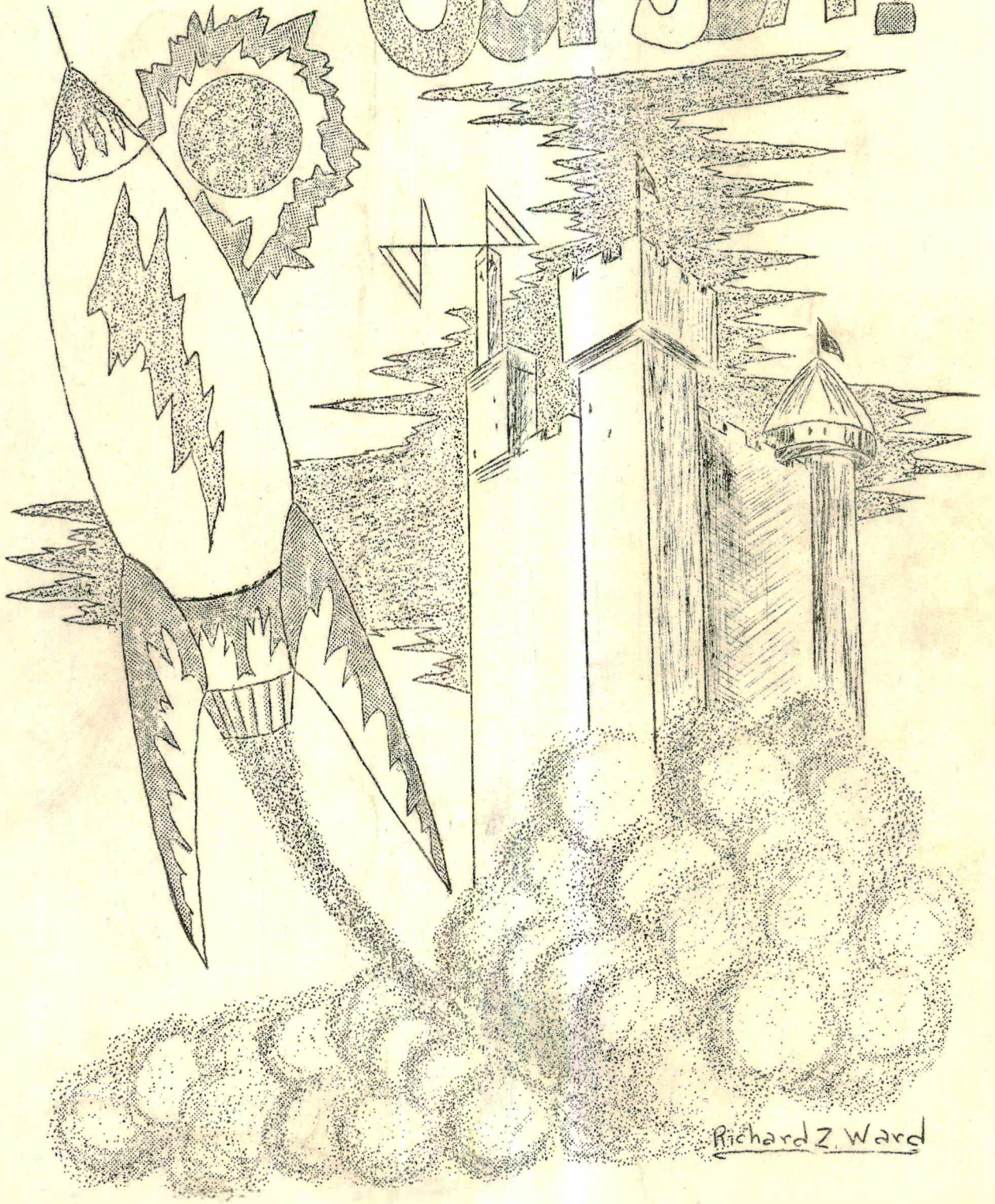


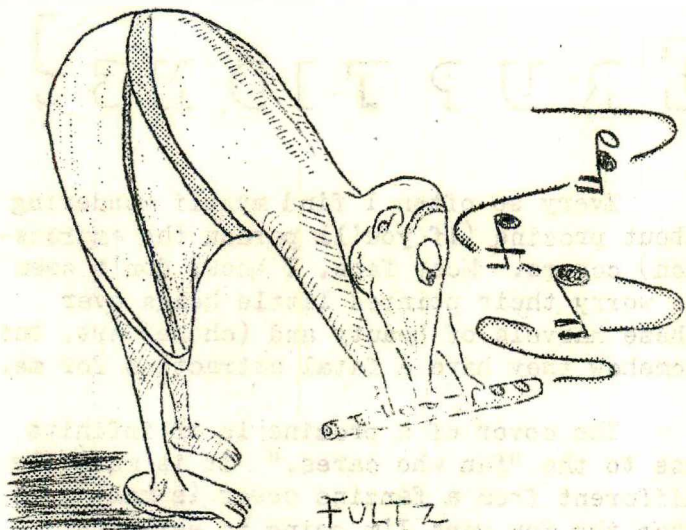
OOPSLA!



Richard Z. Ward



J. W. Shrods Jr.



OOPSLA!

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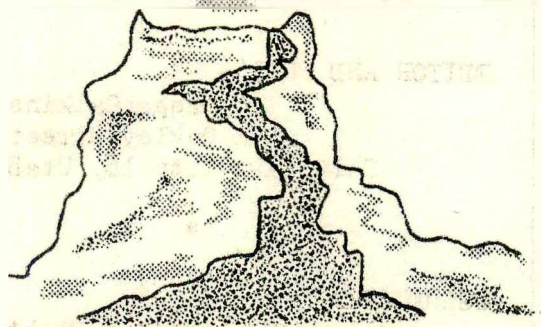
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ERUPTIONS!



Every so often I find myself wondering about prozine (if you'll pardon the expression) covers. Most fans, I know, don't seem to worry their pointed little heads over these marvels of beauty and (choke) art, but somehow they have a fatal attraction for me.

The cover of a prozine is of infinite use to the "fan who cares." It is markedly different from a fanzine cover in many more than the few ways I'm going to set down

here. First: the prozine cover must have the title logo on top of the painting. Second: every other issue must be a Bergey cover; bem, bum and bim. Third: use as little science as possible. Fourth: keep the girls appealing (ie, naked and/or fighting bems/bums.) Fifth: (and by no means least) put all extra type on top of the painting, along with the title, price, issue, date, publishing house, artists signature, a Rosicrucians ad and any other spare and interesting designs you can find.

Of secondary importance are titles. Always display the prozine title prominently, keep it catchy, and make it unique. Catchy ones like DYNAMIC, IMAGINATION, IF and GALAXY reveal no ulterior purpose--nor does the hero of them all, TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE BOOKS. Above all, avoid the obvious, or the cliché, as AMAZING, ASTOUNDING, THRILLING, STARTLING, FANTASTIC and others of such ilk. Keep the good, the intelligent names that reveal their motives, as PLANET, OTHER WORLDS and FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. The best of all, of course, is the word SPACE, which both adequately portrays the media of action as well as what the editors are using most of their stories to fill up.

Notice the handiness of the word SPACE, also. It can be conveniently abbreviated to S, SP, SPA, SPAC, or SPACE itself. Moreover, such a title is unique. When you say SS, you know you mean SPACE STORIES (if you are careful not to mean STARTLING STORIES), or if you use SpS you are definite (if you aren't confused with SPACE SCIENCE FICTION.)

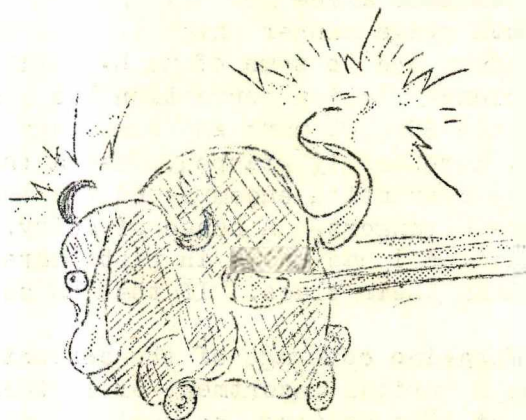
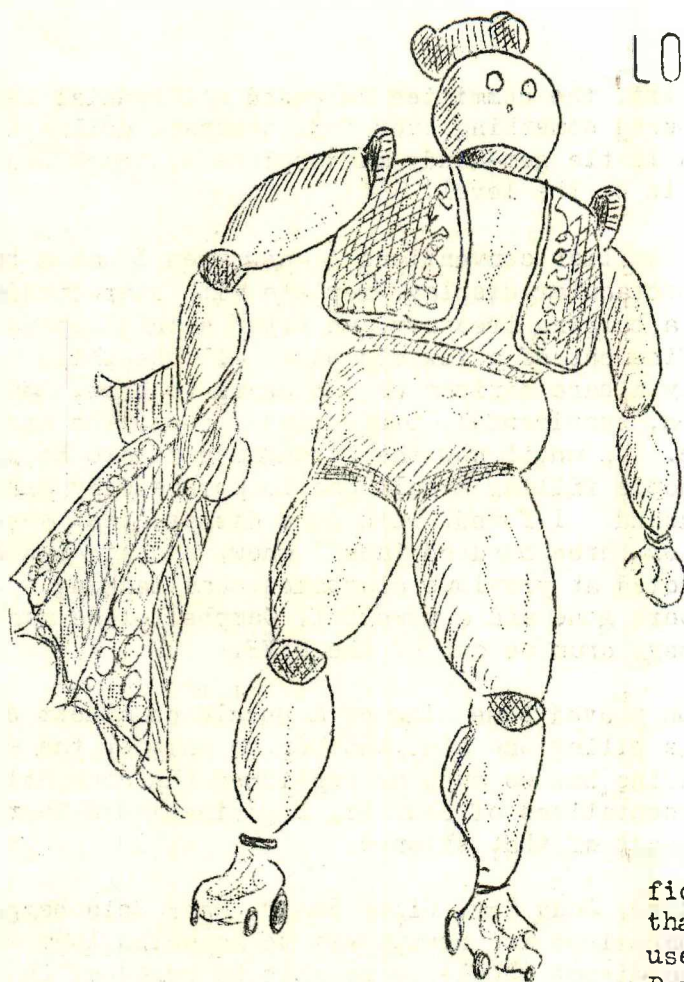
Style and treatment of the painting must be considered, as well as the subject matter, which has already been mentioned. Covers must be glaringly colored or they lose their appeal--soft tones have a negative attraction. Girls in space must be extremely careful to avoid wearing heavy equipment and helmets--it is dangerous to chafe their delicate skin with such coarse implements. All flaming ships in battles should be bright red, and streaming back from the ship due to the air from the slipstream. The earth should always be a deep blue, with no clouds showing so the Northern portion of the Western Hemisphere is always visible. The spaceship must be completely streamlined with long flaring fins to cut down air resistance. AND, the editor and artist must be careful to make no scientific errors!

To a certain extent, all of these things concern fanzine covers, too, of which I also take very definite note. The typical fanzine cover has no clutter upon it, with the title carefully hidden inside, if the editor dare reveal it at all. The girls on the cover bear little resemblance to girls (look more like fem fans) and to this date, a bem cover has not been seen. Titles are simple and to the point, like CONFUSION, QUANDRY and AMIMIXEDUP! And covers never mention science fiction! What do you think a fanzine is, anyway? As for science fiction itself, don't worry about it. It's only a passing fad--it'll never last, anyhow.

LOOKING BACKWARD:

CHICAGO, 1952

- BOB TUCKER.



Well, sir, the day of the science fiction convention is gone, like the dust that blew between the worlds. That which used to be, ceased, in Chicago last Labor Day. And I think I regret it. One year ago in New Orleans, science fiction conventions moved into the realm of big business when that particular clambake grossed more than one thousand dollars. That sum made news, that sum was big business to fandom and the annual conventions. That sum was also responsible for the first faint handwriting on the wall, even though few or none were able to read it. Because this year, attendance moved up into the higher brackets to keep pace with finances -- and science fiction conventions were no longer the familiar things I used to know.

They -- or it -- had become a machine.

On the convention's third day, Frances Hamling erroneously announced from the stage that 1,050 persons had registered and thus were presumably in attendance. (Plus, of course, a large number of gate-crashers, variously estimated from one to two hundred.) This eye-popping announcement caused the expected gasp, and unexpected dismay in some quarters. Science fiction conventions had become big time. However, the Hamling figure later proved to be in error.

In the natural and hectic rush to check the records and announce the results before the convention should end, minor mistakes were made and duplicate (and phony) names went unnoticed. Too, Frances Hamling could not be expected to know all the pseudonyms used by jolly fannish characters. Three weeks after the convention closed, the committee made a second and final check to find that actually only 867 persons registered. In addition, they estimated another 175 gate-crashers present. This new figure would seem to leave 183 duplicate and false names when compared to that first report. Some of the duplicates are understandable -- it was said that some people waited in line three times to register on all three days. Their patience is to be marvelled at if their intelligence is not. But that still leaves a large mass of fun-loving fans who slipped in doctored names -- I suppose an inspection of the records would show an Anthony Gilmore and a Don Rogers present.

Looking Backward, II

On the heels of the attendance report, the committee released a financial report and a second shock. Chicago, 1952, grossed something over four thousand dollars! That financial report, by the way, is a little gem-dandy masterpiece although Bea Mahaffey (the treasurer) assures me it is on the level.

So -- the machine in place of the familiar conventions I knew when I was a boy, granddaughter. The machine staged a spectacular display, replete with star-studded names, a packed program, a full house, a bulging treasury, an often scintillating presentation, a few new tricks, the refinement of a few old ones, all the while using a smooth stage manner which allowed only a bare minimum of the seams to show. Machine made. And to some of us hard-bitten, sentimental, professional fans, the day of the science fiction convention has gone. Up until now the attendance figure hovered about the 200-300 mark and that many people filling a hall can be more easily understood, more easily grasped, than a thousand. I found, with some dismay, that the Chicago convention encompassed the two or three hundred fans I knew, and six hundred or more strangers. A sense of unity, noted at previous clambakes, was lacking. The conventions I had known in past years were gone and a powerful, Campbell-like machine had taken their place. If that be heresy, drum me out of the NFFF.

Magazine coverage of the convention proved something of a puzzle on almost every level, a curious assortment of incidents piling one atop another to smother the whole. At this writing, no national magazine has so much as mentioned the convention, a new low in publicity. And yet, representatives of four big magazines were there. There is an interesting story behind a part of that silence.

Previous to the convention, of course, Judy May, Ginny Saair, Mark Reinsberg, and perhaps others, contacted various magazines and newspapers to acquaint them with the event and seek publicity. I have no direct knowledge of what happened at the LOOK offices, except that they developed an interest in the ballet, and made the arrangements to photograph it. Meanwhile, about a week before the convention opened, Judy and Ginny appeared in the Chicago LIFE-TIME office with their spiel, and were successful. Shortly after they left the office, the editors there phoned Jerry Sohl in Bloomington and tentatively assigned him to the clambake--if the New York office okayed it, he was in. Sohl is a Bloomington newspaperman and local stringer for TIME--that is, he covers central Illinois for them. Knowing him for a science fiction writer, they figured he'd be a natural. To make a long story short, some days later the New York office okayed it and Sohl was sent to Chicago, to work with a photographer from the Chicago office. It seemed that a convention was finally to receive a sympathetic coverage from a man on the inside.

Until Saturday, the opening day.

Sohl was there, the photographer was there, and instructions from the New York office were there. The instructions outlined what was wanted from them, and the two made plans to meet again on Sunday to begin shooting pictures. The photographer left. Sohl then discovered that LOOK had been granted exclusive rights to the ballet and LIFE or TIME could not photograph it. Sohl also knew that those two picture magazines abided by what amounts to an unwritten agreement--neither will poach on the preserves of the other. He told me then that he was afraid there would be no pictures in LIFE. The next day proved him right. The LIFE man walked in, found the LOOK photographers at work, and turned around and went home. That was that.

Meanwhile, Sohl continued to cover the various program events and on Monday afternoon sent his story over to the TIME office. Additional reports were wanted, and I was the eager-beaver little messenger who hustled them over to the office on Tuesday morning. The convention ended, everybody went home, and the TIME story died. Sohl later discovered the story had been sent to New York and okayed, that it had been set up in type and needed only the final word to shove it into the press forms. That final word never came and the type was scrapped. (-g-) (Continued on page 9.)

Dear Alice ~

"BAW!" you heard. "Boo-hoo!" came from all around and far overhead. "Sob! Sniff!" echoed hollowly. You were at the bottom of a gigantic barrel that a crowd of giants must have been crying into. A rain of salty tears drenched you; rose around your ankles, up to your skirt--the current suddenly snatched you off your feet and swept you away. You tumbled helplessly, head over dainty toes. You swallowed gallons of the tearful brine--and were suddenly dumped upon a smooth marble floor. With a slurping gurgle the tears were sucked away, leaving you sitting, stunned, in a soaked dress and a pool of water. Everything around was in misty greyness, and you could see only a few feet around you. Then, from a distance, you heard sobbing.

Quickly, you got to your feet and tried to brace yourself this time. But nothing happened. The sobbing was at a distance, still--subdued but persistent. But where did it come from? You listened carefully, tilting your blonde little head first one way, then the other--and then you saw it. Thru the murk, a red light flashed faintly, an indefinite haze of red-blood tinge. Cautiously you moved toward it until you could read the sign.

"QUIET PLEASE." Fade off. "QUIET PLEASE." Fade off. "QUIET PLEASE." And then you saw the door below the flashing sign. On it was lettered WFAN. And under QUIET PLEASE it said On The Air. Gently you opened the door.

The sobbing was immediately louder. Inside was a room full of crying people sitting in rows of seats that ran down towards a glass-enclosed stage. In the center of the stage was a microphone, and a tall man with a beard was standing in front of the mike. Seated behind him were several people who were also crying.

Whispered in your ear, "Are you on the program?" You jumped. "You startled me!" you said indignantly to the uniformed page who was suddenly at your side. "Shush!" he shushed, one warning finger to his lips. "The Program is about to begin. If you aren't on it, please be seated." "But I --" you started to protest. "Never mind, never mind," he said, "it's too late now. Here's an empty seat. And there's the fanfare!" Dazedly, you sank into the seat, wondering what you had gotten into this time. A trumped wailed three mournful notes and sobbed into silence.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," said the beard. "I am Mr. Fanthony. Please don't touch the microphone." A woman who had been seated behind him stood up and spoke. "You (sniff) remember me, Mr. Fanthony? I've been before you many (sob) times before." "Oh, yes," Mr Fanthony said in his deep reassuring voice. "You are Mrs Ima Fa-a-a-an. And what is your problem today?" "Oh, Mr Fanthony, it's AWFUL!" she wailed. "My husband--you remember him?" "Yes, indeed. Good old B.N. Remember him well." "He's a brute!" Ima sobbed indignantly. "He--he...Oh, the AGONY of it! He prefers ASTOUNDING to GALAXY. It--it wouldn't be so bad, but he insists on taking AMAZING from our son, little Neo, and burning it! He BURNS books!" Her voice lowered. "I--I'm afraid he's going to develop into a BRADBURY fan."

Mr Fanthony clucked sympathetically. "Too bad, too bad. Of course, I can understand him taking the AMAZINGS away...and I believe you're a little too worried over his burning them. I've found they make superb pyrotechnics. And--harrumph. About aSF. Personally, I think the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION surpasses either that or GALAXY. Give him a subscription to that."

"But Mr Fanthony," she objected. "GALAXY is far above either of those! There is no help for him if he wont read Gsf!" "Sorry, but I have made my decision. It's MoF&SF!" A page came up to lead her away. "But--(sob)--how can you do this to me?"

Dear Alice, II

After (sniff) I've given you the best tears of my life!" "Har-rumph!" said Mister Fanthony. "Next Problem, please."

There had been a bulky grey blanket in one chair. It dropped to the floor, and a young lady wearing ear-muffs (to keep her from getting cold) approached the microphone. "I believe your problem, young lady, could very well be solved at the nearest clothing store," said Mr Fanthony, nervously adjusting his tie. The girl tossed her head indignantly. (Mr. Fanthony tossed it back.) "No one else has objected," she said aloofly. She moved closer to Mr. Fanthony and ran her fingers thru his beard. "But I have another problem," she cooed, "and you are going to help me solve it, aren't you, you big, strong, won-derful man, you...?"

Hastily, Mr Fanthony backed away, muttering something about "my wife..." but the girl followed him. He reached out to push her away, but his hands slipped and he hurriedly jerked them away. "Er--ah-- If you'll quickly state your problem and leave..."

"Why, sure, big boy," she murmured into his ear. "Not to CLOSE!" Mr Fanthony shrieked. The girl chuckled. "Well, if you must know," she said, "it's those..." she nodded towards the chair she had left; there were ten Indian clubs around it-- "clubs that sorta bother me. I'm having a lot of fun, but they sorta hamper me. I want to give them back to their woner, if you can just find him for me..."

"What's his name?" asked Mr. Fanthony. "Why, I thot EV-erybody knew THAT. Bob Tucker, of course." Mr Fanthony wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "You mean Bob Tucker, author of CITY IN THE BIRDBATH and THE LONG LOUD BIRDBATH?" "That's right," she cooed gently. Mr Fanthony gave a deep sigh. "That, my young girl, is simple," he said. Then to the audience: "Students?"

"HE'S DOWN IN THE BAR," they yelled. "Thank you. Now if you'll puh-LEASE go 'way..." The girl wnet out the wings. Mr Fanthony turned back to the audience. "And now," he began... He jumped, as the girl suddenly ran back into the studio. "Get away! Get away frum me!" he screamed. "I'll calla cops!" "Don't worry, pops" the girl said. "I just came back after my blubs." Mr Fanthony dabbed at his sweaty forehead. "Page," he motioned. "A chair please." The page brought it forard, and he sank tahnkfully down into it. "Now, next problem--quickly, please!" He warily eyed the girl, swaying out with her armload of clubs.

A young man with long, wavy hair, wide shoulders, and heavy biceps came forward. He wobbled as he came, for his legs could hardly support his heavy torso. "Problem, please?" "I hate science fiction," the young man said. "Oh?" murmured Mr Fanthony. "That's unusual. I mean, now that there are such great authors as Heinlein, and Philip Jose Farmer--" "Oh, I think Heinlein is one of the best authors of the day!" the young man exclaimed. "And if there isn't a sequel to Farmer's THE LOVERS, I'll picket Mines for the rest of his life. That is," he added, "if I can carry the sign." "Do you mean you think everybody but those two write awful stories?" asked Mr Fanthony. "No; oh, no! Some of Hamilton's stories have been pure classics, and CL Moore's DAEMON has never been equalled, in or out of sf!"

"But--but then--I don't understand!" stuttered Mr Fanthony. "Why, it's simple," explained the young man. "You know those ads in the sf mags? 'Cups for the Flying Saucers', 'Six new books for the price of eight', 'Make money fast with our Gem-Dandy Printing Machine' and all of those?" "Well, yes..." "Well, that's where the trouble began. See my dark wavy hair?" Mr Fanthony nodded. "That was how it all began. I was prematurely bald, having lost all my hair at the age of nine, and then I saw this ad for growing hair. Said it would grow hair on a billiard ball." Mr Fanthony nodded again. "It seems to have worked," he observed. "Well, not exactly," the young man said. He reached up and pulled the hair from his head. "A wig!" Mr Fanthony exclaimed. "Then it DIDN'T work!"

Dear Alice, III

"Oh, but it did! It didn't grow hair on my head, but it grew the thickest head of ahir you've ever seen on my billiard ball. I just cut the hair off and made me a wig. But it did work, in a manner of speaking, so I thot I'd try another. 'Be the life of the party' it said. 'Tell better jokes than anybody.' 'Milder, much milder. I'd always been a flop at joke-telling; never could make a hit with girls at parties. Or with anything else, either. So I sent 'em the money. I got back this jokebook with all kinds of party jokes in it. So I memorized 'em, went to a party, and started telling jokes. Pretty soon I had 'em all rolling on the floor. Everybody said I was a real wit. So I took the prettiest girl at the party and we went out on the balcony. I told jokes. She kept laughing. I kept telling jokes. Finally, there was a strained quality to her laughing. She had been standing close to me, but she moved slowly away and looked at me in an odd sort of way. I told another joke, thinking it would make her feel better, but she just frowned. I continued telling jokes until she hit me over the head with a vase and went back inside. It seems she had expected something from me besides jokes. But the book didn't say anything at all about that!" Mr Fanthony nodded wisely.

" Still, I felt that it might just possibly be my fault. So I thot I'd try ite again. You know those ads, 'I was a 76-lb weakling'? The one showing the guy flexing his muscles. I'd always been kinda skinny, so I ordered the course. And THAT's why I hate science fiction! If it hadn't been for that, I wouldn't have bought the magazines that had the ads in them, and wouldn't have found myself in the shape you see me in. Because the picture was just of the man's TORSO, and that's all the ins-tructions taught me to develop. So now I'm so overdeveloped I'm top-heavy, and my legs can barely carry me around! Do you blame me for hating sf? I'm just glad I didn't answer one of those ads saying LAW. I'd probably be in SING SING by now..."

"Solution to your problem is quite easy," said Mr Fanthony. "With your wig off pose for those 'before' ads, then put it on and show 'after.' Being careful just to keep it from the waist up, pose for muscle ads. And read nothing but books and THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, which has no such ads. Thank you."

And that, Alice, was the end of the program. You weren't really surprised, when you left, to note that Mr Boucher and Mr McComas were sitting in the sponsor's booth....

!Cereby,

Shelby Vick
Box 493
Lynn Haven, Florida.

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((Continued from page 5--LOOKING BACKWARD: CHICAGO 1952, by Bob Tucker))

So, no LIFE, no TIME, and as this is being written, no LOOK. And I think it's a pity. I saw the LIFE-TIME instructions from New York, and it would have made quite a spread.

Is anyone from Philadelphia reading this?

--Bob Tucker.

STRICTURE *

BY

HAL SHAPIRO, DB

(* a sharp criticism; censure.)

Take a look at the ChiCon. Over fifteen hundred people registered; slightly more than a thousand in attendance; less than 400 voted for the site of the '53 convention.

((Editor's Note: Shapiro's figures are, of course, those handed out at the convention, which are slightly incorrect. Correst figures are given in "Looking Backward: Chicago, 1952," by Bob Tucker, in this issue. However, these figures given by Shapiro are nearly correct--enough so for his purpose.))

This, it seems to me, is just another indication that Fandom, today, is being flooded with people who have no intention of being anything more than "deadwood"; hangers-on lapping up the benefits of Fandom (if any) while contributing absolutely nothing.

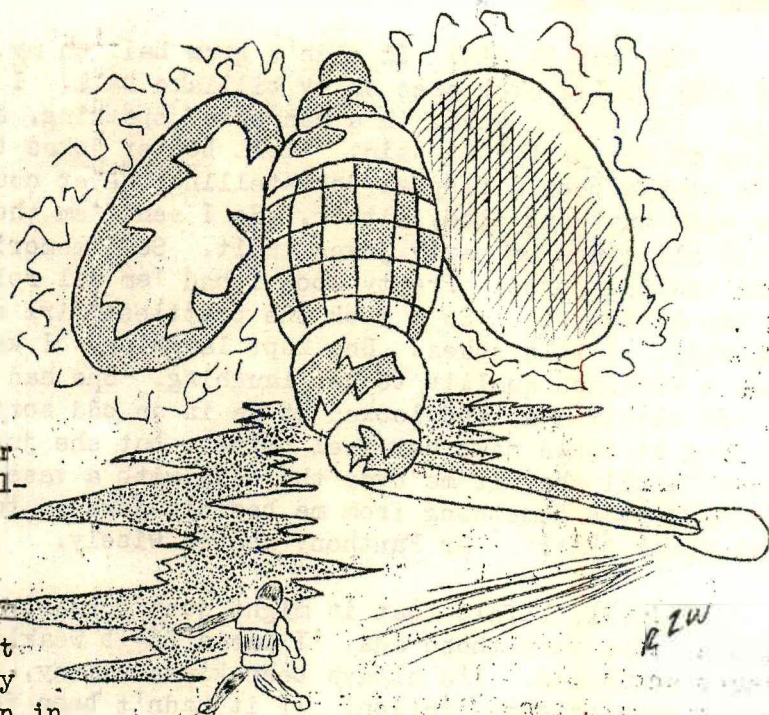
Calvin T. Beck once stated that there "are people in Fandom who do not want it to get any l rger for fear of losing some of their unearned popularity." Well, I don't want Fandom to become large. Perhaps I am being selfish and it is as Beck states. But, I don't want individual Fen losing their identity, their individuality and becoming just another number in the masses infesting StFandom.

When I entered Fandom in 1948, it was a small friendly group. All Fen knew all other Fen, to an exgent, and hospitality and friendship were rampant. For instance, in 1949 Steve Metchette and I met in San Francisco. We knew no one there, but, soon after meeting, at six o'clock on a Sunday morning, we woke up a 'Frisco fan. Not only did Claude Plum show no resentment, but he showed us around town and seemed glad to do so.

Soon after, I met Dr. Lloyd Eaton, and, although I must have been imposing on him, he invited me to dinner several times while I was in the Bay area. Neither Steve nor I had expected anything different.

Among the older Fen, who were around in 1948 and before, I know that I can still expect things like that, and all Fen who know me know that they can expect me to reciprocate, where I can.

The point is this. More and more mere readers of science fiction are being dragged into Fandom. Many of them against their wishes, and staying only because they are held there by their friends. It takes more than reading and likins stf to make a Fan of a reader. Fandom used to be nothing more than a group of amateur writers and publishers. Amateurs like Ray Palmer, Dave Kyle, and Ray Bradbury, and many others who are now in pro ranks. How many of today's readers aspire to the pro field? Yet this was once one of the primary facets of a fan.



Stricture, II

In his report of the Chicon in the first September issue of Fantasy-Times, Sam Moskowitz stated that, "in the future, FanVentions can be held only in cities which will have facilities for handling thousands of Fen." Why? The ChiCon was large enough. Too large! But remember how many young Fen were wandering around in a daze wondering what the heck was going on? How many readers were there who had found out about the con through notices in the prozines and who came out of curiosity and to laugh? Were there more than five of these who will become actiFen? I doubt it.

During the bidding for the '53 con site, one Fan asked if we were haggling over a science fiction convention or a drinking brawl? This question would not have been asked by anyone familiar with Fandom and who knew the history of cons. True, there is usually a lot of drinking, but it has never been known to break up a con.

Why do fen go to StFcons?

The above question can be answered in three words: to have fun. Of course, various Fen have different ways of having fun. Manly Banister, for instance, likes to talk. Frank Kerkhof and Andy Harris like to drink, yet their drinking doesn't make them obnoxious. Ken Beale doesn't drink, to my knowledge, but apparently enjoys being obnoxious. Forry Ackerman and Sam Moskowitz like to strut about and tell whoever will listen what BNF they are. So what?

The point is that these conventions, held each year, as well as the smaller regional cons, give Fen a chance to get together and know each other. But, if there are to be thousands of Fen present, how will the ordinary fan begin? Quite obviously, he can't. For how can he know who came because of an active interest in Fandom, and who came out of mere curiosity? So he sticks with his own group, with the people he came with, and doesn't get a chance to know anyone else.

What then is the answer?

For what I am about to say I shall undoubtedly be attacked and chastised unmercifully. But these are my views. Get the fanzine review columns out of the prozines. Stop advertising Fannish doings outside of Fannish media. Stop forcing mere readers to become members of Fandom. A fan, to my way of thinking, will find his way into fandom without being coerced into it. Enough fen came into fandom before the era of popularization of stf to get it going. Certainly, without dragging in "deadwood," fandom can continue to exist.

Fandom, at one time, was composed of outcasts. People who read science fiction were usually "quæer ducks" who withdrew from society, so to speak. So they banded together and became the small friendly group that attracted me in '48. Now, with the enlargement of Fandom, I shudder to think that there are only two courses if fandom continues to grow:

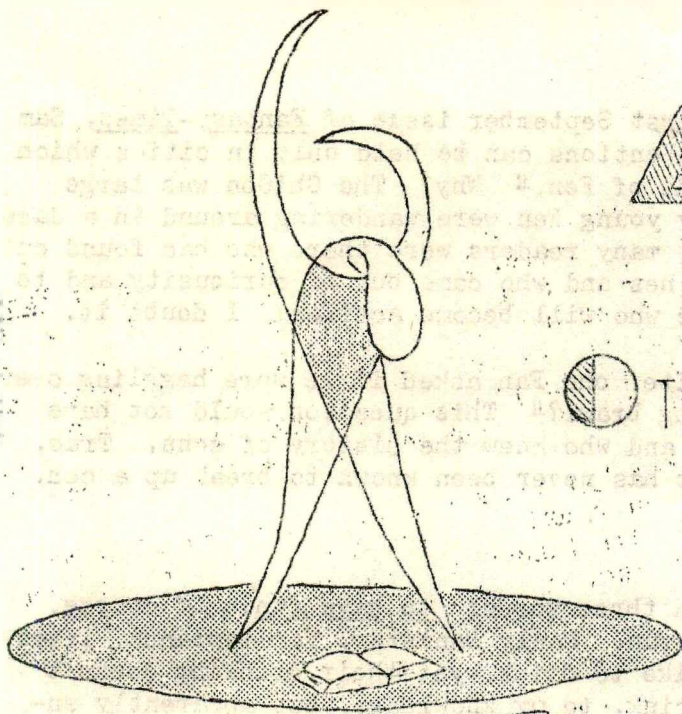
(1) Fandom will become a commercialized thing, subsidized by the stf publishers and used like the fan groups formed around movie stars.

(2) Fandom will become so large, involved, and unwieldy that it will disintegrate almost completely.

Today there are three refuges for the true fan: SAPS, FAPA, and the tight cliques that form about various clubs, BNF's and fanzines. Perhaps they can hold. Probably not. But until we can halt the commercialization and enlargement of fandom--until we can whittle it down to where it used to be--fandom as a small friendly group is doomed.

-- Hal Shapiro, db

(Questions and comments welcomed. Write S/Sgt. Hal Shapiro, 790th AC/W Squadron, Kirksville, Missouri. All letters will be answered.)



ELSBERRY ON OTHER WORLDS.....

BERGERON

Every time Ray Palmer opens his mouth he somehow manages to get his foot in it. In fact, it's becoming a habit with him. You'd think that a man who has been writing for over 20 years would be able to produce an article relatively free from flaws. However, Palmer's production has been

mostly fiction, and his latest article, "Palmer on Asbestos" (Science Fantasy Bulletin #7, edited by Harlan Ellison) proves that quite conclusively. Palmer can't seem to get his facts unwed from his fiction.

The article, one of Palmer's few fanzine appearances, is a reply to an article in an earlier issue attacking Other Worlds. Palmer's defense, I'm afraid, is more inspired than accurate. Vorpall sword in hand, Palmer rushed forward to the attack, spouting facts, figures and opinions. Only his opinions can be taken seriously.

Mr. Palmer first states his opinions on rates. "One thing we WILL NOT DO. We will not pay HIGHER rates for the SAME stories as are being and have been turned out by the writers. That goes for Galaxy and Astounding's previously published stories. We feel that neither magazine has produced quality worthy of their high rates. But what are their rates? Galaxy pays 3¢ bottom. Can any writer confirm this—or deny it? What are Astounding's rates? Have they paid as much as 3½¢? Other Worlds HAS! Forrie Ackerman will confirm this. We have frequently paid 2¢ and over. We pay a basic 1¢ per word. We will always pay a basic one cent—because average writers aren't worth more. And paying 3¢ to everyone is a rank injustice to the better writers."

I think Mr. Palmer will find many writers who will confirm the rates paid by Astounding and Galaxy. What his basis is for this ridiculous statement I don't know—he undoubtedly reads the Writer's Digest like the rest of the authors.

The fact that Other Worlds has paid 3½¢ doesn't surprise me. I doubt if they have paid it more than once or twice. And the stories they bought at those rates are most painfully obvious—the early Bradbury and van Vogt yarns that Palmer ran as circulation builders in his first five issues. I doubt if he has paid that much since then. And I think that Palmer might be interested to know that Fantasy and Science Fiction has paid more than he has. F&SF pays a flat rate of \$100 per short story. On a short short this is going to figure out to five or six cents a word. Can Palmer say that he has ever paid that?

"We have frequently paid 2¢ and over," is a particularly damning statement. When the better mags in the field are consistently paying over 2¢ a word, how does Palmer expect to get any of the better authors? The plain fact is—he doesn't. The

Elsberry on Other Worlds. II

fact that OW basic is one cent ("because average writers aren't worth more") clearly shows that Rap is interested in obtaining only average writers for his mag. Average writers and average stories--a debris pile of rejected manuscripts.

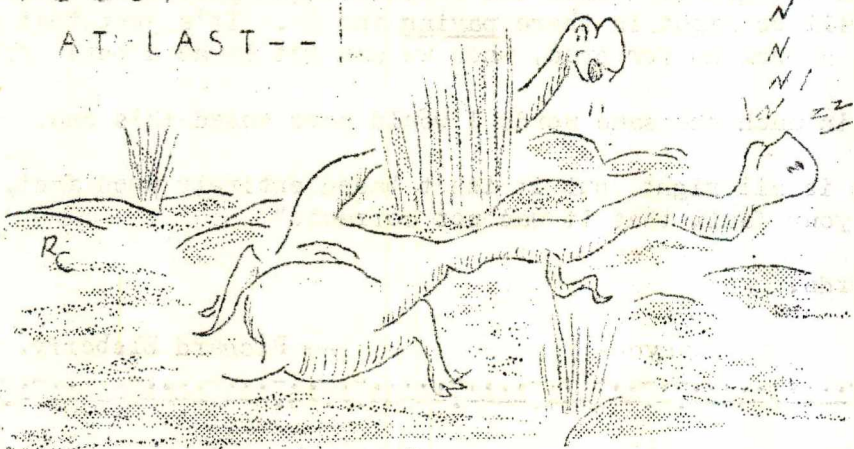
Palmer continues. "Our difficulty has NOT been our refusal to pay high rates. The stories have not been WRITTEN. I have not seen them in the other magazines, either! When we fall back upon Phillips, Shaver, Byrne, we are falling back upon mighty fine writers. Phillips has sold the field, and ranked top everywhere. Shaver cannot be equalled for selling power. That you didn't like his Mystery has nothing to do with his ability.Byrne was good long before I ever edited Amazing. Remember his stuff in the old Amazing under Sloane?"

Palmer says the stories have not been written that would command a 3¢ rate. He says he hasn't seen them--and he will continue not seeing them as long as he offers a 1¢ basic. If and when they are written--and I think they are--Galaxy and Astounding will see them.

Palmer states that Rog Phillips has sold the field. This is news to me. I've never seen Rog in Astounding, Galaxy or F&SF. Of course, I don't read the others too often, but I don't think this qualifies Rap's statement. I don't know about Shaver's selling power, but I would think that either van Vogt or Heinlein would be able to outsell him. And Howard Browne will probably contest Shaver's position now that he's printed a story by Mickey Spillane. I remember Byrne, too. I've been trying to forget him all these years.

FOOD!

AT LAST--



Palmer, commenting on his magazine's progress, says his sales increase has been 26% over the past year and a half. "Actual sales increase: 20,000" he says. For these figures to be correct, Palmer's original circulation would have had to be around 77,000 copies. Yet, Palmer refuses to give his circulation, instead saying: "Were we to publish the same number of copies of OW as these leader's do, we would be second."

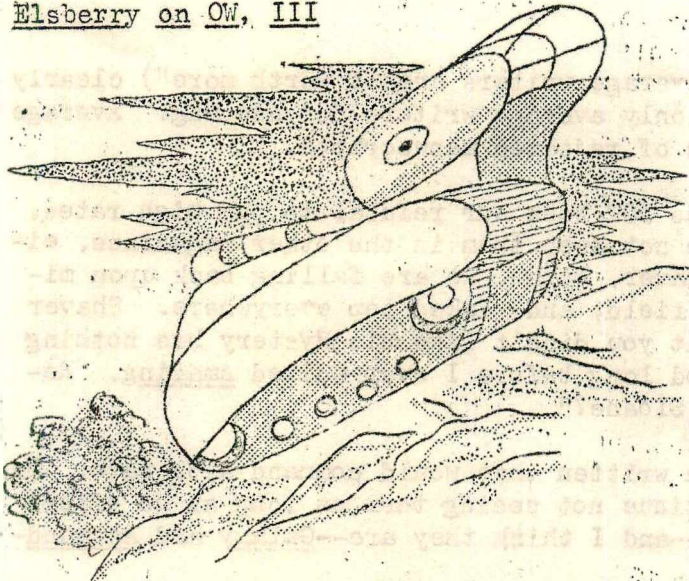
ond. Only ONE of the magazines sells a higher percentage than OW. As it is, we TOP every other science fiction magazine in actual sales."

Palmer also gives some very interesting sales figures:

Fantastic.....127,500
Amazing.....74,565
Astounding.....72,550
F&SF.....68,000

Galaxy.....66,150
If.....58,000
Other Worlds.... (?)

You notice, Palmer places his magazine last on the list, or in seventh place, whichever you choose. In any case, if Palmer's circulation were 77,000 plus the 20,000 increase, he would have a circulation of 97,000 which would place him second. And it would be a circulation I would not be afraid to quote. If Rap had it, he would shout it from the roof-tops. No, Palmer has his wires crossed someplace. It is doubtful if he actually prints half that 97,000 total.



America is worth a barrel of rotten apples. These few gems that each magazine gets are rare gems."

Other Worlds consistently seems to print these stories that "aren't worth a barrel of rotten apples," leaving that special one to Galaxy and Astounding. I'm also very much afraid that we are going to have to classify Palmer in with "the writers of America" as long as he continues to turn out stories for his own magazine. If the stories we are getting today are truly that bad, who then is the Great White Hope of literate science fiction? Certainly not Shaver, Phillips or Byrne.

Rap continues digging his own grave. "When the writers begin producing the quality you speak about, OW will be right in there paying for it. It's just that we are not foolish enough to pay a premium for crud, when we can get it at a basic rate.

Palmer ends his article in much the same words I would have ended this one.

"Of course, your article is all right, but it isn't based entirely upon fact. Much of it was opinion. Not your fault that it was not correct."

Well, almost the same words.

-- Richard Elsberry.

FAN3!

- 1, TELEFINESIS
- 2, TELEPORCHATION
- 3, TELEPITHY

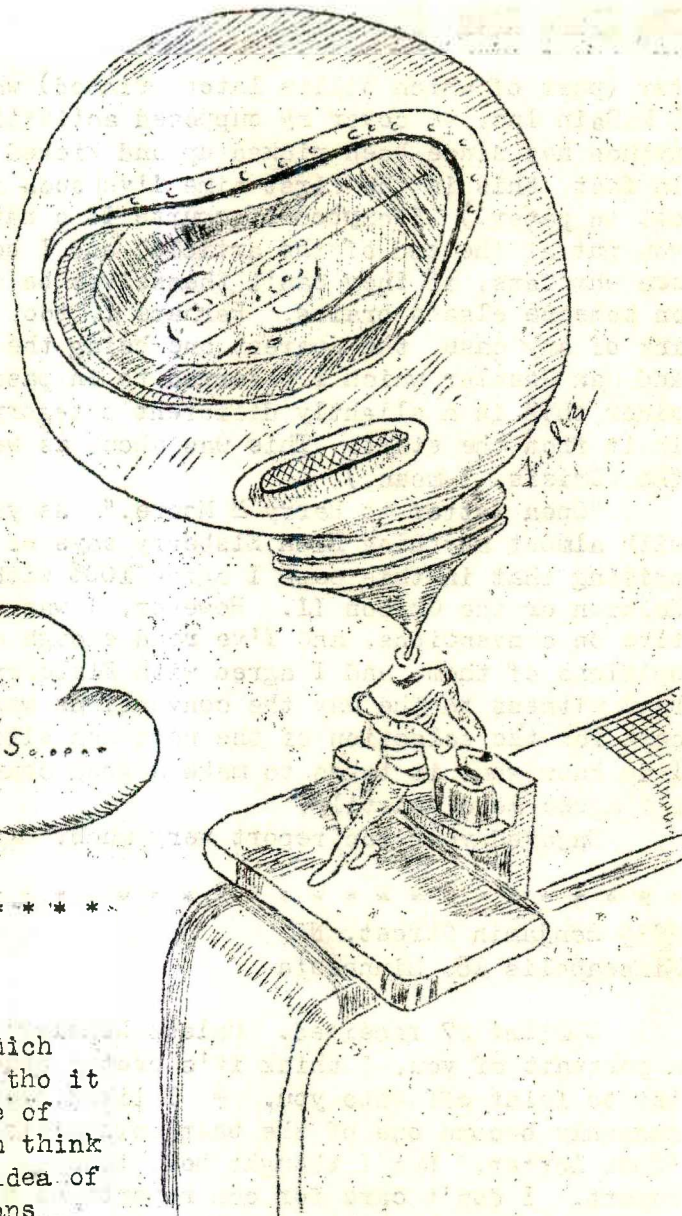
ARE YOU A MUTANT??

Right now, check yourselves for these marvelous powers. If you have any one of the three, tear out this coupon and mail it to us immediately. If you have two of these three, tear off this fanzine and mail it to us. If you have all three of these powers, tear off the head of your nearest N3F representative and mail it immediately to the following address:

TELEFINESIS, TELEPORCHATION & TELEPITHY STUDY AND DEVELOPMENT RESEARCH STATION
#1407-A39.8-41687.9 (TT&TSIRS) FOR THE MANIFESTATION OF SUPERNATURAL AND/OR SUPRA-
NORMAL PHENOMENON (FTMSa/oSP) Scribe 64-3B, The Rosilutions (ANORK), Central Utopia.

THE 13 LUSH PILE

An idea
developed
downwards.....



RFD #3

Nampa, Idaho

Latest OOPS: Cover, fan average, which means that it is now below par for OOPS, tho it seems to me your covers have not been one of your strong points. No suggestions I can think of to make, except maybe abandoning the idea of full page illo's for covers since most fans don't have the ability to handle them, and concentrating on small illos blended into a tastefully worked out layout. Of course that is my own interest talking, since I love working on layout.

"The Jaundiced Eye." Beale is one of those guys whose prejudices are so obvious that it is impossible to ever take him very seriously. But he may grow out of that. However, within these limitations he does make interesting reading. Unlike Banks, whom you used once or twice.

You know, one of my pet peeves is getting to be fans who jump on some other fan's pet idea and weave it into their own writings. Of course, there are some which caught on so long ago and so well that they are public property but I'm thinking of things like the "Korshak, Eshbach, Evans and Bloch" routine. Hilarious when used by Tucker but only dull when repeated by Lee Hoffman and one or two others ad nauseum. This is especially unforgivable in Lee's case since she has such a fund of wit and originality in her own right that she has no need to lean on such crutches. Another case is these endless articles based on Proxyboo, Ltd. Admittedly it was one of the most brilliant ideas ever conceived in fandom but it seems to me dangerously close to picking someone else's brains for anybody to devote an entire article, as has happened time and time again, to something which by rights is Walt Willis' exclusive property. (By the way, in case you think I haven't any right to squak because of the lesser known "Vernon L McCain, Inc." outfit, let me make it clear that this, too, is a Willis invention. I had nothing whatsoever to do with it except that in response to a query by Willis I wrote several paragraphs of stuff in a let-

The Slush File, II

ter (part of which Willis later printed) which caused him to invent the name Vernon L McCain Inc. to cover my supposed activities in the field. This lesser part of the mythos has since been picked up and kicked around by other people, but never by me. In fact, this is the first time I've such much as typed the name of the organization out on paper.) Proxyboo of course is a natural for side references, such as the one you put at the end of the article, and I see nothing wrong with that. But I can't see why fans, if they can't themselves be original, should try to sneak a free ride on someone else's brains. Perhaps I, too, am guilty of this. Offhand, I can't think of any case, the nearest one being the supposed romance between Madeleine Willis and Max Keasler which I referred to in passing in one piece I sent you, but I consider this in a slightly different category, since quite a few people were involved in it from the start. This was about as well done as any of the copycat articles, tho (Crisis, I mean.)

"Open Letter to Harry B Moore." As you know, I usually disagree automatically with almost anything Rich Elsberry says or does. Which makes it all the more surprising that in this case I agree 100% with him. True, I didn't attend either the Nolacon or the Chicon II. However, I was at the Norwescon, giving me some perspective on conventions, and I've read enough about both the last two to have formed my opinions of them, and I agree with Elsberry on every single thing. Not that I can bear witness to the way the conventions were mishandled or anything like that (except for the selection of the next con site which is obvious to anyone) but I think I do know what it takes to make a good convention, and on this Elsberry and I couldn't agree more heartily.

Enjoyed your con report very much. More than any others I've read to date.

Vernon L. McCain.

2215 Benjamin Street, NE
Minneapolis 18, Minnesota

OOPSLA! #7 received. Unless Keasler's cover is supposed to be a portrait of you, I think it's pretty crude stuff for a good artist to foist off onto you. # I liked "Jaundiced Eye" (Beale has suddenly become one of the best columnists in the business) and "Open Letter," but I thought best thing in this issue was your con report. I don't care for con reports as a general thing, but this one was highlighted by some good anecdotes and observations, chief among them the description of what you did with the NFFF membership blank. I split a gut on that. # Didn't read "Crisis" beyond my discovery that it's another thing about Proxyboo Ltd., so I wonder if the "editor's note" on page 11 is meant seriously or not.

Sincerely, Redd Boggs.

5319 Ballard Avenue
Seattle 7, Washington



OOPSLA! arrived. Thanks for the "fairly nice person--very personable." From you, Gregg, that is fulsome flattery! Hmmm, so that's what happened to your NFFF application.... Enjoyed the con reports very much. It adds to the memory to see the events witnessed through another's eyes. I dare say the only persons who can fully appreciate the reports are those who were there. Beale and Elsberry sounded quite human and utterly sensible in their comments re Chicon II. Last year they sounded merely sour. Or maybe they have sweetened up in the interval. Come to think of it, I didn't see any evidence of fangs on either. They looked quite like normal fan-types, as did you. (You can't imagine how surprised I was not to see any evidence of horns in that thick blond hair....) Why shouldn't I be in N3F? All the best fans join sooner or later. Too bad that you joined "sooner".

Best Wishes,

G. M. Carr

The Slush File, IV

806 Dempster Street
Evanston, Illinois

Got my copy of OOPSLA! the other day. Think you did a fine job. Fine job? What am I saying? After all the wonderful things you said about me, I think you did a terrific job! (Git your filthy hands offa me!)

Front cover was very good. That's my boy Max. I liked Beale's report. After meeting Willis, I can't quite reconcile the real Willis with the Willis-head-of-Proxy boo-Ltd depicted in Browne's "Crisis." This is another case of someone--Willis, to name names--being very different from the picture you get of him due to his letter-writing and articles. So Shelby ran afoul of the Saari punsters. Ollie may as well resign himself to his fate--in fact I think he glories in it--since with a name like that, puns are inevitable. Looks like Elsberry didn't enjoy the con too much. Too bad, but with a group as large as the one gathered at the convention, it's not quite possible for it to be a cozy little gathering where everyone meets everyone. Philly will probably tell us whether or not this is to be the case from now on. And then we come to your report of the con. I loved it--and not only because of all you said about me. I think it was good from the very beginning, particularly the bus-ride from SLC to Chi. By the way, you have at least one inaccuracy. I caught this one because it refers to me. You did not meet me for the first time in the penthouse of the Little Men. Remember the gathering in the hall: Hoffman, Willis, Tucker, Bloch, etc? I WAS THERE, TOO! I have a photo I took to prove it. In fact, I sat almost opposite you. So there, too. You just didn't notice me. ((Heh, heh, heh--that's just what you think. I just have iron nerves to control my emotions. R-r-r-rrruff!))

Pea Mahaffey

57 East Park Lane, NE
Atlanta, Georgia.

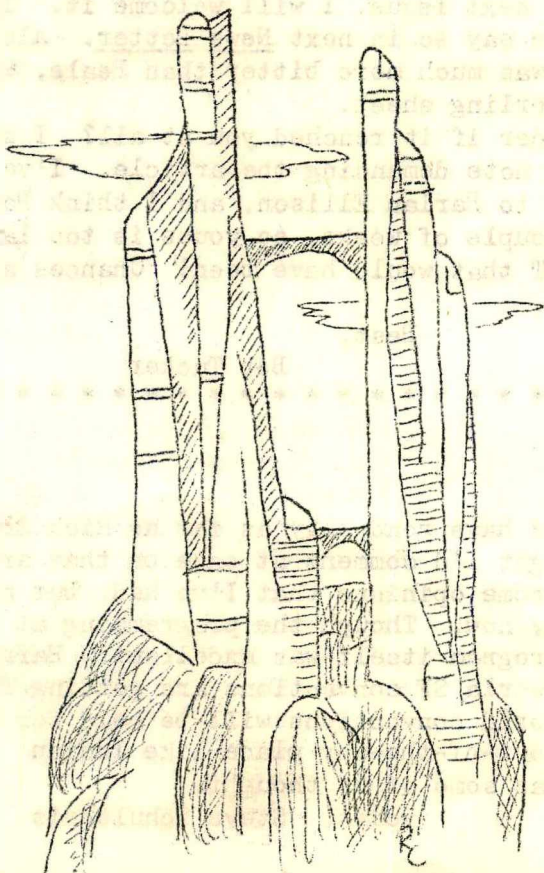
Again, it is evident that you are really presenting a neat appearing fan jour-

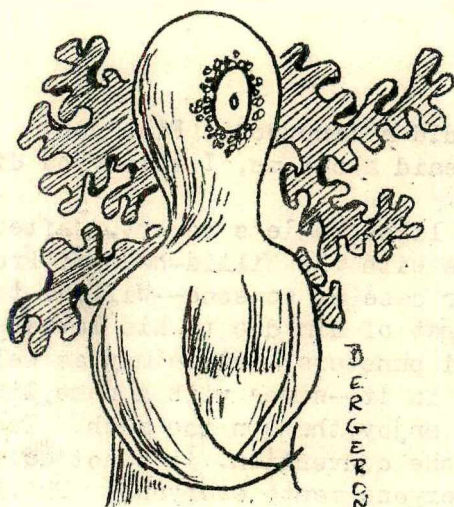
nal, in format, layout, and content. Congratu-
lations on the fine job, Gregg. And, personally,
I don't think you can find a better job of mimeo-
ing in fandom (save possibly PEON of which
there is no equal in mimeography quality) than
this issue of OOPS. The cover wasn't al well
done as some you've features, but all the inter-
ior illos, with maybe one or two exceptions, were
fine and well done.

Materially speaking, your convention report
was the most enjoyable item in the issue. I do
not believe I've read an informally written con
report that I enjoyed and got as many laughs out
of, as I did yours. Comment: you should attend
more conventions. DEAR ALICE was a scream, too,
probably the best that Shelvick has written to
date--at least in my opinion.

Elsberry's open letter is very good, and
with which my sentiments are equal. ERUPTIONS
was good, as usual, but lacking somehow as com-
pared to your previous editorials.

As a matter of fact, the entire issue is
very good, definitely the best one yet. It seems
every fan need attend a convention to really li-
ven up his or her zine, and/or make for some very
interesting reading. Keep up the good--nay, ex-
cellent--work, Gregg. Best of luck to you & OOPS
Ian Macauley.





Box 515
Upton, Wyoming

Agree, it is time we gave our Praise and THANKS to Harry B Moore for the Nolacon, where fen were treated as they should be, friendly, fair, and square.

Elsberry's report read with great approval. It is ok. There were more of the hotel-tortures could be mentioned. Sure cinch is that NO member of fandom, who paid a month's rent for three days, will ever step foot into that place again...unless forced at business end of a six-shooter.

ATTA BOY, Rich Elsberry and all other writers who protest such ill treatment of fandom. It must never happen again. Are we men or are we sheep?

E. Firestone.

Box 702
Bloomington, Illinois

Pray, sir, consider this a lengthy PS to my postcard of yesterday. Since mailing that card I've had time to read OOPS #7 at my leisure, and find it a veritable gem among fanzines! I mean that. I believe this is the very best issue you've published, mostly because it contained so much convention material--which is my weakness. ((Well, Bob, let's say one of your weaknesses, anyhow.)) Each and every convention I miss much of the meat, either because there is too much going on to grasp or because I stayed up too late the night before and then slept until noon or later. So, I rely heavily on post-convention reports to fill in the gaps, and OOPS #7 is a nice gap-filler, thank you.

Best enjo yed was your own personal account of the affair, and it should have been many pages longer, regardless of the few angry readers who might howl afterward. In fact, if you want to add a second section for next issue, I will welcome it. This is the best report I've read yet, and I intend to say so in next News Letter. Also want to mention the Richard Elsberry letter--he was much more bitter than Beale, who ordinarily holds down that department in your sterling sheet.

About my own article...I'm beginning to wonder if it reached you at all? I sent it airmail shortly after getting your distraught note demanding the article. I've passed along the new, official convention figure to Harlan Ellison, and I think Hoffman, and of course I'll publish it myself in a couple of weeks, so youse is too late to scoop the field with that. Think what a FIRST that would have been! Chances are Jimmy Taurase would have hired you for his staff.

Yeah.

Best,

Bob Tucker

238 Trumbull Ave., SE
Warren, Ohio

Received my copy of OOPSLA! an hour ago, and have read only as far as Rich Elsberry's "Open Letter to Harry B Moore," but thought I'd comment at once on that article. Rich expresses, in his usual fine style, some opinions that I've had, but not (typically) expressed in print for some 8 months, now. Though the programming at the Nolacon wasn't all it could have been, the program itself was excellent. Harry deserves more credit than he's ever gotten--and world SF conventions are getting TOO big. I can forsee the day, all too near, when world conventions will be held for the readers and pros, while the fans gather at some out-of-the-way place like Indian Lake. Perhaps the Invention isn't so fantastic as some of us thought.

yours, Steve Schultheis

The Slush File, V

459 Sterling Street, NE
Atlanta, Georgia.

How's about comments on OOPSLA! #7 by a "fan fan," "neofan," "obnoxifan," or you-name-it. Take your choice. The cover was as good as a mimeographed cover gets. Nice and simple with just OOPSLA! on top. The layout of the contents page is simple and eye-catching. (I like simplicity, as you know.) The editorial is good excepting the apologies. Why must editors apologize for something all the time in their "Eruptions"?

"The Jaundiced Eye" didn't phase me much one way or another, but then Ken Beale never does. "Crisis" was ok. "Dear Alice" got better this time. Maybe if I read DA long enough, I'll really enjoy it. "Open Letter to HBM" was the second best thing in the issue. Something nice about Harry has been long overdue. And now Dear Gregg we come to "Dribblings." Best thing in the issue. You should write more for OOPS than just convention reports. A page here, 3 or 4 there will put you in OOPS, and that's what I like about fanzines. A zine of the editor's personality. Dribble some more??? The mimeographing was as usual, good, and I still like the white paper.

As ever, Kay Burwell.

239 East Broad
Statesville, NC

Rich Elsberry's letter to Harry Moore was the high spot of the issue. While I was unable to attend at Chi this year, I'd had reports that it wasn't as much fun as New Orleans. Personally I liked the Nolacon even better than the Cirvention and I really hated the way the fans treated Harry Moore, BEFORE and AFTER the con. My hat is off to Harry Moore.

The Jaundiced Eye, by Beale, was good as per usual. Ken is a good writer. Enjoyed your con report.

yo's,

Lynn Hickman

790th AC/W Squadron
Kirksville, Missouri

Cover was good stencil cutting, but Maxie's in a rut.

Beale's goshwowboyoboy coverage of Chi was accurate, but his evident glee at getting the con to Philly was a bit sickening. I'm sorry I dislike the guy, since he was good enough to mention my name with a pick of over a thousand attendees. I even find myself agreeing with his intimated criticism of Ed Wood.

"Crisis" was interesting. So are outhouses.

I'll ignore "Dear Alice" as there was at least one sentence which seems to have been written in ignorance with malice aforethought. And I don't like m'Alice aforethought. ((Editor's official comment: ugh!))

You know my opinion of Elsberry's letter to Harry Moore. Although I was about seven thousand miles away from New Orleans and couldn't make the Nolacon, I still agree with Rich because I don't think any criticism is too harsh on the Chicon. Any true criticism, that is.

Your con report? Well, I won't go into that except to berate you for your statement re Shapiro and the fair sex. Anyone reading "Dribblings" might think I made it a habit to chase naked women through the halls of the Morrison. ((Well?)) Aside from that, it was as good a report as I've seen from the Salt Lake Area.

Some people may think that it was a dirty trick to fool Webbert the way we did. But we weren't laughing at him. We were just having fun with human nature, and Jim happened to be the specimen. I know that when he found out what was what, on getting back to Salt Lake City, that he joined in the laughter. It was only the fannish thing to do.

yours,

Hal Shapiro.

The Slush File, VI

760 Montgomery Street
Brooklyn 13, New York

#7 was good stuff...the mimeoing was fine in most places, outstanding in some. Sship is rated, I suppose, as one of the best mimeo jobs being done, from standpoint of appearance...but it took me twelve issues to get the hang of a mimeo, and not before #14 can I say that I've done a fine job of mimeographing. You caught it right off the bat. I'm always embarrassed when some nofan, publishing a sloppy half-sizer, tells me that he wishes he could have as good mimeoing as I have, because I recall issues of Sship which, by comparison, make SOL and such look like G-F ADVERTISER. They were terrible. Oh, well....

Can't you possibly get thicker cover stock? It seems to me that the paper for #7's cover (a weak Keasler, by the way) was thinner than the interior stock. I find that the heavy covers I use on Sship help dress the issue a good deal.

Who said "Willy Ley has a bad German accent on the air which you'd never guess from his writing"? ...that's a gem! I'd really enjoy reading something written with a German accent.

Beale was good. The Chicon, so far, has drawn strange notices...people thrilled because it was so big, people who hated its bigness. From what I, as a non-attendee, see, it was a fine show but lacking the personal touch so overwhelmingly present at New Orleans. The Philcon will come as an anticlimax to some, but will appear a better con to others.

I appreciate the egoboo in Norman Browne's "Crisis." Tell him I think that VANATIONS is a fine fanzine, and tell him that I'll be glad to keep thinking that so long as he mentions me in his fan fiction.. But watch out for such incautious statements as "With this issue I am forced to suspend publication." One of the prozine reviewers is liable to see that and run an obit on OOPSLA!, and then you'll never get a cent from the review...who's going to send money for a fanzine that's folded. ((Never can tell, with some of the brains in fandom nowadays. --Ed.))

Foo, is everyone going to publish Sol Levin's cartoon?

I don't latch "Dear Alice."

"Open Letter to Harry B Moore" was long coming. Elsberry is, I think, the first person to thank Moore for the Molacon...though, to be sure, he did so only because he was sore at the Chicon bunch. Ward's illustrations were outstanding....although he did some fanzine work before coming to Sship, I pride myself on having given him his first opportunity for large-scale fanzine work...but we're soon going to find him a pro.

Dribblings was splendid, the best single piece you've run in OOPSLA! yet. Why did you pare it down to eight pages? It could have run ten or twelve or twenty without any harm to the issue, and "Crisis" could have been held over. It was written with as little goshwowboyoboy ((correct form: goshwowgeewhizoboyoboyoboy.)) as is possible for a report on a first con...it's also the first personal report on the Chicon that I've read. I liked it. The whole issue was good, certainly the best OOPS yet. My copy had page 25 inverted; I'm inclined to sell it as a rarity and buy another copy for my files, but I probably won't.

Keep it up, anyway. I'd like to contribute someday when I have the time and inspiration.....

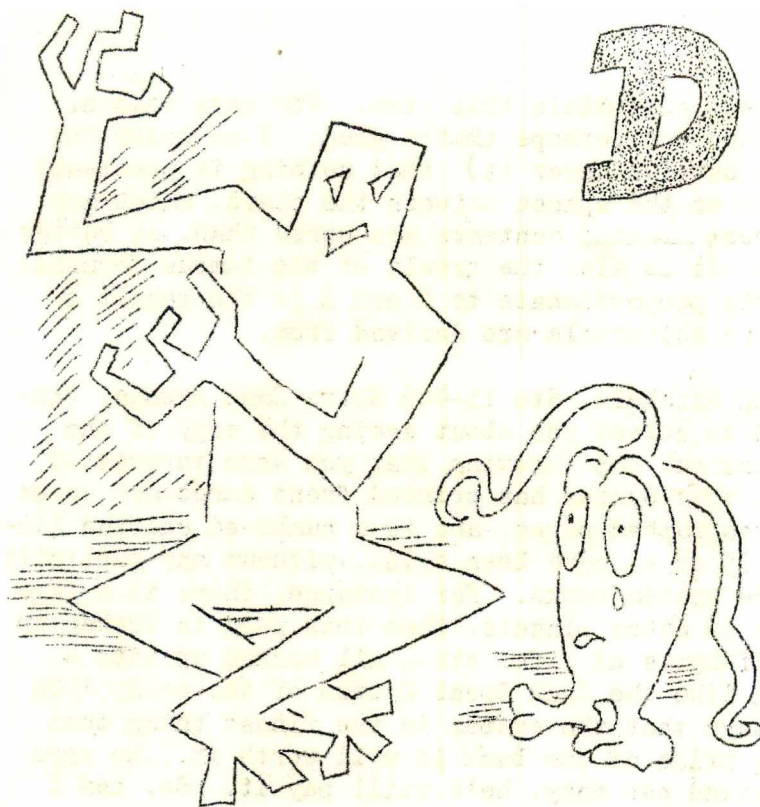
Sincerely,

Bob Silverberg.

702 Arthur Street
Wilson (Bob), Illinois

....your free sample arrived today. Thanks a load. I like it and am sending you \$19.95. Please apply it on a subscription. But some things puzzle me. What does "Chicon" mean? Who is Lee Hoffman? What are "prozines"? Please pardon my asking, but I haven't been a bnf long as I only entered fandom yesterday, and don't know what "science-fiction" is. Is it something to eat? Bnfishly,

Tucker Roberts.



D R I B B L I N G S

This issue has been somewhat of a problem. Not a single thing wants to go the way it should go.

The trouble started with the convention. I got back from Chi so late, that issue #7 was late by exactly one week. That was ok, because I could put out the next issue in a month, and get back on schedule. Or so I thought.

For the last two issues, now, I've been ordering a new mimeograph from ABDick. The machine isn't brand new, of course, but it's new to me. It's a Model 77B85, and a honey of a machine. Has

YOU WEREN'T AT THE CHICON?
WELL, IT WAS LIKE THIS . . .

automatic inking, automatic feed, automatic counter, etc, and they all work. Really a nice job. I planned to have it originally for issue #6, but the dealers couldn't find me a machine. (All the Model 77's are technically obsolete, now, and that Model isn't being made anymore, so they had to wait until somebody turned one in on a trade-in before they could recondition it and sell it to me.) Well, I put it off until after the con, positive I would have it for #7. But no such luck—that issue went out on my old machine, complete with greans, moans, and swear words. Now it's supposed to be here in time for this issue, but I wonder.

First they told me it would be here on the 3rd of October. Then it was postponed until the 10th. When I got kinda peeved at them, it was definitely to be here the 17th. Well, that day came and went, and no machine. But they tried, anyhow. I got a phone call just the other day from them telling me it had been mistakenly sent to the wrong address--716 Oakley Street—and that it would be out the first think Monday morning. This is Sunday afternoon as this is being written. It is a pretty good bet, however, that this issue of OOPS is coming out on a much newer, much nicer machine than my old 77A. Notice any difference?

But those are not all of my troubles. Next comes the financial side. Late in last week, I ran out of stencils. AND, I didn't have the dough to get some more. I was in a rut. When I got that money, I bought the stencils pronto, and I'm cutting them to pieces now. But now I don't have either the paper or the ink for next issue, and I don't have the money either. OR stamps.

To top it all off, I can't find one of my columnists. Beale is late this time, something he's never been before. Today is the 19th, the mag is due out the 21st, and deadline was 10 days ago.

Will OOPSLA! make it out on time? Will this thrilling issue be mailed by the deadline? Will Beale arrive in time? Will ABDick arrive, period? Tune in next....

Dribblings, II

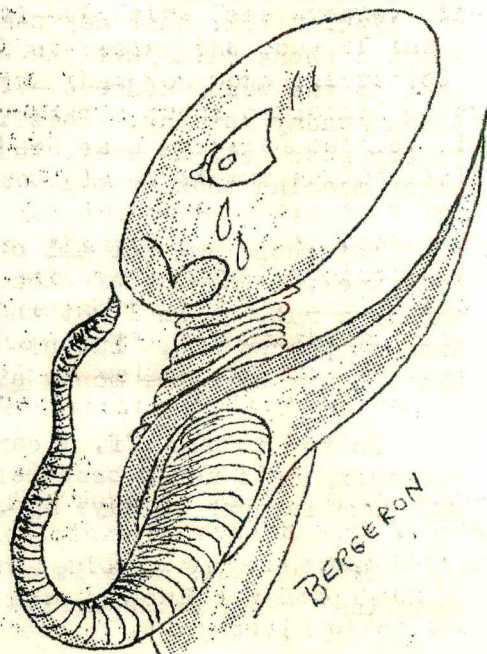
Really having troubles writing these editorials this time. For some reason, absolutely nothing will pop into my mind--but perhaps that's good. I am under the strong suspicion (and believe me, it's not fun under it) that nothing is precisely what occupies every fan's mind as well as the spaces between the stars, which are full of. Nothing is also that which most prozine contents are worse than, or better than, depending on your point of view. It is also the result of the famous formula, E equals mc squared, where m is directly proportionate to E and E is the result of mc squared. And it is what most fanzine editorials are derived from.

(Following from a letter from Doug Mitchell, Ste 11-406 Notre Dame Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.) "...I tried to corner you about seeing the copy of the Classification System that our group had put out (knowing that you were interested in a really good fan effort.) Anyhoo, this System has printed front cardboard cover and back cover, tan color, 52 closely mimeographed pages, and is a numbered edition limited to 500 copies of which the first 75 or so have been sold...without any publicity about it. Here's a run down on how the system works. For instance, there is a page devoted to stories using types of life on other planets, then this page is broken up into other pages describing various offshoots of life, etc., all worked up into a decimal system. The idea is something like the Jack Spear System of the early '40s but is more detailed. Sam Moscovitz says that the system is the finest thing that he's ever seen and that the purchasing price of one buck is well worth it...he says that if two or even three bucks were asked per copy, he'd still pay it. So, can I say anything more about it?"

LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS, DEPT. The November issue of OW has one of the most beautiful covers in sf today, and I want to go on record noticing it, even though I hate to admit it. Also pepped up format, new logo, better interiors, and slightly better quality paper and fiction, which up until now (with slight exceptions) have been very nearly on the same level. ((This paid advt. courtesy of anonymous (Rap) for the benefit of active fans who don't look at covers anymore.))

The FANETTES want publicity, and far be it from me to stop them. Rusty Silverman says it's Marian Cox's brainstorm; stands for liberty, equality, fraternity for women in sf circles. They print a fanzine, the FEMZINE, a quarterly. Over forty gals already, Rusty says. Well, now, this is a break. No longer do frustrated fans of the marrying type have to search all over fandom for a flirtatious female. Instead he pulls out his booklet on A Cook's Tour of the Female Contingent of Fandom (Fem Publications: 1953) and selects the mate of his choice. Seriously (it's possible?) the roster of this club will probably be the greatest boon to male fandom since the invention of F. T. Laney in late 1906. Even such hardened old fans as Elsberry will perk up and buy a copy, and it is easy to see the rush neofandom will make in an attempt to join before their quarters burn holes in their hot, grubby little pants pockets, only to be turned back on the basis of sex (tch, tch, tch, said an unprintable word) discrimination. But, nevertheless, if any of you girls are reading this, and will admit to being girls, you might ask Rusty what's up besides prices.

DEPARTMENT OF UTTER CONFUSION: Fans, what do you say to becoming a bnf overnight? I can do it for you, N-O-W! Send only \$100 for a absolutely free, marvelous new machine called hekto (with instructions.) Add \$25 carrying charge on cash, check or money order remittals.



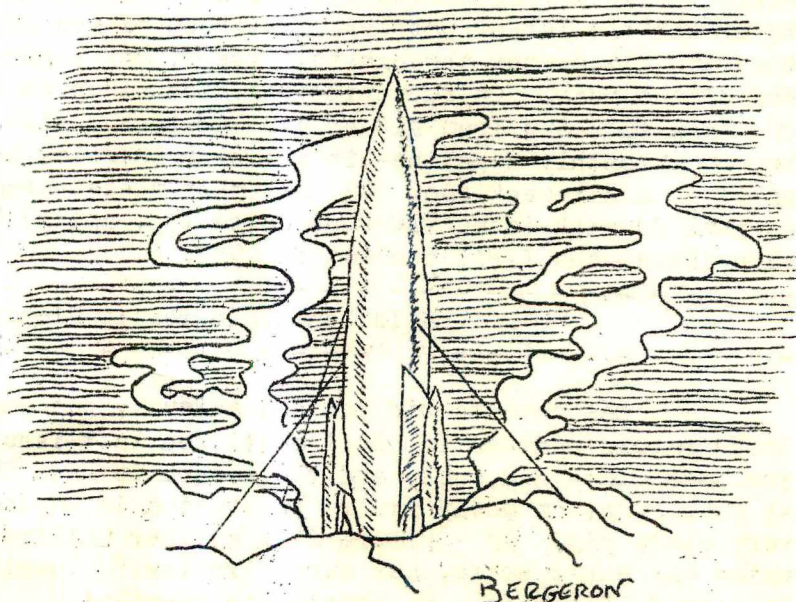
Dribblings, III

DEPARTMENT OF MATTERS OF NO MOMENT: As doubtless most of you know by this time, the next issue of OOPS marks the one year mark--the annual issue in which is celebrated the rare fact of a faned staying in business more than three months. In the annual is usually quantity as well as quality, and that's precisely what is planned for next issue. You get the regular stuff from Vick, Elsberry and Beale, as well as added things by Vernon McCain, Walt Willis, Bob Tucker, Robert Bloch and a number of others, plus a large art folio by some of the better fan artists. All this costs you 25¢ per single copy, in case you're wondering--which you weren't, of course, but I thought I'd better tell you, anyhow.

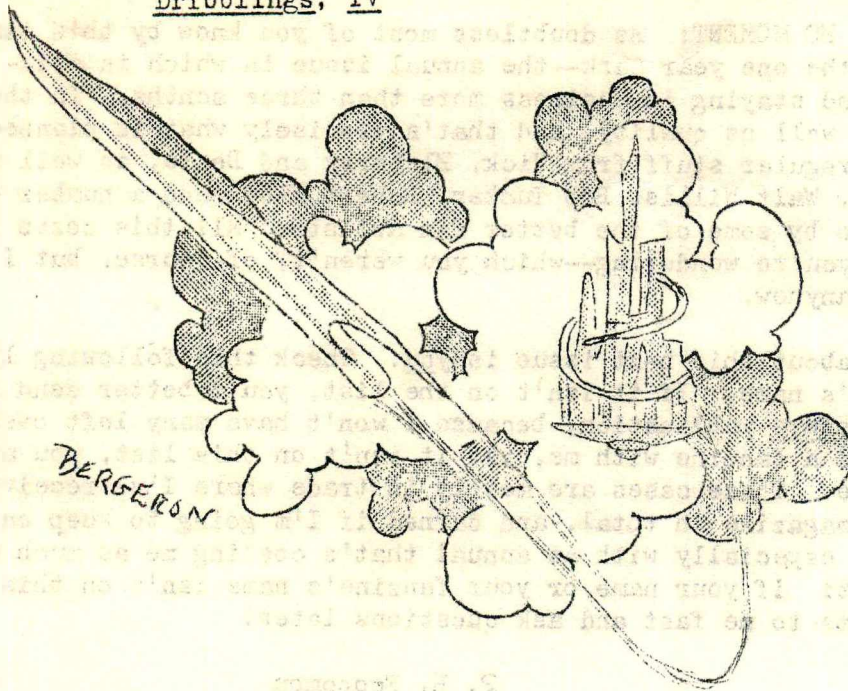
But the important thing about this next issue is you. Check this following list for your name or your fanzine's name. If it isn't on the list, you'd better send me two bits pronto for a copy--before publication, because I won't have many left over for late-comers. If you trade a fanzine with me, yet it isn't on this list, you are not getting my annish in trade. These cases are mostly in trade where I've received less than two copies of your magazine in total, and darned if I'm going to keep on sending out trades like that, especially with an annual that's costing me as much as this one is costing. I repeat: if your name or your fanzine's name isn't on this list, you'd better get two bits to me fast and ask questions later!

Ken Beale
Redd Boggs
S F Bulletin - Harlan Ellison
Ivan Bernbach
I. S. Busch
Cosmag - Ian Macauley
E. W. Calkins
Ray Capella
Terry Carr
G. M. Carr
Doris Carter
James Clingen
Dick Clarkson
Kent Corey
D. O. Cantin
Sheldon Deretchin
Alan Davis
Frank M. Dietz
Pat Eaton
Richard Elsberry
Bob Johnson
Sylvia Kinder
Ronald Levine
Allen Mulaik
Doug Mitchell
Bill Morse
Betty McCarthey
Paul Mittelbuscher
Denis Moreen
Carol McKinney
Vernon L. McCain
Robert Bloch
Joel Nydahl
Opus - Max Keasler
Other Worlds
Peon - Lee Riddle
Bob Peatrowsky
Bruce Phillips

P. H. Economou
Bill Evans
Bill Entrekin
Eva Firestone
Fantasias - Dave English
Bob Fultz
Fiendetta - Charles Wells
Joe Green
Peter Graham
Gerald Hibbs
Tom Hinmon
Dean Hill
Jerry Hopkins
Verna Hampton
Imagination - Mari Wolf
B. O. Igunboo
Jack Irwin
Richard Jacob
Tom Jorgensen



Dribblings, IV



Robert R. Wheeler
Johnny Weatherley
Cedric Clute
Rusty Silverman
S. F. Advertiser - Squires

Quandry - Lee Hoffman
Rhodomagnetic Digest
Mrs. H. Reed
Mack Reynolds
Bill Rose
Neal Clark Reynolds
Startling Stories
Spaceship - Silverberg
Slant - Walt Willis
Stf Trader - Carlson
Dave Stone
Henry Burwell
Stephen F Schultheis
Dale R Smith
Hal Shapiro
T. L. M. A.
Bob Tucker
Mrs. Myrtice Taylor
The Chigger Patch -
John Taylor
Shelby Vick
Vanations - Browne
Roy Wheaton
James Webbert
Richard Z. Ward

That's how she stands today. Of course, there will be later additions, and if your subscription was sent to me after the 21st of October, I didn't have it by the time this was written. But you others--for certain of you, your subscriptions run funnily, so that issue #10 may be on your subs, but the annish is not because it costs more. My advice to you is: if you definitely don't want to miss the annish, and your name isn't on here, no matter how much you think it should be, you'd better send me a quarter first and ask questions afterward. I can always extend subscriptions, but it takes a darn good editor to produce back-issue copies of his fanzine when they are all sold out. You'd better be safe than sorry.

Incidentally, in the annual will be a complete subscription report containing the number of issues each and every subscriber has coming. With issue #10 of OOPSLA!, subscription prices become 15¢ per copy, seven for one dollar. These prices went into effect the 1st of October, for those of you who are interested, but I'm continuing the dime price over through this issue, not beginning the newer price until after the end of the year. On subscriptions, issues up to #8 were 10¢, the annish is 25¢ or 20¢ on a sub, and from #10 on are 15¢ each. Also, with issue #10 OOPS is going to become a monthly magazine--it's easier to stick to that kind of a publishing date than it is a six-week one. ## Remember these three things: 1) make sure you get an annish, 2) with issue #10 OOPS costs 15¢, and 3) OOPS will become a monthly with that same issue--the first one out in 1953.

" Is Ken Beale really Richard S. Shaver?"

Time has come to bid you all adieu....but just two things before I go. One is those return address labels I mentioned last issue which you really should look into for Xmas gifts and such, and the second is REAL TRUE-TO-TUCKER CON FOTOS that I took at Chi. Contact me if you're interested in buying some--I have over fifty clear, very sharp pix. ## "Nature fits all her children with something to do, he who would write and can't write, can surely review." Lowell. "Let down the curtain: the farce is done." Rabelais. My sentiments exactly!

Gregg Catkin

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