

OOPS LA!



Richard Z. Ward



July 29, 1952.

10¢

OOPSLA!

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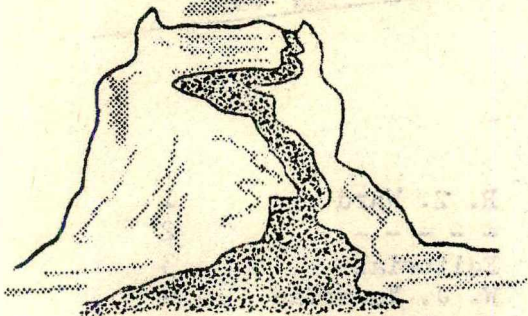
The deadline for material for #7 is: September 5 for non-con material; September 12 for all convention reports!

Volume One, Number Six

Next Issue Mailed September 16th!

THIS is the sixth issue of OOPSLA! which has appeared on time, every sixth Tuesday since the 1st of January, 1952. Regular issues 26 pages, annish over 52, and all for \$1 for nine issues. Sub rates are \$1.00 per year, 60¢ for six, or 10¢ for a sample copy. Ad rates are \$1 per page, 60¢ per half-page, 35¢ per 1/3 page. The deadlines for all material are always at least the second Friday before mailing date of next issue. OOPS #7 will be the convention issue; no material is needed. Material requirements are good solid articles of fannish interest, or fan fiction and articles with a definite fannish slant!! Please enclose return postage when sending manuscripts, or you won't get them back. DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE: convention reports no later than September 12; others (fiction, etc) September 5th!!

ERUPTIONS!



I have something to erupt about. Seems that I wrote an article on the National Fantasy Fan Federation for Bob Farnham's "The Chigger Patch." I considered it an informative article pointing out the more obvious and serious faults of the N3F and what I would do to correct them. I did not consider it feud material, nor do I now consider it feud material. But, today comes a

letter, from, naturally, GM Carr. It is a personal letter, but casts some mighty hard glances in my direction, and since the article I wrote is public, parts of her letter might as well be. Says Gertie:

I understand you intend to go ahead with your vicious attack on NFFF. I don't know what you hope to gain by it, but I just want to point out one thing you have overlooked.

You are not a member of NFFF. You have not been a member of NFFF since 1951. You don't know a thing about NFFF in 1952 except hear-say.

....any slurs you throw on NFFF efficiency in 1952 will be a direct slur on me. I will consider it a personal insult....

I suggest, therefore, that if you still insist on shooting off your mouth about something that is now none of your business, that you qualify your statements by reminding your readers that you have not been a member since 1951.....

Very Truly Yours,

G. M. Carr
Secretary, NFFF

In the first place, my attack isn't vicious--not at all. I am not attempting to slur N3F, nor am I condemning it. I am, as I said, pointing out flaws and suggesting remedies. Obviously the N3F does not like this to be done. Why? Is it because they prefer to point out their own flaws, or are they tender-skinned so that they don't like to have things like that pointed out to them. Touchy, I guess.

So touchy that GM Carr takes it upon herself to condemn me and take my constructive criticisms as personal insults, when I haven't once mentioned her position as Secretary in either a good or bad light. Is this overzealousness on her part, conceit, or a feeling of guilt?

I haven't been a member since '51, she says, yet I might as well have been--I still didn't receive any benefits, which was exactly the same as if I had been a member. I got TNFF up until the last issue, however, GM, and that is all I ever got. My dues were paid until spring '52--perhaps, tho, you gypped me out of 25¢ and cut them off at December 21, 1951, eh?

I am not shooting off my mouth. I am writing on more than hear-say. I am not slurring GM Carr. I am not vicious. I am just sick of seeing neo's get taken for a buck and getting nothing in return worth mentioning. Aren't you?

THE TOP LEVEL

Willmott J. Youngfan.

"Gee Whiz," I said breathlessly.
"You're Gregg Calkins, ain't you?"

The big fellow grinned amiably and patted me on the head.

I reached into my knapsack and pulled out the bound copy of OOPSLA! that I had bought from Bob Tucker just before the convention began.

"Gosh, Mr. Calkins, will you autograph this for me?" I held the book in trembling hands as Mr. Calkins took a pen from his pocket. It must have been the pen that Utah fandom had awarded him the year before, as it was shaped like a pen-shaped spaceship and bore the official "ok" of Arthur C. Clarke.

"Say, Gregg," someone called and I turned to see a dashing fellow who were gl- asses, juke boots, and ermine-trimmed dungarees--western style. He was having a little trouble keeping his shirt-tail tucked in.

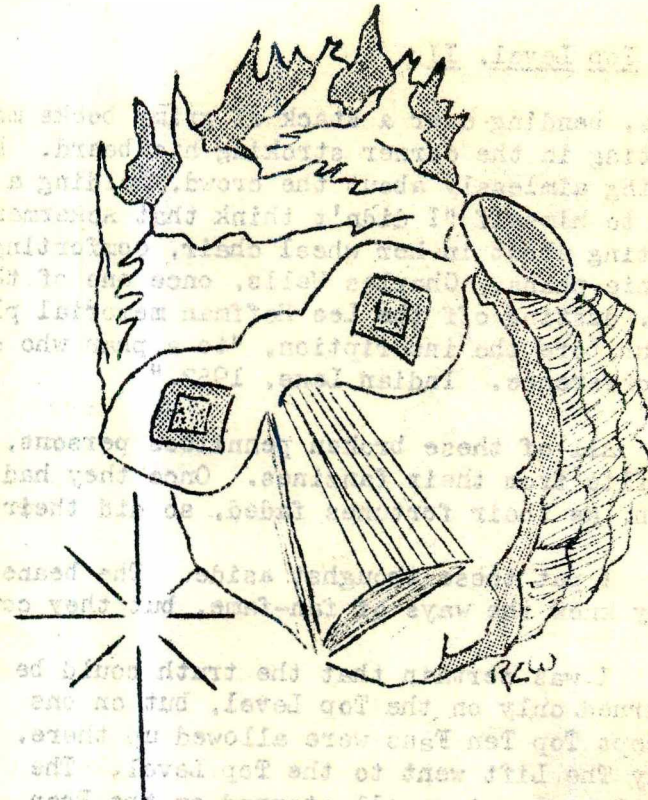
"Sure, Max" Gregg replied, and I realized that the newcomer could be none other than Max Keasler.

Max pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and a ten of clubs fell out...the one with the earmuffs. Grabbing for this souvenir of a real life BNF like Keasler, I met another fan. Collided with him might be a better word. I didn't have a chance to recognize him in the scuffle, but after the dust had cleared I found that instead of a card I was holding a page from THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. So I suppose the ten of clubs has found its way home at last.

I turned back to Gregg Calkins and found myself staring into his belt buckle. It was then that I realized that I was still on my knees. Gregg has finished signing the book and had put it down. As he and Keasler walked toward The Lift I heard the words "my monthly payments" but thought nothing of it at the time.

Looking around the room for any other members of the Top Ten, I was disappointed to see only the faces of a few hucksters like Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans, and some beanie-phans like Tucker, Ackerman, Elsberry and Boggs. So I went to the bar, where I sat brooding over a double malted milk. My heart ached within me for the laurels of Top Ten-dom. The mimeo ink pulsed through my veins and throbbed at my temples. I was fired with the burning ambition.

I looked at those miserable specimens of fankind that milled around me. The vile hucksters and Birty pro's. The struggling neofans like myself, and the beanie-phans--those lost souls who were neither neo, nor BNF. Some of them had once been famous. How they had fallen, I wondered. In the ancient journals the name of Tucker had been glorified. Now here he was, a haggard and beaten fan, greyed and tooth-



The Top Level, II

less, bending over a stack of grimy books marked "for sale." And Boggs, that fellow sitting in the corner stroking his beard. Elsberry, a tired bedraggled fellow, wandering aimlessly about the crowd, holding a cloth to the gash in his head and muttering to himself "I didn't think that Ackerman could hit so hard." Mama Bradley putting about in her wheel chair, comforting homesick neofans and reminiscing with beanie-phans. Charles Wells, once one of the Top Ten, now official janitor of the N3F, dusting off the Lee Hoffman memorial plaque, a gold-plated auto-wheel center which bore the inscription, "to a phan who died in an auto wreck on her way home from a conference. Indian Lake, 1952."

All of these broken penniless persons, ekeing out a meager living on the small profits from their fanzines. Once they had all been BNF, respected and monied. Then, as their fortunes faded, so did their fame, until now.....

I put these thoughtst aside. The beanei-phants had been approached about BNFdom. They knew the ways of fan-fame, but they could not be forced to tell. I had tried.

I was certain that the truth could be learned only on the Top Level, but on one except Top Ten Fans were allowed up there. Only The Lift went to the Top Level. The regular elevators all stopped on the Phan Level.

A sudden silence came over the room. All eyes turned to the door. To the tall man who stood framed in it. The FAN! #1. I gasped and slid from my stoodl. Picking myself up from the floor I watched him stroll casually to The Lift. He was well along in years, but obviously in the best of condition. His stell-grey hair was thick and his bright eyes piercing. As he approached The Lift, it's doors slid open and he entered. They closed again and the soft noise of machinery could be heard. The Lift was rising. Taking Him to the Top Level.



For me that night was long and sleepless. I lay in my bed and tossed restlessly as I thought about Him and the thing that I must do. Finally, as the sounds of the first bird-calls of the morning were heard, I rose. I was certain that all the beanie-phants and neo's would be asleep. No one would be up on the phan-level at this hour. I dressed swiftly and left my room.

The corridors were dark and empty as I made my way into the main room. It, too, was empty. Set in one wall I could see the door of The Lift, glowing slightly. I went to it and pushed. Nothing happened.

I put my shoulder to it, but still nothing happened. So I turned to look for some other way. My eye fell upon the corner of a magazine protruding from under the corner of a table. Picking them up (both my eye and the magazine) I read from the title on the cover.

NIRVANA!

I was holding the forbidden fanzine—the O-O of the Top Ten. My hands trembled. And I saw that the magazine glowed faintly, like the door.

The Top Level, III

I pushed aside the table-cloth and saw a shadowy figure under the table. By the glow of the fanzine, I recognized the fact. Gosh, I thought, Mr. Macauley!

Suddenly I realized that something was happening. The door of The Lift was sliding open. NIRVANA was the key. The faint glow was a radiation that triggered the mechanism of The Lift's door.

Stelthily I entered the elevator and pressed the 'up' button. Swiftly I was whisked upward. Then suddenly the door slid open again, and I was looking into a room not unlike the one I had just left. The main room of The Top Level. I stepped from the elevator and walked toward the corridor. Far down it I could see the glow from an open door. I walked toward it.

In the room, I saw Him, the FAN, sitting before a typewriter, slowly pecking out words. I realized then that he typed with a brogue. For long moments I stood in the doorway, looking at Him. Then He looked at me.

"Who are you?" he asked, "and what are you doing here?"

I blurted out the whole story of how I'd come and how badly I wanted to be one of the Top Ten.

Then He invited me into his room and gave me a glass of ginger-ale. "So you want to be one of the Top Ten, eh? Do you have much money?"

"Money?"

"Yes, for the monthly payments."

"I don't understand. But I do have money. Grandpaw left me five million."

"Well, my boy," he said, putting an arm around my shoulder, "I suppose something can be arranged." He handed me a small white card.

I read the words on it: "Proxyboo, Ltd."



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THE

JAUNDICED EYE

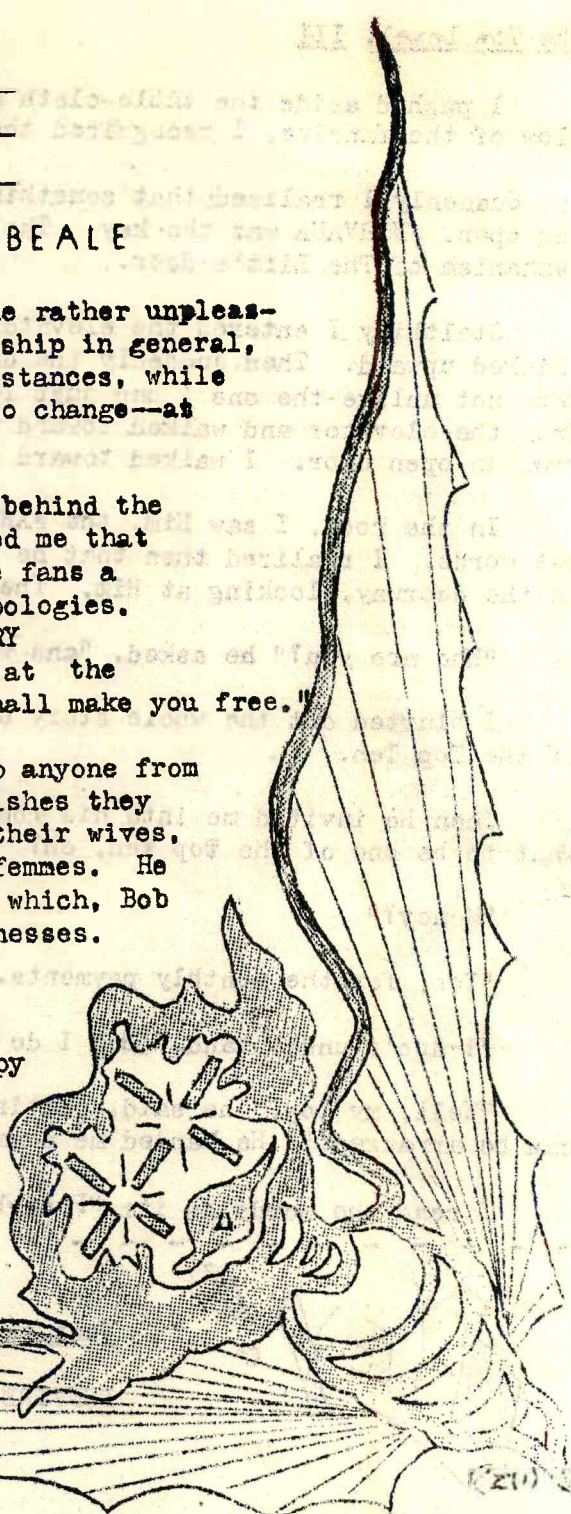
KEN BEALE

CHICONOTATIONS: Last time 'round, I said some rather unpleasant things about (1) fannish expansionism-salesmanship in general, and (2) the Chicon II in particular. Well, circumstances, while strengthening my stand on (1), have compelled me to change--at least temporarily--my views on (2).

A conversation with Earle Korshak, the power behind the throne at Chi (tho he won't admit it) has convinced me that at least a sincere effort will be made to give the fans a good time at Chi. So, to Mr. K and Chicago, my apologies. The object of this column, and my letter in QUANDRY (which started a lot of the ruckus) was to arrive at the facts. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Korshak assures me that (1), he will not stop anyone from calling the convention the Chicon. In fact, he wishes they would. (2) He still thinks that fans will bring their wives, sisters, girl friends, etc., to an affair run by femmes. He repeated this statement (for accurately reporting which, Bob Tucker called me a liar) again, once more for witnesses. (3) There will be no masquerade, but a poll taken among the 500 members vetoed this. (My only question is: were they fans? And you know damned well what I mean by "fans." Any schmoe with a copy of GALAXY under his arm is not a fan.) (4) Facilities will be provided for any fan organization to hold its meetings, sessions, et al. (5) Anyone can and is invited to get into the act--dignity to the contrary.

Therefore, it looks as tho the Tenth Ann-



iversary SF Convention (to use the more formal term) should be one of the best of all time. In other words, the exact opposite of the hideous farce Harry Moore put on last year in New Orleans. If the movie is shown by Arch Oboler's firm, there will be no repetition of the picture-taking stunt of last year. Oboler, I know, is a decent guy, not a Hollywood ape. (Not that I'm mentioning any names, Y'unnerstan. Just talkin' out of the front of my head, see?)

So, I repeat--the Chicon will probably be a dilly. Go, if you can. Vote for 'Frisco next year. (NY won't be bidding, I fear.)

And for the final, definitive word, see my next column. Yess, I'm going. See you there.

The Jaundiced Eye, II

NYCON: A group of four youngsters, the oldest no more than 17, put on a convention here last Sunday (July 13.) Much as New York fans have been longing for a con, besides the once-a-year Fan-Vet-Con, still, no one had a cheerful word to say for this one. Nothing went right. Poor planning, worse programming, inexperience, refusal of the planners to listen to qualified advice or criticism, all the things combines with a blisteringly hot day to turn the affair into a nightmare.

When I came in, at 2:30, Fletcher Pratt was just leaving. He looked disgusted. I'd missed his and James Blish's talks, but heard they were inaudible, due to the Ghu-awful p.a. system the boys had. When I entered, about 80 people (no more than 85) were seated in the hall, patiently waiting as an unidentified young man struggled with a cheap 16 mm projector, trying to show the Tv film "Dune Roller." He finally got it going, but the sound was so poor you only caught about one word in three. These technical difficulties were emphatically not the fault of Theodore Sturgeon, who supplied the picture.

When the picture ended, everybody broke loose, started wandering around. No recess was called--no need to. After what seemed like an hour--and probably was--Ted Sturgeon got up and spoke. His talk was audible (the p.a. system having been finally fixed), interesting, (the one high spot of the entire affair), and the audience, which now constituted 75 people, seemed to like it. He explained the incredible difficulties any sf writer labors under in trying to convince the network people, who know nothing of the field, what science fiction is, and how it should be dramatized. He apologized for the poor quality of many "Tales of Tomorrow" shows, which are often rewritten 5 or 6 times before being finally telecast. And this rewriting is done by men who don't know a spacesuit from a lawsuit, and who probably think van Vogt is a Dutch painter. (That's me talking, not Ted.)

"Sure, I know how to write a science fiction story," said a bigname Tv writer. "Take any old story, and shoot a little science into it."

After Sturgeon finished, things began breaking up. About 10 more people left, even tho it was now only about 4:30. An attempt was made to show another tv film. Due to technical difficulties, this was impossible. The boys finally got sense enough to stop trying. Another pause. More people left. Hans Santesson of the Unicorn Mystery Book Club got up and spoke. At last, a strong hand was at the helm. He tried to restore some order, prevent the fen still in the hall from leaving. He left the rostrum, partially successful. They didn't leave, but they didn't quiet down, either. And nobody paid any attention to anything Charles Catania (a 15-year old lad who was nominally in charge of the affair) had to say.

Things finally reconvened. Jerry Bixby, Charles Dye, and James Blish reluctantly carried out their promises and served on the panel, which tried to extricate an imaginary hero from some imaginary but difficult situations. After about half an hour of trying to crack the near-impossible situations propounded by a 16- or 17-year old fan whose name I unfortunately did not get, they gave up. Considering the impromptu nature of the thing, it wasn't half bad.

By this time (5:40) only about 55 people were left in the hall. Now the auction started. At its end, even these had gone, and only a few youngsters remained. As a matter of fact, they had done most of the bidding.

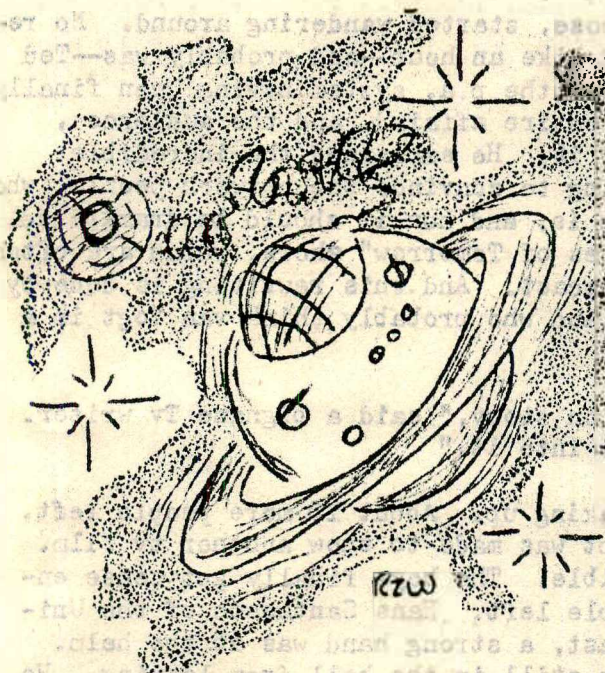
Put on by the NY Chapter of The Little Monsters of America, the affair was almost literally run on a shoestring. Fortunately they made enough to enable them to pay for the hall. They may even, due to Sam Moskowitz' auctioneering skill, have made a slight profit. But one thing they did not do. They did not put on a decent convention. By comparison, the Fan-Vet-Con (See my OOPS #4 column) seemed wonderful!

The only thing these boys can do now is grow up.

The Jaundiced Eye, III

--AND STILL THEY COME: At latest report, the figure of 22 science fiction periodicals issued here in the US still stands. As before, one has folded, only to be replaced by another. The advance goes on, and the weak are fallen by the wayside, or are trampled underfoot. MARVEL, it seems, has given up the ghost. And a shost-writer has given up shosting and turned sf editor. I refer to Walter B. Gibson, editor of the "rumored" sf slick, (see last issue's column) FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION. Gibson, tho currently not endearing himself to the fen as a sf editor, is a fascinating fellow, and a competent writer, in his own field--which is crime, mystery, and magic. Like Ken Crossen and Bruce Elliot and Martin Gardner, he is a magician-turned sf-writer.

More than 20 years ago, back-cover ads were appearing on Hugo Gernsback's AMAZING, proclaiming a book published by Uncle Hugo, called "Popular Card Tricks." The author was a Philadelphia magician-writer named Walter Gibson. Little did he dream that he himself would someday edit one of these magazines.



Gibson had already done considerable writing and editing in the true-crime and magic fields. At least one story of his appeared in the Canadian mag, "Ghost Stories," now a rare collector's item. He ghost-wrote "400 Tricks You Can Do" for world-famous magician Howard Thurston. This book is still being sold today, decades after its initial publication. He edited "Seven Circles," a magic mag. He wrote a book claiming to explain Houdini's secrets after the latter's death. (Gibson was an associate of Houdini's when he lived.)

In 1932, he struck paydirt. He wrote, at the request of Street & Smith, a novel called "The Living Shadow." The character continued as a series, and began appearing monthly in THE SHADOW magazine. From then on, its success and fame increased, until THE SHADOW was the most famous character of his type, and the magazine outsold all of its competitors and imitators. The Shadow appeared in movies, on the radio, in the comics. The magazine switched to twice-a-month publication. And, except for a brief period in 1937-8, Gibson wrote all the novels and up to July '46, the comic besides! But, since Street & Smith retained all rights to the character, his only share of the huge income it brought them was what he got in direct payment for the stories.

In '42, Gibson and Bruce Elliott started a magic mag called THE PHOENIX which featured illos (reprints only) by Cartier, Bok and other fantasy artists. In '45 he quit to edit CONJURORS MAGAZINE, which later folded. (PHOENIX is still going strong) In between he ghost-wrote BLACKSTONE'S MODERN CARD TRICKS AND SECRETS OF MAGIC and Dunninger's "What's On Your Mind," which purported to teach the reader telepathy. In '46 THE SHADOW was taken over in magazine form by Bruce Elliott, of all people. He continued it up till August '48 when Gibson took it over again. In '49 Gibson wrote "The Whispering Eyes," the last SHADOW novel. Then he coasted for a while, married a lady magician named Litzka Raymond, worked on a magazine called THE BIG STORY, and finally started a comic strip called "Rick Kane, Space Marshal." He was not as lucky as Jack Williamson, and I believe the strip folded.

In Mr. G's case, I fear The Jaundiced Eye must look the other way.

--Ken Beale.



WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA —

WALT WILLIS, HSC

(Editor's Note: This, of course, was intended for Willish publication. It did not make it, as you can see, but they say better late than never, so here it is.)

(Continued from CONFUSION #11....)

(Willis and Vick have been captured by the New York Immigration Authorities and imprisoned in the dreaded Chateau d'IF. ShelVy has pretended to be sick so that when the guard fetches the doctor they can overpower them both and take their clothes and keys.)

Half an hour passes and the guard has still not returned.

"Looks as if he isn't coming back," says Willis. "We'd better try something else. Now, what would a van Vogt hero do? But of course, he'd construct a deadly weapon from the simple materials at his disposal."

"All we've got is a dry cell," says ShelVy, hopelessly.

Willis ponders a moment and then produces the screwdriver from his pocket. He deftly removes the front of the wall switch and examines the wiring.

"Are you sure what you're doing?" asks ShelVy nervously. "Shouldn't you be using rubber gloves or something?"

"I didn't come here to be insulated," says Willis coldly. "Of course I know what I'm doing."

He makes some delicate adjustments to the wiring with his long sensitive fingers. There is a blue flash and every light in the Greater New York area goes out. Willis reels back wringing a long sensitive finger. "I must have done something wrong," he says regretfully. "If only I'd had that April '43 aSF with the last part of THE WEAPON MAKERS....." He is still wringing his finger when the door opens and the guard calls: "Did I hear someone ringing?"

"Yes," says Willis, "it was my finger. The skin is peeling. I hope you brought the doctor?"

"I couldn't find him," says the guard, "so I brought the nurse instead."

Willis Discovers America. II

By the faint moonlight shining through the cell window, ShelVy and Willis can discern a tall and pretty brunette standing at the door. "Come in," says the guard. "The lights should be working any minute—every available electrician is on the job."

"Many hands make light work," mutters Willis.

The nurse comes in, sniffing at the air. "What's the matter?" she asks. "Somebody dead?" "Not yet," says the guard, glaring at Willis. "It was just that pun. My patience may have gone, but yours is over there on the bed."

The nurse bends over ShelVy. "My goodness," she says. "This man looks as if he is at death's door. But I'll pull him through." She reaches down the neck of her blouse and produces one after another a selection of small bottles. ShelVy watches with admiration. "That where you always keep your medicines?" he asks.

"Yes," she says. "This is my medicine chest."

"Well," leers ShelVy, "if you ever get a cold on it, remember I'm Vick."

Meanwhile Willis has been circling round the guard, and now sticks his screwdriver in his back, shouting "HANDS UP." Taken aback, the guard obeys. "Now drop your gun," says Willis, "or I've got something here that's just the thing for obstinate screws." The guard drops his gun. Willis picks it up and puts his screwdriver back into his pocket with a sigh of relief. ShelVy changes clothes with the guard, then ties him up and dumps him on the bed.

"Now," says ShelVy to the nurse. "No, no," she cries, blushing. "Yes yes," says ShelVy. "We are desperate fen, and we don't care what we do. We correspond with Max Keasler and everything. I tell you, we stop at nothing."

"Don't be shy," says Willis. "I'll cover you with my gun."

The nurse takes off her blouse and skirt. "You know," says Willis, "this is the most interesting thing I've seen in America yet. I think when I get out I'll go on a lecher tour of the United States."

"Careful," warns ShelVy. "Don't forget Russ Watkins has subbed to this issue."

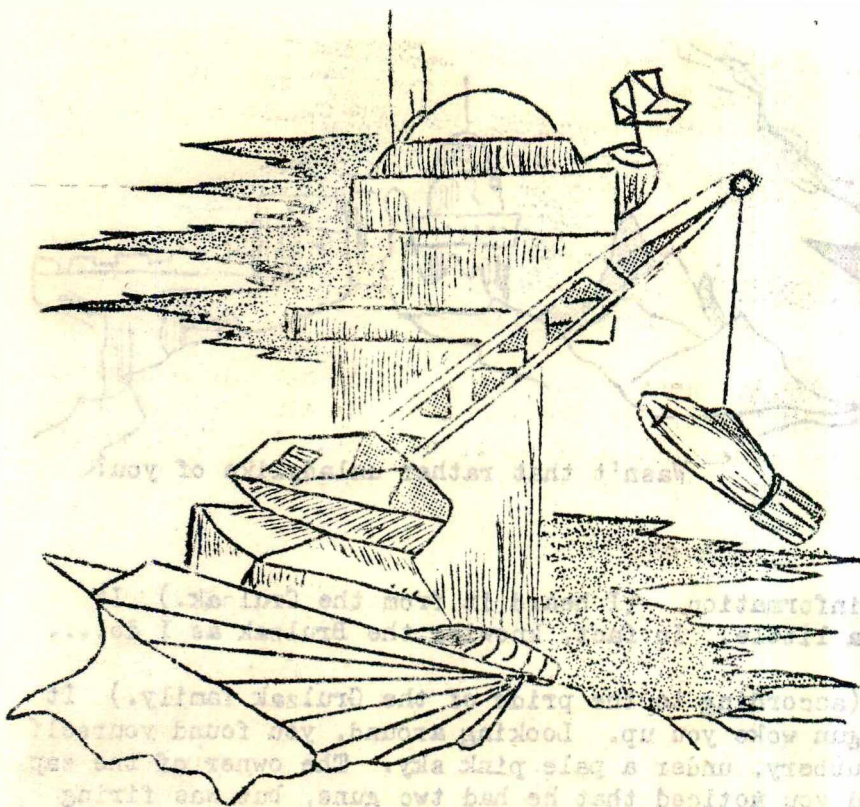
"Oh da—er, bother...yes," says Willis. "All right," he tells the nurse. "That'll do. But it's lucky for you this installment isn't being pubbed in OPUS."

He struggles and puffs his way into the blouse and skirt while the nurse puts on his jacket and pants. Then they tie her up and put her on the other bed. "Can't you forget about Watkins for once?" protests the guard.

"I say," says Willis, "we can't have these people shouting for help. We'd better think up some way to keep them quiet." "Well there's always those old articles of yours," says ShelVy. "You mean for the gags in them?" grins Willis. "No, I was thinking more of something like chloroform." "So was I," mutters ShelVy.

Willis rummages among the nurse's bottles, "Here we are," he says. "We've got both chloroform and nitrous oxide. I guess either will do." He uncorks the bottle and sets to work. "What a horrible smell," he says. "Reminds me of that bad spell of diphtheria I had."

"Well, that's that," he says, finally. "Now all we have to do is walk quietly out." (To be continued in the WAWish of FANTASIAS, 516 Deer St., Dunkirk, N.Y.)



The Slush File

An abbreviated sort of letter section. To some of you it will come as a complete surprise, as did ERUPTIONS. Fact of the matter is, I didn't plan to have either of them this issue, but somehow they snuck back in, so here they are.

New York 19, New York

Dear Mr. Calkins:

I am simply fascinated by Ken Beale's statement that: "Fletcher Pratt knows where the body is buried down at Standard . . . Considering the poor quality of most of this writing, it is rather amazing."

In the first place, it's not Standard, it's Better Publications, a different outfit. But considering the poor quality of most of this writing, it is also amazing that every single story has either been anthologized or taken for hard-cover publication by itself or with another.

In other words, it is amazing. I must know where the body is buried at Doubleday, Gnome Press, with Groff Conklin and August Derleth. Boy, what a compliment! I think I'll sell my writer's license and set up as a combination detective and blackmailer.

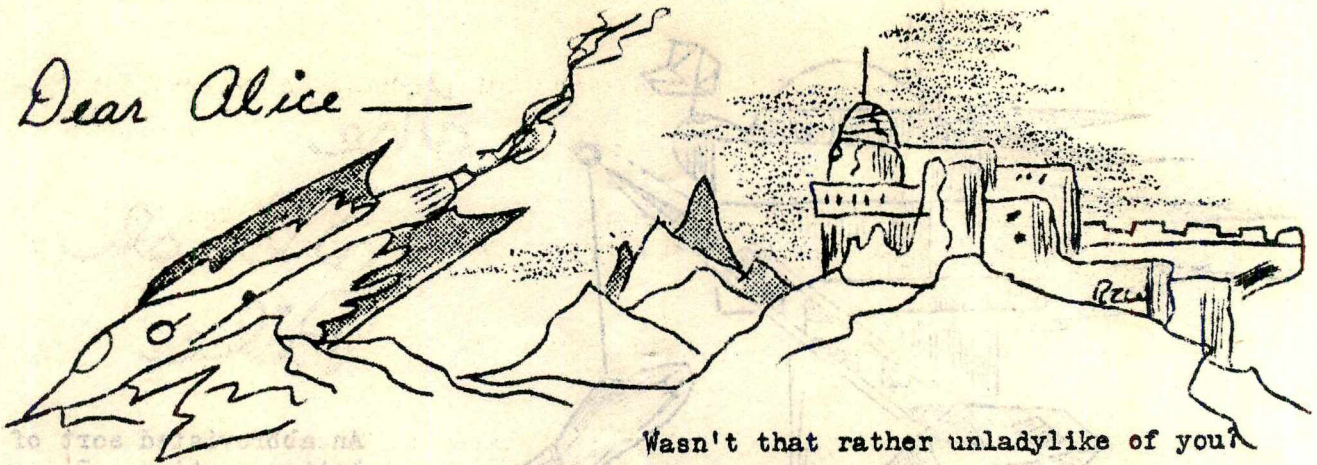
Yours,
Fletcher Pratt

"....Of course the "Day The Earth Stood Still" preview incident was about as cheap an affair as any convention has been involved in, but I don't see how fans were forced to swallow such stuff. Weren't the exits marked? About dignity at conventions: the American Legion is a pretty dignified organization these days; it upholds all the good old American "isms" and so on. Does it make convention-goers choke all water pistols at the door? If so, I hadn't heard about it." Redd Boggs.

"....Last OOPSLA! was a beautiful job. I've just realised with a start that OOPS is now just about the neatest and trimmest duplicated fanmag in the world. An improvement in these few issues is really wonderful." Walt Willis.

"....Do you know who started the Rucker marriage hoax? To me, it ranks on the same level of mental maturity as the recent WAW death ditto! Some fans think that the short route to becoming BNF's is to perpetrate nauseous and senseless stuff like the above. Someday they'll pick the wrong guy..." Richard Bergeron.

Dear Alice —



Wasn't that rather unladylike of you?

I mean.....

Well, it's all second-hand information. (I heard it from the Grulzak.) It could be he distorted the facts a little. In fact, knowing the Brulzak as I de....

Anyway, it began like this (according to the pride of the Grulzak family.) It seems that the zip-zip of a zap gun woke you up. Looking around, you found yourself in a nest of rocks and alien shrubbery, under a pale pink sky. The owner of the zap guns was standing beside you, and you noticed that he had two guns, but was firing them alternately, so as not to overheat either one. He was a big, broad-shouldered man with a rugged square jaw and dark curly hair. He looked down at you with a lop-sided grin on his face.

"Well, young lady, that was a close one for you." Zip-zip fired into a wavering clump of brush. "When you popped up, out of nowhere--" zip-zip "—I thought you were another Boskonian, coming out of a hyperspatial tube." He chuckled. "Nearly blew your--" zip-zip; a mindless scream issued from behind the rocks he'd fired at "—pretty young head off." Zip-zip. "Watch it, next time."

"Deed I will," you gasped. "But how can I, when I don't know where--" You stopped. After all, what good was it trying to explain? "Goodness, you're awfully active," you commented, watching his endless firing. "Is...is there some reason for all that shooting?" You looked around the alien terrain; there was nothing you could see other than the growth and rocks.

The man nodded grimly. You noticed that the wrist watch he was wearing was not a watch but some sort of grey lens. "Boskonians," he muttered. "These woods are crawling with 'em. They are, among other things, geniuses at camouflage. Somewhere out--" zip-zip "—there at least a hundred of them are trying to get me." You looked around again and instinctively ducked.

You gulped. "A -- a hundred?"

"That's right," his deep voice assured you. "All after my hide."

"But -- but that's not fair," you protested. "All of them against you."

For a moment, he contemplated this; it was evident that it was a new thought to him. He turned it over in his mind, looked at it from all sides, and then --

"You're right; I hadn't thot of it that way. But still, I can't help it; they started this whole thing; if they want to throw away their lives by tackling me with only a hndred or so, that's their lookout."

"Uh--that isn't exactly what I meant," you said....but he was busy zipping again

Dear Alice, II

You could see no difference in the landscape, but suddenly he stopped firing.

"Is--is something wrong?"

He holstered his zap guns, settled down on a mossy rock, and leaned back. "Nope; just resting. They've withdrawn for a consultation. Be busy for the next few moments; won't bother us."

"Well--maybe this is a good time to find out a few things. My name's Alice; who are you?"

He threw out his chest proudly (simultaneously drawing in a bit of excess stomach) and said, "My name is Kimball Kinnisson. Otherwise known as the Gay Lensman." Then he slumped a little, and sighed. "But in spite of my fame, no matter how many people know my name, nobody knows ME--the real me. I'm misunderstood."

You admirably repressed a desire to quip, "I'm Miss Alice."

"Look at me!" he said. "Before you see what apparently is only another average 6'10", 280-lb man. The epitomy of the norm. So I should be happy, but I'm not!"

"But why?"

"Because--" He sprang to his feet, both guns in hand. "It'll keep!" he shouted. "Here they come back! And this time they're closing in!"

And this time you could see them! Closer and closer came the hunks of rock and brush, under which were Boskonians--probably at least 50 of them left. Zip-zip--zip-zip, went the zap guns; he was using both of them now. The 50 was whittled down to 40, to 30, to 20--and suddenly one of the zap guns stopped zipping. Smoke boiled from its snout. Snarling his defiance, Kim threw the gun in the midst of the nearest clump of Boskonians. It tore thru the first two and pierced the skull of a third. His other gun lasted a moment longer (there were now only ten Boskonians left) and it too, burned out.

"Quick, girl--a hairpin!" the Gay Lensman shouted. In numb obedience, you handed him one. Somehow the whole thing didn't strike you as real; you couldn't believe what you were seeing. He took the hairpin, twisted it a couple of times, bent the snout of his gun back towards the handle, stuck the hairpin between the snout and the trigger and pointed it at the onrushing Boskonians (they were only 15 feet away, now). There was a whoosh and a pow and eight of the Boskonians--and the gun--vanished.

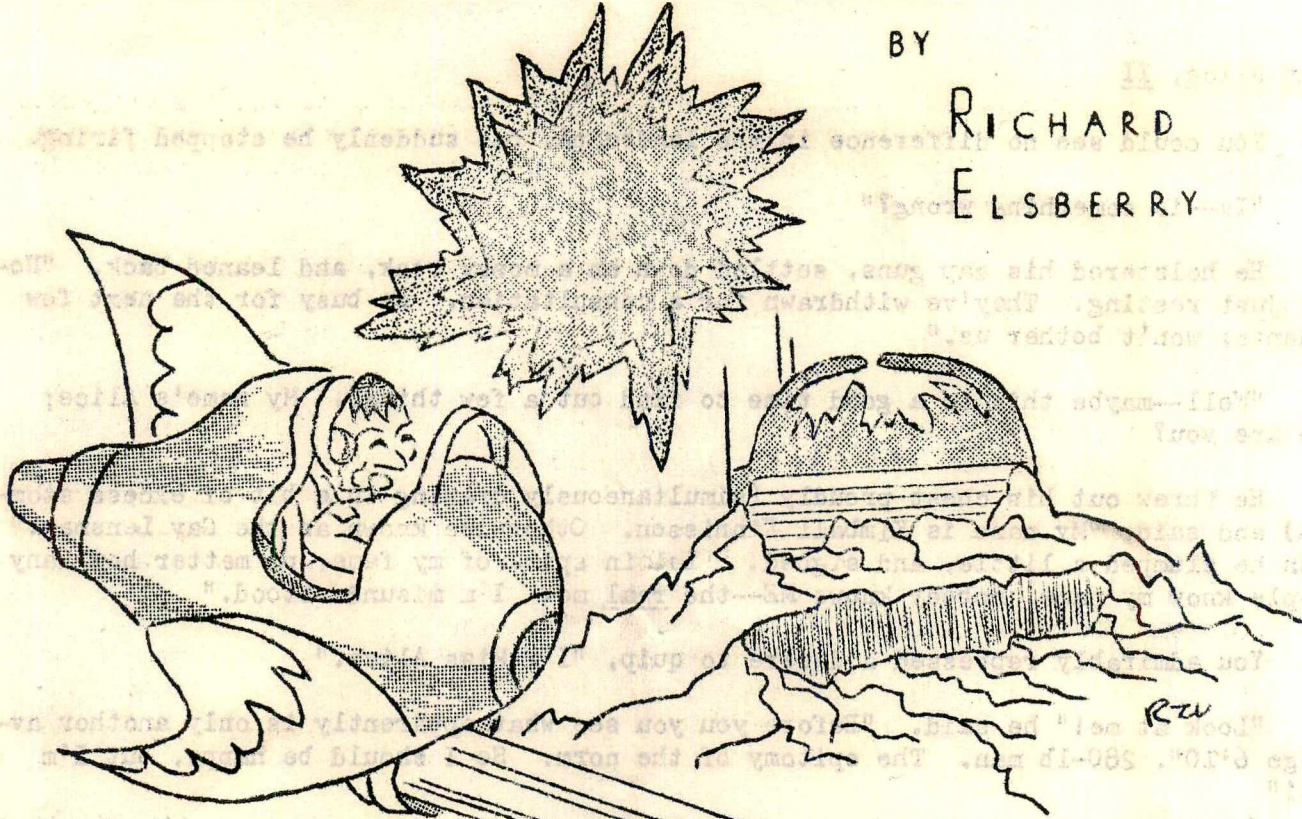
"I whipped up an intra-dimensional beam," Kim modestly explained. "They're out of the way, now. With the exception of these two, this about clears things up. But --" he sighed, and a big tear squeezed out of his eye, rolled down his cheek, poised for a moment on the brink of his chin, and dropped -- "it still doesn't take care of the really BIG problem." He faced the two charging Boskonians and you wondered just what WOULD be a problem to a man like this: what a tremendous thing it must be! ... He shook his head sorrowfully. "I don't guess anybody will ever really understand." With two fingers of his right hand, he grabbed and throttled the nearest Boskonian. "You see," he explained (as he flicked the head off the only remaining enemy with his little finger) "nobody seems to realize that -- I'm a peaceable man."

...

(Like the Grulzak said, -- "Peace, it's wonderful!")

BY

RICHARD
ELSBERRY



Wanna marry a mutant?

Then get....

THAT BOVINE LOOK

a review of..

THE CITY IN THE SEA by Wilson Tucker, Rinehart & Company, 1951, \$2.50, 250 pp.

This is an after-the-atom novel from the prolific typewriter of Bob Tucker, one of the few pro-fan science fiction addicts still around. Tucker, long noted for his detective fiction and the character of Charles Horne, has taken his first flyer at a sf novel. It isn't too successful.

When Groff Conklin (GALAXY) said it was 'underdone' he wasn't kidding. In fact one could almost say it was 'half-baked.' The story is very loosely handled, there is a notable lack of ellaboration, and it proceeds inevitably forward with the gait of a lovesick turtle to a conclusion that is never actually stated but left to your imagination. There is only one word to describe it: frustrating!

In the far future, I hope, much of the world has been destroyed by the atom. The women have taken over and the eastern seaboard of the United States has become Western Somerset, a crown colomy of the Home Isles.

Western Somerset is a rainy, unhealthy place under the close survalence of the female military garrison. The land to the west, across the mountains, has never been explored for one trifling reason or another, mostly to give Tucker a story.

A man comes down out of these mountains and waits to be discovered. He is, and soon is in the local lockup. Checked by the base physycian, a smart old gal named Barra, she finds him in a remarkable state of health. But still more remarkable is his age, which she estimates to be about 200 years.

These bits of information take innumerable pages to divulge because one Captain

Zee has been stupid enough not to read Barra's report, leading to endless conjecture and conversation, all of which tends to become slightly boring after a while. One feels that he would like to find the report and would take the greatest delight in showing said report down Captain Zee's throat.

The man instills in them the seed of exploration. He points out to them a city in a sea, far in the interior. Captain Zee decides that they must go and explore it. The man waits patiently for the expedition to take shape, just as he knew it would all along.

The major part of the novel describes their trip overland. The greatest of pleasure is taken in telling of their finding the man-made caverns through the mountains. Like in all other after civilization novels, the characters stand around open-mouthed gasping in wonderment, and saying to themselves: "Just who could have built this wonderful tunnel?" About this time you wish the tunnel would fall in on them.

Soon they discover that the sun shines on the other side of the mountains all the time, and the women pride themselves in getting wonderful suntans, something they couldn't do in rainy Western Somerset. The fact that Captain Zee and Lt. Donn are in love with the man, Wolf, is now self-evident. He runs like a deer, can read their thoughts, and do many other wonderful things. What more could a woman want?

The explorers next come upon the remains of a destroyed city inhabited by winged men. The winged men stand around a look at the women. The women stand around and look at the winged men. Wolf just stands around. Finally, the women trade off a team of horses to the curious mutants for fresh green vegetables.

Further along the line of trek, Wolf disappears along with a Corporal Avon. He returns, though, just in time to save the women from attack by a hoard of little naked savages brandishing single-shot revolvers.

He tells Zee that he took Corporal Avon back to the mouth of the tunnels. No one knows why, though. And he doesn't tell them. Later, Corporal Avon's bones are found in the valley just outside the pass into Western Somerset. It isn't logical an armed trooper like her could have been killed by one of the wild mountain men, a band perhaps; and the only other conclusion I could reach was the possibility that she had tried to return and Wolf went after her and killed her. Somehow, though, that doesn't jell either. Anyhow, it has absolutely nothing to do with the outcome or income of the story. If you really want to know, I'd suggest you write to Tucker; maybe he knows.

Wolf's mother next appears on the scene, but Zee and Donn think it is his wife or girl-friend. Only the old doctor, Barra, knows. She finds out from her that Wolf is really an idiot of his race and a wanderer, not allowed to enter the city, nor to have children of the other women of the city because he would lower the standard of the race. However, this crafty cretin was considered smart enough to lure back some women to help repopulate the city, showing that his case is not entirely hopeless. He probably compares favorably with the high-IQ'ed morons of van Vogt's "Asylum."

Earlier in the story the man wouldn't talk because, as he later said, he wouldn't talk well and hadn't talked for so long. Toward the middle of the story he learns to speak somewhat, and he has the english vocabulary of a polish immigrant by the time the story ends. He's an idiot, remember.

The culmination of the long hike is the arrival at the city, which is protected by a mirage of wather. Zee wants to return, but finds that her command wants to stay.

Throughout the story Tucker has tried to make Zee fit a mold, that of a military



That Bovine Look, III

officer who can't see beyond the end of her nose, rigidly bound by her training, and unable to understand or comprehend anything that she hasn't experienced before. Tucker constantly keeps the word 'native' on her lips whenever she is talking or thinking about Wolf. Her stupidity reaches climactic proportions when she can't seem to realize that Wolf is infinitely superior to her, and not just an illiterate 'native' she can twist around her little finger. One wonders whether Tucker considers all women stupid, or just as an avid dislike for the military.

In the end, as you might expect, the women go into the city to become the wives of these men who live to be five hundred, have telepathic powers, and the ability to memorize millions of words. To them, no doubt, these women were no more attractive than a herd of cattle, but a definite necessity. And one is a little surprised that these women would want to live for forty years with a man who would remain the same age while they grew older, and who would be able to read their innermost thoughts while they would not be able to read his. What fun!

Zee and Donn go off with Wolf, as his mistresses or something, and it seems to be a happy arrangement to everyone, except the reader. About this time, he wishes Tucker would have stuck to detective stories. —Richard Elsberry.

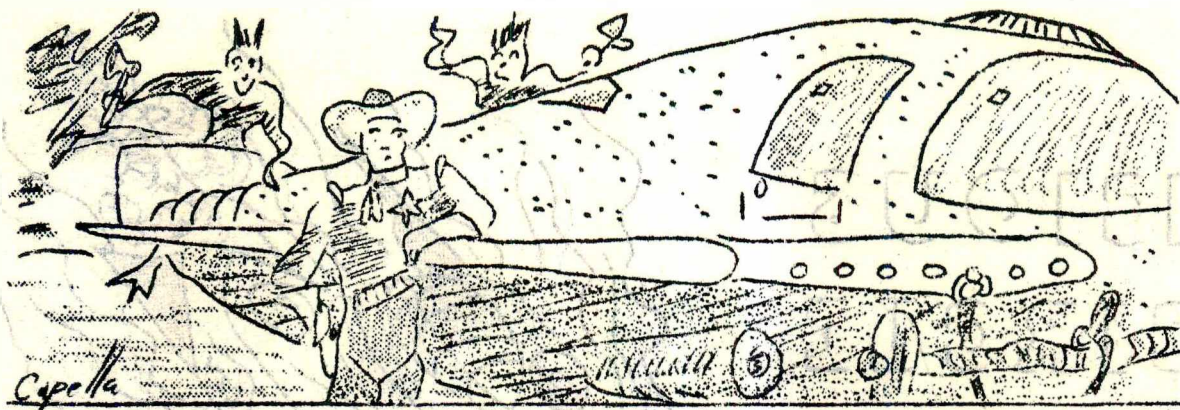
THE USFL

I have some extra space to fill up on this page, and I might as well do it by extending an invitation to any or all of fandom passing through Salt Lake City to attend a meeting (such as they be) of the Utah Science Fiction League, Gregg Calkins, President. Meetings are everyother Tuesday night, the first one having been June 17, 1952. Time is 8:00 PM, place is 1903 Yale Avenue. If you don't make it thru SLC on a Tuesday, come see me, anyway, and we'll see what we can talk over.

Members are: myself, Dean Hill, Jimmy Webbert, Bruce Phillips, Tom Hannon, Jim Stoll, Lamont Jensen, John Taylor, Allen Mulaik, Bob Rorschach, Dennis Burch, Bill Rose, Jerry Silvers, and two or three others whom I haven't been able to stand still long enough to identify. It's a great bunch.

If we're lucky, Dean, Jimmy, Bruce and I all plan to be in Chicago this year, and Utah with four delegates will at last have a place in the fannish United States. Heck, tho, we may have five, six or even seven members from SLC before we're through. Wait and see.

Of course you've all sent your buck to Chi, but for those of you who haven't, the membership is now well over 600 and is going to be the biggest and best affair ever yet to be called a Science Fiction Convention. The address is: Box 1422, Chicago 90, Illinois. Part of the USFL will be there--will you?



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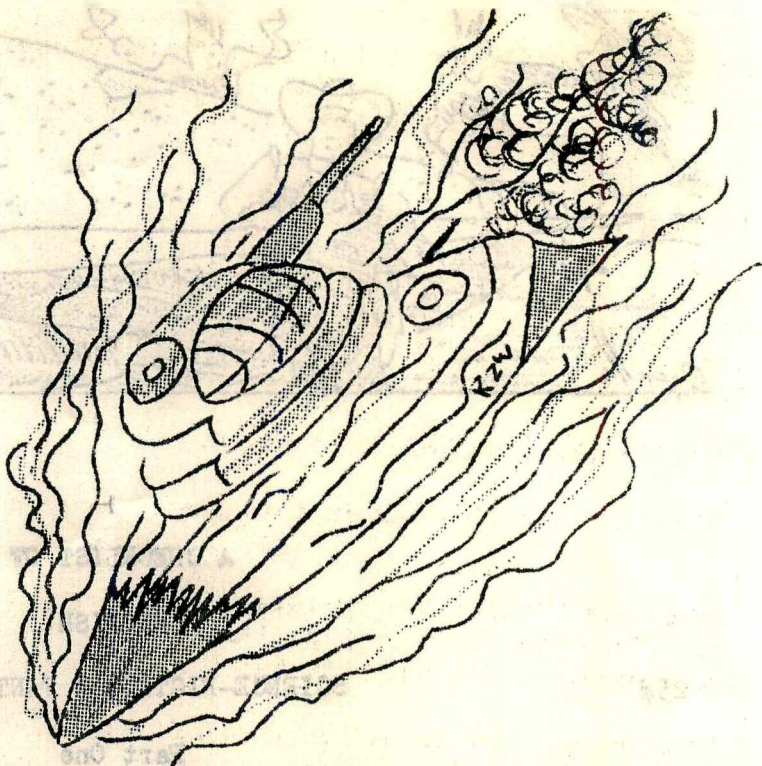
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VICIOUS CIRCLE

BY

NORMAN G BROWNE



The observation time bus travelled invisibly through space and time towards the 20th Century. Its passengers were viewing the passing landscape with a mixed feeling of interest and excitement. Occasionally the observation car stopped and they got out to stretch their legs, eat a meal, or pick up a few curios. For an extra fee the time tourists could take a specially guided and supervised tour of famous buildings and historic places that had long since crumbled to dust in their own time.

The guide entered the observation car from the control room and spoke. "We are approaching the era in which the great Hugo Gernsback lived."

A drowsing man in the back seat suddenly jerked upright awake in his seat as the statement sunk in. A woman in the front opened her mouth to speak, and promptly forgot what she was going to say. A young boy on the other side of the coach fainted. All the passengers without exception took a long deep breath and went goggle-eyed. The combined intake of air sounded like a rough wind flowing over a stand of virgin grain. Then, seemingly simultaneously, all the time tourists remembered their religious manners and hastily crossed themselves.

The woman who had tried to speak before finally found her tongue.

"But--but--I thought HE was only a myth!"

"What?!" said someone behind her. "How can you base a religion on a myth? Of course HE lived."

The young boy had revived by now but all he could add to the conversation was "Gosh! The founder of modern S-F! Gosh!" A prim and rather sophisticated young woman announced: "According to the guide book, we're supposed to visit HIM and actually see HIM at work."

After that all conversation ceased. Everyone was too busy crossing themselves and saying appropriate prayers.

The guide, bored by the whole thing, sensed that this was the best time to break into his spiel. "Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen. Hugo Gernsback, the founder of modern S-F and what is now our religion, did actually exist. And the young lady is correct; we are privileged to watch HIM at work. Even now our pilot is circling down through

space and time to the correct moment. Watch closely now..."

It was rather disappointing. All the time tourists could see was a rather old and rickety building. Then they noticed the open window and through it could see two young men working over a desk. The tourists gazed enraptured at this history making scene. They were so absorbed in the scene that they didn't notice the yellow light replace the red one in the car. The guide noticed it, though, and he swiftly entered the control room of the time car.

"Unauthorized time car in this area. Have to leave, and quick."

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"I think so, and thanks very much. I would have never discovered this field of literature if it hadn't been for you. How did you learn of it, by-the-way?"

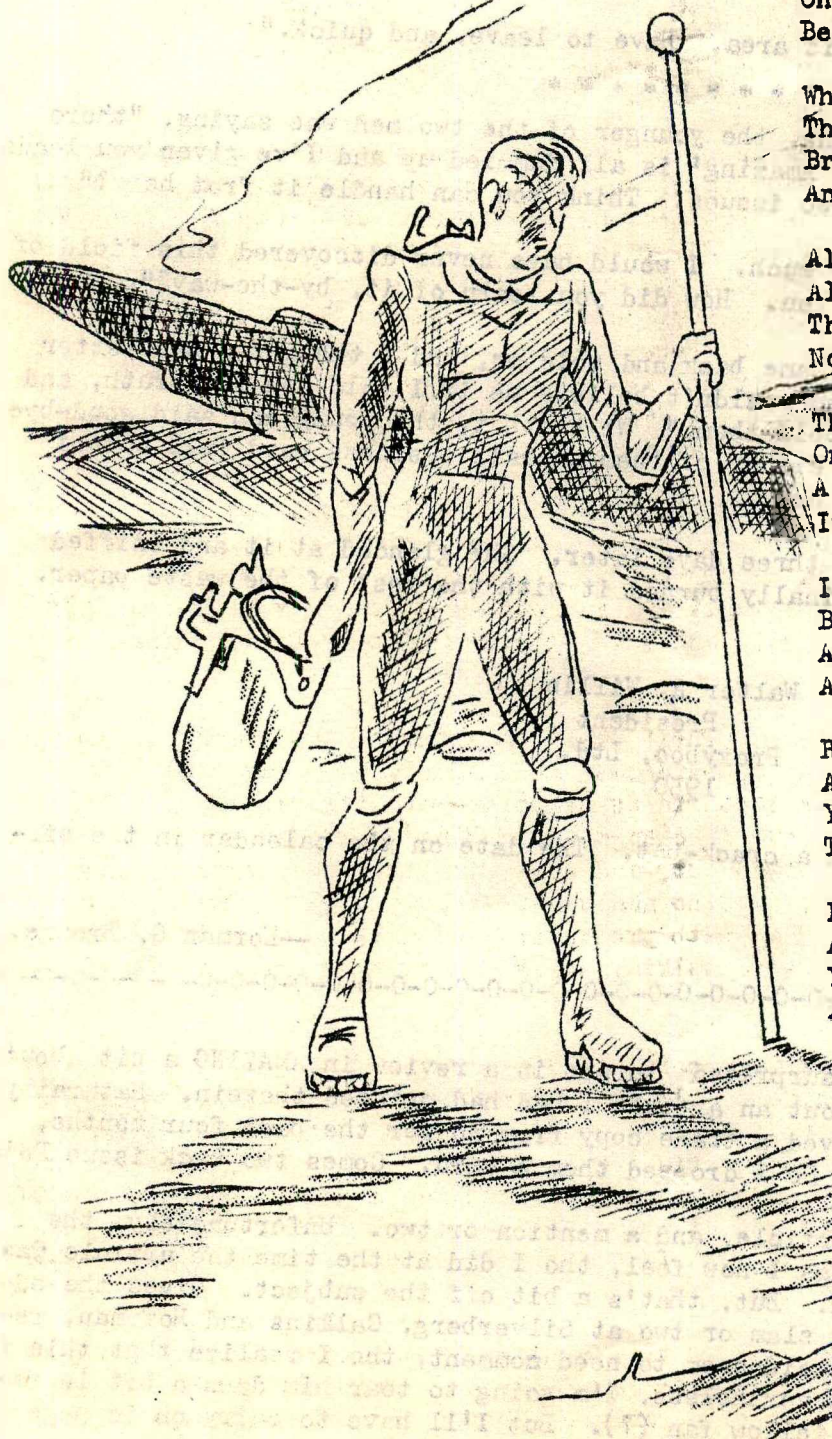
The cleaning woman found it three days later. She glanced at it and sniffed something about crack-pots and finally burned it with the rest of the waste paper. The card read:

Of course it must have been a crack-pot. The date on the calender in the office said it was 1936.....

The Editor Speaks

In them comes egoboo--an article, and a mention or two. Unfortunately, the article does not contain feelings I now feel, tho I did at the time the article was written--I was a neofaned, then. But, that's a bit off the subject. Gives the editorial by Fabun and a bit of a slam or two at Silverberg, Calkins and Hoffman, respectively. Some things Fabun said seem to need comment, tho I realize that this is a bit late to be doing that. Nevertheless, I'm going to tear him down a bit in return--the least I can do for a fellow fan (?). But I'll have to carry on to page 22 to do it, I guess. Carry on.

-20-



I STAND TALL IN THE DESERT

Ghosts of silvery raindrops
Sing a sweet refrain:
On the winged breeze of memory
Beats the silver rain.

Whispering, swaying treetops
That live on in my mind
Bring back the magic of long ago
And the things I left behind.

Alien skies above me,
Alone in the sands so red,
Those who were once my comrades,
Now silent, cold, and dead.

The ship is a silver bullet
On the red sands' shifting flow,
A spent and twisted bullet
In the twin moon's faded glow.

I stand tall in the desert
Because I dare not bend.
Alone in the alien darkness,
Alone and without a friend.

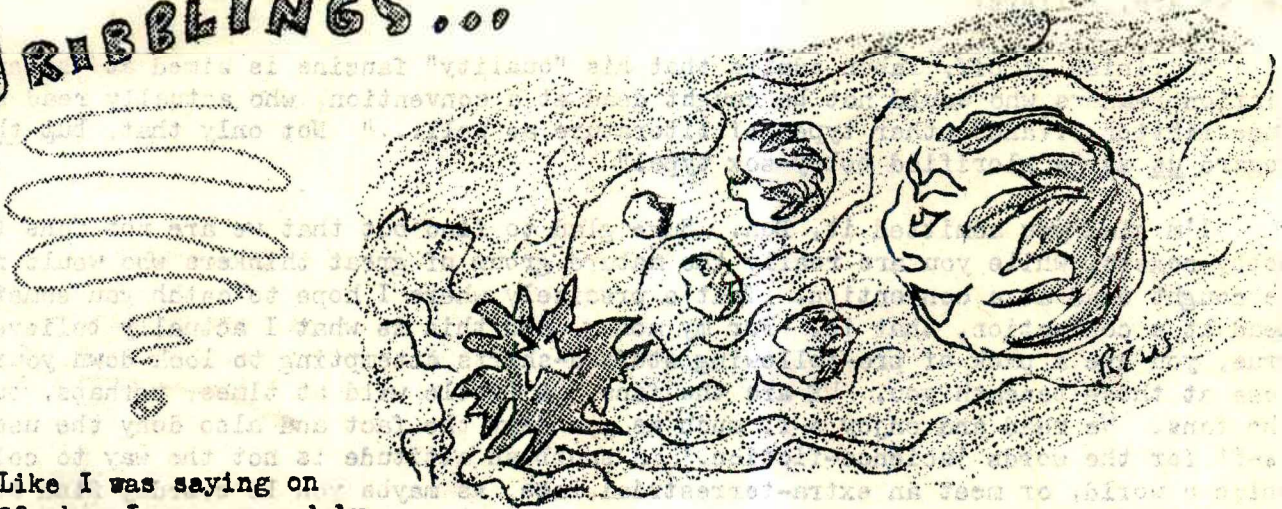
Rain and the swaying treetops
Are only a memory;
Yet on through my lonely vigil
They go on haunting me.

Death and deadly danger
Are oft the Spaceman's plight,
Yet I stand tall in the desert
Alone in the alien night.

--Myrtice Taylor.

Capella

DRIBBLINGS...



Like I was saying on page 20 when I was so rudely interrupted..... Seems editor Fabun of Rd (an admittedly excellently printed fanzine, if I may use the term on your magazine, Don) feels that there is a gap between the "mature" element and the "vociferous, but usually adolescent" true fans of s-f. He seems to feel that he, and Rd, is a member of the "mature" bunch of sf readers, while we (Silverberg, Hoffman and myself and others) are the adolescents. Apparently, we true fen are not able to spell out large words like magazine, and so use "mag." We use esoteric termination---er, terminology--he says. We are a cult. We use our aforementioned esoteric terminology to keep "outsiders" from knowing what we are talking about, and also conceal the fact from them that we don't know what we are talking about, either. All this, so says Fabun.

However, Fabun says that HE (and Rd) is a member of a fairly large group of people who actually read sf (we do not, he says) and are capable of spelling out big words. These "mature" fen feel that a convention is held for the purpose of discussing sf, meeting authors and publishers and exchanging ideas. We true fen only want to see how much liquor we can hold and tell others how many old magazines we have in the attic.

Gee. Fabun reads sf. I do not. (These 87-90 magazines I buy regularly on the stands each year are just to keep up appearances, and I don't have any idea why I buy all those back-issues.) We use esoteric termination---er, terminology. Don is above such things. He doesn't believe in change. The King's English must not progress. Magazine must always be spelled out, and no contractions of anything are allowed. No new words, no contractions, no neologisms. Keep the old bigger-than-four-letter-words system in use. Down with progress. Besides, when we use these esoteric terms we don't know what we're talking about and neither does anyone else, so why bother?

It all rather disgusts me. Fabun apparently is so high up on his high horse of Rd that he can't see the ground anymore. If a fanzine isn't printed and meeting his standards of mature, we are adolescent. If we use a new word or contraction for speed and new clarity, we are using esoteric terminology. If we have fun at a convention and talk about our back-issues, we are even more adolescent. What we should do, he feels, is chase the pro's around at a con and learn new tricks--to heck with the tricks we think up on our own--we must follow the leaders, says Don. Bow to the old masters.

He sums up the differences between we true fans and the mature fans by saying that we put sex, four-letter words, esoteric terminology, etc in our fanzines, and mention sf only when we run out of other material. Mature fen have fanzines that are printed, have better paper, have intellectual content, better art-work, sharper

Dribblings. II

non-fiction articles and are better informed. Gee, aren't we glad to know how bad off we are, fellers?

To finish it off, Fabun admits that his "quality" fanzine is aimed at "science fiction readers who would not be caught dead at a convention, who actually read science fiction...(and) other types of literature as well..." Not only that, but they regard us as "a glorified bobby-sox type!"

I'm glad you admitted it, Don. Sure glad to find out that we are not fans but bobby-soxers, while you are really the mature group of great thinkers who would not be caught dead at a convention. That's precisely where I hope to catch you sometime. Dead at a convention, that is. For my money, and this is what I actually believe is true, you are a pack of pro-following stuffed-shirts attempting to look down your nose at those beneath you. WE are the fans. A little wild at times, perhaps, but the fans. We read and enjoy s-f, much as you deny the fact and also deny the use of 's-f' for the words 'science-fiction.' A snobbish attitude is not the way to colonize a world, or meet an extra-terrestrial race, as maybe you'll someday find out. We're all in this together, much as you seem to hate to realize the fact, and the sooner you come down off your high horse, the better off for all of us. Wake up-- the NEW YORKER isn't the only magazine printed, nor do you have to have serious mature discussions of science fiction to be a real, understanding fan.

But what the heck. As long as you feel the way you do, I'm glad you told me. I sure am glad I'm down on this adolescent level, too, instead of up where you are. It's warmer down here.

Well, gather round, you "true fans" and we'll dribble a bit with our esoteric terminations--er, term.....oh, heck, you know what I mean, even if Don says you don't. First off, I guess I should mention some fanzines--some real fanzines. One is BREVIZINE edited by Warren A Freiberg, 5018 West 18th Street, Cicero 50, Ill. A quarter-sized thing, first issue, three for 25¢. With practice and a bit of help, Warren can make a go of this thing. Help him out, you guys. Also coming up is Richard Bergeron's WARHOON, his SAPSzine. I haven't yet seen a copy, but from what he tells me, it will be a fine mag. Knowing Rich, I don't doubt it. Write him at RFD #1, Newport, Vermont, and see if you can wrangle a copy or manage to trade for it, or something.

" Tucker taught me everything I know about swearing like a trooper."

In case I haven't told you all yet, I have a job. That is the reason that this issue is rather hurriedly thrown together in these last few pages, if you've noticed it. The job works me six days a week from 11am to 8pm, and I sleep late in the morning and work late at night. It cuts my fanning time down to about four hours a day during the week, and one day off. I do all my living out of those 30 hours a week or so--fanning, eating, publishing, writing, reading and so on. Rather rushed, you might say. However, the saving grace about the entire deal is that the job assures me of the Chicon II, and I'll be there with bells on. I'll be so tickled at my first convention I'll probably go around telling everybody how many back issues I have, and just act otherwise adolescently. I'll even speak to Don Fabun, if he'll let me. In fact, I'd like to. And I'll try and see all you other characters there, too, if you'll speak to me. But until that glorious convention time, I am rushed. I have little time for letters while putting out this sixth issue of OOPS, and even little time for this sixth issue. I plan to print the rest of it tomorrow and assemble it Tuesday if I can, and mail it. And that'll keep me plenty busy, just doing that. Then back to work. Oh, well. I have one cheerful phrase left: I'll see you in Chicago!

Dribblings, III

I rather hope some of you enjoy this issue, rapidly thrown together tho it is. I thought Hoffman, Browne and the poem enjoyable, my columnists highly readable and Elsberry very fine, plus other miscellaneous stuff. Hope you kinda like it. Some of you will jump on me because almost all the artwork is by Ward. Others won't like the cover. Others won't like the interiors. And others won't like the material, preferring more mature stuff, but I kinda hope YOU like the thing. Especially Rich Elsberry. Tuckerfans will jump on both Rich and I, but I think this book review is really the best I have seen on "City in the Sea." Honest, and pulls no punches.

A funny thing about "City" that you may have run across: GSF reviewer Groff Conklin reviewed it and gave it a rather poor rating in GALAXY, so what does your favorite editor HL Gold do? He buys it for a GSF Novel!

" It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan. "

Recently brought to my attention by Dick Clarkson, BSFF President, is PROJECT FAN CLUB, which has been running for some time now under the able leadership of Orville Mosher, Shelby Vick, Clarkson, and others. Dick seems to feel that this is a really worth-while organization, intended to show you how to get the most out of YOUR fanclub. While I have yet to see a copy of their magazine on the subject, I am inclined to think that maybe these boys have something on the ball and that we should all have a copy. So, if you're interested, by all means contact Orville Mosher III, or Dick Clarkson of 410 Kensington Rd., Baltimore 29, Maryland. And you had better do it now.

Another interesting organization is brought to my attention by Thomas Purdom, guiding hand behind the Society for the Conquest of Space. Purdom is plugging for more space-station and space-flight material to be brought to the public by a series of clubs and methods of advertising. Purdom has the backing and go-ahead of Willy Ley, internationally noted in his field, and really seems to be doing something. If you are interested at all, contact him at Building 917, Apartment 13, Bainbridge Village, Maryland.

Just as a note to you late-comers. OOPSLA!'s WAWishes are entirely gone, and there is no chance whatsoever of getting a copy through me. Copies might still be available at MAD (224 Broad St., Newark, Ohio), SOL (914 Hammond Rd., Ridgewood NY) or FANTASIAS (516 Deer St., Dunkirk NY), tho, so you can always send them a quarter and try. And it's never too late for a doughnation to Shelby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida, on the WAW fund.

Have I ever told all of you about the UTAH SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE? Like the fact that we have over a dozen members, have held four meetings, are a big success, and even debated bidding for the '53 con for SLF? About the latter--yes, we seriously debated it, but finally decided against it on the grounds that a) we couldn't find suitable accomodations, and b) we don't have the experience, time, or know-how. But watch for us--perhaps we'll really be in there pitching in '54. At any rate, more than 1 USFL member will be at Chi this year. As for our meetings--generally they are just bull sessions, but at our fourth one we will have a record of an old "Dimension X" radio program to play, and maybe a meeting or two after that we can get hold of "Destination Moon" for USFL showing. We have some big things coming up. This is one club that will really never founder for about three good reasons: 1) there are no dues, 2) there is no 0-0, and 3) we don't try to force s-f into our discussions if it doesn't come naturally, yet enough is there to bind us together as a s-f club. We'll last.

A short letter from Walt Willis the other day notifies me that one James White



of Ireland or England or somewhere thêreabouts in the wilds to the west of us, has sold a story to NEW WORLDS on his first effort at pro-fiction. Great! Congrats, James--only wish I could do the same. More power to you. If I ever start getting NEW WORLDS, I'll look for your story, and the stories by you to come. Tell me--when does Walt Willis sell to NW?

From SFNL comes a note about Dave Kyle, who is preparing a "Who's Who of Fandom" for print sometime in the unmentioned future. His address is 300 West 67th Street, and you might drop him a line for information. Said to be lithographed with biographies and photo's. Well worth while, if true and if Kyle does a good job of the project. We'll see.

S& here I am, 12:30 am on the night (morning?) of the 26th of June, out of things to say, and still more than half a page to fill before I can sign this stencil, put away the thing, and make ready to print on the morrow. I have to Dribble half a page, dig up a Shakesword quote and finish this stencil tonight all on an entirely blank mind.

But, then, that's not so far from normal anyhow. At any rate, I just remembered to say that I like (regardless of how Elsberry and Beale will get after me) the format change that Mines installed recently on FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE, as well as on SS and TWS. This I like muchly. You can sure see the difference in covers, once you look at back-issues a little while, you know it? I've been praising Sam Mines a bit on his excellent cover selections recently, only I didn't know how good they actually were until I got some '48 thru '50 issues of FSM in a trade the other day. Whew! Bergey was on them just as plainly as if he'd tromped his signature across them in his bare toe-nails. What (ugh...) masterpieces (gag...choke) of art they were.

The Chicago membership, they tell me, is well over 600 and will feature as its guest speakers....but what am I telling you this for? If membership is 600, chances are 99% of my circulation goes to members, so you know this already. And if you aren't a fan enough to be a Chicon II member, you don't belong here reading COPS.

All subscriptions cheerfully refunded on request!

Recently out is the new FANTASTIC with it's color, quality and general fine-reading. And now that AMAZING is going digest-sized and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES is folding, a question is raised. Will Amz be switched to top quality stuff, using all the s-f, while FANTASTIC usea all the fantasy of equal caliber. And, if so, will the latter mag turn out to be another UNKNOWN? Time will tell.

"A mature fan by any other name would still smell.... All the world's a stage, but we are merely players, you have your entrances, but this is my exit.....thank Ghu!" Shakesword.

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O O P S L A I

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