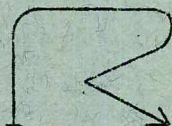
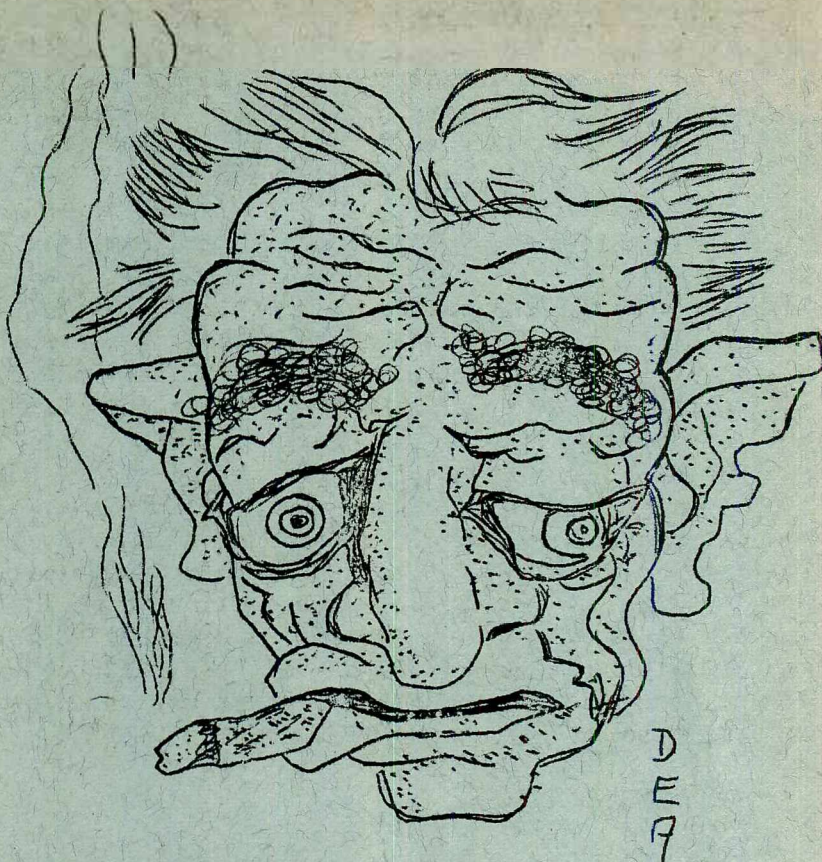


4
NOV
1934

XXI

4
NOV
1955



DANS UN VERRE D'EAU ...

OF MICE AND MEN

I'm none too sure about the mice, but the symbolism you observe in the upper left-hand corner of this page is intended to indicate that there are twenty-one years between 4Nov34 and 4Nov55. I was born on the first date mentioned...you take it from there.

GLEAM OF A GILDED TITLE

After eight issues, many have wondered but none have guessed. Time was when an esoteric title to a fanzine or column was enough to start all sorts of speculation until the meaning behind the title was revealed. Many have wondered about the title on this page, but none have even guessed close. And I'm not going to tell you unless you do, either.

FROM DAN TO BEERSHEBA

In this issue's GRENADEAN ETCHINGS you will find that Dean A. Grennell bought a new Oldsmobile this year. Not to be outdone, especially not in my own fanzine, let me reveal my own news...in July I bought a 1955 Chevrolet. The automobile manufacturers have tacked a great many descriptive adjectives after those first two, and a sample would run like this...Bel-Aire, sports coupe, yellow-and-white two-tone with green interior, and...but this could go on forever. Suffice it to say that I find it very satisfactory and a great help in crossing the miles between here and Camp Pendleton. I do not have power brakes, power steering, power seats and windows, or a power garbage-disposal unit. Neither do I have the V-8 engine. Instead it is a straight-6 with power-glide and as far as I'm concerned, that's plenty. Six sparking plugs provide power enough for me under the hood, and the automatic transmission is a dream to drive...I wouldn't settle for less. Grennell, if you got a straight stick on your Olds, you got stuck. I am not a dragster, but occasionally I try the mettle of my Chev against some other new-car owner at a stop-light and the only car

...Dans Un Verre D'Eau II

to put up even a satisfactory showing thus far has been a '55 Olds with automatic transmission. I gave him a bit of an edge at the start and he was still holding it at 35...that was when I quit, out of deference to the speed limit signs reading only 25 mph. I don't know about his Olds, but at 35 I had not yet shifted from low to the higher driving range...I'd like to try him again some day up to 60 mph and see how we compare. I know I could take him if I had the V-8.

Since buying the car, I've travelled from Dan to Beersheba, as Laurence Sterne would have it. In less than four months I've managed more than 6200 miles, including visits to Mexicali in the south, El Centro and Daggett to the east, and a weekend jaunt up to Sequoia National Park in the north. My gas mileage is comfortable, if not impressive, and I average more than 17 mpg in city and country driving. Top speed? Well, I've only opened it up once and that was on a straight stretch of highway in Mexico. The speedometer registers 110 on the dash and so did the needle on that one occasion. Just after I dropped back to a respectable speed I passed a Mexican highway patrolman on a motorcycle going in the opposite direction. It is a source of considerable speculation to me what would have happened if I had passed him at my top speed. Would the combined velocities (about 150 mph) have blown him off of the road? Would he have believed his eyes? Believing, would he have attempted to give chase? And---that was in August---if he had ever caught me, would I still be in jail in Mexico, pending bail?

THE PIERIAN SPRING

For those of you who are not familiar with the background, let me say that when I first began publishing OOPS I was a freshman in college at the University of Utah (abbreviated, much to the delight of Grennell, as the U of U). I finished my first year and had almost completed the second when I dropped everything in the middle of the spring quarter to join the Marine Corps. Now, after more than two-and-a-half years in this organization, I am once more thinking about college. I hope to get an early release from the USMC on or about the 10th of March in order to return to Utah in time for the spring quarter, 1956. In my first two years at that institute of learning I drank but a shallow draught...

The status of OOPS after I return to college is not too clear. Between now and the 10th of March, I hope to publish this issue plus two more, plus the special edition of THE HARP STATESIDE and possibly my long projected WHO ZOO IN FANDOM. After that date, only time will tell. Personally, I hope to make OOPS better and more regular than it has been at any time in the past...I anticipate that college will provide fewer obstacles to fanac than has the Marine Corps, especially since I will be once again living at home instead of commuting 100 miles each way twice a month. Many experiments in special publications and color printing are planned, and if all goes well you can look for many more and much better issues of OOPS.

...OUR CHRISTMAS WID DEM SHERIFFS IN DE SKY

Seems like the past twelve months have just romped right by and here it is getting close to Christmas time again. Seems like it just was Christmas, just the other day or so, but I guess not. A whole year has passed by in the meantime, a year filled with nothing of great importance for me except a good deal of happiness...if the next year turns out as well, I will have no complaints.

So may I wish all of you from all of us a very merry 25th of December, followed by 365 days chock-full of all the good things that often go unnoticed and unappreciated from year to year.

"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

WJF

DEAN GRENELL—ETCHINGS

The summer of 1955 has been one of the hottest and most humid since they started keeping tabs on the weather in Wisconsin. It is about to surpass—or perhaps already has surpassed—the previous record year of 1931. I was seven (going on eight) in the summer of 1931 and it is a curious thing but I have no recollection whatsoever of unusually high temperatures that year. I remember other things about it but, search through my memory banks as I will, I can find no personal records of uncomfortably high temperatures prior to the age of around twelve or thirteen. To me, this seems mildly curious. Do children suffer less from the heat, either because of some physiological quirk or because their every exertion is so thoroughly voluntary? Or is the memory of hot-weather discomfort prone to fade quickly as more impressive experiences come crowding along? I'd be interested to hear how many of you recall uncomfortably hot weather from the years before your twelfth birthday.

But it has, as I said, been fiercely hot here this summer and my fanergy varies inversely as the cube of the temperature in degrees Fahrenheit. In weather like we have been having, reading seems ever so much more attractive than writing...which is my excuse for not having done any writing—either of letters or articles—worth mentioning since sometime in late spring when our celestial thermostat got its points stuck together and the furnace ran away with itself.

For some reason which I'm at a loss to explain my thoughts on, science fiction these sweltering days have been all but non-existent. Never more than a fakefan at best, I have nibbled pickishly at GALAXY, ASF, F&SF and AMAZING but I have come away from them with little by way of comments save perhaps a faint belch and traces of incipient heartburn. Of the summer's crop, little seems noteworthy with the possible exception of Eric Frank Russell's CALL HIM DEAD in ASF. I say this more than a little sadly because I know from rueful experience that my liking of a story or book is the kiss of death so far as the critics are concerned. But the fact remains that the first installment looked so intriguing that I read it as soon as it arrived (flagrantly flouting my accustomed habits) as I also did the second part. Right now I am faunching weamishly for the third and final episode to appear.

Sure. I'll willingly concede that the plot is somewhat less than stunningly original. The gimmick—extra-terrestrial possession—turns up every now and then... THE PUPPET MASTERS, THE BODY SNATCHERS, etc. But it isn't too uncommon for an opera-lover to take in Carmen more than once and they seldom refuse to see it the first time on grounds that they "have read the book." The pleasure of meeting so interesting a character as Wade Harper is worth the effort of forgetting that one has encountered the plot before. I guess I more or less feel as does Redd Boggs who wo3w'd, "...I surprised myself by reading "Call Him Dead"...and rather enjoyed it, I must admit, though I think it was golden bantam right down to the cob."

"You're bleeding all over my nice new whip." --Bloch

And so, having paid lip-homage before the papier-mâché altar of science-fiction let us cage the gyroscope, box the compass, unplug the auto-pilot and take our subject-matter where we find it. I ought to explain that Gregg and I have this agreement: I write this column whenever I can think of something to say in it with the implicit understanding that I have no deadlines to meet and am in no way, shape or form required to discuss science fiction. So far as I am concerned, science fiction has been discussed, re-discussed and just plain cussed until it is a very tasteless blob of chicle indeed for further rumination.

Grenadean Etchings II

One of the most fascinating facets of fanzines, to me, is their overwhelmingly abundant proof that it is almost impossible to make any statement so impregnably self-evident that someone else won't disagree and argue themselves purple to prove that you (obviously) don't know from beans whereof you speak.

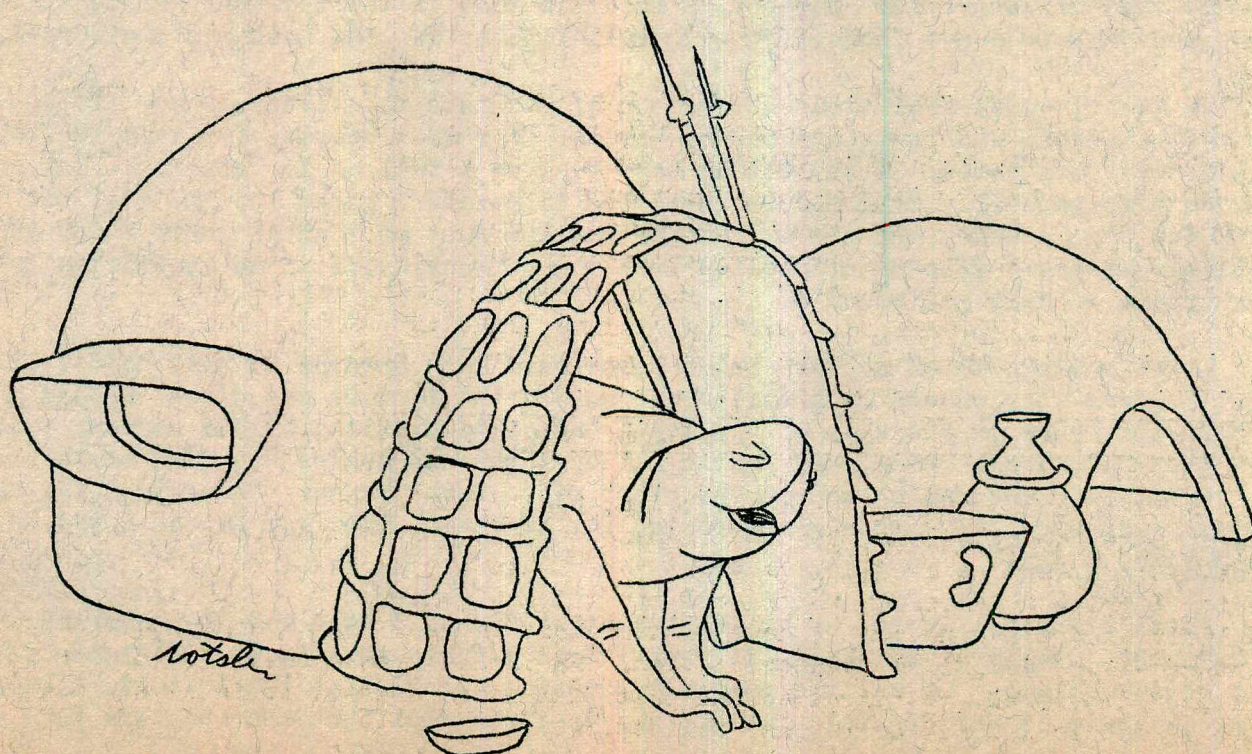
Try it sometime. Go ahead and try to hang up one single statement which will pass unchallenged in any company. It is not easy. For a start, I will submit a couple of the best entires I've come up with to date. First there's the bit from one of Fredric Brown's short stories--I forget the title but it's in his collection SPACE ON MY HANDS--which has it that "It is not easy to turn out a corpse on a lathe." Anyone want to argue that? Then try this: there is a combination window cleaner and polish marketed in this country under the name of "Gold Seal Glass Wax." The last time I happened to notice, down at the bottom of the label it still said, "Made by the makers of Gold Seal Glass Wax." Is there anyone in the audience so brashly iconoclastic that they wish to debate that point? If so, I will assume the affirmative with a tolerable degree of confidence for that is the basic concept upon which I have built the entire credo of my belief, namely that Gold Seal Glass Wax is made by the makers of Gold Seal Glass Wax. It is, I tell you, it is...IT IS!

And then there was the time last fall when I did a twanging double-take to hear one of the sports announcers on Milwaukee's WTMJ summing up the prospects for the coming Saturday's football games with this bland gem:

"No upsets are expected."

It would appear that the fanzine called HODGE-PODGE of happy memory is no more. Reports are that Marie-Louise nee Share has gotten married (though no report I've yet heard says to whom) and Nancy Share--she's the one with the cute dimples--is much too busy to carry it on by herself. This is saddening news to me and, I'm sure, to many others. HP was all things to all fen and it stands out in my memory for the madly heterogeneous subject-matter that turned up in any given issue and the fact that it was probably the most unstefnal fanzine I've ever seen.

Articles could be about any subject under the sun (or, for that matter, over it) and they usually were. As if this didn't introduce enough of a random factor,



Grenadean Etchings III

there was the letter column. This was big, brawling and argumentative or--to use a phrase of Shakespeare's I've always loved--"fat and bean-fed."

Take the time, for instance, when they ran an article on bull-fighting. This aroused more frantic yipping than a polecat in a kennelfull of cocker spaniels--and not too surprisingly either, for it is intellectually very much de rigueur to deplore bull-fighting as a shameful example of sadistic decadence. In the first wave of comments, only two people spoke of the article in tones below a scream... Wrai Ballard of the Blanchard (North Dakota) Ballards and myself.

For reason we needn't dwell upon here, I didn't write any more letters of comment after that although I should say that the bull fight discussion--perhaps "bull session" is the better term?--had nothing to do with it. I lost touch for a few issues and the last I saw of Ballard he was still staunchly sniping at an overpowering avalanche of taurophiles. I regretted my defection, unavoidable as it may have been, at the time and recently mentioned in a letter to Wrai that I still thought he was in the right on the matter. To this he replied:

"Sorry you didn't come to my aid in that bull-fight controversy, for doing it all by myself made my story smack of individual prejudice, whereas your corroboration would have lent undeniable force and credence to my stand. Personally though I think the stand for the bull was a lot of bull. It is, you know, far more dramatic to cheer for the bull. You made an excellent point in saying if the bull wasn't so full of cussedness bull fights wouldn't be possible. It is almost worth reviving HODGE PODGE and the Bull Controversy just so you could make that point. Just to differ, though, if there were man-fights, bulls would very likely write letters of protest...(about) bull's inbovinity to man."

Maybe I'd better clarify my stand before the discussion gets out of hand: I am not an aficionado of bull-fighting (throwing, yes, but fighting, no) nor do I advocate that we filch it from the Spanish speaking peoples as our national pasttime to replace such current interests as baseball, harness racing and George Gobel. Personally, I heartily detest--or at best am bored rigid by--spectator sports of all sorts.

Rather, it is my contention that bull-fighting is not 100 per cent wrong, shameful, awful, etc., &c. Further, I maintain that if the Spanish, Mexicans and Portugese want to amuse themselves with bull-fights, let 'em...that's their business.

Of all virtues, vociferous advocacy of kindness to animals is one of the easiest, cheapest and least arduous to assume. For most people, far removed from ungulates of all sorts, it is just as easy to love a bull as to hate him...and ever so much more popular. If I may be permitted to hazard a guess though, I'll bet there are people among the pro-bull ranks who are just as fond of their steak and hamburger as are Ballard and myself. Speaking personally, I am no vegetarian but carnivorous as hell and proud of it.

Which reminds me of a story which seems very much apropos at this point. It's about the man who, chased by a bull, runs across the pasture and dives through a barbed-wire fence by the skin of his teeth and other protions of his anatomy. He lies there a moment, shaken and panting, then turns and shakes his fist at the bull who is snorting and pawing sod on the other side of the fence. "All right for you, you thus-and-such, I've been a vegetarian for 30 years, but from now on I eat beef three times a day!"

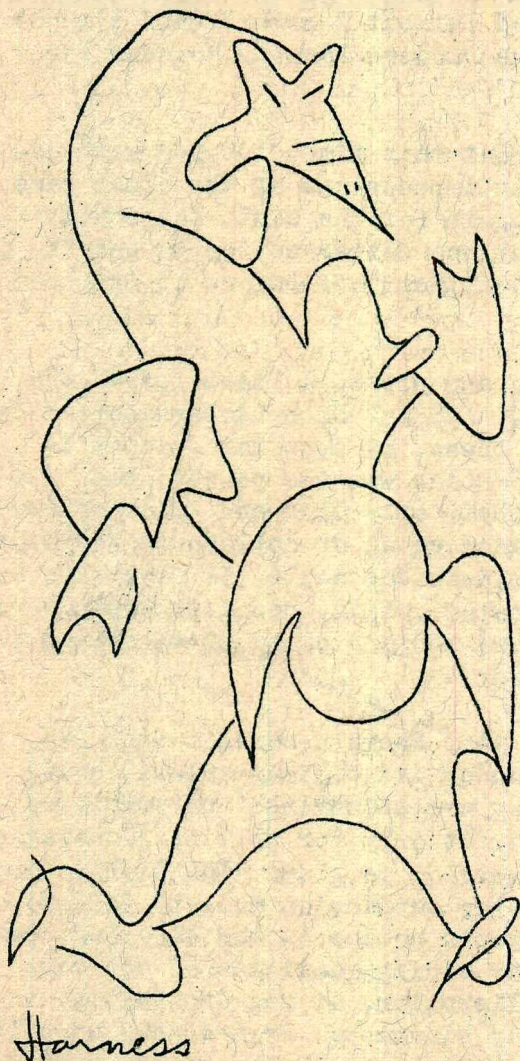
There's a moral there, or at least a stout thread I need for the tapestry of my argument. Ballard was saying it when I took a furlough from the imbroglio of HP's letter-column. Of all the people expressing opinions on the bull-fight business, he said, it was odd but probably not co-incidental that the only two who

Grenadean Etchings IV

weren't worried about the poor bulls were Ballard and Grennell--as far as he knew, the only two people involved who had any first-hand acquaintance with bulls. Wrai Ballard lives on a farm to this day and I spent my first 18 years and 13 days on one. It is for that reason that his and my conceptions of bulls are not particularly tinted by recollections of Walt Disney's Ferdinand and Elmer the Borden Bull.

Unless you want to get onto a dairy farm and live with one for a while, I'll have to ask you to take my word for it. You wouldn't love a bull if you got to know one. The word "bovine" in our language and its accepted usage has come to signify placid stupidity. But a bull is not particularly stupid as, for example, a sheep is stupid and the average bull is just about equal in placidity to a hungry Bengal tiger. Mean is a better adjective for bull-nature than our popular semantic concept of "bovine." A bull is definable as several square feet of tough hide taut-full of pure quintuple-distilled hubris (that's a word Rich Eney is fond of, which is approximately synonymous with fuggheaded cussedness.)

And bear in mind that the bulls Wrai and I know are the highly domesticated "dairy" breeds, barn-raised and hand-fed for hundreds of generations. They are veritable taurine Caspar Milquetoasts compared to the wild black bulls which are bred for the bull-ring.



As I said to Wrai, if a bull was the kindly, peaceable, lovabobble critter these humanitarians make him out to be, bull-fights would be no fun to watch and would, very probably, be impossible in the first place. The bull's own snorthing berserk lust to kill is certainly one of the prime ingredients of a bull-fight, and if we are to concede that the bull has his right to his murderous instincts then, by the same token, can we deny the matador's equally in-bred desire to take on an opponent who outweighs him tenfold or more?

Another thing: I can't say for sure but I assume that a bull, once killed, is butchered and eaten. Now we can plunge headlong at this point into interminable hassels as to whether or not it's morally right to kill an animal for its meat. We could burn up reams of paper asking the super-humanitarian where he proposes to draw the line; is it wrong to kill animals but permissible to swat a fly or mosquito? Is it morally wrong to gargle with mouthwash or swab a cut with mercuriochrome (assuming, of course, that the germicide really does kill germs!)? We could work up toward the heavier-caliber rhetoric and ask if the animal lover is aware that his white corpuscles are continually killing bacteria in his blood-stream... yes, actually murdering them in cold blood...and what does he propose to do about that? We could ask what his reasons are for saying that it is wrong to harm animals but perfectly all right to slaughter and devour plants.

Well, having starved off the really sincere and devout vegetarians, let us assume for the sake of argument that it is moral and ethical to kill a bull for his meat. Now let us get very hypothetical indeed and let us put the question to an imaginary bull who understands and can speak English. Let us give him a choice: does he want to meekly amble up the chute and get quietly knocked in the head and

and cut up into porterhouses or would he like to go down fighting with even the slimmest possible of outside chances that he can take one of his redly-hated murderers with him? What do you suppose the bull's answer would be? What would your answer be if Terra were occupied by the Overlords of Delgon (for instance) and they put the same proposition to you? I know damned well what my answer would be and I'll make book that the bull's choice would be the same.

Sometime you must remind me to give you my impassioned propaganda on why it is sadistic and sinful to drink coffee and eat carrots. Not that I don't do both, brutal creature that I am, but I can make a helluva good case for it either way.

Feel better now, Wrai?

"She tripped over a passing MG and wrenched her ankle..." --Janke

LA JAZZY-BELLE EST MORT: VIVE LA JAZZY-BELLE

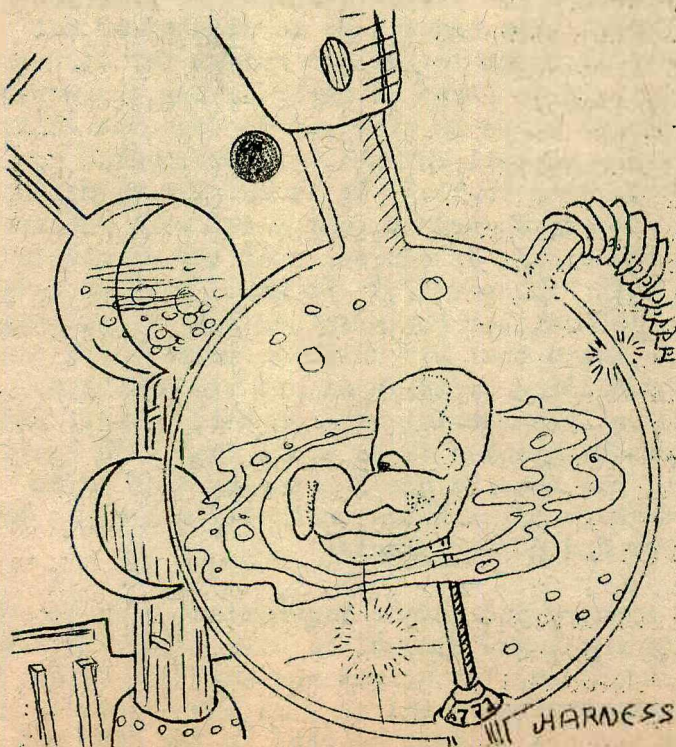
Boyd Raeburn (not the band-leader, the other one) will, I fear, grotch with dismay if he reads this and learns for the first time that the passionate-blue '52 Olds has been traded in on not a Ferrari but another Bloated Detroit Monster of the same breed and current vintage. Actually, "Bloated Detroit Monster" (and I'm not referring to Howard Devore) is a misnomer. It is a Bloated Lansing Monster for that's where Oldsmobiles are grown.

In scrummaging about for a topic to ramble about this time, I toyed with devoting most of it to a McCahillian discussion of my impressions of the other cars I tried out before I decided finally on the Olds again for the sixth consecutive time since the war. But the bull-beefing was a subject better suited to getting my teeth into and I'll have to begin bithing this installment off before it dribbles over into THERBLIGS.

In response to uncountable pleas in the radio and press, I "test-drove" the Packard, Pontiac, Buick (both Special and Century), DeSoto, Nash (Ambassador, with 140 and 208 hp motors), Dodge and Studebaker. Of these, my personal opinion is that the Packard was the most disappointing; the Pontiac was the poorest buy. Of

all of them, only Olds and Buick offered performance equal or noticeably superior to the modest but agile '52 Olds with its 145 hp motor...this, despite horsepowers (on paper) ranging clear up to around 245 horsepower.

If that Packard could muster 245 horses under its bilious-colored hood, then they are bespavined and emaciated old nags fit only for pulling junk-wagons and conversion to glue. The highly-touted torsion-bar suspension made no difference that I could notice in the steering, cornering or riding qualities of the car. In acceleration, it was impossibly, intolerably sluggish. From a dead stop it took slightly over 17 seconds of roaring motor and grinding gears to pant its way up to a sizzling 60 mph. For comparison, the '52 Olds did it in 12 seconds, the '55 does it in 10 or 11. Asthetically, the whole Packard line is a mess...taste-



Grenadean Etchings VI

lessly bespernt with bronze and chrome excrescences to catch bugs and road dirt, utterly devoid of line or form...ugh. I have since talked to a Packard owner who says if he drives very carefully, on a good day he can get 10 miles to the gallon of gas. But then it only costs \$4000 or so...

The Pontiac didn't drive too badly although I've since learned that both the Pontiac and the V-8 Chevrolets have rocker-arms stamped out of sheet metal this year, and the rockers bend 'till the car loses its valve-action--and pep--after the first few thousand miles. The thing I found starkly ridiculous was that it would have cost more to trade for a Pontiac than either an Olds or a Buick Century... figuring equal models and accessories. Figure that one out, it beats me.

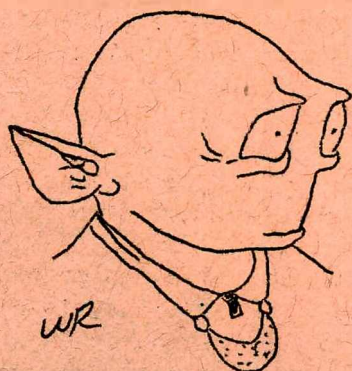
Well, to make a long story short, we have this Olds; 4-door hardtop; 202 hp motor; black and white with gaudy red and gray interior...have it for 27 days and 4169.8 miles at date of writing and if there's anything wrong with it, it hasn't turned up yet. I enjoy driving it with its horrid mushy springing and its ghastly large-ratio steering. (It has muscle-steering, by the way--that power steering is abominable--and you crank the windows up and down by hand...shucks, that's no hard-ship...I can remember when we raised and lowered them with a strap.) The only concession it makes to this power-accessory mania is its power brakes with which it came, which I didn't especially want but which I'm kind of getting to like. And they do give Jean's dainty feet that extra braking-power so that I no longer ride the co-pilot's seat and try to shove my right foot through the floorboards. That, in itself, is something.

Pick-up?: satisfactory but expensive (I'll explain that in a moment); speed?: rather unimpressive as yet--maybe 108 indicated--although it may get better as it breaks in. I'm not worried. I hope I am finally outgrowing my mad infatuation with impromptu road-racing and 90-plus velocities.

Instead, I've taken on a new interest--gas mileage. It seems that if you drive the thing sensibly, holding the needle in the 50-55 slot, and use a gentle foot on starting out it delivers a gas mileage which would please the drivers of many lighter cars. But it has an enormous 4-barrel carbuerator, nearly as big as the entire engine on the model-T Fords of my boyhood, and if you step on the pedal the gas shoots through like a kitchen faucet wide-open. Drive the thing with a gentle foot though and it delivers anywhere from 18 to 21½ miles to the U. S. gallon (correct me if I'm wrong, but I think that's about 22½ to 27½ miles to the Imperial gallon, taking it to be 25% bigger than the U.S. gallon.) I should note that, instead of the recommended 24 pounds, I run the front tires at 32 and the rears at 30. That helps the mileage and steering. As for the bumpier ride, it still isn't bad and my own chassis design takes that into account. In the unlikely event that I get to Cleveland, Boyd, I'll let you garage the MG in the Olds' unsightly, over-hanging trunk. Ok?

-- Dean A. Grennell...

Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO



THE
EDITOR
SAYS

Poor Grennell. He batted out this Etchings in August when things were hot and humid, but I'm not getting around to the printwork until sometime in late November. And as if that didn't make him sound dated enough, a fanzine arrived in today's mail claiming to be none other than HODGE-PODGE #14. The marital status of Marie-Louise went unexplained and unmentioned, so I can only guess...and hope that perhaps she's (either one) saving herself for me, lucky girl. At any rate, HP is very much with us still.

WJ

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
HERE WE HAVE AMAZING
FOR JUNE, 1947, WITH
STORIES ALL BY SHAVER—
DO I HEAR A BID?
ONE CENT?
TWO CENTS?

I'M GOING TO
SLEEP... DON'T
WAKE ME UP UNLESS
THEY AUCTION A
COPY OF THE
NEKRONOMICON...

ONE MILL?

OR, A
FIFTH OF
JACK DANIELS

THAT REMINDS ME —
DID YOU SEE THAT NEW THING
THAT'S RUNNING IN MYSTIC?
THE "SHAVER MYSTERY" I THINK
IT IS CALLED...

HERE WE HAVE A COMPLETE
BOUND SET OF SOME MAGAZINE
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT
IS... IT SAYS "UNKNOWN" ON
IT — DO I HAVE A
BID FOR THIS
SURPRISE PACKAGE?

DO ANY
OF THOSE ISSUES
OF UNKNOWN HAVE
STORIES BY
MILTON LESSER?

AND NOW A RARITY...
A MAGAZINE WITHOUT
A RUPTURE-EASER
AD ON THE BACK...

IT HAS A "JOAN THE WAD
AD, INSTEAD...

WHEN YOU MAKE SUCH
LOW BIDS, PLEASE DO IT
SOFTLY, OR THE POLICE MAY
HEAR YOU — THE ROBBERY
DETAIL WOULD BE HERE IN
A MATTER OF MOMENTS...

DID YOU SEE HOW I
MADE THAT GUY DOUBLE
HIS BID? YAK, YAK... I
DIDN'T WANT THAT BOOK
IN THE FIRST
PLACE!

THIS IS DEATHLESS PROSE...
ASK THE AUTHOR — IT'S BEEN
HAUNTING HIM FOR 20 YEARS...

GOT TO
HAVE THOSE
LINES BY THE
AUCTIONEER FOR
DIMENTIA!

TERRY CARR'S

FACE CRITTURS

AT AN AUCTION

THE HARP STATESIDE
(Continued)

The evening of that Thursday, 11th September, was spent in coping with the

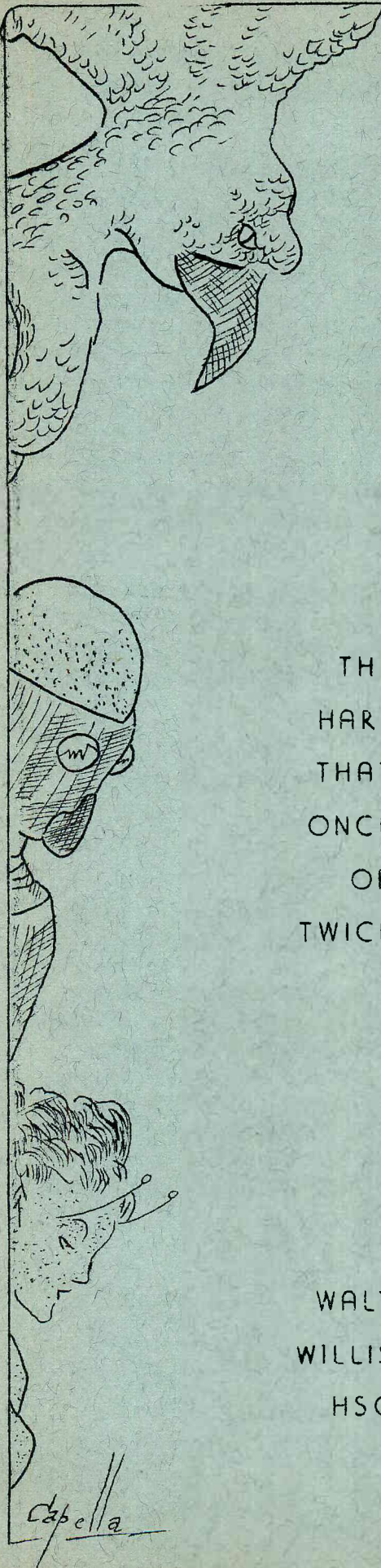
LASFS and a hot nut fudge sundae, epic encounters already described in CONFUSION and HYPHEN. One thing I didn't mention is that between one and the other I asked to see the historic LASFS mimeograph and it was duly unveiled for me. This went a small way to make up for my disappointment that I still hadn't seen anything of the Insurgents. I hadn't really expected Burbee or Laney to show up, even with false beards, but I thought perhaps Rotsler might. But no: it looked as if I might leave Los Angeles without contacting them at all, which seemed a bit like touring Borneo without meeting a headhunter. However, I didn't feel like asking Forry, which would have been rather like asking for a letter of introduction from the relative of a shrunken head. I put my problem to Rick Sneary, who immediately understood. He undertook to arrange an Outlander meeting in neutral territory on Saturday and to invite Burbee.

THE
HARP
THAT
ONCE
OR
TWICE

The next morning was largely wasted trying to book a plane passage to Kansas City for Saturday night. The delays in getting from Chicago to Los Angeles had knocked my schedule to pieces and I had to make up some time somehow if I was going to get down to Florida to see Shelby Vick. And since I had the money for the plane fare, thanks to the beneficence of Bill Hamling, I was going to use it. Naturally the first agent we tried was the one who called himself "The Flying Irishman," but he wasn't very helpful. His name must have been Flaherty and his motto "Flaherty will get you nowhere." Finally one called the Bon Ton dangled faint hopes and promised to call us back.

WALT
WILLIS
HSC

Meanwhile we set out for the Pacific Ocean. This ranked up with the Insurgents on my private list of the sights of the West Coast and since as far as I knew it had never carried on a vendetta against Forry, I expressed a wish to see it. I had quite a clear picture of what it would be like. There would be this spectacular coast road with cliffs and everything, something with all the best features of the Corniche d'Or and the Antrim Coast Road, and beside it a vast golden strand, deserted except for an occasional beautiful film star committing suicide or playing immersion heaters with Burt Lancaster. You can imagine my surprise then when after a drive of about half an hour--I'd always thought Los Angeles was on the coast--we pulled up at a sort of funfair. Hot dog stands, ice cream vendors, shooting galleries, the lot. One of the sideshows turned out to be the Pacific Ocean. It had a concession of a few square yards of rather dirty sand, and looked depressingly like the Atlantic. I valiantly tried to feel like



The Harp That Once Or Twice II

stout Cortez, silent upon a hot dog stand in Darien (I am now equally valiantly trying to avoid making a joke about a Peke) and advanced towards it. I sat down at the water's edge and took off my shoes and socks.

It had been my idea to wade out a short distance, thinking appropriately solemn thoughts...such as that I had now reached the furthestmost point of my journey westwards and this was the turning point. I stalked rapidly into the Pacific Ocean, and then slowed down abruptly with a burning sense of injustice. It was COLD. My Ghod, the Pacific cold! This was intolerable. However, I suppressed my indignation and continued on out to where the water got deep. I paused, savouring the solemnity of the occasion. Here I was in the Pacific Ocean-- My poetic reflections were shattered by a shout from Forry. I looked 'round. He pointed beside me. I looked down. There, sailing passy in line ahead at a good fifteen knots, were my only pair of shoes in 7000 miles. With a strangled cry I leaped after them, letting go my rolled up trouser legs, which immediately fell down. I overtook my shoes halfway to Hawaii and struggled back to dry land. I regret to have to report that Forrest J. Ackerman did not at all show the quiet sympathy which would have been appropriate at this tragic moment. He was rolling on the sand, laughing; and as I trudged up to him he said, "A slow boot to China."

I wrung out my trousers, put on my shoes, and squelched back to the hot dog stand for a chocolate malt to restore my faith in life. Feeling hungry after the afternoon's surf sports, I also ordered a hamburger. Then I took off my shoes again and began to drip quietly onto the floor. I realised the hamburger man was speaking to me. "Pardon," I said.

"With?" asked the man.

"With," I said. Whatever it was it was evidently free and I wasn't going to pass it up.

"With onions?" asked the man.

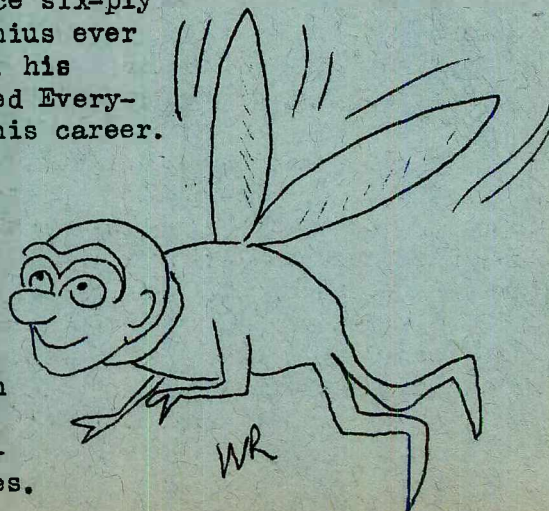
"With everything," I said recklessly. Forry looked at me.

"Everything?" asked the man, with an air of incredulous hope.

"Everything," I said. I was beginning to have vague premonitions, but since I didn't know what he was going to put in I didn't know what to tell him to leave out.

A wild gleam came into the fellow's eye, and he momentarily disappeared from sight. He was leaping about his booth like a mad thing, collecting samples of every organic substance within a radius of ten feet and piling it onto the foundation stone of my hamburger. I stared aghast. Obviously this man had dedicated his life to thinking up things which could be incorporated in a hamburger. I could see him waking in the night with a wild cry of glee and noting down the name of some edible Peruvian root he had overlooked. But as the years went by his simple faith in his mission in life must have been disturbed; was it, he must have asked himself, during the long frustrating hours of preparing commonplace six-ply hamburgers, was it all worth while? Would his genius ever be recognized? And then at last I had come along, his soul mate, the Perfect Customer, the Man Who Wanted Everything. This was his destiny, the culmination of his career.

The hamburger rose to the sky like an edible Tower of Babel, an awesome monument to the ambition and ingenuity of man. And still it grew, tier after tier. But finally the human whirlwind subsided and looked around distractedly at his depleted shelves. I kicked my shoes out of his reach. After a few more moments of meditation he sighed and delicately added the roof to the hamburger, like a great artist signing his masterpiece. He stepped back, tears of pride in his eyes.



The Harp That Once Or Twice III

Cowering in the shade of the edifice, I looked helplessly at Forry. He pretended I wasn't with him and went to make a phone call. Looking 'round the hamburger I could see the fierce eyes of the artist on me. I nibbled guiltily at the fringes of the thing for a while and then desperately lifted it in both hands and began to gnaw at it. A shower of mustard, onions, beetroot, pickles, lettuce and countless other foodstuffs began to descend over me and the immediate neighborhood. I hoped Forry was warning the Fortean Society.

After some time I had absorbed, either internally or externally, enough of The Hamburger to give me courage to make a break for it. I stole guiltily away, resolving to make a will leaving the remains to the United Nations Famine Relief Fund.

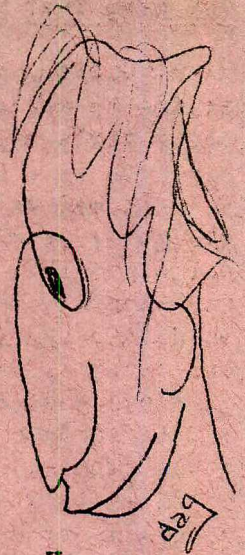
I met Forry coming back from his phone call with a downcast face. He had called home to see if there was any word about the projected visit to a film studio and had been given a message from the Bon Ton Travel Agency that the only flight they could offer left tonight. There was nothing for it: I was going to have to cut short my stay in Los Angeles if I was going to see Shelby. We called at the agency on the way home and I paid out the \$67.91 for the ticket. Then we went on home and I called Rick Sneary to wish him a sad goodbye and ask him to apologise for me to the Outlanders and Burbee.

Left alone with the phone, I began to wonder if I couldn't at least lay eyes on the fabulous Burbee. I looked up his name in the phonebook and called his number. I knew he wouldn't be there, but I thought I might get the address of the machine shop in downtown Los Angeles where he and Laney worked. Somehow I might be able to get there and say hello. But there was no reply, and then I got to thinking that anyway Burbee and Laney might take a poor view of fans calling at their shop. I visualized a vitriolic article by Laney in Fandango, THEY MIGHT COME TO MY PLACE OF WORK. I didn't try again.

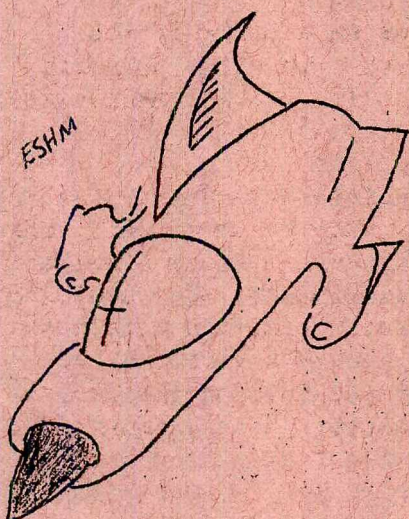
In the evening Forry took me out for a last drive. I saw Hollywood Boulevard and Sunset Boulevard and everything, including Grauman's Chinese Theater where they have the impressions in cement of such anatomical characteristics as Joe E. Brown's mouth and Durante's nose. I noted that for some unaccountable reason Jane Russell was represented by her feet.

I know I didn't see much of California, but what I saw was a bit disappointing. I had been thinking of it as a sort of green and golden paradise, and hadn't realized it was mostly reclaimed desert. The surrounding hills were unexpectedly barren and ugly, and the houses among them looked from a distance like matchboxes scattered about uncompleted excavations. Los Angeles had some fine streets and buildings, but the most lasting impression was left on me by a café sign advertising "The Original Rain On The Roof." The idea that people could find the sound of rain so attractive as to actually simulate it artificially seemed almost shockingly perverted.

The plane left at midnight and we were at the airport in good time for me to take out an insurance policy. This was the first place I'd heard of where you could literally "take out" a policy--out of a slot machine. It wasn't that I was particularly nervous--it was my first flight, but I was reasonably convinced that aeroplanes were practical, even if they do have all that air to push against--it's just that it seemed such a bargain. \$5000 for 25¢--I wish I could get paid that much to live. Besides, I never could resist slot machines. I felt a bit guilty filling it out because Forry always names fans as the beneficiaries; but I put Madeleine's name just the same. Anyway, she's a fan, isn't she? What are you all grumbling about?



I said a mournful goodbye to Forry and Wendayne at the entrance to the tunnel to the planes and came to the surface again in the middle of the airfield, surrounded by lights and propellers. I got into the plane and took the first seat I could get next to a window, realizing too late it was over the wing. However, it was too late to change; even the seat beside me was occupied, by a young man in the US Army Air Corps uniform to whom I took an almost immediate dislike. After the plane was



full a pretty little air hostess came out of the pilot's cabin and launched into a little speech all about how TransWorld Airlines had selflessly dedicated themselves to the happiness and safety of each one of us individually. The poor thing was obviously new to the job and delivered her lines haltingly and nervously. She had almost finished when the airman beside me shouted "Speak up, babe, we can't hear you." The girl blushed, broke off, tried to start again and retreated in confusion back into the pilot's cabin. The airman turned to me, guffawing. I gave him a distant look and started to read through the little library TWA had installed in front of my seat. The first item was a booklet about the Constellation aircraft, how perfect it was and how it's always being improved and everything. I'd just come to the bit about how it has 134,000 separate parts, not counting nuts, bolts and

rivets, and was thinking they'd have been better not to mention this at all--obviously when there's 134,000 bits to fall off, not counting nuts, bolts and rivets, it's practically a foregone conclusion that several of them will--when I realized the airman had put down his comic book and was speaking to me.

"This is a Constellation?" he said, looking at the notice in front of him that said CONSTELLATION. They couldn't hide much from him.

"Yes," I said.

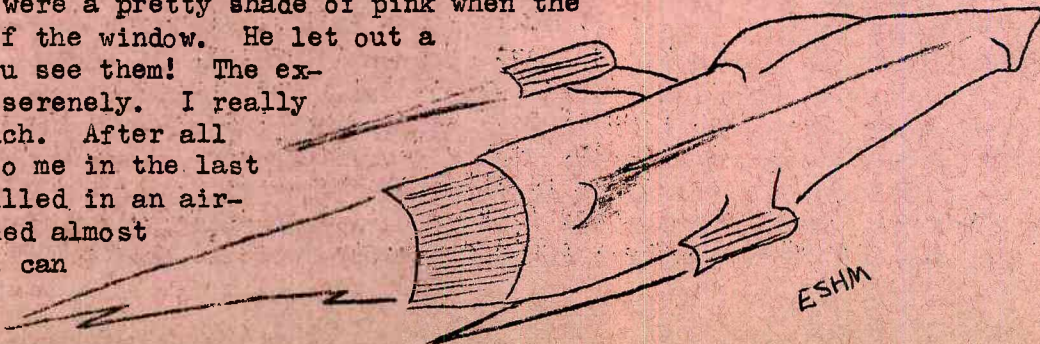
"Death traps," he said.

I wondered if there was something about me to indicate that I'd never flown before.

"Death traps," he repeated mournfully. "Never known anyone to walk away from one yet." He looked speculatively at the door as if he was going to make a break for it, and then grasped my arm and pointed to the exhausts on the wing, which had just started to smoke gently. "If those start to glow red," he said, "we're done for. That's the fuel tanks there just below."

I shrugged and went on reading. The airman lapsed into a gloomy stupor. After a few minutes the engines revved up with a deafening roar and we started to move. We tore through the darkness for what seemed like miles, engines going faster all the time. It was very exciting. Both the exhausts were glowing bright red like a blast furnace. I waited interestedly for the airman to notice this phenomenon.

The engines made a last desperate effort and lifted the plane into the air. We had been travelling for several miles at an altitude of six inches and the wings below the exhausts were a pretty shade of pink when the airman looked out of the window. He let out a strangled cry. "You see them! The exhausts!" I nodded serenely. I really didn't care very much. After all that had happened to me in the last few weeks, being killed in an aircraft accident seemed almost trivial. Anyhow, I can not pilot an aeroplane and know



nothing about them, and when there are no alternative courses of action to choose between I can feel fatalistic. I reflected comfortably that I was insured for \$5000 and went on reading.

Not so the airman. He called loudly for the air hostess and directed her attention to the exhausts. "They shouldn't be like that," he appealed.

"It's all right," she said reassuringly.

"But those are the fuel tanks!" he cried.

"It's all right," she repeated. She would have said the same thing if the aeroplane had been hurtling vertically downwards in flames with both wings torn off and the undercarriage retracted and the pilot eating the carpet. The airman realized this. "Tell somebody!" he urged.

"Yes, yes," she humored him and moved on with her tray of barley sugar. Nothing more happened. Exhausts glowing cheerily, the plane sped on through the night. The airman sat tensed on the edge of his seat, staring at the exhausts. After a while the pilot published a mimeographed fanzine containing the news that we were cruising at 30,000 feet at 360 mph, or 36,000 feet at 300 mph, I forget which, and were nearing our first stop, Phoenix, Arizona. The airman seized the hostess's arm as she was distributing the mailing. "Did you tell him about the exhausts?" he pleaded. "It's all right," she said, and went on distributing the one-shot. The airman sank back hopelessly.

Shortly afterwards there was a loud thump and a funny squeaking noise. The airman shot up in his seat as if an ejector cartridge had gone off beneath it. Quivering like a violin string, he grasped my arm. "What's that? What's that?" he implored. I put my book aside and listened. "I expect," I said thoughtfully, "it's caused by the flow of hydraulic fluid under pressure through hydraulic lines to the actuating cylinders of the landing gear." Substituting a copy of ASTOUNDING for the booklet "Questions and Answers About the Constellation" (Question Six: "WHAT CAUSES THE THUMP AND SQUEAKING NOISES A FEW MINUTES BEFORE LANDING?") I opened it at the article and pretended to go on reading.

He was quiet after this until he got off at Amarillo. I stepped out of the plane, too, just to be able to say I had been in Texas, and found him examining suspiciously some Chinese hieroglyphics on the nose of the aircraft. "What's those?" he was demanding of the air hostess.

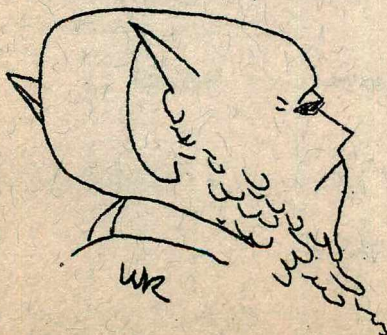
"It's Chinese writing," she said.

"Commies, huh?" he glowered. "That's not so good, is it?"

The pilot happened to be standing behind him and explained in a few pithy words that the aircraft's name commemorated the service of Constellations with the Eagle Squadron in China against the Japanese. The airman slunk away after he had finished and was swallowed in the darkness of a Texas night. An unsavoury morsel.

--- Walt Willis ...

Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO Oo-oO



AGAIN,
THE
EDITOR
SAYS

With this issue, Willis completes the installments of THE HARP STATESIDE running in OOPS and will begin with a regular column in OOPS #20. The remainder of THE HARP STATESIDE will be printed only in the large volume containing the entire trip, reprinted largely from the fanzines in which it originally appeared... QUANDRY, OOPSLA! and CONFUSION. For details, see "Therbligs" in this issue... WLF

TRIODE VISITS THE REPUBLIC

Eric Bentcliffe and myself sprawled on the settee, Eric crossing one immaculately creased trouser leg over the other.

"And you mean to say that cigarettes in the Republic are 2/4d for twenty, instead of 3/7d?" he asked. I nodded.

"And lager is cheaper," I explained.

He beamed.

"What time are the trains?" he grinned.

"Ah," said Diane craftily, "it's not as easy as all that."

"Customs?" he asked.

"Customs," I confirmed.

"Easy," he smiled.

Look. I've tried. I know what I am talking about.

"It's not easy," I insisted.

"I could get an elephant through the Customs," Eric boasted.

It was a challenge.

"Tomorrow," I suggested.

"Tomorrow," he agreed.

...

The train journey from Belfast to Warrenpoint was, I hoped, full of scenic beauty to Eric's appreciative eyes. I told him something about every place we passed through, stations with such quaint names as Maze, Moira, Tandragee, Poyntzpass, Scarwa, Goraghwood...

"But they haven't got a viaduct like Stockport," maintained Eric. I was thankful that Walt wasn't with us.

The train steamed into Warrenpoint.

...

After we had travelled about fifty yards, a ragged looking man came running up to us, his eyes alight with respect.

"Get on a star," he panted.

I faltered...I was rather shaken.

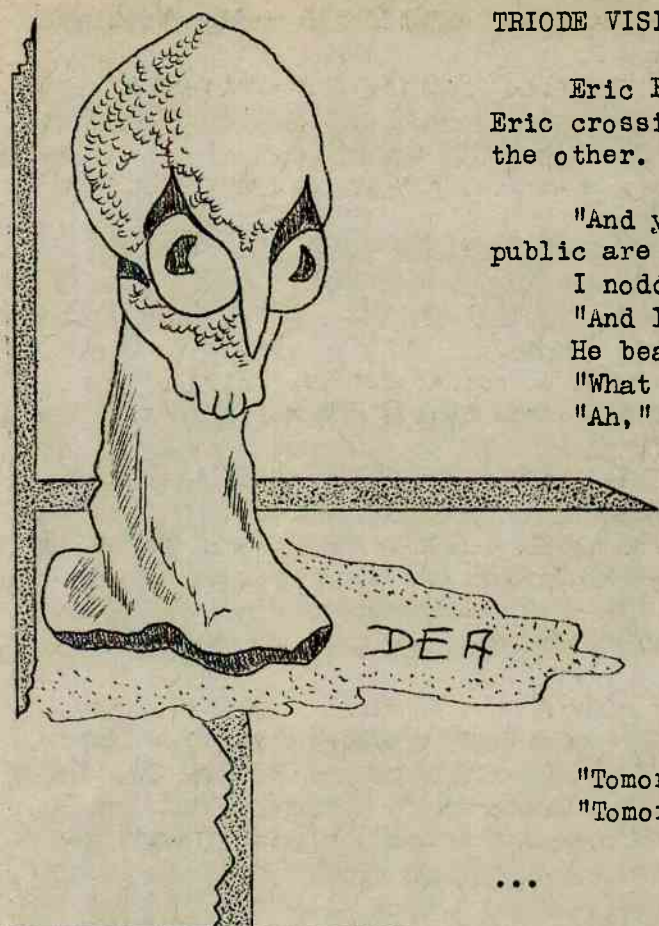
"Ah, a fan," observed Eric, producing a copy of TRIODE from his pocket and handing it over, "pray send a letter of comment and a postal order for four shillings."

The man stumbled away.

Eric appeared to be unconcerned, as though it happened to him quite often.

We walked a hundred yards. An urchin collapsed at our feet.

"Get on a star," he spluttered.



One More Reefer to Cross II

"Another fan," murmured Eric, handing over another TRIODE. "I wonder Willis doesn't pay more attention to this fruitful area."

We stepped over the unconscious form. I felt like joining it. Things were moving too fast for me.

Twenty yards further, two husky men with polo-necked pullovers grabbed our arms, both shouting hoarsely:-

"To the stars...to the stars."

Eric flashed TRIODES like tracts.

We stepped over the sailors and turned the corner.

A fleet of eight or ten motor boats were tied to wooden jettys. Five of the boats sported a flag depicting a star. I had forgotten that there was more than one ferry company and that each hired "persuaders."

"Ah, the ferry to Omeath," said Eric, steadfastly refusing to admit his error, although I noticed he quietly removed his beanie.

We boarded a STAR motor boat. People were huddled like sardines all 'round the sides, but at the prow (the pointed end) was a long, empty bench.

"Must have known we were coming," murmured Eric, straightening his tie. We sat on the bench. Plenty of room. We sneered at the others.

Our boat chug-chugged its way across the river, from Northern Ireland to the Republic of Eire. I saw something important. I nudged Eric and pointed. As our boat departed from Warrenpoint, another arrived, packed full of people with anxious expressions. The passengers disembarked and, like a cloud of locusts, about ten Customs men surrounded them. A big pile of seized cigarettes and nylons began to mount.

Eric looked at me and grinned.

"We'll see," I said to myself.

...

As far as I know, Warrenpoint and Omeath are only about half a mile apart. We reached the half-way mark without incident, leering at the other cowering passengers. Suddenly a big wave burst over the prow of the ship.

Eric and myself crawled from between the other passenger's legs, sat on our bench (about three inches deep in sea water) and wrung ourselves out.

There was a murmur of approval from the crowd, together with a sprinkle of applause.

I had to admire Eric's composure. The way he seemed to say, "I'll show them how an Englishman reacts." He stood up on the bench, facing Omeath. Slowly, with calm deliberation, as if nothing unusual had happened, he lifted his camera and held it to his eyes, completely ignorant of the approaching foam-topped wave.

The rudder-man picked Eric up, slung his camera 'round his neck, and led him back to our seat. We wrung ourselves out.

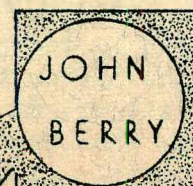
For some reason the passengers appeared to be quite annoyed when we finally reached Omeath.

...

Our motor boat scraped along the sloping concrete jetty, and we oozed over the side, once more on to terra firmer. (I know, I know.)

OMEATH.

A true-fan's dream...the pinnacle of vulgar ostentation.



Let me explain. From the edge of the jetty to the roadway is about twenty yards. This short distance consists of two rows of miniature wooden shops, with open counters, the two rows being about four or five feet apart. The wares of these microscopic shops consisted solely of cheap cigarettes and artificial artificial jewelry. Behind each counter was an ardent looking salesperson, looking in our direction, shouting, waving fists, and generally showing every indication of gaining our trade by whatever extreme measure they deemed necessary. Our fellow passengers stood in an uncertain huddle on the jetty, bewildered by this obstacle, undecided what to do. Suddenly I saw Eric squelch forward, the remains of his pile of TRIODE under his left arm and, strangely, in his right hand we waved a copy of TRIODE defensively in front of him.

The slamming down of shutters was like machine-gun fire.

Eric, ever eager for egoboo, slipped me his camera and I ran ahead, turned around, and took a picture of Eric surrounded by the rest of our erstwhile passengers, snuggling up to Eric like chickens 'round a hen as he led them safely through the mercenary gauntlet. (Watch out for the next TRIODE photo-page.)

Bravo, Eric.

...

In Omeath proper we had a few drinks, sent postcards, took more pictures, had tea. Then came the great moment.

We approached the cigarette shop.

"Listen, Eric," I pleaded, "take my advice and only buy a few cigarettes and save your money. You'll only get the fags taken off you when we arrived at Warrenpoint."

Eric sniffed distastefully and gave me a look of contempt as he whirled his camera 'round his head and leapt impulsively into the shop. I crept further down the street and purchased my packet of 20. I know the ropes, see.

I saw Eric staggering down the road. He resembled a gigantic cigarette carton with legs.

"Suffering Catfish," I gasped, "you'll get about ten years hard labor for trying to smuggle that lot."

The two eyes I could see looking at me over the top of the carton looked quite unconcerned.

At that moment a shopkeeper came panting down to us.

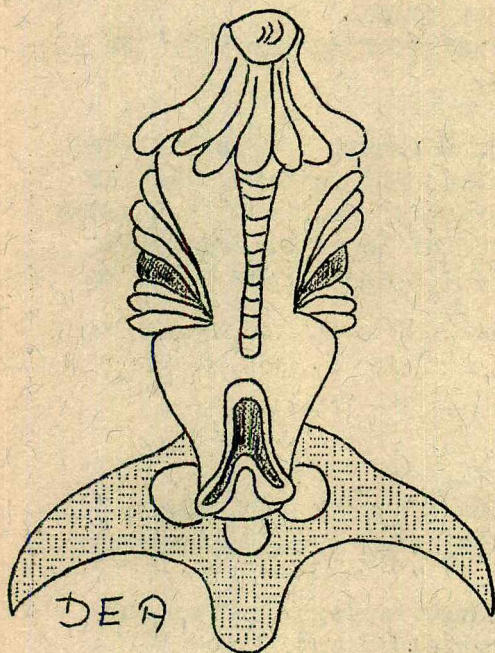
"Excuse me, sor," he said, addressing Eric, "I can't quite make out the name on the cheque."

"Wansborough...W-A-N-S-B-O-R-O-U-G-H...Wansborough," replied Eric and trotted rather hurriedly away. I fancy I could still hear the shop-keeper shouting after us, but sometimes things move a bit too quickly for me.

...

We reached the boat for the return journey. It was once again full of people. They seemed to recognize us and looked hopefully to the empty seat in the bows, but we were too clever for them. We chose a nice place near the engine, reasoning it would be the driest part of the boat. I did notice, with a certain amount of apprehension, that the passengers didn't seem too disappointed.

At exactly five thirty a man leapt into the boat and came to the engine. He opened a panel just in front of us and pulled a few levers.



One More Reefer to Cross IV

The fine spray of oil didn't last for more than thirty seconds, much to the chagrin of the spectators. I didn't mind too much, really, because I was wearing a pair of Old Willis Ghoddminton Reject Trousers that I had purchased some time ago. But I had to admire the firm sense of self-discipline displayed from the TRIODE editor. He turned to me and said in a stage whisper:-

"These poker-dot shirts are all the rage in Stockport."

...

Fifteen minutes later.

I gripped the side of the boat. I felt tense. I looked at Eric. He preened himself. I looked once more at the Northern Ireland Customs men twenty yards away as our boat pulled in.

There were three of them.

They reminded me very much of the three gunmen in "High Noon."

Their faces were grim...expressionless...hands hung at thigh level, fingers twitching.

I closed my eyes. I clutched my small packet of PLAYERS. Eric hoisted his carton on to his knees, whistling quietly to himself.

As our boat touched the sand, Eric did a strange thing. He stood up and waved a copy of TRIODE above his head.

"It's him," I heard several agonized voices yell in unison.

The beach cleared of people in ten seconds...the Customs men barricading themselves in a hut nearby. I could hear the tortured progress of rusty bolts being eased into place.

Eric, carton akimbo, strode up the beach towards the station...looking neither to the right nor left...a proud, somehow noble figure...a brain, I thought, second only to Willis.

...

Eric lay back in the armchair, his feet crossed on his carton. He pulled out a cigarette, accepted a match from my budgerigar's left claw, struck it on the side of the matchbox held by Joey in his right claw. He blew a smoke ring... (Eric did, natch...my bird doesn't smoke.)

"So okay, Eric," I conceded. "So you got past the customs. I admit I was wrong. But you took a terrific risk."

"No risk at all, John," he sighed casually, "it's all a matter of mass psychology coupled with an instinctive ability to have every small detail worked out in advance. Furthermore, I could afford to be blatant because I shall probably never go back there again."

I nodded. To think that Eric was stopping at my house.

"I've got to hand it to you," I admitted.

He tapped a short length of ash into the ashtray held in my bird's beak. A slight bead of sweat appeared on Eric's forehead, so I prepared myself for the impending pun.

"What do you think of that snap decision when I gave you the camera?" he asked, modestly.

"I hope I took a good picture," I said, noting the pun for posterity.

"Picture?" whispered Eric, eyes glazed.

"Picture," I said, sensing the atmosphere.

"Camera," echoed Eric.

"Camera," I repeated, feeling somehow hypnotized.

"I LEFT MY CAMERA IN THE CIGARETTE SHOP!" screamed Eric.

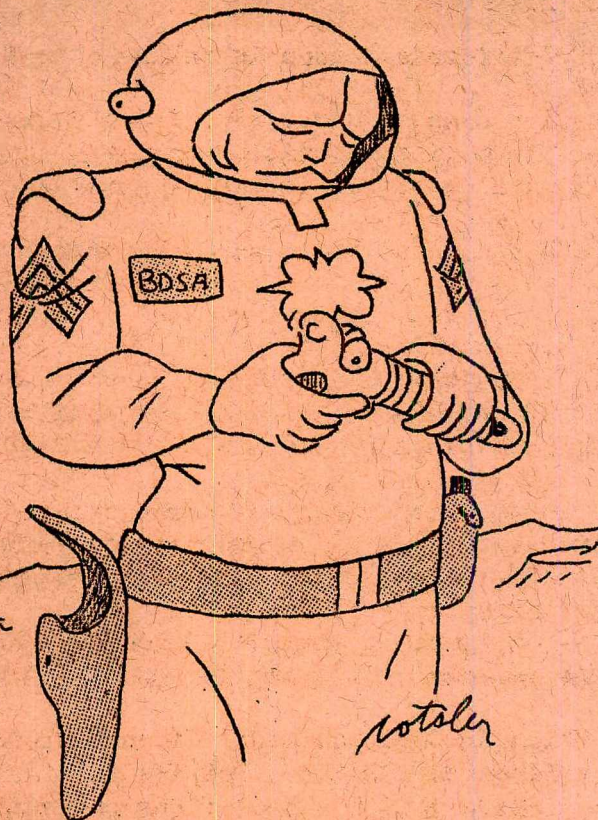
It even shook my budgie, too. It took him three minutes to find the asprins.

Hello, there. Here we go again on another whirl of oddments, letters, comments, small illustrations without reference to the text, notes, quotes and wholly unrelated statements all lumped together under the appropriate but slightly esoteric title of...

How do you like that? It's getting so dog-boned esoteric around here that I've almost forgotten the title myself. The price you pay for being an intellectual.

Like somebody told me the other day... "Gregg," they said, "you're a nonconformist." Well, sure I am. But what the heck...lots of other guys don't believe in work, either (look at Bloch and Tucker, for instance) (or Bea Mahaffey...she doesn't have anything to do with this, but just look at her!) and...um, must have forgotten what I was saying.

It doesn't really matter, you know. I mean, after all, this is



THERBLIGS-.

There's a whole stack of letters here just faunching to be printed. And that just

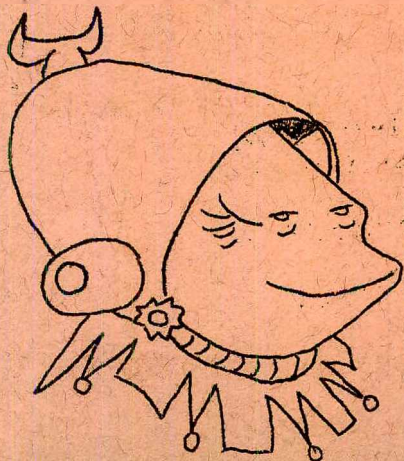
happens to remind me that I've been reading letters from various fans in some of my favorite non-stf literature, recently. What is this? An effort to convert the world over to the True Fannish Spirit*? Within the past few months, letters have appeared in PLAYBOY from a certain Mr Rotsler of Camarillo (a low type), another person named Carnell in England (he wrote as if he wore a beard) and a third item signed by Bloch (). As if these three weren't subversive enough, MAD #26 printed a letter from a young-boy-in-Savannah type of Lee Hoffman. Well, phooey on all of you egoboo hounds. After all, I had a letter printed in ASTOUNDING once. At least, I think I did. I just checked through my files of aSF and couldn't find my letter back to June 1953. My earlier issues are stored in Salt Lake City and cannot be checked just now. At a guess, I'd say it was printed in 1952 or early 1953--although there exists the distinct possibility of "wishful thinking." But doggone it, why should I have such a positive memory of the event? (In the period mentioned above I found letters from Don Susan, Dick Clarkson and Dick Ryan, all in the sacred pages of ASTOUNDING. Superletterhacks, every one.)

Quite an assortment of letters, this time. Here's one from a Martha Holland that goes:

"Please send me a sample copy of your zine for which I am inclosing 15¢. Thanks for your trouble. PS: If you can't send a copy keep the thanks, but please return the money."

Nigel Lindsay remarks: "I haven't laughed so much for a long time as I did at the little putty pellet hitting the ceiling. Hooray for John Berry. I have the original 'Fansmanship Lectures' in the original SLANT but it was good to reread them and your editorial note at the end was a gem. Harp State-side is as good as ever. It is true

* Jack Daniels



that California fandom is taking over the next issue of HYPHEN?"

Says Sgt Joan W. Carr: "...I would like to add my name to all those who have asked for copies of Walt's account of his travels in America, when you finally get it published. It is, in my opinion, one of the finest things he has ever written --better even than Willis Discovers America or The Enchanted Duplicator. He has such a lot to say--and such a wonderful way of saying it! # I like the way you have /the art in OOPS/ scattered through your pages...it's far from mediocre, especially the Capella illos. And why should it have a connection with the text? # Berry, of course, you want to keep hold of if you can. And might I add how pleased I was to see the reprinted 'Fansmanship Lectures'? I have often bemoaned the fate which allowed me to see only a part of this and retain none of it--up to now."

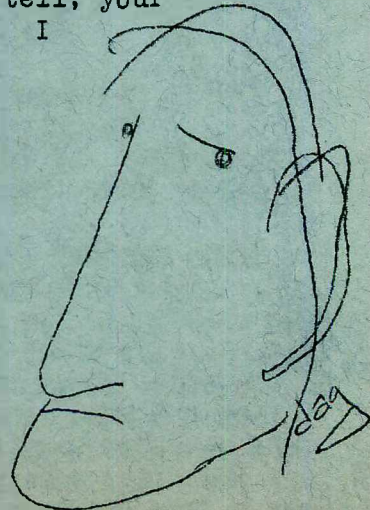
The next letter needs an introduction. Seems I decided to take GALAXY to task and picked the cover on the August issue for my initial assault. I criticized the minor faults as well as the major mistakes and polished the whole thing off with a statement to the general effect that GALAXY was slipping. The cover in question was merely a symptom. I implied that the people at GALAXY might be resting at their posts instead of putting in a good day's work.

To which Mr Gold replied: "I understand the motive behind your letter and appreciate the concern. Despite the fact that our circulation figures, especially in contrast with those of our competitors, do not support your contention that GALAXY is going downhill, neither our art director nor I can be legitimately assused of neglecting our jobs. We work hard and knowledgeably at them. For example, the cover you discuss--August--was first discussed quite thoroughly in conference. The rough, you'll be interested to know, was done with very close attention to the very details you mention. # No magazine can flourish by catering exclusively to the very hardest core of readers; there just aren't enough of them to support a magazine, as we sorrowfully learned with BEYOND. It must attract impulse buyers as well or it's either going to sink or barely stay afloat. GALAXY is drawing such readers and not by sacrificing quality. I don't aim to satisfy every reader with every story in each issue; it would result in an audience of people whose tastes are identical with my own. Instead I try to offer at least one or two that will hit you and those like you, another one or two that you'll enjoy and forget, the balance things you can either take or leave alone. Now turn that upside down and you'll see how the magazine appeals to others. It's the professional way to edit and I'm afraid both our art director and I have to plead guilty to the charge of being professionals."

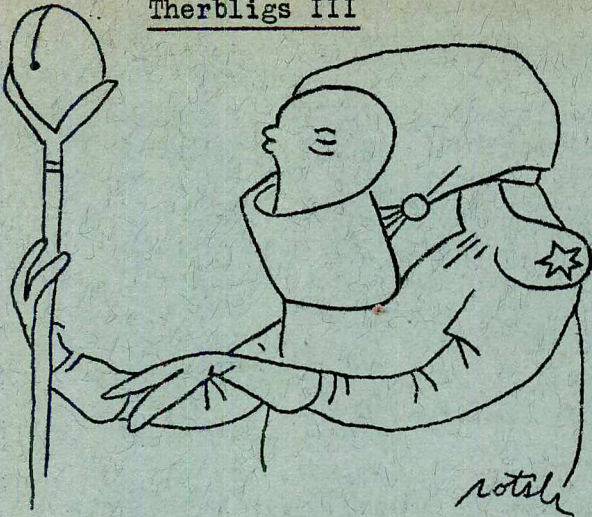
Just what would be so bad, Mr Gold, about a magazine with an audience of people with tastes identical to your own? As far as I have been able to tell, your own personality is much better than your fanz...uh, magazine. I would appreciate comment on this letter from OOPS readers.

Hydrazinocarbonylmethyltrimethylammonium chloride.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! For some time the pages of this fanzine have been running serially the adventures of Walter A. Willis, G. H. O. D., noted Belfast explorer, concerning his trip to this country in search of the 10th World Science Fiction Convention, held in Chicago in 1952. The story of his hilarious adventures began in QUANDRY #27 and #28, continued in OOPSLA! #13 through this issue, and will be reprinted entirely--plus the conclusion--in the very near future by Starflame Publications in connection with the Oblique House.



Therbligs III



The entire volume, titled THE HARP STATE-SIDE should run around 50 pages, possibly more, and will sell for 25¢ per copy or 1/6 for overseas subscribers. Orders from dollar countries should come to this address (2817 Eleventh Street, Santa Monica, California) but all orders from outside the USA and Canada should go directly to Walt Willis (170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N. Ireland)

This publication will be entirely separate from OOPSLA! or HYPHEN and will not go to subscribers of either publication as part of a regular subscription. It will NOT be

distributed through FAPA, SAPS, OMPA or the NFFF. It will NOT be sent out in trade for any fanzine, technical journal, or unabridged copies of Websters Dictionary. In short, there is no way to get a copy of the complete adventures of Walt Willis' THE HARP STATESIDE except by sending 25¢ per copy to Gregg Calkins or 1/6 per copy to Walt Willis.

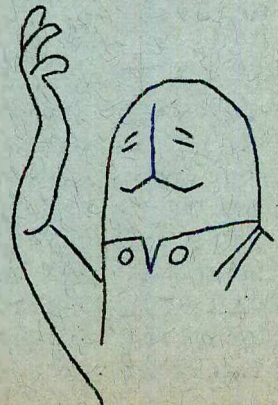
Publication date should be early next year, but it is best that you get your order in right away because circulation will be limited. The publication will include the entire adventures as they appeared in QUANDRY and OOPS, plus the conclusion which has not yet been printed anywhere. # There you have it. Faneds, please note... you might pass the word along, if you will. # If this venture proves feasible, look for similar publications from this source in the future, including the long projected WHO ZOO IN FANDOM and the second edition of the FANCYCLOPEDIA.

Meanwhile, Bob Tucker rises from the dead to say: "I keep wondering if you mix up my pages on purpose, just to annoy me. The last couple of issues have had misplaced pages. I won't complain though--Ellison just sends me the last six pages of an eighty-page fanzine and I can go dream about the remainder. Count me in as wanting the complete Willis in one volume. Why not take a tip from some of the specialty book houses and offer a limited edition of autographed copies, bound in human skin. Let Walt furnish both. # Have a piece of information here which you might pass on to book-loving fans...write to the Marboro Book Company, Dept 122, at 222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, and ask for a copy of their catalog. They continually advertise science fiction books (new ones) at remainder prices. The current catalog offers these at \$1 each: SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK by DeCamp; NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS by Leiber; WORLDS IN SPACE by Caiden; and BEST FROM STARTLING STORIES edited by Sam Mines. I believe they are all original editions which have been dumped."



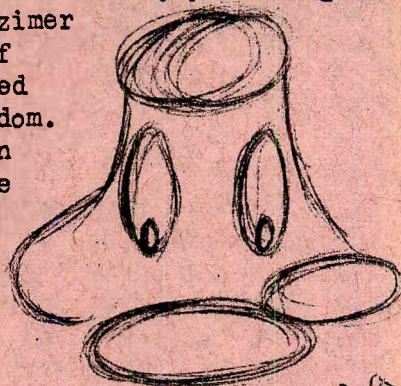
I approached Willis on the special edition, Bob, and he seems to be willing to furnish both items. But there are two drawbacks. 1) Walt wants to charge \$1 per copy, and 2) my automatic paper feed doesn't work so well on human skin.

Even Ron Ellis writes: "Please, let's have Grennell's column back. Plead with him. Tell him you have a great, crying need within you for his column. Flatter him. Pay him. Send him your First Lieutenant, postage paid. Anything. # You know, since meeting Capella through you at the Westercon I have seen a lot of that boy. He attends the LASFS meetings regularly--more regularly than I do, by a long shot--and whenever I manage to get up there he has me over to his place to look at some recent artwork and discuss



his latest attempt at the Great American Novel with him. I enjoy talking to him...maybe because he's such a change after the Vorzimer type of fan, who does all the talking... Speaking of Vorz, you will be pleased to know that I have received direct confirmation indirectly that he is out of fandom.

I fully enjoyed John Berry's article. He and Dean Grennell are necessary to OOPS, I have decided. More or less seriously, as one STARTLING letter-hack to another, I like Berry. # I just realized that you write answers to letters just like Campbell does... reread your answers and compare them to Campbell's style."



For the return of Dean Grennell to the pages of OOPS, see this issue. As for my comments reading like Campbell's, I hope that is good. I mean, after all, you could have said they read like Ray Palmer's.

"Sex is a hell of a big subject for such a short word." PEON #36

Artwork for
this issue is

credited to DEA for the cover, with interiors by DEA, Bill Rotsler, Jack Harness, Terry Carr, Ray Capella, Dean A. Grennell, and Ron Fleshman.

UNPAID ADVT: Recently dug through my back issues of current fanzines (such as I have as were not given away when I joined the Marine Corps) and made some effort to arrange things in order. My files are pretty complete except for early issues of GRUE, PSYCHOTIC and HYPHEN, and I doubt if I'll ever find any of those. But I just wonder if there aren't a few FAPAns who might consider letting me buy their copies of THE FANTASY AMATEUR for the following mailings: #60, 61, 62 and 63.

Now we hear from Bill Rotsler: "OOPS #18 came to me like the long arm of Irish Fandom, secretly in the night. I twisted it a little, wrung from it items of beauty and a joy etc etc. I first thought your "oriental" touch of it being backwardly assembled was a mistake but both my brains (working independently, coordinated by Selzen motors and powered by Cosmic Thought, Type 7) soon perceived that you had not found a jug of well-aged Xeno but had done it on purpose! I liked Willis' and Shaw's items very much, was disinterested in Silverberg's reviews, found Berry's item trivial but readabobble, and the letters were quite interesting."

And next DEA says: "This unusual hot summer slowed down all faneds, I hardly received as many fanzines as I usually do. I hope you are all right and we see more fannish activities from now on. By the way, in case you know somebody in fandom who is willing to do ditto work for a reasonable price, let me know. Am still interested to do or experience with ditto artwork but can't contact anyone who will print the finished master."

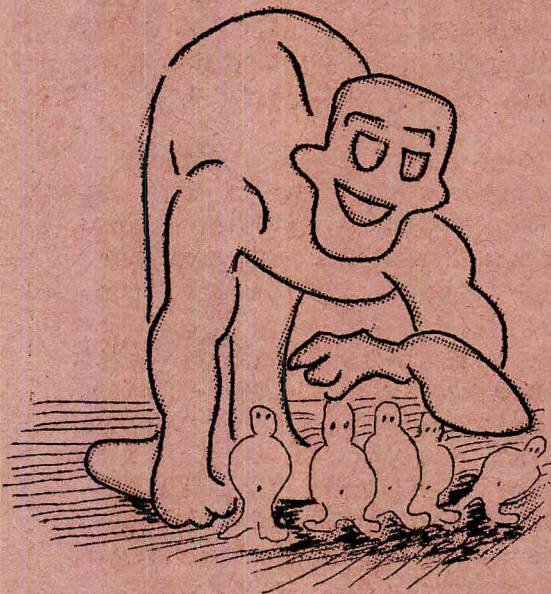
Faneds with a ditto who are interested in this offer can reach DEA by writing to Mrs M. Dominick, 55 Plum Street, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

KELLY STRIKES AGAIN: My little sister's eleventh birthday is the 27th of November and this year I decided to send her a POGO book instead of a doll. Not wishing to go all the way downtown to buy one, come all the way back to wrap it up, and go all the way back again to mail it, I selected THE INCOMPLEAT POGO from my own collection and mailed it off to her. Today as I was downtown I decided to pick up another copy to keep my library complete and was pleasantly surprised to find that Simon and Schuster had been busy with the daily newspapers and a pair of scissors...another edition of POGO was on the stands, titled POTLUCK POGO and every bit as entertaining as its seven successors. The usual paperbound \$1 edition, taken from the strip in the daily newspapers, and well worth addition to your library shelves.

STRICTLY SIC DEPARTMENT: From the pages of ASTOUNDING for July 1955, in the story "Rat Race" by Frank Herbert comes this reference to 'Charles Forte.' Not content to let the pros have all the glory, the latest issue of GASP, listing the top ten professional authors and artists, comes up with 'Isaac Azimov' and 'Virgil Finley.'

Meanwhile, back at the Western Union office, teletypes Vernon McCain: "According to Silverberg science fiction will see at least a mild boomlet this fall and winter, proving all current plans definitely launched or rumored in the works take place. According to his latest letter, Larry Shaw is editing a new bi-monthly and already buying material (first one from Ellison, of all people) for it at one cent a word. Among the others are a new mag edited by Harry Harrison directed to the 'qualify' market from Ziff-Davis... # Can't say what happened to Keasler. I never had any very close connections with him. Wrote him a letter after the first or second issue of FV... He was very much a raw and unpolished neofan in those days without anything to particularly draw attention or cause me to cultivate a closer relationship. You'd never have foreseen the impression he was going to make on fandom from anything visible in those days. As a matter of fact, you'll find nothing in either FV or OPUS to justify it. I gather he's much more memorable in person than on the printed page...not that his stuff didn't ramble amusingly on paper, it just wasn't sufficiently unique to account for the semi-legendary air he's taken on since leaving fandom. Quite a few other fans can do as well who are promptly forgotten. Even Elsberry, far more dynamic when active than Keasler ever was, is almost completely

forgotten now. As long as he was still writing for fanzines his name was a byword, but he's just not mentioned any more except maybe by Boggs or someone writing a history of something-or-other. Whereas a Laney or a Burbee can remain silent for a year and continue to be mentioned every day. Ditto for Hoffman. And to a lesser extent the same is true of Keasler."



A lot of people didn't think he was a very good artist, either, Vernon, but I liked him. There was a Pogoish quality about "ever-lovin' Max" that was delightful. Maybe it's just nostalgia on my part, though. Do you, perchance, remember Duggie Fisher's ODD? Wonder what happened to all those snows of yesteryear?

There has been considerable speculation in recent fanzines concerning the identity of the new fanzine reviewer for AMAZING, one "Roger De Soto." I haven't bothered to think very much about it, but now I'd like to know if anybody has come up with an answer. Reason for my asking: in the May 1955 AMAZING he reviewed an issue of OOPS that I didn't send to him. I wonder where he got that copy? Did he borrow or buy it from a different source? (If so, where?) Or is he--the only other possibility--one of my regular subscribers in disguise? An intriguing thought.

John Quagliand comments: "Seems as if you have become a Stateside supplement to HYPHEN. # Silverberg's reviews are adequate but we can expect more from Bob considering the ample space you allow him. I consider publically mentioning the bad taste of another an indication of bad taste. I also consider it only fair to judge a fanzine only insofar as it fulfills the intention of the editor...naturally keeping in mind the resources at his disposal. It is just as unfair to compare the unpretentious mag of sixteen-year old May (which is sent for practically the postage) to an expensively reproduced and sold fanzine by an adult who has spent years developing talent and techniques...as it is to

compare the editorial contents of KAYMAR TRADER and HYPHEN. # Tell Silverberg to stop reading so much of Redd Boggs' mail...he's beginning to sound like him."

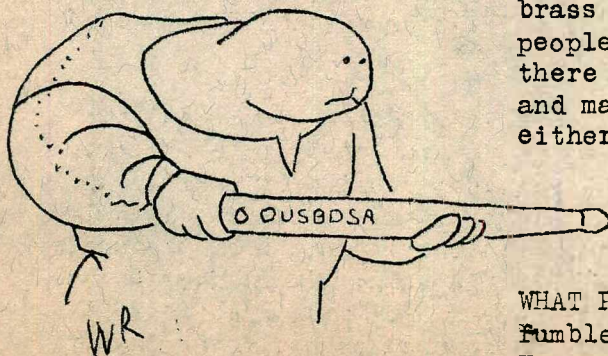
An interesting letter...what do you know of the wide-open-3-way, anyhow? Your sentiments are rather opposite from mine. Being a youngster myself, I have always wanted to be judged upon my merits alone and not have criticism colored by reference to my age. In other words, either my fanzine was good or it was not good...and not "excellent for a teen ager" which implies that an older person could do much better. It's the old story of a crowd of people shouting "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY" with no two people having the same concept of the terms involved.

The mercatorial reactions of Archie Mercer: "The Harp Stateside...no further comment necessary, surely. I'd say it was worth the price alone, except that I'm not quite sure what the price is. I sent Walt five shillings which he promptly credited to TAFF in our joint names. # Therbligs--which is also worth quite a bit of that 5/. Andy & Jean Young claim that Willis writes "better for you than for his own HYPHEN." Thing is, surely he doesn't WRITE for '-', he EDITS it. Anything of his own that happens to creep within the pages, apart from the editorial matter, (answers to correspondence, etc, in which he has no equal) is few and far between. The last thing of any moment I can remember by Walt himself was the introduction to the "Beacon" and I still can't see in what way it falls short of the accepted WAW style. # Then there's this letter of mine you print. You may remember that before/during the war the Reader's Digest used to print bacover testimonials by digested writers saying they'd never have believed their work could be so cunningly reduced and come out so well at the other end. Thing is, when seeing what you'd done to this letter of mine, that's exactly how I felt. You've done a masterly job of condensation...I honestly wish I could write such brief pithy comments as you make me appear to have done!"

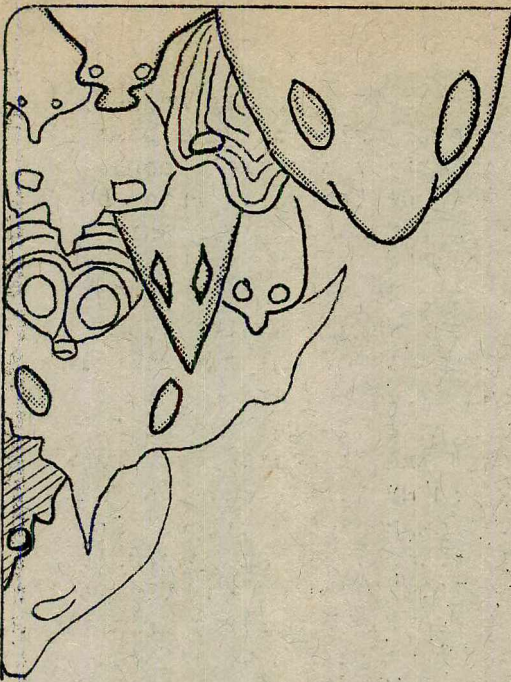
That's always been a problem with me, Archie...how to put a sufficiently large number of letters in only a few pages of letter column. The answer is the liberal use of the blue pencil and it's heartening to know at the least that one person thinks I've been doing a good job.

Neal F. Wilgus can be heard muttering: "Good, humorous material this issue...only three items but all screamingly funny. I can't decide which was best. Seems to me, however, that Silverberg is a little too critical with his fanzine reviews. After all, this is only a hobby and it's all amateur stuff. Of course good criticism is a good thing, but Silverberg goes overboard...he never has a kind word for anyone. As Jimmi Perry said in his letter, "why doesn't he get a little corny and friendly?" There was only one pun in his whole column and that was so mild that it was probably overlooked by most fans. Not that puns are so important, but at least they show humanity. Don't tell me Silverberg is a robot? Come to think of it, the name is sorta metallic..."

I guess puns do show humanity, when you come to zinc of it. But it takes a lot of brass to go around making puns all the time...some people have to be lead by the nose, in fact. Too, there are only nine or tin good punsters in fandom and maybe Silverberg's not one of them. I'm not, either, so maybe I'd better steel away...



WHAT PLAY DO YOU WATCH? "The...players...execute fumbled roles with hacked lines in deatful prose."
From PEON #36



Therbligs VII

From the desk of the non-existant Boyd Raeburn:

"I found your comments on the Westercon very interesting. Cliff Gould mentioned in a letter that he had met you there and I was left with the feeling "Westercon? Huh? WHAT Westercon?" # Fansmanship Lectures most entertaining. Glad you reprinted these as many present day fans, including myself, have never seen the originals. # Liked Silverberg's reviews. He seems to be getting a little bite into them and getting away from the Rog Phillips "all these crudzines are wonderful" attitude. Not that his reviews ever were anything like Phillips' but he seemed a little lenient in the last lot. # The Harp was as great as ever...I'd like my voice to be added to the increasing clamor for all these episodes to be reprinted in one lot."

From the desk of pro-author Arthur J. Burks: "It may possibly interest your readers to know that my MONITORS starts serially in the October issue of ORION MAGAZINE (Ural R. Murphy, Editor, 521 Central Avenue, Charlotte 4, NC). I'm telling the world because MONITORS is so reassuring and because the proceeds from this story (fact), to be published later as a book, will be devoted to research, under medical supervision, into what lies behind disease. MONITORS also explains to oldtimers why I seldom write science fiction any more. Fact itself is so wonderful, why make up something?"

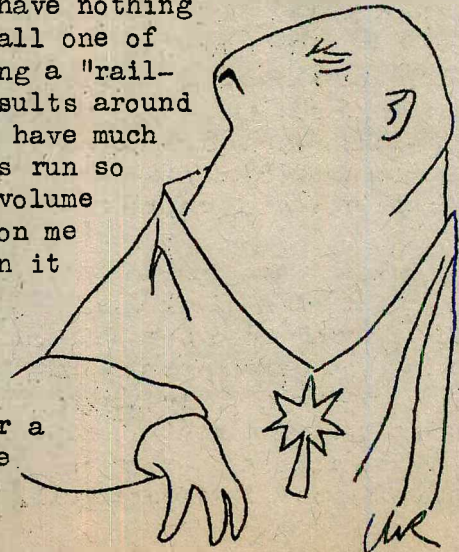
Like Shaver and his caves, I suppose?

MISTER AND MISQUOTES: "A quiet lynx-eyed about my age."

"He's a teached in a Kansas college." Both from the pages of HYPHEN #15. "Stasis Quo." From a slip of the finger on my own typewriter which turned out to be quite appropriate.

Here is gafiating Bob Peatrowsky, with: "First thing I notice is that Capella is back on the cover after some absence as an OOPS illustrator. Good thing, too, as fan illustrators aren't too plentiful these days. My favorite items here are the Fansmanship Lectures and, of course, The Harp. But then The Harp is always one of the high spots of the mag for me. And Bob Shaw is getting up there on the same level in my book. Not that I mean to infer that he hasn't always been a top writer, but rather that I've been running across a bit more of his stuff lately than before and find that I have nothing but admiration for his work. I particularly recall one of his columns in a recent issue of HYPHEN concerning a "railway engine" which produced some gut-splitting results around here. And the Stateside Harp rolls on. I don't have much recollection of the number of installments it has run so far, but seems like it should make a fair-sized volume when finished and collected. And you can count on me to take a copy of that volume off your hands when it comes out."

Okay, Bob...as you read earlier in this column, the complete edition of THE HARP STATESIDE is ready to roll. A lot of people wanted their names put down for a copy, as you have, and beginning right now is the time to start sending in those quarters to make sure you get one.



Therbligs VIII

Husband-wife fan Andy & Jean Young say in unison: "This issue is pleasing indeed. The first thing I did was to admire the excellent cover, just about the best fanzine cover I've ever seen. That's truly a work of art; I sincerely hope you have more Capella covers in the future. # We were delighted to read the Fansmanship Lectures; Jean has been quite a student of Lifemanship for some time... Some of the illustrative examples were, of course, taken with but little change from the original references; but the Winn Variation of the Indirect Glance Ploy is a stroke of creative genius. John Magnus is the ideal Fansman to employ this. I notice that Silverbert makes use of the material in the Lectures for note (FF II) his misspelling of Noah McLeod(n) and other touches. # We nearly collapsed over B.U.B. I shall never forget the picture of the putty pellet hitting the ceiling with a smack. And of course, you know our feelings about the HARP. Again one point sticks in my mind: Bloch's fake revelation. # I also like the artwork for the first page of Therbligs. It looks like a good DEA but I can find no credit. Whose work? # And you have, in this issue, made it clear that it is nearly impossible to pick "the Greatest" in each fan field. How could I choose between the three fan humorists from the U.K. that are represented here? And the perfect fanzine should have a touch of Grennell, Bloch and Tucker, surely; also Boggs, Silverberg, and you. Also such excellent artwork as Capella, Rotsler and DEA. And so on. But, of course, the crux of the whole matter is tone. Hardly any of these geniuses seems half so good when removed from the proper environment."

All I can say is that it's too bad that Jean is married to Andy Young. Seems like such a waste, but then I read somewhere once that all men feel it is a waste when a desirable young woman marries anybody else. # That artwork you admired so much on the first pages of Therbligs last issue was another Capella. He's good.

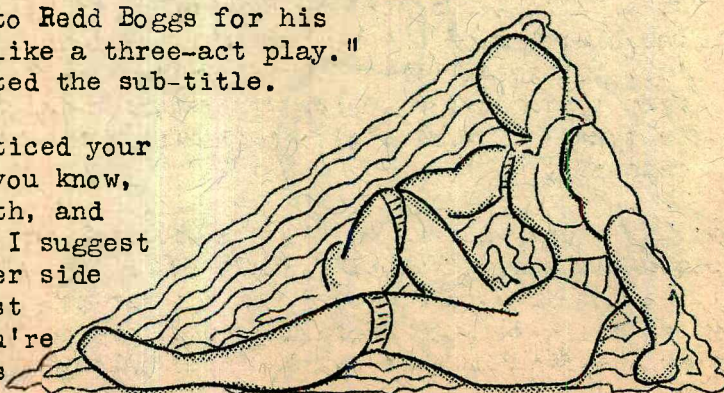
"Dear Mr Calkins: I have a tragic mind. What do I do now?"

Speaking of inter-lineations, am I right in inferring that I am the only user in fandom of what I call the semi-interlineation, shown above? Who wants to write an article?

Maybe Rick Sneary: "Never have figured why you are "the 3-act play fanzine." I've been gone two years and I miss all the esoteric meaning behind things. # I'm either going into another world or gafia. The "place" being Nevada and the housing project where my sister dwells. If the clear dry air of the great American desert causes my asthma and pneumonia germs to go somewhere else--for their health--then I will be happily back to becoming humanish again and have no time for fannish foll-de-rolls. If it doesn't work, I may put out a fanzine to drive you and Geis to the wall... # Your letters now about the best there is...it is sometimes hard to tell who is talking, though, but they are all very wise...yes!"

Sometimes, Rick, these titles get so gosh-a-mickle-dill-pickle esoteric that even I can't figure out what they mean from issue to issue. But the credit for "the three-act play fanzine" goes to Redd Boggs for his comment that "OOPS, these days, reads like a three-act play." I thought it was appropriate so I adopted the sub-title.

Health Advisor Jan Jansen pens: "I noticed your complaint about needing exercise. As you know, cycling is very good for physical health, and presuming you have a rotary duplicator I suggest that you rig up a false arm on the other side of the drum, fix a seat on top, and just imagine you're taking exercise when you're running off your Starflame Publications



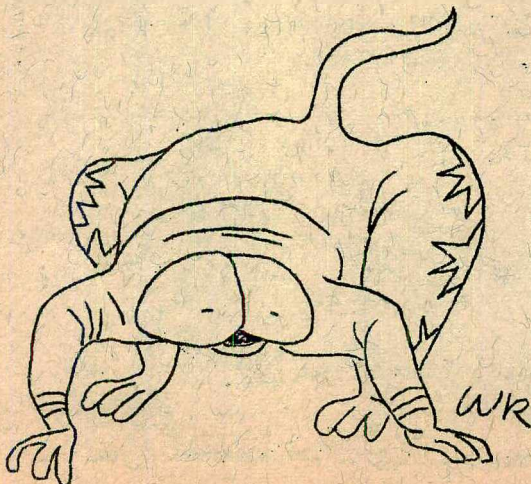
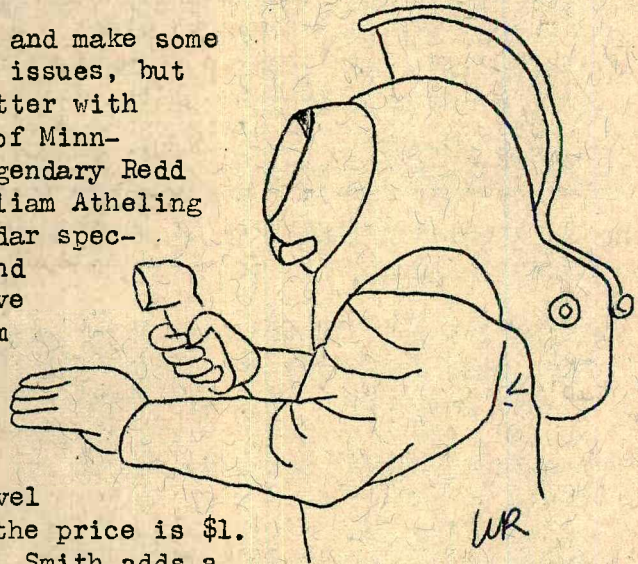
Therbligs IX

...it should help a lot, though it will be something of a chore trying to slip-sheet in that position. # Wouldn't the difference between British and US conventions lie very much in the fact that US conventions are getting out of hand? I can well imagine meeting some hundred people and chatting with most, but when the figure goes up to a couple of hundreds, one can't even get around to looking at all the faces, let alone exchange a word or two."

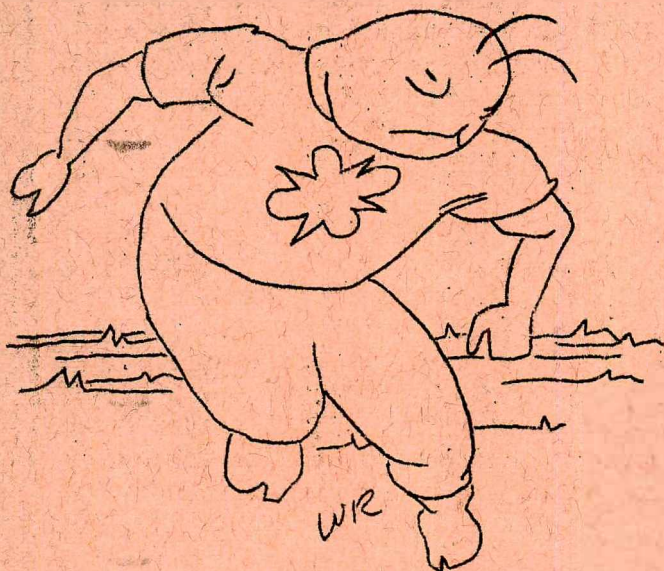
Who needs physical exercise? Well, maybe I do and maybe I don't, but I know one thing for sure...I'm not in a hurry to get any. However, your idea for fixing a bicycle on top of my mimeo has distinct possibilities. Not so much because I need the exercise as it is to take the strain off of my right arm. Look at it...for almost four years now I've been cranking away at that machine, two cranks per sheet of paper, and always using my right arm. I've tried to use my left arm but I must have waited too long because it's merely a vestigial remains now. On the other hand (or arm, as it were) my right arm is not five feet in length with well developed biceps, triceps, quadceps and three or four other "ceps" that most people don't even have. Of course, I exaggerate a little...

This letter is from Dale R. Smith: "My file of OOPS is complete except for the first three issues. And for those copies, in good condition, I will pay 25¢ each. Maybe some of your readers could be enticed to part with those collectors items. And if 25¢ is not enough I am willing to begin negotiations any time."

Sounds like a good chance to empty the attic and make some money at the same time...wish I had the back issues, but I don't. A sheet is enclosed with Dale's letter with advertising to the effect that Nova Studios of Minneapolis, Minnesota (Box 5201) home of the legendary Redd Boggs, lately proven to be a pen-name of William Atheling Jr, ...uh, anyhow they're producing a "calendar specifically designed for science fiction fans and space flight enthusiasts." It contains twelve two-color illustrations depicting scene from the exploration of the solar system, accompanied by what they call informative and scientifically accurate text. The artist is K. L. Ridout, the calendar is endorsed by The Society for the Advancement of Space Travel (you can take that for what it's worth) and the price is \$1. Who knows...it might be worth while. Dale R. Smith adds a PS to his letter saying: "I have seen the advance work on this and it is going to be excellent." I'd like to hear from any OOPS reader who has a copy.



From Seattle comes G.M. Carr: "The con report in #18 brought back nostalgic memories...remember the crowd that crouched in the corridor around Leeh and Willis, practically breathing in alternate unison in order to have room for lung expansion? Who was it you were introduced to me as? Redd Boggs? Anyway, you and I were supposedly feuding over N3F at the time and I felt very foolish to be so pleasantly greeted by somebody I was supposed to be mad at! Ah, dear N3F...by the way, did you know they are on another upswing cycle? ((What...another one?)) Now's the time to get your dough in because I



betcha next year will have a spate
of benefits. They are about due..."
((The understatement of the year!))

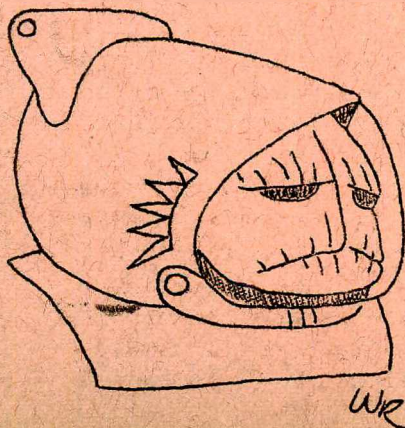
Ah, GM, how you can have so much faith in
so little more than mystified me back in
Chicago in 1952 and still makes me wonder.
Remember how you gave me the N3F applic-
ation blank there in the Morrison Hotel
and I took it up to the roof and made it
into a paper airplane? I didn't intend
for you to catch me at that, but you did.
I was introduced to you as Shelby Vick
as I remember...Richard Elsberry had the
part of the legendary Redd Boggs. That
was a nice little poem of yours...I think
..I'll print it here...

"Whether they're Rotsler or whether they're DEA,
Your illos are the neatest I ever did see..."

These biting words from Benny Sodek: "The fanzine reviews by Bob Silverberg are
something you would do well to drop. I imagine it is nice to have such
friends as him but you shouldn't force him to do the fanzine reviews. Silver-
berg seems completely disgusted with the wee, small world that faneds live in.
He speaks and expects all to believe because he has spoken. He hardly ever
gives any concrete statements as to the merit of the material presented, but
seems satisfied to lump his general classification on the whole zine. # Seems
to me that more and more people are outspeaking the fact that HYPHEN is made
for a clique. Perhaps it is only the wishful thinking of many that at last
HYPHEN will fold. But it does seem to follow that a zine for a few dies soon."

Silverberg is absent from this issue of OOPS but that does not mean he has been
dropped or--as far as I know--has decided to quit writing reviews. I assume he is
probably busy working on a new novel. # I don't quite understand your comments
about HYPHEN folding and wishful thinking...to my mind, the death of HYPHEN would
be just about the worst thing that could happen to fandom. I
sincerely doubt that it can be called "a zine for a few."

Well...a glance around the desk reveals little
more to put in this issue. I have several letters
I would like to print, but not that much room...
my notes and quotes are all used...looks like
there's nothing left to do but sign the page and
call it quits until next issue.



OOPS #20 will be out shortly, I hope...if plans go
along without too many aft agley's, say about the
first of the year. It will be an annish...my fourth
...but will not be larger, gaudier or better in any
way that I can think. Just a plain, old, ordinary
annish. Contents will be by McCain, Hoffman, Willis,
Berry and Bloch as far as I know now.

And now pardon me, I think I'll go to bed with Your
Friend and Mine...

Yagge

You are a subscriber to OOPS! We hope you enjoy this issue.

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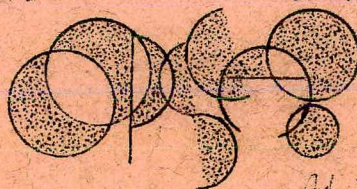
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