

Cap. 12

15



Mid-October 1954

DANS UN VERRE D'EAU

HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS...TWO MONTHS AHEAD OF TIME.

As far as I'm concerned, this is Xmas-time. So maybe there's no snow on the ground and very little chill in the air as yet, but what the heck? There will be, there will be, so just bide your li'l

selves until I can explain what this is all about.

I decided to be different this year, you see. Instead of coming out six months after Christmas with a big, hearty Merry-Christmas-to-all-from-all-of-us routine, this year I'm doing it two months ahead of Christmas.

Not only do I take this opportunity to wish you all a very Merry Christmas, I also would like to offer my best wishes for:

- a) a nice Thanksgiving
- b) a scary Hallowe'en
- c) happy birthdays to all and sundry deserving them
- d) an un-armed Armistice Day
- e) and a very Merry New Year (ie, 1955)

Which should get things pretty well squared away for the rest of the year, since OOPS #16 won't be out until sometime in January. By the bye, although the wishes expressed above are those of solely the editor, I should imagine that joining me in wishing them are all my regular columnists and artists...Ray Capella, DEA, Jack Harness, Vernon L. McCain, Shelby Vick, Walt Willis, Bob Bloch, Dean Grennell, Terry Carr, and those others appearing in these pages from time to time.

For those of you who are musically inclined this season, the vast archives of The Ladies Home Oopsla! have unearthed the following rendition which closely parallels the verse-form and tune of "Deck the Halls With Boughs of Holly" and goes:

'Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Tra la la la la la la la la.
Fans are fools and fanzines folly,
Tra la la la la la la la la.'

--- Old Third Fandom Folk Song

For best effect, the song should be done by a mixed chorus filled with mixed drinks and in a suitable fannish atmosphere. Any Seventh Fandomers present should be asked courteously but firmly to leave as they tend to spoil the aesthetic patina.

Ahhh, don't you just love this time of year? (Well, the time of year that comes around December, then?) Christmas is different, here in Sunny Southern California, and I long for the White Christmases of Salt Lake City. It's wonderful! You stand on the corner waiting for the bus downtown, your ears turning a crisp crimson and your toes a brisk blue. A nippy wind cuts you to the bone as you

This being about the fifteenth issue of OOPSLA! and being currently issued from 2817 Eleventh Street, Santa Monica, California, once about every two months or so, depending on any number of things, is hereby announced to sell at the rate of 15¢ per copy, two for 25¢, four for 50¢. Gregg Calkins is the editor, with Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland, serving as representative-at-large. This issue respectfully dedicated to Santa Claus.

think happy thoughts about goodwill to men and why doesn't that blamed bus-driver hurry and you'd like to wring his neck. Downtown all is bustle and Christmas cheer

Editorial II

with happy crowds surging merrily over your feet and crushing you into available walls and store counters. The spirit of giving fills the air and you'd like to give a good poke in the nose to that idiot just ahead of you who got the last item in stock.

Later on, just as you've settled back in your chair morosely wishing that Christmas came in July, around comes old man conscience with that list of New Year's Resolutions he digs up every year. In an effort to help some of you stand the strain, I have drawn up a set of resolutions available to any fan and they may be used freely by all and sundry according to your desires and needs. They run as follows:

1. To be a true and loyal fan,
and hide that I'm a superman.
 2. To fight and work from dusk to dawn
to make the '55 world con.
 3. To promise that, without a failing,
I'll publish in each FAPA mailing.
 4. To keep my 'zine serene and placid
and make no comments filled with acid.
 5. To gauge with care and eye unwinking
and stop my drum from overinking.
 6. To read and follow stfdom;
bow and scrape to BNFdom.
 7. And, lastly, but with wild abandon
to found a bright, new, sparkling fandom!*
- (* Current number available on request)

I cannot help but mention that the 4th of November is somewhat of a historic event on the Calkins calendar. In this early season of festivity it should not go without some notice that on that day I will exit from the ranks of the teen-age fen and become a twenty-year-old gentleman both wise and venerable. I shall throw off the stigma of youth and emerge from my chrysalis a mature being. Naturally this shall render me ineligible to join the N3F. But I shan't worry as the 4th of November also marks my half-way point in the good old United States Marine Corps and from there on out the road leads downhill to fame and fortune.

By the way, there will be no extra-large annish this year for OOPS. Next issue will be just the same, boring old size and will not indicate overly the fact that it is my third annish. Except that the luxury of a lithographed cover will be indulged in to sort of celebrate the occasion. Finances and time do not permit any larger display of emotion, so those of you who are nostalgic will please sob as quietly as possible in your own handkerchiefs. Remember what happened to VEGA? He published an annish. GRUE knows better. PSYCHOTIC knows better. OOPS may not know better, but we're skipping this year for finding out.

No, kiddies, the nice man on the right isn't good old Santa Claus. A close check will reveal the fact that he has no whiskers, for one thing, and the jolly expression is lacking somewhat in jolliness. No, this is a fan who has just discovered that his subscription to OOPSLA! ran out without his thinking to renew it and he's ooooh, so very annoyed. So if you don't want to be in the same boat, check those back covers of yours carefully and take the grimy quarters out of your hot little hands every so often, put them in an envelope and mail them to your friend and mine...

... Gregg Calkins.



EXTRAPOLATIONS

H A R L A N E L L I S O N

Several nights ago a friend of mine and I went into the heart of the Grown-Up Hick City, Cleveland, where we had been told was playing a new science fiction opus titled simply, "Them."

This is not going to be a review of "Them." Such a thing, in comparison with the topic I've chosen is inconsequential. Something happened in that darkened cinema house that terrified and angered me. Angered me to the point where I was tempted to stand up and shout to the assembled idiots, "you mindless grub-worms! You ought to be wiped off the face of the land!"

But--before you think me deranged, let me tell you what happened:

"Them" concerns giant ants, mutated through atomic radiation, who wreak havoc till they are annihilated by vigilant scientists and the ever-, omni-, oppressively-present Military. In one sequence, the entymological name for "ant" was used. It is a rather involved, many-syllabled, tongue-twister of a name, and impressive only to those who do not recognize it. When it was spoken on the screen, the audience instantly burst into peals of guttural laughter. The audience threw back its heads, clutched its collective bellies, and roared at a scientific name.

Because they did not understand it!

Directly, they were laughing at the man in the motion picture--a scientist. Indirectly, they were ridiculing the entire structure of science, education, intelligence, and those who (against the will of the clods who compose most movie audiences) are trying to drag the Modern Man, a term oddly interchangeable with Modern Moron, into a better world. They laughed because they feared what they did not comprehend. What they did not comprehend was a world in which resided men whose minds were their tools. They could not understand a man who did not necessarily have to dig his fingers into crankcase filth to be working. They resented men who carried slipsticks in their braincases, instead of lunchpails in their hands. They hated and deplored them--for they were infinitely greater. And they knew it.

This is nothing new. The usual train of demented thought which leads the average clod-type down the path from misunderstanding to dislike, to fear, to threat to hatred, to fanaticism and ridicule has been a known and accepted evil since the Gauls invaded Europe.

The terror of it all, is that the clods are winning! Yeah; look around you. There, see that sign: "Don't muff your wash--buff it with FLUFFIT!" That's a sign embodying all the higher intellectualism propounded by your laughter-at-science.

Sure I'm bitter. Wouldn't you be if you saw things like:

Scene: a corner drug store. A sensitive-faced lad walks in, edges warily past the soda fountain cowboys with their drooping butts hanging from their sensuous lips (for he has seen them too often strike out at random at someone they have taken a momentary dislike to) and makes for the newsstand. Once there he scans the contents

Extrapolations II

rapidly. His eyes move quickly and he assimilates in one fleeting eye-grasp what would have taken the cowboys five minutes to peruse. He reaches out and takes a copy of a science fiction magazine from its berth. The science fiction magazine that was alone. One copy. The dealer buys one copy, no more. He knows that in that neighborhood only one yough is capable of assimilating what is in it. His major stock in trade are the heaps and piles of garish puerile comic books over which the cowboys drool.

The lad takes the science fiction magazine, one of deep literary and philosophical content, pays his thirty-five cents and is about to leave when one of the cowboys grasps him rudely by the jacket.

"Hey," he mouths gutturally, running his sounds together, "what kinda s--t you got there, punk?"

The lad, eyes wide and white in expected fear, turns up the magazine for the cowboy to see. The ruffian looks it over carefully, taking in the picture of the naked man framed against a background of the heavens, into which a spaceship is roaring. He rips the book from the boys hand and shows it to his be-levied companions: "Look at the s--t the slob's readin', Al!"

They laugh.

The sound rolls back off the band-aid displays and from the sticky chocolate syrup dispensers. It roars about the drug store, pausing momentarily in the ears of the proprietor--too terrified of the neighborhood gangs to stop them from any such minor destruction--who sadly looks on. It thunders back and strikes the boy like a pile driver, noticeably forcing him to control himself. They laugh and the boy shrinks down within himself. He grabs the book from the lout's hand and rushes off into the street.

"C'mon," yells the animal, "let's get th' little sonufabitch!" They slam out of the drug store after the terrified little boy. From the alley behind the drug store, amid the rubble of the store, sounds of flesh meeting quivering flesh are heard.

The drug store ownder rubs his hand across his eyes, wearily.

No, that lad wasn't me. It was a good friend of mine. He was beaten senseless by a pack of lupine trash that should have been either cremated at birth, or sent to a reformation camp to be thrashed soundly till they respected intelligence, good, honesty, and all the words they would never scribble on washroom walls.

Mad, hell yes, I'm mad! You would be too if you saw things like:

fear---

crazed---

hunting something to rip and tear---

a pack of ingorant laborers (backbone of our country--in capital letters, no less--the average man) searching through the long, sterile corridors of an industrial plant for a scientist who had invented a labor-saving device that would save several hundred man-hours per week and

MOST IMPORTANT TO THEIR CLASSIC MINDS

shhh!

t h r o w s o m e o f t h e m

OUT OF W O R K !!!!!

Extrapolations III

No! ? (outraged)

Yes! (defiant, insensate)

The pack of them, searching through the plant--finding the scientist, a cellulose-chemist--beating him unconscious and throwing him on a pile of stone to line a driveway to the parking lot, both arms broken, his jawbone smashed, blood gushing from both knees and the small punctures from the gravel pile. Smiling,

laughing.

clapping each other on the back.

"We fixed him, Enoch!" "He won't try any new stuff like that again."

"They'll get rid of him." "Don't need any newfangled s---t like that!"

(A generation removed from the cowboy; the cowboys descendants; a heritage of ignorance.)

Mad? Yeah, you might say I was a little peeved. But it's nothing serious, gentle reader. Sit back and watch them lay you on your back in The Final Hole with the sounds of some tinny soap opera advertisement ringing in your ears.

Dig the Brave New World, willya.

-- harlan ellison

A

third tender poem of the Old Spaceways titled...

"It's An Early Sunset For This Time Of Year"

This is White Sands.

It's the biggest space-port in the world: from here we reach the stars.

Oh, we have everything--from solid-fuel to antigrav jobs.

Well, here's the pit.

Normally the Fomalhaut Alien Sea berths here, right on this spot.

Now, of course, she's out in the Magellans somewhere.

See the blast scars?

She's a million-tonner and it takes a heck of a lot to lift her...

Blast area is a mile in diameter when she sits down.

Say, that's an awfully funny cloud making this shadow, isn't it?

-- anon

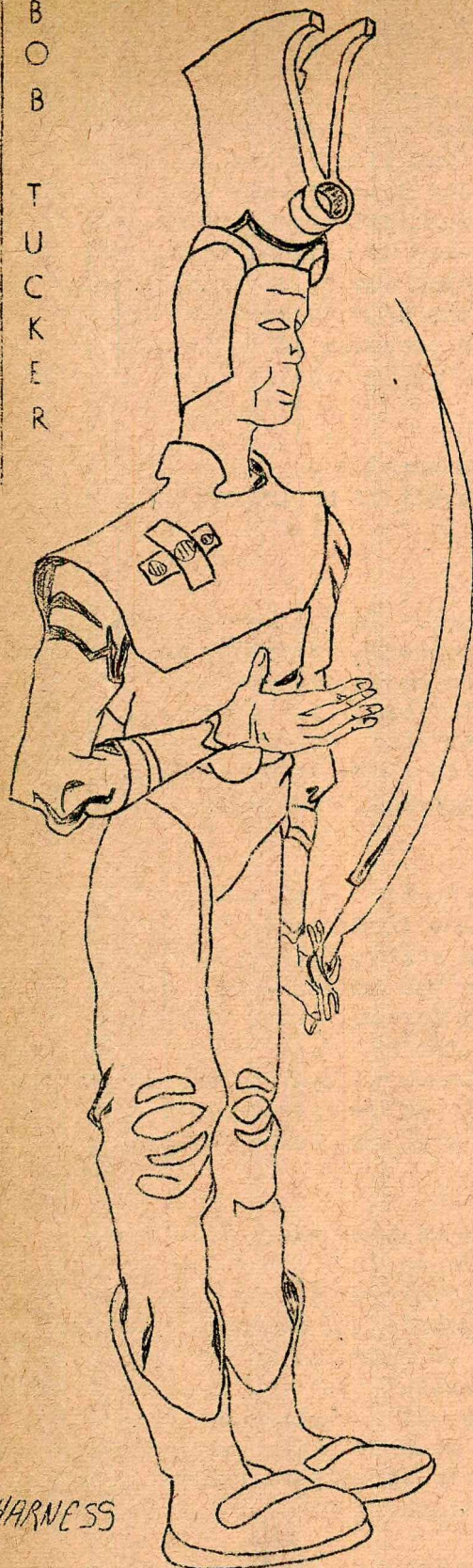
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QUOTABLE QUOTES

"I was very fortunate in that I was able to fill out quite a bit of my collection when I stopped by his house for a visit." Charles Lee Riddle in PEON #32

"A few words...about ABSTRACT 5. I find I don't have much to say..." Redd Boggs
in ABSTRACT #7

"...year in and year out, there are precisely enough codfish to process into codfish balls and so far we aren't even ankle-deep in them." Dean Grennell in GRUE 20

HOT ROMANCE
AND
COLD TURKEY

NOTE: The following article, which was originally a column entitled "State of the Union: 1954," has a long and tragic history. Fan magazines bent on publishing it have been falling by the wayside like worthless promags, and you may expect this issue of OOPSLA! to be the last. Many months ago this account was first submitted to Joel Nydahl for the 13th issue of VEGA, and you know what happened to that. Nydahl kept it, however, saying that it would be published in his Fapa magazine, FAUX PAS. You are now entitled to three guesses as to what happened to that. Nydahl finally returned it to me, saying in effect, "To heck with it; I'm going to Florida." And he did. What follows (if it appears at all) has been altered of course to fit the present circumstances.

* * *

As I have rather coyly hinted in various fan magazines about the country, I got married last November to a girl (hurrah!) named Fern Delores, who was not a fan (double-hurrah!). We made plans to visit the gay and enchanting Southwest on our honeymoon--it was part of the world I had been wanting to see ever since I bought my first Studebaker four years ago and began avoiding fans while rambling cross-country. (The log of these adventures have been running in my Fapa magazine.) Accordingly I took pains to warn California fandom of our coming, asking them to have ready the fatted calf and a bucket of beer. So as you may easily guess from this opening paragraph, what follows is less about the state of fandom and more about us. Me and she. If the thought gives you pain, skip along to the comics on another page of this issue.

As any fool OOPSLA! reader living in California can plainly see, we did not get that far west. A combination of circumstances, mostly financial, limited the trip to the deserted reaches of Arizona. Fans with money who are contemplating marriage would do well to consider this somber fact before taking the plunge. Fans without money may as well get married anyway--the peasants are entitled to some fun before the bomb falls.

The westward trip was a dream, and not only because I was freshly married; for the first time I was seeing that country in a leisurely and personal manner (a 1953

Hot Romance and Cold Turkey II

Studebaker sports model) instead of a narrow train window. I had driven to Oregon for the 1950 convention, but at such a continuous speed that the landscape was a blur.) To be sure, riding in a coral-red Studebaker was like living in a goldfish bowl, but you get used to people peering in at you (and down at you) after a while. The only danger we had to watch for and avoid were truck drivers spitting out of the windows of their high cabs; they never seemed to see us until after we shot out from beneath their wheels. People are also apt to think one is an exhibitionist if one drives a coral-red goldfish bowl, and they utter uncouth remarks; to get revenge one need only lean out the window and ask the passerby if he is a native of these backwoods? When he answers in the affirmative, as he usually does, you then ask him one of two questions:

- a) What time do they roll up the sidewalks around here?
- b) Has the news yet reached town that Teddy Roosevelt is no longer in office?

And then of course you scoot like heck.

West we went, with nary a Greeley to point the way. Each time we passed some famous historical landmark or old weatherbeaten cowtown where frontier history had been made, we either stopped to examine the historical marker or I boasted of my vask knowledge of the prairies. "Now over there at Coffeerville, Kansas," I would say with a superior air, "was where the James gang met their doom. Or maybe it was the Dalton boys. Well, anyway, somebody's gang went in there to shoot up the bank but got shot up instead." And Fern Delores would stare out the window at the empty plains, seeking Coffeerville.

"And look here," I would exclaim, "this is Fort Scott. Many a wagon train sought protection here from savage Indian bands." (Let it be said, however, if the fort we searched for and finally found was Scott, the state of Kansas would do tourists a kindness by burning it down and scattering the ashes. The tourists should be permitted to keep their illusions.) And as for the trail laughingly referred to as a "road," which stretched westward from the Missouri border to Wichita --well, it must have been the old original trail those wagon trains followed to the promised land. Beyond Wichita however, and especially as we neared Oklahoma, improvements were going in fast. Two fans live in the rich and beautiful city of Wichita, but we carefully avoided them.

I continued to chant my knowledge of the country we were seeing: El Dorado ("that's where Roy Rogers stood off the rustlers"), Dodge City ("Errol Flynn put up a helluva fight there"), Amarillo ("did you see Dennis Morgan drive a trail herd through here?"), Cottonwood ("now this was Fred Thompson's old hangout"), Clovis ("you probably don't remember Hoot Gibson, but..."), at which point she suggested I shuddup. So I shuddup and sulked in silence as we sheeled past the spot where Henry Fonda tried to prevent a lynching. Just below Clovis was Portales, New Mexico, where Jack Williamson lived. Jack is an old hero of mine from the ancient day of "The Cometeers" and so I drove slowly through the dusty streets of Portales, looking for him. In vain. Perhaps he too avoids travelling fans.

Romping southwest through New Mexico, we arrived at Alamagordo after dark (failing dismally to catch a glimpse of "Them!") and had quite a time finding accommodations. The motel that finally made room for us had just laid fresh cement outside the door and I had the darndest time remembering not to step in it. Once I forgot. And so now the famous Tucker footprint remains enshrined forever in that historic city. Future generations of fans will make pilgrimages to the city, to stand in awe before The Print. Enterprising hucksters will sell small plastic models of this Step in the Sands of Time.

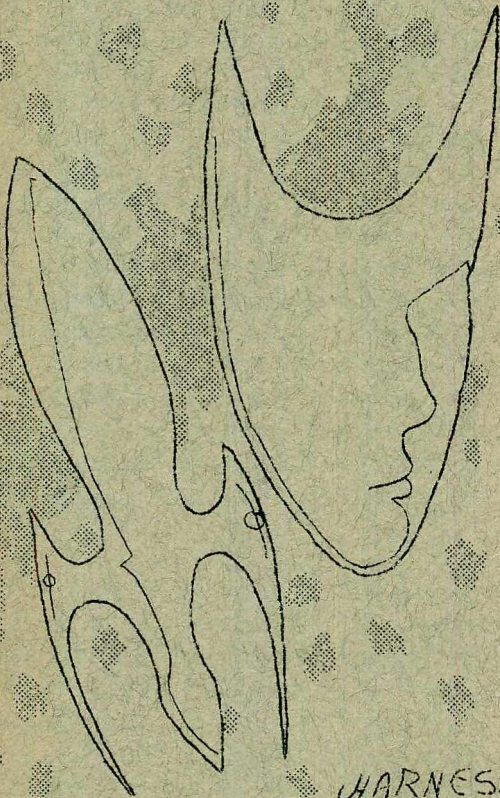
Just as I was settling down to sleep, a shrill keening siren cut loose somewhere close at hand. "Air raid!" I screamed, and dived under the bed. After

Hot Romance and Cold Turkey III

several minutes of expectant but unbroken silence, I looked out to see Fern Delores staring down at me. "Are you going to stay there all night?" she demanded. In answer, I mumbled something about an air raid. She said "poo" and jumped on the bed. I massaged the knot on my head, wiped the mattress dust from my face and crawled out. It was only the nine o'clock curfew.

Alamagordo has a magic, ringing sound to we science fiction fans, and I left the place clutching a radioactive souvenir, a paper bath mat on which the city's name is printed. The mat also contains some radioactive waterspots, where I dribbled. I plan to auction off this mat at some future convention, no doubt for a fabulous sum.

White Sands National Monument was next on the route, and White Sands was the one place I had continuously talked about for the entire trip. We had even bypassed the Carlsbad Caverns just to see the famous place. "Rocket ships!" I exclaimed, "just wait until you see those sleek, gleaming rocket ships! Launching racks, proving grounds, underground bunkers, oh everything you can imagine. Boy, will this make your eyes pop!" We slowed and turned in at the imposing entrance.



HARNES

There was a stone building and a stone gate, standing open. A courteous government gentleman came out of the stone building and extracted the national park fee from my wallet; he smiled wholesomely and bade us enjoy the newest national park. Happily, I paid him, the meanwhile shushing Fern Delores who found it difficult to understand just why the government should charge its citizens money for looking at something that nature put there free. We drove in over a blacktop road which wound through endless dunes of white sand. We continued to drive. Once we stopped to take pictures of each other and the coral-red fishbowl against the white hills. And then we drove some more. Around a curve, a well-appointed picnic ground sprang into view, but we had packed no lunch so we continued on. Presently the road took on a familiar patters and in a moment or two we were back at the beginning; the government man peered out at us, and we peered in. Stubbornly, I turned about and re-entered, this time sending the car along a narrow, rutted trail we had ignored the first time. It seemed to hint of enchanting places. The narrow, rutted trail ended at a

garbage dump. We backtracked, and again followed the winding blacktop road until we came to the picnic grounds. There were two small buildings, one for men and one for women. Both were padlocked.

"They can't do this to me," I screamed at the blue New Mexican sky, "I'm a science fiction fan!"

But they did it to me, adding insult by charging an entrance fee. That beautiful national park bearing the famous name of a rocket range contained a picnic area, two closed buildings, a garbage dump, a rutted road, a blacktop road, and endless square miles of piled white sand. Nary a single rocket ship. As we left, I encouraged Fern Delores to make rude remarks about citizens having to pay to look at something which nature put there free. The government gentleman peered at us.

Hot Romance and Cold Turkey IV

South of White Sands and just before climbing the St. Augustine Pass, the road passes the real rocket range. The first hint was a small roadside sign: ROAD BLOCK AHEAD. Plus other smaller signs along the fences warning the traveler not to loiter, stop or take pictures. At last--we were approaching the rocket ships! My heart bounded. After several miles of pure nothing we came upon an encouraging scene: where the roadblock should be, was an army truck parked by the side of the road, its radar cone slowly revolving on the roof. A bored soldier sat in the front seat reading a comic book. I peered at him. He peered at me. I continued driving. He returned to the comic book. We went along slowly, watching the sky for a flashing silvery shape, watching the plains on either side for a puff of fire, a trail of smoke. None came.

Away off in the eye-straining distance we could see silvery somethings, which later proved to be water towers. No rocket ships. Presently we passed a second radar truck and a second road-block sign facing the opposite direction. The rocket range was behind us.

Frustrated, I checked the overdrive mechanism, slipped the car into second gear and shot up the five thousand feet to St. Augustine Pass. It did me good to pass other drivers toiling along the way; as I whizzed around them, they stared at me as though I was piloting a rocket. (A Studebaker will do this, and quite possibly any car equipped with overdrive. Simply put it into second gear, speed up to about 35 mph to allow the overdrive to function, and step on it. You can climb mountains at 60 or better without ever boiling water or leaving second gear. Once on the other side, however, I humbly suggest you get the heck out of overdrive.)

In consolation for the double defeat, I fell back upon my lore of the west. Here, near Lordsburg, was the country made famous by John Ford and John Wayne in their movie, "STAGECOACH," one of the very few westerns worthy of the name. Off to the south were Antelope Wells and Coyote Wells, where the Indians had burned the station. To the north was Redrock, while directly before us was old Fort Bowie and the Cochise country. Unfortunately, Universal Pictures have ruined Cochise as far as I'm concerned. They've turned out so many cheesy sequels featuring that blood-thirsty old chief and his offspring that any day now I expect them to announce the latest epic, "Abbott & Costello Meet Cochise." I would have liked to inspect Tombstone and Boot Hill, but it was off our route and we were pressing for Tucson, Arizona.

We made it, too. Ah, I thought, beautiful Tucson where I can laze in the sun, like it says in the travel folders. We picked a delightful place having a swimming pool and large patio; the place was made the more enticing because of several beautiful girls lounging around the banks of the pool, just like in the travel folders. After we had checked in and unpacked, I made the horrifying discovery. The beautiful girls didn't go with the place; they were only staying that day and night because a local college was having its homecoming football game, and they were down from some other city to participate. We subsequently discovered that the highway running past the place was in the process of being torn up and rebuilt, so we ate dust for a week. Fern Delores went swimming twice but on the third day a thin glaze of ice over the pool discouraged her. Having made a vow never to touch water, I stayed away from the pool.

But that was as near to California as we ever got. A week later when the time arrived to pack up and git for someplace, I hid in a dark closet and counted my remaining money. Sadly I wrote a letter to Walt Liebscher in Los Angeles, advising him to turn the fatted calf out to pasture and drink the bucket of beer--I had to go back to work. From Tucson we drove northward through Phoenix and realized we should have stayed there; the city is ten times more enchanting than the dustbowl we just left. And north of Phoenix, near Wickenburg and Prescott, the territory is famous for quite another reason: it is the dude ranch capitol of the world, and

Hot Romance and Cold Turkey V

not so long before we passed through Lee Hoffman had spent a vacation there. As we drove, I watched along the roadside for some memento of her passing, but could not find so much as a torn page of QUANDRY.

From sun-tans and swimming in Tucson, we stepped out into three inches of snow at the Grand Canyon; and there too the horn on my car developed a short circuit and would have blown all night (or until the battery ran down) had not some anonymous hotel guest slipped out to disconnect the wires. Either he had more guts than I, or the car was parked near his window; I refused to get out of a warm bed and prance across the parking lot in zero weather to shut off a fool horn.

The Grand Canyon is nice. It is a nice convenient place in which to throw members of Seventh Fandom. And I would have cheerfully chucked into it that jerk who stopped over in Bloomington several months ago, called my house two or three times in the dead of night, and then bummed two dollars off me the next morning. Oh, he did make a token payment of the debt some weeks later. He sent me six or seven soap coupons worth about seventy cents, a Philadelphia streetcar transfer, and a soiled 3¢ stamp. And then had the nerve to add that he was going to Miami for Christmas vacation and might drop me a line from there.

It was glum going home. I was going back to work, always a sad fate for anyone to face, much less a star-begotten faaaan like me. In sulky silence I even refused to point out historical landmarks. We very carefully avoided fans in Albuquerque, in Amarillo, in Oklahoma City and Tulsa. Fans, bah! But dirty old fate caught up with us somewhere in the western wilds of Missouri. Bowling along late one night at 60 or so, a front tire blew and we found ourselves ever so suddenly in the ditch, leaning at a precarious angle. I put up my hands to feel and make sure my fine fannish mind was all of one piece, and stepped out to flag down a kindly passing motorist. That part of Missouri has a great lack of kindly passing motorists--so much so that I decided I should lay on the pavement and let my tongue hang out, hoping to arouse someone's curiosity. Luckily, it didn't come to that, and a character stopped long enough to tell me that he would telephone at the first lighted window he found.

The next day being Thanksgiving, it wasn't easy to find a garage open to repair the damage, but at last we succeeded in locating a gentleman who valued money above a turkey dinner. He did things, a tire salesman did things, and once again I started homeward, more glum than ever at the loss of some thirty dollars. I was so mad I deliverately avoided a fan in Springfield, Missouri.

Ah, but the warm open hearts of the homefolks! They had really expected us all along and were quite sure we'd get back to join the family for an old-fashioned Thanksgiving. We rolled in very late at night, to thankfully discover that they had left and kept warm for us a plate of picked-over turkey bones.

Humbly, we gnawed at the bones and gave thanks we lived in America.

-- Bob Tucker ...

[illegible]

Motto For Sardines, or, "two's company, three's crowded"

Two thousand sardines in a can--

they didn't like it, not a bit.

One coughed, apologetically, and said:

"stuffy in here, isn't it?" *

-- anon

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(* : typical comment - "what has this got to do with science fiction?)
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THE



ARP THAT

ONCE

OR



WICE

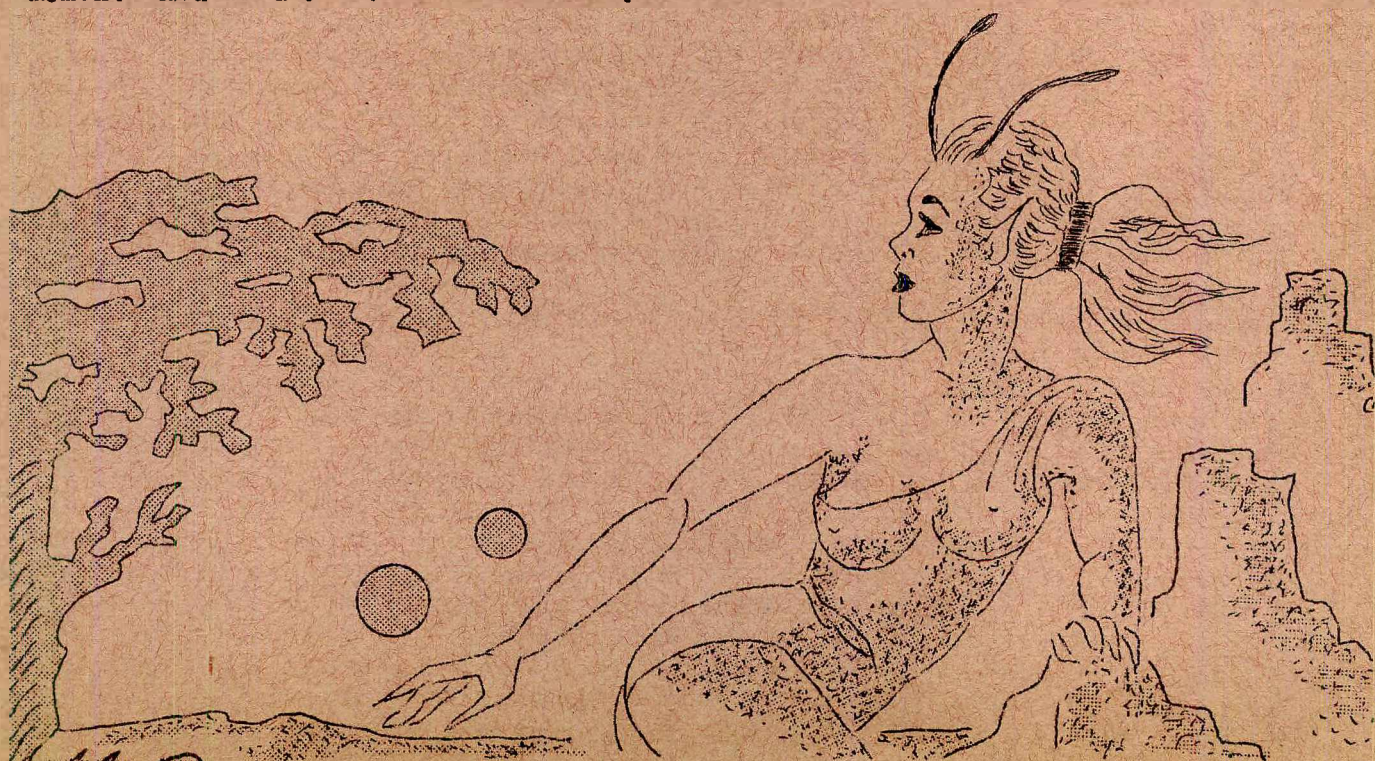
THE HARP STATESIDE (Continued)

Dawn was breaking
over the mountains
behind us as we near-

ed Salt Lake City and the peaks ahead of us, on the far shores of the lake, were glowing with a highly improbable shade of pink as they rose out of the darkness. It was very beautiful, but apart from that it gave me another feeling which I didn't recognise for a few minutes. It was homesickness. We live among mountains in Ireland and these were the first I'd seen since I left home. I hadn't realised I'd been missing them so much.

We'd taken the long way round through Ogden because the road was better, so that now we drove south to Salt Lake City along a road overlooking the lake. The lake was now a beautiful translucent blue in the early morning sun, very different from the pallid parched-looking mudhole I'd been expecting. I had, I suppose, been thinking of the Dead Sea, which I always imagined as having decomposing bodies floating in it. Salt Lake City was unexpectedly beautiful, too. We drove in a complicated search pattern to find Webbert's house, so it was the first American city I'd had a good look at. I was impressed. Usually I found the straight streets and monotonously rectilinear blocks depressingly uniform, but Salt Lake City's suburbs were treelined and you could see the mountains from them. Maybe it was just the early morning, but it seemed cleaner and brighter than you could reasonably expect a large town to be. There didn't seem to be that depressing industrial belt you find in large towns here, all grime and cobblestones--just the prosperous downtown district and then rightaway the flowering suburbs. I don't think I would mind living in Salt Lake City, even with only one wife.

We deposited a slightly singed and much chastened Webbert at his home. The leave-taking took only a few seconds but at the very end the old Webbert made a brief final appearance. He told Rog and Mari to be sure and call him when they were starting out for the Philcon next year so that they could give him a lift. They said they would--I think they'd have promised him a lift to the Moon at that moment--and we drove off into the city.



The Harp That Once Or Twice II

There seemed to be more extra room in the car now than could possibly be accounted for by the removal of only one person. Rog drove tranquilly through the city in the general direction of Los Angeles. I was navigating by this time, having always had a weakness for maps, and had manoeuvred us into the outskirts and onto US Highway 69 heading South before Rog realised where he was going. Then he stopped the car and we all had one of those "Of course it's what you want" arguments. Rog just wanted to go somewhere and lie down. Mari wanted us to do just whatever Rog wanted, but she thought it would be nice to stay the day in Salt Lake City anyway and maybe have a bathe in the Lake. Forry wanted to get home as soon as possible but was too polite to say so. Wendayne didn't care how long the journey took as long as she saw all the scenery that was to be seen. I was fascinated by the idea of bathing in water where even I couldn't sink but I was even more anxious to press on to Los Angeles. We were already four days behind my schedule, and according to the complicated calculations I'd been making on the backs of envelopes, if we lost another day I wasn't going to be able to get to Lynn Haven, Florida, in time for Shelby's day off from work, even if I took the plane from LA. I was very sorry for Rog and I felt like a heel, but I'd no choice if I wasn't to let down Shelby, but for whom I wouldn't be here at all. Having been reading up on the guide books I mentioned for Wendayne's benefit that US Highway 69 overlooked vistas of unparalleled magnificence and in addition led past Bryce Canyon which was unsurpassed in senic grandeur. It now occurred to Wendayne that she'd miss all this if we drove at night, and she threw in her lot with the progressive party. The balance of power shifted. Rog fought a rearguard action with a protest that the desert was too hot for daytime driving. Wendayne pointed out that Forry could drive while Rog slept in the back, and I mentioned that US Highway 69 ran in the shade of the mountains. Rog gave in, but said he would stick it out until he got the car filled up with oil. He had just got a new engine and the mechanic had implanted a post-hypnotic command that no oil should be allowed in it but Shell X 100. Apparently any other type of oil would cause the engine to burst into flames or rapidly grind itself into minute filings. We drove south in the direction of Provo looking for an early-rising gas station.

Poor Rog was in a bad way. He was more like a bear with a sore head than anything with two legs could be expected to be, and it was no fault of his. His neuralgia was getting worse and the drugs he was taking for it were only making him tired instead of killing the pain. Besides, if his iron constitution hadn't been rusted by the last week or so it would have been a nine days wonder. Of the nine days, three had been spent driving nonstop from LA, three at the Convention, and three driving back. It says a great deal for him that he was always courteous and good-humoured with his guests, and the only real sign of the strain he was under showed itself in diners. It started with coffee. Rog is one of those people who believe that there is no such thing as strong coffee, only weak people. And he isn't one of the latter. In fact he has for coffee almost the same religious respect that some people have for wine. Improperly made (weak) coffee is not only an insult to him, but an abomination to God and man that cries aloud to be denounced. But it wasn't long before the mild "Take this away and bring me some coffee" rebuke developed into a gallant one-man crusade to improve standards generally in American eating places. At a sleazy joint somewhere in Nebraska he proclaimed indignantly that his hamburger sandwich was cold, refused to eat it or pay for it when it was warmed up, and finally declined even to sit in the place, going outside to buy a bag of cookies and eat them in the car until us less courageous customers had finished. He left behind him on his journeys across the continent a trail of shaken and self-critical diner proprietors, and if since 1952 anyone has noticed a remarkable improvement in the cuisine along US Highway 30 they know whom they have to thank. At the last place he started on his reformatory work even before the meal was brought. We had placed our orders and Rog had gone along to the washroom. Almost immediately he was back, his great bulk looming over the little diner like an avenging angel. It was obvious that his breath would suffice to incinerate the coldest hamburger sandwich. He began calling for the manager in controlled tones,

The Harp That Once Or Twice III

luring the wretch to come out from his shelter into the open. "What's wrong?" we asked him timidly. "There is no soap in the washroom," he ground out. We quailed. This was bad. We were all cowering in our corners when Wendayne had an idea. Fumbling hurriedly in her bag she produced a small object and handed it to Rog. It was a tiny cake of soap labelled "Hotel Morrison." He sat clutching it in his great hand for a few moments. Then he rose and stamped back to the washroom without a word, his rage twice as dreadful now that it had been denied its outlet. As he disappeared the waitress was seen bringing our order. Forry looked at her and at Rog's retreating back, then put his elbows on the table, placed his palms together under his chin and looked upwards. "Please, God," he intoned, "Please, God, let the coffee be strong."

We drove only a few miles out of Salt Lake City before we found a gas station open, but it didn't have any Shell X 100. We drove along another few miles and found another, but it didn't have any either. Neither did the third, nor the fourth. By now the situation was serious. We were on the outskirts of civilisation and the car couldn't cross the desert without oil. We hadn't had any breakfast yet, but food had become secondary. At last we came on another gas station, obviously the last one for several hundred miles. Rog got out, slammed the door with an impact that nearly turned the car over, and advanced on the unsuspecting attendant. If they didn't have Shell X 100 here he was going to know the reason why.

We could hear the conversation quite clearly.

"Have you got Shell X 100?"

"Nope."

"You know where I could get some?"

"Well, I guess you better go on to Airzona. Or maybe Texas. Sure won't get any in Utah."

Rog glowered over the little man like a thunder cloud. "IS UTAH," he demanded, "IS UTAH A PART OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA OR IS IT NOT?"



The attendant was undaunted. Instead of scurrying back and forth in Rog's shadow he stood his ground. "Utah is a part of the United States," he assured Rog, "and a durned good one, too."

"My mechanic," said Rog, "told me I could get Shell X 100 anywhere in the United States."

"Not in Utah," said the man complacently.

"WHY NOT?"

"Sold their concession to Conoco a couple of years back," said the man, complacently.

Rog sagged. He knew now that he was in the grip of million-dollar commerce, a pawn in the affairs of industrial empires. If the oil companies had decided he wasn't going to get any Shell X 100 in Utah, that was that. It was part of the American Way Of Life. He tried another tack.

"Does Conoco make an oil equivalent to Shell X 100?"

"Sure," said the attendant.

"OK," said Rog, "put some of that in."

We all breathed again. Such a simple sensible solution. The crisis was at an end. We looked admiringly at Rog. He looked as if he would have preened himself if he had had the strength.

The Harp That Once Or Twice IV

"Right," said the attendant smartly. Then he paused. "Is Shell X 100 a detergent or a non-detergent oil?"

We all looked at Rog. An awful expression of doubt had come over his face.

"I, I...don't...know," he said. "Does it matter?"

The attendant looked shocked. "Can't mix a detergent with a non-detergent oil, you know," he said, like a Southern Senator referring to miscegenation.

Rog rallied desperately. "I can find out," he said. He got back into the car, made a U-turn, and drove back towards Salt Lake City. All the gas stations were open now, but none of them knew whether Shell X 100 was a detergent or a non-detergent oil.

By now I had met nearly as many Utah gas-station attendants as I had American fans. The fans could not have possibly known anything less about Shell X 100.

At about the twentieth place Rog decided to telephone to the Conoco agents in Salt Lake City, but there was no reply. Their office wasn't open yet. As he came out the attendant said speculatively, "Of course, I could always drain your sump and refill with a fresh oil altogether."

We looked at him, awed. But of course! This was obviously the answer and the end of all our troubles.

"Do that," said Rog.

Sighing happily we began to look about for a place to have breakfast.

The attendant came out from under the hood. "Have to fit a new filter," he said.

"Ok," said Rog without hesitation. "Fit one." I believe he'd have bought a whole new car if it had been suggested to him.

"I haven't got that type of filter," said the man. "Better try up the road."

Without another word we piled into the car, made another U-turn and set along the same stretch of road for the third time...this time looking for a De Soto filter Mark IV. We had passed dozens of gas stations all bulging with spare parts, and one of them was bound to have it.

None of them had. It seemed that the De Soto people had on one occasion devoted their entire resources to making this one unique filter, arranged for it to be installed in Rog's car, and then broken the dies, burned the blueprints, and shot all the technicians responsible.

Rog was no longer speaking to anyone. His eyes fixed glassily at some point in the desert where he was probably seeing mirages of Shell X 100 signs, he drove from gas station to gas station. At each one he would get out, say the ritual words to the attendant--many of whom were old friends by now--and get back in the car almost without waiting for their reply.

We were getting further and further into the desert and had begun to lose hope altogether when we came to the one garage which had still been closed during our previous incarnations. A lantern-jawed young man with horn-rimmed spectacles came out with a cup of coffee in his hand. It was strong coffee and Rog looked on him with approval. He asked about The Filter.

"Sorry," said the young man regretfully. We felt nevertheless that he had nearly had one. He inspired confidence. Rog explained our dreadful plight.

The young man sprouted a halo and wings. "No need to drain your sump," he said in godlike tones, "I can put in an oil that'll mix with either a detergent or a non-detergent."

We barely restrained ourselves from getting out of the car and kissing the hem of his coveralls.

"You can?" said Rog, awed.

"Sure," came the confident reply.

"And it won't do the engine any harm?"

The Harp That Once Or Twice V

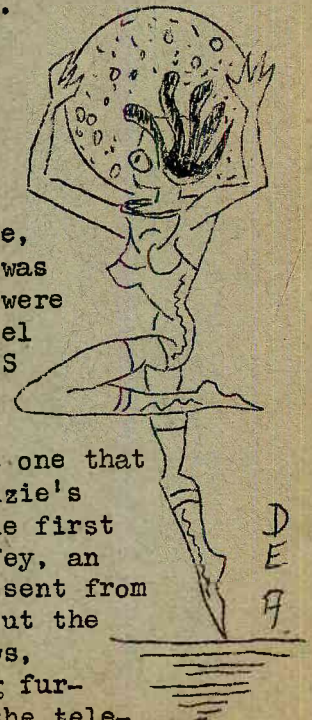
"None at all," said He kindly.

We backed away from Him and went to have breakfast.

POSTSCRIPT TO A CONVENTION

After that dire build-up I gave the Supermancon last issue I feel like a bit like a fireworks promoter who promises an enormous bang and finds he has delivered a golden spray. It's pretty, but it's not what you were expecting. There was no bloodbath at Manchester after all. True, a professional editor assaulted a fan who squirted him with a zapgun and was himself threatened with violence by an unpaid author, there were fistfights at the entrances to rooms when armed fans tried to raid parties, two fans who ran amok with soda water syphons had to be forcibly restrained, and there were other evidences of over-enthusiasm for science fiction; but on the whole the most notable thing about the Convention was its sheer good nature. The fiendish programme of sabotage worked out by the London Circle was not even started, partly because their mascot Bert Campbell did not arrive (his motorbike having broken down at 4am halfway from London) and partly because of the London Circle's own good nature. It was only too obvious that the official programme didn't need any help from them to collapse. In fact when it did they—that is principally Ted Tubb—put on one of their own which was a great deal better.

However, a fair number of phenomena were observed which were new to British Conventions—which are as you know very sedate affairs. The editor of the Vargo Statten Magazine took part in a race with another professional along the hotel corridor on hands and knees to borrow an aspirin from Ted Carnell's room, the official starter being Fred Robinson with a zapgun. Ted Carnell himself introduced a new element of refinement into zapgun warfare, having filled his with sherry. Two beautiful girl fans from Liverpool attended the Liverpool Group's all-night party in the hotel lounge in futuristic bathing costumes, sold kisses for the Transatlantic Fan Fund at 5/- a time, and were even courageous enough to take part in a strip poker game. Fortunately they won consistently—if they'd lost it would have been very noticeable—and the unluckiest player seemed to be Terry Jeeves who spent a large part of the evening stripped to the waist. (I shall never forget the porter's face when he came into the room at 3am and saw that scene.) Brian Lewis of Gillingham went about with his shirt outside his trousers like an American fan and toting a machine zapgun about two feet long. The ultimate weapon. Several fans sallying out with zapguns to raid another party were thrown back into their own party by the hotel staff. (I think this must be quite new.) The police were in the hotel at 1.15am and again at 7am looking for a member of the Convention Committee who had been reported missing by his wife. The management are understood to have complained bitterly that the police had never had occasion to visit their hotel in the 60 years of its existence, and here they were, twice in one night. On the last night there was a new and pleasing type of convention ritual, when empty bottles were disposed of by being thrown into the canal far below from the hotel window, to the accompaniment of immortal remarks like "I NAME THIS CITY—MANCHESTER!"



The only organised hoax put through by the London Circle was one that hadn't been part of "Operation Armageddon" at all. Stuart Mackenzie's wife, Connie, was not coming up from London until the night of the first day, and they conceived the idea of passing her off as Pat Mahaffey, an unexpected visitor from the States. A pre-arranged telegram was sent from London signed 'Pat,' giving the time of her arrival, and throughout the afternoon the London Circle made great play of concealing the news, discussing it just within earshot of Northerners and then looking furtively around and moving away. Later on they 'carelessly' left the telegram laying around where Dave Cohen, Convention Chairman, could find it. Dave indignantly taxed them with it and they made a clean breast of it. Yet, Pat Mahaffey

The Harp That Once Or Twice VI

was coming tonight. They'd meant to keep it for a surprise, but now that Dave had been smart enough to find out he was cordially invited to join the welcoming committee. At ten o'clock the welcomers--Dave Cohen, Stuart Mackenzie, Ted Carnell and me--went down to the station. Dave took us there by taxi. At the platform barrier Stu nudged me when his wife appeared and I went forward and greeted her, asking after Bea and recalling old times in Chicago. Dave had the taximan drive us a roundabout way back to the hotel so 'Pat' could have a look at England, and Ted and I talked to her about Bob Tucker and Robert Bloch and the rest of our mutual friends. Connie was heavily made up, chewed gum incessantly, had a TWA label on her bag, and handed round a pack of Chesterfields. Her accent was from Brooklyn, if anywhere, rather than Cincinnati, but it was quite good enough for Dave. At the hotel he introduced her to the other Northern fans, some of whom have since written her up in their convention reports. But the most complete victim of the hoax was, curiously enough, a London fan called Ron Deacon. He had never met Stu's wife and fell for the hoax completely. In fact he fell for 'Pat' herself and, perhaps encouraged by the remarkable progress Stuart Mackenzie had seemed to make with her, started a campaign to try and date her. This went on with letters and phone calls and other advances for weeks after they all got back to London, while Ron thought 'Pat' was a guest at Stu's house. Finally Stu got tired of seeing Deacon trying to seduce his wife under his nose and broke the news to him as gently as possible. Altogether it was a remarkable hoax, and one that deserves to go down in fannish history.

FOOTNOTE I had something in this column a couple of issues ago about the way some neofans write phoney, insincere or even rude letters to people they think of as 'BNFs' whom they evidently imagine to be strange, stuffed figures, not ordinary friendly human beings. Unfortunately a couple of people to whom I owe letters seem to have jumped to the extraordinary conclusion that the reason I didn't answer them was that they weren't 'polite' or 'respectful' enough. This is (I hope) a laughable idea to anyone who knows me but all the same I'd like to assure everyone to whom I owe a letter, which unfortunately includes most of fandom, that the reason has been merely shortage of time, not bigness of head. If their letters were friendly and sincere I was very pleased to get them and I hope to reply the same way when I can.

-- Walt Willis ...

* # * # * # * # * # * # * # * # * # * # * # * # * # * # *

A RHYME OR TWO FOR YOUR READING ENJOYMENT

Little finger, unrestrained,
At you I'm feeling rather pained.
Constantly, it seems, you try
To hit the "u" when I want "y".

Messy typo, aren't you rude
To happen in such magnitude?

What, I ask you, is more fannish
Than a Captain Future annish?

I pour ink in the cylinder, I brush it in the drum,
I spread it 'neath the stencil-sheet and then I smear it some.
And when my inky chore is done it's very plain to see
Some of it's on the mimeo--the rest of it's on me.

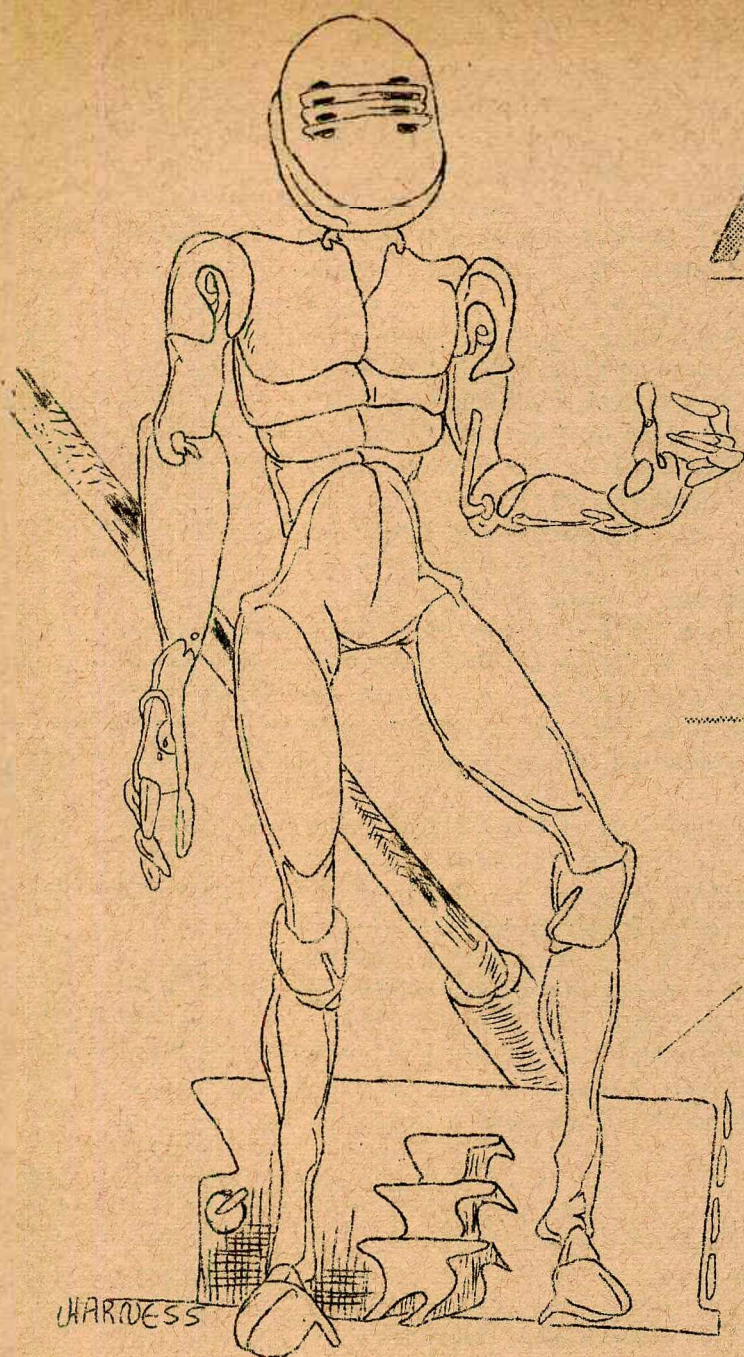
My hobby is a fanzine, it takes up all my time...

I stencil, edit, publish it and sometimes write a rhyme.

Yet sometimes there's a question which disturbs my happy bliss:

"What's going on here, anyhow? Why am I doing this?"

-- anon



FANZINE

F
A
R
N
H
A
M

SILVERBERG

BOB

Fanzines
for review in
this column are
to be sent to Bob
Silverberg, 760
Montgomery Street,
Brooklyn 13, New York.

CHIGGER --- Bob Farnham, 204 Mountain
View Drive, Dalton, Georgia. 34
pages, mimeographed. Published two-
three times a year; 15¢. #4

Although Bob Farnham is listed as
"business editor" of this neatly-
done, bulky mag, the actual powers
behind it seem to be Nan Gerding and
Ed Cox. Whoever's responsible,
CHIGGER has turned into an outstand-
ing fanmag.

Harlan Ellison contributes a dissection of John W. Campbell which proposes that JWC is no longer interested in his job but hangs on for the sake of old times. Articles saying ASF is slipping are old stuff, but this is a new notion and perhaps one which bears investigation. There must be some reason why the highest-paying mag in the field is not drawing the best fiction. # Ron Ellik, who seems to be one of the more sensible of the obstreperous young California fans currently infesting fandom, offers another of the tiresome articles these fans specialize in, this time profiling Tom Piper and Peter Vorzimer. Sample: "Peter, however, cannot be called a leech on his parents. He works three days a week at a theatre, earning considerable money, and does rather well in high school." As if anyone but Mr & Mrs Vorzimer cares.

Ed Cox takes up a good chunk of the issue with two items, a somewhat overdone but effective futuristic vignette and yet another Mickey Spillane parody. The only really notable venture in this genre remains Fritz Leiber's classic in Star SF #1, "The Night He Cried." Other contributions in this issue of CHIGGER are by Don Susan (taking a muddled crack at HL Gold), Richard Eney, Joe Gibson (who pokes still

Fanzine Fanfaron II

further into con politics) and Orma McCormick. Physically the mag is impeccable, though the paper seems a bit shoddy, and it stands considerably above the level of most of its contemporaries.

UMBRA -- John Hitchcock, 15 Arbutus Drive, Baltimore 28, Maryland. Irregular. 25 pages, dittoed. 10¢, 3/25¢. #4, September 1954.

This is one of these contemporaries mentioned above. Dittoing here is barely legible, margins are nonexistent, and there's little attempt at improving the appearance of the magazine. The editorial is a sort of stream-of-consciousness affair, running on and on in several directions at once. Burt Beerman's poem is blessedly short; the first line doesn't scan and the rest are no better. Noah McLeod, who has won quite a name as a literary critic in recent fanzines, here reviews everything about Conjure Wife except the book itself, with some startling digressions which are almost magnificently irrelevant.

George Wetzel's "Natural History in Water Pipes" is an agreeable bit of Fortean business about eels in water mains which deserved a better presentation; Ibsen's Dr. Stockmann would have enjoyed it hugely. A letter column is competent enough, while something called "Life on Other Worlds" is some sort of pseudo-article which doesn't quite come off. Editorial ramblings and fanzine reviews conclude the issue.

Vile reproduction and worse format keep this one from getting anywhere.

PSYCHOTIC -- Richard Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. 50 pages, dittoed. 20¢, 5/\$1. Bi-monthly. #16, September-October 1954.

This is just about a grand fanmag. Neatly laid out, well illustrated, legible, bulky, regular--there's hardly anything I can quibble about here. Geis substitutes gestalt for material and does a magnificent job. There can't be much doubt that this is the best fanzine of the current era.

In this issue, first under the bi-monthly schedule, Vernon McCain, who is just about the only writer since Thomas Mann who can be terribly wordy and terribly fascinating all at once, columnizes, Harlan Ellison writes what I hope is the final version of that Midwestcon Incident, Lynn Hickman uses up a page justifying fan publishing, Terry Carr contributes a surrealist sf story, and Noah McLeod, in his curious formal-colloquial style ("for the plot literally smells to high heaven") pounds Jack of Eagles and Brain Wave, occasionally saying some cogent things in the clumsiest possible fashion. The rest of the issue is taken up by editor Geis and the letter column. Geis is his own best contributor, and he's ably playing a role formerly created by Art Rapp and Lee Hoffman.

CANADIAN FANTOM -- Gerald Steward, 166 McRoberts Avenue, Toronto 10, Ontario. 27 pages, mimeographed. 15¢, 8/\$1. Quarterly. #22, September 1954.

Physically this magazine is as attractive a fanzine as there is. The gestetnering is well-nigh perfect, the illos are of high quality as such things go, and the lettering is mostly done by hand and done well. Somehow the format is so good that the material looks pretty pale behind it. Bill Stavdal defends MAD Comics ably, Don Ford comments on Indian Lake, Howard Lyon rambles on and on in a column which is, at least, always lively, and a letter column is present and interesting. Two pages are devoted to a reprint of a Les Croutch story from LIGHT, Ron Kidder comments briefly on "Don Juan in Hell," and someone named SHM discusses fan and pro doings of 1939--an oddly anomalous item to be put before a fandom which thinks science fiction began in 1952. A two-page insert in this issue of Canfan is a scathing parody of "the average American fanzine," doubtlessly inspired by the resentment of the Canfan staff at receiving ill-conceived crud in exchange for their beautifully-done publication. # This is a fine job by a skilled crew.

Fanzine Fanfaron III

ANDROMEDA -- Pete Campbell, 60 Calgarth Rd., Windermere, England. 5¢, 35/\$1. Weekly, 8pp, mimeod. #5, 2nd Oct 1854 (that's right!)

In an amazing switch, what had been a 50-page-plus quarterly of fan fiction metamorphoses into a slim, informal, infinitely better weekly. This is perhaps the first British weekly fanmag, and it's indeed a useful item, including all sorts of information including weather forecasts. Best thing of all is a scatological interlineation on page 5. Also noteworthy is an advertisement by the British prozine Authentic SF which mentions, with surprising modesty, "Authentic Science Fiction is said to have the best covers of any science fiction magazine, except perhaps Galaxy!" Some advertising.

FASCINATION -- Tom Piper, 6111 Vista de la Mesa, La Jolla, California. 10¢, 3/25¢. Mimeographed. #1, August 1954.

This long-heralded successor to REASON is an improvement over its predecessor but still not up to very much. Robert Gilbert comments on "The Passing of the Pulps" without coming to much of a conclusion: "the pulp, with all the memories it evokes, may be passing, or may not." Terry Carr subjects himself to the public self-examination which seems to be standard procedure among California fans. What little other material there is is scarcely improved by its legibility. FASCINATION does not fascinate.

PEON -- Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham St., Norwich, Connecticut. 10¢, 12/\$1. Mimeographed quarterly. #33, November 1954. 40 pages.

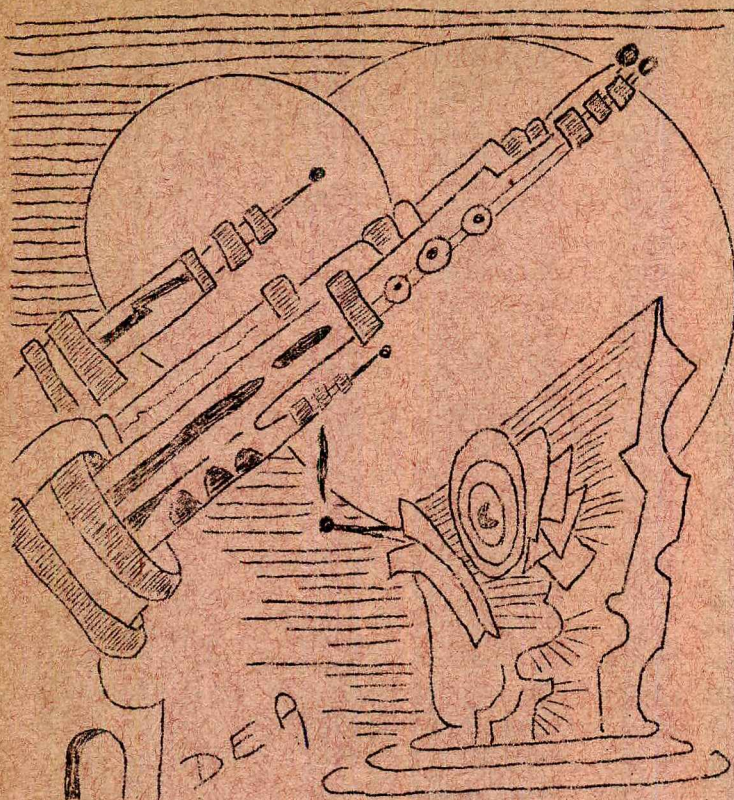
This most reliable and least spectacular of all fanzines comes up with a new typeface this issue which makes it even more attractive than ever. Editor Riddle, who is evidently a man of great endurance, proudly announces the birth of his fourth child in this issue, which sees him well into his seventh year of publication.

Five columns of varying quality in this issue, also a story by Joe Hensley, a book review by Dave Mason which expresses the noble and praiseworthy sentiment "We need more Fritz Leiber and less van Vogt" in discussing the role of sf as Literature, and a one-page article by Harry Harrison which was probably once an editorial intended for one of his defunct prozines. Jim Harmon's column offers the interesting observation, "Mickey Spillane may have done for grown-ups what Hans Christian Anderson did for smaller children," which I submit as the most cockeyed bit of literary criticism of the month. In the same column Harmon proves that Spillane's "Veiled Woman" was mostly or entirely Spillane's own work, and concludes from this that "Spillane qualifies as a science fiction writer."

The item worth seeing in this issue of PEON is Isaac Asimov's retort to an unnamed book reviewer who casually dismissed several of Ike's novels as "not worth reading." The unnamed reviewer, who is the inept Henry Bott of Imagination, comes in for quite a roasting. But Asimov's point is not that he objected because one reviewer doesn't like his work, but that he objects to inaccurate and careless criticism in general.

THE IMMORTAL STORM -- by Sam Moskowitz. ASFO Press, 1954. \$5, 266 pp. 713 Coventry Road, Decatur, Georgia.

This is a significant thing. It's the first hardbound book produced by and entirely about fans. It's a comprehensive and detailed history of fandom from the beginning until 1939, a truly monumental and notable affair. This edition will probably become a grade-A collector's item in a few years. The Atlanta group deserves congratulations for an attractive and professional volume. # It would be nice if someone were to do a companion volume on the 1939-1954 era, but fandom has expanded so greatly in that time that a book on the same scale as this one would be impossible to write and impractical to publish. Nice idea, though.



the results
of a poll

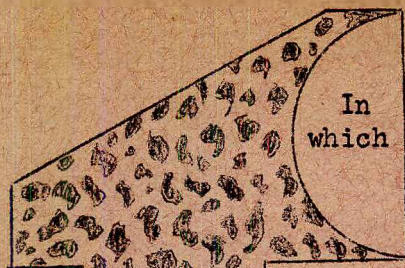
In the last issue of OOPS, a poll was taken "For Faneds Only." Here are the results.

Fifty post-cards were mailed out to faneds and other fen of distinction, with ratings from one to ten. There were also three ratings listed for the best fanzine "of all the time I have been aware of fandom." Forty cards were returned.

There was no ulterior motive behind the poll, nor was it merely just another attempt to classify the ten 'best' fanzines. This poll was designed to help the fan editor determine just exactly how his fellow editors rated the field. Editors voting were: Grennell, Peatrowsky, Chuck Harris, Ian Macauley, Derek Pickles, Boyd Raeburn, Eric Bentcliffe, Ron Smith, Stuart K Nock, Vernon McCain, Raleigh Multog, Silverberg, Ted White, John Hitchcock, Denis Moreen, Tucker, K Martin Carlson, Don Wegars, Russell Watkins, GM Carr, Mike May, Ron Ellik, Pete Vorzimer, Geis, Sam J Sackett, Sam Johnson, Gerald Steward, Peter Graham, Charles Harris, Ellison, Willis, Jan Jansen, Stan Thomas, Harry Calnek, Pete Campbell, Fred L Smith, myself, and two unsigned cards, one from San Francisco and one from North Hollywood.

Name	(number of votes received for each place)									
	1st:	2nd:	3rd:	4th:	5th:	6th:	7th:	8th:	9th:	10th:
Hyphen - 30 votes	: 11 :	3 :	4 :	5 :	3 :	3 :	1 :	0 :	0 :	0 :
Psychotic - 33 votes	: 6 :	11 :	3 :	3 :	3 :	2 :	2 :	1 :	0 :	2 :
Opsla! - 37 votes	: 4 :	9 :	11 :	6 :	4 :	3 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	0 :
Grue - 25 votes	: 7 :	5 :	2 :	3 :	3 :	2 :	2 :	1 :	0 :	0 :
Skyhook - 23 votes	: 1 :	4 :	6 :	3 :	3 :	1 :	3 :	1 :	0 :	1 :
Peon - 28 votes	: 3 :	1 :	1 :	4 :	6 :	3 :	5 :	3 :	1 :	1 :
Destiny - 9 votes	: 2 :	1 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	2 :	1 :	0 :	1 :	2 :
SF Advertiser - 9 votes	: 1 :	2 :	1 :	2 :	0 :	0 :	1 :	1 :	1 :	0 :
Confusion - 9 votes	: 1 :	0 :	0 :	1 :	1 :	1 :	2 :	2 :	1 :	0 :
Spaceship - 6 votes	: 1 :	0 :	1 :	0 :	1 :	2 :	1 :	0 :	0 :	0 :
Alpha - 4 votes	: 1 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	1 :	1 :	0 :	1 :	0 :
Fantastic Worlds - 4 votes	: 1 :	0 :	1 :	1 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	1 :
Spiral - 15 votes	: 0 :	0 :	0 :	2 :	1 :	1 :	1 :	4 :	5 :	1 :
Varioso - 14 votes	: 0 :	0 :	0 :	3 :	1 :	4 :	0 :	1 :	3 :	2 :
Abstract - 12 votes	: 0 :	0 :	3 :	1 :	1 :	0 :	0 :	3 :	1 :	3 :
Dimensions - 11 votes	: 0 :	0 :	2 :	1 :	0 :	0 :	3 :	2 :	0 :	3 :
Fog - 8 votes	: 0 :	0 :	1 :	1 :	0 :	1 :	1 :	1 :	1 :	2 :
Zip - 8 votes	: 0 :	0 :	1 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	2 :	0 :	3 :	2 :
Bem - 7 votes	: 0 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	1 :	2 :	2 :	0 :	0 :	2 :
Deviant - 7 votes	: 0 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	0 :	1 :	2 :	4 :	0 :	0 :

There are the results--you determine for yourself just how you stand with the field. Fanzines with less than five votes were left off of this list, the exceptions being those who got less than five but having one first place vote.



gives
letters

and
editorial

nonesuch

THIS
END
UP

HERB LIGS



"Oops these days," says Redd Boggs in a recent letter, "is like a three-act play."

Somehow I am very pleased at that remark. Not only does it provide me with a better sub-title for my magazine than the unfortunate "fandom's finest fanzine" which I have been using, but it is also polite. After all, he could have said three-ring circus. But Mr Boggs is a gentleman. Mr Boggs is a gentleman of distinction. Mr Boggs is...but let him tell it in his own words as he talks about Mr Donnell.

***"After reading Walt Willis' much too kind remarks in OOPS #13, I rather expected to hear an outraged yelp such as Don Howard Donnell's in the current issue, but what am I supposed to say in the way of "clarifying the matter"? I made no claim that my letters of comment are "helpful and constructive"; for all I know, they're all like the postal I sent Donnell: "in no way constructive." I try to be honest, but I am also human (are you surprised?), and when I am served an obviously rotten egg, I am not moved to make constructive suggestions--unless telling the cook what he can do with the egg is constructive.

And I don't claim to write "long, detailed" comments about every fanzine I receive. ... But during July and August 1954 I did report on a total of 12 fanzine issues. This doesn't include postcard comments, but only "long, detailed" comments. I wonder if Donnell wrote that many letters commenting on fanzines during those two months?

Donnell implies that I have somehow been infringing on his right to disagree with and refute and get "mad at" criticism which is "unconstructive, derisive, and just plain insulting." Well, I didn't answer the letter he wrote, though he seemed to expect an answer. But to take that as a sign that I think he shouldn't scream at a guy who says the egg is rotten is a little silly. In fact, the whole thing is silly, and if I had .023 per cent more sense I'd ignore Don Howard Donnell as I should have ignored his fanzine.

Maybe the reason Donnell hasn't received Skyhook is that I am not exchanging fanzines with him? Or, as he says, I don't "deem to exchange zines."

... "It's so difficult to criticize perfection!" as I remarked to DAG only the other month, and I'm surprised that he hasn't



interlined it. Oops, along with Hyphen, Grue, maybe Psychotic, and a few others, pretty closely resembles what I conceive a good fanzine should be. ... I could comment on DAG's excellent new column and say that perhaps the most amusing use of penames in fandom was the Conway family of the NY Futurians circa 1943. Or I could remark that WAW evidently isn't a time-binder, who sees the past, present, and the future unwinding like a vast roll, or scroll, or he would remember Cheyenne: Lee Hoffman proudly carrying the state flag of Georgia in the rodeo parade. Or I could take mild issue with Bob Bloch's truly fine and long overdue boost of Tucker-the-writer: allegiance of fans to "writers who present 'ideas'" doesn't strike me as misguided. The fresh concepts, inventions, ideas of science fiction are the very essence thereof. They are that which make reading ASF a rewarding adventure despite the lack of competent writing there. Not that I believe that unawareness of the "aesthetic canons governing competent writing" is a good thing, but sf readers rightly cherish the writer with "ideas" and, I hope, will continue to do so.

...Walt...sent me a copy of Hapna!, the Swedish sf magazine, for September 1954. I can't read Swedish, but the magazine seems quite influenced by ASF. Their book reviews are headed by a drawing obviously based on Cartier's for "The Reference Library"; they are reprinting "Slan" as a serial and have "What Have I Done?" by Mark Clifton in this issue, both in translation of course; and they have a department called "Analytiska Laboratoriet," which I think I can guess the meaning of. Have you seen the mag? One thing, it has a beautiful format--wonderful paper stock, colored inks, and a fine print job. Much prettier than ASF or even Fantastic in its early issues. ... Incidentally, a copy of Skyhook now goes to Sweden. Library at Uppsala. Apparently a university library. I don't know where they got hold of my name, but perhaps through the copyright office. (I copyrighted Skhk's fifth annish and #19.) I think this is the same place that so flattered G M Carr when they asked for a copy of her magazine some years ago, and that was after she had been copyrighting her issues. You should send a copy of your fanzine there. The notion fascinates me: Oopsla! at Uppsala. (2215 Benjamin St, Minneapolis 18, Minnesota)

The notion fascinates me, too, and I think I'll send them a copy of this very same issue. They should be thrilled, reading about themselves. But in the chance that they should, I hereby cordially invite any Uppsalan reader to drop me a line and let me know what sense he can make of all this.

Then there was the joke about the lion that escaped from the zoo. In his confusion he dashed around the town looking for a place to hide and by some mischance ran in an open door at an iron foundry. Slipping, he plunged into a molten cauldron and perished, unnoticed by the workmen. Later the iron was poured into several different molds, but the majority of the metal went a large bell for the town hall. Soon the bell was cooled and installed, and to commemorate the great day it was rung every hour on the hour. Only the zookeeper had seen the fate of the escaped lion, and as the bell pealed he muttered sadly to himself: "man, that there is a real gong cat!"

Times have come to a sorry pass, forcing me to use this page which I had already designed to be a cover for my FAPA magazine. But I am out of stencils. Well, to be perfectly truthful I am not completely out of stencils, but I have only nine left plus this one, and ten pages of OOPS yet to cut. It's either use this stencil for one page or buy a new quire of them, and who has money for a new quire at this time of the month?

And that's a good point to bring up right here--the time of the month. Whenever I publish an issue of OOPS it's well nigh impossible to determine more than a close approximate of when the next issue will be out. Each time, however, I make a stab at predicting next issues mailing date. Each time--at least I'm consistent--I fail. Miserably.

Perhaps I can in some small measure explain why my first editorial says that this is mid-October and your calendar tells you it's more like mid-November.

Personally, I am wholly in favor of Churchy la Femme's proposal of "having a whole yearful of October" (THE INCOMPLETE POGO, Simon & Schuster, pp 69-72). This is a good sound proposal and would do away with a lot of useless terminology in our calendar. Words like January and May would vanish in the night like Ay-rabs. Gone would be the long and tiresome hours spent in schooling our youngsters to remember the names of twelve inconclusive months. A month is so inconstant, anyhow, what with having sometimes 28 days, sometimes 30, other times 31 and now and again only 29.

Besides, if it was always October then this issue of OOPS wouldn't be late.

I mentioned THE INCOMPLETE POGO just a paragraph or two ago, and for most of you that should serve as sufficient notice that Simon & Schuster is still aware of the easy money to be had simply by publishing the works of the amazing Walt Kelly. This is the sixth book so far (POGO, I GO POGO, UNCLE POGO SO-SO STORIES, THE POGO PAPERS, THE POGO STEPMOTHER GOOSE, all \$1 each, paperbound) and with the exception of the first, it is perhaps the best. Walt Kelly's final word, titled "The Estate of Our Independence" is a masterpiece of brilliant, deep-thinking writing.

Perhaps the most apt description of POGO has not yet been written. True, it has been called everything from a comic strip to a deep philosophical treatise; but the answer lies in both of those descriptions and still again in neither one. POGO is a comic strip. POGO is also an undeniable satire of life. In the former guise it has all the characters necessary for humor--a buffoon named Albert, a lovable pawn named Pogo, a villain named Seminole Sam, and an assortment of odd characters like Howland Owl, Churchy la Femme, Porky, Beauregard Bugleboy and the frog, who provide variation, freshness, and improbable happenings. In it's latter guise as a satire of life, Pogo has its McCarthy's, it's confused citizenry, public offices and public officials, and a good, large swamp.

Some people, I am told, read POGO and complain of being left totally in the cold. Others laugh riotously over the antics of the characters. Some smile perhaps a little wryly while they read. And some, it is conceivable, laugh not at all but read it none the less. What you get out of POGO depends entirely on you: what all is put into POGO is known only to Walt Kelly. I suspect that it is a very great deal. But, then, I am prejudiced.

I think Walt Kelly is the Will Rogers of our generation.

Therbligs IV

THE READERS WRITE A RHYME:

The following space is devoted to the artistic bent (warp of the mind, that is) of one Dean, a Grennell by trade, and one Phyllis who is of an Economou nature.

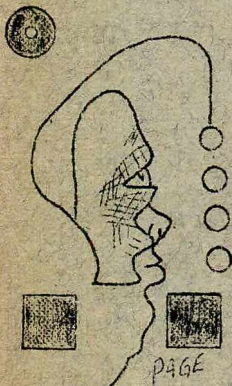
Ach du lieber, what's this fever?
First was UMBRA spouting Erse.
Hurts the ego, muy amigo
Je ne dig pas le foreign verse;
Now it's gone from Erse to worse.

Oh roar a rune for Roderick,
The Rajah of Rangoon:
If wrinkly werewolves wryly wilt,
Wilt spring arrive eftsoon?

-- Alfonse K. Seltzer

Pity all us nincompoops
Bumping our puir lach in OOPS --
Phyllis Economou

Vernon McCain writes ***"Received OOPS a while back. Good issue. Even enjoyed my own column although it is a wee trifle out of date. I must have written it around February or thereabouts and since then the pro situation has changed somewhat and my own position considerably. The most ironic thing about it all though was that one of the two stories I swore up and down near the end that I would never resubmit anyplace else appeared in IF a few days later. Wonder if people now think this is representative of the 'big challenges' I intended to undertake. Actually, I was quite sincere when I said that I wasn't going to submit them elsewhere. But a few days after I wrote that they were returned with the advice that the editor had planned to purchase them both but could not now due to the magazine folding. Since this was the first time any pro-type editor had even implied he found anything of mine worth paying cash for it raised my spirits considerably and caused a change in attitude so I decided I might as well send them out again since I stood to lose nothing but postage. "The Hitch Hikers" sold on the very next try, to IF.



"The Hitch Hikers" was the first sale. What do I mean, the first? It's the only one to date. However, it acted as sufficient stimulus (especially getting paid twice as much as I expected) to cause me to attack fiction writing with considerably more vigor than any time in years and now I'm devoting a good deal more time to it and cutting back my fan activities slightly to allow for it. (Box 876, Kellogg, Idaho)

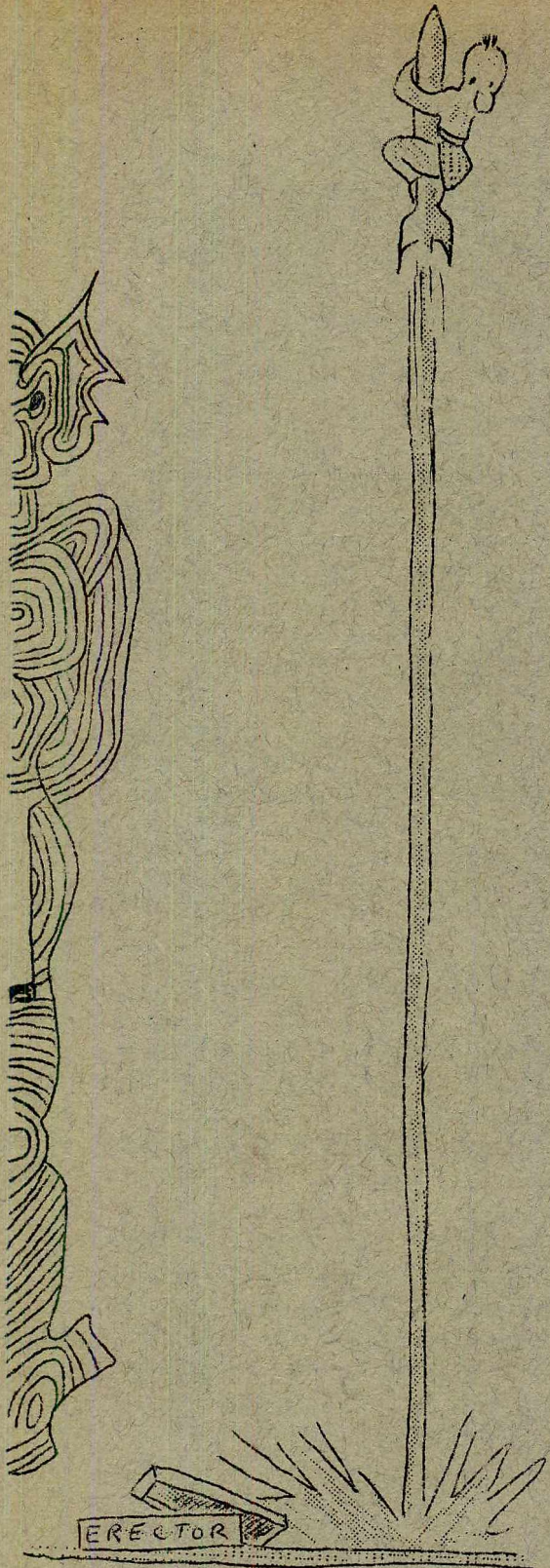
I find this letter of McCain's quite interesting to contrast with that recently received from Bob Silverberg, whose fanzine review column begins with this issue of OOPS. Silverberg began selling some time ago, and says now: "I'm still devoting most of my writing time to pro fiction, with (at last) some success--but I think it's high time I returned to the fanzine field. I think it's about a year since I last submitted anything new to a fanmag." This letter leads me to hope that McCain, like Silverberg, will find pro fiction quite profitable but will continue to write for fanzines.

REVIEW DEPARTMENT: "The Long Loud Silence" and "One In Three Hundred."

It is with a bit of confusion that I compare the writer of "Wild Talent" with the writer of "The Long Loud Silence." And it is with more confusion and some embarrassment that I realize the two writers are the same person.

I found "Wild Talent" to be an utterly innocuous book, just one of so many others.





It had little or nothing to recommend it. To be fair, it must be admitted that it was competing in the same field with Eric Frank Russell and Jack Williamson.

In "The Long Loud Silence," however, appeared a much more interesting writer. Perhaps it was the locale--end of civilization stories always fascinate me--but a good deal of it was just plain good writing. Characterization was much more pleasant and a plot was easier to find. That was one flaw with "Wild Talent"--Tucker had to work too hard to make a reasonable plot for his story. In "Silence" the plot was ready-made.

For Tucker, then, out of the two novels I have read, I chalk up one hit and one miss.

"One in Three Hundred" rates the same high mark as "Silence" but with emphasis. Somehow I missed these three very fine stories when they appeared in F&SF, but I was well recompensed by being able to read them together in one long novel in this Science Fiction Book Club selection.

Let me by all means recommend the Science Fiction Book Club of Garden City, New York. You must buy at least four books out of twelve during a year's time at the price of \$1.11 per book, but the bargains gained are amazing. In the six months or so I have been a member, an expense of \$7.77 has netted me "The aSF Anthology," "Omnibus of SF", "Mission of Gravity," "Children of Wonder", "Best of F&SF", "One In 300," "The Lights In the Sky Are Stars", and "Second Foundation." Can any book club have a higher recommendation?

(I should explain, in this, my "review" department, that I don't really review books. I simply mention them and give an opinion as to whether or not I think they are worth buying. I trust in this I am being of some help to my subscribers who are but casual readers of sf and want the titles of possible selections for their reading pleasure.)

Letters received from overseas this issue came from Ethel Lindsay, ("That Webbert," she asks of Walt Willis, "can he be true?") Dennis Tucker (who says that Bloch's statement of "terminological trickery" reminds him of Churchill's famous description of another member of the House of Commons: "The Honourable Member is a purveyor of terminological inexactitudes."), Mike Wallace ("...I understand about 20 mags are published on your side of the pond...and I think that should be enough for anyone..."), and Stan Thomas ("I would like to take you up on back numbers of OOPS & Fap. Would English stamps be alright?"). Many thanks for all the letters--I really appreciate them, even if I can't answer them all. Stan--I'm sending you back copies of each issue of THE RAMBLING FAP!, how's that? Sorry, but I'm afraid I can't use the English stamps. Thanks, anyhow.

Therbligs VI

IN THE MAIL this time were notices from LASFS and Cleveland. The former notes that the club has been in existence twenty years this October...the 28th, to be exact. All members and people in the area are urged to attend. The address is: 1301 W. Ingraham Street, at the corner of Witmer, just a block off Seventh. The clubroom is on the main floor, easily accessible. And Cleveland, as you all know, has the 13th World SF Con well underway. Ads in the Progress Report and Program Booklet will be quite reasonable this year and I should imagine that with their low rates, quite a few faneds will be advertising. Address Nicholas L. Falasca, PO Box 508, Edgewater Branch, Cleveland, Ohio. And be sure and send them your dollar.

**If anyone knows Frank Rawlinson's address (the new one) will you please let me know? His copy of #14 was returned from 912 Simmons, Kirkwood 22, Missouri, and I have no forwarding address for him.

Lock or berry, capillary, dibble-dibble bom,
Signet weather, altogether, dom dom dom!
--9th Fandom Ritual Chant

George Charters writes: ***"I received No 13 OOPSLA! some time ago and I'm really ashamed that I did not drop you a postcard or

something to acknowledge it. However, my excuse is a good one: I'm full of projects at the moment (building walls, erecting bookshelves, laying floors, fixing ceilings, etc., and entertaining visitors). And in any case the sight of a blank sheet of paper in the typer scares me. How the heck, I ask myself, am I to tell Gregg I like the whole magazine? Am I to say "I like this, I liked that, I liked you?" Will two paragraphs be enough? Can I make the excuse that it is so short because I am doing it in orifice hours and can't spend the hole day at it? Could I tell him, without hurting his feelings, that he shouldn't waste time and money sending me a copy as I can always borrow Walter Willis' copy? And talking of WAW: I had a letter from him last week and there was not ONE pun in it. It may have been because it was written in a boat doing fifteen knots, in which case it would have been quicker to go by twine. (3 Lancaster Ave., BANGOR, Co. Down, Northern Ireland)

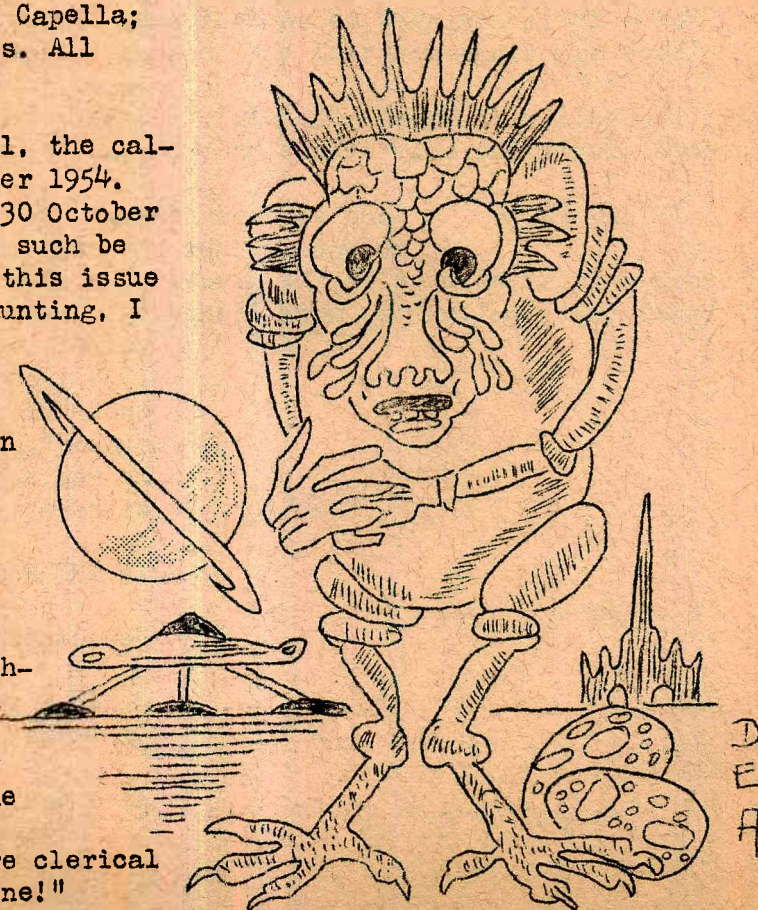
ART CREDITS THIS ISSUE are: cover by Capella; interiors by DEA, Capella and Harness. All anonymous poetry by the editor.

As I finish cutting this stencil, the calendar on the wall registers 10 October 1954. With a little luck, I will spend 21-30 October in Southern Utah hunting deer and if such be the case, I won't finish stenciling this issue until mid-November. If I don't go hunting, I will finish the issue in the latter days of October. At any rate, the illustration to the right of this paragraph is a pretty apt description of how I feel.

STATEMENT^S OF THE MONTH: "I think he believes me a BNF or something. I hesitate to correct him because he's the only one who does..."

"I am so...interested in publishing fanzines and so disinterested in keeping addresses, correspondence, and writing up to date that the very people I want most to get my magazine don't."

"It's amazing the amount of pure clerical work involved in running a sub fanzine!"



MID - NOVEMBER AND SANTA CLAUS IS STILL COMING...

True to fashion, a month has gone its merry way since I dated the first editorial. This, I realize, is in strict accordance with The Way Things Are, and I would probably be the first to complain if one ever came up missing, but when they sort of hunker by like that it plays heck with my editorials. Statements that were perfectly good when I wrote them turn out to be something like the US dollar...only half as good as you thought they were, and somebody else has a better one.

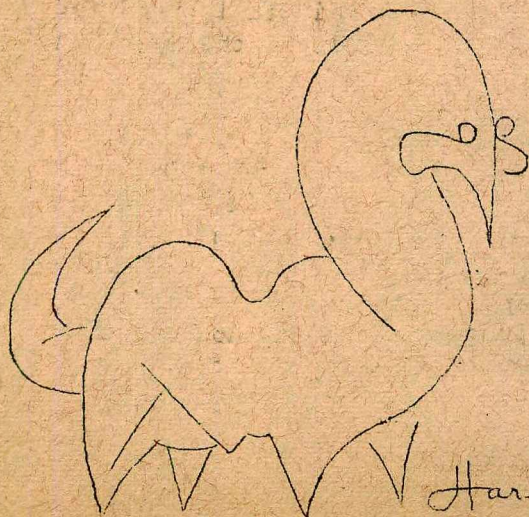
This being the Christmas season, OOPS would like to pull a SFBulletin on you and run an award to an outstanding editor. Unsung are his praises except by a few, and far overrated are his competitors. His name, when mentioned, is mentioned with awe, for he publishes admittedly one of the best of the top three magazines of science fiction; but all too often he is accepted as such and no more. Perhaps we have come to accept quality from Anthony Boucher for so long that we expect no less and he never disappoints us. And so we sing no songs in praise. We HLGold this and John W Campbell that, yet pick up our monthly copies of F&SF with quiet satisfaction, read them with quiet satisfaction, and when we are finished we put them down with quiet satisfaction. May I, then, YELL my plaudits of Tony Boucher, producer of constantly superior fantasy and science fiction and editor without peer. Not only does F&SF produce superior fiction, it without a doubt has the most outstanding covers in the science fiction field. The five paintings currently scheduled by Chesly Bonestell are but a sample of the outstanding art Boucher is forever providing. F&SF: the best! ...thanks to you, Tony Boucher.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER is excerpted from True magazine's letter column in their November issue. It is signed by a Bessie T. Arthur of Los Angeles, California, and reads:

"Just read the article in True about Flying Saucers... The people in the outer space crafts will continue to be observed to the annoyance of the Air Force until you give me an audience. I am the only one on earth who can explain these sightings and tell the message that they bring."

Said the editor of True: "Careful, Bessie. People will get the idea those flying saucers aren't the only things that should be held for observation."

IN THE PRO's Some strange remarks have been seing print recently, making me wonder just how many fans are writing pro fiction or what influence fanzines have on the press. Two of the more remarkable were: the issue of PANIC that spelled the word 'quandary' without the second 'a' just like Lee Hoffman used to do; and page 47 of the Fall 1954 issue of STARTLING where the hero says that "being a space pilot has---well, a certain egoboo"...and people seemed to understand what he was talking about. And they weren't fans, either!



IN THE FANZINES From TELLUS #2 come the following gems, told with devastating seriousness by unknown youngfans:

"when I was a neo..." "but I'm not boasting; it's just a matter of pride..."

Also worthy of note in the fanzines were the issues of FASCINATION and EPITOME #1, containing the same identical story by Ron Ellick. That's one way of getting read...

Therbligs VIII

I note in recent issues of HYPHEN that the Transfanfund is still going strong. It is with a small measure of shame that I note the total contributions, since not once does my name appear on the list. However, I have a solution. British and other foreign readers of OOPS get copies 'free for a letter of comment' and it would please me if perhaps some of you readers could give the equivalent of a quarter or so every now and then in my name.

With this issue, OOPS has again instituted a fanzine review column, this time by Bob Silverberg instead of the editor. Such being the case, I see no reason why I should also list fanzine reviews in this column, but for the egoboo of the editors and for new and overseas fans who might be interested, I am starting a list of recommended fanzines. The recommended fanzines list will be small, seldom more than ten, and will be fanzines that are always found to be dependable and worthwhile.

GRUE, always a good one, from Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisc.
PSYCHOTIC, now better than ever, from Dick Geis, 2631 N Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon

HYPHEN, the british zine that leads the field, from Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, Northern Ireland

SKYHOOK, the eminent fanzine, from Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street, NE, Minneapolis 18, Minnesota

PEON, outstanding for over seven years, from Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham St., Norwich, Connecticut

...up and coming new zines, probably the leaders of tomorrow, are

ALPHA, this one from Belgium, from Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemler, Borgerhout, Antwerp, Belgium

SPIRAL, a fresh personality, from Denis Moreen, 214 Ninth Street, Wilmette, Ill.
FOG, having possibilities, from Don Wegars, 2044 Valley St, Berkeley 2, Calif.

...for the more controversial, less-regular but interesting fanzines

DIMENSIONS, an old zine renamed, from Harlan Ellison, 55 East 13th Avenue, Columbus 1, Ohio

ABSTRACT, providing plenty of color, from Peter Vorzimer, U of Calif at Santa Barbara, Toyon Hall, Goleta, California

Some final thoughts on the Christmas Season... Today is the 20th of November and the cities are putting on their Holiday dress. It seems strange to see snowy scenes and snowflaked windows in this land of sunshine and shorts. Sun-glassed faces peer into store windows at the shiny display and out on the beach the children play in the sand. The homey notes of "White Christmas" are faithfully rendered by Bing Crosby, but the only thing white is the line in the middle of the road. All else is grey cement, green grass, or blue sky.

It doesn't seem much like Christmas here... or it doesn't look that way. But did that clerk speak just a little softer today? Was the bus driver a little more courteous? Or did you watch the children playing in the street with just a little more compassion than you usually give? Something about Christmas, something more than snow on the ground or sleigh bells in the air, makes people look about them for the first time of the year and wonder if perhaps there isn't some love for fellow man left in the human race after all. It is a nice feeling to walk down the street and get a cheery smile or greeting in answer to yours, instead of a pre-occupied frown or a wondering look.

Too bad people can't remember that during the rest of the days of the year.

Harry Callen

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This is a review copy.

This is your free copy, since you are a contributor to OOPS.

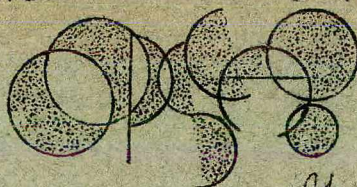
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"the 3-act play fanzine"



Guy Carter

EDITOR

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