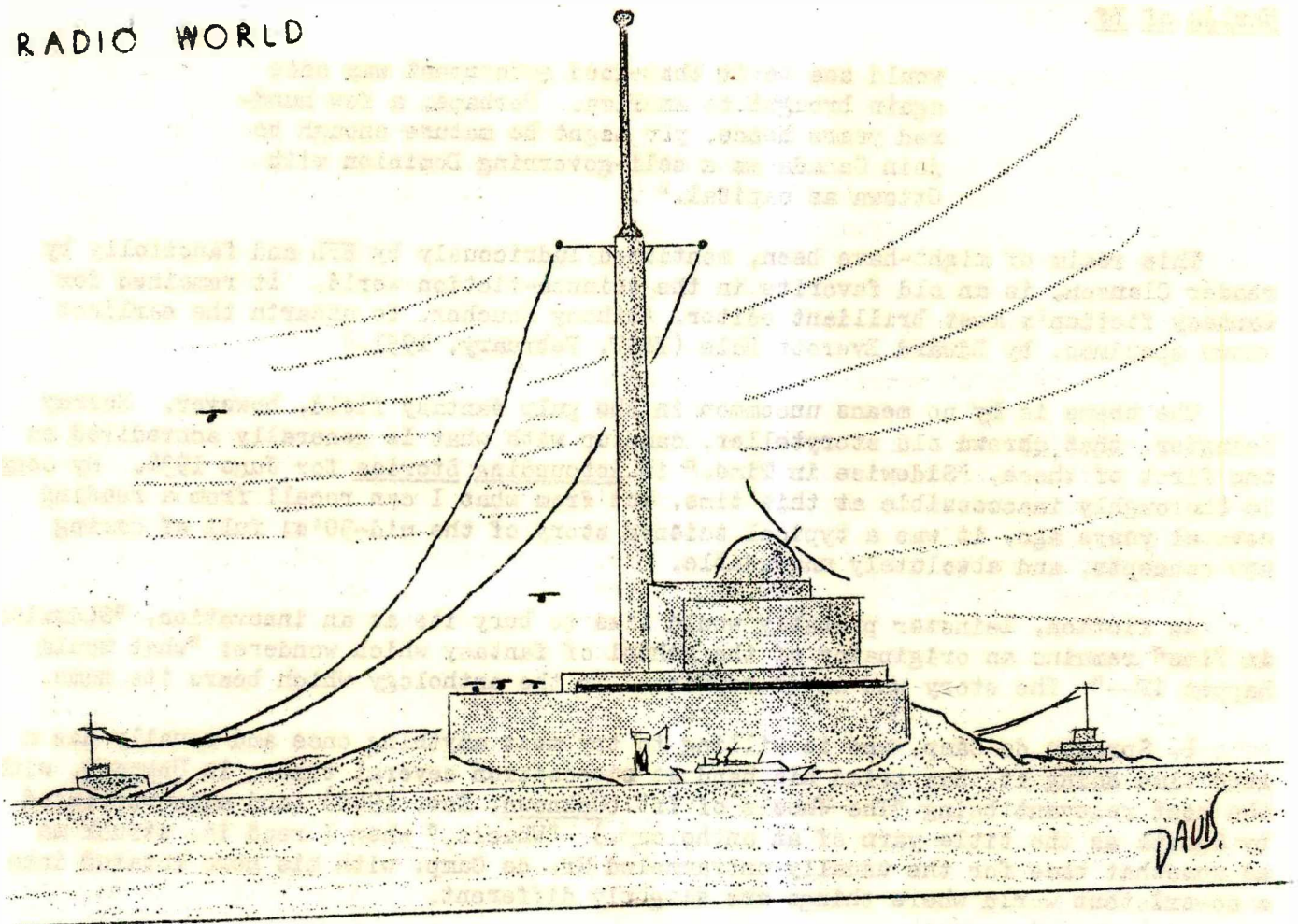
But Gold's second accusation--really, Horace! Just take a look at the GALAXY book review section for that same issue. Conklin reviews "The Best S-F Stories, 1951" and mentions the source of only one story. Strangely enough, that source is GALAXY. He then reviews Asimov's "Foundation" and not only does not mention the source, but conveys the idea that it is not a reprint at all! The new edition of Campbell's "Who Goes There" is also reviewed. Does he mention the source of the stories? Nah! Does he say what mag Campbell is the editor of? Nah! Does he even mention that JWC is the editor of a mag? Of course not!

People who live in glass houses, Mr. Gold.....

Speaking of GALAXY, did you notice the blooper they pulled in the December ish? When they said the Kornbluth story was illustrated by "Karl Rogers" but one of the pix (on page 86) was signed Stone. Of course, it is common knowledge that Stone is "Rogers." Many GALAXY artists use brush-names. "James Vincent" is Napoli. And Emsh has a suspicious variety of styles. Is he also "Ed Alexander"?

FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW UNTIL NOW: STARTLING published 6 issues dated 1951. Editor Merwin had a story in every one. He only had 5 in TWS that year, but 2 were in one issue!.....There are 21 outright SF or FTS mags being pubbed now in the US along, not counting borderline items like MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER.....Fletcher Pratt knows where the body is buried down at Standard. He has had 7 stories in the last 13 issues of TWS-SS, 4 of them in the past five months. (This is as of the April TWS) And the end is not yet--he has a story in the June TWS, and after that, who knows? And I haven't counted FSM or his translation of "Death of Iron". Considering the poor quality of most of this writing, it is rather amazing.

WHAT'S NEWS: SUSPENSE and FANTASY BOOK are the latest mags to fold. Contrary to reports, GALAXY NOVELS will not go phffft. "Odd John" is the most successful to date, with well over 60,000 copies sold.....For 35¢, Frederik Pohl's "Beyond the End of Time" is the anthology buy of the year. Cheers to Mr. P for including "Scanners Live in Vain", a terrific yarn. Lemons to him for including stories by himself ("James MacCreigh") and Judy Merril, who is Mrs. Pohl....."Destination: Universe" reads the blurb on the back of Van Vogt's new p-b. That is also the title of the volume of his stories Pellegrini & Studahy are bringing out this month. Former title: "Away and Beyond", and an Arkham House volume, as will be the same firm's "Tales From Underwood" (Keller.) They've taken Arkham. (Con't page 24.)



WORLDS OF IF BY BOB SILVERBERG

In the Arkham Sampler a few years ago Samuel Loveman related the anecdote of H P Lovecraft's standing before a statue of a Revolutionary soldier in Lexington and feeling a fierce thrill of patriotism. It was, however, not the patriotism one would expect from a New England Yankee: Lovecraft stood before the statue marking the grave of one of the first to fall in the Revolution, and muttered something like "So perished all traitors to his majesty King George III."

Now, I have no doubt but that Lovecraft, who guided his life and writing by 18th century standards, would have been content to live under the British flag in this country. But the chance re-reading of that anecdote last week, coupled with the following letter which I discovered in Time for November 5, 1951, touched off the discussion at hand.

In Time, reader Ole Clausen of Denmark commented:

"Your recent writeups on organized vice, municipal corruption, McCarthyism and moral deviation in high places surely must have brought home to a lot of readers the one salient fact that the U.S. shouldn't be allowed to fumble on as a self-governing country.

Of course the trouble all began with that monstrous mistake of 1776. The only way out is for the U. S. to apply for readmission to the British realm as some kind of protectorate. The Colonial Office in London

Worlds of If

would see to it that good government was once again brought to America. Perhaps, a few hundred years hence, you might be mature enough to join Canada as a self-governing Dominion with Ottawa as capital."

This realm of might-have been, mentioned ludicrously by HPL and fancifully by reader Clausen, is an old favorite in the science-fiction world. It remained for fantasy fiction's most brilliant editor, Anthony Boucher, to unearth the earliest known specimen, by Edward Everett Hale (F&SF, February, 1951.)

The theme is by no means uncommon in the pulp fantasy field, however. Murray Leinster, that shrewd old storyteller, came up with what is generally accredited as the first of these, "Sidewise in Time," in Astounding Stories for June 1934. My copy is thoroughly inaccessible at this time, but from what I can recall from a reading several years ago, it was a typical science story of the mid-30's: full of daring new concepts, and absolutely unreadable.

As fiction, Leinster probably would like to bury it; as an innovation, "Sidewise in Time" remains an originator of the school of fantasy which wonders: "what would happen IF--" The story was later reprinted in the anthology which bears its name.

L. Sprague de Camp, who is willing to try most anything once and usually has a good time doing it, has tried his hand at supposition several times, in Unknown, with the most relevant being "The Wheels of If" (Unknown, Nov. 1940) (and also reprinted by Shasta as the title yarn of an anthology.) "Wheels," when I read it, struck me as somewhat tame for the usually untrammelled Mr. de Camp, with his hero rotated into a co-existent world where things are slightly different.

The most recent IF-story was, of course, Sam Merwin's first science-fiction novel, "House of Many Worlds," which appeared in Startling, Sept. 1951. I assume that most, if not all, of my readers are familiar with Sam's novel, so there's no need in commenting on it other than to say that it represents one of the better pulp efforts at speculation of what might have been; in this case had Aaron Burr's conspiracy succeeded in the first years of the 19th century.

By all odds the most amusing variation on the IF-theme is William Tenn's "Brooklyn Project" (Planet, 1948.) Ignoring the insinuated slight on the flower of metropolitan culture, I thought this story was an oddity indeed--the IF-theme in reverse, with changes made in our own history via time machine to produce various startling changes (but unnoticed, of course) in humanity.

Planet used the same type of story many years earlier (Summer, 1942) in Carlton Smith's "As it Was," but in this case the end-result, not as subtle as Tenn's, was merely the total destruction of all life, with the exception of the unfortunate time traveller who made the changes in our past.

The list goes on and on, and this article probably could fill an entire issue of OQPSLA merely with names of stories on the "IF" theme. There's no need to do that however, because each reader can supply any number of stories based on the might-have-been idea.

Rewriting history is a common scheme in fantasy writing. Probably everyone has taken one or two steps in his life which he would like to retrace, and, writing fantasy, an author may do just as he pleases. Retracing steps in history to provide a better solution to world problems, or a funnier one, is, perhaps, analogous to the wistful dreaming of every person who would like just that one more chance.

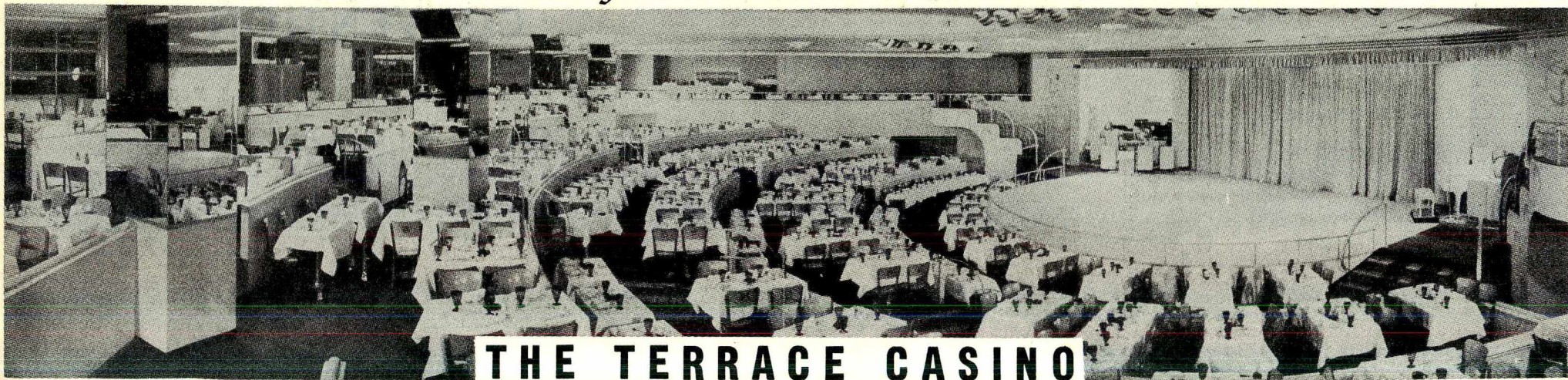
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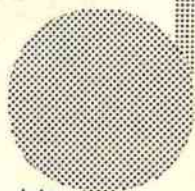
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W&J

THE SLUSH PILE

If you take the trouble to read beyond this heading, you'll find that there aren't any more fmz reviews here; instead you'll find letters. Thus will it be now unto death. So, read on, McFann.....

PO Box 702
Bloomington, Illinois

Enclosed, one buck for the next hundred issues of that sterling fanzine, OOPSLA! This is the same dollar you sent in for NEWS LETTER many, many months ago.. ..notice the moth holes?

Won't promise a contribution real soon, for the only thing I had on hand—a short satire—I shipped off to Fantastic Worlds just last week. However, I promise definitely to keep you in mind, and as soon as something worthwhile comes from this fertile mind, it is yours.

Would suggest only you abandon the fanzine reviews; the effort is duplicated all over the place, the space could be put to better use, and the review is no good at all to the editor as it stands now. To be of some value to an editor, a review of his fanzine must be long and detailed, pointing out the errors, praising better parts

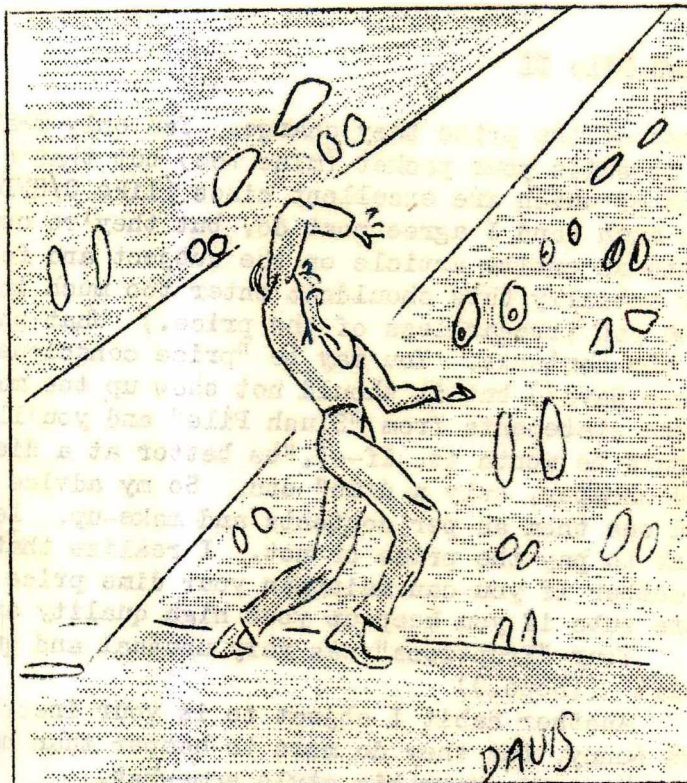
Best,

Bob Tucker

AF 15461817 Box 557 HQ 3650 AFIW
Sampson AFB, New York.

In the hopes that you'll revise your opinion about letter columns and have one, I try again to make it. Why don't you call it "Lava"? Anyhow, I just want to give you my opinions on the #2 issue of OOPSLA! After all, as Konner says, the least you can do for a free copy is acknowledge it. Indeed, as you promised, the 2nd issue is a vast improvement over the 1st, and I do like it a lot better. The mimeoing is mostly excellent thruout. The "illustration per page" idea is fine providing you keep up the quality work of this issue. I like the cover also: why don't you keep the logo? It could become a standard. In fact, the only fault of this issue's make-up lies in a couple of errors which, no doubt, were unintentional. (That's a stupid statement, isn't it? Are any errors intentional?) One is the continuation of "The Organizing Instinct" which tells the reader to turn to page 17, but we find it concluded on page 14, which is also the location of error number two. This is in the heading which is titled "Dupplings" ((THAT'S DRIBBLINGS!)) which should be on page 17. Now how the heck did this happen? ((It wasn't easy. After cutting the whole ish, I found I had made a mistake and was forced to go back and renumber most of the pages. I overlooked the notice at the end of the Craig article. Sorry.))

I have a criticism to make on your "Slushpile" (what a name!) In one place you say you're only going to say what you think of them, which you felt you didn't do in the first ish. Then you proceed to lambast practically every zine reviewed be-



Slush Pile II

cause of the price they charge. You only really liked one, and that's a nickel one. So it suits your pocket (mine too) but that's no reason to find fault with the rest, some of which are excellent zines (like C/SFD and Rd.) If you think the zines charge too much (and I agree most do, but they're usually in line with each other) why not write an entire article on the subject and forget the price in your review of them. for actually this shouldn't enter too much into the picture (most of them will trade with you irregardless of the price.) What should be used as a criterion of review is the contents. You may be "price conscious" (so am I, and what American isn't these days?) but it should not show up too much in your individual reviews. Take these statements from "Slush Pile" and you'll see what I mean: "Question: worth 25¢?" "Could be worth it, if--", "be better at a dime.", "at a dime I say OK", "your best bet and cheaper, only a dime" etc. So my advice would be to do as you say—call them as you see them as per contents and make-up. Leave it up to the fan as whether they want to pay the price or not. I realize that they are in competition to you, but remember if you can maintain your dime price you'll be ahead of them, for you'll get more subs if you keep up your high quality and maintain interest.

Your "Eruptions" was very unusual and quite well done. Did you write it yourself? ((Nope.))

Another habit I object to is your inserts in the columns. Perhaps some of them are funny, but they do more to hamper than help, for they break up the author's thoughts and cramp his style somewhat.

"The Organizing Instinct" was the second article I've read recently along this line and way the better of the two, the other being "The Hardest Thing in the World" by Venable in FANTASIA. (I believe.)

I don't believe I'd much want to see "Thatte storye" by "ye Knyghte" in OOPSLA! It's too hard to read, tho unique I must admit. I didn't care for "Dear Alice". Somehow it just didn't click with me. Perhaps others, tho, may think it the best item of the issue. That just goes to show the diversity of opinion.

I agree with Konner (or is it C?) ((Yes)) that it is certainly somewhat discouraging to a faned for his readers to criticize him (other than constructive.) It is true a lot of sweat and labor goes into a fmz, and it surely must be known that every ed puts forth the best product that he can, at the time. I'm positive every zine ed has some pride about him and his "creation." So, needless criticisms only make him bitter towards his readers, even tho it is well known that no one can please everyone.

Keep up the excellent work with #3, Sincerely,

Russell Watkins

2215 Benjamin Street, NE
Minneapolis 18, Minnesota

OOPSLA! #2 came. Lemuel Craig, of course, was very fine, except for a phrase or two in which he took provoking digs at insurgentism (tho he praised Rapp, who is an insurgent of repute.) Other material was not topnotch, but at least was readable and not the filler-stuff you used for issue #1. Is Conner's Column (I refuse to write it with the "K's") going to be in here regularly instead of in Q, or in both, or what? ((Only in OOPS, as far as I know.)) Still surprised me how Wilkie can meet a fan like Henry Burwell, about whom I for one know nothing, and then merely talk about his mag, about which I and most fans are familiar.

"Gruff Stuff" pretty good, tho it considers stuff I'm totally disinterested in. Recommendations: don't crowd the print so close to the pix. Leave a good margin around artwork; it looks much better. Cut out, or cut down at least, your editorial remarks within the articles and columns. They're sometimes funny, but most times merely impertinent. If you must comment, do it in your editorial or in a squib at the end of the article. Pic page 12 fine.

Redd Boggs.

NEEDED FOR CHICON II—one zap-gun, one propellor-beanie, one water-pistol.

ADVT.

Slush Pile III

134 Cambridge Street
San Francisco 12, California

I read a couple of your letters in the promags telling about OOPSLA!, but I didn't expect to see a copy, so I was pleasantly surprised to find one in my mail-box yesterday. I've gotten other fanmags complementarily, of course, and there are a very few of them I subscribe to--COSMAG is the only one I can think of right off the bat. As for OOPSLA!, I've enclosed 30¢ for the next three issues, as you've no doubt noticed already.

Sir Clarence Upslaugh stinks. No, I don't want to see that story in OOPSLA! Review of the contents: "Dear Alice" is pretty good, good light fan-fiction. Lemuel Craig's article was very good. I've read only two of his articles, but both have been extremely interesting. See if you can get more by him. I almost died when the article was supposed to be continued on page 17 and it wasn't. Finally saw it, tho. Konner's Kolum is very good--very interesting. Same for "Guff Stuff."

The artwork: cover is very good (by Ray Capella and who?), Dave Stone's stuff mostly good, Capella's on page 11 very good, the rest of the art is okay. The cartoon on page 16 is okay.

By the way, you'll probably find some artwork coming your way from San Francisco. A cover or two, and some cartoons. Be on the look out for various other types of material from this corner, too.

Sincerely,

Terry Carr.

Bordentown Military Institute
Bordentown New Jersey

Upon opening the April ish of SS I turned to my favorite section, the letters, to find out how many fools disagreed with my estimation of the last issue, and how many intelligent fen wrote in telling Mr. Mines the same things I would have told him had I bothered to write last time. And lo! and behold, there is your missive, telling us the great news that the fanzine field is to be witness to a birth as momentous as that of the first homo sapiens, the first prozine, the first fanzine, and you: OOPSLA! ((Aw, not quite!)) Well, send me a few issues, the first three if they're available. Here's the money.

I have an article decrying the progressive foreshortening of stories, and, of course, a story. You're welcome to both of them if you want them.

Richard Lupoff

! ! ! ! !
Rt. 1, Box 203
Tamm, Illinois

#2 of your potent fanzine arrived awhile back...I've forgotten when. Sorry. But not that it arrived. In fact I liked this ish, oh, I'd say twice as well as the first one. I'm not going to totally dissect it, just pick out the good parts, which are Craig's article and the artwork. Also Sir Clarence Upslaugh. On Vick, Conner and Banks, respectively, I pronounce judgment accordingly: pointless, dull, and reaction zero. In that order.

Reaction to issue #2: favorable. Short and sweet. And to the point.

Bob Fultz

* * * * *
760 Montgomery Street
Brooklyn 13, New York

...Appearance--a trifle flimsy. Fold your mag down vertically, not horizontally --I learned my lesson a while back. Folding it horizontally militates against turning pages, while the vertical fold makes it possible to turn easily. Please switch

with #3...I speak from experience.

Reproduction--very fine on some pages--but poor on others where the ink shows through. Reproduction of page 2 was superb.

Format--art on every page is unnecessary, I feel...but then again, I'm not publishing your fanzine, so if you think that's the best format, don't let me discourage you! I do wish you'd make some attempt at evening the edges.

Material--Craig's article was far and away the best. I don't agree with him on everything, nor have I liked the tone of some of his earlier articles...but he hit the nail smack on the head with his condemnation of the 1950 N3F poll. I was quite happy to be mentioned in the 1949 poll, even if it was only 30th place or so--but in 1950, because I couldn't make the top ten, I was omitted altogether! The N3F poll is phony completely...I don't mean that the results are fixed or altered, but that it's inconclusive because most of the voters give the N3F a big edge. Imagine a fanzine like TNFF voted the fourth best in the nation! #I have high hopes for the Q poll as being the first representative poll in fandom since 1948.

Other material--I was unable to read the Upslaugh thing, because I don't have time to translate...Vick, as usual, said nothing in a lot of space...Lem Craig good, as I said...Conner readable, but his column fails to stir me greatly, tho I thot his first effort for you much better than any of his Q-published jobs...Banks dull, your reviews poor (I found I never could review fanzines in one sentence or two, so I dropped the review column. The only way to review a fanzine is to devote a paragraph to it, and then you get such fine columns as Nebi's in PEON and Burge's in COS-MAG.) Most of the minor stuff and editorial comments were interesting, tho, and all in all a pretty good issue, even if leaving only a lukewarm feeling. I truse you will become one of the top mimeo faneditors afore long.

What are you planning for the annish?

Best Wishes,

Bob Silverberg.

104 Mountain View Drive
Dalton, Georgia

I had an article written in answer to Lem Craig's slurs on NFFF, but after reading it over decided it was feud material and junked it in a bonfire. Craig was not at all fair in his remarks despite the fact that he is right about his assertion. But the reason that his assertions are largely true is simple, and one he fails to see because it was too darn close to his own snoot!

The reason is this: that out of approximately 400 members there are less than 15 who are doing all the work. Most of the others feel that paying their buck a year is enuf, then, like Craig, bellyache because there is "so little to offer the experienced fan." Craig shows his own inexperience in his remarks. The really experienced fan knows that only a few active members can do just so much, and instead of blatting out the way Craig did in OOPSLA! 2, he gets into it with both feet and offers suggestions and volunteers to help put them over, or else asks "what can I do to help?"

I folded the Centaurians for exactly the same reason. Too darned many flap-jawed critics and too darned little help. TC lost both the Sec and Welcome Committee head because of illness. Further, with absolutely no warning, the Treasurer-Publisher left to be elected President of N3F...what could I do alone? Out of 55 members, 12 paid their dues and/or subbed to the zine...the rest owe dues from 1949...submitted darned little material and NO dues... If Craig was so smart, he can take over TC and the zine and see what he can do with them. Maybe after a year he'll get a little badly needed experience; and I don't give a continental D-A-M if he's been a fan for fifty years...he still has had insufficient experience.

Nope--I'm not mad at him--not anyone else--but when we work as hard as we do, spend our own time AND money, then get slams from an ignoramus like Craig, helsafyre who wouldn't burn? I'm on the Welcome Committee, the Correspondance Bureau, and the Recruiting Bureau and working my head off to get new members and welcome other mem-

The Slush Pile V

bers, beside answering correspondence...

A word about RC Higgs that you can pass along to Craig... Previous to the Nolacon Higgs was 18 months in a sick bed, barely able to get up and walk 9 feet....yet during that time he got TNFF out doggoned close to schedule, took care of his other NJF work, and did odd jobs (mimeo and copy work) for the NJF on the side. Ray got out of that sickbed to attend the Nolacon. Furthermore, he is the one steady, reliable person that everybody hands a helluva lotta work, plenty of criticism, and no help whatever. Craig wouldn't do it! Ray C Higgs: the one top fan of all time.... overworked, little thanked, and often damned.

All the Best,

Bob Farnham

115 E. Mosholu Parkway
Bronx 67, New York

...No letter section? Well, it's distinctive, anyway. But praise of the mag is not the only reason why fmz print letters. Controversial and interesting topics are often brought up in the mag, and can only be discussed properly in a letter section. Also, it adds interest to the mag--if well handled! I emphasize that for a reason. Few faneds have the knack of turning out a readable letter section. Keasler is one who does. Hoffman's another. So was Burbee in Shangri-L'Affaires. If I were you, I'd make it a policy to print only letters of interest, but not omit them entirely.

Dribblings was fair. I would like to correct one item, which states that "The Variants" is a NY fanclub. This is a vile lie and a slur upon the great city of NY. This insipid little fan group is a correspondence club with its two founding members living in New York. In fact, I believe they are the only NY members. New York fandom has enough to carry on its tired shoulders, what with the repeated reports of "dozens of fanclubs" (matter of fact, we have only three now) without having to carry the additional burden of people like Deretchin. (A sort of pint-sized Ben Singer, I guess you'd call him. This will mean nothing to you if you don't know who Singer is.) I think I have a right to say this, since I practically am NY fandom (along with Bob Silverberg.) I wish you'd run a correction on this matter. I know this is not accidental, but it's not your fault, either. Deretchin tells everybody that it's "a New York fanclub."

I wish to correct one thing in the Craig article. It is incorrect to say that the Eastern S F Assn. is the second oldest fanclub in the country (referring to local groups.) While it is true that the LASFS is the nation's oldest, the Philadelphia group (the PSFS) is, if I'm not mistaken, nearly as old, and certainly older than ESFA. Third oldest is my own society, the Queens S F League, chartered as a branch of the parent society in 1938. This group put on the 1939 World Convention, the 1st ever, and has a long and proud history. We are certainly a lot older than ESFA. Perhaps what confused Mr. Craig is the fact that we were dormant during the war, being revived in '46, about the same time that ESFA was founded, or shortly after.

I agreed with some of Craig's article, particularly the part about local groups leaving the work up to one or two members. That is certainly the situation locally. ((Just out of curiosity, are you saying that that's not the national situation?)) I resent his reference to the Hydra Club, implying that they are a fan group, even if he actually denies this in talking of them. At least, tho, his description is an honest one, much more so than the one in MARVEL.

Fantasincerely yours,

Ken Beale.

IS THIS A SAMPLE COPY OF OOPSLA! YOU HAVE HERE? IF IT IS, ARE YOU GOING TO SUBSCRIBE? IF NOT, WON'T YOU PLEASE DROP ME A CARD TELLING ME JUST WHY NOT SO I CAN THEN TRY TO CHANGE? AND, IF YOU DO LIKE OOPSLA! AND WANT ANOTHER GOOD MAG TO SUB TO, TRY QUANDRY FROM LEE HOFFMAN, AND SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER FROM BOB TUCKER. WON'T YOU DROP ME A LINE?

DRIBBLINGS

THE LEFT OVERS —

THE LAUGH'S ON ME, continued.....

Just to prove it, I'm wriging all this down—the whole story about almost bumping into the cuss, you know, and the questions we asked him— and I'm going to save this anecdote. Then whenever one of his wild predictions turns out wrong—as I know they will—I can have a good laugh at that crazy boob's expense. Whoever he was.

—Redd Boggs.

THE JAUNDICED EYE, continued.....

P&C is also bringing out a Derleth supernatural anthology, "Nights Yawning Peal".....anthos are now crowding the sf book field. Currently out are ones by Heinlein, Conklin, Campbell, Gold and Wollheim, all new

....."Rocky Jones, Space Ranger" is the title of a new TV kiddie series....."The Fire That Burns" is the latest title change for the next Bradbury book—wish they'd make up their minds.....San Diego, Cal., is the site of the former Westercon, renamed the Sou'Westercon for this year.....Imagination, Unlimited is a new Bleiler-Dikty anthology. That's all.

—Ken Beale.

There is, at present, a full-scale campaign to bring that well-known Irish fan, the Bard of Belfast, Walter A. Willis, to the 10th World S-F Convention at Chicago. The campaign is headed by one Shelby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida, and is assisted (so far) by four fanzines—CONFUSION (from Vick), OOPSLA! (from us), MAD (Dick Ryan, 224 Broad Street, Newark, Ohio), and SOL (David Ish, 914 Hammond Road, Ridgewood, New Jersey.) The whole idea is to bring Willis over the big puddle to the USA. However, it seems these archaic boat captains still want money to haul anyone, even such an exalted personage as WAW. (Barbarians!) Unfortunately, they want more money than we have—a bit more. Yet, Vick, with his platinum plated brain has conceived a plan to thwart these foul money grasping vipers. Here's how.

It seems that if we all chip in with just a little bit, we can bring Walt over. Individual doughnations are needed and appreciated, but they aren't bringing in enuf just now, so a secondary line of defense is going in. That is the fmz line. These four fanzines are running an entire issue devoted to WAW, and the proceeds from it will go directly to the campaign fund. In the case of OOBES, #5 will be the "Walt Willish" and it will be mailed June 17th. It will contain material by Willis, his QUANDRY fanfile, stuff by Vick, and perchance an article on Willis by the one and only Lee Hoffman, plus scads of others—of interest to all, but concerning WAW. It is gonna be good.

It's going to cost everyone (NO exceptions) 25¢, which will then go to the fund. (For those of you who are interested, most likely a list of expenses from Ireland to the US will be printed in the next issue, so you can see where the money is going.) It's no hoax, but an honest campaign, and one we feel deserves some hearty support.



Dribblings

An up and coming fanzine is Shelby Vick's CONFUSION, who's address was mentioned earlier. It's only 5¢ per, and proves the nickle is no longer gone. Not only that, but it's a pre-war nickle, too. Humor by the editor himself, Willis, and VL McCain. Wonderful puffins, letter column, fanzine reviews and checks of assorted other material. Recommended!

In the non-sf pro field, see the March issue of TRUE Magazine for a fine article on Space Medicine. The article is actually a much broken-down version of the U of Illinois' "Space Medicine" greatly condensed. Good reading. ## More than good reading is the March 22 issue of Collier's magazine with its 15 pages of articles and Bonestell's. This is the magazine, if you'll remember, that gave us that great portrayal of World War III, and now it comes up with the space station. Altho Collier's lends an air of "we discovered all this" to the article, it still makes interesting and informative reading; however, it carefully avoids reference to science-fiction or fandom. Perhaps it's just as well, because people do tend to regard things as out of the bounds of possibility. Maybe this way the man-in-the-street will gain a little knowledge of things to come, and what those little twinkling bits are up there in the sky. ## Recently in the news is the 2000 mph flight of 10 miles to a height of over 40 miles straight up in an Aerobee rocket at Alamogordo. The flight was from Holloman Air Force Base, March 19th. Man has only reached 13 miles.

In the pro-sf field, PLANET STORIES recently came up with the answer to one of fandom's biggest problems. If you've wondered why the girl on the mag covers is always half naked (half?) and the hero has on a cumbersome spacesuit, here is the answer as given by PLANET for May. "Many people have wondered why...girls are always skimpily clad while...men are bundled up to their ears. This is the first time we have ever let the SF public in on the wherefores. PLANET's research dept has long known what few others have realized--the female is secretly far more warm-blooded than the male. Have you ever noticed how long a woman can swim in icy water? Did you happen to ask what your girl was wearing under that off-the-shoulder model at the New Year's dance? Well, the research dept says that space aggravates this characteristic. The men get colder, the girls get warmer at the ratio of 4 to 1. Startling, perhaps, but all dutifully footnoted in PLANET's accurate files."

Now hear this about OOPS: With this issue the word is a vertical fold. Do you like it? Is it better or worse? Let us know. ## If you're waiting to hear from OOPS about a letter and you're not sure I have it, remember the recent mail wrecks out this way. Please write again. ## If I say "I" sometimes and "we" othertimes, please note the "I" is my own opinion, while the "we" refers to the WG Calkins, AP Dick and LG Smith Publishing Company. ## If you like the Keasler cover, don't keep the noise to yourself but write in and let us know. There may be more. ## For you fan who didn't get it the first time, the next few mailing dates for OOPS are: ##, May 6--#5 (Walt Willish), June 17--#6, July 29--#7, September 9--#8, October 21, and the Annish on December 2nd. Deadline is stepped up to 10 days before mailing date. Contributors and columnists please note! ## My thanks to Roy Wheaton and Bob Fultz for their plugs of OOPS in the latest FFM.

And hear this: Where did SS-TWS get all the wonderful covers recently? Noticed them? ## IF #2 out and better than ever. A second GALAXY? ## And who might have moon craters Tycho and Copernicus from the convention committee? ## On conventions, anybody hear the recent radio reports about the fan doings and the US Bureau of Lands as re the Luna claims? ## The Tucker Is Our Hero Club is plugging his forthcoming book THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. ##

"Forsooth! If this be not the end of it all, truly it passeth all understanding. Verily it seemeth a foolish place for a beginning." --Shakesword.

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