



INTERIM 29/30

With any luck at all, you should be reading this on the first day of March, 1960. You are? How jolly. At any rate this is INTERIM 29/30, just like the title up there says, put out as a peace offering by Gregg Calkins (1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah) to sort of fill in the gap between OOPSLA! 29 (last issue) and OOPSLA! 30 (next--hope springs eternal--issue). Accordingly it is being sent more-or-less free (meaning I haven't figured out yet how often these things will appear or what price to charge for them, if any) to all subscribers, trades, unshakable free-loaders and what-have-you on the mailing list of the above named (a couple of times) sterling (you can send money to TAFF in Britain in lieu of a subscription) publication of the above named (see, Bob Pavlat?) editor. Namely, me.

As for the reason this is appearing, well, I just plain don't have the time to expend in a full-scale type effort that a regular issue of OOPSLA! requires. OOPS 30, when it does appear, will contain among other things a complete bibliography of twenty-five years of Bloch, Harry Warner's fanzine reviews, Dean Grennell, Walt Willis, letters, and the rest of the stuff normal to a regular issue. Since I'm so particularly short of time in this, my senior year of college, and since I find myself with things to say more often than regular issues come out, and since Walt Willis has expressed a desire to do a more regular (rather, more frequent) column, INTERIM was designed to serve this purpose.

Oh, yes, there is one other reason (reason I might lack, but reasons, never)...for the delay in OOPS, that is. Unless I have solved the problem with this issue, I am having a bit of trouble with my mimeography, notably that of excess offset, and until this difficulty is rectified I'd just as soon not attempt a regular issue, particularly one with any degree of large-area artwork which would be notably spoiled by offset. This stencil is being cut on an ABDick F1160 film-topped stencil backed up by the plastic sheet I've always regarded as an aid to stylus work but which some people regard as a "typing plate" in an effort to cut as fine a character as possible and thereby cut down offset. I hope to solve my present static electricity problems by means of a mechanical aid, and remaining offset problems will be approached first by a change of ink from blue to black, then to grey, then... Well, let's hope that does it, shall we? Be charitable now, people, please.

Did I mention future issues of this? Well, they appear likely, I should say. Full-scale issues of OOPS (24-34 pages) do not appear to be likely in the future other than around Christmas vacation and summer vacation, so there will no doubt be two or three of these 4-8 page jobbers in betweentimes. They will contain mostly my own remarks, unfortunately, but should otherwise be brightened by the wit of Walt Willis in "The Harp That Once Or Twice," both of us discussing topical, controversial-or-otherwise-but-we-hope-interesting subjects of most any nature.

I should like to point out that although INTERIM will be circulated largely amongst the OOPS subscription list, this is not a "limited-circulation" magazine, as are

Interim II

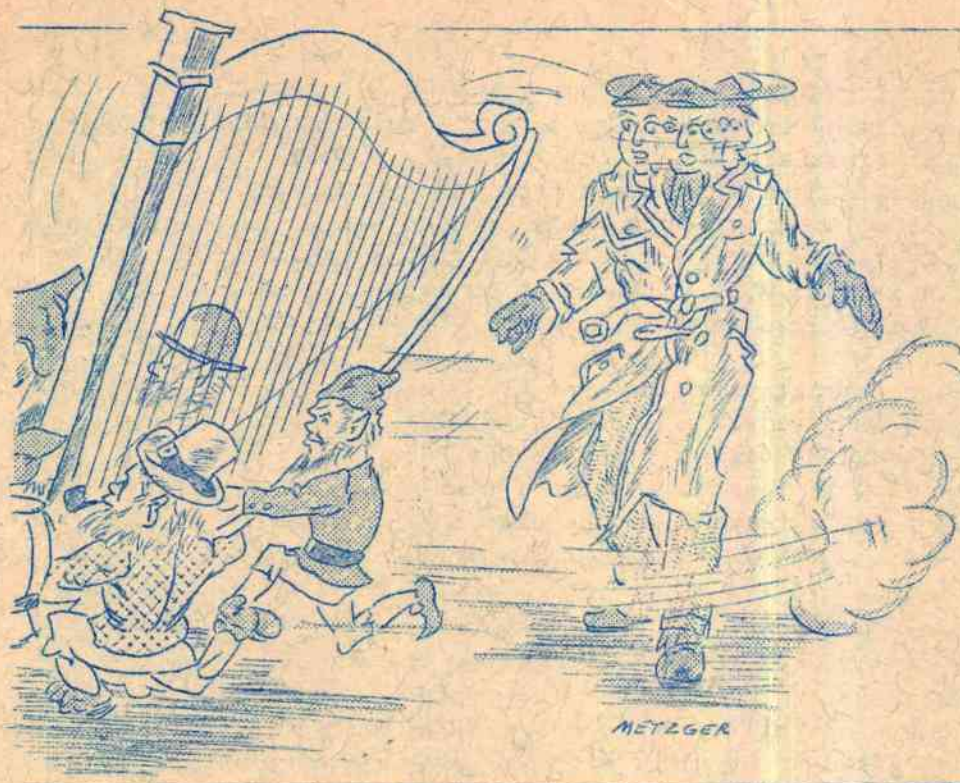
certain others currently prominent and you are not required to write regular letters of comment or otherwise massage my editorial ego to avoid being summarily chopped off of my mailing list. Comment or remain silent, as you wish, people. Of course I'll have to point out that a great dearth of comment from the general readership will make future issues rather less fun to produce...and in addition to this, noteworthy letters of comment will, of course, be later published in the regular OOPS letter column...but in general few letters will be included in INTERIM unless we happen to have a raging controversy going, or something.

Like the Heinlein discussion currently raging over his latest novel, "Starship Soldier," particularly as noted in a recent SPECULATIVE REVIEW. I wish I had my copy of that particular issue on hand--I believe there are a good many points brought up there requiring rebuttal--but unfortunately my cat chewed the issue to pieces shortly after its arrival (you might say I read it and he digested it) thereby proving himself a hitherto unknown Heinlein fan or something but anyhow I bring the who question up only as an example of a controversy, not as one I am prepared to debate at the moment. However I should like to point out for those of you who read the viewpoint of messers Eney et al as expressed in SR that you would also do well to take a look at the other side of the question as expressed by P. Schuyler Miller in the March 1960 issue of Astounding/Analog/whatever Science Fact/Psionics Fiction (see Willis on the next page about this) in which a very effective rebuttal is made, one which, by the way, agrees to a surprising extent with my own feelings on the matter. One interesting point which Miller brings out, aside from the controversy, is that the book edition, "Starship Troopers," is considerably longer than the F&SF magazine version ("twice as long," he says) and this fact does not exactly endear me to the powers that be at F&SF. When I pay 40¢ a copy for a Heinlein serial I'd like to get the whole thing, thanks, not a badly chopped, watered-down version of the real story. Looks like with Boucher gone, F&SF hasn't as much editorial integrity these days.

While on the subject of Astounding/Analog, I'd like to formally register my vote as being against the name change, Mr Campbell, sir, Jr. This is merely a protest and a personal one at that and I don't expect you to take one single teensy eensy weensy bit of notice...after all, you are looking at this from the practical, economic point of view whereas I am nostalgic, foolish, illogical and loyal, that's all. But then loyalty only sells one copy per issue and the same old copy at that, and you can't afford to subsidize loyalty when things like More Sales and More Money are at stake. Oh, I see your point of view very well, Mr Campbell, and I've even figured out a way to live with it. You call your magazine whatever you damn well please...I'll call it Astounding Science Fiction. Sic transit gloria mundi!

And bouncing back to Heinlein again, I might point out that Gnome has recently published two new collections of shorter Heinleinia generally unavailable unless you have an extensive magazine collection involving some pretty unlikely sf titles. The two collections are available directly from the publisher at full price (\$3.50) which makes them a somewhat better bargain from other dealers offering 10% to 20% discounts on larger orders, but the same publisher, Martin Greenberg, also offers the wonderful Pick-A-Book plan whereby I have been filling out my hardcover collection of older Fantasy Press and Gnome titles like mad and for only \$1.20 per in the original editions...even first editions. If you haven't looked into this yet, write PAB at PO Box 63, Hicksville, New York. It takes but a post-card and you won't regret it --in fact, if you're anything like me you'll be tickled pink!

Well, now that I've hit everything that comes immediately to mind, what else? Oh, yes...the artwork this time is largely by William Rotsler, bearded bon vivant and bete noir of beatnik Beverly Hills, though the heading for the Willis article (pardon me, I mean column!) is by George Metzger, present status unknown. Are you there, George? And so, without further ado, let's off to the musical world of...



THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE

WALT
WILLIS

DON'T KNOW WHAT TO CALL IT BUT
IT'S MIGHTY LIKE A RUSE

One look at the front page of SFTimes 326 and I was scrabbling at the back one to see if it was a hoax by Vinç Clarke. But no, there was the Syra-

cuse postmark and a coffin-like box proclaiming that the editors would be in New York in '64 and asking plaintively where the rest of us would be. (Alas, the answer to their question is becoming increasingly obvious--at the Worldcon on the West Coast.) No, it was Taurasi all right, so I turned back to the front cover and scanned the snappy headline again. "ASTOUNDING TO CHANGE NAME! ANALOG SCIENCE FACT FICTION WILL BE NEW NAME!" From the standpoint of journalistic technique I felt that this headline somehow left something to be desired, but its meaning was reasonably clear. It was the intention of Mr Campbell to change the name of his magazine to Analog Science Fact Fiction. Analog Science Fact Fiction. For a moment I admit I was at a loss for words, but then I found the mot juste. "Cor!" I whispered fervently, "Cor." "Cor blimey," I went on, more fluently. Then my masterly command of language returned to me. "Cor," I murmured, inspired, "Cor chase my Aunt Fanny round the psionics laboratory."

But then I forced myself to think again. "Willis," I addressed myself sternly, "you are only a mere uncultured faaan, unversed in the cunning commercial world, whereas Mr Campbell is a professional literateur and a highly intelligent fellow who saw through Elron Hubbard a scant two years after everyone else and who can find buried treasure by waving sticks over maps. Obviously he has found this new title by waving his sticks over all the A's in the dictionary and it is a surefire winner." Yes of course. I tried to visualise the scene at a typical newsstand. A normally timid high school student breezes in. "Have you got the latest Analog Science Fact Fiction, Mr Newsvendor?" he asks with unaccustomed confidence. "Good ol' Analog Science Fact Fiction? Sure, sonny," says the happy newsvendor happily, lifting a copy from off of a sexy pocket book, "just couldn't overlook a snappy eye-catchin' title like that, could you? Been a big demand for it, too--nothing the public goes for like those little ol' analogs, you know." Meanwhile, back in the big New York publishing houses all is consternation. Mr and Mrs Claire Booth Luce are fighting each other tooth and nail over the relative merits of SIMILARITY PICTURE STORY JOURNALISM and RESEMBLANCE PHOTOGRAPHS ACTUALITY REGARDING. At a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden the editors of TIME have just voted for CORRESPONDENCES POLITICS OPINION NEWS. The editor of LOOK has sent out for a larger edition of Webster.

The Harp That Once Or Twice II

No...it wasn't quite convincing somehow. But then, why? Why is Mr Campbell throwing away the goodwill of a title which he himself has manhauled all the way from juvenility to intellectual respect, so changing the connotations of the word Astounding throughout the English-speaking world that a leading British novelist like Kingsley Amis can have his hero reading Astounding Science Fiction and have everyone appreciate he is a member of the intelligentsia? Why is he throwing away the fruits of such a hard-won victory? One wild theory after another flashed through my mind with the speed of accusations in Aporrheta. Could it be that Campbell had been tipped off by the editor of Mademoiselle that there is a new Swedish sex-symbol on the way called Ana Log? Could he be moving his editorial offices to the picturesque little village of Annalong, County Down? Had he received psychiatric advice that the new title would subliminally attract the sex pervert market?

Then it came to me. There could be only one reason for the new title. Campbell is making a desperate effort to justify psionics before his new publishers find out what he's been up to and do to him what Ziff-Davis did to Palmer. His cunning plan is this. With the first appearance of the new title, the cover symbol will be changed to a printed-circuit Hieronymous machine running the full length of the spine. The stickiness generated by this will hold the cover onto the magazine, thereby saving the cost of the glue, but this is not the main reason. The circuit will be tuned, in accordance with observations made by Campbell with the machines he brings to conventions, to resonate at the psionic frequency of the average science fiction fan. This powerful eloptic radiation will be transmitted through the staples, acting as antennae. The staples will therefore become small but immensely powerful divining rods having an irresistible attraction towards science fiction fans. When a fan approaches anywhere near a newstand the copy of Astounding will wriggle itself out from under all the mundane mags and hurl itself into his hands like a demented homing pigeon. This is a fine thing for us readers, because we're likely to get our copies without paying for them. The dealers won't like it, but it's up to them to keep their magazines under control and invest in a butterfly net or a rifle. Anyway, Campbell needn't worry, because the magazine will already have been bought and paid for by the dealer. And when his publishers find out about psionics, all he need do to justify it is point to the new title and the current sales returns. "How could we have sold the magazine with a title like that?" he will ask, reasonably enough.

FOOLIO In the latest CAMBER Alan Dodd makes the first public mention I have seen of the folio of Dave Prosser's artwork that was published in Mammon number three. It's rather more than a mention as a matter of fact, it's more like a hymn of ecstasy. Prosser's art is reminiscent of Goya, says Dodd, who has been to Spain. It is one of the most important contributions to the fanzine art world, continues our cosmopolitan art connoisseur. He goes on to survey the drawings individually, throwing out words like 'compelling' and 'masterpiece' at the drop of a hat, and concludes with his considered verdict: "He is an artist fandom should not neglect."

Curiously enough, if the word 'not' had been left out of that last sentence it would have represented exactly my own opinion. Neglect is the best thing that could happen to Prosser, both for ourselves and him, and I was proud of fandom for having quietly ignored him so far, obviously in the hope that he would go away. It is of course inconvenient for some of us to have lurid stuff like this lying about the house, but it's no good protesting because this type of conformist pseudo-Bohemian immediately assumes that he is being 'controversial' and 'challenging.' Actually of course he is just being silly in a harmless but unpleasant way and it's better to ignore him in the hope that he'll grow up.

However Dodd's enthusiasm might possibly induce some of you to try and get this folio and maybe it's only fair to say that at least one other fan thinks they would be wasting their time. Apart from a little puerile pornography there seems to me to be absolutely nothing of interest in any of the drawings. "The power of evil is in

every line of this picture," enthuses Dodd, for one example. Actually the picture in question merely shows two old women in a graveyard being throttled simultaneously by an ambidextrous gorilla. The gorilla has horns and apparently the old ladies are witches and such symbols of childish superstition, together with lots of blood and futs, seem to be the extent of Prosser's visualisation of the Power Of Evil. He is also, apparently, one of those peculiar people who think there is something terribly Evil and fascinating about cannibalism, a psychological quirk which he shares with some better-known people in the professional side of science fiction. I suppose we must be happy for him that he has led such a sheltered life, but one cannot avoid some irritation at his assumption that the nasty little thoughts we have all had at some time during our development are some epochmaking revelation peculiar to him. The whole exhibition, with one exception, reminds me of nothing so much as a schoolboy sitting down to write all the forbidden words he can think of, and is about as much a "contribution to art" as that would be to literature. It's only fair to say though that from a technical point of view Prosser seems to have considerable talent and has attempted to surmount the insurmountable limitations of dittography as an art medium with an assiduity worthy of a better cause.

The exception I mentioned was a sort of political cartoon which Dodd calls "superbly topical," but which to me demonstrates a degree of stupidity and ignorance almost inconceivable in a schoolboy who has learned to write. It shows a ruined city with two misshapen figures whose aspect is I take it supposed to make our blood run cold but which look more like plasticene models left too near a fire. The punchy caption runs, "The SUMMIT TALKS were a complete success! Then, everyone destroyed their atomic supply--WE THOUGHT!" (Capitals, exclamation marks and grammatical errors are all Prosser's.) Prosser makes his point clear, but he would have been well advised to keep his hat on it until he got some inkling of what he was talking about. In the first place it is only too clear that neither of the major powers is going to destroy a single atomic bomb until they are as sure the other side is destroying theirs as that they will see the sun rise tomorrow, if not surer. In the second place, the caption could quite as easily, and a lot more plausibly, have read: "The SUMMIT TALKS were going to be a success! Until Prosser published his POWERFUL CARTOON!"

--- Walt Willis ...

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Even when I publish only six pages I can't get them out on time. You aren't reading this on the first of March, are you? No, I thought not.

Let's see...I hope this INTERIM puts a check for me in the marks of all you "one-for-one" traders ...EXCONN, FANJACK/VAGUE (or whatever the title may be by this time) most notably...and while we're on the subject of fanzines, one of the most enjoyable new ones to come along for a great long time is GUMBIE by Steve and Virginia Schultheis, a fanzine, I might add, which could well become notable for the quality of its long editorials as long as Steve cares to turn them out. Oh, yes, and special thanks to Bruce Pelz (it doesn't say so in the mag but who else could it be?) for the

outstanding fotocovers on his January SAPSazine, SPELEOBEM.

And that about does it. One last mundane detail...if you get this copy of INTERIM you will most likely also get the 30th issue of OOPSLA! when it comes out...unless there is an 'x' of some nature beside your name on the address label, in which case do something. Naturally, this is a STARFLAME PUBLICATION. Accept no substitutes.

HE SUFFERED
FROM "TIED
TENDRILS"



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