

99331A1 #5





June 17th, 1952

OOPSLA!

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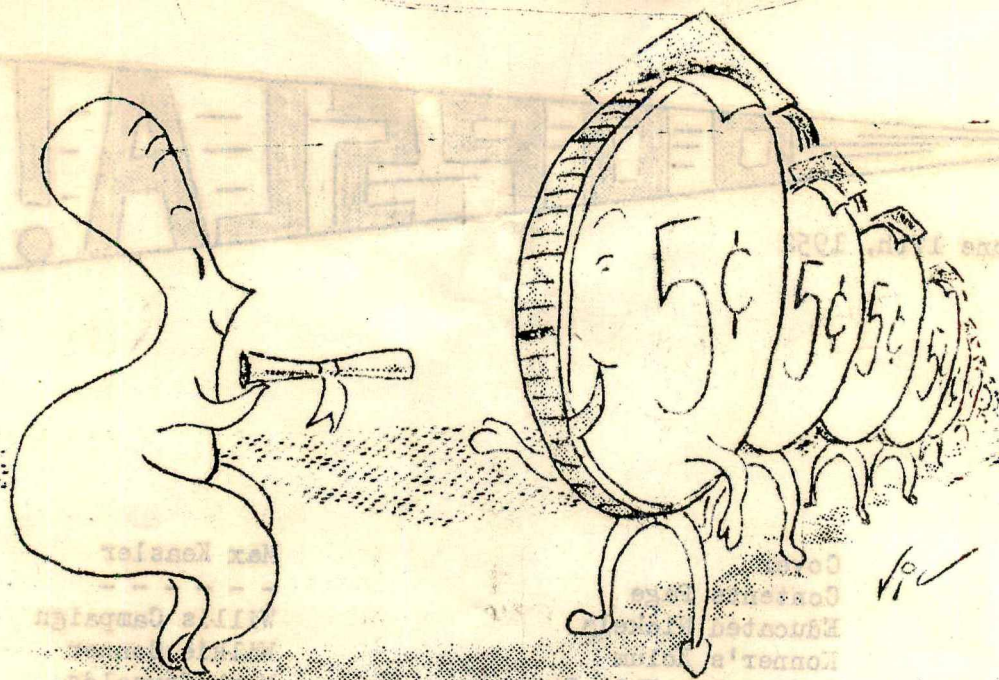
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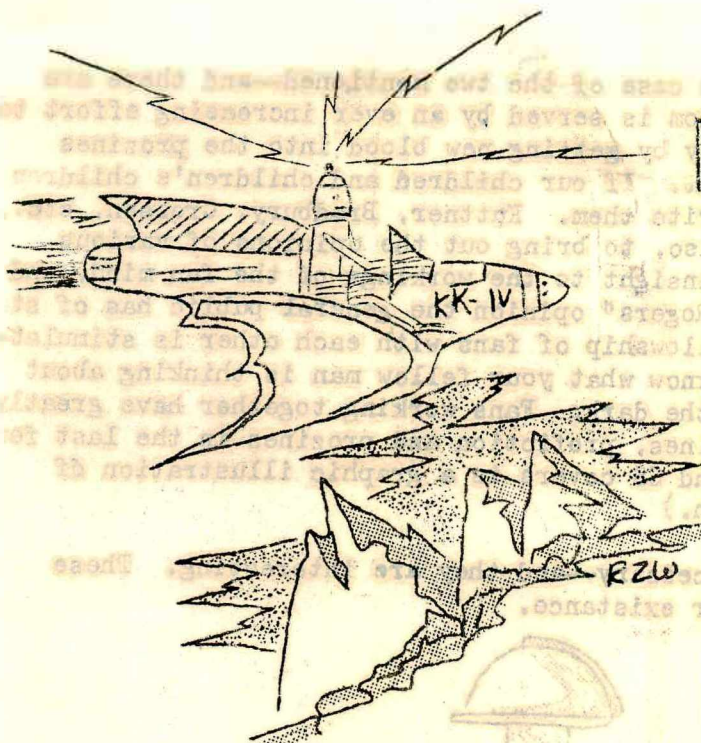
This is the last issue before the WAWish. Have you got your copy? Only 25¢!



The Case Of The EDUCATED NICKELS -

In case you're wondering, there's a difference between just any nickel and Educated Nickels. One nickel doesn't count so much; matter of fact, it can't count past five. But that's an amazing thing -- ten nickels can count to 50 -- one hundred of the marvelous li'l critters are so smart, they can count to 500! -- That's child's play, natch; grammar school stuff. But those 20 mildly educated nickels that make a dollar, graduate when accompanied by lots of other dollars and ten, twenty and fifty dollar bills. It's those college grads that'll shoot Walt across to Chi.

So buy the Willish -- but better yet, send the editor a nice doughnation to the Willis Campaign -- check or money order. You'll get a copy of the desired Willish just as quickly. So send now. Don't retard your money's education!



KONNER'S

KOLUM

BY WILKIE CONNER

Much has been written in recent years concerning fan clubs. Seems as how you're either fer 'em or agin 'em. I'm fer 'em. For a long time, I was strictly down the middle. I didn't belong to any. I couldn't see they were any good, nor any harm, either. To me, they were just rackets to slip up and rob you

of a dollar and that was all. However, this, every time, is not the case. Fan club can and do fill definite needs in fandom.

The most widely known fan club is, of course, the NFFF. I remember I received at least a dozen invitations to join this club--mostly from Kaymar Carlson--before I finally succumbed and joined. It wasn't a very successful tie-up, since it was in a year of very little activity for the club. I think I received two of the four issues of the OO, and one of these was received a few months after my membership expired. In it was a ballot to vote for something or other and the deadline for returning the ballot was already six or so weeks past. Happily, my second voyage in the NFFF, brought about by Eva Firestone, has been far happier. I have found that the club is worthwhile and that it is serving to unite science and fantasy fans for the common good of fandom. The OO is reasonably on time and has some good reading. The Richardson Index is a work of genius...and should really be collected and sent out complete-in-one-issue instead of piece-meal as now--and this is a good project for some fan publisher who has some idle bucks, if such an animal exists. Rick Sneary, Eva Firestone, K. Martin Carlson, Nan Gerding, to name just a few, are really working like the devil to make the club a success...and they deserve a great round of applause in the form of expanding membership. If you aren't a member, there is a welcome mat extended for you.

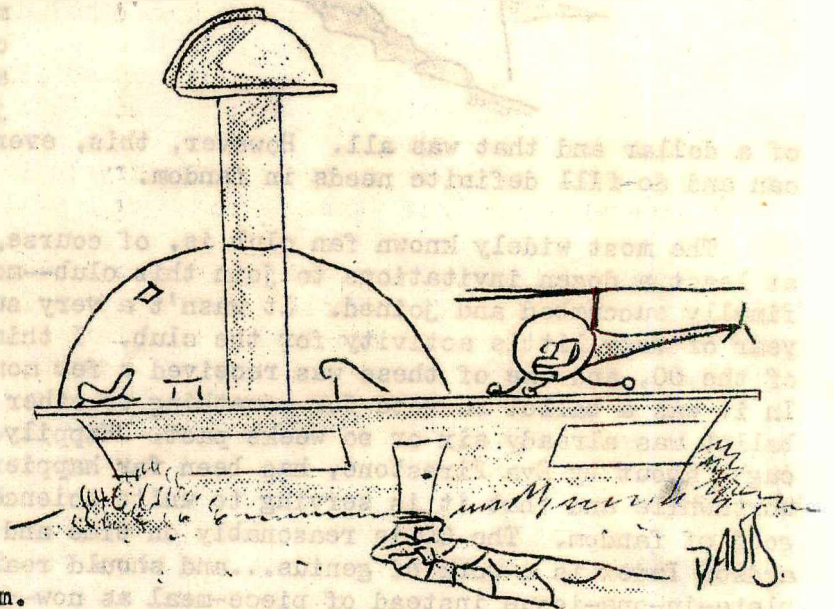
The second, and fastest growing fan club I wish to mention is my special pet, The Little Monsters of America. Under the personal sponsorship of Lynn Hickman, TIM has grown faster than any previous club, to my knowledge. It publishes a very fine OO, and likewise, a nice pint-sized second OO, The Little Corpuscule. Soon, it will issue a book: "The Sons of Thrane," by Basil Wells. Pre-publication price will be \$1 with the price going up to \$1.50 upon publication. One of the objectives of TIMA is to provide a continuing supply of good fiction and this book--full 60,000 words--is the first major step in this direction. At the small price, it will be a boon to fandom. This Kolum predicts that several editions will be necessary to meet the demand, once the word gets around about what a wonderful story this is. If you want a first edition, don't lose time--get your \$1 to Lynn Hickman, 408 W. Bell St., Statesville, NC. (At this writing, Lynn is still, as far as I know, on his honeymoon; he was married to Carole Rustwick of Napoleon, Ohio, June 1st (or 3rd?) and likely he won't be living at 408 when he returns, but they will forward his mail if the address changes.)

Konner's Kolum, II

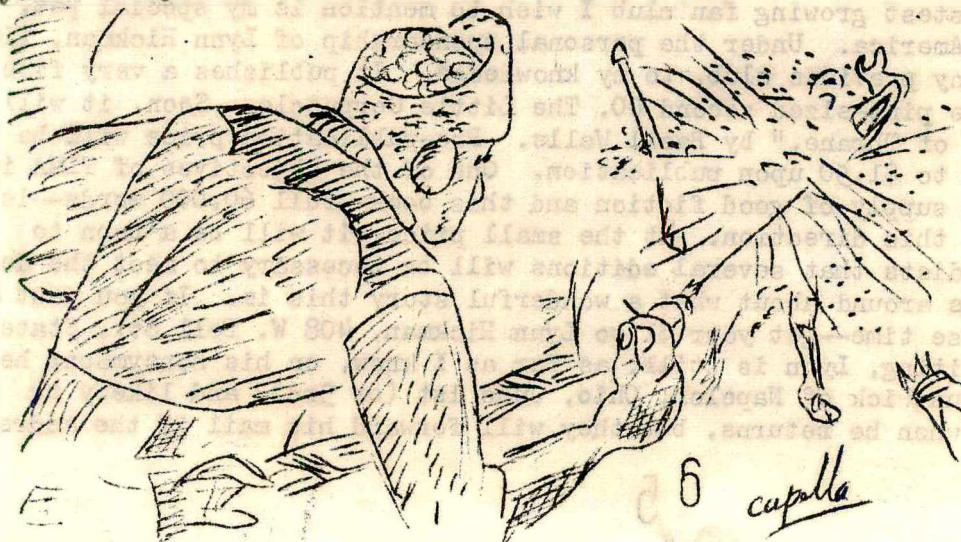
Now, what good are fanclubs? In the case of the two mentioned--and there are several more good ones--the cause of fandom is served by an ever increasing effort to interest the younger fan in writing. Only by getting new blood into the prozines will good fantasy and science fiction last. If our children and children's children are to have good stories, someone must write them. Kuttner, Bradbury, Crossen, etc., can't live forever. These clubs tend, also, to bring out the opinions of various fans, thereby giving the uninitiated an insight to the workings of the fan mind, and perhaps help remove the "bang bang Buck Rogers" opinion the general public has of sci-fi and fans in particular. In fact, the fellowship of fans with each other is stimulating and enjoyable. It is far better to know what your fellow man is thinking about your favorite hobby than it is to be in the dark. Fans working together have greatly improved the quality of fanfiction, fanzines, profiction and prozines in the last few years. (The recent improvement in TWS and SS covers is a graphic illustration of what fans working together can accomplish.)

So much for fan clubs. They are necessary--and they are interesting. These reasons alone are enough to justify their existence.

If I had the guy by the neck who invented the venetian blind I would strangle him. They are beautiful, and an improvement over the old fashioned fabric blind, but they are aggravating. If you have a few windows to close suddenly to keep the rain from coming in, they usually refuse to stay up until you're all wet--and once you get them up you can't get 'em down. A good project for a sci-fi writer would be the invention--story-wise--of a venetian blind that would open or close, raise up or down automatically according to the spoken command of the owner. Venetian blinds--I hate 'em.



Finances will doubtless keep this Kolumnist away from Chicago in September. I had saved enough money to go on--well, almost enough--when the US Government decided that I owed them about all of it on my 1951 income taxes--in addition to what I had already paid. Now unless some good pro editor will come along and buy a few yarns, yours truly will be at home--but don't let my not being there keep YOU from going.



Well, we, the Kolum,
my typer, and myself,
will see you in the
next issue.

Wulke

I REMEMBER THIS STORY

BY MACK
REYNOLDS

Fred wound up with, "...and then he'd write, The End, draw a line across the sheet of paper, write the title of a new book, Chapter One, and start right in."

Walt said, "You mean on the same sheet of paper? He'd end one novel and start another on the same sheet of paper?"

"That's right. They used to call him a fiction factory." Walt and I groaned.

I said, "I read that Dumas had several writers working for him. They'd hack out a book, then he'd rewrite a bit and have it published under his name. He might be collaborating with six men at once."

"That's something I can't understand," Walt said, "collaboration. I could never do it."

We were driving back to Taos from Santa Fe, and, as usual, batting around story ideas, tricks of the trade, and writer's gossip. Fredric Brown and Walt Sheldon were doing most of the batting since they'd had from 10 to 15 years in the game and, at the time, I'd had about one.

Fred said, "I don't know. A good many writers have collaborated—in one way or another. Take Sinclair Lewis. He once made ends meet by selling plots for five bucks a throw to Jack London."

I said, "It might be interesting to try collaborating."

Inspiration hit Walt, the way inspiration does. That boy ought to duck more often!

He said, "Listen, why couldn't we do a three-way collab? Mack, here, writes the first 1,000 words of a short and turns it over to me. I write another 1,000, complicating the plot and developing the characters, and give it to Fred. Fred has to add the last 1,000 words, resolving the story."

Fred grunted, "I might have known I'd be nominated low man on this totem pole."

Walt said, "No. What we'll do is switch around. Mack does the middle 1,000 on the second story, and on the third he winds it up. We'll have to do three stories altogether."

Fred said, "We could try it," and then, "Look. I never noticed that taberna. We must have missed it on the last few trips to Santa Fe."

The car came to a halt and we piled out.

About 11 the next morning I hustled into the Brown hacienda waving my three or four sheets of morning's work. Walt was there, having coffee with Fred.

"Here it is," I said. "The title is 'The Switcheroo.' There's a crazy scientist, see? He invents the Switcheroo. It's a gadget for exchanging minds with people. The crazy inventor points the gadget at the governor."

Walt said, "and—"

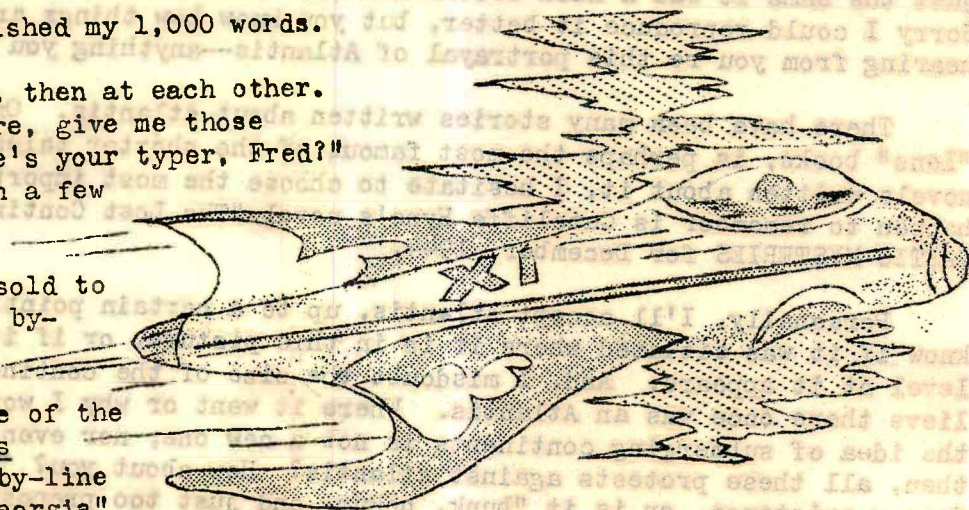
I said, "That finished my 1,000 words. It's all yours now."

They looked at me, then at each other.

Walt said finally, "Here, give me those sheets of paper. Where's your typer, Fred?" He left the room and in a few minutes we could hear the keys ticking away.

'The Switcheroo' sold to Other Worlds under the by-line of Mack Reynolds and Fredric Brown.

The next story, "Device of the Turtle," went to Worlds Beyond under the same by-line and "Martian Through Georgia"



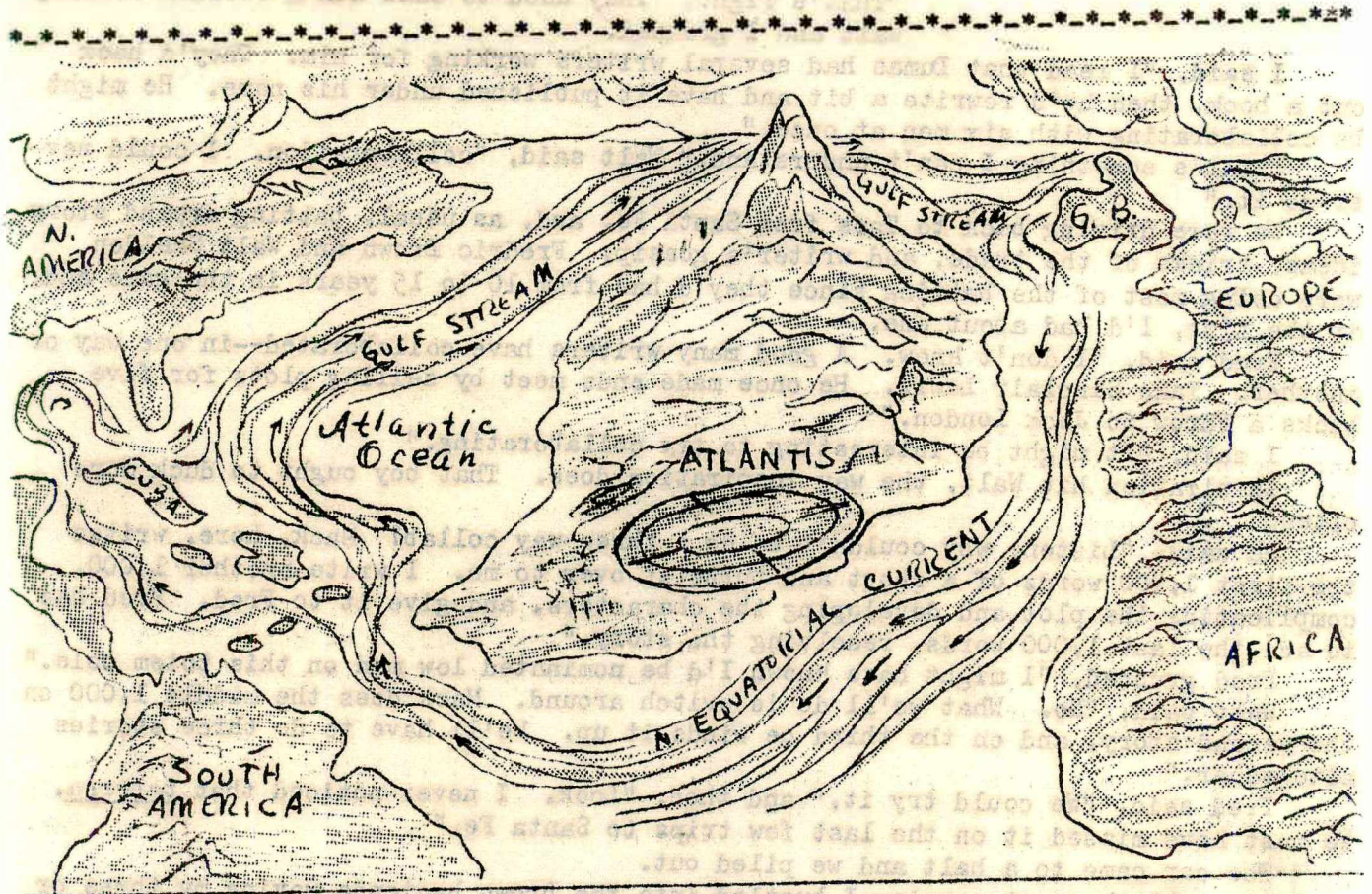
I Remember This Story, II

signed Walt Sheldon, went to Amazing Stories.

We had expected to continue this three-way collaboration indefinitely, but Walt was recalled into the service and is now doing Air Force publicity in Korea. Fred and I turn out yarns together once in a while, but somehow they are never as much fun as the stories the three of us wrote before the international situation broke up, among other things, "our great idea."

---Mack Reynolds.

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This is Atlantis as presented by a Washington DC paper some time ago. I got it from a friend, Jim Ellis, whom I have lost touch with over the last year or so. I thought it would be interesting to the readers of OOPS, but I dunno. First, tho, I must apologise for the mess I made of it. No artists signature was on it, but just the same it was a much better and more intricate map that I turned it out here. Sorry I could reproduce it better, but you know how things are. Would appreciate hearing from you re this portrayal of Atlantis---anything you have to say.

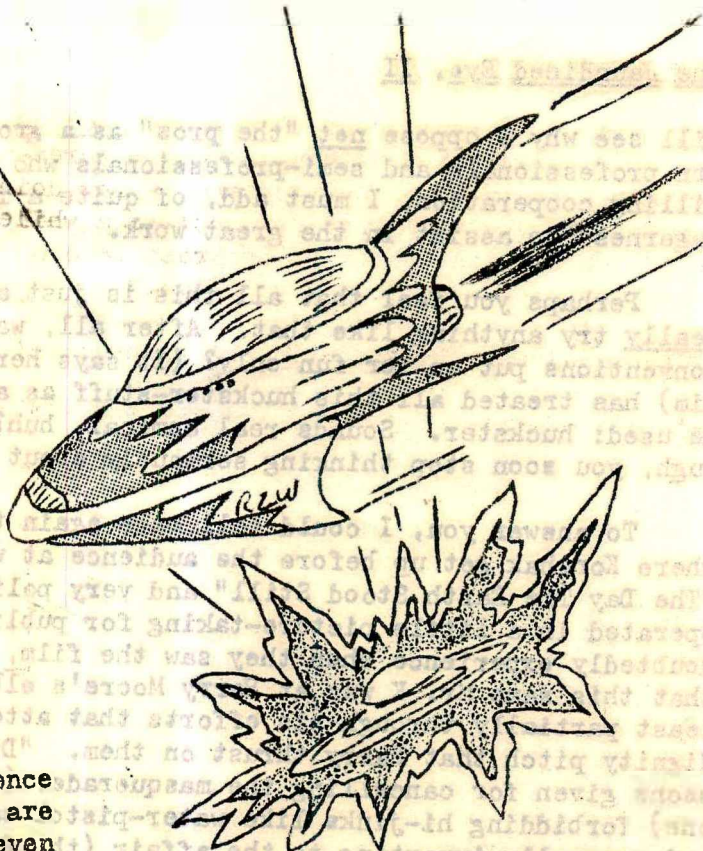
There have been many stories written about Atlantis. One, part of EE Smith's "Lens" books, is perhaps the most famous of the shorter tales, but with the many novels written about it, I hesitate to choose the most important. The one that I happen to remember is Cutcliffe Hyne's novel "The Lost Continent" from FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES for December, 1944.

Personally, I'll accept Atlantis, up to a certain point. For instance, I don't know if it was situated where it is in this picture, or if it was as high above sea level at it appears. And, I misdoubt the size of the continent. However, I'll believe there once was an Atlantis. Where it went or why I won't say here. Surely the idea of submerging continents is not a new one, nor even a unique one. Why, then, all these protests against Atlantis? How about you? Do you believe in its former existence, or is it "bunk, hokum, and just too preposterous to believe"?

the Jaundiced Eye

BY

KEN BEALE



5,000 SLAESMEN: At a time when science fiction is more popular than ever, there are some people who think it should become even more so. They consider it the duty of every fan to recommend it to his friends, carry sf mags and books around with him (with the covers showing) plug it like mad, and, in general, do everything he can to amplify the pleasant jingle of cash flowing into the collective pockets of the sf publishers, writers, film producers, etc. There are, at a conservative estimate, five thousand sf fans in the country. These gentlemen would have them become five thousand salesmen, devoting their time and energies to making The Literature of Tomorrow the Literature of Today.

If sf becomes more popular, they say, the field will improve. More readers mean better writers, they insist, ignoring the glut of poor-to-downright-awful books and mags on the market now. Looking at some of these, it is hard to see the correctness of this belief.

One advocate of the "sell it" school is Edward Wood of Chicago, who is also a firm advocate of dignity in fangines. In fact, he has even gone so far as to suggest that all existing fanmags be combined into one or two mammoth efforts, thus improving the quality of the field, and alleviating "the bad name fandom has given sf." In other words, put on your best manners, children, there might be a reporter watching. Wood is now involved with Earl (Honest Mel) Korshak, bookseller and publisher, Judy May, artist and authoress, and Bea Mahaffey, mag editor, in putting on the Tenth Annual Science Fiction Convention (short forms of the name strictly frowned on) in Chicago. The actual, if only half-avowed, purpose of this affair is to sell sf to The Great American Sucker--the Public. Writeups in the magazines and the newspapers are planned, speeches will be made with one eye cocked for photographers and TV cameramen, the other scanning the audience for reporters, a big splash is to be made over the semi-serious issue of rights to territory on the moon, and, in short, everything is planned to ensure a good press to the convention, it's speakers, sponsors, and sf generally. And fandom be damned.

Now, if you are an advocate in expanding the field, fandom as a booster of sales, bigger and better advertising, et al, there isn't really very much sense in my trying to talk to you. But if, like me, you feel that there are press agents for this kind of thing, and professional groups capable of handling it, then perhaps you

The Jaundiced Eye. II

will see why I oppose not "the pros" as a group, but the small group of middle-western professionals and semi-professionals who are putting on the Chicon--with the willing cooperation, I must add, of quite a few fans, who show a truly commendable eagerness to assist in the great work.

Perhaps you feel that all this is just a lot of talk, and that the Con won't really try anything like that. After all, wasn't Korshak a fan once himself? Aren't conventions put on for fun only? (It says here.) Besides, Bob Tucker (you all know him) has treated all this huckster-stuff as a gag, hasn't he? That's the very term he used: huckster. Sounds real comical, huh? And if you laugh at a thing long enough, you soon stop thinking seriously about it--assuming you ever have.

To answer you, I could tell once again the incident that happened at the Nolacon where Korshak got up before the audience at what was supposed to be the preview of "The Day The Earth Stood Still" and very politely informed them that until they cooperated in a little picture-taking for publicity, showing the emotions they'd undoubtedly experience when they saw the film, it wouldn't be shown. I could point out that this same Mr. K was at Harry Moore's elbow all during the con, and it was at least partially through his efforts that attending fans were forced to swallow the dignity pitch that Harry thrust on them. "Dignity," and "a good press" were the reasons given for cancelling the masquerade, (the first Con in years to dispense with one) forbidding hi-jinks like water-pistol carrying and helicopter-beanie wearing, and generally imparting to the affair (the formal aspects of it, that is) all the gaiety and life of a gathering of undertakers. But I won't bother with all that. Perhaps I wouldn't be believed. Tucker has already as much as called me a liar, for reporting accurately a speech Korshak made at Philadelphia. No, I will merely ask you to wait and see the kind of reports and publicity, in the fanmags and general press, the con gets. And, if you plan on going, the kind of an affair it will be. Anybody wanta bet that there won't be a masquerade this year, either?

But, I don't know, maybe I'm wasting my time. Maybe you don't mind having something like this palmed off on you. Maybe you're the type who'd help a pickpocket lift your wallet.

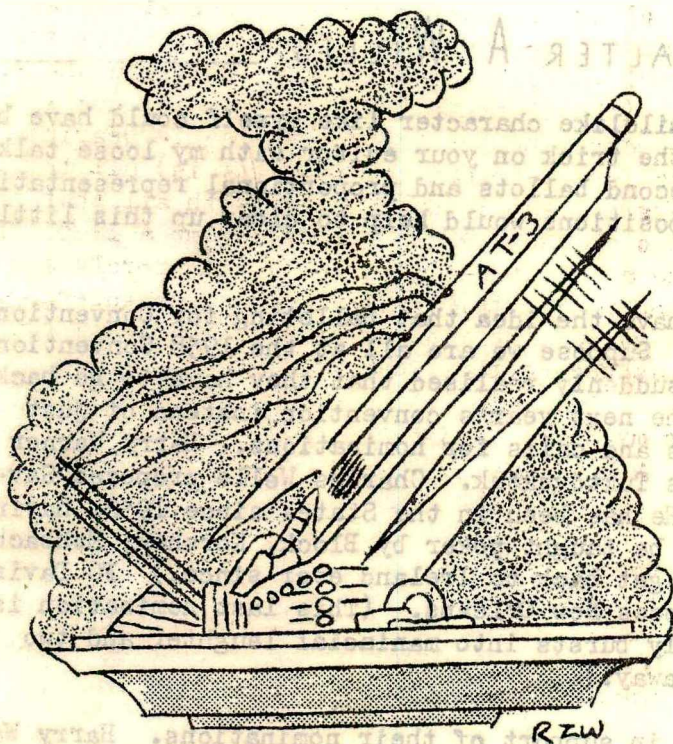
Maybe you enjoy being an unpaid salesman.

CORRECTION, PLEASE: Due to an unavoidable (apparently) typographical error in last issue's column, Lester del Rey's name was substituted for L. Sprague de Camp's as author of the new "Gonon" series. My apologies to both gentlemen. ((And mine to Ken. Asleep on the keys--ed.))

SMOKIN' ROCKETS: One aspect of the "boom" in sf that seems to be generally overlooked, is the startlingly disproportionate growth of the juvenile and adult portions of the field. For, while the number of adult science fiction items increases at a modest rate, the kiddie books, and mags, and shows, and films, expand at a truly alarming rate. "Science fiction" toys and novelties are to be found in almost any toy store, Woolworth's emporium, or department store. Sf comic books are a drug on the market--tho not an unprofitable one, I judge. On television, while the adult sf dramas founder, sponsorless, "Space Patrol" and its ilk breeze happily along. Passing a stationery store, my eye was caught by "The Science Fiction Quizze Book--ages 8 to 12." A new brand of bubblegum is called "Spacemen." A series of brand new hardcover sf novels has appeared from the John C. Winston Co., by such leading writers as Raymond F. Jones and Philip Latham--aimed at a juvenile audience. This, at a time when more than three-fourths of all adult books in the field are still reprints. And so on.

I believe that this kind of one-sided growth is far more dangerous to the field as a whole than any number of magazines like "Amazing," the poor films so many fans

are ranting about, and the sexy covers still others regard as a Menace. To realize the full danger of this fare, you will have to visualize the same situation in the mystery and detective field, with which sf has often been compared. Imagine, if you can, this kind of thing back in the early '30s when detective fiction was just coming into its own. Picture what the results would have been if Ellery Queen, SS Van Dine and other leading writers of the day had been commissioned to write a series of children's and teen-agers books, to the exclusion of their work in the adult field. New Queen and Philo Vance volumes would still appear, but they would all be reprints. Elsewhere in the field, Sherlock Holmes would gain millions of young readers, via the comics, movie serials, and Tv (assuming it to exist then.) Fingerprint kits, magnifying glasses, and the like, would appear in every store. Not one, but a hundred Dick Tracy's would appear, in comic books and newspapers. Can you picture the storm of protest that would arise from the mature readers? The Baker Street Irregulars would deluge the publishers of the Sherlock Holmes comics with indignant letters—the same with the producers of the films and TV shows. Older readers would rise up in arms, furious at being deprived of new stories by writers they liked, so that they could turn our juvenile fare.



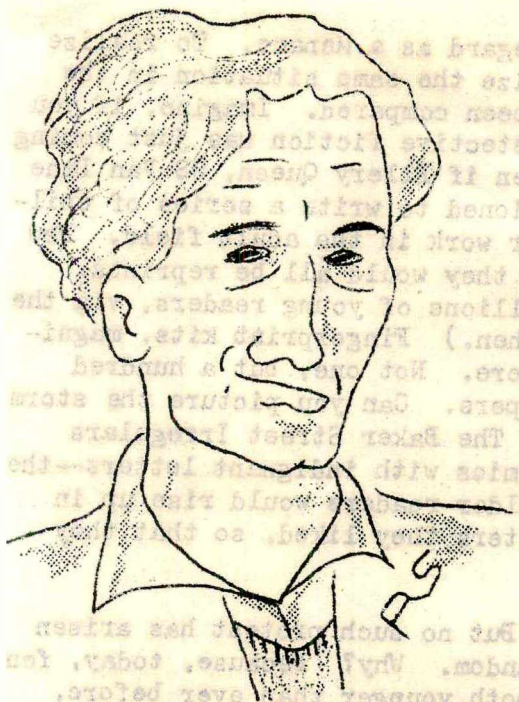
But no such protest has arisen in fandom. Why? Because, today, fans are both younger than ever before, and also more apathetic. The older readers, sadly unorganized for the most part, sit back complacently. And younger ones can't be bothered. They're too busy taking potshots at GALAXY and HL Gold. Some like R.J. Banks, even write favorably of comic books and kiddie Tv shows. Why not? They still aren't far from childhood themselves.

Sometimes I think science fiction fans are the world's greatest meatballs. Other times I know they are.

WHAT'S NEWS: "Venus Women" is the title of a new United Artists release, due sometime this year in all probability.....Arch Obeler is making (or, more likely, has already made) a film version of Henry Kuttner's story, "The Twonky." Reports differ as to whether it is full-length, or to be included in a "trio"-like combo.....New books include "The Year's Best Science Fiction Novels" (Bleiler-Dikty), "City" (Simak), "The Haploids" (Jerri Sohl), "Takeoff" (Kornbluth), "Robots Have No Tails" (Padgett), "The Mixed Men" (van Vogt), "Green Fire" (Taine), "Outpost Mars" (Judd), and "Double Jeopardy" (Pratt.)Reports of a new 7 x 10 slick sf mag arise. True? I dunno.....Lippert Films will make no more pictures, only release 'em. (Do I hear a fervent cry of "Thank Ghod!") -- Ken Beale.

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Anybody interested? I want seven mint d/j books: "Sword of Conan," "Exploration of Space," (English), "Travellers of Space," The three "Skylark" books and the last "Lensman" book ("The Grey Lensman") by EE Smith. For them I offer any or all of six books, 35 stfmags from '41 thru '52, and well over 50 non-stf pocket books. I can also spare some cash, tho not much, and as a bonus a new mint d/j stf book. Let's dicker a bit. If you don't have 'em all, some will do. --that's Gregg Calkins



A SHORT LECTURE ON PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

BY

WALTER A WILLIS

I never thought that a simple and childlike character like myself could have befuddled anyone, but I seem to have done the trick on your editor with my loose talk on such delicate subjects as first and second ballots and proportional representation. Perhaps one of my lucid and scholarly expositions would help to clear up this little matter.

I may have got it all wrong, but I have the idea that balloting for Convention sites is carried on something like this. Suppose we are all at the 1958 Convention in...oh, say, South Gate. Everyone has suddenly realised that they have to go back to the custom of voting on the site of the next year's convention instead of just taking it for granted. Rick Sneary rises and calls for nominations. Harry Warner proposes Hagerstown. Bill Morse proposes Tuktoyuktuk. Charles Wells proposes Savannah. Walt Willis proposes Belfast. (He has been in the States since 1952, having lost his return fare when he let himself be taught poker by Block, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans and Tucker, and has been trying to get back to Ireland ever since.) FC Davis proposes Sing Sing. Harry B. Moore proposes New Orleans. (This last nomination is declared null and void when Harry suddenly bursts into maniacal laughter and two men in white coats run in and carry him away.)

The others get up and make speeches in support of their nominations. Harry Warner, who has been tearing his hair out in handfuls ever since he found what conventions were like, says baldly that he bitterly repents his former hermit-like existence. If the convention goes to Hagerstown he promises to squander on it all the accumulated energy of 20 wasted years. Bill Morse holds out the prospect of an all-night party in Igloo 770 lasting six months. Charles Wells awes the delegates by holding out the hope of a personal audience with Lee Hoffman herself. Walt Willis promises to organize a drive to bring Shelby Vick to the Irish Con and throws in the slogan VICK WITH THE NICKS IN '59! Davis is listened to with hostility by many because of his record, but most people respect him for having the courage of his convictions.

Finally the ballot is taken, with the following results:

Savannah.....	50
Hagerstown.....	50
Belfast.....	50
Tuktoyuktuk.....	5
Sing Sing.....	0 (Even Davis didn't vote for it.)

A Short Lecture on Proportional Representation. II

The low vote for Tuktoyuktuk is explained by the fact that only Bill Morse, Ikky Gnu, Sklooka Glup, Rick Sneary and Max Keasler knew how to spell it. Nevertheless, it is eliminated and a second ballot held, which results as follows:

Savannah.....52

Hagerstown.....52

Belfast.....51

The only new vote for Belfast is Max Keasler's. After an unseemly brawl in which Willis is stabbed in the back and Keasler gets the face wiped off his leer, Belfast is eliminated and the third ballot held. It results in a tie, thus:

Savannah.....77

Hagerstown.....77

Someone has abstained from voting! There is loud laughter when the Chairman says the abstainer was Bob Tucker. Tucker is called out of the bar and asked to declare his choice. When the position is explained to him, he casts his vote for Savannah, for fear of another double-whammy from Lee Hoffman. Savannah is declared the site for the next convention, and Charles Wells goes away happily thinking up rhymes for "'59."

Now all this would involve considerable difficulty if it were to be done by the mail, especially getting Tucker out of the bar. At least three sets of postcards and bulletins would have to be printed and mailed and counted. And who would there be to do it? Everyone knows that to have a convention in a town is equivalent to burying it in radio-active dust. But even if the cards were sent out and people took the trouble to fill them out on each occasion, it would still take an awful lot of time. Why, the next convention might be over before anyone knew where it was!

No, the only way to deal with this matter by post is by means of the super-efficient method of proportional representation, which I will explain very simply and clearly to all you ignorant fans out of my vast knowledge of these matters. There will be no charge for this.

Proportional representation is....Wait a minute! What am I saying? No charge? I must be crazy. Why, I could make money out of fandom like, say, Forrest J Ackerman by offering fans the benefit of my training and experience in these difficult matters. I shall set myself up as fandom's Political Advisor and Electoral Engineer. I shall very likely take up $3\frac{1}{2}$ pages of the next QUANDRY to explain what I can offer and set out my scale of charges.

—Walter A Willis

and set out my scale of charges.

"According to you, TWS-SS covers are getting better than ever.since when did the cover of a magazine make the interior matter any more readable? ... I don't read the cover..." Richard Elsberry.

"So the new layout on SS-TWS is wonderful. This makes the insides automatically better too? Maybe you've discovered a new natural law. Me, I read the stories." Ken Beale.

Perhaps I should defend myself here and now lest I draw another blow from unwittingly remarking on the gift wrapping paper I got on some of my packages last Xmas. It seems an unwritten law in the fan field to admire a prozine cover, I guess. At least, that's how it appears from here. So according to these boys, both bnf, the cover of a prozine doesn't mean a thing as long as the insides are ok. Bergey is as good as Bonestell on MOF&SF, and format doesn't mean a thing. Maybe, too, if Bergey had done the background scenes for DM instead of Bonestell it would have been as good a picture. Ok, then, if you feel that way, a good cover doesn't mean a thing. But, doggone it, I'm paying for the whole package, and if I choose to admire the outside, I'll do so without giving a darn with the insides are like.

Dear Alice

What you must go thru!

But this last, I don't believe. Matter of fact, I think my earphone musta been outa order. Surely THIS wasn't your story.

There was nothing fancy about the background. Just a grey, dead planet blanketed with slag and ash. And, in the midst of the ash, down between two crags, was a light, and two figures busily bustling around the atofire over which a huge pot boiled and bubbled. Occasionally they added mysterious ingredients to the strange pot. Hesitant but curious, you went closer.

They were dwarfed, gnarled caricatures of humanity. The fire sculpted them with red highlights, emphasizing the lumpy faces, the bulging eyes of one, the misshapen ears of the other.

Curiouser and curiouser, as you used to say.

In spite of their appearance, you couldn't convince yourself that they were dangerous. Actually, with all the paraphernalia, they looked more like eccentric old scientists. As quietly as possible, you moved forward. At the rustle of your skirts, they both whirled around.

"Who're you?" demanded one.

"Are you a fa-a-a-a-n?" bleated the other?

The odor from the pot--it looked, you could now see, more like a gigantic turtle's shell--was a tangible

force that floored you for a moment. You crumpled to the slag. One of the dwarfs ran to your side. Kneeling, he propped your head in his lap.

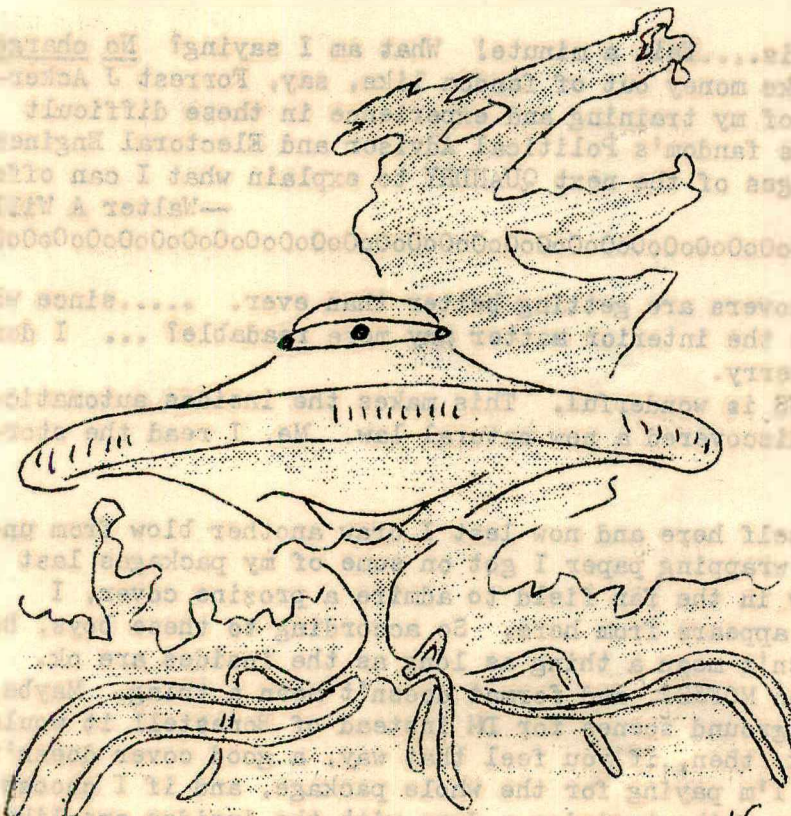
"Here--drink this." He offered a lead cup of something that bubbled. The urgency of the moment restored your vitality and you pushed him away. Getting to your feet, you looked around.

"Where is this?" you asked.
"Who are you?"

"No fair!" the one with the eyes pouted.

"No fair!" the one with the ears shouted.

"I know," you said, "I know." (You were beginning to get the hang of this, by now.) "You



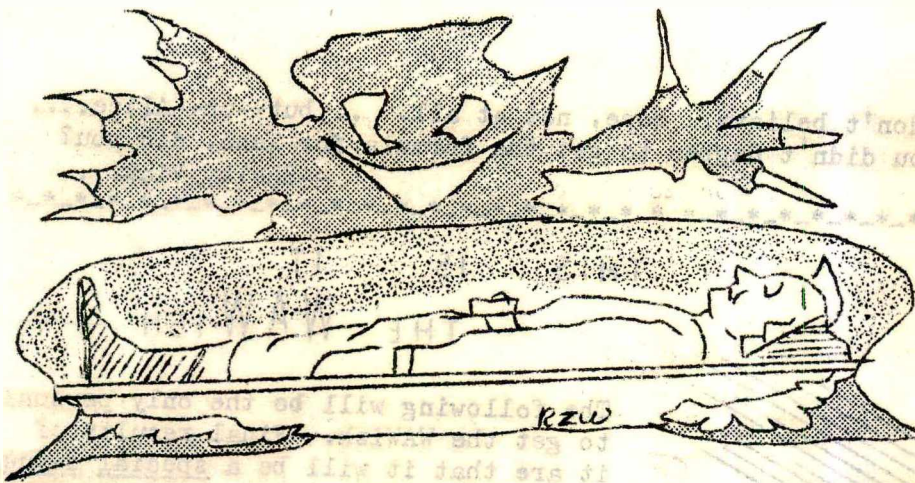
Dear Alice, II

asked me first. But right now, I don't think I could tell you very much. I'm confused."

"But you must tell us! What new fanzines are there? Have any more prozines folded? IS Cleve Cartmill really Henry Kuttner? Did they revive UNKNOWN? Is ASTOUNDING still the dependable, level-headed prozine it always was? And WHO threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"

You stamped your foot in exasperation. (Much more sanitary than sand. Always carry around a sterile box of exasperation for the purpose of stamping your foot in.) "I don't know, I don't know, I don't KNOW!" You looked in the pot. "If you'd cover that--that--" you shuddered "whatever it is, maybe I could get my wits."

"Why should you need any more wits?" asked one. "You have us. We are the wittiest wits since the first space dog found there were trees on Mars."



"The two of you together might make a wit," you replied. "But that isn't what I mean. Please get rid of that--that stuff."

They looked at each other questioningly.

"What do you think?" said the one with the ears.

"We'd better wait

for him. He mightn't like it."

"Right! We'll wait and see what he says about it."

"Who's 'he'?" you queried.

They both stared at you unbelievably. "You mean--you don't KNOW?" they said in unison.

"No," you replied.

"Positions, old toad!" said the one with the ears.

"Right."

They both locked their arms and faced the pot, then turned to you, and started a wierd dance around the glow of the atofire. As they danced they sang in their cracked voices:

"They don't like us, any more
Down on Earth, where we were before
The mags don't need us, the fen agree
(We're too infantile, you see.)

Dear Alice, III

"So now they kicked us from our place;
Now we wander all thru space;
Now we mix, right there in that urn
The favorite brew of--Sarge Saturn.

"X, I say X-E; X-E-N; X-E-N-O!

"Mixed together in a Plutonians Shell
Bubbled like a brew right outta Hell
--WE don't drink it, you know darned well!
X--ENO!"

"Wart Ears! Frogeyes!" a deep voice bellowed. "That vat of Xeno had better be ready, or I'll fry you for a Jovian grynch!"

"He's back!" Wart Ears exclaimed, quaking. His voice rose. "It's ready, sir." Quickly, hands shaking, he filled a lead cup. "I'll be right there, Mr. Saturn, boss."

...

Like I said, this, I don't believe. Nope, not at all. ...but--uh--Alice....
Just in case I'm wrong...you didn't happen to get the formula for Xeno, did you?
There's a certain guy..... --Shelby Vick...

THIS IS IT THE WAWISH



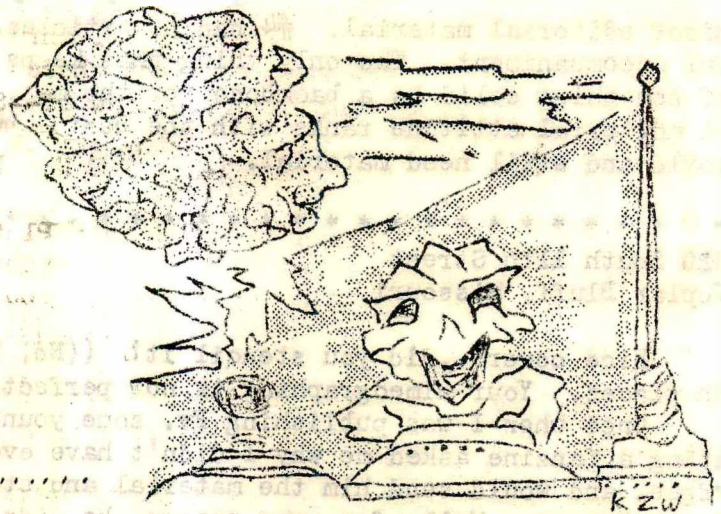
The following will be the only persons to get the WAWish. Final results of it are that it will be a special issue of OOPS and will in no way interfere with your subs. Only a limited number will be published, and only a few are left over. If you want one, rush your quarter (25¢) to me--but fast. About 50 will be published.

IS YOUR NAME HERE? GM Carr--Mrs. H Reed--Ron Smith--Rich Lupoff--Dave Stone--Rich Bergeron--Alan Davis--Bob McNamara--Rob't Wheeler--Sheldon Dere-tchin--Bob Silverberg--Max Keasler--Ian Macauley--Terry Carr--Russ Watkins

--SOL--MAD--FANTASIAS--Doug Mitchell--Ray Capella--Walt Willis--Richard Billings--Hal Shapiro--EW Calkins--Charles Wells.

I didn't see YOUR name there. If you hurry, you can still get one, tho. I'd better repeat this last, for the benefit of you guys who never figure out something when you only see it once. The WAWish (pubbed about the end of this month) will be entirely free of the regular issues of OOPSLA! and will not take the place of #6 as was previously stated last issue. It will be published between issues and in no way affect your subscriptions. No pay, no get. #6 will then be mailed, on schedule, the 29th of July. Deadline is, of course, the 18th. Note: columnists. As for you other contributors: #6 is already full, and so is #7, the convention issue. First spot open for material is #8, out October 21, Deadline October 10. * * * * *

THE SLUSH PILE



FROM WHICH IS HEARD

Box 702

Bloomington, Illinois

You droll fellow: You'll be happy to know that at least one fan swallowed that report of my "marriage." I just had a long, rambling card from Bob Farnham, congratulating me with a straight face, urging me to bring Marilyn to the convention, and further suggesting that I convert her to fandom (ugh!) by signing her up with NFFF.

I'd just as soon toss her into a snake pit.

The Bridegroom,

Bob Tucker

760 Montgomery Street

Brooklyn 13, New York.

And now to OOPS #4. Cover very nice, as is all that Ward, a fine artist, does. Did you notice that it's just as attractive upside-down? ((??)) Format very nice, particularly the attempt at justifying, and I thought the Fultz ad nicely laid out. Mimeo job was, on the whole, excellent, though with a few blind spots. Illos were nice, tho I think you should stick to tracing, which you do superbly, and leave illustrating alone.

Beale's column is very well done, certainly more articulate than he is in person, and probably the best fan work he has ever done. Conner, of course, I liked muchly, and thought the layout very attractive as well. I hope you notice what a difference the even edges made in your format...how balanced, how neat, how polished, as compared with the early issues.

As for Capella's story, I am compelled to say that as a writer, he's an outstanding artist. Boggs and Willis make no attempt to draw, and it's a good thing, too... but Ray should stick to his artwork, which he does right capably, and let the more practised hands do the writing. ## I'm completely unable to fathom Vick's writing, but we've threshed this out before so pass it as noted. If you like it, fine. Everyone to his own taste. ## Slush pile is a competent column...I still object to your continuing material to a back page (you'll note that I have never done this...not even hardly ever) and don't tell me it can't be avoided, because I've avoided it for 17 issues. ## So Tucker is marrying again? I know little about his private life, but I had the impression his wife was still with him. I may be wrong, but I'm more inclined to suspect a gag.

On the whole, #4 left a pleasant impression, but how you do it with no material worth speaking of is beyond me. So far the only thing you've published worth a second reading, including my piece, is Boggs' story in #3...yet you've turned out two good issues and two fair ones, none the less! OOPS should become quite a fanzine when you gather a circle of steady contributors, other than columnists (which I don't count in the above paragraph.)

But #3 contained one story, one article, three columns, and an assortment of

The Slush File, II

minor editorial material. #4 had no articles, one story, three columns, and the usual accompaniment. The only thing that keeps OOPSLA! out of the top rank is the lack of something solid as a backbone for the mag. Your artwork, reproduction, and general editorial attitude ranks with the best...but you can have the best format in the world and still need material.

Best Wishes,

Bob Silverberg

420 South 11th Street
Poplar Bluff, Missouri

Nice cover...did you stencil it? ((No, Ward on stencil.)) Shading is very nice in places. Your mimeographing is now perfect.

Once when I was publishing Fv, some young neofan who knew from nothing about editing a fanzine asked me why I didn't have even edges. I said I'd love to have even edges, and would send him the material and stencils for the next issue and he could do it for me. Well, for some reason, he didn't quite see it anymore. Note that any fmz editor and anyone who has had anything to do with zine editing never asks for even edges. They are nice, but just don't overwork yourself for them.

THE JAUNDICED EYE: Well, I see that Ken Beale has finally learned how to write. ...Tell him Lemuel Craig is Vernon McCain...this column was interesting. ## Conner was as connering as ever..which is good, in case you're wondering. ## Slush Pile was my favorite..was oh-so surprised to find that anyone would actually like the cover..thanks for printing their comments. May put out some more of that type now that it did go over so well. ## Here is my 25¢ for the WAWish...

Say Gregg, was the flood water salty? I just wondered...since I'm always hearing about all the salt plains in Utah. I went down to see the Mississippi the other day...watched it for a couple hours...half expecting to see you float by, mimeographing like mad with one hand and keeping afloat with the other. But you never came by, so I went back to school. I don't know whether to mail this letter or put it in a bottle and let it float to you.

As ever lovin' yers,

Max Keasler

57 East Park Lane, NE
Atlanta, Georgia

You're coming along very nicely with OOPSLA! As I have stated previously, if you continue to turn out such fine issues as you have in the past, you are really destined to go places in the field of amateur journalism. In the first place your magazine has a neat appearance. It is evident that you took special pain to lay it out what with the evened edges and fine mimeography. And secondly you have a very commendable selection of good material, something that is hard to find now days. For only a fourth issue you are doing surprisingly well. I might have made some mention of this before, also, but still OOPSLA! resembles very much the pre-QUANNISH QUANDRYs in the manner in which it is laid out and the choice selections of humor that are sprinkled throughout your publication.

But so much for the overall appearance. I liked the cover muchly, though I do not consider it to be as nice a one as that you had on your third issue. RZWard is a very effective artist, but I believe his work to be much better in ink than in mimeographed formats.

Beale's column was fairly enjoyable, also. At any rate, it is the best of Ken's writing that I have seen. He does write a good column and seems to know what he is talking about. However, I much prefer Wilkie Conner's column to Ken's. Maybe it's the easy-going style and humoresqueness of the thing that makes it so enjoyable. Konner's Kolum was one of the best items in the issue. And it is usually that in every issue. Bear Alice was also amusing, but it seemed to lack the snap that its two predecessors seem to possess. Maybe it's because Vick left out whatchamacallit, the dragon. At any rate, highly entertaining.

Slush Pile always ranks top in my opinion. Every letter column does. I was

pleased to see that Bill Morse favored Atlanta as a convention site. Does my heart good to see someone stick up for us rebel fen every now and then. But what point I am discouraged with is everybody's griping over which way the mag is folded. It does not make a darn with me. Anyway the magazine is folded it's still the same inside. One fold is just the same to me, as the other is. At any rate I enjoyed SB.

Keep up the good work, Gregg.

Ian Macauley

RFD #1

Newport, Vermont

...Beale's column was good and newsy unlike Conner's which seems more gossipy than anything else. Liked both of them, tho. They seem to balance each other. I found Capella's four pages quite dull. Didn't seem to have a point, or edge if you wish, at all. Also there were too many ()'s. Dear Alice, fine.

Dept. for Those Egoboo Started Fan Artists: 1st nod goes to (speaking of art and such, why did you dispose of the beautiful Davis heading to the contents page of #3. It would have made the perfect logo. The black curse of Roscoe on you, Calkins. I cry) Dick Ward for his p3 illo. I liked it very much. It reminds me of Xtil (that right?) from "Voyage of the Space Beagle." ((It's Ixtl.)) Beautiful balance to it. #2 to Ward again for p7. A peopled planetoid, I take it. Good. Davis had lots of well-done work but didn't stand a chance against the slue of Ward's good ideas. Bot Fultz would certainly take top honors in cartooning here but since I'm primarily interested in good well planned ideas most, he takes the back row. I might add here that one of the reasons you're getting so much good stuff is 'cause you're not afraid to spend time on it and do a good job cutting the pix on stencil. Most faneds aren't as careful, and as a consequence few have really good stuff. Because of the scarcity of good stencil cutting eds most of the good ideas find their way into litho jobs, if the artist has the talent, where the editor has no influence on the outcome of the artists work. If the faneds want better stuff they'd better do better work.

Richard Bergeron.

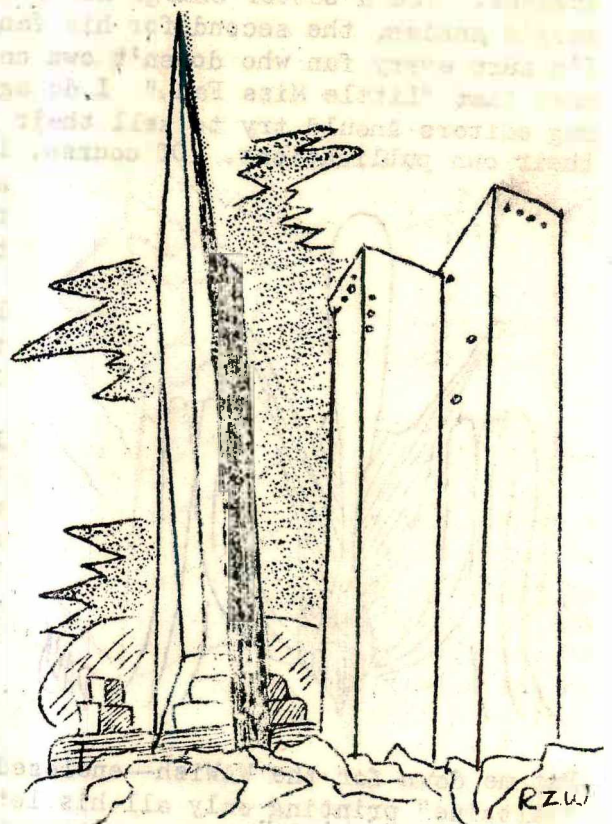
186-19 Aberdeen Road

Jamaica, New York

OOPSLA! #4 tonite, another excellent issue. You may remember the way I raved over #3. Well, no salaams or Allah Il Akbar's tonight, but it was even better than #3. Enuf said. To be somewhat specific. Frontcover wasn't quite up to last month, but it was still far superior than most. ## Eruptions

was good news that you're getting a hearing. Hope you make it, but I'm plugging for the NY-NJ-Phila-Conn area. Strictly for selfish reasons, obviously. If it's not here, I hope it'll be the Saltwater Lakewater Citywater Wetcon. ## The Jaundiced Eye was (I hate to use the word, it often means so-so, but I mean it) interesting. KK good. Boggy Sage larfed rather humorously. Har har. Dear Alice--always good. ## Facover--to bad about the sad news. Why not do like LIFE, TIME, etc and add a code number after the schmoe's name. Like "Ed Schmucklepuss Exp6mi"...expires in 6 more issues. ## Dribblings far better than usual.

Richard Lupoff



The Slush File, IV

224 Broad Street
Newark, Ohio

OOPS was pretty good this time, tho it arrived without any mud clinging to it. I liked best the story by Capella, which turned out a lot better than I had expected at first glance, and ShelVy's column. Ken Beale I didn't care too much for this time --too much disconnected stuff. If he'd take a page or so and really tear into something or somebody, my reaction might be other than passive. K-blast Conner was mildly interesting, and Dribblings was pleasant rambling. How's the WAWish coming?

Dick Ryan

Box 557, Hq Sq 3650 AFIW
Sampson AFB, New York

...#4 OOPS is still maintaining your fine quality of mimeography, you'd set in previous issues. Likewise it is good to see that you are keeping up your schedule. May no 6th Tuesday go by without an OOPSLA!

Ken Beale's column was his usual good writing with lots of interesting fan info and news. I don't know where he gets all his dope. He must have a little Brownie ((that's pronounced Dero)) aiding him. He used to amaze me with 2 pages of new "news" in each issue of "The Imaginative Collector."

Now what did KConner say? His item this issue seems nothing more than advertisement. You'd better charge him a couple nickels, Gregg. The first is for Silverberg's annish, the second for his fan club, TLMA, and the third for Tv. After all, I'm sure every fan who doesn't own one will dash out and buy one soon as possible to meet that "Little Miss Fan." I do agree with Conner on one thing: I also think pro-mag editors should try to sell their stories to other mags rather than print them in their own publications. Of course, I wouldn't recommend this for fanzine editors.

As for Capella's piece (I refuse to quote the title) it was good for a snicker or two but not the type of humorous fantasy I like in fanzines.

Dear Alice still does not click with me. But give me credit for effort, Vick; I'm still trying. It must be like "Pogo", it takes a little thought to see the humor or point. ((Gads!))

The Slush File (Egads, why don't you call it LAVA? Your title fit the fmz reviews, but not the letters.) was quite interesting even if my name was only mentioned once (Thanks, Henry.) I am delighted that you answer questions asked in the letters, Gregg. That's one point I always found irksome with most faneds. Please continue this practice.

What is "Satellite City" on page 16? The title of the pic or of a story that didn't get published? ((The pic.))

Put me down for the WAWish--enclosed find 25¢. I wonder when a fan will put out a "Waltzine" printing only all his letters and writings. I'm sure it would last for a long time, for he's surely written lots since he's started fanning. Yours,
Russell K Watkins.

((In defense of Conner, he's not to blame for the Silverberg propaganda, anyhow. I rather suggested the idea to him, I'm afraid. As for TLMA--well, he mentioned the WAWish in the same breath, didn't he? That's good enuf for me. As for the Tv set--I'm sure nobody would rush right down and buy one on his say so. (Gee, new sets are expensive nowadays, tho, aren't they?)

Poor Capella. He writes what I consider a satire to end all satires on mad scientists, and it's regarded as a humorous fantasy. # Sure, Russ, be glad to answer any or all questions in SP, if they ask them.))



Didn't quite understand about the cover--did Ward stencil it or did you? Looks like your technique on the shading plate. And the shading plate was definitely the making of the interiors.

Who is Al Mulaik? (It also don't seem to spell anything backwards.)

Beale's column seemed to improve, this time. But on the Lemuel Craig angle--wasn't it a certain NY fan who does a column (in #4 on p5) for OOPSLA! that started the rumor that Anderson might be he? So far as I know, anyone else that did any prognosticationismumumus only guessed VLMcC.

Konner's Kolum seemed better, too. But a moment, while professional...professional? Okay, okay; amateur...pride rears its tendrilled head. Silverberg has a fmz. He puts out a special issue, sez Konner. It is 40 pages sez Konner. Big! Annish. Blue, green & white paper--technicolor. And only a dime. ShelVy has a fanzine. He puts out regular issues. They are apt to be 40 pages long. Big! Ordinary issue. Green and orange paper (well, okay; so I only got cinecolor!) and only a nickel!

(CONFUSION, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida. Something like monthly--sometimes three weekly.) ((Get it--Vick isn't bragging--he's underestimating, if anything.))

But it's likely to go to a dime, some month soon. (Hold yo' hosses, kids--ain't no chance of me making a profit, even then. It's just that I like it when I only loose eight or ten dollars per ish. ...or WOULD like it.) Anywee, you can gyp me--send in four bits now and it'll get you 12 issues, even if I go up to a buck each.

Likt Capella. With just a bit of polishing, it would have been very good. ## Sorry about DA. ## Thanks for the many, many kind words about cf. and self. If I can keep it half as good as your rating, cf. should soon be a top-notch. ((Soon?))

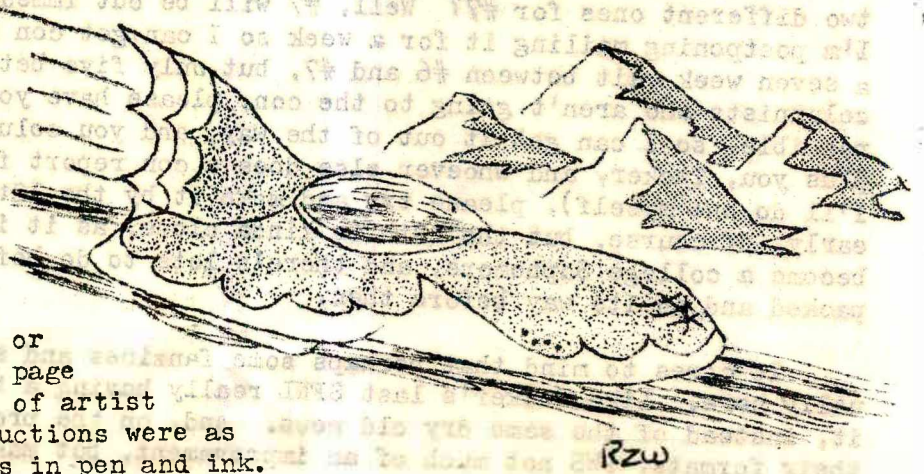
Dave Stone's cartoons--but GOOD! Keep 'im (if I can't snatch him from you.) Still like Shakesword. Question--is it Shakes' word or Shake sword? ((Answer: it's Shake sword, like in Shake spear(e), you see.))

In summation, OOPS is one of the best fanmags on the market, mainly because Gregg Calkins is one of the best zineds out...

'cerely,

Shelby Vick.

I'm quitting while I'm ahead. No telling what the next letter I pick up might call me, but I doubt it would be very good. So I'll leave the letters for a while, hoping fondly that some character digs up a nice controversial topic for next time, or at least asks an interesting question or two. The other half of this page I leave to the capable hands of artist Ward. I only wish my reproductions were as good as his original drawings in pen and ink.





OOPS

Nothing much left over, this time, unless you count me. Come to think of it, I am rather left-over, at that. Oh well. So you won't be, I'm going to put the deadlines and mailing dates of the next few issues of OOPS again.

#6 deadline July 18 Mailed 29
#7 deadline con reports Sept 12
--columns otherwise, Sept 5
issue mailed Sept 16.

#8 deadline October 10 Mailed 21
Annish deadline Nov 21 Mailed in
December sometime near the 2nd.

And so ends a year of OOPS. But let's not cross bridges before we tromple up to them. Kinda nice to be thinking about it, tho. I'm rather thinking of running a portfolio of fan art in the middle of it, the same as Bob Silverberg did. It's a nice idea. However, you'd have to be in a position to do your own work on stencil. (This info here doesn't count you, Ward or Capella or Stone.) But one thing has to be remembered. If you're interested in doing this, please contact me first. I want to see a sketch of your idea on paper before you cut it on stencil, because if I don't happen to like it, it would be shameful to reject it already on stencil. This, of course, goes for all artists--Ward, etc., included.

The other day I was talking with a friend about stars. The day before that I was reading back issue Q's and came across Hoffman's "The mimeo works pretty well for me anymore." We laughed. So when this character starts talking about stars, we got off onto Doppler shifts as a means of determining velocity. I asked him what the star would be doing if it had a two Angstrom shift to the red. "Well," he said, "it would be going toward me." "Going toward you?" I asked, half laughing at his combination of the words. "Or," he remarked seriously, "it might be coming away." It was very funny.

Uh, you remember back there where I was talking about deadlines, and I gave two different ones for #7? Well, #7 will be out immediately after the Chicon, and I'm postponing mailing it for a week so I can get con reports in. That will make a seven week wait between #6 and #7, but only five between #7 and #8. Anyhow, you columnists who aren't going to the con, please have your stuff to me by the 5th, if possible, so I can get it out of the way, and you columnists who are going to Chi plus you, Tucker, and whoever else does a con report for me (dunno right now--mebbe I'll do one myself), please try and make it by the 12th. I won't gripe if you're early, of course, but the 12th is kinda close, as it is. But try, huh? The 22nd I become a college Sophomore, and there's lots to do before then, so I gotta get OOPS packed and on its way before then.

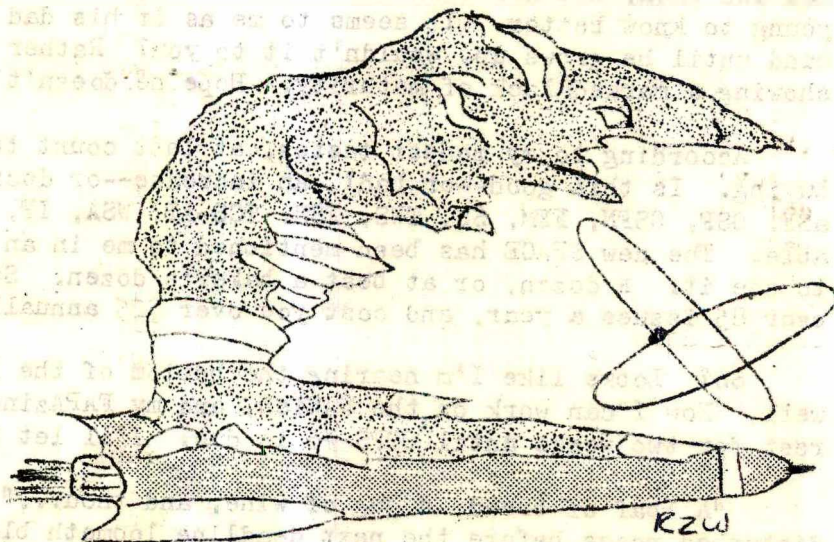
It comes to mind that perhaps some fanzines and stuff should be mentioned casually here. Like Tucker's last SFNL really having a touch of the old Tuck humor in it, instead of the same dry old news. And, on the pro side, SS and TWS changing their formats, TWS not much of an improvement, but making the new SS cover easily

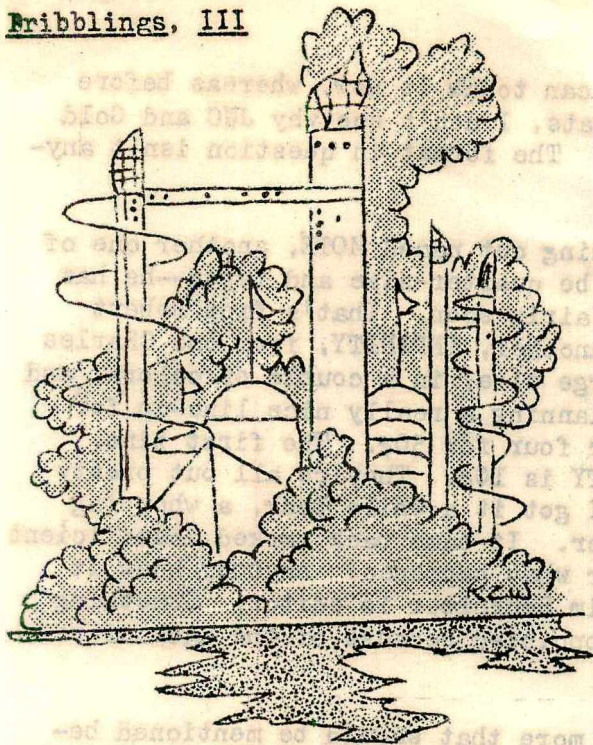
the best in the field. I don't think any other can tough it now, whereas before it wasn't much to beat at all. Speaking of formats, I don't see why JWC and Gold got so het up a while back over who swiped what. The format in question isn't anything special to be proud of, anyhow.

While we're on zines, there's a new one coming out named MOTE, another one of these works of love. From what I hear, it will be quarter-size and typed—he has no duplicating process yet, but may go hektoed fairly soon. That's from Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. Comes another, INFINITY, from one Charles Harris, 86 Fairview Avenue, Great Neck, NY. Large size, in a couple of colors, and hekto'd. Another is from Terry Carr, VULCAN, planning a really nice line-up for #2, mimeo'd and about 45 pages. It costs 15¢ or four for 50¢. The first zine, MOTE, is free to interested persons, and INFINITY is 10¢. They're all out pretty soon, now. Another new one, to me, is ETRON. I got it a while back, a whopping 50 pages per issue, and wrote the editor a letter. It came back marked insufficient address. Now, as I copied his exactly, I wonder what happened? Anybody know it for sure, having gotten an answer from them? Jim Schreiber is editor. Something tells me those boys are going to be mighty disappointed because of the lack of response from ETRON, tho.

So, speaking still of zines, there's a few more that should be mentioned because of outstanding effort. MAD (224 Broad Street, Newark, Ohio), SOL (914 Hammond Road, Ridgewood, NJ) and FANTASIAS (203 Robin Street, Dunkirk, NY) have all turned out, or are turning out, WAWishes. Have you bought one from them? From what is heard, the issues will be well worth the price of 25¢ charged for each one. But if you're putting off buying one until later, my advice is: DON'T. You may not be able to get one. Better hurry, I'd say.

HEY, NOW, BE SURE AND GET THIS. A contest. Yes, a good science fiction contest. And it's oh, so easy to win. Here's how it works. Send any good condition sf mag from 1949 on down to '26 or before to 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City 16, Ut., and it will be considered your entry. On July 31st, all entries will be inspected, and the person contributing the oldest prozine wins first prize. The next oldest, 2nd prize, and so on. But the mags must be in good condition or they will be disqualified. The 1st prize winner will receive 1/4 of all the mags received for his own collection. The 2nd prize is 1/3 of all mags received, and 3rd prize is 1/10. More prizes will be given, depending on response. But this is a swell way to expand your collection that you've been letting sit because you have no money. Surely you have an old duplicate around that you can send in and win on. Or, maybe you will win by a Dec '47 magazine, nobody else beating it with an earlier mag. A post-card will bring you a list of winners, if you like. But get in on the contest. You can win as easily as falling off of a log. The basis for winning is solely on the age of the mags you send, if they are in decent condition. The contest will close July 31st and winners will be mailed their copies immediately after it is decided who has won. Ties for 1st place split the combined prizes of 1st and 2nd places, or 2nd and 3rd, depending on where the tie falls. So? What are you waiting for, anyhow? Enter!





So, now what? Guess this is where I tell you that Jim Fleming, Box 173, Sharon, Kansas is interested in getting a gang of Gilbert Collins fans together. Flem will answer questions about Collins, give lists of his books, and furnish his address for those who wish to write him.

Speaking of groups of fans, there is now a UTAH SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE. The USFL will hold meetings every other Tuesday night at the various members' houses beginning the 17th of June. There are six members, so far. If any of you old-timers remember the addresses of any Utah fen from anywhere, please write me, as we'd like to contact them. There will be no club OO, nor dues. The meetings will be just bull sessions. Now, I'm telling you all this with a definite air, and I'm sorry, because since the USFL hasn't met yet, I can't say for sure that that will be the name, or that the meetings will be held as I said they

would be. But, at any rate, there is now an organization of sorts in Utah, and perhaps you'll see two or three of us at the Chicon. For better or for worse, here we are. What are you going to do about us?

Things I should mention Department: The "Polaris" library, for instance, publishing high quality books in a new, limited series for collectors. Write FANTASY PRESS, 120 N 9th St., Reading, Pa. ## And TAPE*RESPONDENTS, INTERNATIONAL, a new tape-recorders club that sounds like quite an organization. For this you should drop a note to Fred Goetz, 3488 22nd St., San Francisco 10, California. ## Also along that line is the GSFR--the GUILD FOR SCIENCE FICTION RECORDISTS. Both wire and tape in this organization. Write Lee D. Quinn if interested, at Box 1199 Grand Central Station, New York 17, NY. ## Also in need of mention is a rather thoughtless little trick by a certain Peter Graham of San Fran. Undoubtedly he did it for publicity, but it was a rather childish trick. He wrote a lot of post-cards saying that WAW had passed away and that the WC funds were being refunded to all doughnators. Two or three people believed it, and a couple of expensive long-distance phone calls, wasting good money that could have gone to the campaign, were made to verify the fact that it was a hoax. It seems Graham has been pulling babyish stunts like this every now and then, but has been excused on the grounds that he's only 12 or 13 and too young to know better. It seems to me as if his dad or somebody would take him in hand until he grows up, wouldn't it to you? Rather childish, rather stupid, and showing a marked lack of maturity. Hope he doesn't do it again.

According to my modest tastes, at last count there were a dozen promags worth buying. Is this good--or bad? An increase--or decrease? Out of the field, only aSF, GSF, GSFN, FFM, SS, TWS, FSM, TCS-AB, WSA, IF, MoF&SF, and FANTASTIC were readable. The new SPACE has been mentioned to me in an approving tone, but I have yet to see it. A dozen, or at best a baker's dozen. Still, all in all, they add up to over 85 issues a year, and cost you over \$25 annually if you buy them all.

So? Looks like I'm nearing the bottom of the last page. Mebbeso it's just as well. Now I can work on the WAWish, and my FAPazine "TRFAP" and then sit back and rest for two weeks until OOPS #6 is due. I'll let Shaky finish this, then.

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou..."...yea, and five minutes of undisturbed peace before the next deadline loometh black against the horizon. The sands of time runneth out...--Shakesword

Yours, *[Signature]*