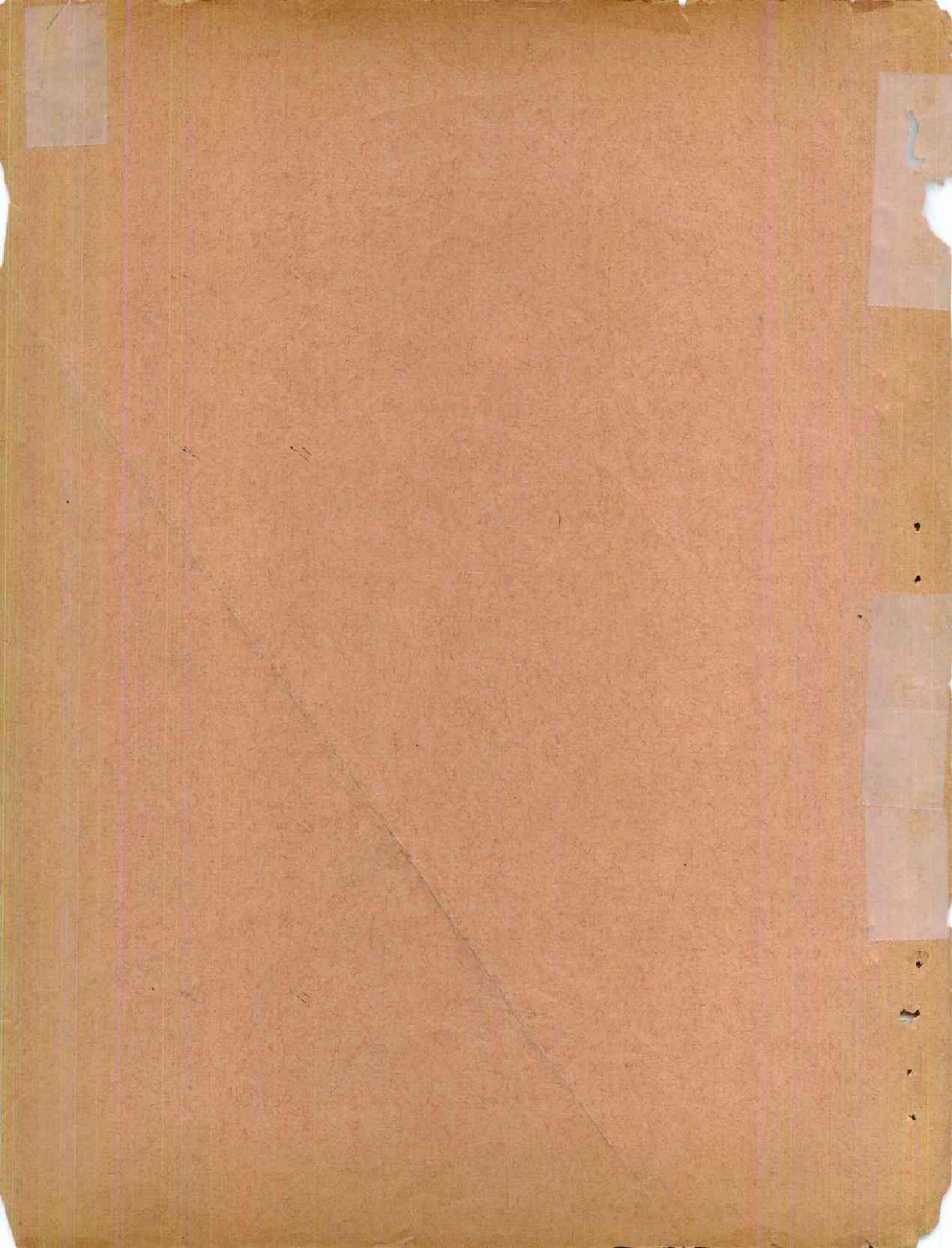
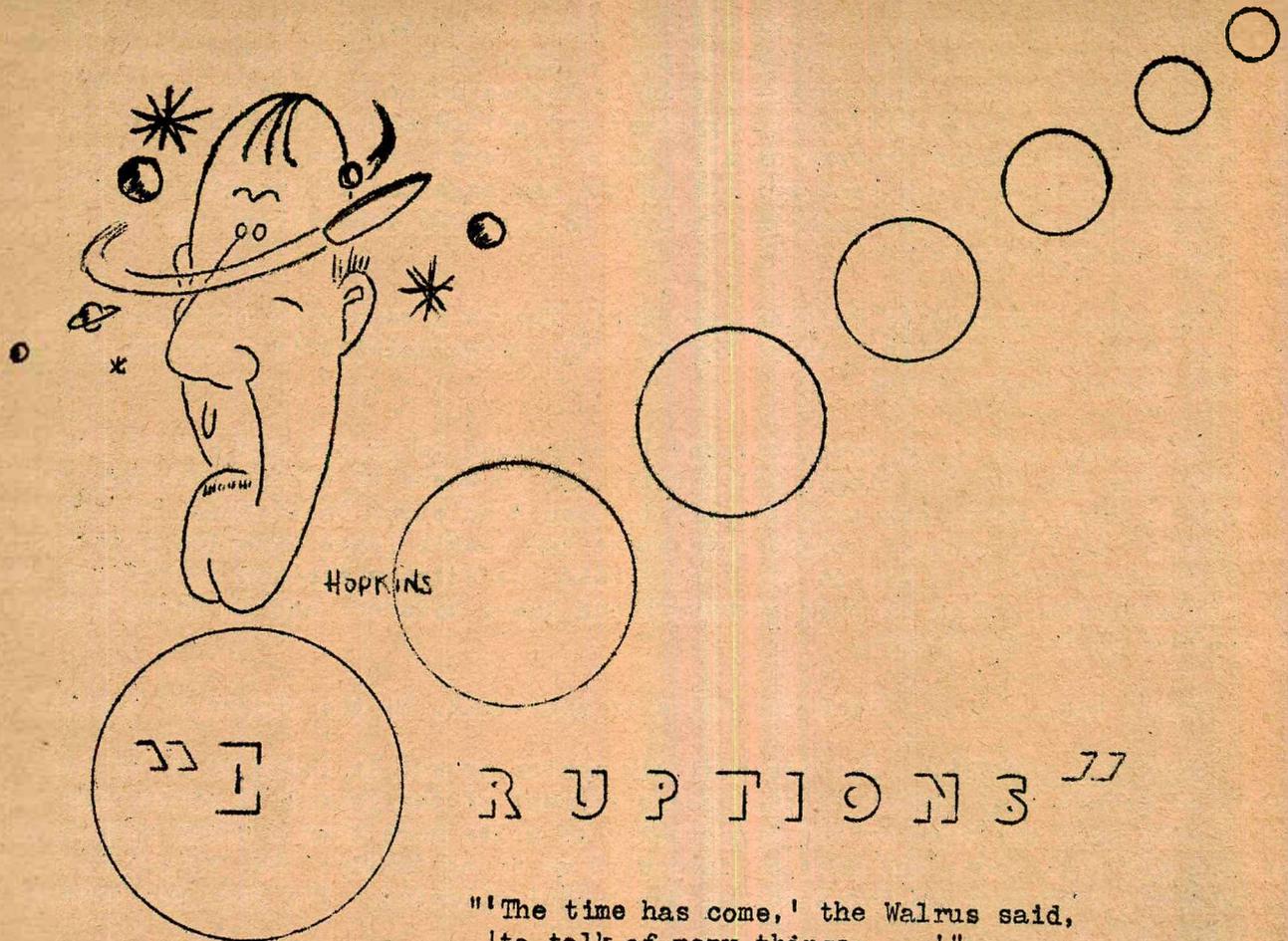


OOPSLA!







"The time has come," the Walrus said,
'to talk of many things.....'"

THE STATE OF THE UNION: Ten issues of OOPSLA! have been published. Perhaps once again, sometime in the galactic future, other issues of OOPS will again be turned out, but not immediately. Beginning next issue, the name of the magazine will be changed--to what, I do not know, but it will be changed.

With this issue, OOPS becomes a club-sponsored fanzine, published by the Utah Science Fiction League. It is not a club fanzine in the sense of the word that TNFF, Explorer, and others are. It will be a general-interest zine, the same as OOPS has always been, following much the same policy and writers as OOPS did.

Only under a different name and a different editor.

This is my last issue of OOPSLA! and my last stretch as editor--of anything. Future issues of the club magazine will, however, be sent to OOPS subscribers for the balance of their subscriptions, and I hope that both OOPS readers and writers will support this new mag as they have OOPS.

What's it all about? About a month ago, I realized I could no longer afford to keep publishing OOPSLA! Accordingly, I talked to the Utah Science Fiction League, and it was decided that the club should sponsor the magazine and I should edit it. As long as I was editor and the magazine was publishing what I felt to be quality material, it would keep the name OOPSLA!, but once I left, the name would be changed to something else. After all, that is fair. I built the name, and all reflections upon it, good or bad, will fall on me. If I am no longer editing the magazine, it should no longer carry my name.

This sponsorship plan seemed to work out fine, and this issue is being produced under that idea. The club is paying for the magazine, and I am doing the editing.

Eruptions. II

With this issue, however, I'm dropping my editorship--but not because of the club. It's all my own fault. Be that as it may, I just want to let you readers know that beginning next issue, this magazine will be issued under a different title (in fact it will be an entirely different magazine) and edited and published by the Utah Science Fiction League, a very capable bunch of guys. If they will continue to do so, you'll find much the same writers in the new magazine as you did in OOPS--and, as I said before, the new magazine will go to all OOPS subscribers for the balance of their subscriptions.

But what happened to Calkins, you ask? That's a very good question. And it has an even better answer. As of May 5, 1953, Gregg Calkins is a member of the United States Marine Corps.

We've all got to go sometime, and I've decided to go now and get it over with. I leave the 5th for San Diego, California, for 10 weeks of basic training. Then I have 10 days leave, and then I'm off to Camp Pendleton, California, for advanced training. If I'm lucky, I might have about two week's leave sometime near the 1st of September, and if I can do it, I will make the science fiction convention held at Philadelphia. This is pure guesswork and hope, however, and it doesn't have much fact to be based upon.

Until then..... "From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli...."

FAREWELL ADDRESS: For the next six months or so, it looks as if my life will be fairly busy (which is the understatement of the year.) I doubt very much if I will have the time or the opportunity to write more than a dozen post-cards during all that time, and most of them will go to my family. So, if you correspondents don't hear from me for a while, don't feel slighted. I'm just not writing letters for a while.

Will I ever come back to fandom? That's quite hard to say. I'm keeping my typewriter, because I feel I'll always have use for a typewriter--especially if I go into Journalism, as I plan, when I return to school. And, I'm keeping my collection, partially because I'd need more time than this to sell it, and partially because I want to hang onto it. Then, if I do come back I'll have something to start on, at least.

But for the present, my fannish activities will be nill. After boot camp, however, I'd rather like to re-resume my column for Ellison's SFB, and maybe one or two other fanzines, and get in touch with a few of you people once more. And, while I'm on the coast, I'd like to see the LASFS, possibly the Little Men (what's left of them) and the San Diego groups. But all that comes later--AFTER boot camp.

To those of you whom are shuddering for me--don't. Sure, it won't be easy, but that's really not so bad. I don't mind going now--in fact, I'm extremely ready to go--something I probably wouldn't be ready to do later on. No, I'm as happy as can be expected with the whole thing. It isn't the way I wanted to work everything, but it's the best way out of the possible choices I had.

Thanks for being my friends, thanks for supporting OOPS, and thanks for being so all-around nice to me--everybody. I really do appreciate it. Perhaps I'll get to see some of you in my travels around the country, and perhaps I'll even get to Philly, but lets not count on it, okay?

Until then, au revoir.....



LETTER FROM MPLS,

RICHARD ELSBERRY, ...

Tension, Apprehension, But no Dissention in Frisco

Late in November I received a communique that I had been rather expecting. There was no surprise on my part, it was just something I had hoped could be avoided. It had been brewing before the Chicon II, but with the culmination of the convention and the choosing of Philadelphia as the next con site it came to a head. I'm talking about the blow-up of the Little Men.

"The LM have split high, wide and handsome," wrote Les and Es Cole. "...It was too late when that third ballot was in at Chicon II. There are so many diverse elements in the LM that the only thing that held them together was the hope of getting the '53 con. Now that is gone, and, so, to all intents and purposes, are the LM."

According to the Coles, the Little Men were formed around Tom Quinn, D.B. Moore, and Pete Finigan. This trio enjoys running the whole show, but they are incapable of working together. Within a year and a half the organization was falling apart, and only the Rhodomagnetic Digest, under the capable guidance of Don Fabun, was keeping the seams from bursting asunder. In June of '51 the Coles and Eric Ely began to inject a little life into the club, and, as Cole said, "things rolled." Despite the loss of the convention at New Orleans, things went smoothly until shortly before elections last April. Then, the Unholy Three began acting up and the Coles and others gave up in disgust. Nevertheless, they returned to help in preparing for placing a bid



Letter From Mpls., II

at Chicago. All of the physical features of the Frisco nominating bid--map, booklets, badges, etc--were worked out by the Coles, Gary Nelson, and Dave Koblick. They went to the convention, and their bid was rejected in favor of Philly.

Sorely dejected, they returned to Frisco only to find that the blame for the loss of the nomination had been placed on their shoulders. Again, in disgust, they left the Little Men. "The deciding factor," said Les, "involved two resolutions which Gary and I fathered. The first stated that the LM did not want the convention in San Francisco. The second was a resolution that we hold a convention of our own, called the Leprecon, which would probably be a regional thing along the lines of Indian Lake. No program, just a big social get-together. The LM turned down both of these resolutions, so we figured 'to hell with you.'"

In the letter, Cole also mentioned that they had their own little organization now and were thinking about the regional con, to be called Science Fiction Weekend. Bob Briggs, who also knew of the situation, wrote to say it was too bad that this active little clique didn't take over the LM, for he'd heard at the Philly Conference in November that the Rules Committee, headed by L. Sprague de Camp, was favoring a bid from Frisco, and was planning on ruling out all organizations that were torn with feuds, etc. And, of course, that would mean Frisco. I, too, felt that Frisco should get the convention in '54, and wrote Cole to find out if they couldn't take over the LM and get things back on their former footing. I also wanted to expose De Camp's dictatorial Rules Committee and a Pro Underground that had suddenly sprung up. Cole had information on these.

I wasn't expecting too much of a reaction, and was rather surprised to be awakened early in the morning of Sunday, December 14, with a night-letter from Frisco. The telegram read:

DELAY YOUR SANS POLITICS COMMENTS IN TRENDS, OOPSLA! AND PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE RECEIPT OF BOMBHELL DECISION. VITAL TO ALL FANDOM REGARDS '54 CON. HARD CORE OF LITTLE MEN REORGANIZED AS TETRAHEDRAL PENTAGONAL DODECAHEDRA OR TETARTOIDS. AIR MAIL LETTER WITH FULL INFORMATION FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY. MERRY XMAS. LES COLE

I brooded around the house all day after that, and finally settled down to wait for the air-mail letter. Cole's letter didn't follow immediately. He held off awhile until the points brought up in my letter could be brought before the Tetartoids. Then, the letter came-- it wasn't the bombshell I'd expected. It was an entirely different type of bombshell! The tetartoids decided not to take over the Little Men. They decided it wouldn't be worth the effort--they were having too much fun as Tetartoids. "However," said Cole, "we are convinced that we can do more than the LM for fandom in the way of entertainment and conventions..."

The tetartoids are composed of the Coles, the Higgins, the Elys, the Koblicks and bachelor Gary Nelson. "This group is hot," said Cole. "Virtually every stunt we pulled off at NO and II came as a result of an idea or an actual physical act which some member of this group was responsible for. This is what we meant by the 'hard core' of the LM."

"We are comfortable," added Cole, and that just about sums up the difference between the LM and the Tetartoids. This 'hard core' of "doers" has no rules, chairman, or dues. They sit around the floor, drink beer, discuss sf, and are 'comfortable.' There is no way to compare them with the "debating society" that is the LM.

Right now, with the blessings of the Indian Lake convention, they are planning a relaxicon (the previously mentioned Science Fiction Weekend) to be held this

Letter From Mpls., III

April some sixty miles north of Frisco. Important as this is in the realm of sf, it is grossly insignificant compared with decisions that must be made about the '54 con. The convention must go west in '54, and the time to start planning for it is right now. If the convention remains in the East I can see only a lasting East-West split, the results of which will be two World Conventions held simultaneously on both seaboard. It isn't something I'll go into deeply--it isn't necessary. Such a split cannot be allowed to take place!

The Tetartoids are planning to place a bid for Frisco in '54, but as Tetartoids and not Little Men. The dis-affiliation is complete and final, but it is more than likely that the Little Men will also place a bid. Generally, with two rival factions in one city bidding for a convention, neither will get it. There is an impression of dis-unity and ill-feeling that prevents a fan from voting for either faction. Yet, I think every one will agree that the convention must go to Frisco. There is yet another factor which I have only mentioned briefly so far. That is the Philcon II Rules Committee, headed by L. Sprague de Camp. Already this committee, some nine months in advance of the convention, had decided that bids from the following cities will not be acceptable to them: Atlanta, Washington D. C., and Detroit. The former two because of existing race-discrimination, and the latter because of diverse factions and constant feuding. They are hoping to give the convention to Frisco. I don't think I need to point out the dictatorial nature of such a set-up. Once such a committee is set up and in power it will all but dictate where the next convention will be. And, if it follows its early lead, it will have to rule out Frisco because of the split. Where does this leave us? With the convention in New York in '54. Perhaps the Rules Committee has been contemplating such a blow-up in Frisco, for it is a little odd to me to find New Yorker's Dave Kyle and Joe Gibson on the Philcon Committee. Gibson is working on publicity and Kyle has the plum of editing the Convention Program Book-

let. It is also significant that Kyle headed the New York delegation which threw its support to Philadelphia and assured them of the nomination. This hand-in-glove cooperation between the victor and his supporters reminds one of the old fashioned, but still in use, "spoils system."

To tie in the last string, we'll have to bring the Pro Underground into focus. This is an organization comprised mainly of professionals who hope to set themselves up as a governing body of fandom in order to dictate where the annual convention will be held. I've heard reports that Pete Finigan of the Little Men and Marty Greenbert of Gnome Press are two of its members. It is certainty that the Philcon committee and deCamp are also



Letter From Mpls., IV

on it. It is hardly necessary to mention that Kyle works with Greenberg on Gnome Press, and that he is also a member of the Philcon committee, and that the committee wants to give the convention to the Little Men of San Francisco, or, not being incapable of a little skullduggery, to New York.

The Rules Committee, then, is seemingly the focal point of their operations, and it must be stopped! That is cold barren fact, for once the committee has its way the precedent will be nearly invincible. So far only three clubs have been barred from nominating their city, but there will be more. Next will be Baltimore, Pittsburgh, etc. I seriously doubt if these organizations have been informed of the Rules Committee's action yet, and when they do they will be mad. They have a right to be. I don't think I'd vote for Detroit, Atlanta or Washington, but I firmly believe they have the right to place their city in nomination and let the conventioners decide which should get the convention. The nomination and voting for the convention site are part of the fun of the convention,-- to circumvent them would take away part of the enjoyment and purpose of the convention. ~~In the past, the bidding has also supposedly been for the city best equipped to~~ put on the convention, not the one supported by the host city, or dictated by any demi-god. And, if precedents are to be followed, Atlanta and Washington should not be excluded from placing a bid since one world convention has already been held in the deep South, the heart of race discrimination, New Orleans. De Camp, then, has set up a flase standard of judging, and his Committee and the Philcon hope to esclude all cities but that of their choice. I didn't think fandom will allow these high pressure tactics, but the time to act against them is now, not later or at the convention proper when the committee is well established and supported by the pro's. In the past, fandom has discounted the effect that the pro's play on conventions, believing them too lazy and lacking the initiative to pull a coup of this scale. The Pro Underground cannot be underestimated. They will be as determined to control the convention site as the fans will be to block this effort. That is, I hope fandom will be determined. If we continue in our smug complacency, believing the Philcon committee to be above reproach and that all is right with the world, we will have lost our right to control convention sites.

This is a fact: the Tetartoids of Frisco must get the convention in 1954. De Camp, the Pro Underground, and the Little Men notwithstanding. The Tetartoids can do the best job of putting on a convention--better, I think, than any other city in the US. In two previous convention bids they have shown their honesty and sincerity, and have shown no ill-feeling towards the winning city and have always tried to help them in every way. (The Masquerade in Chicago is a prime example.) They have spent considerable time and money in just building for the convention, a fact which leads me to believe they would work harder and more efficiently than any other convention committee in the past. And they will have had one convention under their belts, which is more than can be said for most organizations.

~~I'll put Cole's words to work for me for a minute.~~ "Here's an important consideration: we know the membership--rather, the group of debators who now control the LM. We frankly think they couldn't do half the job we can. The convention that they would put on would be lousy, because they cannot work together. They have, for sheer destructive reasons, destroyed several plans of ours. That wouldn't be so bad--it's still a democratic group, and you bow to the will of the majority--but they have substituted nothing."

The Tetartoids are frankly optimistic about their chances for getting the convention in '54. They have a lot of opposition to overcome. I'm sure they can meet it successfully. Will you give them your support? In return, they will work whole-heartedly for you. No special Rules Committees, no false promises, no inter-committee dissention, no program foul-ups. San Francisco in '54 will be the kind of convention you've waited for all your life. Help us make it reality. Support the Tetartoids!

AN OPENED LETTER TO JOE GIBSON -

R. F. D. #1
Newport, Vermont
8 - 17 - 52

Dear Joe:

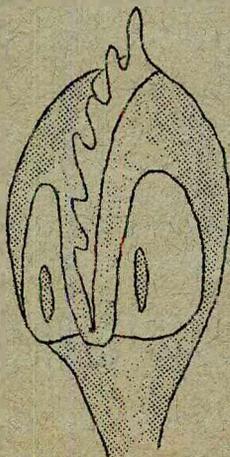
Why I am going out of my way to write this letter to you will become readily apparent after you've gone through it once. Just how far I am going I shall leave a mystery but it might interest you to know that my old address is no longer any good and that the explosion will give my imperturbable personality only a slight tremor. In fact I might even go so far as to say that not even the radiations from the aftermath of it will have the slightest effect on me for by the time that your blast reaches me through the mails I will be well below the lead strata. I am going as far as I can. I won't stop until Magnus collapses behind a silk screen cover which I shall bring along. I'll say hello to Beale for you if I get that far down...and if I get low enough I'll see what I can do about reviving Keasler.

I want to ask a favor of you.

At this date I have not yet received the issue of cf. wherein Shelby is supposed to reveal to fandom the secret mechanisms of the WAW drive and whether or not it was practical all neatly cataloged and justified underneath a clever Vick heading that should read something like "A Tale of Fannish Imort" but no doubt you and others in the know are already aware of whether or not the goal has been reached. You will very likely be one of the selected few who will have been warned ahead of time as to when his boat will be expected to dock.

Therefore, in the event that it has succeeded and you know about it, I would like you to present the item which you will find elsewhere in this envelope to WAW when he lands on the pier. You will also please refrain from screaming outlandish curses at the persons who threw him and likewise ignore the visible signs of oddity about him, such as his fifty eye, fourth arm, etc, and immediately carry him off to a secluded spot and present him with the aforementioned gift.

As you press it into his trembling hands with words of reference to the food that will soon be served so that he won't try to break away from you in search of more palatable persons, make ready your camera and get a snapshot of this historic moment. It will be interesting to note the effect of the object on his unprepared eyes. The shock should close at least two of them and I'm sure the flash bulb will take care of the rest.



BERGERON

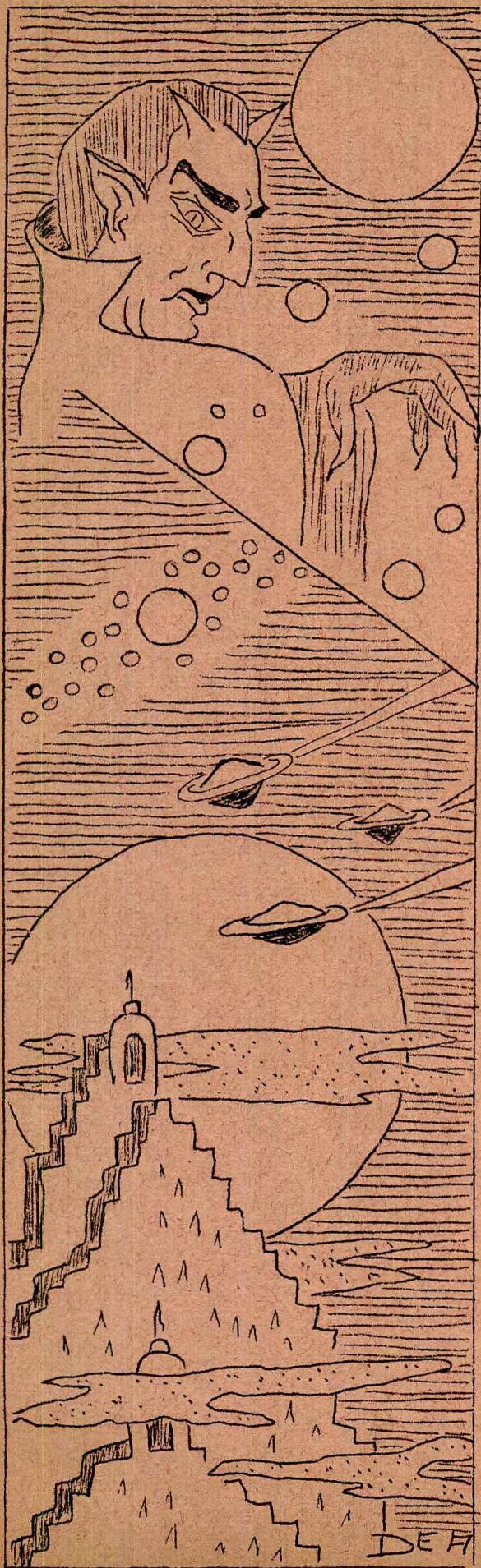
If you care to go through with this for me I'll be very pleased to pay for the roll of film and incidental hospital bills. So what do you say? Do you dare to be the one to end his quest for the April '43 aSF?

In haste,

Rich

Richard Bergeron

P. S. If this letter is dated, blame the post office.



THE JAUNDICED EYE

- KEN BEALE

ANNOUNCING -

THE JAUNDICED EYE
AWARDS: 1952.

With this column, I introduce what I intend as an annual feature: a series of awards for the best of sf and fantasy published during the previous year. I had originally desired to include both magazines and books in these designations; unfortunately, lack of funds has prevented any adequate coverage of the latter category, except for whatever occasional items I have come across in libraries and pocketbook racks. Therefore, no book awards will be given this year. Maybe next time.

I also entertained the thought of giving awards to the best sf film, radio programs, and tv shows, but this proved mere self-delusion; such items have been conspicuous by their absence. "Tales of Tomorrow" is the only regular science fiction series on either radio or tv, and only one new film appeared this year--"Red Planet Mars"--though one or two of last years saw general release in '52. So, no movie, radio or video awards, either. The movie contingent, at least, looks as if it will be adequately represented in '53, so maybe next year.

In making the selections for these awards I limited myself by considering only those magazines dated 1952, no matter when issued, and by ignoring reprints, except for special awards. The awards are categorized as to length (novels, shorts, etc) and it should be noted that I accepted the editor's valuations on these: if they called something a "novel," "short novel," or "novella, it was considered

The Jaundiced Eye, II

in the novel division, even tho' it may really have been a novelette. There were some cases--in Browne's and Boucher's mags--where no mention of length was made. I determined the length of these stories myself, and decided the categories each fit, using the length of the stories in aSF as a yardstick.

I also decided whether a story was to be considered in the sf or fantasy division. If your favorite story is not mentioned in the sf division, don't jump to hasty conclusions--look under "Fantasy" first.

Mention must be made of the fact, regrettable tho' it may be, that these awards are neither tangible nor material. I admit it would be far nicer if small 24-karat gold plaques, each engraved with a large eye--preferably diamond-pupilled--could be sent to every recipient of an award, but I am a little short of cash at the moment, and I'm afraid I just couldn't manage it. But if some generous soul were to send me a contribution.....

Without further ado, here are the awards.

SCIENCE FICTION: For the best novel, first place is easily taken by Alfred Bester's brilliant and original Galaxy serial, "The Demolished Man." There really wasn't any competition around to speak of, and "TIM" had no difficulty in showing a clean pair of heels to the entire pack.

Heading the pursuit is Ward Moore's ingenious and absorbing "Bring the Jubilee" (MoF&SF). Close behind are (3) Margaret St. Clair's beautifully written "Vulcan's Dolls" (Startling) which would probably have rated first in almost any other year; (4) C.M. Kornbluth and Judith Merrill (Cyril Judd)'s "Gunner Cade" (aSF); and Ted Sturgeon's "Baby Is Three" (GSF.)

Special mention must be given to Philip Jose Farmer's "The Lovers" (SS) and Henry Kuttner's "Well of the Worlds" (also SS) which, while failing to place, stand out among the rest of the year's entries. In the rest of the field, the following were particularly outstanding: "Gravy Planet" (Galaxy), Kornbluth and Pohl; "Telek" (Astounding), Vance; "Accidental Flight" (Galaxy), Wallace; "The Glory That Was," de Camp; and "Big Planet," Vance (both Startling.)

NOVELETTES: (1) "Ararat," by Zenna Henderson (MoF&SF); (2) "Yesterday House," by Fritz Leiber (GSF); (3) "The Specter General," by Theodore R. Cogswell (aSF); (4) "The Last Days of Shandakor," by Leigh Brackett (SS); and (5) "Conditionally Human," by Walter M. Miller, Jr. (GSF.)

The Henderson story was a bolt from the blue--totally unexpected, coming from a writer whose only previous story hadn't been anything special (tho' editor Boucher seemed to think it was.) Leiber's piece was notable for being one of three handlings of the same theme that appeared in this year; the other two are "Cholwell's Chickens" by Jack Vance, and "The Haploids" by Jerry Sohl. "Yesterday House" was easily the best of the lot. (Sidethought: tho' I haven't read it yet, Katherine MacLean's "The Diploids" in the latest TWS sounds like an addition to the group.) "TSG" would have been outstanding in any year, and the Brackett tale, besides being one of the few stories by her published this year, was also one of her best.

Coming in for special mention are "Surface Tension," by James Blish (Galaxy); "That Share of Glory," by C.M. Kornbluth (Astounding); and "Frontier of the Dark" by A. Bertram Chandler (Astounding.)

These stand out for being slightly offtrail in a year otherwise pervaded by a certain sameness. Also worth mentioning are: "The Face of the Enemy" by Thomas

The Jaundiced Eye, III

Wilson (aSF); "Lover, When You're Near Me," Richard Matheson (GSF); "Counter-Transference" by William F. Temple; and "What's It Like Out There?" by Edmond Hamilton (both TWS.)

SHORT STORIES: The year's stand-out is Simon Eisner's "The Luckiest Man in Denv" from Galaxy--a superb job of plotting and story-telling. I would like to see more of this new author (if he is a new author) preferably in the longer lengths. Second place goes to an older hand at the game, Ray Bradbury. Ray has shown a tendency to rest on his laurels of late, and of the few stories he had published this year, only "The Wilderness" (MoF&SF) struck me as being worthy of a place beside some of his great earlier stuff. Third goes to another brand-new author, Evelyn E. Smith for her delicious Galaxy satire, "Tea-Tray In the Sky," one of the very few good humorous pieces Gold has published. Mrs. Smith (whom I think is much prettier than Mrs. H.L. Gold) is better known to fandom as the pseudonymous author-ess of the "New York Letter" column in Slant--yeah, that's right, she's Ermengarde Fiske. Another / writer makes good! (Seems to me the prozines ought to hire WAW as a talent scout.) The most promising new writer of the year (you can't really consider Miller in this category, as he's been around a bit longer) placed fourth: Dean Evans for his smooth craftsmanship and truly 'slick' writing as exemplified in "The Furious Rose" (Galaxy, again.) Evans also turned out two other fine stories in '52, both of which should have been snatched up for anthologies by now: "The Moons of Mars" in Galaxy, and "Beatrice" in Fantastic. Another Bradbury? Your guess is as good as mine. Placing fifth is Fritz Leiber again, once more in Galaxy, with "Dr. Kometevsky's Day." Wasn't that the strangest story? Off-trail even when compared to other off-trail pieces.

The special mention stories are: from Galaxy, "Game for Blondes" by MacDonald and "Lost Memory" by Phillips; from aSF, "Next Door" by Jack Thomas, and "The Exile" by Alfred Coppel; from SS, "Noise" by Vance, and "Sail On! Sail On!" by Farmer; from Fantastic, "The Smile" by Bradbury; from MoF&SF, the same author's "The Pedestrian," Matheson's "SRL Ad," "Listen," by Gordon R. Dickson, and "The Poisoner" by Harness.

SPECIAL AWARDS: to Katherine MacLean for introducing a brilliant idea as well as a completely new science, in a story written simply enough for any non-technical person to understand, in "The Snowball Effect" (GSF) and to Walter M. Miller, Jr., for a brilliant tour de force in "The Big Hunger" (aSF)--a fine fusion of future history and prose poetry which narrowly escapes being a top-notch story as well.

(As I am beginning to run into too much space, these awards will be resumed next ish, along with some Pearson-like predictions of things to come in the remainder of '53. Don't hold your breath, anyone.)

STFNEWS: SaMoskowitz in the third issue of his brand-new promag, SF PLUS, promises to bring us "the best sf story





Ridiculous?

Do I understand you to be apologizing for your last letter sounding RIDICULOUS? Why heck, Alice--your letters just wouldn't be right, if they depicted ordinary events. ...or, that is, for you the ridiculous IS the ordinary. For instance, it would hardly seem right for you to walk down a boulevard & meet Joe Smith--quite out of the ordinary. But it didn't surprise me at all when I read your letter about poling a gondola along the Alimentary Canal and meeting The Grulzak, who had some interesting news for you to digest. Seems he had been inspecting a strip of land along the Digestive tract, and fell into a space warp. It was hard for him to stomach the experience--in fact, he lost consciousness. When he woke up, he was in mountainous, craggy country.

The next few minutes he spent in polishing his scales (for The Grulzak is a very vain critter.) Then he admired the peaceful surroundings, the green of the grass and trees, the blue of the cloud-flecked sky, the orange and brown cliff-sides, the various colors of the many birds darting around and their gay songs; the humming of the bees...and then something plowed up a furrow in the dirt beside him, and he realized that they weren't bees. They were bullets! Quickly pulling in all his heads but the invisible one, he searched the surrounding woods and rocks for his attackers. Then, from behind a clump of bushes, out stepped two lanky hillbillies.

The young one was thrusting aside the barrel of the older one's gun.

"It's all right, Paw," he said. "He ain't one."

The old one was eager. "I dunno, son; them consarned things is awful tricky; never can be sure."

The young man stopped and stared at The Grulzak. Thoughtfully, he scratched his yellow hair. "Well, I gotta admit that it looks on-usual, all right. More like

Dear Alice, II

something they'd think they saw after they'd had too much likker."

At this, The Grulzak puffed with indignation. Up popped one of his talking heads. "I, young man, will have you know that I am The Pride of the Grulzaks! There has never been another as beautiful as I, and especially not in someone's DT's.

The older hillbilly's gun came up. "Y' don't sound right to me! I don't know what's wrong, but you jest don't sound right to me!"

"Aw, it's okay, Paw. It ain't one o' them."

The Grulzak uneasily eyed the old one's twitching trigger finger. "Now, you pay attention to what that young man says," he cautioned. "He's got a head on his shoulders." By this time, all of The Grulzak's heads were in evidence.

"You saying I ain't?" the old man snapped.

"Well, I..." The Grulzak started--and then, he noticed that the old man DIDN'T have a head on his shoulders! Sharp eyes, hawk-beaked nose, tobacco-stained beard--all those were replaced by a vacant area. All of The Grulzak's eyes popped.

"You're okay," the young one told The Grulzak. "Come back to th' house."

"But--but--him!" The Grulzak sputtered.

The young hillbilly looked at the older one. "Oh, Paw's jest gettin' mad," he said. Slowly, the headless hillbilly became armless, bodyless and legless--there was only a gun in the air beside the young one. Then the gun slowly took to the air and flew away. The young hillbilly watched, disinterestedly. "He always does that when he gets mad," he explained.

The Grulzak shook his heads.

...

"It had to be brew,
Good ol' home brew..."

the voice drifted to the ears of The Grulzak before he and the hillbilly reached the clearing.

"I wandered around
Until I had found
That somebody who
Could make me good brew
(Hundred-proof brew.)

"No other mash could give me the thrill,
--With all my heart, I love your still

"It had to be brew,
(Hundred-proof brew!)
It had to be brew..."

The final note hung in the air for a moment, a cracked whiskey-tenor. Then they broke thru the bushes into the clearing and saw the unpainted board shack. To one side there was a huge apparatus consisting mostly of copper tubing and a large metal kettle. The old hillbilly was sitting and sulking on the porch, leaning

Dear Alice, III

against a warped post that propped up one corner of the porch roof. A woman was rocking quietly, smoking a corn cob pipe. Several children scampered about. The owner of the cracked tenor was at the still, holding a tin cup under the slow drip, drip, drip of one of the tubes. He waved at the hillbilly and The Grulzak and pointed at a jug on the ground. "There's some stuff that's been drawed off a couple of ours ago, if you want yers aged," he drawled.

The Grulzak found it no trouble at all to become friendly with these plain, simple folk of the woods. And he told you, Alice, that the last he remembered was hearing other cracked whiskey-tenor voices improvising

"I like mountain moonshine,
Good ol' mountain moonshine (hic!)
Made in th' real hillbilly way!"

It wasn't until after he regained consciousness that he realized that the voices belonged to him.

And that was the end of the story that he told you, there on the Alimentary Canal. But it still seemed unfinished. Who, you wanted to know, were the hillbillies? And who were they afraid of--revenuers? What was the answer? To which The Grulzak replied:

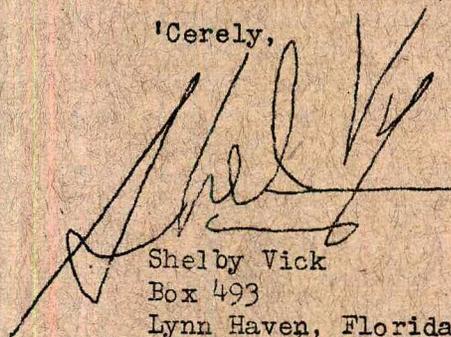
"Alimentary, my dear Watson--Alice," smiled the Grulzak, preening his feathers and admiring his reflection in his scales. "They were those two famous groups of hillbillies: the Hogbens and Bud Gregory & family. Any science-fiction fan would have recognized them as I did. And who were they afraid of? Who else but...? They feared that some science fiction writer would discover them and disturb their peace. First peace they say they've had in years.... But I do wish they'd improve on their brew. Ever since, I've been seeing pink fanzines...."

Ridiculous, you say?

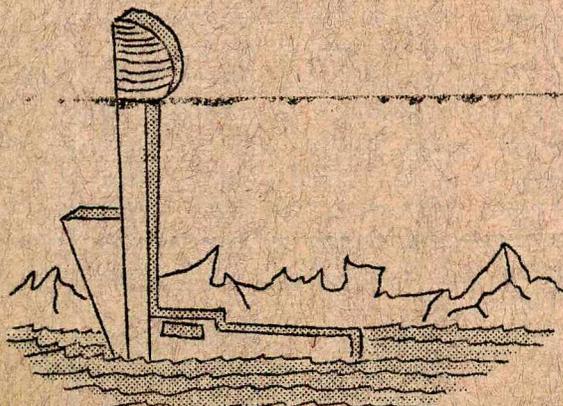
Hah!

If it WASN'T ridiculous, Alice, I ask you--what would I have to write about?

'Cerely,

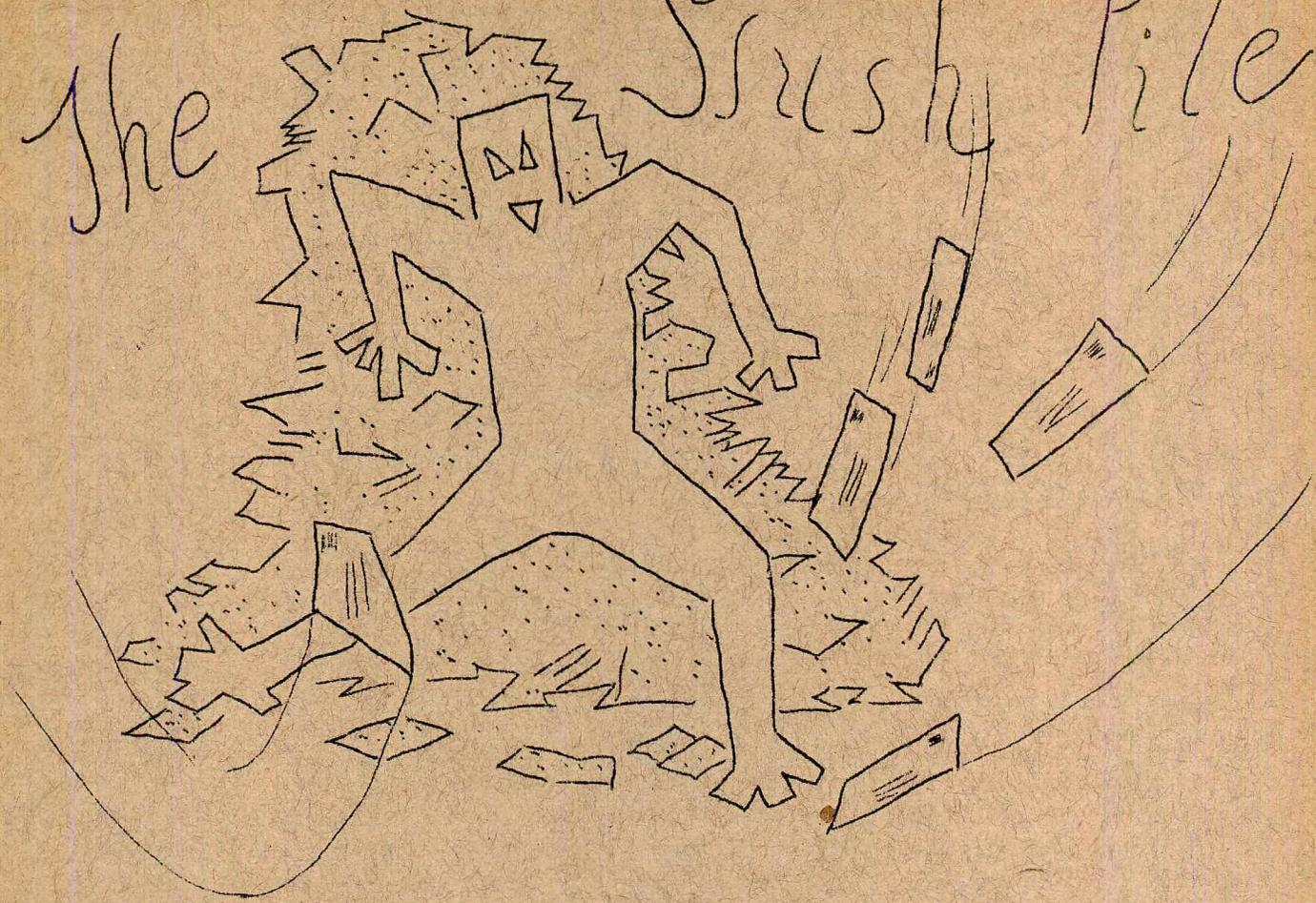


Shelby Vick
Box 493
Lynn Haven, Florida.



BERGERON

The Ssush Pile



790th AC/W Squadron
Kirksville, Missouri

....McCain's GREAT UNKNOWN was extremely fascinating. As one who has not had much contact with this magazine, it was fascinating reading of all the good material I've missed reading. Perhaps it will help Campbell in his oft-repeated statement that he is going to revive UNK....

Your art folio was nice. Took up space, anyway, which is probably what you were trying to do. One thing. Ward doesn't look so good on ditto. I saw those four ditto pics at Van Splawn's place a couple of weeks ago and thought then that it wasn't so hot. No, Ward, like Dave English, suffers when color is added....

Tucker's IRON CURTAIN DROPS was very good. Seems that his short stuff is better than his lengthier works. In fact, with Tucker it seems to be that the shorter it is, the better it is. With me, too, but I can't sell any short stf at all.

Willis' FAN FROM TOMORROW was among the best satire I have ever seen. In fact, the only satire I saw that I consider as being better was Lee Jacobs' REDD BOGGS--SUPERFAN. And not because it appeared in ICE. Like McCain said, it followed SUPERMAN so well that it had to be excellent satire. The only reason I say Willis' piece wasn't as good was that Jacobs wrote a radio script where he had to satirize on more than one type of thing, while all Willis had to emulate was RAP. Nevertheless, it was the best thing in the issue.

... Elsberry's good selection of topics and excellent writing make anything he turns out very good. And this installment of LETTER FROM MINNEAPOLIS is no different. ... Isn't THE TAPE OF THINGS TO COME a bit libelious? Not that I mind. In fact, I love things like this. And you, sir, will probably now be able to call yourself a fan. A fan, I am told, is one who has been threatened with a libel and/or slander suit. Prepare now. Hire a good lawyer. Consult we who have

The Slush Pile, II

been threatened before. Don't wait until the last minute.

All in all, a very good issue.

Your friend and mine (primarily mine)
hal shapiro, db

((You're trodding on my--and Stone's and Ward's and Bergeron's and Capella's--toes, Shapiro. Personally, I considered that art folio pretty darn good and attractive, and not just something to take up space. The Ward illo was put on ditto for me by Bergeron, not Ward. "...with Tucker...the shorter...the better" huh? Sounds like you're quite a fan of his....))

8325 31st St., NW
Seattle 7, Washington

OOPSLANNISH! is undoubtedly the finest issue you have yet produced. Uniformly high quality all the way through. The only discordant note was Harry Moore's confused and aimless delation. If this is an example of what Dianetics does to a once capable person, Hubbard has a great deal more on his conscience than merely deliberate hoaxing.

Just listened to the President's Inaugural Address. It feels wonderful to realize that after so many years integrity will again be the mode and that decency and self-respect need not hide behind a facade of flippancy. What this may mean to fandom is already evident. The first faint shadow falls across Ken Beale's Philly-con Report and points out the intelligential aspects of that fan gathering rather than the physiological. Perhaps you did not notice it, but I did, and was pleased to read a report of a fanmeet which did not mention drinking or...immaterial trivia.

Congratulations on producing OOPSLANNISH! It was a pleasure to read, both from the quality of the contents and the quality of the reproduction. Very nice job indeed.

G. M. Carr *OOPSLA #10* JAN 1953

((Sweet praise, indeed, from GM Carr. I am really glad you appreciated Beale's report on Philly. Personally, I think Beale is doing some of the finest factual reporting today, unmarred by bias and prejudice. Ken has been unduly censured, I believe, by far less worthy people than he. Thanks for the kind words, GM....))

39 Cameron St. S.
Ketchener, Ontario, Canada

There should be a dime kicking around in this letter. You keep the dime and send me the next issue of OOPSLA!

Although I think you are a stinker, I still want to take a look at your fanzine. Okay?
Yours truly,

Fredrick B Christoff

((Well, thanks, Fred, but who are you? And what did I do? I've never even heard of, from, or about you before. But take a look at OOPS, anyway...))

214 Ninth St
Wilmette, Illinois

...your OOPSLANNISH! had by far the best array and variety of material that I've yet seen in a fanzine. Everything, bar nothing was great! As you probably recall, I went somewhat hog wild over the thing even before it was published by sending for four extra copies...for a few people I know.

... The cover came out very good. Wonderful idea behind it. ShelVy's Alice is his best yet. ...Vernon's article was of high interest to me. ... The art was nothing less than prefect. ... The Tucker-Willis-Bloch trio is what really made the issue, however. They were the extra something.

...thanx again for a great issue.

Denis Moreen

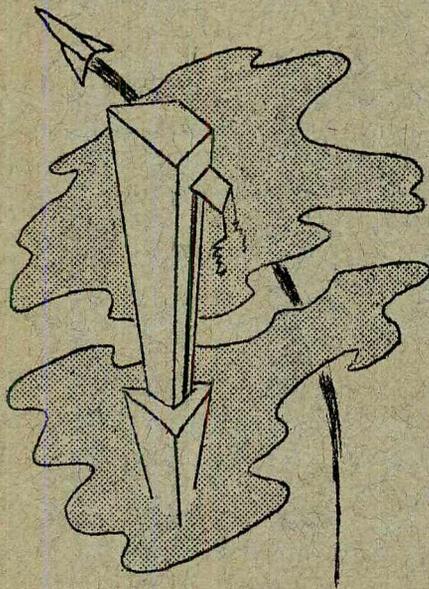
((Sounds kinda like you really appreciated the issue, Denis. I'll try and do it again someday. Your faith in ordering five copies is especially appreciated.))

Box 702 and stuff
Bloomington, Illinois

Well, sir, this is inspired by your anniversary issue which arrived here a couple of days ago in sixty (or thirty) separate pieces. No kidding. The staples had fallen out of the magazine somewhere enroute, and so the postman stuffed the thirty sheets of paper into Box 702 in haphazard fashion, leaving me to arrange them in proper order for reading. Which I did. It was easier to follow the continuations that way.

The effort was quite rewarding, and I'm glad, maw, that I arranged the pages. You deserve a long loud huzza for your work on the issue. Wouldn't it be jim-dandy if every issue of every fan magazine contained the same high quality material as anniversary issues generally do?

I thought McCain's "The Great Unknown" to be the very best piece in the issue, and choosing a best-piece from so many good ones wasn't an easy job. But his glory-raking appealed to me, touched a soft spot in this stony heart, because UNK has been my very favorite magazine since it first appeared. I guess this makes me a fake science fiction fan. And, too, I might add a few bits of information here that were not included in McCain's article.



BERGERON

John Campbell used to place more value on fans and their magazines than he now does. A month or two before UNK appeared on the stands, he bought full-page advertisements in several fan magazines to herald the newcomer, and in general gave it the fannish drum-beating that some new promags received in the fan press today. In his announcement of the forthcoming appearance of Eric Frank Russell's "Sinister Barrier," he said that the story had been submitted to ASTOUNDING but that it was obviously out of place there--so, he said, an entire new magazine was being created to publish this one story and others (to come) like it. Oddly enough, this statement coming from any editor today would raise eyebrows and cause snickers, but I believed Campbell at the time and still have no reason to doubt his exact word. It would not surprise me in the

least to find that Campbell conceived the idea for UNKNOWN after reading "Barrier," and then convinced his publishers such a market might exist.

In the UNKNOWN index, appearing on pages 20 and 39, I suspect you've made a few typo's or else McCain's collection isn't complete and he had to rely on second-hand information. (Just put me down as a forty-second cousin to Weak-eyes Korshak.)

The lead novel in the January, 1940, issue was "Soldiers of the Black Goat" by Marian O'Hearn. There was no such title as "Sons of the Black Goat." The March issue did not contain a novel but instead presented two serials. The September, 1940, issue did not contain the serial "The Tommyknocker." An O'Hearn serial was finishing up in that issue, and "Tommyknocker" started in October. The June, 1942, issue did contain a novel--"Solomon's Stone" by de Camp.

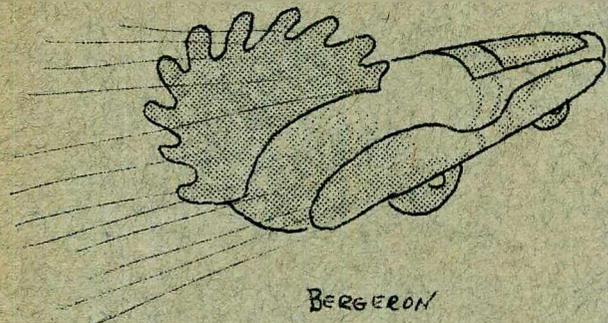
And speaking of the prices that collectors are asking or offering for this magazine--I have a complete set, professionally bound in book form for protection, and a couple of years ago a dealer offered me a hundred dollars for the set. I laughed at him, a hollow laugh to be sure, but a laugh nevertheless. ... Okay, end of lecture.

Best,

Bob Tucker

((Next time I use bigger staples. (Notice how casually I say "next time.") Your information on UNK is greatly appreciated, Bob. I think McCain was writing from file cards, which explains the discrepancies. When is your next lecture slated?))

740 N. Plankinton Ave
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin



OOPS was well worth waiting for. You must have worked like a dog, but the result should make you (and the recipients of the issue) very happy indeed.

Plenty of chuckles in the book (including a number of things which I fear weren't meant to inspire chuckles.) Of course, I'm a hardened old pro and I have a peculiar slant on things. Still, it always amazes me when, month after month and year after year, various fans recoil in horror from the facts of life.

To me these facts are pretty self-evident, and include the following obvious certainties:

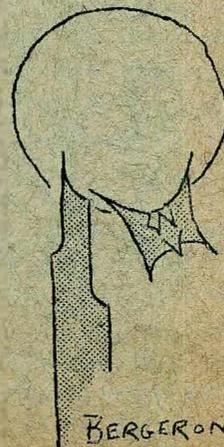
1. publishers, editors and writers must earn a living from their work. What they publish, edit or write, and the way in which they publish, edit or write must of necessity be based upon expectations of profit. I have never talked, in confidence, to a publisher, editor or writer who wasn't honestly trying to do his or her best--within the limitations imposed by the commercial market or the people who held the purse-strings and dictated policy.
2. people are fallible. No group, however "dedicated" or idealistic in purpose, has been able to rally under a single name or banner and work in perfect harmony, without mistakes or internal dissension; and very few such groups achieve even a small part of proposed final goals. This goes for fan-clubs, a convention committee, or anything else all the way up to and including the U.N.
3. one man's meat is another man's poison--still the oldest truism in the world, but the one most conveniently forgotten when an individual elects to take on the role of critic. Nobody can run a fan organization, put out a fanmag, engage in correspondence, publish or edit or write for a magazine and expect to please everybody, nor will he (if he has sense) try to do so.

All of which, I suppose, is "out of character" for me to bring up at all...nor will it change attitudes or lessen the flow of the same old tired objections and complaints I've been reading in fanzines for 15 years. You will continue to work like a dog to make a good issue of OOPS and you will continue to get a certain percentage of criticism from people who didn't work on it at all, didn't contribute, didn't pay for their subscription, etc.

Con committees will take on the thankless task of running conventions and catch hell from people who offered no assistance, lent no cooperation, didn't participate in either the formal program or the hard work behind the scenes, and...in some instances...didn't even attend most of the sessions or even attend the con itself.

Writers will write what editors want to buy and editors will buy what their publishers will let them buy and publishers will put out what they think the public will purchase... and in spite of this "vicious commercial attitude" (which, for the benefit of the uninformed, seems to be part of our present economic system in general) there will be a helluva lot of good magazines issued and good stories written. As there have been.

So this is no complaint, merely an observation. And if



The Slush Pile, V

the truth were told, I'd be the first to admit that the gripes and the insinuations are very much a part of fandom. It's only that I feel there's a certain amount of unrealistic thinking behind some of the chronic complaints. And I hope that the loud outcries of indignation are more apparent than real.

Heartening to realize that, in spite of all the hollering, fandom as a group has been able to accomplish so much and mutually enjoy so much in apparent superficial harmony. To which the production of a good job like the current OOPS adds its bit.

Hastily,

Robert Bloch

((Very definitely this is a different Bloch than is usually seen on fanzine pages. Out of character, I suppose you might call it, if out of character means that this is not what you usually write. Gone the flippant, punning, joking Bloch--in his place a serious writer. I don't really know which I prefer. Surely I enjoy your witty pen, and the puns which flow from it (I'm trying my best to think one up now concerning some sort of "stumbling bloch") but there's always a place for serious writing. And if you ever have an over-abundance of either, Bob, there's always a place for it in OOPS. I greatly appreciated this letter.))

That's about all I have to put in the Slush Pile this issue. Actually, I'm no little bit disappointed at the reaction to the annual. Tho all favorable--I have no complaints there--it is remarkably rare. I had assumed that at least it would bring some sort of reaction. Perhaps a number of you felt as Shelby and some others said they did--that everybody would probably immediately write me telling me how good the annish was, and so there was no need for him to do so.

But the dearth of letters concerning OOPS rather bothers me. True, I didn't run a letter column last issue (the annual) and I've sometimes left it out entirely in other issues, too, but as a rule I generally try and allow some five pages for letters. Other fanzine editors are split on the subject--some prefer to leave a letter column out entirely, some like long ones. I prefer a medium-sized column.

But how to fill it? Some fanzines receive and print letters by the barrel-full--fanzines I don't think are quite on a par with OOPS. Perhaps you aren't writing because you feel OOPS passes inspection comfortably, and you have nothing to write about. In that case, I guess I'll have to start running crud just to draw some reader reaction. Possibly a large number of you don't write because I don't answer letters just concerning OOPSLA! Perhaps you're justified, but look at it in the other light--do the promags answer the letters you write them? No. And I can't possibly do it, either.

Perhaps some of you don't write because you don't always get your letters published. That's right, you don't--and you won't always, either. I like to run about five pages of letters, but I like them intelligent letters. I don't pick letters by the bnfishness of their signatures, but I do pick them by what they have to say--and letters like those of Tucker and Bloch's in this issue, will always have precedence over the letters which say nothing but take up a lot of space in doing so.

I don't necessarily want letters praising OOPS, either. If that's all you have to say, I'll read your letter and I'll really appreciate your kind words, but I don't feel that it should be inflicted on the other readers of OOPS when it concerns me alone.

My thanks to the people who have in the past taken the time to sit down and write me a letter about OOPS or other subjects, not expecting either to see it printed or to receive an answer, immediate or otherwise. I wish more of you would do it. You never can tell what will happen.

DOPSLA!

GREGG CALKINS, EDITOR

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