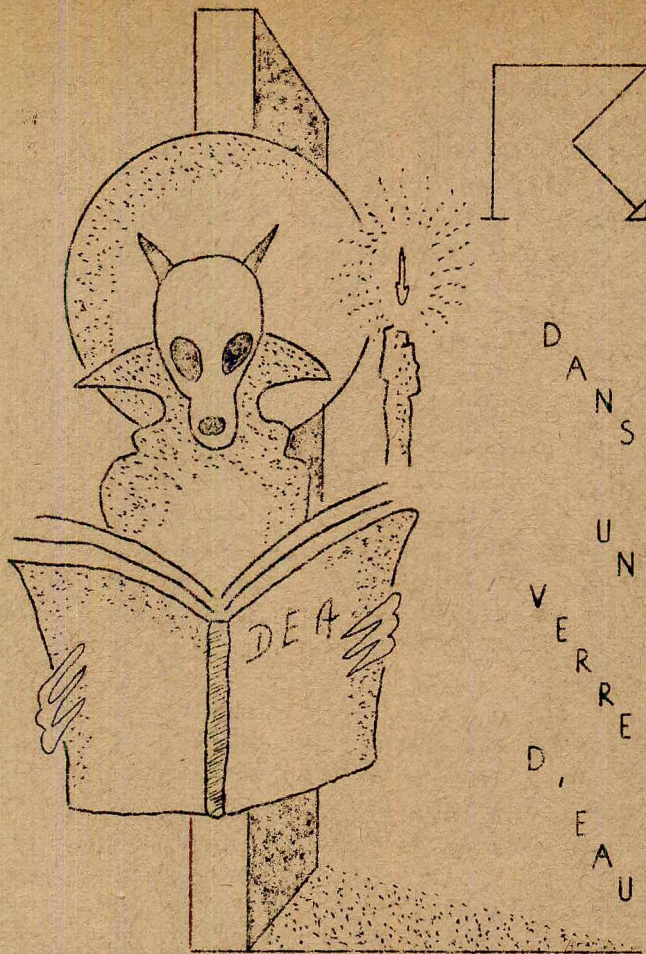


18



Cape 12



SOME THOUGHTS ON CONVENTIONS...

Over the traditional Labor Day weekend in 1952, a Science Fiction Convention was held in Chicago for the second time. It was called, appropriately, the Chicon II. It was held in the Morrison Hotel, quite near the famous Chicago "Loop."

I, at that time, was a struggling neo-faned with six issues to my credit and a very strong desire to attend a convention. There I hoped to meet some or most of my contributors as well as a few reviewers and perchance even an editor or two.

Let's examine the record. I met my first fan outside of those in the Salt Lake area as I started to board the bus to Chicago, and he turned out to be none other than Forry Ackerman. Of OOPS contributors I managed to meet Rich Elsberry, Ken Beale, Shelby Vick and Robert Bloch, although Bloch was not writing for OOPS at that time. Of reviewers I met only one...Jerry Bixby, who held a

post in the Standard Publications chain then. Of professional editors I met a few more...Bea Mahaffey (mine was not a professional interest) and Sam Mines. Lastly, of professional writers, not a one.

This may not seem to be a very good record. Where, you may ask, was I hiding when Campbell was there? Or Willy Ley, Ray Palmer, Anthony Boucher, and any other big names of the science fiction field? Oh, I was there...I saw them, all right. I saw them but I didn't meet them. I was so very busy meeting the fans of that era --Hoffman, Willis, Keasler, Jacobs, and many others--that I didn't have time to meet the pros.

You may have guessed what I'm leading up to. Yesterday I dropped in on the Eighth Annual Westercon, held in the Commodore Hotel in Los Angeles. Aside from small fan gatherings in Salt Lake City and a short visit or two to Ackerman's home here in California, it was the first time I had had occasion to rub shoulders with fandom for almost three years. And, for the record, my second science fiction convention.

I didn't really expect too much. Regional conventions are not, after all, as big or as important as world conventions and they do not pretend to be. The hotel was clean and adequate for our needs (it had a good bar) yet not pretentious or pre-occupied with its own importance as was the Hotel Morrison in Chicago. And regional conventions do not have as large an assortment of BNFs or pros as do the gala world affairs. Nevertheless, I resolved to switch my tactics this time--to center my attentions upon the professional editors and authors instead of the fans. I had no idea who would (and would not) be there except that a great percentage of the eastern s-f population would probably be absent.

I parked my car on a small side street behind the hotel, doing a very bad job of parallel parking...I hate to risk my white side-walls on those dirty curbs. Picking up two copies of OOPS #17 for identification purposes, I made my way down the block and into the convention hotel. Thus armed I presented myself to the regis-

tration desk. Two fans sat there, busily shuffling through a mountainous terrain of cards, plastic card holders, banquet tickets and scrap paper. I watched them quietly for a moment, reluctant to disturb their search...they seemed so intent, almost sercon, as if at any moment they might discover something of supreme importance, perhaps even what they were looking for originally. Still, fannish progress must go on, and at last I presented them with a dollar and demanded a registration card and a copy of the program booklet. Ralph Stapenhorst was one of the two fans, and the other was a pleasant, dark-haired lad whose name I did not catch and still do not know...he may have been Chuck Harris, or even Eogas with a dye-job.

No sooner had I pinned on my badge then up rushed Cliff Gould of OBLIQUE. After some comments on the latest issue, I was invited upstairs to meet Ron Ellik. I was a little surprised to find Ellik a pretty nice guy and his room-mates were very interesting, including one John Trimble, "the compleat unknown." After a short talk, I wandered back down to the lobby and inquired for Ray Capella, only to find that he had just been there looking for me. A fruitless search then ensued for Ray...he was not in the bar (first place we looked), and he was not registered for any room in the hotel. After searching the art exhibit (a high spot of the convention for me) we decided to try the "convention suite." Now, I must explain that I had been laboring under a delusion. I mean, at Chicago when you wanted to find anyone you merely headed for the convention suite. If they were at the Chicon at all, they would wander through sooner or later. In my ignorance I assumed the same was true of any convention, no less the Westercon, so I made my way to the seventh floor. The convention "suite" was a little room no larger and no sweeter than any other in the hotel, decorated by two large "CD" signs for this Chesley Donovan Foundation (who he?) and three or four young kids with long, Hollywood-style haircuts (or lack of haircuts) and too much to drink. Needless to say, Capella was not there. On the spot I decided that if we were to find Capella, we must take drastic action, so Ellik and I started walking down the stairs from the seventh floor. Every three or four yards we would call "Capellllllla" in a long, plaintive note and listen for answering noises. There is more sense to this method than you would think--we found him on the fourth floor.

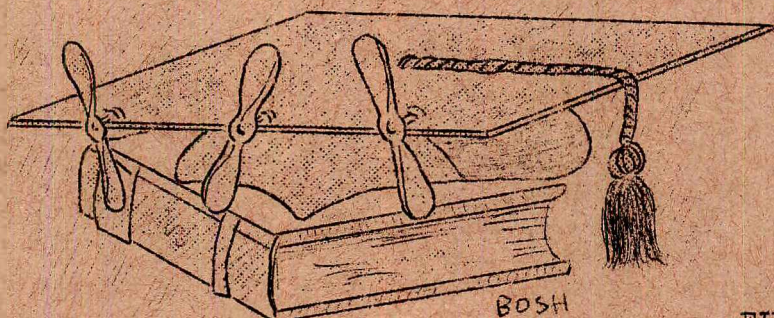
I stayed only until midnight, and as everything showed signs of collapsing for the night, I went home. There were several high-lights for me...meeting Mari Wolf and talking with her two or three times (a very nice girl) and having Chad Oliver come up and join the conversation once while we were all sitting on the stairs. Chad is a very nice person and extremely interesting to talk with...he knows the head of the Anthropology Department at the U of Utah, from whom I've taken several classes. I sat across from Chad and Beje Oliver, Mari Wolf and Dave Watson during the banquet and enjoyed their jokes and comment very much. And I remember being bored by van Vogt, interested by Boucher, enjoying R. S. Richardson and being absolutely fascinated by Ray Bradbury during the after-dinner speeches. Ackerman was a competent though not outstanding toast-master (General Electric did most of the work) and guided an excellent series of talks. I was most fortunate in meeting Bradbury after the banquet was over...he talked to me a short while, gave me advice on how to write and also the titles of several books I should read before doing anything else, expressed interest in OOPS, and autographed a copy of #17 which I was using expressly for that purpose. And I mustn't forget Jerry Bixby, who remembered my name all the way from Chicago. The Westercon was definitely not the Chicon II, but parts of it were very interesting indeed.

Gregg
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THE

FANSHAMSHIP LECTURES



BY

BOB SHAW

(Reprinted from SLANT)

FIRST LECTURE

Fansmanship is the art of convincing other fans that you are a much bigger fan than they: and as a branch of S. Potter's "Lifemanship" it will help to relieve fandom of some of that disgustingly genuine good fellowship of which there is at present far too much.

For students aspiring to BNFmanship one of the ploys useful for asserting your supremacy in local fan groups is PENAMEMANSHIP. All that is needed is a knowledge of pseudonyms, but this, when wielded by an expert fansman becomes a pleasure to watch. The inexperienced fan may easily be made to feel awkward thus:

Neofan: "I really enjoyed that story of Padgett's!"

Fansman (shooting him a curious, mildly surprised glance): "Yes, Kuttner IS rather good."

While one master fansman once broke up a meeting of his local fan group with the ploy now known as "Holly's Gambit"--i.e., playing an sf author's work which had NOTHING WHATEVER TO DO WITH SF. C. S. Lewis had just been thoroughly discussed when Holly remarked rapturously, "Ah, yes, 'The Problem of Pain'--brilliant!" An equally strong feeling of distrust can be induced by the inimitable Bloggs among even third year fans by unearthing a once-used pen name and employing it in subtle attack thus: (Heinlein has been discussed) Bloggs, reverently, "Ah, yes, JOHN RIVERSIDE." He has obviously read an entire series of stories which the group is too ignorant to have discovered.

The more advanced student may then proceed to LETTERSMANSHIP. This does NOT consist merely of ignoring all letters from fans less important than yourself. The true fansman answers all such letters, but in such a way that the victim will NEVER WRITE TO HIM AGAIN--lettersmanship at its best. Standard ploys include misspelling his name, inordinate delay, and mention of piles of unanswered letters. If these are of no avail, S. Brolly recommends, in addition of course to affecting total ignorance of previous correspondence, not only quoting a reference number and addressing the writer as "Dear Sir," but marking your letter SIGNED IN ABSENCE.

An allied field is ZINEMANSHIP--convincing the other fan that his mag is so much wasted paper. With a neat mag it is usual to remark tolerantly that it must take (i.e., waste) a lot of time. With others, saying wanly; "of course, apperance isn't everything" is usually enough to suggest that the contents aren't up to much either. (Note: For postal play fansman R. Ostler advises (a) regretting that you have not had the time (i.e., inclination) to actually READ the mag yet, or (b)

The Fansmanship Lectures II


singling out for praise the most insignificant filler, preferably something quoted from ANOTHER FANZINE. --w.a.w.)

In future lectures I hope to discuss other aspects of fansmanship, including EDITORSMANSHIP, SUBSCRIBERSMANSHIP, REVIEWMANSHIP, COLUMNCRAFT, FEUDWORK, and BNFmanship itself, with various ploys, including the deadly Indirect Glance Ploy, Teehee Play, the Great Big Man Gambit, Infant Prodigy Play, and counterploys such as Dimworthy's Defence.

SECOND LECTURE

It is, I think, only fitting that I should commence this, the second of my lectures, by presenting a few notes on the startling new field that has set Fansmen everywhere talking. I would even make so bold as to say that we oldsters are beginning to look to our laurels in some apprehension at the prowess of the youngsters who are adapting themselves to this rather revolutionary new field, which I have tentatively titled:--

CONVENTIONMANSHIP. To the older Fansman who has become set in his ways and tends to become panic-stricken in this field, I would say that Conventionmanship is, after all, only Fansmanship on a very much larger scale. If he keeps his head and remembers his Fansmanship basics he can proceed calmly ahead and emerge triumphantly as the most feared, disliked and even AVOIDED fan present.



The first and most important basic is to establish superiority and if possible a feeling of awkwardness and unease in all present. The following ploy was developed, as every Fansman knows, by the immortal Bloggs. Before a convention he would visit the locale and carefully draw up a plan of the hall on which he would mark all the loose floorboards. With this thoroughly memorised he would show up about an hour after the proceedings had started, and then walk boldly in, being careful to WALK ON ALL THE LOOSE BOARDS. The resultant series of squeaks and groans not only made everybody notice him and unsettled the speaker, but formed an indirect criticism of the hall and thus of the Convention Committee. All this and not a word spoken yet! It is when we consider the perfection of ploys such as this that we realise the years of painstaking research that Bloggs must have put into his work.

I still remember the feeling of reverent awe he inspired in me when he was buttonholed by a fan who remarked proudly, "I have come nearly 200 miles to attend." I thought for a horrible moment that Bloggs was beaten, but he merely remarked, with an indescribably amused and PITYING expression, "Dear me, such keenness! And I have hardly come five miles! I do feel sorry for you, old man." The effect was devastating. The sheer brilliance of this ploy is only fully appreciated when one recalls that in fact Bloggs had come over 300 miles himself!

I have before me a note from fansman W. Willis in which he suggests a variant of Bloggs' ploy for use by fansmen who have not been able to familiarise themselves with the flooring of the hall. The Fansman's arrival should be delayed until he has been introduced to the audience and his absence discovered, and should if at all possible coincide with the belated distribution of the Official Programme. The implication is of course that the fansman is a POWER BEHIND THE SCENES, and that the convention has not really started until he makes his appearance. Willis also states authoritatively that several ploys in ANTI-BNFMANSHIP are readily adaptable to Conventionmanship. He suggests for example:

Neofan:	"I want you to meet Mr. Ackerman."
Fansman (enthusiastically):	"Not HENRY Ackerman!"
BNF (shaken):	"No...Forrest Ackerman."
Fansman:	"Oh."

The Fansmanship Lectures III

I will now return to the more prosaic branches of my subject and deal with Gubbin's Gambit. It is in this that many young fansmen receive their greatest setbacks. Setbacks which, I regret to say, could have been avoided by a few weeks of careful groundwork. Remember the words of the inimitable Dimworthy, which so brilliantly illustrate the amazing subtlety of his methods. He said:

"I NEVER forget my groundwork."

Gubbin's Gambit is sometimes known as the Ultimate Gambit because of the tremendous risk involved, but this is offset by the amount of unease it can produce. Here is the basic method as outlined by Gubbins, before he passed on from this world to stand before the Supreme Fansman and contribute to the Great Fanzine.

After the local group has picked on an author it dislikes intensely and torn him to shreds, agreeing unanimously that he is the worst writer of all time, the Fansman selects a pen name which HE KNOWS THE GROUP HAS SUSPECTED OF BEING THE SAME AUTHOR and says loudly, "There will never be another to touch XXXX." Properly done, this will cause hours of endless secret worry among the more sensitive fans, lest it SHOULD be the same one. I cannot, for obvious reasons, stress too heavily the importance of making sure that the group has no definite information on the author.

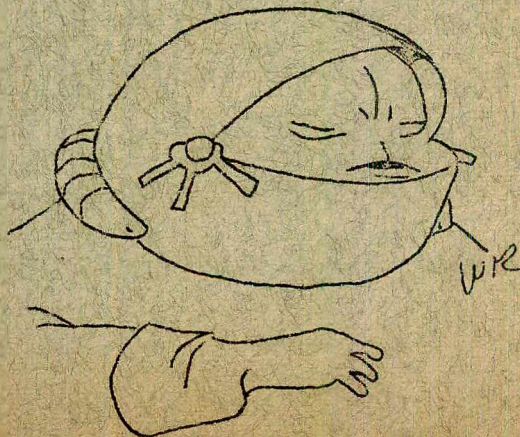
SUBSCRIBERMANSHIP is a much neglected branch of Fansmanship, because most Fansmen feel that publishing a fanzine leaves them open to dangerous attacks from Zinesmen. The basic ploy is to purchase a large number of postal orders made out to oneself and send them with stamped and addressed envelopes to famous authors. The recipient will, of course, jump at the chance of getting something for nothing, even a fanzine. He will just drop the s.a.e. back into the mail. In this way it is possible to build up quite an impressive list of "paid" subscribers.

Several authors have written to me in desperation, asking how they can avoid having their names mooted in fan publications without doing the unthinkable by refusing the postal order. For their benefit I have developed the following counterploy in PROAUTHORMANSHIP--this department consists it may be noted almost entirely of counterploys--which, as you can see, is extremely simple but yet effective. I might even say devastating.

All the author has to do is to consult the previous issue of the fanzine in question and see what books the editor is trying to sell. He can then return the P.O. requesting BOOKS TO THE VALUE THEREOF! Yes, I think devastating is the word to describe this ploy.

I had hoped to be able to present final data on the now famous Deadly Indirect Glance Ploy, but I regret to say that controversy is still raging on this topic. The basic method is, when examining a rival fanzine, never to look squarely at it, but HOLD IT AT AN ANGLE TO THE LINE OF SIGHT! This lends an incredibly casual and uninterested air to your examination. It has, however, so far been impossible to determine whether an angle of 30 or 45 degrees produces the best results. Fansmen are almost equally divided on this subject, with a small reactionary group in favour of holding the page PARALLEL to the line of sight! I am happy to say that these last are almost universally ignored.

I hope the marvellous intricacies of ploy and counterploy, among which the greatest Fansman must always be on his guard, are beginning to make themselves clear to the young Fansman. It is



The Fansmanship Lectures IV

this limitless scope of measure and countermeasure that makes Fansmanship the greatest of all games.

Ed. Note: Professor Shaw and myself are indebted to local Fansman K. Winn for a particularly complex variation on the Deadly Indirect Glance Ploy. Mr Winn, whose work is distinguished by its intricate beauty, feels that the Indirect Glance Ploy is even more Deadly when accompanied by subtle subsidiary ploys thus. (The Fansman is being shown a page proof, preferably either the LAST page or the FIRST page of the coming issue.)

Neofaned (proudly): "What do you think of THAT?"

(It is very important that the greater part of the following ploy be executed with an impassive countenance and in UTTER SILENCE. The Fansman picks up the proof and studies it intently for some 45 seconds. If it is an illustration he should at least once TURN IT UPSIDE DOWN. Then, and only then, is the Deadly Indirect Glance employed. At this stage it is permissible to utter the first sound, a barely audible intake of breath. In the resultant tension the Fansman holds the page at arms length, rubs it tentatively between finger and thumb, and drops it onto the table from a height of approximately four inches.)

Fansman: "Good paper."

THIRD LECTURE

In my third lecture, now that I have covered the basic groundwork of Fansmanship, I am going to present a detailed account of the famous clash between Fansmen N. Hall and P. Jordan. In order to help the student follow the more subtle ploys and counterplays I will insert notes of explanation where necessary --although, if you have been practising your ploys dilligently, this should not--ahem!--be very often.

This battle, which most Fansmen regard as being one of the most brilliant ever, opened with a letter from Jordan to Hall as follows:

Dear Norman,

I am sending you a copy of my zine STAR SHIP. I don't expect a fan of your stature to subscribe, of course, but if you would consider sending me an article sometime I would consider myself more than repaid...

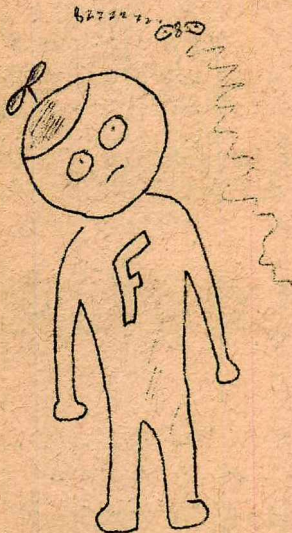
N. Hall, who was at this time working hard for his Grey Fansman Badge, decided to employ a gambit. Since he had never heard of Jordan having entered the Legion of Fansmen, he thought it was safe enough and actually subscribed to STAR SHIP. (I hope it has been obvious to even Fansmen novices that Jordan was hoping to bring off a ploy in Zinesmanship by putting Hall under an obligation by presenting him with free copies. This meant that Hall was almost bound to contribute material.)

Jordan, receiving the subscription, was so taken aback by the ruthless parrying of his ploy that he foolishly sent Hall a plain, unguarded request for material.

Dear Norman,

Thank you very much for the P.O. STAR SHIP is very hard up for good material at the moment--I wonder if you would care to send me something...?

At first Hall was tempted to cut Jordan to ribbons, but then he suspected that



if he did so Jordan might publish both the letters and work the Poor-Struggling-Faned-and-Big-Bad-BNF Ploy on him. (It later turned out that this suspicion was unfounded.) He decided to employ a camouflage of humor! This was the letter that rocked the already shaken Jordan to his foundations:--

Dear Peter,

I agree--you are hard up for good material at the moment. In response to your request I am enclosing a sample of the pattern for my new sports coat. This is very good material...

Shattered and bewildered by these crushing blows, Jordan realised that his only hope lay in Fansmanship. He availed himself to a copy of W. Willis's masterly treatise "Everyman A Fansman" and began to study furiously. He was at first appalled to see the stupidity of his mistakes so clearly shown up, but with astonishing perception he soon decided that the only reply open to him was that known as "The Prolificsman Ploy." (I myself prefer to call this The Profuseman Ploy.) Accordingly, inside the next week Hall received three letters and two postcards full of friendliness and fannish good cheer. It must go on record that Hall later admitted quite freely that he was shaken. As he pointed out, Jordan was at a great advantage on this tack on account of the fact that he had freshly entered the Legion of Fansmen while Hall, who was an old member, was naturally quite incapable of such philanthropic behaviour.

As the days went by and the flood of effusive good nature from Jordan poured through his letter-box Hall racked his brain desperately. He knew full well that such a weapon as this terrible amiability in the hands of an experienced Fansman would have demolished him entirely, but he relied on Jordan's naivete: he sent the following...

Dear Peter,

Thank you for all the letters etc--it must give you great pleasure to get writing to a fan of my stature. I have all your stuff stored in the attic and some day soon I am going to try and get reading some of it...

Another year in the Legion of Fansmen and Jordan would have known that he had Hall worried, but (as Hall had hoped) he lost his head and sent Hall the following letter in an unstamped envelope:--

Dear Normin,

I hope...

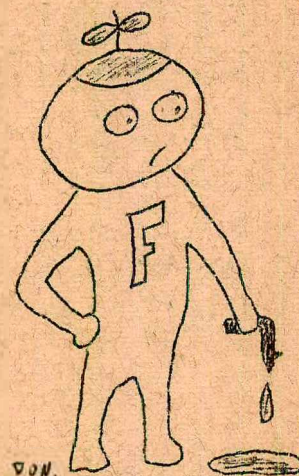
With a sign of relief Hall seized on the deliberate misspelling of his name, pointing out that anyone who had ever studied history (i.e., gone to school) would know how to spell "Norman" properly. He capped his victory by answering the no-stamp ploy with "...and to help you in your poor financial state I am enclosing several postage stamps and a stock of envelopes for use in your correspondence."

Needless to say, no more was heard from Jordan, and Hall sat back secure in the knowledge that yet another name had been added to the list of fans in whom the name N. Hall inspired feelings of fear and dislike.

— Bob Shaw ...

EDITORS NOTE (wgc):

Reprinted from the pages of SLANT, issues #5, #6 and #7, in the interests of better Fansmanship and the application of these Ploys to present-day Fandom. My thanks to now-pro-writer Bob Shaw for the loan of his SLANT's and the drawing for the title logo of this article. I regret that his copies of SLANT were accidentally burned...



BOB SILVERBERG

FANZINE

FANFARON

All magazines for review are to go to Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn, New York.

THE COSMIC FRONTIER -- Stuart K. Nock, RFD #3, Castleton, New York. Dittoed, irregular. #11, January 1955, and #12, May 1955.

This is a good fanzine. It's neatly done, carefully made up, the material is worthwhile and interesting, and well presented. TCF becomes, with issue #11, one of the better recent fanzines, and #12, which finally expands to standard size, confirms the impression given by #11. An

ominous note at the end of the later issue indicates that editor Nock has started to lose interest and may give up, which is unfortunate. THE COSMIC FRONTIER has just begun to be a worthwhile publication which we'd like to see stay around.

ABSTRACT -- Peter Vorzimer, University of California at Santa Barbara, 104 Toyon Hall, Goleta, California. 25¢, \$1.20 a year. Bimonthly, lithographed, 48 pages. #9, February 1955.

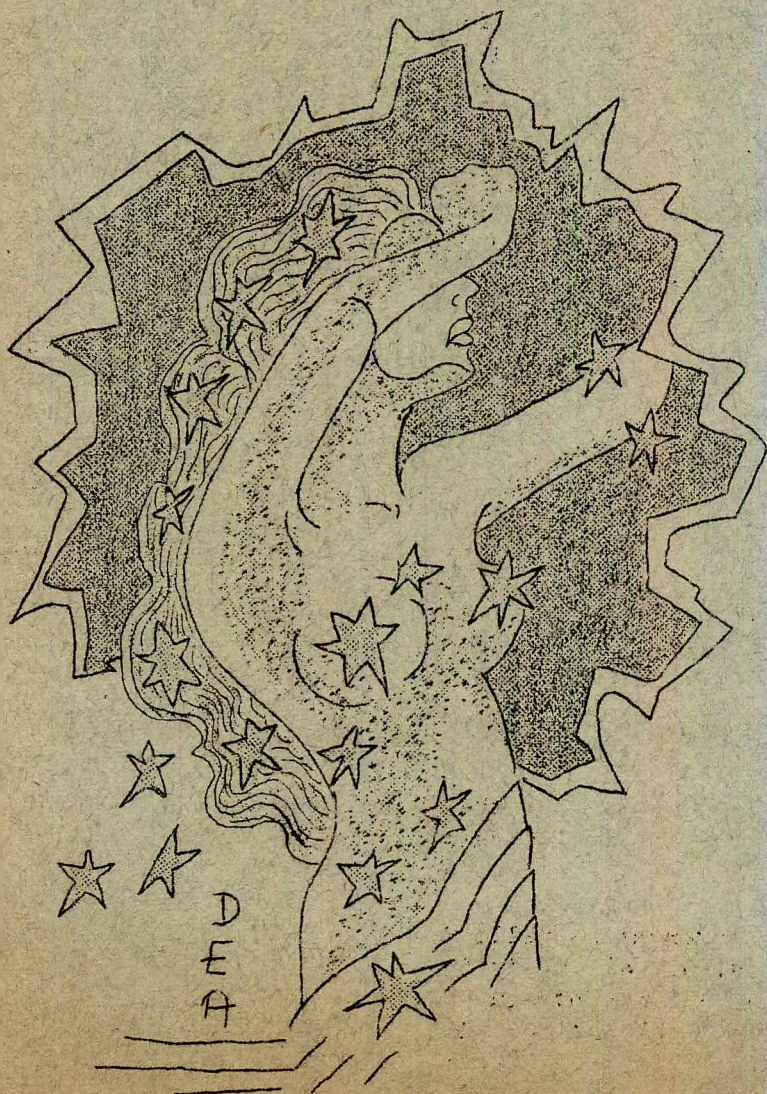
Quite a contrast to the mammoth eighth issue. I don't like the quarter-sized litho format very much, despite the considerable heights attained by FANSCIENT and SCIEN-TIFANTASY in 1949-50; my favorite format is that used currently by INSIDE. But editor Vorzimer makes good use of his format, scattering attractive little illustrations here and there without over-doing it, as some publishers have done. The

material in this issue is worth reading, if not always readable because of the microscopic type, and (an even greater contrast to previous issues) most of it is worth a second consideration.

Vorzimer's editorial comments and critical remarks in this issue reinforce my belief that he's learned much during his fan career. He manages to get through an entire issue without making more than two or three unfounded statements and insulting hardly anyone at all. Recommended.

OBLIQUE -- Clifford Gould, 1559 Cable St, San Diego 7, California. 10¢, 6/50¢, bimonthly. 28 pages, mimeographed. #2, April 1955.

The ubiquitous Vorzimer, in an article in the first issue of this mag, claimed that it is a "fannish duty" of people like myself to boost new fanzines. I don't quite agree, but I think it's not right to frighten away potentially outstanding new fans with a storm of adverse criticism. The first OBLIQUE, to be sure, was no great shakes as a fanzine, but I chalked most of its deficiencies off to in-



Fanzine Fanfaron II

experience and hoped for better things. It was neatly mimeographed, which is half the publishing battle won at the start, and the cover was reproduced by some photographic process too complex for me to explain or even understand, which indicates a certain amount of editorial ingenuity.

The second issue is larger, less expensive, and more assured than the first, and its newcomer editor has already solidly planted himself in the middle-to-upper rank of faneds. This issue contains an editorial which concludes that sex will never replace sf, a mediocre Sturgeon parody, a sensible article by Jan Jansen--who is becoming increasingly valuable as a fanzine writer--on the problems of beginning a fanzine, some negligible columns, and a rambling and enjoyable piece by Fred Malz. The mimeography is bright and clean, and the overall impression is a good one.

EPITOME -- Mike May, 9428 Hobart St., Dallas 18, Texas. 5¢, 5/25¢. 24 pages, mimeographed. Irregular. #5 (May 1955).

This is a lot of fanzine for a nickel, since some mags three times as expensive have fewer pages. But--though this issue is an improvement over the earlier ones I've seen--there's not too much in these 24 pages. The issue contains a fan-type parody on "I Am Legend" by Boob Stewart; some weak book reviews by Noah McLeon, who knows a great deal about a great many things but very little about fiction and even less about how to write coherent English prose; a long and interesting letter column; a "poem," and some fanzine reviews. Editor May's own contributions to the issue are inept and pointless, which may explain why his fanzine is only of luke-warm interest. The trouble with EPITOME is probably lack of material; editor May is forced to fall back on whatever comes to hand. Here's where being a good fan writer is handy; Richard Geis can always fill an issue of PSY with his own comments, in a pinch, but May is not so fortunate, which is why his fanzine is only mediocre. It's a good rule of thumb that the best fan editors are also good fan writers. There are exceptions, of course: Ian Maccauley and Lee Riddle, editors of two of the top ten fanzines of the last five years, are both undistinguished writers themselves, while the enormously talented David English was a flop as a fan editor.

Mimeography in this issue, as in earlier ones, is fine. But it's not easy to publish a fanzine on the strength of a letter-column alone.

YOBBER -- Andy & Jean Young, 229 W College St., Oberlin, Ohio. 14 pages, mimeographed, 5¢. #2, March 1955.

An informal, ingratiating little job published by a couple of people I hadn't heard of previously: they seem to be graduate students at Oberlin College, judging from scattered remarks in the issue, and they also seem to be thoroughly interesting and likable people, judging from scattered remarks in the issue. #2 is well mimeographed, not particularly fannish in tone, and consists entirely of editorial ramblings. Subjects covered include Harlan Ellison, geology, Heinlein, and How to Become a Successful Criminal. A most pleasant publication I'd like to see more often.

UMBRA -- John Hitchcock, 15 Arbutus Avenue, Baltimore 28, Maryland. 10¢, 3/25¢. Quarterly. 30 pages, dittoed. #5, March 1955.

Unexpectedly this once-untidy magazine turns with this issue into a neat, well laid-out, legible fanzine, even bothering to include a date of issue. This is indeed a surprise.

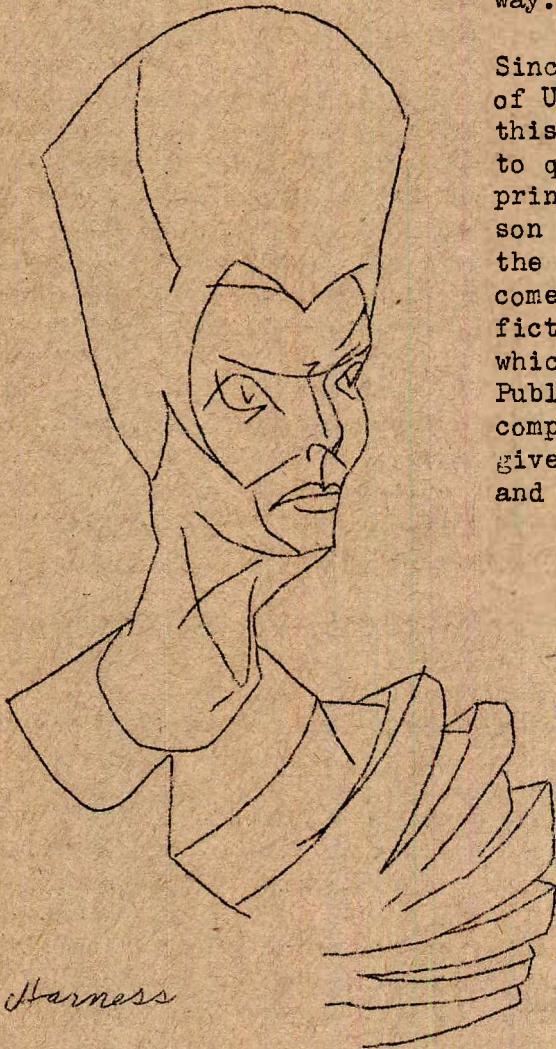
The material seems to show some improvement as well; in fact, while nothing in the issue is very good, none of it bores, and all of it is of some interest. Noah McLeod discusses Ken Crossen's "Year of Consent" but with all his many references to Diocletian and Lenin, he fails to point out (as did Damon Knight in HYPHEN) that the book is a jerry-built affair composed of inconsistency piled on inconsistency.

Fanzine Fanfaron III

A Burt Beerman poem is notable only for an interesting typo, "rending yoke of casuality," and George Wetzel occupies eight pages with a "condensed" Fortean article.

In the letter column Hitchcock reveals that Raleigh Multog is a hoax perpetrated by Wetzel. With fandom as big as it is, this sort of fake hoax-expose is particularly easy to pull--the Canadians are trying it on each other all the time--and not very interesting. At Philadelphia I met a person who said that he was Wetzel and another who said he was Multog, and I'm willing to take their statements on faith. We can't ever be sure exactly who anyone else is, but we have to make approximations of this sort. Though as far as I'm concerned (and the rest of fandom as well) Multog might just as well be the figment of Wetzel's or some other Baltimoron's imagination.

A table-of-contents reference to the back cover Clarkson memorial is in startlingly bad taste, but perhaps not so startling if we remember that Hitchcock is from Baltimore. There must be something in the air around there that makes them act that way.



Since writing the above, I've received a later issue of UMBRA, not nearly as legible or as interesting as this, which indicates that Hitchcock might be ready to quit. Also sent was a one-pager, RENEW, which reprints a moving and sympathetic article on Dick Clarkson reprinted from the "Baltimore Sunday Sun" bearing the interesting news that Dick's collection is to become the nucleud of what is to be a major science fiction library at Harvard. There are some floopers, which are to be expected (the author refers to Galaxy Publishing Corporation titles of the '30s, though that company dates from 1951, and so forth) but the column gives a clear and unsentimentalized picture of Dick and his hobby.

HYPHEN -- Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, N. Ireland. Chuck Harris, co-editor. 25¢ for two copies, payable in cash, Pogo books, sf pocketbooks, or Tom Corbett viewmaster reels. Irregular; 42 pages, mimeographed. #13, March 1955.

There's very little that can be said about this publication. If you've been around for a while and know what all the fun's about, you'll probably feel (as I do) that this is the best fan-mag currently being published, topping even such doughty efforts as GRUE, SKYHOOK, and this magazine. But if you're new to fandom, it's more than likely you'll regard much of HYPHEN as dull or incomprehensible, and feel vaguely

left out. This is unfortunate, in a way, but it can't be helped. Almost everything in this issue except Damon Knight's book reviews are written by and for a clique; all of it has some appeal to outsiders, but for full enjoyment you have to be on the inside and there's no helping it.

Incidental note: I never received #12 of HYPHEN, through some mischance, and I'll offer 20¢ for the first copy I get.

TYPO -- No editor listed (Walt Bowart?) 306 E. Hickory, Enid, Oklahoma. 20¢, 6/\$1. 20 pages, multilithed.

Fanzine Fanfaron IV

A sloppy, barely literate publication worth hardly a fraction of its exorbitant price-tag.

KAYMAR TRADER -- Gary Labowitz, 7234 Baltimore, Kansas City 14, Missouri. #93, March-April 1955. 18 pages, mimeographed. Monthly.

This venerable adzine has a new editor, but otherwise it is exactly as it was under the operation of Martin Carlson: sloppy, ungainly, and filled with all sorts of bargains for science-fiction collectors.

INSIDE -- Ron Smith, 611 W 114th St, (Apt 3D) New York 25, NY. 48 pages, lithographed, bi-monthly. 25¢, 5/\$1. #9, May 1955.

INSIDE does not have the depth and maturity of Roy Squires' SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER, with which it is combined, but equaling Squires is a hard thing to do, and Ron Smith succeeds in creating his own interesting and attractive publication.

The highlight of this issue is a portfolio of art by Austin, Dollens, Arfstrom, Peterson, and Gaughan, illustrating an anonymous poem called "The Story of the Future." Also on hand is a wordy but important Mark Clifton article, a detailed study of Howard Browne's FANTASTIC by William Freeman, some capable book reviews, and an article by Jon Hartt on prolific hack Arthur J. Burks. A Harlan Ellison short story is hard and sharp but falls down badly at the vital moment. Editor Smith devotes a long editorial to an impassioned attack on censorship, dragging in all sorts of cliches (such as Voltaire's much-quoted but fictitious statement about defending to the death) but making its point well.

The art is of the highest quality and the layouts are handled well. This is one of the best.

VAGABOND -- John W. Murdock and Jim White, % Henry Moore Studio, 214 East 11th St, Kansas City 6, Mo. Pay After Reading. 49 pages, mimeographed. #1, Spring 1955.

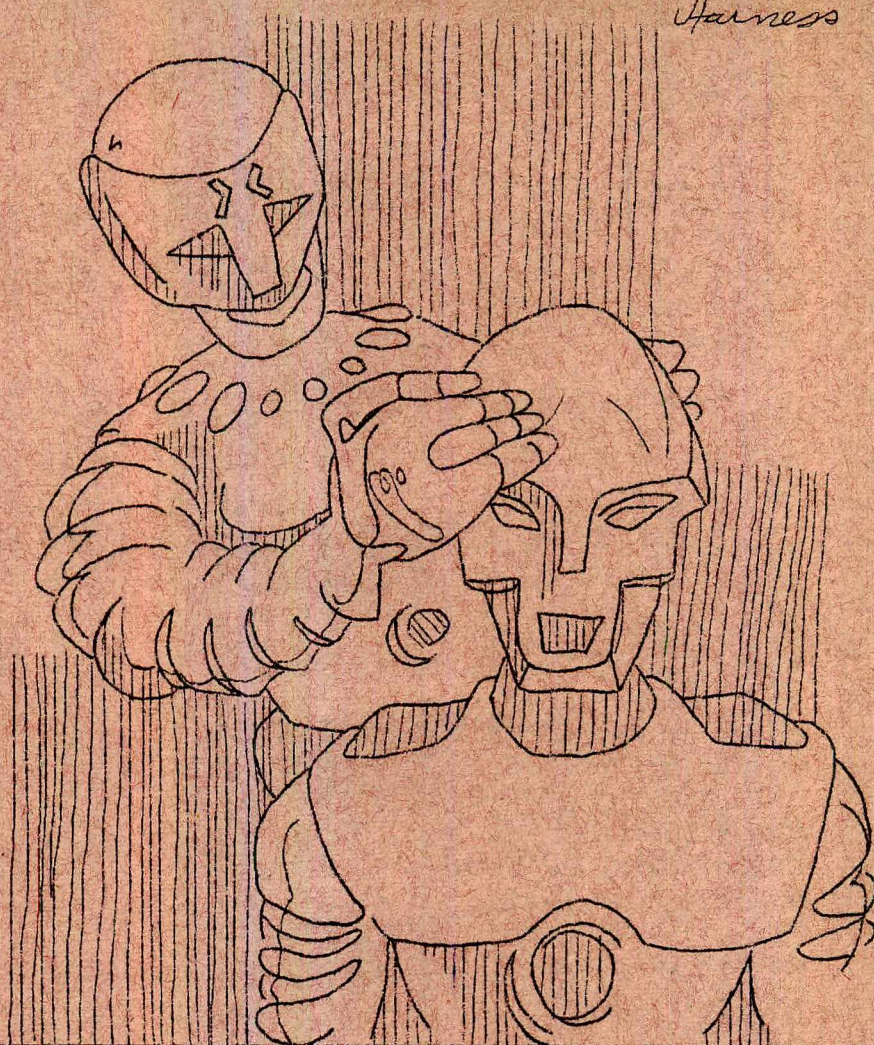
A new one whose main problem is finding material. The editors are not well-known fans and probably find it hard to come by worthwhile copy, since the top fan writers generally fulfill obligations to their friends before contributing to a complete newcomer. This bulky first issue contains a lengthy round-robin story by five women fans, a Lovecraft bibliography by Wetzel, and assorted fiction, short commenting articles, and reviews. The editors say they want the best, and they'll probably get it when the word gets around. Mimeo work is excellent.

-- Bob Silverberg ...



Beginning what is
hoped will be a
long series of
stories, articles
and what-have-you
done
by that new and
valuable addition
to the Wheels of
IF

John
Berry.



BERRY'S UNIVERSAL BUDGERIGARS

For many months now, there has been a battle of wits between Bob Shaw and myself. It concerns my pet budgerigar, Joey.

It all started when Bob visited my house and stated bluntly that budgerigars cannot talk. Now I knew this to be a fallacy, because I had patiently taught my bird to say "Marilyn Monroe" and to do the "wolf" whistle. Budgies are clever, you know. They have a sort of inborn intelligence. Why, after a few sleepless nights I even trained it to say "Marilyn Monroe," then fly to the top of its cage, suspend itself from a wire rung by its beak, and wave its claws in the recognized shape, indicative of an hour-glass figure.

Bob maintained this was impossible, and he stared at my poor bird with such concentrated venom that the innocent creature cringed pathetically on its perch. I tried to convince Bob, and even persuaded him to sit under the table for an hour or so, in case the bird recovered its confidence. However, that effort met with no success. My theory is that Bob is surrounded by an anti-budgie aura that mentally ruptures these birds whenever he is in their proximity.

So when, the other day, I invited Irish Fandom over to my house again, Bob sneered, "Perhaps I'll hear his bird talk this time." This was a challenge to both Joey and myself and, by Ghod, we accepted.

Unfortunately it was too much for the bird to take. It finally expired when I tried to get it to sway provocatively across the floor of its cage, like Marilyn

Berry's Universal Budgerigars II

does. Secretly I was rather glad because I did feel rather embarrassed doing the same thing in front of its cage as an example. That type of thing is liable to effect one's personality.

With the visit getting nearer every day, I was in a dire position. Ordinarily I would have explained the birds unfortunate demise to Bob Shaw; but, after the loathing and contempt in his voice, it was the last thing I would do. I spent many hours in meditation before I discovered the solution to my problem. Science fiction had come to my rescue.

I raced into Belfast and called to see a taxidermist. For a small consideration I obtained from him the stuffed body of a blue budgerigar. Poor critter. I also made one or two other purchases...a small blob of putty and three old watches.

Back home, I locked myself in my study and began the tedious job. I cut open the bird's body and removed the sawdust. With infinite patience I took the three watches to pieces and re-assembled them into one item of machinery, which I inserted into the carcass. With my heart throbbing with excitement I stitched up the bird again and, inserting a small key into its mouth, wound it up.

Creeping downstairs in the early hours of the morning I placed my masterpiece on the perch and affixed it firmly with fuze wire. It looked very life-like. With more minor mechanical manipulation I got it to ruffle its feathers every 7 minutes, flap its wings every 16 minutes, and (most realistic of all) deposit a small pellet of putty on the floor of its cage every 27 minutes.

I HAD MANUFACTURED THE FIRST ROBOT BUDGERIGAR!

There was still a lot to be done, however. I called at the office of one of my contacts and borrowed his tape recorder. Once again in the middle of the night and the privacy of my room, I recorded a magnificent piece of dialogue. All in budgie jargon, of course. I played the tape over to hear the result. It was brilliant. First of all there was a little preliminary banter, with suitable pauses for obvious surprised comments by Bob. Then came three choruses of Marilyn's song, "After you've got it, you don't want it." Finally, as a fitting climax, a short dissertation on the complexity of getting an original science fiction plot. (A subject near to Bob's heart.) The whole performance lasted half an hour.

I was able to conceal the tape under the floor of the bird cage and, with the curtains partly drawn, the whole effect was one of extreme realism.

The great day came. Walt, Madeleine, Bob, Sadie, James, Peggy and George all crossed my portals and seated themselves 'round the room. Sadie, I noted in particular, seemed rather bewildered. I might even say mystified. She knew all about my differences with Bob and I think she realized that the climax was near. Bob seemed strangely quiet, completely ignoring a bowl of fruit near his elbow. Most un-Shaw like. The atmosphere was tense. Surreptitiously I pressed the wall switch with my toe and, with a slight whirr, the tape started.

"Hello, Bob."

Shaw's head clicked 'round, eyes oscillating. "No," he cried.

"Yes," said the bird, with a ruffle of feathers.

Everyone craned forward. "I hear you have a new typer, Bob," said the bird. Bob backed away, his muscles strangely stiffened with excitement.

Berry's Universal Budgerigars III

"It's talking," whispered Bob incredulously.

"Don't sit there looking so insipid," shrilled the bird. "Of course I'm talking. What do you think I am, a dumb cluck?"

Then something strange happened. The bird suddenly began to swing 'round and 'round on its perch, gradually getting faster. I knew I should have fitted it with a gyroscope. Finally the bird came to a halt. Unfortunately, it was upside down. Even that wouldn't have been so bad, but at that moment the 27th minute of its cycle occurred and with a sharp "ping" a putty pellet hit the ceiling with a smack.

"Impossible," breathed Walt.

"Incredible," muttered Madeleine.

"Indigestion," announced George.

The performance continued. Really, there is nothing quite so ostentatious as seeing a budgie, upside down, sing, "After you've got it, you don't want it." And finally, the bird's talk on science fiction plots, also delivered upside down, evoked great enthusiasm, Bob even taking notes.

The episode ended.

Bob jerked over to se and sat beside me, his face strangely contorted. Suddenly the door opened and in walked Bob Shaw. BOB SHAW? TWO BOB SHAWS? There was a gasp of astonishment.

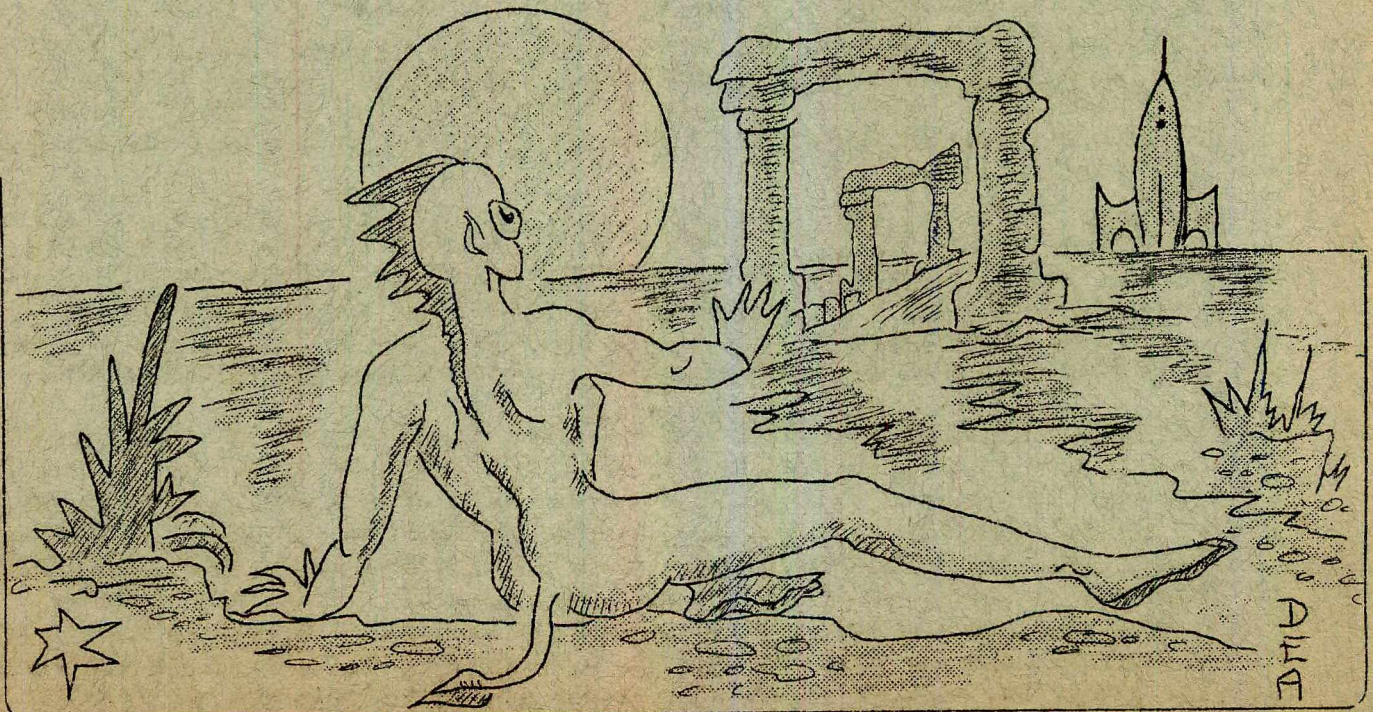
"What's happened?" shouted my wife from the kitchen where she was preparing refreshments.

"We've got two Bob Shaws here," I shouted. There was a scream and a crash of smashed crockery from the kitchen. She had prepared only 148 sandwiches.

Then, like a physical blow, realization struck me. My robot bird had been talking to a robot Bob Shaw.

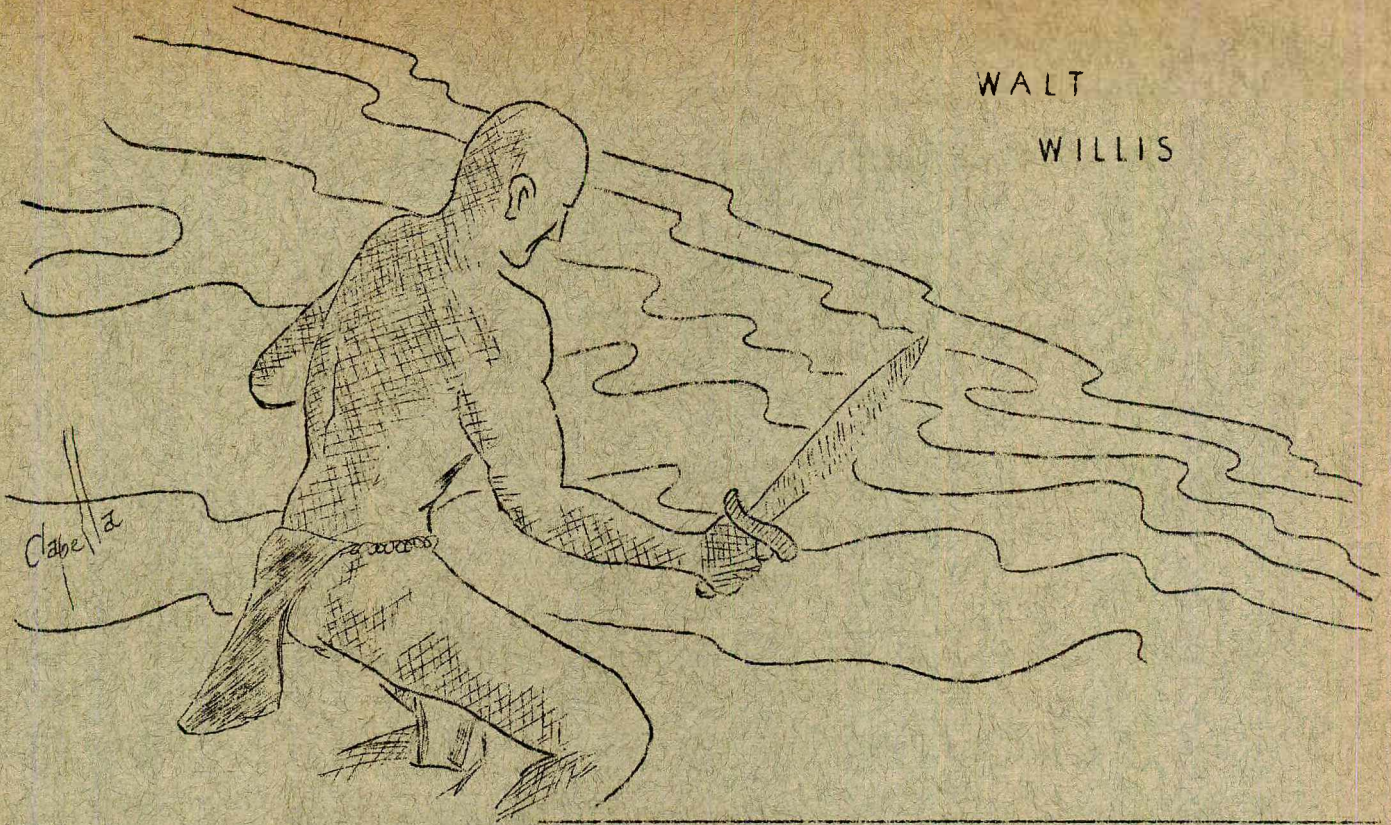
Oh-h-h-h-h-h, no-o-o-o-o-o.

-- John Berry ...



WALT

WILLIS



THE HARP STATESIDE
(Continued)

Next afternoon I had my first look at parts of Los Angeles because Forry took me for a little drive in his car. At least I assume it was Los Angeles and not half a dozen neighboring suburbs...it seems a curiously difficult town to pin down. It appears to consist of a group of what planners call 'conurbations,' each one ten minutes fast driving from any other. There is, it seems, no street corner at which one can pause and say, "Lo, the heart of this thriving metropolis." It appears to be the ultimate in an American trend...the first Drive-In City. I gathered there was some system of public transport but nobody I met seemed to use it. One got the impression that the few remaining local busses or trolley-cars or whatever they were, were wandering hopelessly around looking for pedestrians. I think it was here I was told that the city was designed into public transport zones...any trip within a zone was a dime or something and the minute you crossed into another zone you had to fork up another dime. It seems one of those deceptively simple systems that would lead to unimaginable complications for the economically minded and all those had evidently committed suicide or moved to San Francisco. I did get out on my own once, to buy a pack of cigarettes. I was only away a few minutes, down to the end of the street and 'round a corner, but before I got back Forry was out looking for me, all concern lest I had gotten lost.

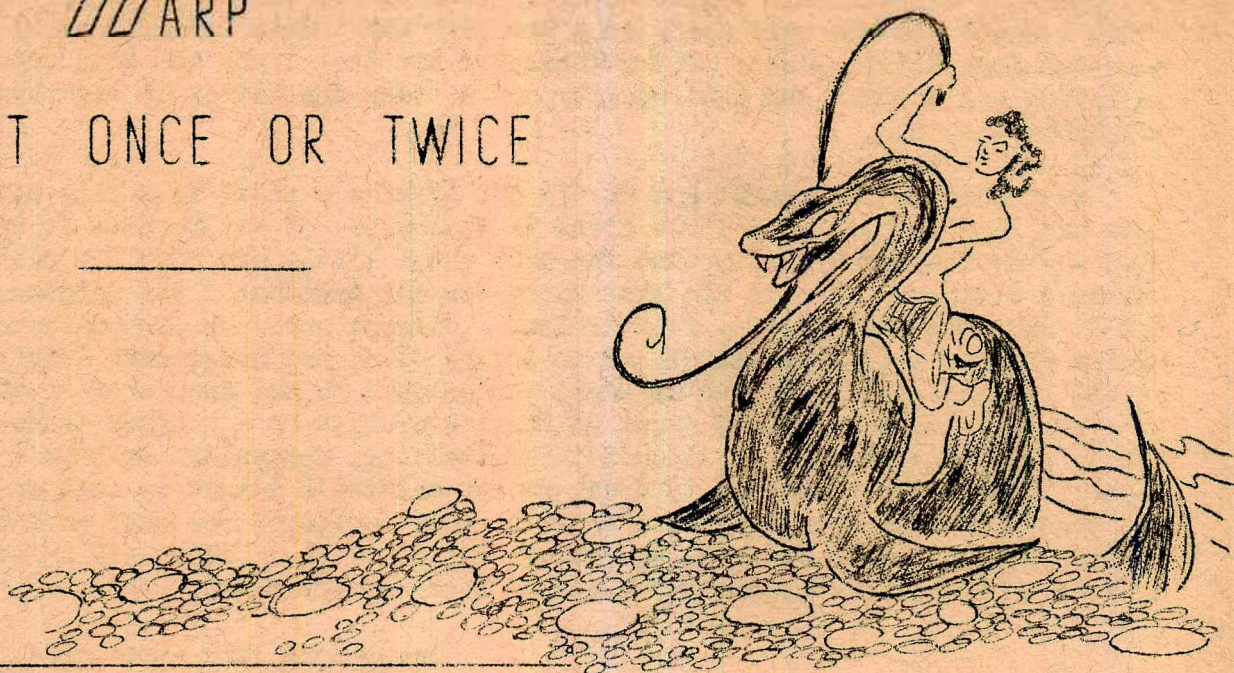
That afternoon we wound up at Morris Scott Dollens' studio, a wild jumble of projectors, cameras, amplifiers and papier-mache models. Dollens played us his new film, a photomontage of shots of space, stars and naked human figures all right in there straining, encouraged by a poetic commentary. Dollens had done a good deal by camera tracking to make up for the woodenness of his subjects, but not enough.

Later that afternoon, back at Forry's house, van Vogt arrived. He explained that he wouldn't be able to come to the party that night, so he'd popped along in the afternoon instead. I thought this was very nice of him, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. He was tall, quiet, gentle, dark and wore glasses, and altogether reminded me of James White. I avoided the subject of dianetics...I knew I'd be a hero to fandom if I converted him back from it, but honest, fellows, I just didn't have the time...I just said how sorry his admirers were that he hadn't been writing anything lately. (He was, and is, my favourite ex-author.) He said, rather guiltily I thought, that he was working on two or three shorts and was revamping the

THE

HARP

THAT ONCE OR TWICE



Ezwal series with a view to their book publication. Forry, always the soul of thoughtfulness, provided me with mint copies of four van Vogt novels which he represented to Van as having been brought all the way from Ireland, and the good man pulled out his fountain pen and wrote messages in each one. It wasn't just his doing that which impressed me...after all he could quite easily have scribbled 'Yrs vV' in each...it was the fact that each message was different. I wouldn't have a clue what to write if someone presented me with one book to inscribe, never mind four.

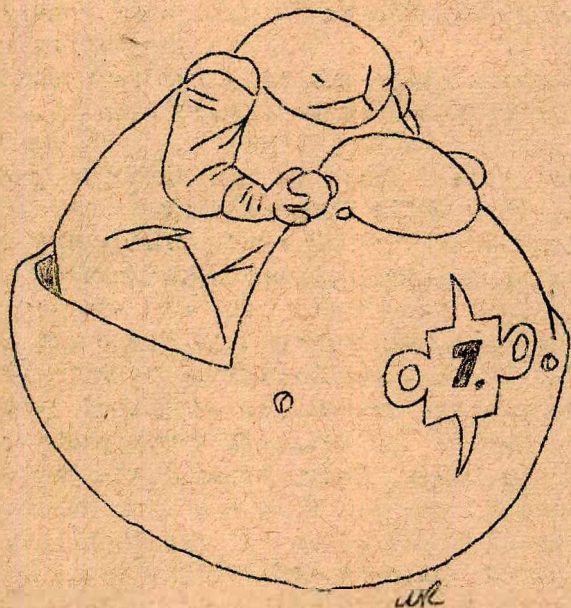
Later that evening there was the party, about thirty people milling about the big front room being plied with fruit juices by the teetotal Ackermans. Many of them I had never heard of; of those I had, the only names I can remember are Bradbury, Rory Faulkner, Ford McCormick, Walt Liebscher, Healy, Clifton and Apostolides. Rory Faulkner alone was well worth coming 2000 miles to meet, the youngest and most charming old lady I've ever come across. I had quite a long conversation with Bradbury too, who I was pleased to find not only remembered SLANT but said he'd sent me an appreciative letter of comment once. At that time Bradbury was working for a movie company and whether or not that had anything to do with it, had become greatly interested in Westerns. He had a theory that the sf story and the Western had a lot in common...apart from the obvious example of space opera. He seemed to feel that both represented the frontier story, one of man's struggle against an inimical environment; the main difference was that the Western was set in a mythical past and the sf story in a fabulous future. That what the average sf story needed to capture the public imagination was the same aura of romance that a few good writers have given the Western, an aura which has spread from those stories throughout the entire field and which gives the run-of-the-mill Western a head start over stories set in another milieu. All the sf story needs for public approval is acceptance of its conventions, just as the conventions of the equally unreal "Golden West" have been accepted.

Bradbury is young, friendly, talkative, confident and looks a bit like a boxer. He may be a little pleased with himself, but then he has a great deal to be pleased about and there is nothing bumptious about him. I liked him very much.

Eventually all the guests staggered home, full to the gills with fruit juices and good talk. In the course of the evening Forry had had a phone call from Roy

Squires, who hadn't been able to come but wanted to warn Forry that the person staying with him was not Walt Willis at all, but a Bowery bum I'd paid to take my place while I drank all the trip money in a New York bar. This information he had had in a letter from Robert Bloch. Forry reassured him that I was the same person he'd met in London and Belfast and Squires rang off to take the matter up with his highly impeachable source.

Next morning Forry went out to try and arrange a visit to a film studio. Wendayne had gone shopping, so I was alone in the house. I was mooning about happily when the doorbell rang. I opened the door and a little man came in, claiming to be Sherwood Springer. I told him that Forry was out and that I was minding the house and my name was Walt Willis, from Ireland. Without any more provocation he at once hauled off and said something to me in Irish. I do not understand Irish, my mastery of the language being limited to eight words, so I do not know what he said. All I am sure of is that he didn't count up to five or wish me a hundred thousand welcomes. Coldly I informed him of my linguistic limitations, concealing as best I could my loss of face at being unable to speak my own country's tongue as well as an American. But next time I come to America I shall be fully prepared for such an embarrassing eventuality. I shall mount a counter-offensive. I shall learn off a few idiomatic phrases in Sioux or Cherokee and confound Sherwood Springer.



Forry came back about noon, discussed with Springer some tv show they have been about to spring on an astonished public daily for the last three years, and Springer left with another phrase in Irish which again left me speechless. (For Dean Grennell's information, I might point out that this was an Erse of the same caller.)

Shortly afterwards Hugo Gernsback phoned. This was an event in the Ackerman life comparable to receiving a posthumous manuscript from H. G. Wells direct via Ouija board, complete with agent's authorization. Forry projected this sentiment down the telephone with such sincerity that Gernsback condescended to be invited to lunch and said he'd be along in ten minutes. Forry went around happily looking up things to show him, while I went quietly into his den and hid

some of the more lascivious pin-ups. I know that Gernsback publishes a magazine dealing with sex...in fact he probably invented the thing...but I am sure it is in a more serious-and-constructive way than Forry's pin-ups.

Soon Hugo arrived, with Mrs Hugo. I thought no more or no less of him than I had in Chicago, but his wife endeared herself to me at once by remarking, "Ah, yes, you're the nice young fellow who made such a nice speech at Chicago." My impression was confirmed that she was far too good for Gernsback. The Gernsbacks were taken on the Ten Minute Tour of the Ackerman collection, and Gernsback was so profoundly interested in some of the exhibits as to interrupt his dissertation of his own affairs. After all this we piled into Forry's car and went off to a posh eating place in Beverley Hills known as 'The Tail Of The Cock.' One of those places that you wouldn't be allowed into in England unless you had a title and talked like John Brunner. It's one of the refreshing things about America that you can go anywhere, if you have the money.

Gernsback was quite at home there. He had several kinds of alcoholic beverages with his meal and ordered the waiters about like King Farouk. He is fond of The Good

Life. Conversation was interesting but uneventful until the end of the meal, consisting mainly of respectful enquiries from Wendayne and Forry about the Gernsback Works and pontifical replies by Himself. This cozy atmosphere was however abruptly dissipated over the coffee, when through some evil chance the conversation drifted slowly and fatefully around to dianetics. This was a loaded subject because, of course, Wendayne is as you know a dianetic auditor in her own right and Forry believed in it too, inasmuch as he believes in anything but science fiction. I expected that Gernsback would be cold towards dianetics--after all, he didn't invent it--but I didn't expect him to put his foot in it quite so thoroughly.

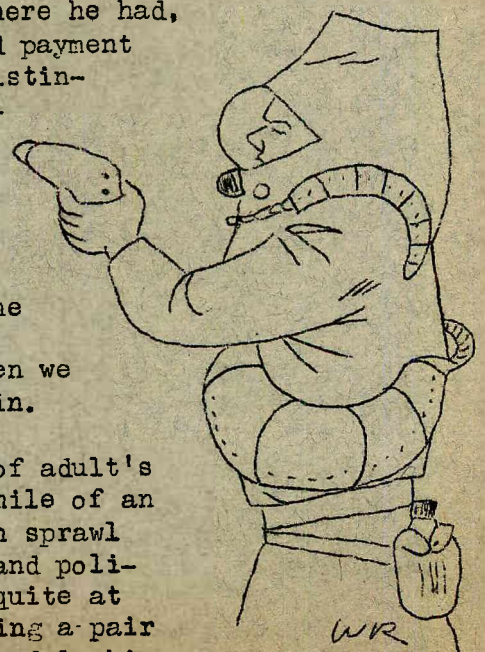
"I cannot understand," said Gernsback severely, taking an expensive cigar out of an aluminum time capsule and cutting the end off of it with a specially constructed machine which would have gladdened the heart of Jim Webbert. "I cannot understand how a man with the intelligence of John W. Campbell can allow himself to be associated with such fraudulent nonsense as dianetics."

There was a dreadful silence, and a cloud of expensive cigar smoke rolled across the battlefield. Behind his smoke screen Gernsback sat oblivious to the effect of his words. Wendayne vibrated quietly, rapidly developing schizophrenia as she waited for a lead from Forry. Forry was equally torn between reverence to his guest and loyalty to his wife. The silence dragged on. Into it the still oblivious Gernsback dropped a few more derogatory references to dianetics, which lay there smouldering. The atmosphere became so charged with tension that I momentarily expected to see lightning split the clouds of cigar smoke. But finally Mrs Gernsback gracefully changed the subject and we all set off again for Gernsback's hotel.

On the way Gernsback wanted to see the tar pits. There was no place to park near them, so Forry drove round and round the block while Hugo made his tour of inspection. The tar pits are small ponds of black oily-looking stuff from which every now and then a huge bubble rises in slow motion and leaves an ephemeral crater. It seems that well-preserved prehistoric monsters have been found here and statues of them are dotted here and there. Once it has been broken to you that these are not the original monsters themselves there is not much to see; the little park itself has the seedy look of a vacant lot and the statues are crude...as admittedly the monsters may have been too. However, the whole scene was slightly reminiscent of a Paul bacover, and Gernsback seemed satisfied. We hailed Forry towards the end of his sixth lap and got into the car again.

Gernsback was staying at the Ambassador Hotel where he had, of course, a suite. I wondered if the hotel accepted payment on the same basis as his authors. Among the other distinguished guests present was Adlai Stevenson, then campaigning for the Presidency, and the hotel lobby was full of hard-faced politicians, journalists, and policemen. We passed rows of rooms, expecting to see smoke pouring out of the keyholes, and arrived at the Gernsback suite. He gave Wendayne and me access to an enormous box of chocolates and the latest issue of SEXOLOGY (the chocolates were pretty good) while he discussed business with Forry, and then we said goodbye to him and trooped out of the hotel again.

Near the carpark the hotel had provided a sort of adult's sandpit, an enclosure got up as an unreasonable facimile of an Hawaiian beach where the more prosperous citizens can sprawl about in bathing suits. Among the business tycoons and politicians who should we see but Ray Bradbury, looking quite at home. He came over to see us, beaming broadly, wearing a pair of blue bathing trunks and a coat of reddish suntan and looking



more like a boxer than ever. He talked to us through the netting wire, which I took it must have been there to prevent the less prosperous citizens of Los Angeles from throwing foodstuffs to the inhabitants of the enclosure. Bradbury explained that his contract with the movie company required him to produce two pages of script per day. It was his practice, he said, to deliver four pages every other day, which took him about half an hour (knowing Bradbury dialogue I can well believe this) and spend the rest of the time in luxurious idleness. I formed the opinion that if ever there was a poetic genius who could survive among business men it was Ray Bradbury; I almost felt sorry for the film industry.

(To be continued)

-- Walt Willis ...

-o-/-

fifth tender poem of the Old Spaceways titled...

"'Tis A Temperate Temperate Zone Today"

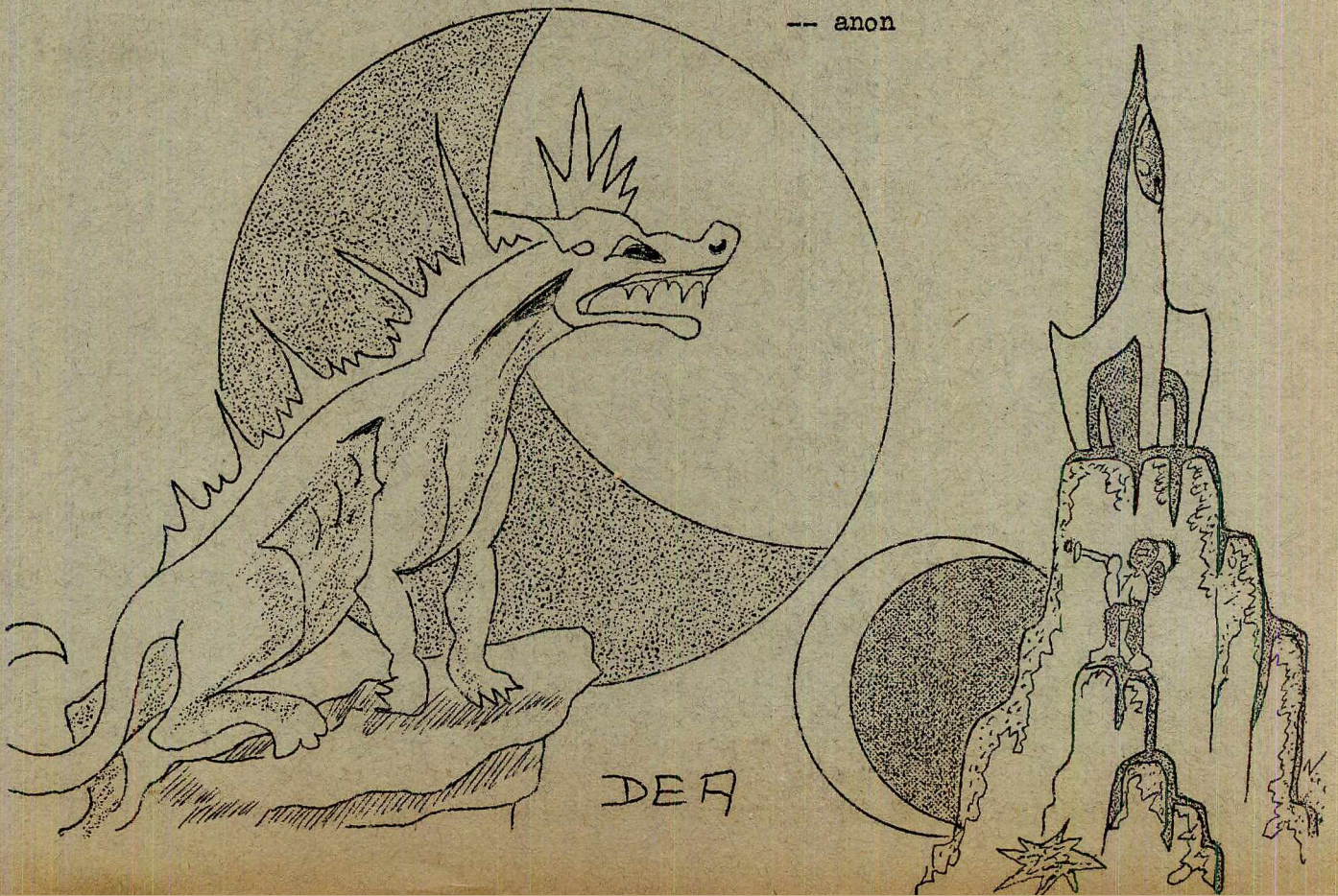
It's exasperating!
Scientists spend years of patient research on a subject
Which the newspapers either misquote or ignore with a few lines.

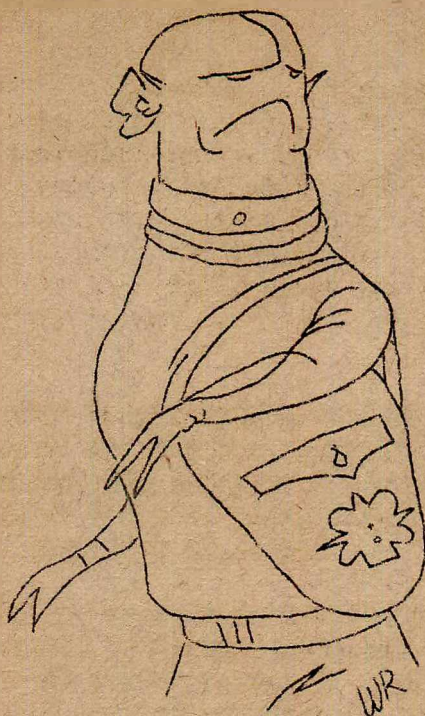
Take this one.
After centuries of observation on exploding stars, a paper
Is published. And what do our newsgathering agencies write?

SUN WILL NOVA!
Screamed across headlines in large, bold, black type,
Ignoring the fact that the astronomers meant in another billion years.

Uh...turn the thermostat down a little when you leave, will you?

-- anon

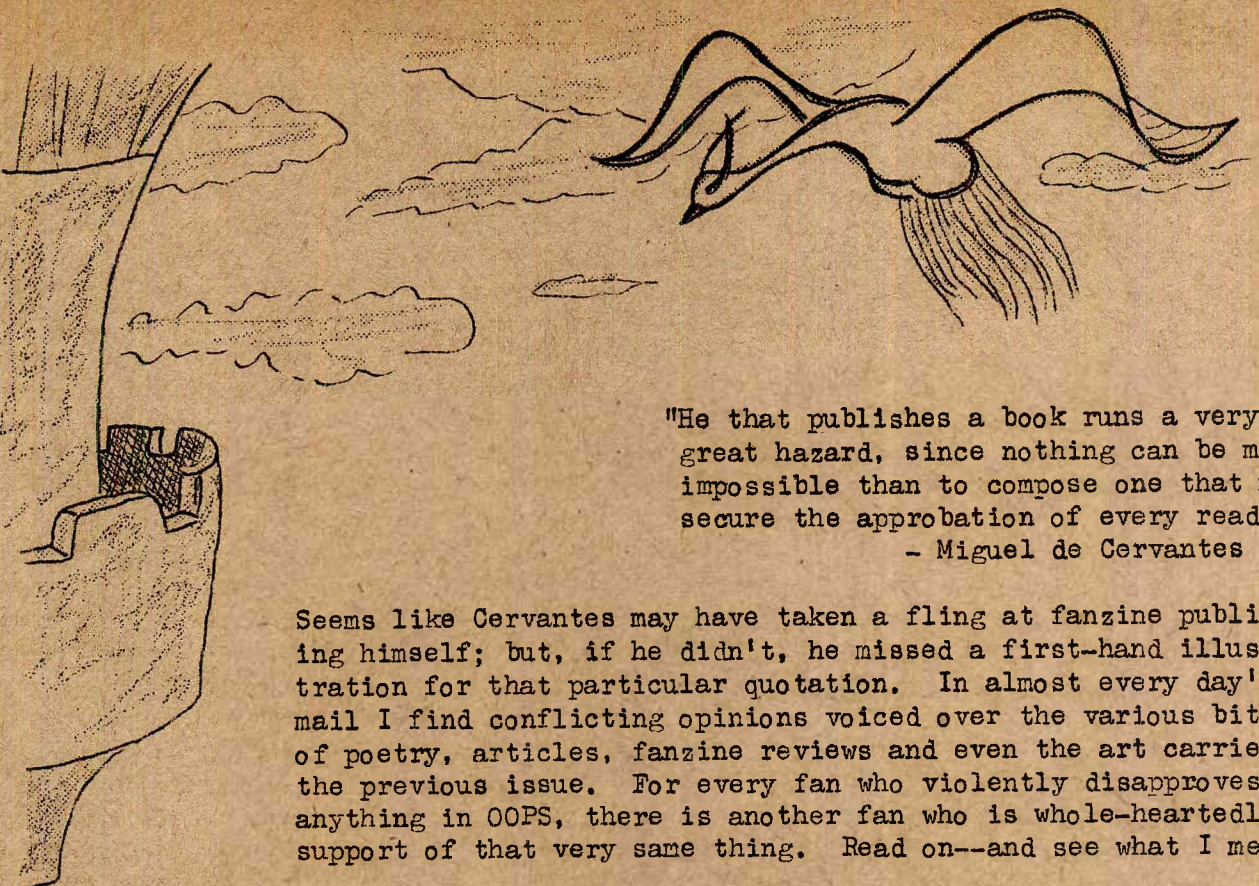




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 Additions or corrections to this index will be appreciated by the editor. -- wgc.



"He that publishes a book runs a very great hazard, since nothing can be more impossible than to compose one that may secure the approbation of every reader."

- Miguel de Cervantes

Seems like Cervantes may have taken a fling at fanzine publishing himself; but, if he didn't, he missed a first-hand illustration for that particular quotation. In almost every day's mail I find conflicting opinions voiced over the various bits of poetry, articles, fanzine reviews and even the art carried in the previous issue. For every fan who violently disapproves of anything in OOPS, there is another fan who is whole-heartedly in support of that very same thing. Read on--and see what I mean.

(Douglas Millar) Bloch was the best; then Willis; your own stuff; Silverberg; Wegars and Lupoff. Art: I liked ESHM the best. The rest was pretty mediocre. There's far too much of it and the drawings never seem to have any connection with the contents... I can only suggest that Robert Bloch emigrates to Britain. Humor is in fine condition here. ... Life is one long laugh; and humor receives critical acclaim... p.p.s. Wise up, Bradbury is the greatest. (307 Montford Ave, Rutherglen, Glasgow)

I understand there is some sort of underground movement in Wisconsin with precisely the same aims as yours concerning Bloch, Douglas...as for Bradbury--I met him for the first time at the Westercon this year and after listening to his speech I am almost inclined to agree with you. He is certainly a very sincere and convincing speaker.

(Andy & Jean Young) Yes, though you may not be a well-known fan writer, you edit well--rather like Lee Hoffman and QUANDRY. It's interesting to notice who is good at what: Willis writes better for you than for his own "-"; Grennell is both a good editor and a good writer; still others may run bad zines but write interesting letters, and so forth. Some day some one should gather together the world's greatest editor, writer, poet, illustrator...and get them to put out the perfect fanzine. It would probably stink. (12 Sumner Rd, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts)

THERBLIGS

You may have a point there, Andy (Jean?) and while I'm inclined to agree with you, it would certainly be interesting to try it once and find out. I'll bring a mimeo to the next World Convention and print the whole thing...you won't have to do a thing except for one little item --I'll leave it up to you to pick "the greatest" person in each of those fields you mentioned. How 'bout that--is it a deal?

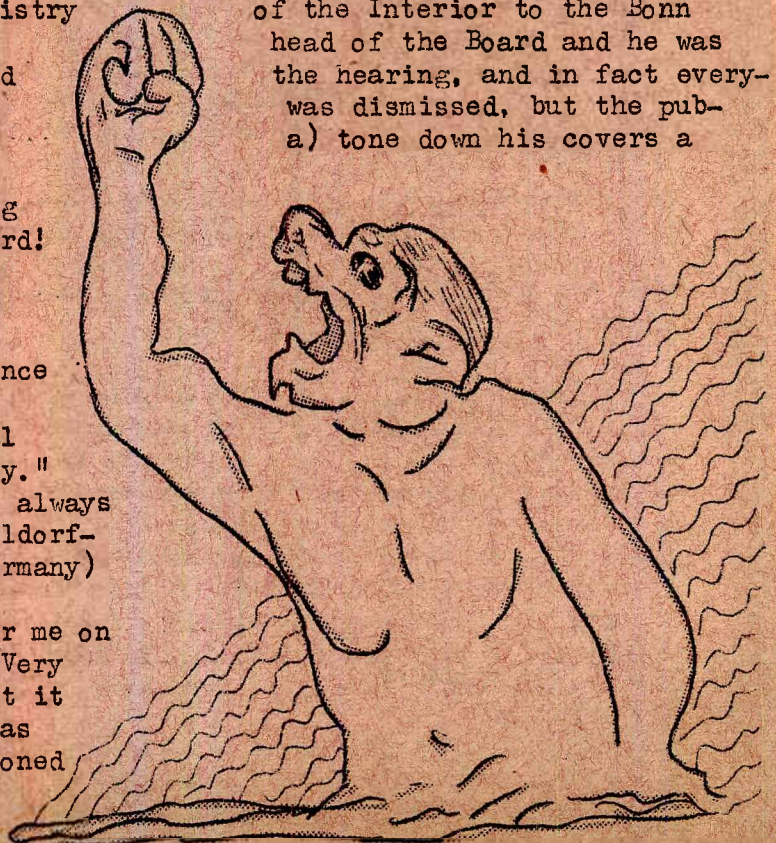
Therbligs II

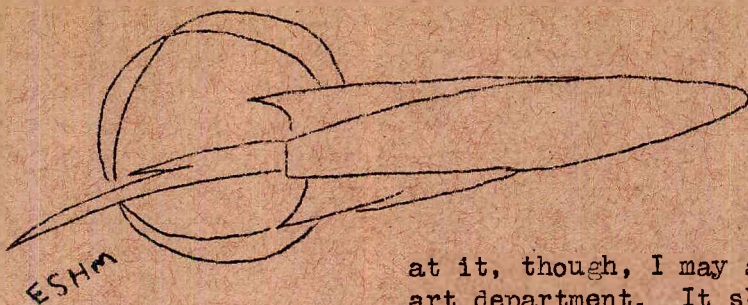
(Sam Johnson) ...Harness has told me how to cut solid black areas on stencils without tearing them. All you do is turn the stencil over so the wax (dull) side is up and lay it on a piece of glass plate. Then take a stylus (small or medium ball) and go over it like you would when shading with a pencil. ... Need I mention Bloch's article? It is so well-written and thought out that I have come to realize a little more about how people and/or fandom works. I like these sort of things, but because they appear infrequently I like them even more. The thing is that they are lightly interesting, but thought provoking. As Bob surely must have realized as he was writing this...it won't be plauded so heavily since it wasn't humorous. ... Incidentally, I've finally met the famed Dr. Rhine. I went to Duke University last week and had a nice visit. I've been doing some experimental work with ESP and they wanted to talk to me about it. (1517 Penny Drive-Edgewood, Elizabeth City, North Carolina)

Quite the opposite, Sam. I understand Bloch's article attracted so much attention that the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society read it aloud at one of their meetings recently. It netted at least two subs from that one source, alone. As for meeting Dr Rhine, I can't understand why in the world you haven't written several articles, columns and editorials about that by this time.

(Julian Parr) Feel that Dennis Tucker is merely echoing vicious propaganda in his description of the Teddy boys. They wear Edwardian clothes--but even Anthony Eden has submitted to the velvet collar; and in comparison to their more orthodox contemporaries they do look smart and neat, even if their out-of-the-rut dress shocks the more timid yes-men of men's fashions--who still hesitate even to wear a fancy waistcoat. As to packing razors and knuckledusters--that is usually slander: the herd's dislike for the individual. Shame on you, Dennis. And you a fan, too! ... As you've possibly heard, the first German sf magazine, UTOPIA, was hauled up before a Board of Censors. To dispel all misunderstandings, the application for three issues to be banned from public display in bookstalls and kiosks, on the grounds that they were "dangerous to youth" because (my summary) they glorified war, made the use of force seem inevitable and even acceptable, and made light of cruel weapons of annihilation...as I was saying, the application was made by the Bavarian Ministry Examining Board. I spoke to the kind enough to invite me to attend thing went well. The application lisher was respectfully asked to: little, and b) to calm down the enraged Americans who were sending threats to the Bonn Examining Board! The actual attack was made by the Bavarian Ministry of the Interior which got an expert statement on the dangerous influence such science fiction can have on youth from--listen to this--the "Psychological Institute of the Munich University." This may help to explain why I am always suspicious of experts... (Duesseldorf-Oberkassel, Barmer Strasse 18, Germany)

Thanks for clearing up the picture for me on the UTOPIA censorship move, Julian. Very interesting and good news to hear that it turned out well. I guess the Board was referring to Ackerman when they mentioned threats from enraged Americans...that will teach them!





(Archie Mercer) ...well, I'd vaguely noticed rumours here and there about a fanzine printed on blotting paper. And I suppose This Is It. No complaints there --it's interesting...all those pretty colours, too. While I'm

at it, though, I may as well say that I don't care for your art department. It should be either definite illos to the text or genuine cartoons. ... The Harp--ah, now we have something. To wit, one Walt. Who could go for a walk blindfolded across a featureless uninhabited plain and write it up interestingly and amusingly. Tender Poem--I've never understood why cutting prose up into irregular lines and calling it blank verse is supposed to make it read better. Any point the thing might have had is spoiled by the resultant pseudopoetic disguise. ... Of course there's the bloke who went into a posh restaurant and insisted on having a dish of unaccompanied venison before eating anything else, putting the hart before the course. Which metamorphosises into the Anglofan's Almanac, which title you say has proved unsatisfactory for some. Well, maybe. The prefix "anglo" is generally accepted to denote "British" as well as just "English," though. All British Isles fans seem to have been perfectly happy under the umbrella "Anglofan" up to now. And even the Continentals--after all, the original Angles were a North German tribe and their descendants must by now include large quantities on the mainland as well as here. In fact, the term "anglo" could be more appropriately applied to Teutonic-type continentals than to native British Celtic types. Such as the Welsh, Highland Scotch, and most of the Irish. But, then, one could also on ethnic grounds call most Trans-Atlantic fans "anglofans" too. But why segregate? Why deprive me of the chance to rub shoulders with Bloch in the lettercol? Surely a letter's a letter, be it from New York or New Zealand, California or Caledonia, Lincoln (Nebraska) or Lincoln (England). (434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, England)

Well, that's quite a point you put up for the Anglofan's Almanac, especially since you turn right around at the end and suggest doing away with it altogether. However, as you can see, that's just what I've decided to do. By extrapolating your reasoning just a little farther it came to me like a flash...WE'RE ALL ANGLOFANS! Britain, Ireland, Europe, America, Mars...all of us! # As one critic of Willis might have said in a comment similar to yours, one-half wit, two Walts. That is not true, however...the only reason Willis can write such light humor is because he's such a great watt...Willis is so funny that when HYPHEN arrives it disrupts 'ohms all over the world. # You will no doubt be pleased now that I have done away with the Anglofan's Almanac, Archie, because now you have that chance to rub shoulders with other writers like...

(Robert Bloch) A lengthier comment is certainly deserved on receipt of this issue of OOPS, but I am caught upon the point of departure for Bellefontaine. So rather than delay I wanted to acknowledge what I think is an exceptionally well-rounded issue. It was more or less rectangular until the post office clerks got through squashing it. Great news, this, about THE HARP STATESIDE. Mentioned wistfully to Grennell just the other day when he was here that this should be done as a unit. Willis is fabulous: either he has eidetic memory or the even more uncanny ability to read his own notes. How different from me! When I report something, I just make it up as I go along. How's your writing coming, boy? (Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin)

Ha. When would I find time to write? If I didn't have so much to do, I think I'd go gafia...if only I didn't have to "go over the hill" as well, to do it. And if I did write, who would dare print it? I've run out of faneds who owe me money, want to borrow money, or even have money. I've even run out of money myself!

Therbligs IV

(demon knight) Your review of HELLS PAVEMENT goes into my scrapbook, with pleasure. Your complaint about the reprinting, though, hits me on a sensitive spot because I've been exasperated mayself by magazine stories popping up under new titles and without any acknowledgement. But in this case it really seems to me no fault was committed by Lion or me: "Original," in the book trade, means not-previously-published-in-book-form and you can't expect them to change the definition because it means something else to fans. As for the acknowledgement --the crucial point--look on page 4...it was there; you just didn't read it. (106 W. Ann Street, Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania)

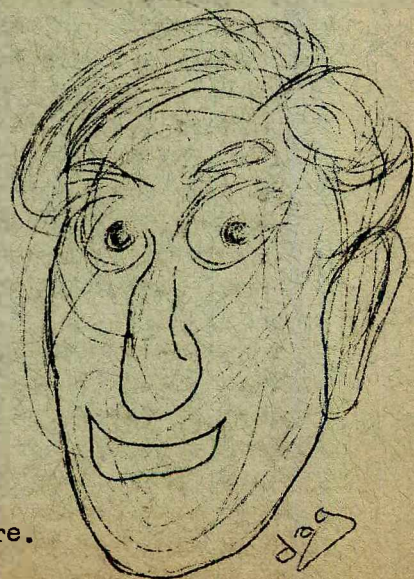
I did see page 4, eventually, demon, and I tried to imply as much in my "review" but I suppose the point wasn't too clear. What I meant was that I had read about half the novel before I happened to see page 4...in fact, I turned back looking for reprinting credits. You see, when I read a book or story I start right at the beginning, generally sans introduction. HP seemed so familiar after a few dozen pages that I began to wonder about the "original" tag and started checking to see just what was what. I appreciate Lion's point of view about the word "original," too...looks like we're just from different worlds over that one. Still, reprint or no, I thought HP was a fine and entertaining job. I do not agree with the Rev. Mr Moorehead at all, if that's any consolation to you. By the way, is that new address of yours permanent or just temporary? You didn't say.

(Des Emery) Your artists are the best for feeling I've seen. Capella's man in a cloak on Bob's review and the lead illo for the Harp really impressed me. As a further comment on Bob's review column, I wonder if anybody else gets the impression that he is very, very tired? Either he's aged greatly or he writes just before he wakes up in the morning. (93 Hemlock St, St Thomas, Ontario)

This here fan Emery is something of a mystery to me...though let me hasten to express my gratitude that he does the things he does. On April 8th I received 65¢ from him for a subscription and back-issues. On the 6th of May he followed up with a Canadian \$1 bill. As if that might not be enough, another 50¢ arrived on June 3rd and was added to the treasury. Des can now consider himself practically a lifetime subscriber to OOPS, as his subscription runs to approximately #32. His is by far the longest subscription I have, followed by Frank Dietz, Joe Gibson, Dean Hill and Stephen Schultheis.

(Jimmi Perry) The cover...certainly invalidates any claims that Harness is a crud artist; have been hearing too many of these without seeing enough of Harness to know better. Bloch is always good; Wegars has mastered the style of writing he used beautifully, but I get the feeling somp'n is left out from the story--could be I don't have the proper fannish background to appreciate such things; Willis is tame, even on puns (or maybe I didn't look hard enough) which may be just this particular issue. Silverberg's reviews struck me as just a trifle hammy, but then I've never had much taste for Filthy Prose anyhow. If he'd step down off of the high hoss and be corny and friendly--in short, fannish --like demon knight and Bloch and Tucker and such-like...wull, ya never can tell. Dunno if this pro business wnet to his cranium or not, and am in no position to judge; I never saw SPACESHIP. But the name itself suggests Campbellism... (4040 Calvert Street, Lincoln 6, Nebraska)

Look--Archie Mercer writes a letter mentioning Lincoln, Nebraska, and all at once I get my first letter from there. But, then, Archie's letter was the first I ever had from



Therbligs V

Lincoln, England, too. Must be a trend or something. You're right about Wegars' article last issue, Jimmi...to have been able to appreciate it you should have read an article by Harlan Ellison in an earlier issue of OOPS.

(Ralph J. Watts) The first thing I would like to say is that I would like to have a copy of "The Harp Stateside"...I hope that you get enough requests for it. I am not going to read the rest of the installments...I'll wait until I can read the whole thing at one time. Your artwork this issue was way above average. I thought the best was the full-page one at the beginning of Therbligs. (2230 Big Run Road, Rt #1, Grove City, Ohio)

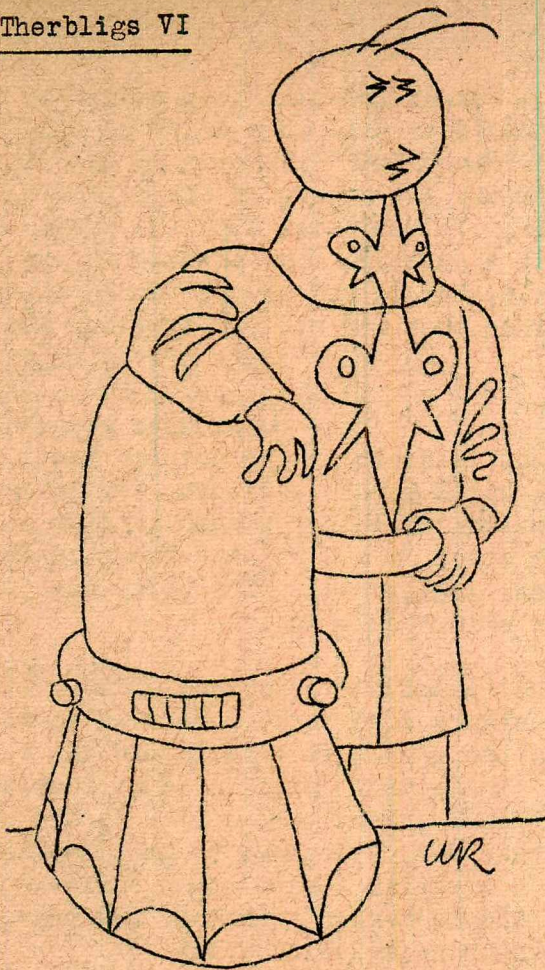
While the entire readership of OOPS seems to be solidly behind Walt's HARP STATESIDE being reprinted in one complete issue, Ralph, the chances are that it won't be for a short while yet. For one thing, Walt may decide to continue the regular installments in OOPS before reprinting the entire article. Or he may decide to sit down and finish it all off in one fell swoop. Personally, I'm in favor of the latter, and if Walt decides the same way you can look for THE HARP STATESIDE sometime soon.

QUOTABLE QUOTES DEPARTMENT: "No BDSA like DAG (that's a crytic sentence to the un-initiate, isn't it?)" From a pocksard from Rotsler.
"...his skewed sense of humor." From HYPHEN #13

(Redd Boggs) As I remember, I too became entangled in the jungles of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Africa about the time I read the Oz books. In fact, I think I read "Tarzan of the Apes" even before: we had a copy of the Grosset & Dunlap reprint in the house, which was no doubt among the first adult type books I ever read. From the town library I borrowed all the juveniles they had--boys and girls books, both--and interspersed this reading with Tarzan books. I don't think I read more than six or eight of them, however, and the only Mars and Venus stories I've read where those printed in Amz and FA. It wasn't that I didn't want to read them, but the library didn't have them. The list of ERB's other books in the books I read, each with a little resume of the story, were very alluring. I wish I could remember whether I actually wrote a little sf yarn about Mars, on the basis of the resume for the John Carter books, or whether I just thought about it. I do remember drawing fragmentary adventure strips featuring hurtling rocketships and treks across the barren plains of Mars. But these were mostly inspired by Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon. # Have you heard or seen the new sf projects of the radio-TV producers? NBC Sundays offers a revival of "Dimension X" under the title "X Minus One." I wouldn't be surprised if they're using recordings of the earlier series, and certainly the same scripts are used, if not recordings. Sunday's show featured Heinlein's "Universe" which was very much as I remembered it from "Dim X". Next Sunday the program will present "Knock" by Fredric Brown and since I myself still have a recording of that, I will be able to check on whether it is a recording used on "X Minus One." ... The TV folks have a series called "Science Fiction Theater," produced, written, and acted by the same team that did the movie "Riders to the Stars." Not very good. But at least this renewal of interest on the part of radio and TV may indicate that the SF Bust is over. It seems promising, anyway, and shows that sf is here to stay and not a passing fad as some have said since the Bust came on. (2215 Benjamin Street, NE, Minneapolis 18, Minnesota)

Other notes and information in Boggs' letter were: Vernell Coriell is planning another issue of the BURROUGHS BULLETIN...all the material is in but the money is lacking to pay the lithographer. It's been several years since the last issue; Richard Elsberry, a name practically unfamiliar to 7th Fandom, was married on the 18th of June...will move to Schenectady, NY, for a job with General Electric; and Marie-Louise Share got married on or about the 7th of May, but no details...also no word on how this will effect the already erratic frequency of HODGE-PODGE, but there hasn't been an issue for some time, anyway.

13 August 1955



After a slightly longer-than-usual lapse this time, OOPS once more is about ready to arrive in your mailbox. I have been pleasantly observing the past few months of summertime by dating a very pretty young girl and quietly going gafia. It has been very pleasant.

But, all things pass in time. The summer is drifting to a close and the very pretty young girl is about to go back home once again, so I turn in solace to OOPS.

Actually the thing that is causing me to wind up the last of this issue and get it in the mails tomorrow...well, that's a very 'round-about sentence and one I find difficult to complete intelligently, but what I meant was that it was all because of today's mail.

A letter from Dick Ryan, one-time editor of a fine fanzine called MAD (the original) who has been gafia for ever-so-long except for FAPA, and from whom I hear about once a year. Or less.

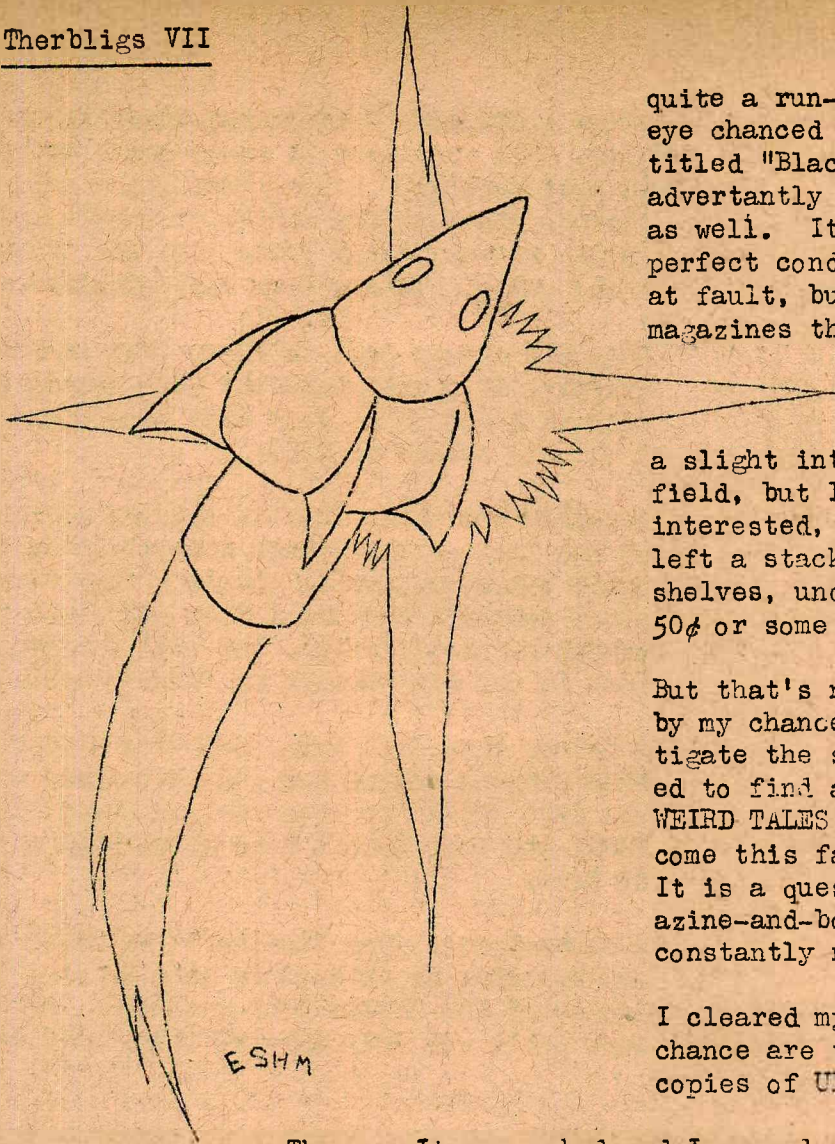
A subscription from Charles V. De Vet. This may not seem so strange to some of you, but

somehow it did to me. Perhaps it was because of the dollar bill enclosed...they must not be making those anymore, because I sure don't see very many of them. I'm very partial to that shade of green.

There was also a big fat letter with the return address "Francis T. Laney." This one had me puzzled for a moment. I do think that I did hear from Laney once, long and longer ago, but what notable thing had I done of late? Nothing, it seemed...he was just forwarding my copies of KTEIC. And that did it. After two issues of KTEIC, I was in more of a subtle, fannish mood than I had been for months before. He even sent two large sheets of Rotsler illos, some of which are represented on these last few pages. I was so inspired that...well, if you must know, I felt like putting out a fanzine.

CHEROKEE BOOK SHOP I'm not sure why it's called the "Cherokee" book shop unless it's because the address is 1656 Cherokee Avenue in Hollywood, but I found the place by strolling down Hollywood Boulevard hand in hand with the very pretty young girl (op. cit.) and looking in store windows. If Cherokee Avenue is nearby it must be cleverly concealed, but perhaps I was not too aware of my surroundings. I must look again sometime by daylight, sans distractions.

But as it happened, the night of Friday, 12 August 1955, will be a date to go down in history on the Calkins Calendar (built along the lines of Churchy la Femme's suggested calendar; see THE INCOMPLEAT POGO, pp 69-72; also OOPSLA! #15, pp "Therbligs III"). Something told me to stop and look over this small book shop...to just wander inside and see what was there. I don't know what mysterious thing told me to go in, but I do know it wasn't fate...they had that on a shelf clear in the back of the shop. Besides which, I don't collect that magazine anyhow. Disengaging myself from the vpyg--it is harder than you might think and I would do it only for science fiction--I wandered casually inside. I gazed scornfully at their rather untidy stacks of recent, digest-size sf magazines (they did have a GALAXY SF NOVEL I wanted, but it was in very poor condition) and had just about concluded that it was



quite a run-of-the-mill book shop when my eye chanced to fall on a stack of old mags titled "Black Cat." Picking up my eye I inadvertently got a copy of one of the magazines as well. It was dated 1897 and was in almost perfect condition. Now perhaps my memory is at fault, but it has always seemed to me that magazines that old are pretty rare, and by

that token pretty expensive. It also seemed to me that that particular magazine has

a slight interest to the science fiction field, but I am not positive. If anyone is interested, will they please contact me...I left a stack of 100 or more there on the shelves, undisturbed. The price was 35¢ or 50¢ or some such thing.

But that's not the important thing. Stirred by my chance discovery, I decided to investigate the shop more closely and was rewarded to find a very large stack of back issue WEIRD TALES in one part of the room. Having come this far, I decided to ask The Question. It is a question I have asked back-issue-magazine-and-book-shop operators for years with constantly negative results.

I cleared my throat. "Have you...by any chance are there...do you know of...any copies of UNKNOWN WORLDS?"

There. It was asked and I was glad to have it off of my chest. He would follow routine from here on out...first puzzlement, then asking me to repeat the title, a half-hearted search, and finally the worn-out reply: "we don't seem to have any."

Well, you can guess the rest. It's a stock 'twist-ending' plot that's been done a thousand times before. As natural as could be the man-behind-the-counter called to another man-in-the-back-room and asked if he had any copies of UNKNOWN left. The man-in-the-back-room asked if I had any particular issues in mind. When I mutely shook my head in a negative manner he brought out his last two copies...June and August 1943. They were in excellent shape and I paid \$1 apiece for them, not caring and hardly knowing what I was doing. After all these years in fandom, with only a short glimpse at a copy in Henry Burwell's collection in Atlanta in 1952, I had finally bought a copy of UNKNOWN WORLDS.

SPEAKING OF POGO

I believe I mentioned Pogo about a page back, which reminds me that ardent Pogophiles should know about the new POGO PEEK-A-BOOK (Simon & Schuster, \$1, paper-bound) which came out not too long ago. It is built along the lines of UNCLE POGO SO-SO STORIES and THE POGO STEPMOTHER GOOSE, and brings the total of current Kelly titles to seven, including the original POGO, I GO POGO, THE POGO PAPERS, and THE INCOMPLETE POGO. Non-Pogo fans will find little interest in this announcement, and avid Pogo fans will already be aware of the fact, but it is at least worthy of mention.

Also received in today's mail was a rather foaming-at-the-mouth letter from one Ray Schaffer Jr concerning Don Wegars. I thought Don might find it of interest, and so might the general readership...it follows on the next page...

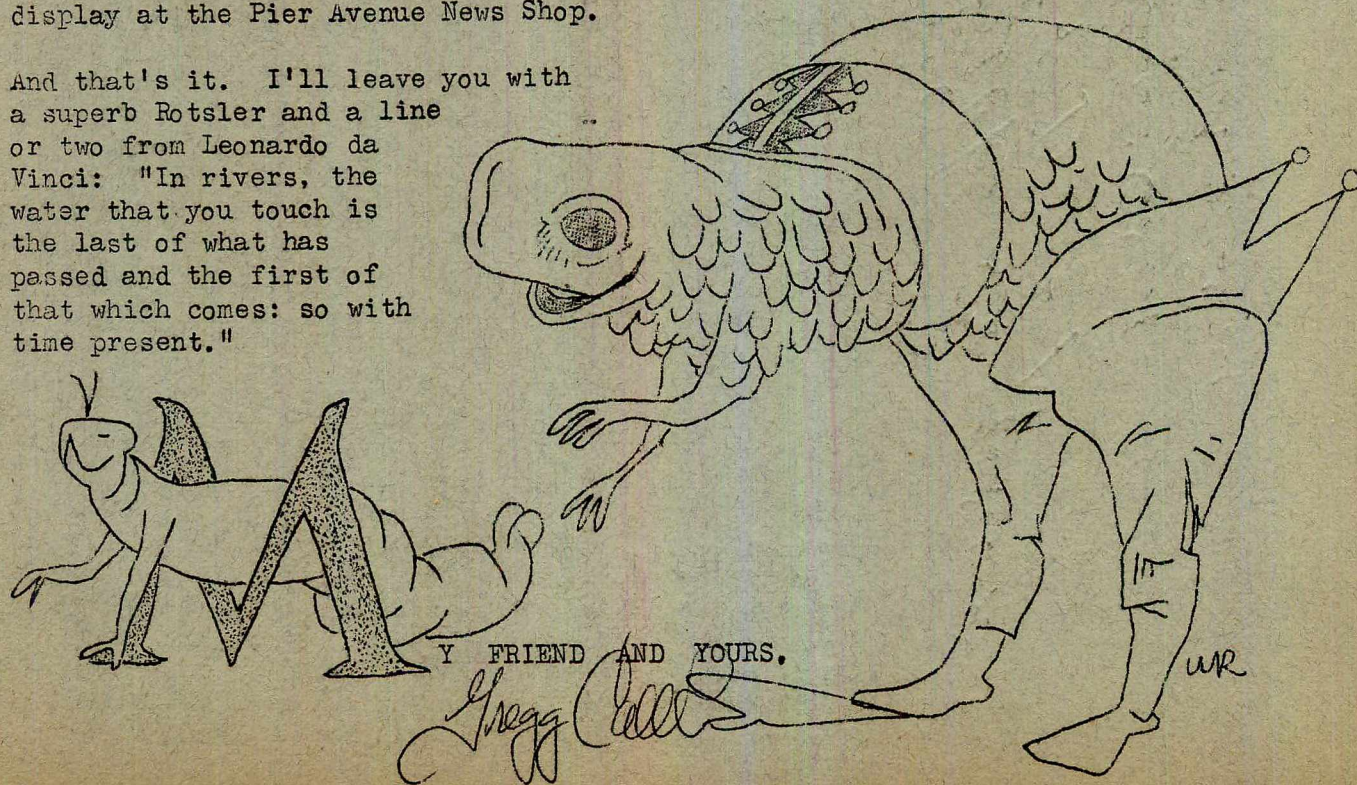
(Ray Schaffer Jr) Would you kindly tell Mr Don Wegars, in a most emphatic manner, to go to h---. His stupid satire...is not only lacking the 'true' elements of satire, but decisively points out his lack of insight and perspective. Why doesn't he remove that 'oh how I love America' blindfold and open his optics to reality? And this suggestion is also aimed at those individuals who recently expressed intense dislike for Ellison's article in the pages of OOPS and other mags. Lets face facts, shall we. The vast majority of the general public is ignorant of scientific principles and scientists themselves, and consequently distrust and ridicule science and scientists. I suggest that all doubters take a personal interview in their local factories, where science-haters abound. And to ignore the seriousness of juvenile delinquency and laugh it all off, as Wegars and compatriots seem to be doing, is ignorance of the highest degree. Ellison isn't attempting to re-make society over to his way of thinking, as his recent article was merely an expression of his thoughts concerning the evils of our society. To scoff at an individual who IS AWARE of social evils is downright unpardonable folly. (122 North Wise Street, North Canton, Ohio)

....I trust, Ray, that when you refer to "Wegars and compatriots" you mean Damon Runyon. Or perhaps Hemingway?

THE TRUTH COMES OUT: "...the guy could use my triper." From ALPHA #10
OR OTHERWISE DISTURBED: "Puzzled and curious I read on through the book..." From Bob Shaw's "Glass Bushel" in HYPHEN #14
CERTIFIED BLOG ADVT: "...my beer...which nearly killed me and a million other things" From SATELLITE #6
WANT TO BUY A GHOST IN GOOD CONDITION?: "Recently K. Martin Carlson gave up the publishing ghost and now you can get it from Gary Labowitz..." From an advt for KAYMAR TRADER in EAFHRD #1

Before winding up this issue I'd like to put in a little plug for the PIER AVENUE NEWS SHOP at 101 Pier Avenue, Ocean Park, California. The proprietor is a very nice and friendly guy and carries one of the most complete lines of science fiction mags in the area. I understand Ray Bradbury still stops there occasionally and used to be in the place quite a bit when he still lived in Venice. If you're in the area, stop in some time and look over the magazine rack...if it's out, you'll find it on display at the Pier Avenue News Shop.

And that's it. I'll leave you with a superb Rotsler and a line or two from Leonardo da Vinci: "In rivers, the water that you touch is the last of what has passed and the first of that which comes: so with time present."



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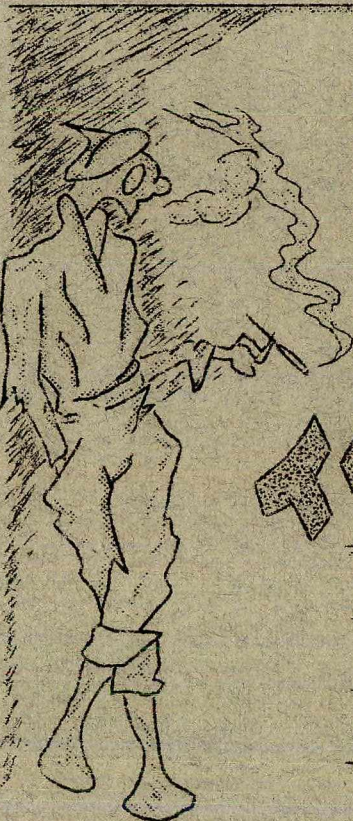
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