

This, dear and gentle reader, is OOPSLA! #30, product of that quaint old publishing house known as Star-flame Publications. Since this is in all probability the last issue you will see in some time it would be foolish to list a subscription price or publishing schedule. This issue is published primarily on Masterweave paper by means of a BDC Rex Rotary using BDC blue ink and a similar brand of stencils. The typewriter is the same battered old LC Smith which has served so long and so faithfully, and the editor (whose service is at least as long if not as faithful) is none other than your humble, obedient servant
 -----Gregg Calkins-----
 -----1484 East 17th South-----
 -----Salt Lake City 5, Utah-----

September 1961

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 George Barr

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 Editorial

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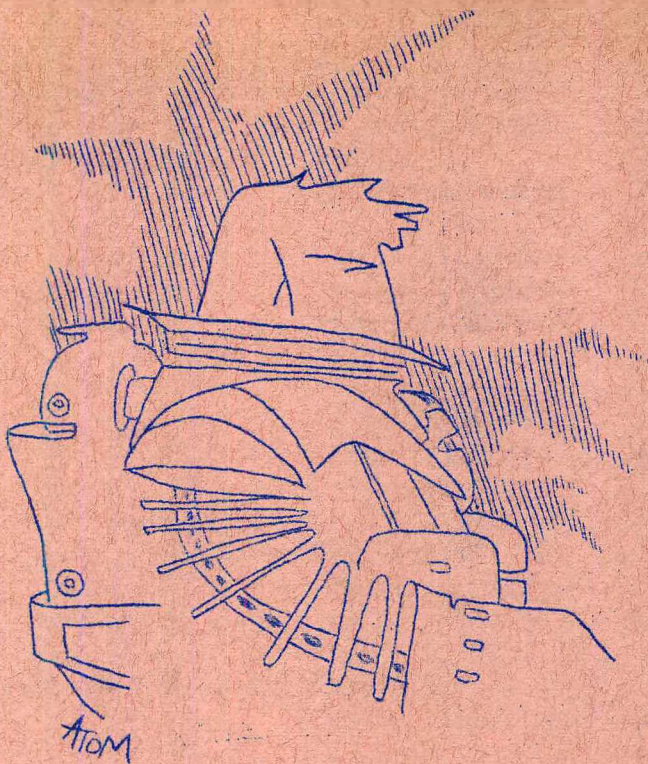
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DANS UN VERRE D'EAU

This is the thirtieth--and perhaps last--issue of OOPSLA! It is, no doubt, somewhat anticlimactic, coming as it does some two years after its most recent predecessor, during which time I am confident most of the readership decided that that must have been the last issue. Well, I'm sorry to disturb your composure in this manner, but the truth of the matter is that this thirtieth issue was originally inserted in the schedule around the middle of 1953 and of what matter is a year or two in such a long-term scheme as this?

Those readers who remain from the first issue of OOPS--Redd Boggs, Ray Capella, Richard Elsberry, Dick Lupoff, Bob Silverberg, Walt Willis, Steve Schultheis, Jim Webbert, Bob Tucker, Shelby Vick, and, last but far from least, Lee Hoffman--will have no trouble remembering that when the first issue of OOPS came out in January, 1952, it was strongly influenced by Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY. For the record, Q #8, dated March 1951, was my first real fanzine and I suppose it was inevitable that during that year as issue after issue arrived from Savannah the spark would be born in me and fanned to a flame to "produce a fanzine of my own, someday!"

It seemed only natural to turn to Lee for advice, although I was hesitant to approach so glorious a BNF--and in those days they were glorious indeed!--but I was unprepared for the wealth of information, humor and encouragement she showered upon me in return and it is small wonder that the earliest and most long-lasting of my goals for OOPSLA! has been to try to make it as good a magazine as QUANDRY was. At any rate, an exchange of letters with Lee just before that first issue of mine found me vowing to produce more issues of OOPS than she did of Q, while she in turn revealed that she had vowed to produce more issues of Q than Tucker had of LE ZOMBIE.

I'm uncertain where Tucker dangles just now with issues numbered in the mid-sixties, but Lee put out the last issue of QUANDRY in "May or June or so, 1953" and as of that moment yours truly was committed to a total of at least thirty issues.

However, one of the bitterest lessons an aspiring new faneditor has to learn is that a fanzine and its schedule are soon parted and so I must confess that it is with a certain degree of astonishment that I, myself, view this final product. Before that first attempt I aspired to a monthly schedule, like Q's, but before the first issue was in the mail I realized that was going to prove very difficult and settled instead for an issue every six weeks as a compromise between a monthly and bimonthly. This schedule was followed religiously for the first eight issues except for #7

...Dans Un Verre D'Eau II

which was delayed two weeks by the 1952 Chicon II and my subsequent trip to Florida and Atlanta with Shelby Vick and Henry Burwell, respectively. Had I been able to keep that schedule going I suppose the 30th issue would have been published around February 1955; however, a short stretch in the Marine Corps interfered with my plans and for a while it looked as though OOPS would fold before Q did. When it became apparent that the Marine Corps would not interfere with publishing a fanzine and I decided to resume publication, I soon proved I was nothing daunted by the experience and happily published a schedule in OOPS #11 exhibiting in detail my plans for the next twenty issues! That bit of foolhardiness had the 30th issue due on May 15th, 1956, and I haven't lived that down in some quarters yet.

Well, there's more, but it all goes to prove that I can't keep a schedule, so why should I stick my neck out any further and state positively that this will be the last issue of OOPSLA!? It may and it may not, but future issues, if any, will appear at highly irregular intervals--as they have in the past--and subscribers who want their money back at this time will have it ~~cheerfully~~ refunded. Or, if you wish, you may use up the balance of your subscriptions by means of my FAPA contributions at the more or less standard rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ per page--suit yourselves. This also goes for trades. Just let me know. If I do not hear from you about this I'll feel free to retain your name on my mailing list and...who knows?

As you will note from the contents, this issue--originally scheduled somewhere near Christmas 1959 when #28/29 was mailed out--was intended to commemorate the twenty-five eminently successful years of Robert Bloch as a weird and science fiction writer. Bloch provided the lead article and bibliography and several threats on my part evoked the columns by Willis and Grennell. Those items plus a letter column and editorial were to constitute the issue, but as month followed month and I became helplessly entangled with other affairs Bloch continued to produce with mad abandon and his twenty-fifth successful year was soon followed by his even more successful twenty-sixth and on into his twenty-seventh...

A larger issue seemed in order, so the fanzine review column by Harry Warner was added; but time just sneered up its sleeve and proceeded to outdate fanzines faster than they could be reviewed so Harry appears in a rather abbreviated form this time --or at least his column does. Curiously, Harry whimsically decided to title his column this time, long before he knew it would be pared of its reviews, and the result is humorous but unintentional.

And what is a Sixth Fandom fanzine without Tucker? For that matter, what is any fanzine without Tucker? Well, answers to that question have been proposed but this is a family fanzine...and, besides, I just couldn't afford to pass up an article by a prominent fan about a forthcoming project that has been "in the works" even longer than this forthcoming issue of OOPS. However, recent correspondence with Bob assures me that SON OF THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE will be coming soon, possibly even this year...

Assuming this year is still this year by the time this gets published!

Some of you have seen an earlier version of the Heinlein bibliography before when it was included in FAPA. The present item is as up-to-date as I could make it, but I am woefully aware of its inadequacies, particularly in respect to the stories Heinlein had published in BOY'S LIFE, and additions and corrections will be gratefully accepted and acknowledged in future revisions of the bibliography until a final product is reached. Copies of this second version were also published in FAPA as was the Bloch bibliography.

What was that I heard somewhere about present-day fanzines no longer concerning themselves with science fiction?

...Dans Un Verre D'Eau III

I trust the index with this issue will prove useful to readers, collectors, fanzine index compilers and other oddballs--making it up certainly proved interesting to me and I'll no doubt be the one who got the most pleasure out of it in the long run. Still, I think it may be helpful to others at some time in the future and it's a practice to which I wish more fanzines would subscribe every dozen issues or so--for that matter, I'd like to see more prozines do it, too.

There is no letter column this issue. I have plenty of letters on hand, of course, but they are much too old by this time and as if that weren't reason enough, the size of this issue, small though it may be in comparison to some group-produced fanzines, is enough to get me down already. And since no letters are printed this time and there is slim prospect for another issue in the near future, I'm afraid I can't anticipate much response by mail to this issue, can I? Still, I'd like to note that the EGOBOO EXPRESS is still in order whereby your comments are extracted from your letters and mailed to the contributors in question, so please do not feel that letters of comment mailed to me about this issue will disappear into limbo. The egoboo will at least reach the contributors and as I said before...who knows? A special letters issue or even the 31st OOPS might appear when you least expect it.

After all, you didn't expect this issue to arrive today, did you?

For those of you who would like to know just how it is I'm misspending this most current part of my youth I might add as a personal note that I am still a student at the University of Utah at the ripe old age of twenty-six. However I now have one full year of graduate work behind me and by next year at this time I hope to have my MS in Geophysics and possibly depart the academic life. Still, I think that teaching on a college level would be a fine profession and that means a PhD, so if there are fellowships available for further graduate study in California, Oregon or Washington I will probably take one and (sigh) keep on going to school.

At present, when not working on OOPS, I am attempting to complete my field work for the Master's thesis in Geophysics with scant success and if my luck doesn't take a turn for the better soon next summer will find me still trying to finish up. The work consists of a magnetic and gravity study of the Newfoundland Mountains and the mountains can be found on any relatively good road map as situated smack dab in the middle of the Great Salt Lake Desert.

Earlier this year we put ourselves into darkest hock for a 1950 Jeep and that is our current means of transportation to and from the thesis area. I cannot recommend a Jeep too highly! It is a tremendous vehicle, loads of fun to drive, and any place you can't go with a Jeep you probably shouldn't be going, anyhow. Let some have their sports cars and others their Detroit iron--my next new car will be a new Jeep.

The switch from first to third person is not intended to be confusing to the reader--the "we" is not editorial but is intended to include my wife, JoAnn. Take a bow, Jo...that's a good girl. JoAnn is the Associate Editor In Charge Of Assembling, Stapling, Stuffing And Stamping as well as the financial support for this sort of frivolity--which, come to think of it, is another good reason you aren't likely to see another issue of OOPS too soon. This one has made utter ruin of our previously always precarious financial situation.

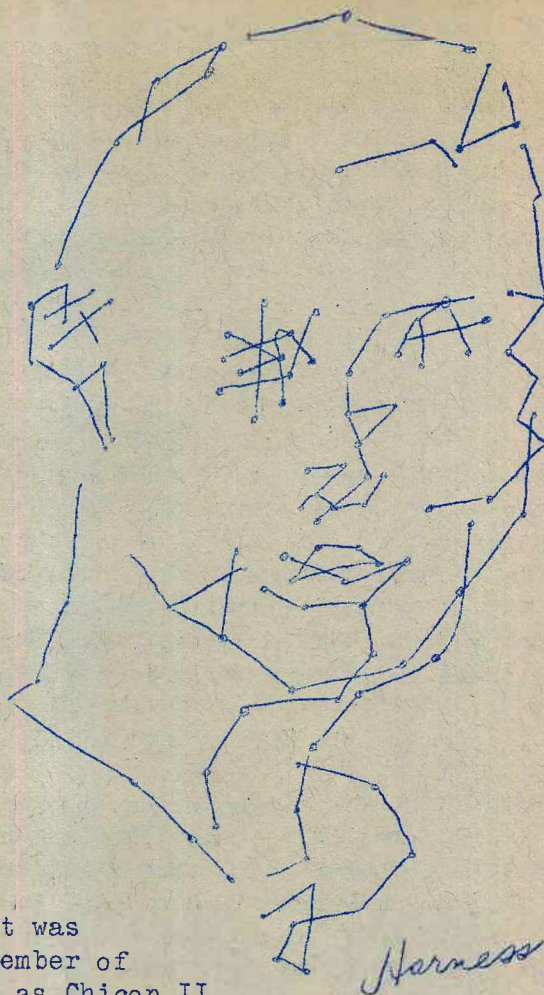
Still, it has been fun preparing this issue. It's a relief to publish that "final" one and get the monkey off of my back, true, but at the same time it's a good feeling to know that I still have a certain amount of happy subscribers and a ready-to-go mailing list in case the bug bites again and I find myself with more time than I anticipate this year. Ten years is a long time to publish a fanzine and then just quit "cold turkey"... Oh, well--here's hoping you enjoy the issue at hand. It is, as always...

A STARFLAME PUBLICATION

MY LIFE WITH ROBERT BLOCH

BY WALT WILLIS

(based partly on an article in Hyphen 3)



Into each life some fall-out must rain, and so it was that in 1952 I met Robert Bloch. It was in September of that year as I remember, at the convention known as Chicon II. I am not blaming anyone, even the Convention Committee: I knew the risk and I took it. Even at the New York docks I could have turned back. I had shown the Immigration Officer my certificate of inoculation against smallpox and watched a guilty look steal over his face. "You know of course there are worse things than smallpox," he said haltingly. "America is not perfect...there is yellow fever, leprosy, a man called Robert Bloch..."

"I know," I said quietly. "I am going to a science fiction convention."

He took off his peaked cap and looked up at me in awe. "May I have your autograph?" he pleaded. I signed my name on a piece of paper headed "Release" and continued along the quayside, the Immigration Officer falling in behind me. I ignored the splash--I had my own troubles. At the exit of the docks I was presented with some sort of purple decoration and escorted to the bus station by massed bands playing slow music. Thousands of people stood weeping as the bus moved off. The driver was deeply moved and the bus itself broke down several times.

On arrival at Chicago I found the Convention Committee broken-hearted. Even the chairs in the Convention Hall were in tiers. It seemed that despite all the Committee's precautions Bloch had found out where the Convention was being held. As I said, I did not blame the Committee. The false Convention literature they had sent him was beautifully printed and looked completely authentic. It gave the venue for the Convention as Tuktoyuktuk, Northwest Territory, and went into quite startling detail about Eskimo hospitality. They had even sent him a free railroad ticket to the nearest trading post and a voucher for a double igloo with running iced water.

This brilliant plan foundered on one fact: that Bloch cannot read. This may come as a surprise to some of you, too, but a moment's reflection will show that if Bloch could read he would have had to read all his own stories. Actually he dictates them to relays of robot stenographers, himself wearing earplugs.

Arriving at the railroad station, then, Bloch looked around for someone to read his ticket for him and tell him where it was fore. Naturally he was ashamed of his ignorance and looked cowed and sheepish. So cowed and sheepish, in fact, that before he could open his mouth he was loaded onto a cattle truck and consigned to the Chicago stockyards. Fortunately for the canned meat industry, Bloch was helped to escape at the entrance to the slaughterhouse by a pen friend and, attracted by the smell of liquor, found his way to the Morrison Hotel. The Convention Committee realised it was too late to move the Convention to another hotel and decided to make the best of a bad job. Bob Tucker introduced him to me in the hopes that my refined and cultured personality would have an enobling effect on the man.

"This," said Bob, in an attempt to avoid prejudicing me beforehand, "is one of the collaborators on 'The Lighthouse' in the current Fantastic."

"Ah," I said keenly, "the great Edgar Allan Poe!" I knew that Poe had been dead for some time but in view of Bloch's appearance the error was understandable. It was tactfully explained to me that Poe was still whirring around quietly in his grave and that the figure before me was the result of the kind of life lived by the man who had finished his incompleated story.

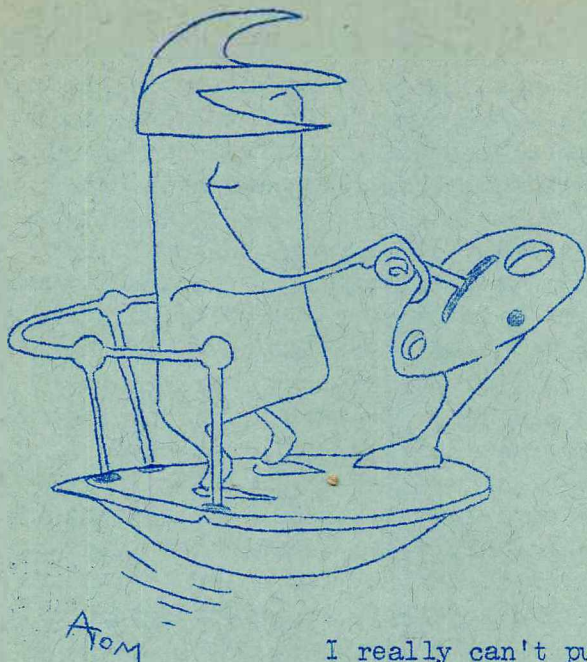
I'm sorry to have to say that my influence had little effect and I soon saw what a menace this man Bloch was to a sober-minded convention. His first infamous act was to usurp the place of toastmaster at the banquet. The solemn function was, of course, completely ruined. Bloch seized his opportunity to profane the ceremony with facetious remarks and make it an occasion for unseemly hilarity instead of serious reflection on the cosmic importance of pulp science fiction. It was for all the world as if he regarded a convention as an event to which people came to enjoy themselves.

But worse was to follow. The following afternoon he again forced his way onto the stage and made an even more disgraceful exhibition of himself--tossing a box of tacks onto the floor, throwing a saucer at our distinguished guest, Mr Willy Ley, and insults at everyone else, and presenting the Chairwoman Miss Julian May with a toilet seat. The fact that the tacks were largely responsible for the spirited performance of the dancers in the ballet which followed was no credit to Bloch. Nor was it any excuse that the seat he presented to Miss May was the only one in his room.

Some people have tried to excuse this unseemly performance on the grounds that it was very amusing. That may be so, but I am bound to say that it is not the sort of thing that we serious constructive fans expect from the professional authors to whom we look up with such veneration. In any case I happen to know that this speech of Bloch's was stolen from another speaker, along with all the props including the toilet seat, the saucer and the brass tacks. As a result his unfortunate victim, a Mr John W. Campbell, had to fall back on a few hastily scribbled remarks on "The Place of Science Fiction in the Cultural Pattern."

I have not been to an American Convention since, but I understand that Bloch continues to act in this undignified way; and I know from my own reading of fanzines that he continues during the rest of the year to flout the sacred barrier that should divide the aristocracy of professional writers from the common fans. Not only does he ignore the dignity of his profession, he fails to make the proper discrimination between fans of varying importance and treats even the naivest neo with what one could almost call kindness and courtesy. But though he behaves like a fan he does not assume a fan's responsibilities. When the tocsin sounds for war where is Bloch to be found? Not joining impassionedly in the crusades sometimes known as 'feuds' but dispensing the treacherous anti-tocsin of the milk of human kindness through his letters and articles. Which of us would not have been proud to be able to dispense with him?

-- Walt Willis ...



DO I KNOW PANCHO XXXLA ? BOB BLOCH ?

BY DEAN A GRENELL

I really can't put my finger on one certain date and say that this marks the point of demarcation between the time when I had not heard of Bob Bloch and the time when I had. I'd guess I first encountered the name in an old issue of WEIRD TALES maybe around the winter between 1936 and 1937. There were a few names that almost always seemed to turn up on those old Brundage covers--Seabury Quinn, Clark Ashton Smith, August Derleth and, with impressive frequency, Robert Bloch.

I remember that early in 1943 I met a fellow science-fiction fan (not a faan, just a fan) at Randolph Field--that's near San Antonio, Texas--and he was utterly ape over the episodes of the Lefty Feep series. I do not, at the present well-removed point in time, remember if the Feep saga was bylined by Bloch or if they appeared under his real name (Tarleton Fiske). If it was credited to Fiske then it probably fooled me at the time because in those days I was the most unfannish type you ever might have dreamed about and I knew nothing about any of the Bloch pseudonyms, even the most commonly-known ones like Edgar Allan Poe and Wilson Tucker.

It's funny how a person tends to think in stereotypes. Mention "author" and I'd always get a mental picture of some improbable being, always living in New York City or possibly some remote and exotic spot such as Majorca, Tahiti or Toronto...living in an exotically-decorated penthouse, with leopardskin rugs tossed casually about, wearing dark blue shirts with white pin-stripes and an orange tie (oddly, I turned out to have been right about the shirt and tie). But one's own native or adopted state is always taken to be a citadel of the staid and the prosaic; nothing ever happens near home.

So it came as a surprise to me when I finally got around to sending for some fanzines and one of the earlier ones--I think probably Shelby Vick's CONFUSION--listed Bloch's address as being in Milwaukee. It also printed a letter by him which was hugely humorous...much funnier, I thought, than practically anything of Bloch's that I had seen published professionally.

I was due to attend a sheet metal convention in Milwaukee within a few weeks so I made bold to write Bloch and ask if we might possibly get together briefly then. Actually, I didn't phrase it near that suavely. The letter was couched in the most far-out, neofannish gibberish imaginable. To this day I wince when sadistic memory flashes a phrase or two across my mental screens.

I strongly suspect that if I were to get a letter like that, today, from someone I'd never heard of, I'd travel stealthily south under an assumed name. But Bloch has

Do I Know ~~Pancho Villa~~ ? Bob Bloch?

more of either intestinal fortitude or morbid curiosity or both. He wrote back saying yes, he'd be glad to have me drop by only he was, himself, not to be judged by either his horror stories or his humorous material; he never either robbed graves or wore lampshade hats to parties. In fact, the character he sketched out made one expect something along the lines of the plug-hatted bluenose that Duffy used to draw in the Baltimore Sun to represent Prohibition. Fortunately, he wasn't all that staid and (I trust) I wasn't all that flibbertigibbity and we got on famously from the word go. I stopped up and met him at the Marx Advertising Agency which occupied the Plankinton Avenue address where he got his mail in those days--he and Marion and Sally lived in an apartment on Maryland Avenue, just a few blocks from where the Economouss live today. He was--and, I imagine, still is---quite tall and somewhat unpudgy. My initial impression of him was that a little bit went a long way in all directions. It was fascinating to watch his hands as he talked, the extremely long, extremely thin, extremely flexible fingers constantly writhed and assumed unlikely configurations. I remember thinking that the pickpocket profession lost a potential master when he took up writing. But perhaps these things are for the best.

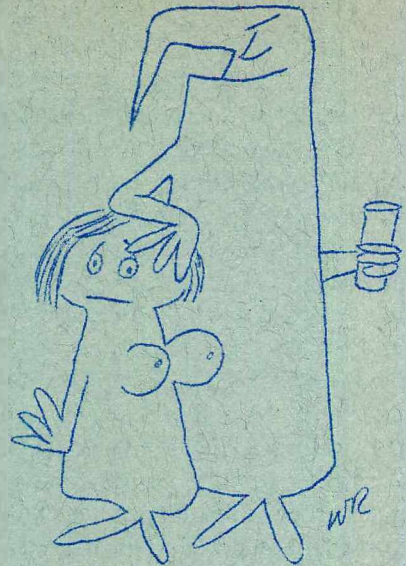
It seems a little silly to be describing Bloch to the readers of OOPSLA!, since there may not be a single one of them who hasn't met him in person themselves. But these are my first impressions for what they're worth. What Bloch's first impressions may have been he has kept to himself inasmuch as kindness and charity went heavily into the makeup of his being. At any rate, he was the first faan (and, of course, the first pro, too) that I ever met and, as a result, I was hopelessly hooked on the fan kick. You can see the man's soul is not unstained with sin. He has much to answer for. With the merest bit of manipulation he might have sent Grennell screaming over the horizon, never again to be seen by fankind. Ah, when I think of the hot bitter tears of vain regret he must have shed over this wasted, priceless opportunity...but let it pass. Be kind and don't ever mention it to him.

It wasn't long after that before he moved to Weyauwega (wiah-WEEG-ah), Wisconsin. Weyauwega is almost as far from Fond du Lac as is Milwaukee (55 instead of 65 miles) but my route takes me within about 12 miles of the place every three weeks and on those days when I'd get finished in time I'd drop by and chew the fat for an hour or two on the way home. Bloch's Fiction Factory occupies a modest cubicle in the upstairs northeast corner of his house. Once it was the northwest room but he moved. The walls are covered with paintings, most of them Bob's. There's a squatting fiend in green and yellow in the hall and an elephant and a tiger and a portrait of Lon Chaney in his "Phantom of the Opera" makeup around the walls of the writing room. There are three or four large bookcases, all full--Bloch practices bibliocide to keep the books from burying the entire community--and his collection of handcarved Chinese household gods. I've heard it said that he has a fully-authenticated Gilgamesh coprolite somewhere but I've never seen it and I keep forgetting to ask him about it.

I remember when Bob Silverberg came to Wisconsin in the summer of 1955 and we took him and Barbara to Weyauwega to meet the Blochs and after we'd chatted downstairs for a while Bloch took Agberg and me upstairs to see his den. There was a sheet of manuscript in the old gray Royal (heavily browned with tar on the right side from the fumes of countless Viceroy's) and Silverberg leaned over to see what was flowing from the hopper. I can't give an exact quote but it was something Bloch had whipped up for the occasion about a young girl, prisoner in a dungeon, and she hears a hideous shuffling sound as an indescribable monster (and as we all know them's the worst kind) comes and peers down through the bars at her. "Aaargghhh!" she screamed, "It's Silverberg!" I think that impressed Agberg almost as much as finding out that there really is an Oshkosh. More could be written about the wily Weyauwegan. Our Hero is in far-off California these days and Wisconsin Fandom is forming a Lord How We Miss Robert Bloch Foundation to make burnt offerings for his return. However, I think as good a way as any to sum up his position in our li'l ol' microcosm, here, is to quote the time-honored definition for a science-fiction faan: "A person who, when he or she hears the initials BB, thinks of Bob Bloch before Brigitte Bardot."

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BLOCH

1935-59 INCLUSIVE ---



When it comes to modesty, most of us have some pretty peculiar ideas.

We are taught, from early childhood on, that good manners entail self-depreciation, that it is a breach of etiquette to openly exhibit pride in achievement, that praise is to be accepted with a show of protest or denial.

Unlike the Indian brave who gloried in counting coup and boasting of his exploits before the tribe, we dissemble our accomplishments--although, in an economy of conspicuous consumption, we are allowed indirect exhibitionism in material possessions. Thus the man who is expected to adopt a humble air when complimented upon his appearance, ability and attainments is at the same time allowed to be openly "proud" of his split-level house, modern appliances, Cadillac, winter vacation, and monogrammed silk shorts. But faced with praise for actual achievements, he is required to assume the hypocritical mask which passes for "modesty" in our day.

There are, however, some curious exceptions to this social rule. The politician in our society is permitted to be a braggart and a boaster. He buys space and time to openly advertise his merits, real or fancied, and no one thinks this strange. The "professional man" is also allowed to implement his status with self-aggrandizing ceremonials. Thus it is that all must rise when the learned judge enters his courtroom; to address him by any other appellation than "your honor" may merit a legal penalty for "contempt of court." The physician demands the perquisites of protocol not only in his own office but in a public hospital; the successful musician or conductor expects fawning adulation and openly glories in the sobriquet of "maestro." The public display of pride is, of course, part and parcel of any military organization; open tribute is paid to rank and the caste-system flourishes flamboyantly. Professional athletes, too, seem to be granted a special dispensation; there has always been a tolerance for the boxer, the baseball or football player who "brags" about his highly-paid exploits.

In the field of popular entertainment a curious dichotomy exists. Thanks largely to the carefully rehearsed spontaneity and rigid informality of the television show, our performers have largely abandoned the old theatrical tradition where top talent assumed an almost regal air of aloofness. They appear to be on a casual, first-name basis, and often exhibit charming unpretentiousness as they read the lines which proclaim them to be just plain folks. Behind the scenes, of course, the battle goes on; the "simple" and "easy-going" entertainer fights tooth and nail to see that his name gets top billing, and there is nothing to indicate lack of self-appreciation in the way he screams bloody murder for a larger fee or a greater share of performing time. By and large, private fits of temperament and demonstrations of acute egomania are more or less acknowledged as the perquisites of the creative talent.

Yet for some reason or other, the professional writer is not included in this dispensation. He is apparently required to conform to the general rules and exhibit a modest mien at all times. There have been a few notable exceptions, particularly

A Bibliography of Bloch II

amongst the ranks of the "best selling" authors--it is reported that Betty Smith, for example, was in the habit of signing her name to hotel registers and then adding, with a flourish, A Tree Grows In Brooklyn. But by and large, your writer is a member of the "who-wants-to-talk-about-little-old-me?" school.

I've been a pupil of this same school for twenty-five years now, and it's time for a recess.

Because it has been twenty-five years, I've taken the liberty of drawing up a bibliography of my professionally-published work for the past quarter of a century. It will inform interested readers (if any) just when and where material appeared in print, and enable agents and editors to locate such material in the future.

But we were discussing the phenomenon of modesty (at least I was; you may have been sitting there scratching your navel and wishing there was something good on tv) and its relationship to the writer. And just this once I'm going to violate accepted practices and use the preparation of a bibliography as an excuse to talk about my own work for a bit.

Actually, I hasten to assure you--with all the self-depreciation duly expected of me by polite society--there won't be a great deal of boasting, because there isn't much to boast about. Still, just as every opera singer has his favorite roles and every call-girl her favorite customers, so have I, as a writer, my favorite stories.

I began writing for amateur publications in 1934, while still in high school. Two months after graduation I made my first sale, at 17, to Weird Tales magazine. My first professional appearance here was in the January 1935 issue, which actually reached the newsstands the month before. Almost five years passed before I was published in any other outlet; during that period I continued to turn out horror stories showing the strong influence of H. P. Lovecraft. Many of them dwelt with the Egyptian mythos. After branching out into other publications I continued to write for Weird Tales in a greater diversity of styles. Of the horror stories, however, my lasting favorites are: ENOCH (WT, September 1946), SWEETS TO THE SWEET (WT, March 1947) and CATNIP (WT, March 1948). Oddly enough, with the exception of the first title listed, anthologists disagree. They prefer--overwhelmingly--YOURS TRULY, JACK THE RIPPER, which has been reprinted and broadcast many times.

In 1945 I signed to adapt thirty-nine of my own stories for a radio transcription series, STAY TUNED FOR TERROR, which was aired in the United States, Canada, and Hawaii. But by this time I was no longer primarily a writer of horror-fiction.

I'd begun experimenting with humorous fantasy; early Damon Runyon pastiches in both Weird Tales and Unknown Worlds later evolved into the twenty-three stories in the LEFTY FEET series, which ran through the years in Fantastic Adventures. LEFTY FEET, like a parade, attracted mixed followers; some to cheer and others to brandish brooms and shovels. My own feeling today is that the best of my humorous attempts were outside the FEET canon. Imaginative Tales #4, 1955, ran MR MARGATE'S MERMAID, which was a combination of two Weird Tales stories, NURSEMAID TO NIGHTMARE and BLACK BARTER. The same magazine also reprinted under a new title a novel I'd first called THE DEVIL WITH YOU when it appeared in Fantastic Adventures, and a new short novel, THE BIG BINGE (Imaginative Tales #6, 1955). I have published quite a bit of humor, including many articles for the men's magazines, but these titles remain my personal favorites.

In the field of fantasy I'm fond of two of a series of unconnected tales dealing with Hollywood: THE DREAM-MAKERS (Beyond, September 1953) and ALL ON A GOLDEN AFTERNOON (Fantasy and Science Fiction, June 1956). I also like THE PIN (Amazing, December-January 1954) and THE MAN WHO COLLECTED POE (Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Oct. 1951).

A Bibliography of Bloch III

A rather special item is THE LIGHT-HOUSE (Fantastic, January 1953), which actually represents a posthumous collaboration with Edgar Allan Poe. His last, uncompleted story had been exhumed by Poe scholar Professor Thomas O. Mabbott, who wrote and suggested that I finish this final tale. I did so, and the resulting bit of literary curiosa interested me as a challenge.

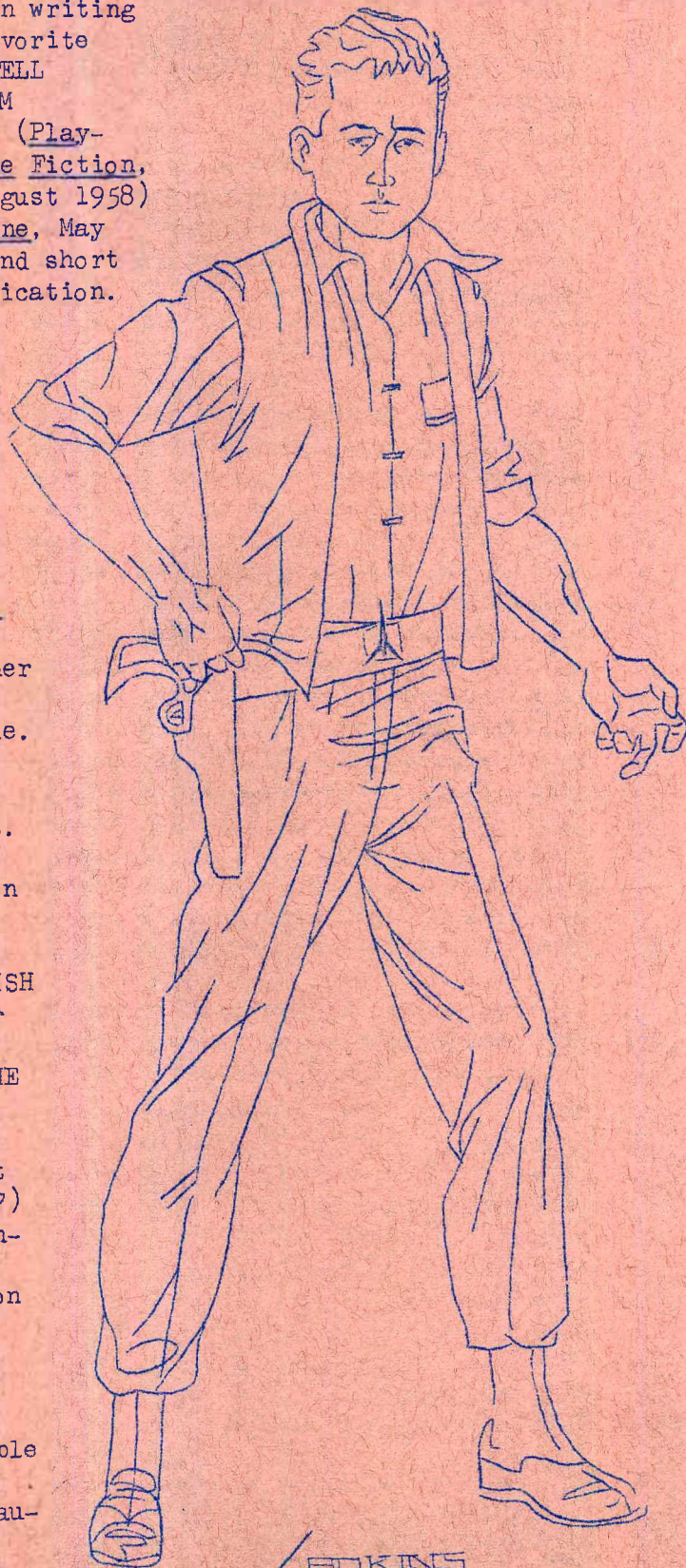
Meanwhile, back at the space-port, I began writing some "borderline" science fiction. My favorite titles today are I DO NOT LOVE THEE, DR FELL (F&SF, March 1955), WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM (Other Worlds, July 1955), I LIKE BLONDES (Playboy, January 1956), DAYBROKE (Star Science Fiction, January 1958), WORD OF HONOR (Playboy, August 1958) and SHOW BIZ (Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine, May 1959). I have also produced novelettes and short novels in the field but not for book publication.

This has been reserved for mysteries and psychological-suspense stories. THE SCARF, SPIDERWEB, THE KIDNAPER, THE WILL TO KILL, SHOOTING STAR and PSYCHO are the published titles at present; of these I prefer the first and the last. Although for "honest" writing I must exhibit a candid bias for THE KIDNAPER-- which I wrote as a naturalistic monologue interieur of a psychopathic personality but which was generally regarded as another "tough guy" book and (according to such standards) an unnecessarily unpleasant one.

Inevitably, the mystery novels have been accompanied by an output of short stories. Of these, my choices are DIG THAT CRAZY GRAVE (Ellery Queen, June 1957), which won a prize award in that magazine's annual contest; BETSY BLAKE WILL LIVE FOREVER (Ellery Queen, April 1958), and SOCK FINISH (Ellery Queen, October 1957). The latter two titles are a part of the Hollywood series. In a lighter vein, I prefer CRIME IN RHYME (Ellery Queen, September 1957).

Of the articles I've written, I like best LESS ROARING, PLEASE! (Gent, October 1957) which debunks the so-called "Roaring Twenties" and THE VANISHED AMERICAN (Rogue, November 1958) which does a similar job on the "Wild West."

For the record I might add that I did a great deal more writing in other fields, from 1940 onward, including an incalculable amount of promotion and ghostwriting for various political candidates in the Milwaukee and Wisconsin area between the years 1940 and 1944.



A Bibliography of Bloch IV

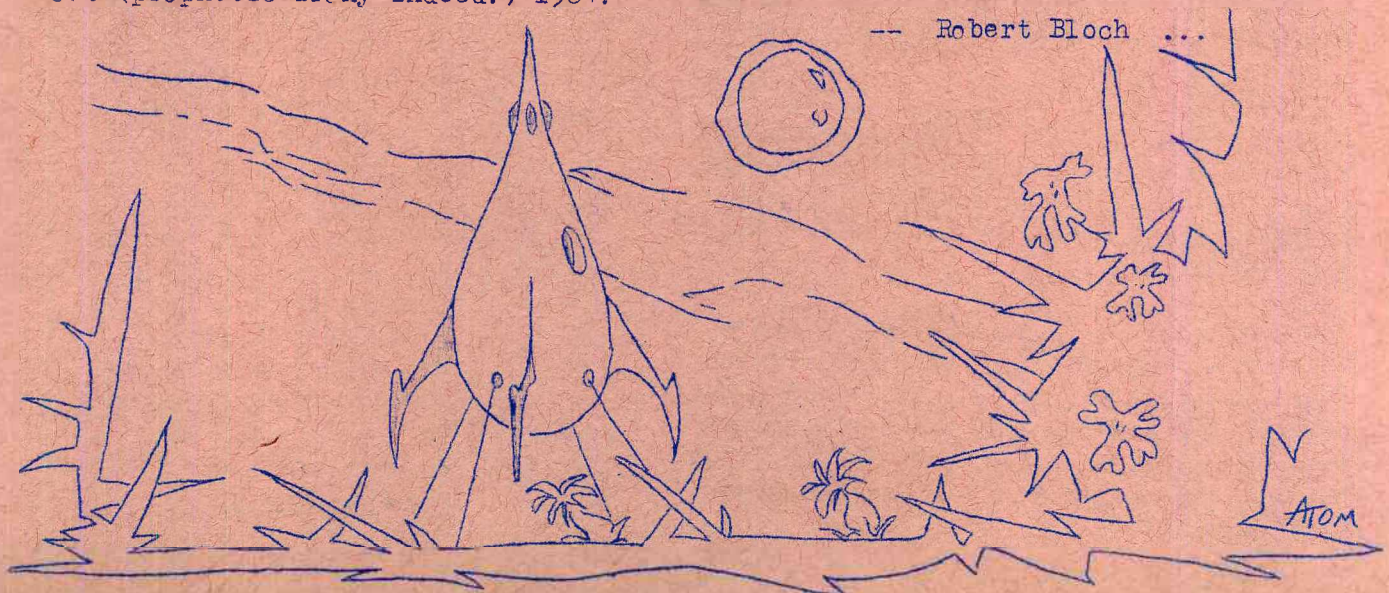
From 1942 until 1953 I held a fulltime job as copywriter in the Gustav Marx Advertising Agency in Milwaukee; in that capacity I turned my hand to newspaper and magazine copy, booklets, brochures, sales letters, prospectuses and other mailing-pieces, radio spots and radio programs, television commercials and even some television shows for children. At this writing I still do a bit of free-lance advertising copy from time to time on special assignment.

For a six-year period I've made regular weekly appearances as a guest panelist on a Milwaukee TV show called IT'S A DRAW. But this, like advertising, is presently a side-issue.

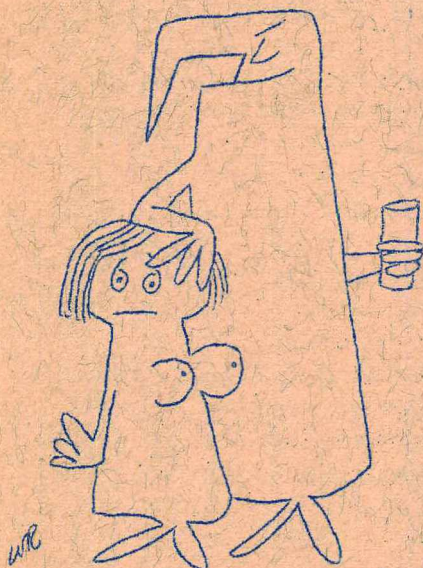
Unlisted in this bibliography are the several hundred articles, essays and fictional bits done for various amateur publications both in and out of the science fiction field over an extended period of years. Some of this "fan" activity has inevitably been reflected in professionally-published work: I might cite the story, A WAY OF LIFE (Fantastic Universe, October 1956) and the article SOME OF MY BEST FANS ARE FRIENDS (F&SF, September 1956) and a burlesque which first appeared in a fanzine and ended up as THE TRAVELING SALESMAN (Playboy, February 1957).

If there is any conscious aim in my professional writing, it is this: to do, on paper, what the late Lon Chaney did on film in his portrayals of "monsters." In an era when hundreds of motion pictures turned out conventional plots focusing attention on a hero and heroine triumphing over a cardboard villain, Chaney made the "menace" the central character; who remembers the romantic leads in THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA? In today's mystery and suspense fiction, dominated by tough private eyes and whimsically eccentric detectives, I prefer to emulate Chaney's emphasis on the characterization of criminals and to portray the psychopathic personality whose fantasies, to me, constitute the ultimate in terror. Hence the "subnormal" protagonists of stories like ENOCH and THE SORCEROR'S APPRENTICE (WT, January 1949)--the compulsive strangler of THE SCARF and the twisted narrator of THE KIDNAPER--the Hollywood weirdos of SOCK FINISH and BETSY BLAKE WILL LIVE FOREVER--the paranoid young man of my forthcoming mystery novel, THE DEAD BEAT, and schizophrenic Norman Bates of PSYCHO. The last-named character was brought to the screen by Alfred Hitchcock, so perhaps the film represents a fusion of my writing concepts and Chaney's cinematic goals. In any case, I hope to continue to explore some of the more twisted convolutions of the human brain where horror lurks, in the faint hope of some day managing to pass Go and collecting my \$200.

And so that's the way the kookie crumbles. If it continues in a similar fashion for another twenty-five years, perhaps this little bibliography will be amended along about (prophetic irony indeed!) 1984.



A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT BLOCH



Being a chronological listing of his professionally published work, 1935 through 1959. An asterisk (*) preceding title indicates reprint sale, although no attempt has been made to list reprints in foreign editions of magazines for which no additional payment was made. An (a) preceding title designates article or non-fiction. A short supplementary grouping by special category will be found in the Addendum which follows this chronological listing.

Length	Title	Publication
2500	The Feast in the Abbey	Weird Tales, Jan 35
2000	The Secret in the Tomb	Weird Tales, May 35
2000	The Suicide in the Study	Weird Tales, Jun 35
3500	The Shambler From the Stars	Weird Tales, Sep 35
7000	The Druidic Doom	Weird Tales, Apr 36
6000	The Faceless God	Weird Tales, May 36
4500	The Grinning Ghoul	Weird Tales, Jun 36
6000	The Opener of the Way	Weird Tales, Oct 36
4000	The Dark Demon	Weird Tales, Nov 36
4000	Mother of Serpents	Weird Tales, Dec 36
6000	Brood of Bubastis	Weird Tales, Mar 37
5000	The Mannikin	Weird Tales, Apr 37
6000	Fangs of Vengeance (pseudo collab "Nathan Hindin")	Tales, Apr 37
7500	The Black Kiss (collab w/Henry Kuttner)	Weird Tales, Jun 37
4000	The Creeper in the Crypt	Weird Tales, Jul 37
6000	The Secret of Sebek	Weird Tales, Nov 37
7500	Fane of the Black Pharaoh	Weird Tales, Dec 37
5500	Eyes of the Mummy	Weird Tales, Apr 38
7000	Slave of the Flames	Weird Tales, Jun 38
5000	Return to the Sabbath	Weird Tales, Jul 38
12000	The Secret of the Observatory	Amazing Stories, Aug 38
4500	The Mandarin's Canaries	Weird Tales, Sep 38
5000	The Hound of Pedro	Weird Tales, Nov 38
4000	Beetles	Weird Tales, Dec 38
8500	Waxworks	Weird Tales, Jan 39
7500	Death is an Elephant (pseudo collab "Hindin")	Weird Tales, Feb 39
5500	The Curse of the House	Strange Stories, Feb 39
6000	The Sorcerer's Jewel ("Tarleton Fiske")	Strange Stories, Feb 39
3500	The Strange Flight of Richard Clayton	Amazing Stories, Mar 39
7500	The Red Swimmer	Weird Tales, Apr 39
5500	Death Has Five Guesses	Strange Stories, Apr 39
3000	A Question of Identity ("Fiske")	Strange Stories, Apr 39
5000	The Bottomless Pool (collab Ralph M Farley)	Strange Stories, Apr 39
9000	The Dark Isle	Weird Tales, May 39
5500	The Cloak	Unknown, May 39

Length	Title	Publication
3000	Unheavenly Twin	Strange Stories, Jun 39
5000	Seal of the Satyr ("Fiske")	Strange Stories, Jun 39
3500	The Totem Pole	Weird Tales, Aug 39
4000	Pink Elephants	Strange Stories, Aug 39
6000	Flowers From the Moon ("Fiske")	Strange Stories, Aug 39
5000	The Body and the Brain (Collab w/Kuttner)	Strange Stories, Aug 39
4000	The Man Who Walked Through Mirrors	Amazing Stories, Aug 39
6000	He Waits Beneath the Sea	Strange Stories, Oct 39
4000	Mannikins of Horror	Weird Tales, Dec 39
3500	The Grip of Death (collab w/Kuttner)	Strange Stories, Dec 39
4500	Queen of the Metal Men	Fantastic Adventures, Apr 40
5500	The Ghost-Writer	Weird Tales, May 40
8000	Master of the Silver Giants	Thrilling Mystery, May 40
7500	Power of the Druid	Strange Stories, Jun 40
7000	Fiddler's Fee	Weird Tales, Jul 40
3500	(a) Photographs Win an Election (W H Gauer)	Popular Photography, Jul 40
7500	Be Yourself	Strange Stories, Oct 40
6000	Wine of the Sabbat	Weird Tales, Nov 40
6000	House of the Hatchet	Weird Tales, Jan 41
6500	Beauty's Beast	Weird Tales, May 41
2000	(a) Yoohoo, Mr Delacorte	Writer's Digest, Jul 41
8000	A Sorcerer Runs For Sheriff	Weird Tales, Sep 41
9500	A Good Knight's Work	Unknown Worlds, Oct 41
3500	Last Laugh	Startling Stories, Nov 41
4000	The Shoes	Unknown Worlds, Feb 42
20000	Hell on Earth	Weird Tales, Mar 42
8000	Time Wounds All Heels	Fantastic Adventures, Apr 42
6500	Black Bargain	Weird Tales, May 42
8000	Gather Round the Flowing Bowler	Fantastic Adventures, May 42
7500	The Pied Piper Fights the Gestapo	Fantastic Adventures, Jun 42
7500	The Weird Doom of Floyd Scrilch	Fantastic Adventures, Jul 42
8000	The Little Man Who Wasn't All There	Fantastic Adventures, Aug 42
9000	Son of a Witch	Fantastic Adventures, Sep 42
4000	A Question of Etiquette	Weird Tales, Sep 42
9000	Jerk the Giant-Killer	Fantastic Adventures, Oct 42
17000	Nursemaid to Nightmares	Weird Tales, Nov 42
7800	Murder from the Moon	Amazing Stories, Nov 42
9000	Golden Opportunity of Lefty Feep	Fantastic Adventures, Nov 42
9500	Lefty Feep and the Sleepy-Time Gal	Fantastic Adventures, Dec 42
4500	Indian Sign	West, Jan 43
11000	The Eager Dragon	Weird Tales, Jan 43
8500	Lefty Feep Catches Hell	Fantastic Adventures, Jan 43
20000	It Happened Tomorrow	Astonishing Stories, Feb 43
9500	Nothing Happens to Lefty Feep	Fantastic Adventures, Feb 43
7500	The Phantom From the Film	Amazing Stories, Feb 43
5500	The Fear Planet	Super Science, Feb 43
7000	A Bottle of Gin	Weird Tales, Mar 43
9500	The Chance of a Ghost	Fantastic Adventures, Mar 43
5500	The Black Brain ("Fiske")	Fantastic Adventures, Mar 43
6000	Never Trust a Demon	Amazing Stories, Apr 43
9000	Lefty Feep and the Racing Robot	Fantastic Adventures, Apr 43
8500	The Goon From Rangoon	Fantastic Adventures, May 43
9000	Geni With the Light Brown Hair	Fantastic Adventures, Jun 43
7500	Skeleton in the Closet ("Fiske")	Fantastic Adventures, Jun 43
8000	Stuporman	Fantastic Adventures, Jul 43
7500	Almost Human	Fantastic Adventures, Jul 43
5000	Machine That Changed History	Science Fiction, Jul 43

Length

9000	Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	Weird Tales, Jul 43
11500	You Can'd Kid Lefty Feep	Fantastic Adventures, Aug 43
11000	Fairy Tale ("Fiske")	Fantastic Adventures, Aug 43
13000	Black Barter	Weird Tales, Sep 43
9500	A Horse for Lefty Feep	Fantastic Adventures, Oct 43
8000	Mystery of the Creeping Underwear ("Fiske")	Fantastic Adventures, Oct 43
10000	It's Your Own Funeral	Mammoth Detective, Nov 43
7500	Meet Mr Murder	Mammoth Detective, Nov 43
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	Kate Smith Hr, CBS, 1/7/44
8000	Lefty Feep's Arabian Nightmare	Fantastic Adventures, Feb 44
3500	Singe for Your Supper	New Detective, Mar 44
7000	Horror in Hollywood	Mammoth Detective, Mar 44
11000	Lefty Feep Does Time	Fantastic Adventures, Apr 44
16000	Iron Mask	Weird Tales, May 44
6000	The Beasts of Barsac	Weird Tales, Jul 44
6500	Eye of Medusa	Mammoth Detective, Aug 44
9000	Death is a Vampire	Thrilling Mystery, Sep 44
6000	The Devil's Ticket	Weird Tales, Sep 44
	*The Mannikin	SLEEP NO MORE, Farrar & Rinehart anthology
7500	The Bat is My Brother	Weird Tales, Nov 44
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	MYSTERY COMPANION, Gold Label Anthology
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	Molle Mystery Theater, NBC, 3/6/45
9000	Son of Rasputin	Mammoth Mystery, Feb 45
12000	Lefty Feep Gets Henpecked	Fantastic Adventures, Apr 45
11000	The Man Who Cried Wolf	Weird Tales, May 45
	STAY TUNED FOR TERROR, thirty-nine fifteen minute radio shows adapted by Bloch from his own stories, produced and transcribed by Berle Adams	WMAQ, KOMO, WPEN, WKY, KJR, KGMB, Hawaii, Canadian Network, etc
4500	One Way to Mars	Weird Tales, Jul 45
	*THE SEA WITCH (collection including *The Black Kiss, *Waxworks, *Beetles and *The Totem Pole, paperback edition)	Engligh pocketbook anthology
10000	The Finger Necklace	Dime Mystery, Sep 45
10000	The Skull of the Marquis de Sade	Weird Tales, Sep 45
	*THE OPENER OF THE WAY (collection of 21 magazine stories, hardcover)	Arkham House
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	MYSTERY COMPANION, New Zealand edition
5000	Soul Proprietor	Weird Tales, Nov 45
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	Sydney, Australia, Truth and Sportsman
	*The Secret of Sebek	English pocketbook anthology
5000	COD - Corpse On Delivery	Detective Tales, Dec 45
2500	Satan's Phonograph	Weird Tales, Jan 46
10000	The Noose Hangs High	Dime Mystery, Feb 46
4500	The Bogey Man Will Get You	Weird Tales, Mar 46
9000	The Knife and the Throat	Detective Tales, Apr 46
4000	Frozen Fear	Weird Tales, May 46
	*Pink Elephants	English pocketbook anthology
	*The Curse of the House (abridged)	English pocketbook anthology
9000	Tree's a Crowd	Fantastic Adventures, Jul 46
5000	Man Who Told the Truth (collab w/Kjelgaard)	Weird Tales, Jul 46
4500	Enoch	Weird Tales, Sep 46
7500	Lizzie Borden Took An Axe	Weird Tales, Nov 46
9000	Closet Full of Skeletons	Dime Mystery, Nov 46
3500	Sweets to the Sweet	Weird Tales, Mar 47
	*Enoch	London Argosy
	*Enoch	THE NIGHT SIDE, Rinehart anthology
	*One Way to Mars	THE SLEEPING & THE DEAD, Pellegrini-Cudahy anthology

Length	Title	Publication
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	FIRESIDE BOOK OF SUSPENSE STORIES, Hitchcock edition, Simon & Schuster
	*The Feast in the Abbey	TALES OF THE UNDEAD, Crowell anthology
9000	A Head For His Bier	Dime Mystery, Jul 47
65000	THE SCARF (novel)	DIAL PRESS
10000	The Cheaters	Weird Tales, Sep 47
9000	Mad Scientist	Fantastic Adventures, Sep 47
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	Molle rpt brdcast, 1/2/48
2000	The Black Lotus	Fantasy Book, Spring 48
16500	Strictly From Mars	Amazing Stories, Feb 48
	*Fane of the Black Pharaoh	Avon Fantasy Reader #5
5500	Catnip	Weird Tales, Mar 48
4500	Hell Is My Legacy	New Detective, Jul 48
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	THE UNEXPECTED, Cerf, Bantam anthology
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	THE MYSTERY COMPANION, Pocket Books
2500	Change of Heart	Arkham Sampler, Fall 48
	*The Cloak	From Unknown Worlds
6300	The Unspeakable Betrothal	Avon Fantasy Reader #9
7000	The Indian Spirit Guide	Weird Tales, Nov 48
4500	Sorcerer's Apprentice	Weird Tales, Jan 49
9000	The Strange Island of Dr Nork	Weird Tales, Mar 49
3500	Floral Tribute	Weird Tales, Jul 49
	*THE SCARF OF PASSION (novel)	Avon Pocket Books, 35¢ edition
	*THE SCARF OF PASSION (novel)	Avon Pocket Books, 25¢ edition
11500	Satan's Servants	SOMETHING ABOUT CATS, Arkham House
	*Almost Human	MY BEST SF STORY, Merlin Press
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	Murder By Experts, MBS, 2/13/50
2500	The Girl From Mars	Fantastic Adventures, Mar 50
5500	Tooth or Consequences	Amazing Stories, May 50
11000	Tell Your Fortune	Weird Tales, May 50
	*Almost Human	Dimension X, NBC, 5/14/50
9000	The Head Man	15 Mystery Stories, Jun 50
8000	The End of Your Rope	Fantastic Adventures, Jul 50
8000	The Weird Tailor	Weird Tales, Jul 50
36500	The Devil With You	Fantastic Adventures, Aug 50
3500	Chinaman's Chance	Mammoth Western, Aug 50
8500	The Shadow in the Steeple	Weird Tales, Sep 50
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	Swedish reprint
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	Selleccionnes Policia, Mexico
7000	The Tin You Love To Touch	Other Worlds, Apr 51
7200	The Hungry House	Imagination, Apr 51
8100	Notebook Found in a Deserted House	Weird Tales, May 51
	*The Fear Planet	FAR BOUNDARIES, Pellegrini & Cudahy
	*It Happened Tomorrow (abridged)	Super Science, Jun 51
	*The Black Kiss	Avon Fantasy Reader #16
25000	Hell's Angel	Imagination, Jun 51
25000	The Dead Don't Die	Fantastic Adventures, Jul 51
500	My Struggle	Other Worlds, Sep 51
5000	The End of Science Fiction	Other Worlds, Oct 51
6000	The Man Who Collected Poe	Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Oct 51
4000	The Night They Crashed the Party	Weird Tales, Nov 51
6500	The Tchen-Lam's Vengeance	Other Worlds, Dec 51
	*The Man Who Collected Poe	NIGHT'S YAWNING PEAL, Pellegrini & C.
40000	Once a Sucker	Blue Book, Aug 52
	*THE SCARF (novel)	Avon Pocket Books, 3rd new format ed.
5300	The Lighthouse (collab w/Edgar Allan Poe)	Fantastic, Jan 53
6000	The Proxy Head	Science Fiction Plus, May 53

Length	Title	Publication
11000	The Thinking-Cap	Other Worlds, Jun 53
5300	Constant Reader	Universe, Jun 53
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	THE HARLOT KILLER, Dodd-Mead anthology
10000	The Dream-Makers	Beyond, Sep 53
7500	Let's Do It For Love	Fantastic, Nov-Dec 53
6000	The Pin	Amazing, Dec-Jan 54
6000	Mr Steinway	Fantastic, Apr 54
6000	The Goddess of Wisdom	Fantastic Universe, May 54
58000	THE KIDNAPPER (novel)	Lion Pocket Books
55000	SPIDERWEB (novel)	Ace Pocket Books
55000	THE WILL TO KILL (novel)	Ace Pocket Books
3000	Grandma Goes to Mars	Amazing, Nov 54
	*Almost Human	MY BEST SF STORY, Pocket Book edition
	*Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper	THE HARLOT KILLER, Pocket Book edition
	*SPIDERWEB (novel)	Australian pocket book edition
	*Black Magic Holiday (The Devil With You)	Imaginative Tales #3
10500	Past Master	Blue Book, Jan 55
5000	Comfort Me, My Robot	Imagination, Jan 55
	*Mr Margate's Mermaid (Nursemaid to Night- mares & Black Barter combined)	Imaginative Tales #4
4500	I Do Not Love Thee, Dr Fell	Fantasy & SF, Mar 55
22500	The Miracle of Ronald Weems	Imaginative Tales #5
40000	The Big Binge	Imaginative Tales #6
	*The Dream-Makers	TERROR IN THE MODERN VEIN, Hanover Hse
	*Mr Steinway	Finnish reprint
	*Almost Human	X Minus One, NBC, Aug 55
5500	Have Tux, Will Travel	Infinity, Oct 55
5500	I Like Blondes	Playboy, Jan 56
5500	You Got To Have Brains	Fantastic Universe, Jan 56
5500	A Good Imagination	Suspect, Jan 56
5500	Dead-End Doctor	Galaxy, Feb 56
3000	Terror in the Night	Manhunt, Feb 56
7500	I Kiss Your Shadow	Fantasy & SF, Mar 56
	*The Strange Flight of Richard Clayton	Amazing, Mar 56
4000	Fandora's Box (first of a series of columns)	Imagination, Jun 56
11000	All On A Golden Afternoon	Fantasy & SF, Jun 56
7000	Founding Fathers	Fantastic Universe, Jul 56
5500	String of Pearls	The Saint, Aug 56
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Aug 56
6000	(a) Some of My Best Fans Are Friends	Fantasy & SF, Sep 56
4000	(a) So You'd Like To Have A Harem?	Rogue, Oct 56
2000	Dance, Belly, Dance ("Sherry Malone")	Rogue, Oct 56
7000	A Way of Life	Fantastic Universe, Oct 56
8000	Try This For Psis	Fantasy & SF, Oct 56
6500	Water's Edge	Mike Shayne Mystery, Oct 56
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Oct 56
	*I Do Not Love Thee, Dr Fell	BEST SF FOR '56, Frederick Fell
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Dec 56
4000	(a) Decline and Fall of American Shooting-Gallery	Nuggett, Nov 56
3000	(a) Is There A Doctor On The Couch?	Rogue, Dec 56
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Feb 57
3000	(a) How Stale Was My Cheesecake	Rogue, Feb 57
9500	The Real Bad Friend	Mike Shayne, Feb 57
1200	The Traveling Salesman	Playboy, Feb 57
3000	The Proper Spirit	Fantasy & SF, Mar 57
3000	Man With A Hobby	Alfred Hitchcock, Mar 57
3500	(a) How To Seduce Practically Anybody	Rogue, Mar 57
3500	Welcome Stranger	Satellite, Apr 57

Length	Title	Publication
3000	(a) The Bed and the Beautiful	Rogue, Apr 57
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Apr 57
2000	How Bug-Eyed Was My Monster	Caper, May 57
5500	Dig That Crazy Grave	Ellery Queen, Jun 57
	*SPIDERWEB (novel)	Norwegian Pocket Book
3600	(a) Is There a Detour in Your Sex-Drive?	Rogue, Jun 57
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Jun 57
9000	Terror Over Hollywood	Fantastic Universe, Jun 57
3500	Alternate Universe	Super Science Fiction, Jul 57
	*Water's Edge	ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS STORIES THEY WOULDN'T LET ME DO ON TV, Simon & Sch.
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Aug 57
	*THE WILL TO KILL (novel)	Swedish Pocket Book
3500	(a) The Unconventional Approach	Rogue, Aug 57
6000	Luck Is No Lady	Alfred Hitchcock, Aug 57
	*The Traveling Salesman	Fantasy & SF, Aug 57
3000	The Egghead Plays It Square	Argosy, Sep 57
3500	Crime in Rhyme	Ellery Queen, Sep 57
3300	(a) Less Roaring, Please	Gent, Oct 57
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Oct 57
4000	(a) Around the World in 80 Dames	Rogue, Oct 57
2500	The Cure	Playboy, Oct 57
9000	Sock Finish	Ellery Queen, Oct 57
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Dec 57
3500	Broomstick Ride	Super Science Fiction, Dec 57
3500	(a) The Hell With Hoyle	Rogue, Dec 57
	*Dig That Crazy Grave	ELLERY QUEEN'S AWARDS #12, Simon & Schuster
3500	Daybroke	Star SF Magazine #1
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Feb 58
	*Water's Edge	HITCHCOCK ANTHOLOGY, British edition
4000	Edifice Complex	Escapade, Feb 58
4500	The Sleeping Redheads	Swank, Mar 58
	*How Bug-Eyed Was My Monster	Fantasy & SF, Mar 58
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Apr 58
8000	Betsy Blake Will Live Forever	Ellery Queen, Apr 58
110000	SHOOTING STAR (novel) &	Ace Pocket Book Double-back edition
	*TERROR IN THE NIGHT (short mysteries)	
3000	The Last Ruse of Summer	Rogue, Apr 58
8000	A Killing in the Market	Alfred Hitchcock, May 58
2800	Two by Two ("E. K. Jarvis")	Fantastic, May 58
7000	Spawn of the Dark One	Fantastic, May 58
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Jun 58
5500	Red Moon Rising	Amazing, Jun 58
3500	Hungarian Rhapsody ("Wilson Kane")	Fantastic, Jun 58
15000	The Terror of Outthroat Cove	Fantastic, Jun 58
	*Bankroll for a Blonde Widow (Water's Edge)	Man's True Adv., Jun 58
3500	Egghead	Fantastic Universe, Jul 58
3000	(a) A Man's Best Friend Is His Motor	Rogue, Jul 58
2500	Beauty Has Her Beast ("John Sheldon")	Rogue, Jul 58
2500	Report On Sol III	Amazing, Jul 58
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Aug 58
2200	Word of Honor	Playboy, Aug 58
9000	That Old Black Magic	Mike Shayne, Sep 58
5500	The Hellbound Train	Fantasy & SF, Sep 58
4000	Fandora's Box	Imagination, Oct 58
4000	Block That Metaphor	Galaxy, Oct 58
3500	No Witness	The Saint, Oct 58
4000	A Lesson For The Teacher	Fantastic, Oct 58

Length	Title	Publication
	*The Black Lotus	Phantom #16 (English)
	*Water's Edge	HITCHCOCK ANTHOLOGY, Dutch ed.
40000	This Crowded Earth	Amazing, Nov 58
2000	The Deadliest Art	Bestseller Mystery, Nov 58
	*Water's Edge	Danish reprint
3000	(a) The Vanished American	Rogue, Nov 58
5000	FOB Venue	Fantastic, Nov 58
	*Sock Finish	ELLERY QUEEN'S 13TH ANNUAL, Random House
	*Enoch	Cavalier, Jan 59
	*The Cure	Bestseller Mystery, Jan 59
	*I Do Not Love Thee, Dr Fell	6 FROM WORLDS BEYOND, Crest pocketbook
15000	The Screaming People	Fantastic, Jan 59
	*Enoch	Argosy of London
	*The Opener of the Way	THE MACABRE READER, Ace pocketbook
50000	PSYCHO (novel)	SIMON & SCHUSTER
7000	(a) Lecture	THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL, Advent
8500	The Hungry Eye	Fantastic, May 59
2100	Show Biz	Ellery Queen, May 59
3700	The Gloating Place	Rogue, June 59
	*The Living Bracelet (The Deadliest Art)	Ellery Queen, Jun 59
9500	The Man Who Knew Women	The Saint, Jul 59
3500	The Big Kick	Rogue, Jul 59
	*PSYCHO (full-length motion picture)	ALFRED HITCHCOCK-SHAMLEY PRODUCTIONS
	*SHOOTING STAR (novel)	Australian pocket book ed.
	*Water's Edge	ALFRED HITCHCOCK COLLECTION, Dell pb ed.
	*PSYCHO (novel)	Robert Hale, Ltd, British ed.
	*PSYCHO (novel)	Aldo Garzanti, Italian ed.
3500	Night School	Rogue, Aug 59
	*Enoch	Swedish reprint
1500	Double Tragedy	Mike Shayne Mystery, Oct 59
	*THE WILL TO KILL (novel)	Danish reprint edition
40000	Sneak Preview	Amazing Stories, Nov 59
5000	Sabbatical	Galaxy, Dec 59
	*Beetles	Cavalier, Dec 59

ADDENDUM

Published novels: The Scarf; Spiderweb; The Kidnaper; The Will to Kill; Shooting Star; Psycho; Firebug; The Dead Beat (abridged)

Anthology appearances: The Mystery Companion (Furman); Alfred Hitchcock's Fire-side Book of Suspense Stories; The Unexpected (Bennett Cerf); Sleep No More (Derleth); The Night Side (Derleth); The Sleeping and the Dead (Derleth); Tales of the Undead (Blaisdell); Something About Cats (Derleth); The Harlot Killer (Bernard); Far Boundaries (Derleth); Night's Yawning Peal (Derleth); My Best Science Fiction Story (Marguiles-Friend); Terror in the Modern Vein (Wollheim); Best SF For '56 (Dikty); Alfred Hitchcock Presents Stories They Wouldn't Let Me Do On TV; The Queen's Awards,

Addendum II

12th Series; Ellery Queen's 13th Annual; Six From Worlds Beyond (Dikty); The Macabre Reader (Wollheim); The Permanent Playboy

Miscellaneous book appearances: Introduction to Born of Man and Woman (matheson); Lecture text for The Science Fiction Novel (Kemp); Essay "Out of the Ivory Tower" for The Lamp In The Window (Derleth); Introduction for Index to Unknown Worlds (Hoffman); Story "I Do Not Love Thee, Dr Fell" in college English textbook, title unknown, (Houghton-Mifflin)

Titles in short story collections: In THE OPENER OF THE WAY

The Cloak; Beetles; Fiddler's Fee; The Mannikin; The Strange Flight of Richard Clayton; Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper; Seal of the Satyr; The House of the Hatchet; The Dark Demon; The Faceless God; The Opener of the Way; Return to the Sabbath; The Mandarin's Canaries; Waxworks; The Feast in the Abbey; Slave of the Flames; Mother of Serpents; The Secret of Sebek; The Eyes of the Mummy; The Shambler From the Stars; One Way to Mars
In TERROR IN THE NIGHT

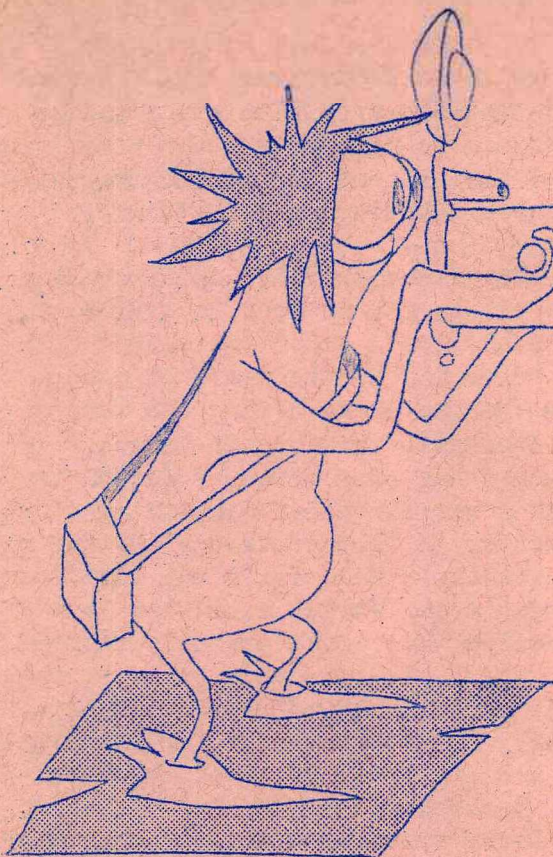
Terror in the Night; The Real Bad Friend; Man With A Hobby; String of Pearls; Water's Edge; A Good Imagination; Luck Is No Lady

Titles in "Lefty Feep" series: Time Wounds All Heels; Gather Round the Flowing Bowler; The Pied Piper Fights the Gestapo; The Weird Doom of Floyd Scrilch; The Little Man Who Wasn't All There; Son of a Witch; Jerk the Giant-Killer; The Golden Opportunity of Lefty Feep; Lefty Feep and the Sleepy-Time Gal; Lefty Feep Catches Hell; Nothing Happens to Lefty Feep; The Chance of a Ghost; Lefty Feep and the Racing Robot; The Goon From Rangoon; Geni With the Light Brown Hair; Stuporman; You Can't Kid Lefty Feep; A Horse on Lefty Feep; Lefty Feep's Arabian Nightmare; Lefty Feep Does Time; Lefty Feep Gets Henpecked; Tree's A Crowd; and The End of Your Rope.

Radio:

"Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" has been adapted for various broadcasts including the Kate Smith Show, Molle Mystery Theatre and Murder By Experts. "Almost Human" was broadcast on Dimension X and X Minus One. The following titles were adapted by Bloch for his own radio transcription series, STAY TUNED FOR TERROR: The Strange Flight of Richard Clayton; The Bat is My Brother; Warm Up the Hot Seat; Soul Proprietor; Satan's Phonograph; The House of the Hatchet; One Way to Mars; The Hands of Loh Sing; The Man Who Lost His Head; Which is the Witch?; Black Bargain; Return of the Monster; The Creeper in the Crypt; The Secret of Sebek; The Devil's Ticket; The Secret in the Tomb; The Man Who Cried Wolf; Waxworks; Beauty's Beast; Sadini's Dummy; Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper; Cloak of Darkness; The Cat That Never Died; Mad Scientist; Totem Pole; Contents, One Corpse; Grandfather's Clock; Lizzie Borden Took An Axe; The Heart of a Robot; The Man Who Hated Machines; The Grinning Ghoul; Wine of the Wizard; The Beasts of Barsac; The Dark Demon; I Hate Myself; The Curse of the House; The Man Who Raised the Dead; The Boogie Man Will Get You; and Horror Show.

Television and movie adaptations: The Cure and Is Betsy Blake Still Alive? (Hitchcock); Murder Is A Gamble, Voice Of Doom and Death And Texas (Lock-Up); Psycho (Alfred Hitchcock full-length motion picture)



ATOM

P. CIT.

BY HA. WA. JR.

I have never seen any good reason why the decade should apparently change one year before it really changes. Thus we were confronted at the end of 1959 and the beginning of 1960 with all manner of philosophy, history and prophecy about the end of one decade and the beginning of another. Mathematicians carefully point out to the misguided publications featuring these articles that the current decade cannot possibly end until the last day of 1960. Since this is a democracy I think that I shall cast my lot with the

majority and write about the outpouring of fanzines during the last days of 1959 in respect to the decade that most people agreed was closing. If I be accused of weak character in this surrender to popular opinion I might point out an illustrious predecessor who apparently got even more mixed up than I do about such matters. According to the latest research, Christ was born in 3 B. C.

The stack of fanzines for the last half of 1959, after being expurgated of its FAPA mailings, not-for-review fanzines, and similar items, weighs about thirteen pounds. That simple statistic seems to me to sum up the most remarkable thing about the past decade's fanzines. They're increasing in thickness because they have more pages. A secondary phenomenon that has developed during the past ten years can't be weighed in the bathroom, unfortunately. It concerns the increased quality of the fan press during recent years.

Let's scribble a few numbers for a moment and try to calculate the current fanzine output. No statistics exist on this matter, to my knowledge, based on the sure method of counting pages. Poundage estimates are a dangerous thing because of variables created by different types of paper, wrappers and envelopes and odd-sized paper. But if I make a wild guess at 120 standard-sized pages to the average pound of bulk fanzines, I discover that I have been receiving fanzines for review at the rate of about 4000 pages per year. It's hard to be sure what portion of the world's fanzine output finds its way to Summit Avenue, but I imagine that I get two-thirds of them by page count, if not by total number of titles, since I seem to be on the mailing list for the bulkier publications. That would indicate a general fanzine production of 6000 pages per year. Add to that at least another 5000 pages from the four major ayjay groups--FAPA and SAPS average around 2000 pages each per year but there's some duplication and I'm probably being conservative about the annual output of OMPA and the NFFF ayjay group in setting this figure. I think it's safe to say that 11,000 pages of fanzines per year is a minimum estimate. I shudder to think of the variables involved in guessing at the wordage content, but three or four million of the little things might be a guess within 50% of the truth, one way or the other.

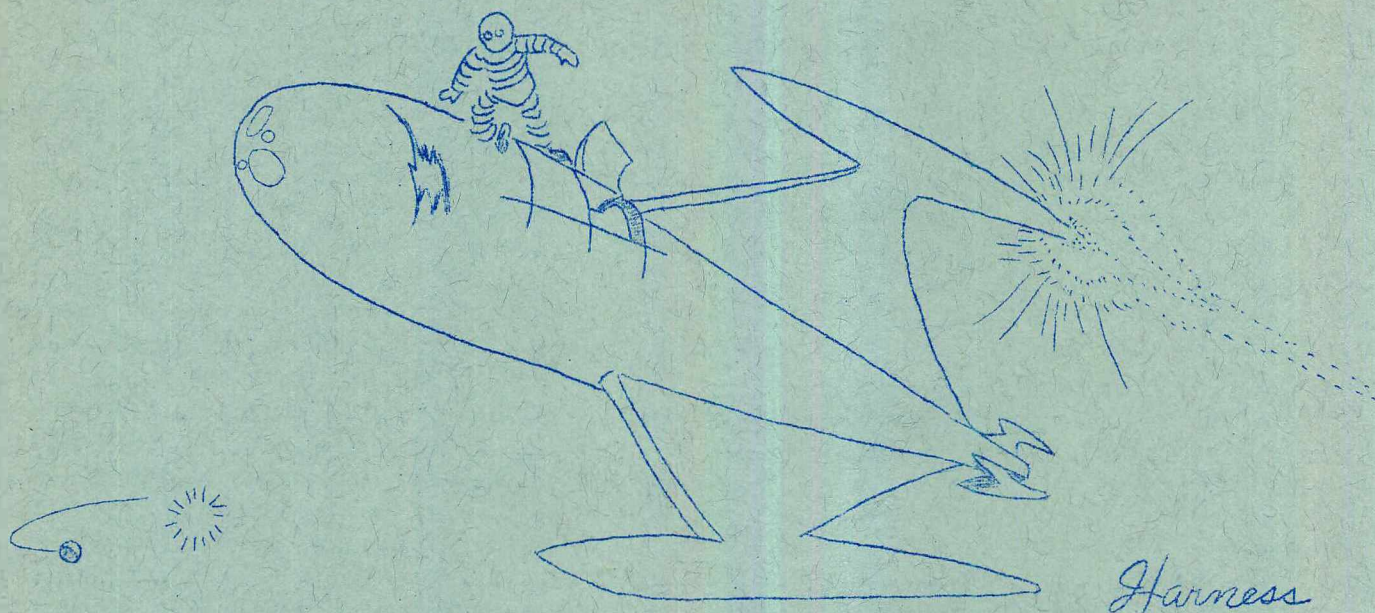
All this is occurring at a time when the prozines are shrinking and thinning as if they'd all been dipped in that stuff Alice tested while in Wonderland, and there's no indication that the prozines are likely to find the substance with the opposite effect, as Alice did, because publishing costs continue to advance all the time. In short, for the first time in the history of science fiction fandom, the fan magazine output may be as large as magazine production in sheer quantity of spilled ink.

Anyone with a week's vacation and access to the files of a completist can produce a really accurate set of statistics on these matters; it is not so easy to find a method to test the accuracy of what I believe to be the truth about the quality of fanzines today. Maybe I'm growing impervious to mediocrity as the years go along but I am convinced that the increase in quality in the fan press during the decade has been at least as significant as the increase in quantity of fanzine-pounds. In fact, I would even risk the flat statement that fandom has gone ahead of prodrom in this respect, too, at the close of the decade, with a hastily added qualifying clause: I'd rate the best of today's fanzines as better in illustrations, writing and editing than the majority of the prozines. I wonder if this isn't the basic reason for the reiterated complaint that fanzines don't pay enough attention to the prozines. Before me is the latest issue of one prozine that would probably finish about halfway up the list, if a poll were taken in which all fans were asked to rate all prozines in order of preference. It costs 35¢, contains 130 digest-sized pages, ten of which are devoted to advertising distressingly mundane articles, and at least 60 pages of its fiction are devoted to reprinting a story that the same publisher presented originally 17 years ago. It's a living, breathing example of why fans create a Carl Brandon and read a book-length John Berry travelogue and turn to paperback books as subject for fanzine reviews more often than the prozines.

Oddly enough this giant step for the fannish press seems to have occurred during the past decade without any specific, logical reason. Active fandom doesn't seem to have grown appreciably during the ten years. Nobody knows how to draw the line between an active fan and a passive fan or between a fanzine fan and a convention fan; but it's possible to compare convention attendance figures, the circulation figures for the best fanzines, and membership in the major fannish organizations. None of those tests point to a gain in the fanzine-publishing and fanzine-reading population. I am positive that there are more extremely plump fanzines now than there were a decade ago. It was an event in 1949 to receive a fanzine that topped 30 pages; today even first issues often go well above that count. I suspect that the prozine's slump in both quality and quantity is at least part of the reason for the fannish mushrooming. Time that the fan once put into reading prozines now goes for publishing and reading fanzines simply because there isn't much readable fiction in the prozines today that you will remember when you get up the next morning.

What will the 1960's produce for fandom and prodrom? Unless national conditions change so sharply that the prozine situation improves immensely, I suspect that fandom's concern will continue to be centered more and more on science fiction in book, television and movie form. It's conceivable that the end of the next decade will show the newsstands as barren of a straight science fiction magazine as the end of this decade has arrived without a periodical dealing in weird or straight fantasy fiction. For survival I suspect that the better prozines will be forced to metamorphose into part science-fiction, part science-fact publications, like the old Science & Invention, picking up extra advertising through the science fan's circulation. Apparently there hasn't been a substantial gain in the number of persons who buy science fiction magazines regularly in this country and it's hard to believe that the shoestring-type prozine will survive much longer. There remains the ancient problem of where fandom will get its recruits. Well, a couple of years of austerity, as far as fannish features in prozines are concerned, haven't decimated fandom's population. If fandom begins to look like a stage set for On the Beach we may find it easier than now assumed to pick up recruits via local publicity for large city clubs, more intensive wooing of casual onlookers at conventions, and conscription in high school science classes.

BOB TUCKER



THE NEO-FAN'S TWO-SHOT (AT LEAST)

The first edition of THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE was published under the date of February, 1955. I thought of it as a one-shot and included that opinion in my definition of same: "A fanzine which is published once, and once only. The editor clearly states his intention of publishing only the one issue. This is a one-shot you are reading. Frequently a group of fans will hold a "one-shot session" for the express purpose of publishing such a journal; usually in the late night hours."

And as late as 1955 I thought I was old enough to not utter rash, dogmatic statements such as that one. A little more than a year ago, tremendous pressures arose in fandom (a couple of casual suggestions by Calkins and Raeburn) to force a new edition of the GUIDE from my reluctant presses; and shortly after that a tidal wave of demand swept in on me (somebody said, "Well, why not?"). I recognized this as a mandate from fandom, a throaty roar from the people, and I was not backward in seizing the initiative. I saw in it a new opportunity for egoboo, another chance to Get My Name All Over. (What I'm trying to say is, I started work on the revised edition of the GUIDE about a year ago, and you may expect your copy Real Soon Now, as the lovable Michifans would put it.)

At one time last year--long before Christmas--work was actually completed on the dummy and an estimate was asked from the printer. The printer (good old John S. Swift, of St. Louis, the fan's friend) quoted a price of nearly seventy dollars, but inasmuch as I didn't have seventy dollars to spare at the time the dummy was put away on the shelf to age. It stayed there a considerable length of time as I foraged my way through a lean winter. But this Spring the dummy was rediscovered, dusted off and read again. With sinking dismay I realized it wouldn't do, that it would have to be revised once again if it was to be accepted as any kind of authority at all. For one thing, I had picked up additional bits of fannish slang over the winter which really should be included; and for another I now doubted the wisdom of a few of my definitions. The very last charge to be hurled at fandom is the charge of maintaining the status quo. Fandom is forever reshuffling itself, bringing one man, one journal or one organization to the fore the while pushing another into limbo. For example, whatever happened to the British newssheet Anglofanac? And whatever

The Neo-Fan's Two-Shot (at least) II

happened to that widely heralded Checklist of Science Fiction Anthologies? Would it be silly to go to press with the statement that Eney's Fancylopedia II was still forthcoming? The GUIDE's bibliographical section was already out of date.

Clearly, another revision was indicated--and is now being done.

Dean Grennell printed the first edition (of ten pages) on his trusty Mafia Press; he also contributed a stencilled cover which was a cartoon referring to Jim Harmon's famous "broken door episode." (The original was by Ron Fleshman.) I believe his press run was 150 copies, but they were quickly gone and for two or three years afterward I was refunding coins to tardy fans. I wouldn't dream of imposing on Dean again, and I know better than to restrict myself to a small print order a second time. That tidal wave of demand, you know. So the second edition (according to the present dummy, which is subject to further revisions right up to publication day) runs to 20 pages and will be issued in either 500 or 1000 copies, depending upon the amount of money available at the moment and the estimated demand. I still expect to charge some trifling sum such as five or ten cents to defray postage and mailing envelope. The British Agent is Ella A. Parker and again some small sum such as a tuppence or four will be asked there to save Miss Parker the expense of mailing copies from her own purse. The broadest circulation scheme is to place copies in the bundles of FAPA, SAPS and OMPA. (And in the new N3F APA, too, if some member will volunteer.) I realize there will be many duplications but with a large print order that won't matter; the fan holding two or three copies can squirrel them away for future use, or he may pass them along to someone seeking a copy. My goal is the widest possible circulation at the lowest expense.

In preparing this second edition, a copy of the first was mailed off to four fans and their collective opinions and advice was asked. Bob Bloch, Dick Eney, Boyd Rae-burn and Harry Warner Jr responded nobly; sometimes correcting erroneous information I had included, sometimes contradicting me altogether, but always adding something of value. Bill Rotsler contributed a cover while Lee Hoffman, Dave Jenrette and Rotsler again made free with the interior illustrations. (That is, they will be surprised to read here that they gave the illustrations.) If the end result is praiseworthy, then I ask that the five editors share the egoboo equally for all deserve it; on the other hand any criticisms of the work should be aimed at me for I wielded the dictatorial hand over the final copy. With luck and a bit of money the GUIDE can be republished this year.

All information in the first edition was divided into three divisions: People, Activities and Abstracts. In the coming edition these divisions have been expanded to six: Genesis & Et Cetera, People, Activities, Minutiae, Joe Phan and the Law, and Bibliography. Bloch was largely responsible for this expansion and for a general reorganization of the subject matter; he pointed out that a history of fandom should open the volume and a bibliography close it. In that earlier edition, "Fandom" occupied two paragraphs and attempted to tell all in a short space, but now that entry has been compressed into two sentences and contents itself with a brief definition. In the meanwhile the original two paragraphs have grown to two or three pages and has become "Genesis," citing the names of fans, fanzines, prozines, clubs and events which led to the formation of fandom.

But the greatest change between the two editions was caused by fandom. As already mentioned, fans have absolutely no respect for the status quo but neither are they consistent. Their memories are sometimes short and they plunge blindly onward in contradiction of previous events and causes. Or maybe they just don't care.

Some examples:

The Neo-Fan's Two-Shot (at least) III

SERIOUS CONSTRUCTIVE FAN: A label that is more scorned than honored in certain quarters because of the nature of the critter. A do-gooder, or a self-appointed censor. This fan often believes he has a Mission In Fandom; he labors for some Lofty Purpose or Worthy Line Of Endeavor. He may be the fannish equivalent of the Rotarian or the Chamber of Commerce booster; he likes to think fandom or science fiction will be infinitely better for His Work. And sometimes he is the organizer or builder who accomplishes an enduring work despite the scoffing of (the Insurgents). The abbreviation infrequently used is "SerConFan."

(--from the first edition)

SERCONFAN: A Serious Constructive Fan, and another label having two opposite denotations because of misuse. (1) Originally the term was applied to a horrid, narrow-minded lout who decided he had a Worthy Mission in life, a Holy Purpose: he would save fandom from itself whether fandom liked it or not. He offered a serious constructive program designed to achieve this utopia, and threatened to penalize all who did not agree with him. After that, the label was applied to any similar boob who launched an anti-social crusade, or who named himself the Protector of our misguided lives and promised to Straighten Us Out. (2) Today, because of misuse, the term sercon or serconfan is applied to anyone who publishes thoughtful, sober-minded papers and articles on any aspect of science fiction or fandom. This second label is gaining wide acceptance and causing wide confusion because of the conflict with the older, derogatory meaning.

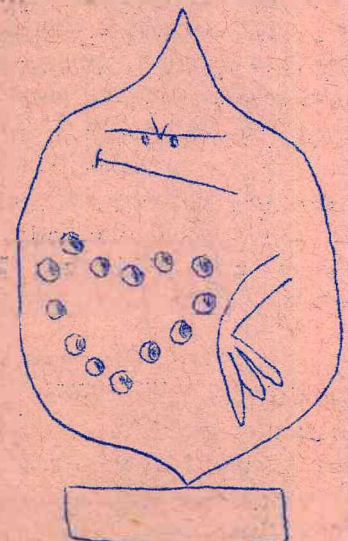
(--probable definition from the second edition)

Without doubt that early definition would be hotly contested today, although it was perfectly valid in 1955. Fandom seems to have forgotten that the original tag "Serconfan" was applied to a certain obnoxious individual who was a fugghead of the first water. This jerk was a self-appointed censor who set out to Clean Up Fandom and he threatened penalties if we failed to comply; he threatened to take all unclean fanzines (unclean according to his opinion) to the postoffice and to sign complaints if necessary. He launched his unholy cursade to save fandom and to put fans on the straight and narrow path. He urged fan editors to abandon frivolity and to print only serious constructive articles in their journals. Thus, "Sercon" was born and for a length of time "Serconfan" meant Fugghead. But look how that term is used today! Only recently I saw mention of John Berry as a serconfan--and the fan who called him that was being quite sincere and complimentary!

The first edition lacked any definition of a "true fan" mostly because that term had not yet gained wide currency. But the new edition will offer something along these lines:

TRUFAN: A controversial label having two opposite meanings, due to misuse. (1) Originally it was applied to the compleat fan, the one-hundred percenter who enthusiastically embraced every aspect of science fiction and fandom, overlooking nothing. Today, nearly the opposite prevails. (2) A fan who is said to be interested only in other fans and their activities--a "fan-fan" who cares nothing for professional science fiction. This second label has even been used by avid readers and collectors to castigate fans who lack their zeal.

I expect you can call to mind, quite easily, the original trufan. He bought and read everything and then stored the magazines in his garage; he subscribed to, swapped for, or begged every fanzine he could lay his hot little hands on; he attended every con for miles around even if it meant



The Neo-Fan's Two-Shot (at least) IV

hocking his mother's jewels; he saw all the movies, listened to all the radio shows, entered into all discussions, joined all clubs and apa's permitted him; he went on picnics, climbed mountains with Mahaffey, played host to (unexpected) visiting fans... thunderation, he did everything! And loved it. He was true blue, fannish thru and thru. And yet, today, I am not sure what a Trufan is. I'm not at all certain either definition is valid.

Because of recent necessity, "Fanzine fan" and "Convention fan" are being added to the second edition, although they weren't needed in that earlier one. Likewise, "Collecting fan" and "Letterhack" are being included although the reasons for the inclusion are less than combustible. But now, see how another kind of rare beaste has undergone a transformation in only six years:

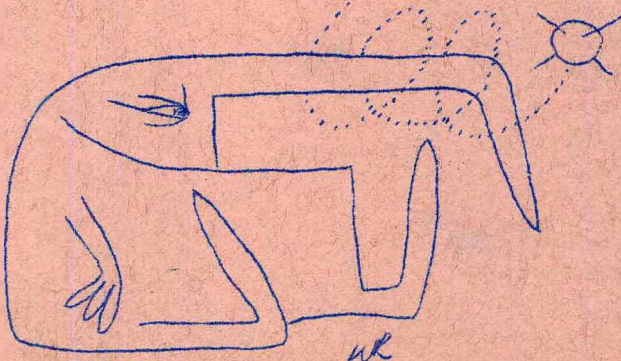
FAKE FAN: A very much misunderstood phrase, but one you will encounter often. Actually a fake fan is hard to identify or describe, but generally speaking he is one who hangs around people and gatherings, enjoying them and perhaps enjoying their activities but who may not read science fiction himself or take an active part in fan affairs. A harmless parasite. Some fans like to describe themselves as fake fans for reasons best known to themselves, but their continual activity in the field reveals the description as false. The phrase was coined about 1940 and applied to one man, Jack Wiedenbeck, who roomed with fans and enjoyed their company but who shunned all responsibility in fan doings and fannish institutions.

(--from the first edition)

FAKE FAN: He doesn't exist. Some fringe-fans are said to be fake fans, and some acti-fans call themselves fake fans, but the original (and only) genuine fake hasn't been seen since 1948.

(--probable definition in the second edition)

Definitions are being changed in length, wording, style and tone to match their current importance or unimportance. "Fan" and "Neo-fan" are being expanded by an additional line or two. "Acti-fan," "Passi-fan" and "Fanne" are being pruned to conserve space and because they are mostly self-explanatory. "Ex-fan" remains nearly intact because the queer critter has changed little from that day to this. He still likes to go out with a whoop and a holler, blaming us for his shortcomings. "Insurgents" needed only a re-working of the syntax for greater clarity, although this group is much less in the news today than yesterday. "Pros" was trimmed somewhat to eliminate the implied bitterness in that first definition; at that time "dirty pro" often carried a real sting and was frequently used as an insult. "Convacation" is being dropped because the projected British convention-and-vacation at a seaside resort never came off. But oh joy! the new entries which will appear in the new edition (maybe): blog, crottled greeps, croggle, eney's fault, crifanac, eye tracks, faaan, fanac, faunch, gemcarrism, ghods, pactsarcds, thish, and the like. (But this list contains one item which I'm not sure I'll use; I haven't seen it in print since last year.)



If there is sufficient space, Michigan's "Great Bomb Plot" will be mentioned.

"Seventh Fandom" occupied most of a page in the original but now it is being whittled down to size. Numbered fandoms will still occupy their place in the sun because damme! if the silliness isn't current once more. Should "focal point" be included? And I am having a devil of a time trying to decide on a suitable interlineation to use as an example. The original offered this:

Chuck has got a new duper and is drunk with power

but while that line still holds a measure of mirth for people who remember the cause in 1955, it is lost on the newcomers. My current dummy (the one that almost went to the printer) used this one which, alas, is already fading from popular view:

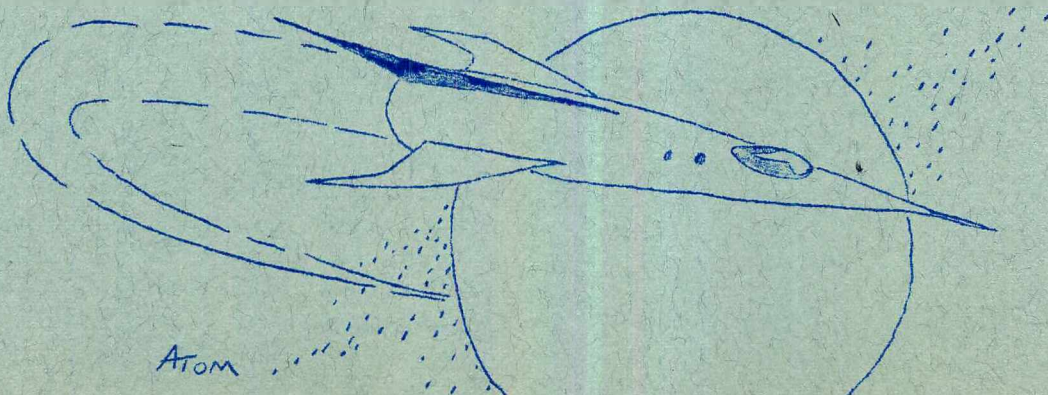
Dave Kyle says you can't sit here

The Cosmic Circle has been lifted bodily from the last page of the original and moved up front under the general heading of "Genesis"--but as a distinct and later phenomena, of course. Likewise, under a discussion of the population of fandom, reference is made to Life magazine's laughable "two million fans." I thought it worthwhile to include in this newer edition the fact that fandom is a kind of training ground for prodrom, and that at least 160 fans have found a measure of commercial success in selling to the pros; magazines, books, radio and television, the movies, record companies, and a hotel in Beverly Hills. And of course that other fandom deserved mention: the three thousand (claimed) membership of the International Science-Fantasy Society. Counting both fandoms, theirs and ours, fans have been discovered in some thirty nations of the world and fanzines have been published in at least seventeen different countries. Major activities in the United Kingdom are more thoroughly covered, and the story behind TAFF is being expanded to do it justice. A better explanation of the APA's is being offered, and the newcomer, the N3F APA (N'APA), is being included. Funny thing, though: the entry on the N3F itself needed little revision--the same scene appears to prevail today as five years ago.

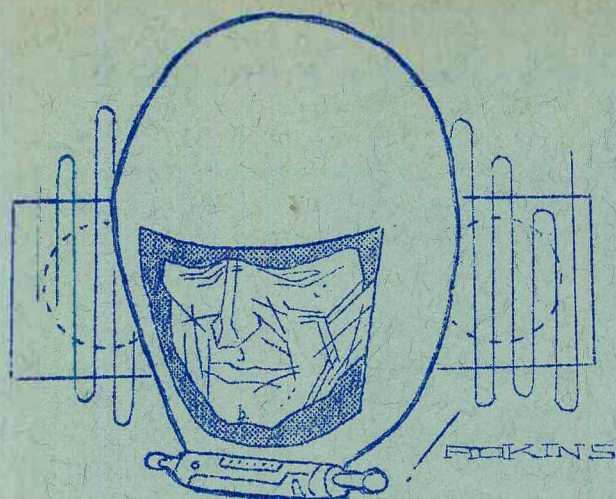
Also new in the second edition will be: the Hugo Awards, the IFA Awards (in England), FATE (not the prozine, ninny!), fan fiction, faaan fiction, the con societies and their legal organizations, eight or ten regional conferences such as the Nidwescon, and some things of that general nature although recent embarrassing incidents are being ignored because of possible unfavorable publicity. You may be surprised to learn (as I was) that a copy of the first edition turned up in the editorial offices of Newsweek. I don't want them writing me letters a second time.

As noted before, a page is being devoted to Joe Phan and The Law--what Joe may expect if his indiscreet fanzine is committed to the mails and read by the wrong people. This page, by Harry Warner Jr, is a condensation of the two articles which originally appeared in Void. And I expect to close the issue with a large bibliography pointing out valuable reference books and magazines of the past, coupled with fan newspapers of the present day.

But as I've said before, don't send money. A pocktsarcd will do, if you do not already belong to one of the APA's. And perhaps the new GUIDE will be published before next Christmas, who knows?



BY GREGG CALKINS



A BIBLIOGRAPHY ROBERT A HEINLEIN

The following bibliography is a chronological listing of the first publication only (unless otherwise noted) of the various stories and novels of Robert A. Heinlein under his own name and the pennames of Anson MacDonald, Lyle Monroe, Caleb Saunders and John Riverside. Assistance in this compilation was rendered by Redd Boggs and Richard Eney. Additions and corrections will be very much appreciated.

In the following chronological listing of initial magazine publication, titles later included in hardcover editions are indicated by an asterisk (*). Unless otherwise noted the stories appeared under the Heinlein byline. Pennames used follow the title in parentheses. The key to story length is as follows: SS - short story; N - novel; NV - novelette; SR - serial. This data was taken from a publication of now unknown authorship and I cannot at this time suggest with any degree of accuracy the actual story lengths (in wordage) involved. Dates listed are the cover dates of the magazines in which the stories appeared. For serials, the letters represent the several months of publication during which the parts appeared; for example, SOND refers to September, October, November and December. The magazine abbreviation key is as follows:

ALM - American Legion Magazine
Amz - Amazing Stories
Arg - Argosy
aSF - Astounding Science Fiction
AstS - Astonishing Stories
BB - Blue Book
BL - Boy's Life
F&SF - Fantasy & Science Fiction
FF - Future Fiction
GM - Galaxy Magazine
Imag - Imagination
Sat - Saturn
SEP - Saturday Evening Post
SSS - Super Science Stories
StS - Startling Stories
T&C - Town & Country Magazine
TWS - Thrilling Wonder Stories
Unk - Unknown (Worlds)
WT - Weird Tales

Heinlein II

*Life Line	SS	Aug 1939	aSF
*Misfit	SS	Nov 1939	aSF
*Requiem	SS	Jan 1940	aSF
*"If This Goes On -- "	SR	FM 1940	aSF
*"Let There Be Light" (Monroe)	SS	May 1940	SSS
*The Roads Must Roll	NV	Jun 1940	aSF
*Coventry	NV	Jul 1940	aSF
*Blowups Happen	NV	Sep 1940	aSF
*The Devil Makes the Law	NV	Sep 1940	Unk
*Sixth Column (MacDonald)	SR	JFM 1941	aSF
*"--And He Built a Crooked House --"	SS	Feb 1941	aSF
*Logic of Empire	NV	Mar 1941	aSF
*They	SS	Apr 1941	Unk
Beyond Doubt (Monroe with Elma Wentz)	SS	Apr 1941	AstS
Universe	NV	May 1941	aSF
Solution Unsatisfactory (MacDonald)	NV	May 1941	aSF
*"--We Also Walk Dogs" (MacDonald)	SS	Jul 1941	aSF
*Methuselah's Children	SR	JAS 1941	aSF
*Elsewhere (Saunders)	NV	Sep 1941	aSF
*By His Bootstraps (MacDonald)	NV	Oct 1941	aSF
Commonsense	NV	Oct 1941	aSF
*Lost Legion (Monroe)	NV	Nov 1941	SSS
My Objects All Sublime (Monroe)	SS	Feb 1942	FF
Pied Piper (Monroe)	SS	Mar 1942	AstS
*Goldfish Bowl (MacDonald)	NV	Mar 1942	aSF
*Beyond This Horizon (MacDonald)	SR	AM 1942	aSF
*Waldo (MacDonald)	N	Aug 1942	aSF
*The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag (Riverside)	NV	Oct 1942	Unk
*The Green Hills of Earth	SS	2/ 8/47	SEP
*Space Jockey	SS	4/26/47	SEP
*Columbus Was a Dope	SS	May 1947	StS
*It's Great To Be Back	SS	7/26/47	SEP
*Jerry Is a Man	NV	Oct 1947	TWS
*Water Is For Washing	SS	Nov 1947	Arg
*The Black Pits of Luna	SS	1/10/48	SEP
Nothing Ever Happens On the Moon	SS	Apr 1948	BL
*Gentlemen, Be Seated	SS	May 1948	Arg
*Ordeal In Space	SS	May 1948	T&C
*Our Fair City	SS	Jan 1949	WT
*Delilah and the Space Rigger	SS	Dec 1949	BB
*Rebellion On the Moon	SS	Dec 1949	ALM
*Gulf!	SR	ND 1949	aSF
*The Puppet Masters	SR	SON 1951	GM
*The Year of the Jackpot	NV	Mar 1952	GM
*Project Nightmare	SS	Apr-May 1953	Amz
*Skylift	SS	Nov 1953	Imag
*Star LummoX	SR	MJJ 1954	F&SF
*Double Star	SR	FMA 1956	aSF
*The Door Into Summer	SR	OND 1956	F&SF
*The Elephant Circuit	SS	Oct 1957	Sat
*The Menace From Earth	NV	Aug 1957	F&SF
*Citizen of the Galaxy	SR	SOND 1957	aSF
*Have Space Suit, Will Travel	SR	ASO 1958	F&SF
*All You Zombies	SS	Mar 1959	F&SF
*Starship Soldier	SR	ON 1959	F&SF

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ROCKETSHIP GALILEO (Scribner's 1947)
BEYOND THIS HORIZON (Fantasy Press 1948) (Grosset & Dunlap 1948)
RED PLANET (Scribner's 1949)
SIXTH COLUMN (Gnome 1949)
WALDO AND MAGIC, INC. (Doubleday 1950)
 Waldo
 Magic, Inc. (originally 'The Devil Makes the Law')
THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON (Shasta 1950)
 Lifeline
 "Let There Be Light"
 The Roads Must Roll
REVOLT IN 2100 (Shasta 1953)
 "If This Goes On --"
 Coventry
ASSIGNMENT IN ETERNITY (Fantasy Press 1953)
 Gulf!
 Elsewhen (originally 'Elsewhere')
THE PUPPET MASTERS (Doubleday 1951)
THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH (Shasta 1951)
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 Space Jockey
 The Long Watch (orig. 'Rebellion
 on the Moon')
 Gentlemen, Be Seated
 The Black Pits of Luna
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STARMAN JONES (Scribner's 1953)
BETWEEN PLANETS (Scribner's 1954)
STAR BEAST (originally STAR LUMMOX) (Doubleday 1954)
TUNNEL IN THE SKY (Scribner's 1955)
TIME FOR THE STARS (Scribner's 1956)
DOUBLE STAR (Doubleday 1956)
THE DOOR INTO SUMMER (Doubleday 1957)
CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY (Scribner's 1957)
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THE MENACE FROM EARTH (Gnome 1959)
 The Menace From Earth
 Water Is For Washing
 Project Nightmare
 Sky Lift
THE UNPLEASANT PROFESSION OF JONATHAN HOAG (Gnome 1959)
 They
 Our Fair City
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METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN (Gnome 1959)
STARSHIP TROOPERS (originally STARSHIP SOLDIER) (Putnam 1959)
STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND (Doubleday 1961)
 Blowups Happen
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 Requiem
 Misfit
 Lost Legacy (originally 'Lost Legion')
 Jerry Was a Man (orig. 'Jerry Is a Man')
 It's Great To Be Back
 "--We Also Walk Dogs"
 Ordeal In Space
 The Green Hills of Earth
 Logic of Empire
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 Goldfish Bowl
 Columbus Was a Dope
 The Year of the Jackpot
 The Man Who Traveled In Elephants (orig.
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 The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan
 Hoag

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Willy Ley's SHELLS AND SHOOTING, Astounding Science Fiction, November 1942
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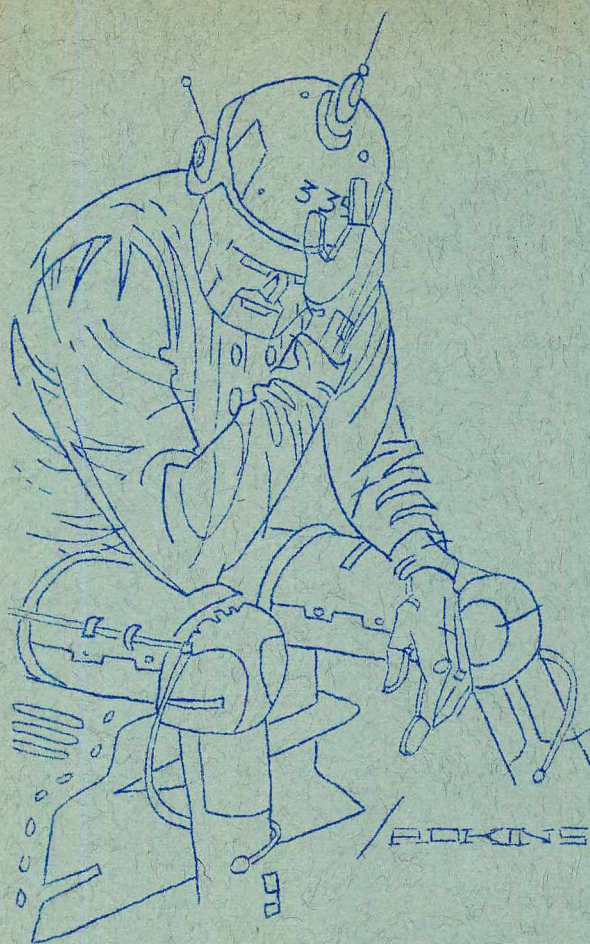
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The Day After Tomorrow (Signet #1577, September 1951)
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The Green Hills of Earth (Signet #1537, July 1952)
The Puppet Masters (Signet #1544, December 1952)
Assignment In Eternity (Signet #1161, November 1954)
Revolt in 2100 (Signet #1699, April 1955)
Double Star (Signet #1444, October 1957)
The Door Into Summer (Signet #1639, March 1959)
Methuselah's Children (Signet #1752, January 1960)
Beyond This Horizon (Signet #1891, December 1960)
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