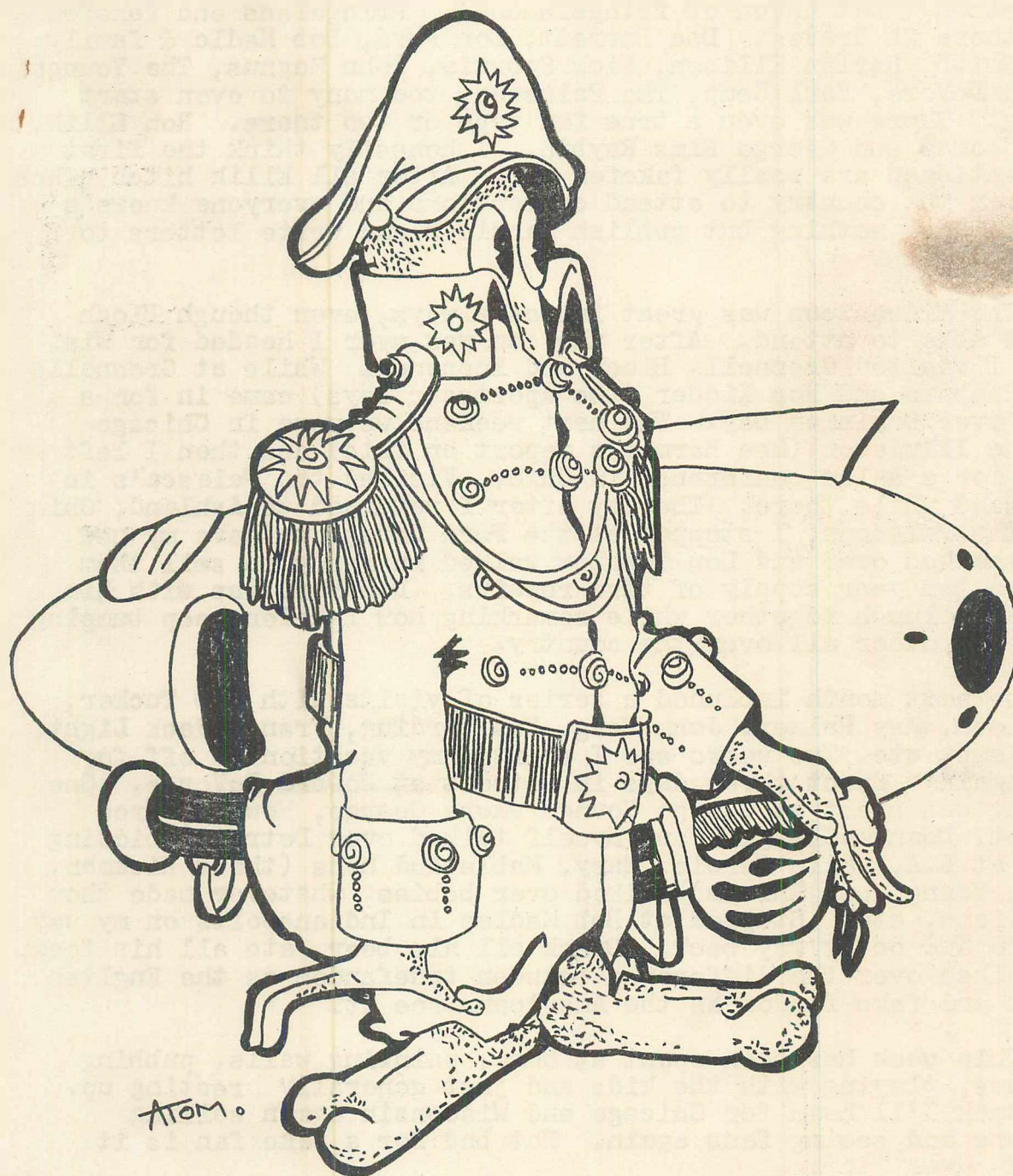


J D combined with S C U R V Y

third 1958 issue

Number 31



8th year of publication

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The Editors page,.....

These past three months have been hectic, fannishwise that is. Especially for a fake-fan type. It all started about the middle of June in Roseville, Illinois where Nan Gerding and I put out another OMPazine, OB. Closely following that I headed for Cincy and the Midwestcon (that haven of fringe fandom). Fringefans and fakefens were there in droves. Doc Barrett, Don Ford, Bob Madle & family, E.E. Smith, Harlan Ellison, Nick Scortia, John Magnus, The Youngs, Howard DeVore, Earl Kemp, The Falascas, too many to even start naming. There was even a true fan type or two there. Ron Ellik, Kent Moomaw and George Nims Raybin. I honestly think the first two mentioned are really fakefens too. After all Ellik hitch hikes all over the country to attend conventions and everyone knows a TRUEfan does nothing but publish fanzines and write letters to other truefens.

The Midwestcon was great fun as always, even though Bloch wasn't able to attend. After the con was over I headed for Wis. where I visited Grennell, Bloch and Economou. While at Grennells Boyd Raeburn and Ron Kidder (the sportscar boys) came in for a visit over Dominion Day. The next weekend we were in Chicago for the Illwiscon (See Harmon's report on this) and then I left again for a sales conference in Ohio. Visited the Falasca's in Cleveland while there. The day after I returned to Ashland, Ohio from the Falascas, I stopped at the Ford Garage to have my new Ford checked over and Lou Tabakow walked in ready to sell them about a ten year supply of tire repairs. Don Ford was with him so we had lunch together while remarking how fakefens keep bumping into each other all over the country.

The next month included a series of visits with Bob Tucker, Bob Bloch, Ray Palmer, John Berg, Nan Gerding, Fran & Jack Light, Earl Kemp, etc. Two weeks ago I started my vacation so off for Ohio again. Spent three days in Detroit at Howard DeVores. One evening was spent at George Youngs where George, Howard, Fred Prophet, Dean McGlauglin and myself talked over Detroit's bidding plans at L.A. while Carole, Mary, Mable and Mona (thats Hickman, Young, Young, and Rhines) talked over babies, whatever made them marry fans, etc. Stopped at Bob Madles in Indianapolis on my way to Ohio and on my way back. Drank all his beer, ate all his food, and talked over the difference between truefandom as the English see it and fake fandom as the Americans see it.

This week has been spent at home, painting walls, pubbing fanzines, playing with the kids and just generally resting up. Next week I'll head for Chicago and Wisconsin again selling sprayers and seeing fans again. Not bad for a fake fan is it Chuck?

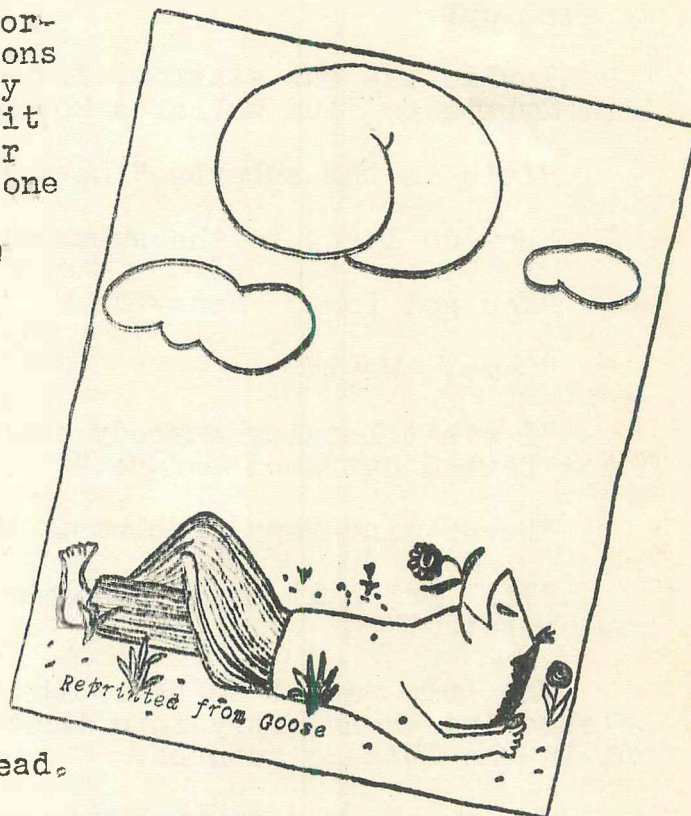
Tomorrow is the day they will be voting on next years con site at L.A. I don't see how anyone but Detroit could get it, so I feel safe in saying I will be in Detroit in '59,

This issue will be post-mailed. I hope to have #32 finished in time to include it in the next mailing.

Lynn Hickman

(Author's Note: In years past such distinguished critics as Roger De Soto have objected to the first person convention reports which describe every meal the reporter had and even satisfy curiosity of James Joyce followers as to the efficiency of the plumbing facilities and give no information on the official program or the really important people at the convention, i.e., people other than the author and his friends. I can quite agree with the worthlessness of these con reports (as they are esoterically known) to the serious student of the ethnological make-up of Fandom. Therefore for all those who wish to learn the details of an elaborate program and the interlinations dropped by Heinlein and Bradbury please stop reading here and wait until the Solacon reports appear in a few months. This will be one those egotistical first person reports. If anyone can tell me any other way to report on a meeting such as the Illwiscon, I will gladly award them from my limitless supply, an autographed photograph of Tom Mix and Tony.)

It was the day of the rumble and Chicago's gray, maroon, and blue towers sprawled out before me, trapped as helplessly as Jayne Mansfield in a self-service elevator. I smiled to myself, knowing what was ahead.



"I can read your lips," the girl across the aisle of the bus said to me.

"You can't hear then?"

"No."

"Any handicap in your work?"

"No. I play a guitar in a hillbilly band. You know anything about hillbilly music?"

"More than I suspected," I told her.

"I look sixteen but I'm really twenty two."

"Sure you are."

"You look like Peter Lawford."

"The Thin Man? I didn't think the diet was that good."

"I'm really twenty two."

"I look like Lawford, not Jerry Lee Lewis, remember."

"You have to be anywhere at any particular time?"

"Yes, there is a group of science fiction fans who won't begin without me,"

"Begin What?"

"I don't know," I said grimly, "but this year I'm going to find out."

Inside the bus station, I asked the man in the information booth where to find Weller's Motor Lodge.

"It's in the suburbs," he said.

"How do I get to the suburbs then?"

"You got food? Money?"

"Some. Why?"

"I ain't letting anybody starve on this trip. Not again. I got bawled out good before."

"Never mind your problems. What's the route?"

"I'll write it down. You want your customs inspection sticker now or later?"

The trip wasn't so bad. It was fun seeing all those people celebrating their entry into the Union. Weller's is really far out in the Chicago suburbs.

The rumble was shaping up when I got there. I couldn't see if the boys had switchblades under their black leather jackets, but I could tell the girls were all fully armed.

I made contact with one of the chiefs. Square-shouldered, a curious smile playing around his lips, he was Dean Grennell, head of the Grennell Good Men, Jean, Pat, Chuck, Andy, Janet, Bobbi, Phyllis. As a loner, I didn't want any trouble with a guy with his own private army.

"Hello, David," I said, using his code name.

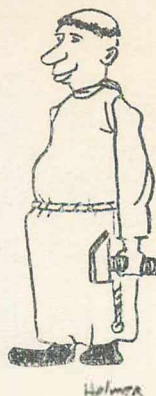
"Hello, Jim. When did you start growing the beard?"

"When I started the trip out here."

The Master Mind showed up. Moving with a cat-like leanness, a curious smile playing around his lips, he was Lynn Hickman.

"How did you manage to think of this place for a convention site, Lynn?"

Billy Graham.
Go Home



Reprinted from Ranger & Goose

"I don't know. No particular reason. Nothing influenced me. What reason could I have for holding the convention out here?" he asked, holding his inside jacket pocket.

"Say," I said "isn't that Noreen Falasca, Mary Young, Sally Dunn, and Lee Anne Tremper coming out on the edge of the pool in seven parts of four two-piece suits?"

Hickman looked. I lifted his billfold. Inside there was a pass: "For services rendered, Lifetime Free Transportation on Chicago Public Vehicles". I nodded. When I had reached the end of the line, I had found a Chicago

Tribune Extra announcing that the El, the Bus Lines, and the Subway had broken even for the first time in years. I slipped the wallet back, and left Lynn staid toward the pool. He had stopped expecting to see it by this time but he hadn't yet given up hope.

Meanwhile, I sat down and leered at Carol Hickman wearing either twenty yards of sky blue chiffon or carrying a Vanguard practising a static test test on her back. She would look great in orbit, either way.

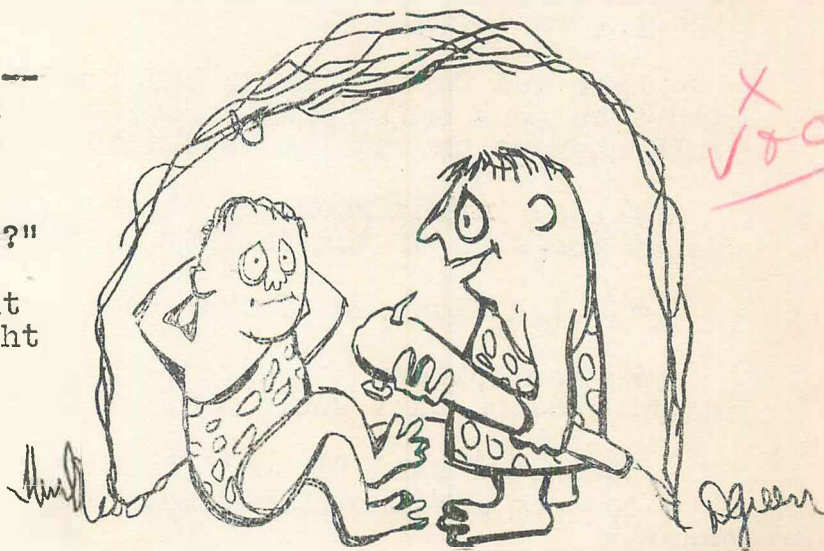
The Detroit group was there, George and Mary Young, Fred Prophet, Bill Rickhart, Big-hearted Howard DeVore....Walter Reuther sent his regrets but he was there in spirit with a folk singer from New York named Sandy Cottrell. Some of those songs must have a certain late senator whirling in his grave with a gyroscopic setting left of center.

Later on, I was talking to a chap when Dan Curran came running up yelling "Harlan! Harlan Ellison! when did you get here? You, Jim -- I thought you were Harlan Ellison from a distance."

I nodded. "I know. have you met Bill Donahoe?"

"That's why I thought you were Harlan. I thought he was you."

Bill is six foot four of solid muscle. No bones. I don't know how he does it. -



"If we could only invent a weapon more terrifying than the bludgeon, society wouldn't DARE to start any more wars."

Reprinted from Chaff & Goose

There were people from Chicago there even. Earl and Nancy Kemp, Jack and Fran Light, Jim & Joe Sarno/O'Mera, Jerry DeMuth, Lewis Grant, George Price et al. It was further than they usually like to go for a convention, but it was closer than the Solacon. They thought.

Always a Sigmund Rohmberg fan myself, I learned to abhor folk singers this trip, even ones as good as Sandy or the lad who looked like Sally Dunn's brother, although unfortunately wasn't. In fact Sally and he were married shortly after the con. Congratulations Mrs. Brues. He interrupted a conversation I was having with Sally on the excellant medical facilities in Mount Carmel, my home town.

Not knowing how to play a guitar I could only drink Dean Grennell's beer and admire Dean's wife, Jean. At least, I got all the beer I wanted.

Lee Anne Tremper is a schoolteacher and a vivacious blonde. Grennell kept getting a case on her (the case of his Lieka). Lee Anne and I got to discussing the problem of the money made by schoolteachers and writers and then and there formed a two-member Committee For the Improvement of Living Conditions of Intellectuals. The results have been so successful I urge all other eggheads to cast off their yokes.

The rumble fizzled out when the contingent of the Western Writers of America didn't come through with their promised raid. If there's anything I can't stand it's a chicken-livered cowboy lover. This wouldn't have happened if Max Brand were alive.

The Grennells pulled into the sunrise with Jim Caughran and Ron Ellik. Our day was over. There was only one place for us. The Museum of Science & Industry.

The time for saying good-bye to Ted Cogswell, Nick & Neoreen Falasca, Evan Appleman, the Detroit, Chicago gangs, The Coulsons, the Deweeses, Delray Green, Ben Jason, Gene Pailat, et al was over, as was the time for wishing Bob Bloch, Bob Tucker, Redd Boggs and others were there.

Lynn and Carol Hickman and I approached Lewis Grant, blond, with a curious smile playing around his lips and asked him if he would show us around the museum he knew and loved. He consented.

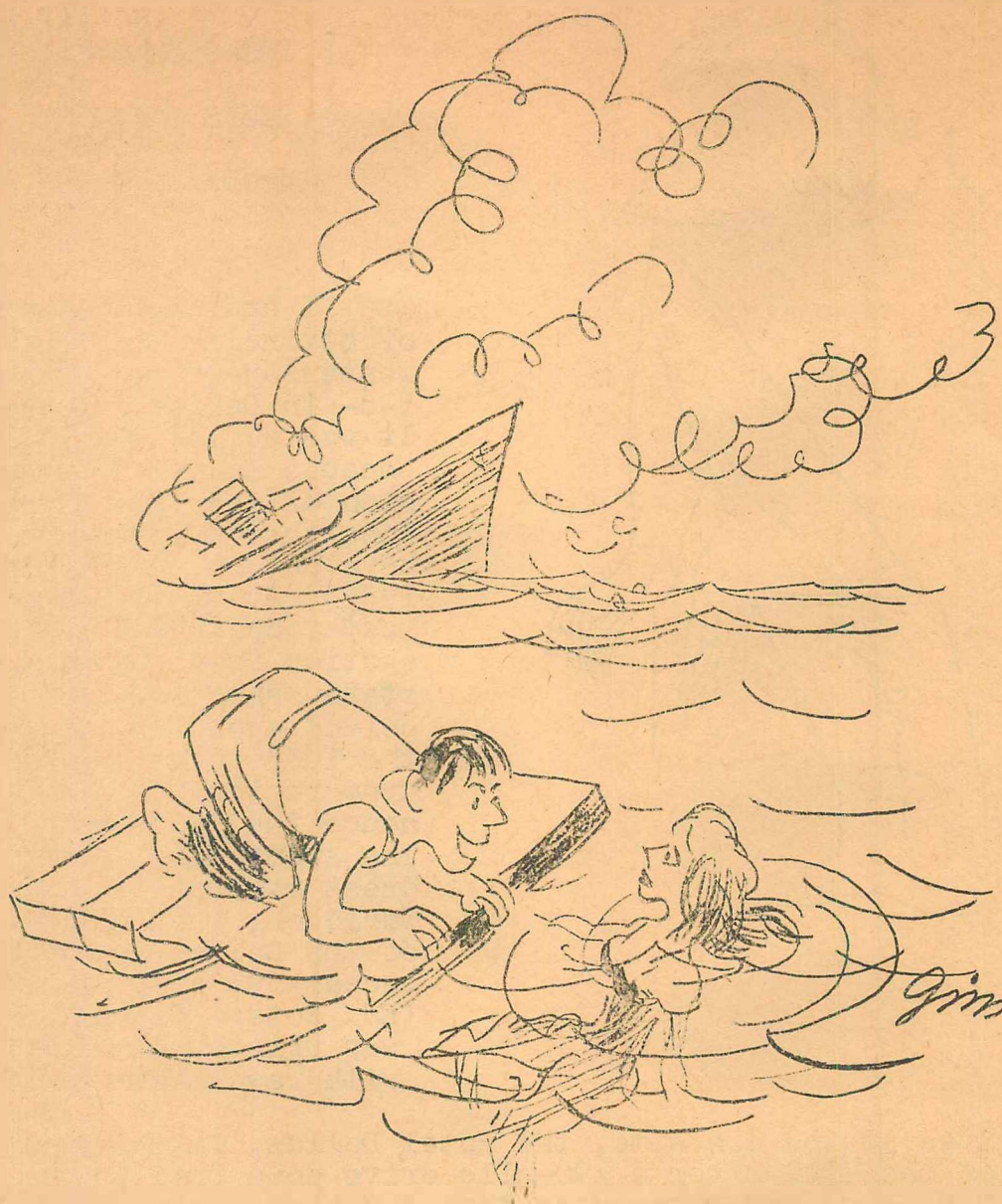
We saw living rooms of other times, even a whole street as it was at the turn of the century, curious relics of another era.

"I wish Bloch and Tucker could have come." I pined.

We saw Colleen Moore's dollhouse with tiny chairs and tables and tiny doors that would admit tiny people.

"Gosh," I said "I don't know why old Harlan Ellison couldn't have come up for the Illwiscon. I've not seen my old buddy in years."

We saw the rock crusher, a machine with tremendous drive and power.



S I N K O R S I N ! !

We saw the old bi-planes, now looking tiny and delicate and fairy-like.

And finally the Hickmans and I took in Around the World in 80 Days. We saw David Niven, Cantinflas, Ronald Coleman, Col. Tim McCoy.....

I gave my return ticket to the Greyhound driver, a big man with a curious smile playing around his lips,

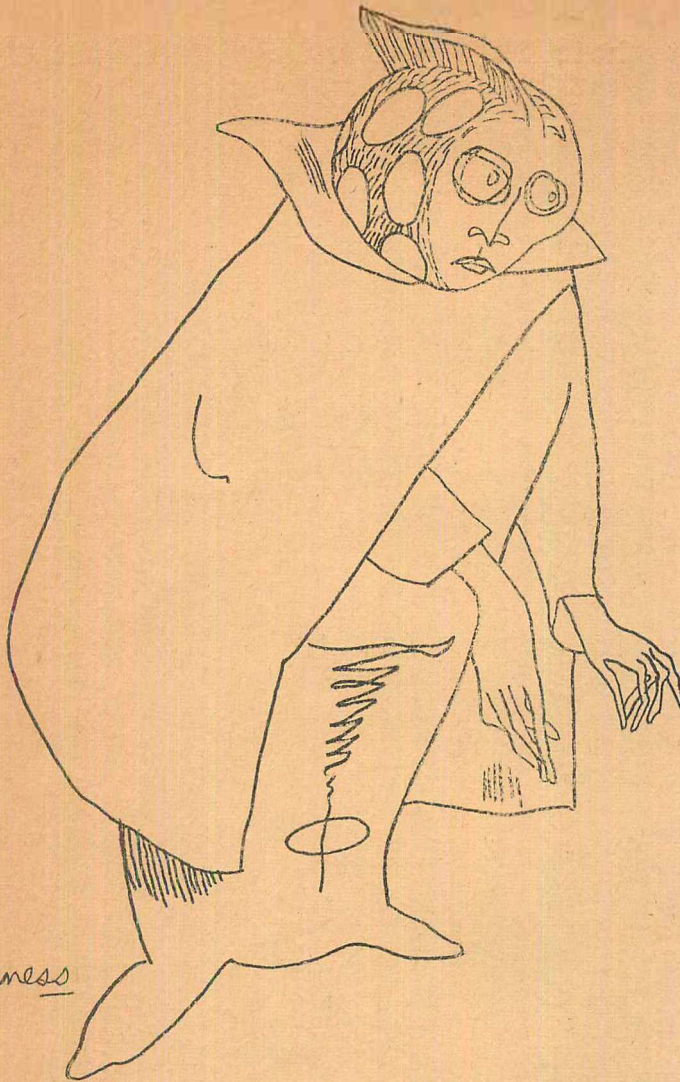
"Can you tell me," I asked "Why everybody I've seen lately has a curious smile playing around their lips?"

"Buddy," he said curteously "your zipper is busted."

THE SOUTHWESTERCON

TEXAS STYLE

by Dan McPhail



I had the pleasure of attending the "Southwestercon-6" on July 4-5-6- in Dallas, Texas. It was called the "6th" because it was an extension of the five State cons that Oklahoma fans have put on annually since 1953. At the Oklacon-V last year in Enid, a delegation from the Lone Star state asked for, and received approval, to expand the 1958 gathering into a true regional affair, hence the 'Southwest' tag. The event also served as a dress rehearsal for the 1959 Worldcon, should the bid of the Dallas group be successful at Southgate. (Ed. Note: Since the above was written, Dallas has withdrawn their bid.)

I arrived at the con site, the Hotel Dallas, in the early afternoon of the 4th, after a 190-mile drive down from Lawton. Heavy traffic slowed my journey so that I missed the opening address of the honorary chairman, Dale Hart, as well as a panel discussion on the subject "How has fandom changed over the years?" Said panel included Randy Brown, Kent Moomaw, Greg Benford and old-time fan, Harry B. Moore.

The U.S. Navy had an elaborate display, including a full-scale missile, on display in the Rose Room, where the formal meetings were held. They also showed a very good movie, "The Challenge of Outer Space", narrated by Dr. Wehrner Von Braun. Here also were the art displays, including a real eye-catcher, a group of about 30 large oil paintings by Morris Scott Dollens. These marvelous works of art were not up for auction, but were sold at \$10. each.

Friday night was the masquerade ball, held on the Skyline Terrace and it produced some excellent costumes. The judges were hard pressed to pick a winner, but finally decided on Tom Reamy, the convention co-chairman (with Randy Brown), who was costumed to represent a cover on Planet Stories. Actually, there was not

a poor costume in the lot, and the crowd got a lot of pleasure in watching the contestants act out their roles. Dancing followed, with Randy Brown emerging as the best ball-room type critter of the evening.

The big event of the first day for me was the thrill of meeting Forrest J. Ackerman. This man has almost been a legend to me, for I literally cut my s-f teeth on his letters which were almost a regular feature of the "Discussions" of the early Amazing. Later, as fandom developed, I read with real interest his many articles and columns in the pioneer Time Traveller and Science Fiction Digest. He was an early subscriber to my Science Fiction News, and later, to "Fan-Facts!" An odd thing about the latter magazine is that the final issue I sent to Ackerman was returned for insufficient postage. For some reason unknown to me now, I never remailed it, but kept it through the years, and recently found it among my stored books, still intact, with postage marks and date clearly visible. So, at Dallas I delivered this overdue issue to him - just 19 years late! I found Forrie to be a very fine person, both kind and patient with the neo fans and courteous and friendly to us old-timers. We had a lot of fun together, talking over the old days, and he regaled me with a lot of inside dope on things that were new to me. Especially did I enjoy seeing proofs of his ill-fated "SCI-FI" prozine and hearing the story behind it. The plan is not entirely dead, and I hope it does get to appear in the not too distant future, for he has ideas that I think would make him a top editor in our field.

Another treat was getting to meet the guest of honor, and my fellow-Fapan, Marion Zimmer Bradley. This little gal is a real charmer, with a ready smile and a most vivacious nature. Her knowledge of the s-f field is wide, as is her acquaintance with many of the big names of s-f and fandom. Late on the first night, she and Forrie and I set out on a safari to find something (soft) to drink. That late at night we were forced to trek deep into the heart of the city before we found a drug store open, but when we did, we held our own private "Soda-con". On Saturday morning I took them on a motor tour of Dallas and the conversation flowed like xeno-juice while we made a grand tour. We had lunch at a cafeteria and headed back for the one o'clock session, and it was then we discovered how large "Big D" really is. We were using the tall buildings downtown as a landmark, but as the terrain changed we lost sight of them and wound up on the far side of town, having circled around our destination. But, getting a new fix on our target, we finally made it back to the hotel.

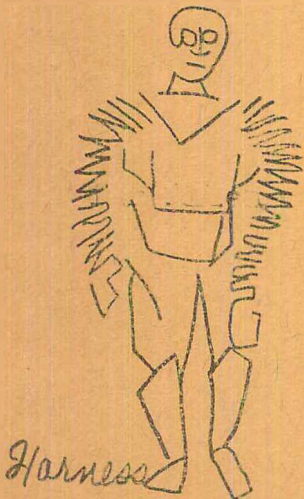
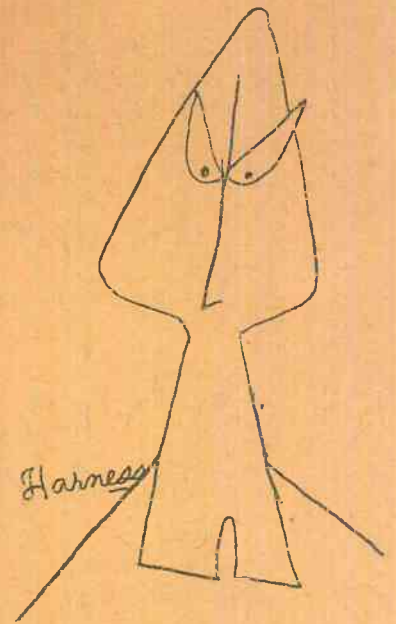
Dale Hart, who headed up the old Tri-City club of First Fandom, served as auctioneer and did an excellent job of selling art work, books and other items. A virgil Finley black-and-white was high bid item, and Dale's line of patter and side-comments to the audience made the event a most enjoyable one.

Highlight of the convention was the banquet that night. A very good meal was followed by a most hilarious and interesting talk by the toastmaster, Forrie Ackerman. I've never had the pleasure of hearing Robert Bloch and other noted speakers of fandom, but I'll match 4SJ against anyone for real entertainment. Mrs. Bradley, as guest of honor, also spoke briefly. Following which,

an E.S.P. experiment was conducted, with guests trying their ability to name cards dealt by Orville Mosher.

Most of the crowd then piled into assorted autos and went across town to a world premiere of "The Space Children", which Paramount kindly brought to Dallas in honor of the convention. While not as good as some of their past s-f movies, I found the wide-screen color production to be entertaining, but some of the younger fans were quite vocal in their scorn of the film. I'm glad they didn't have to pay to see it.

The entire 12th floor of the hotel was reserved for fans, and Ted Wagner's room 1215 was the mecca for an all-night fan-fest. (I assume it was all night-when I left at 3:30 AM, it was still going strong...well, fairly strong). The party included Marion Bradley, Forrie Ackerman, Orville Mosher, Bill Conner, Tom Reamy, Wagner and his girl friend, Pat Edmonds and myself. The get-together started soon after we returned from the premiere theatre and gained momentum as the evening progressed. We discovered Marion to be a gifted singer. She and Ted are real gone folk-song fans, and they must have sang a hundred or more songs, with the rest of us chiming in on the background, if you know what I mean...not good, but loud. When they would hit "Red River Valley" or "On Top of Old Smokey" or any song we all knew, then we really shook the walls! Jokes galore were told and re-told (variations), fan news passed around, magazines obtained at the auction were skimmed and spot-read, and thirsts quenched. I spent part of the time promoting some art work for Phantasy Press from artist R. Patrick Edmonds, who placed third in the masquerade as the character "Gully Foyle". Forrie (who bears an amazing resemblance to a cousin of mine) lay in a semi-dozing condition on a bed, but seemed to never actually go to sleep. Big laugh of the evening came when a fan (best left un-named) revealed himself to be a bag-pipe player.



Tornadic winds swept through Dallas Saturday, with a $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch rainfall, and more was forecast for Sunday, so I decided to hit the trail home by 11:00 o'clock, so I was up by 8 AM, and had breakfast with Hart, Marion, Moore, Dick Koogler, and old fan Allen Charpeertier, who has been buying mags since the start of Weird Tales. I got checked out of the hotel, retrieved my car from the garage and loaded same, and went back to say good-bye, but got caught in a series of movies being taken by a cameraman for a local t-v station. He wanted pics of us in the display room, so up we went, and milled around, while he took various shots of fans and the paintings. By the time he finished it

was time for the business meeting to start, so I quickly shook hands around, shouted a hasty goodbye and departed just as Dale Hart banged his gavel to open the business meeting, during which plans would be discussed for the Dallas campaign to bring the worldcon to Texas in 1959.

That's about it. The con was a good one. Attendance was not near as large as had been expected - totaling a little over 60, but they made a profit, I understand. Meeting Marion and Forrie, as well as other fans, was certainly a real pleasure to me. The hotel was nice and the management friendly and things moved along at a good clip, with few hitches. The con committee did a very commendable job and special thanks, as always, should go to the con secretary-treasurer for their hard work - in this case Maurine Smith was the person who handled all the headaches and did a fine job.

I had a rough trip home, as terrific rains hit me about 30 miles out of Dallas, and at times I would be in long lines of traffic and able to make only about 20 mph. However, everyone was driving carefully and I had no trouble other than a slow trip, and arrived home about 6:30 PM. That night, I told my family they would get to see their wandering boy on tv, and at ten pm we tuned in the news on channel 5 at Dallas. It came on real clear as it showed storm damage and other local news but began to flicker just as a title appeared, saying Science Fiction Fans Are Real Gone, and faded completely out just as a view of Dale Hart was coming into focus. We could not pick up the sound, so I have no idea what the good people of Big D saw or heard about the con. But we did have very nice newspaper

coverage, with pics of the auction, some of the masquerade costumes, and "Miss Science Fiction" - who certainly deserved a picture!

Once was a man named Bound.
While cutting his lawn, he drowned.
'Twas dark and he fell
Down the shaft of a well:
Couldn't tell his grass from a hole
in the ground.

Psychiatrist to sad-eyed patient:
"My dear man, you have no complex,
you ARE inferior."

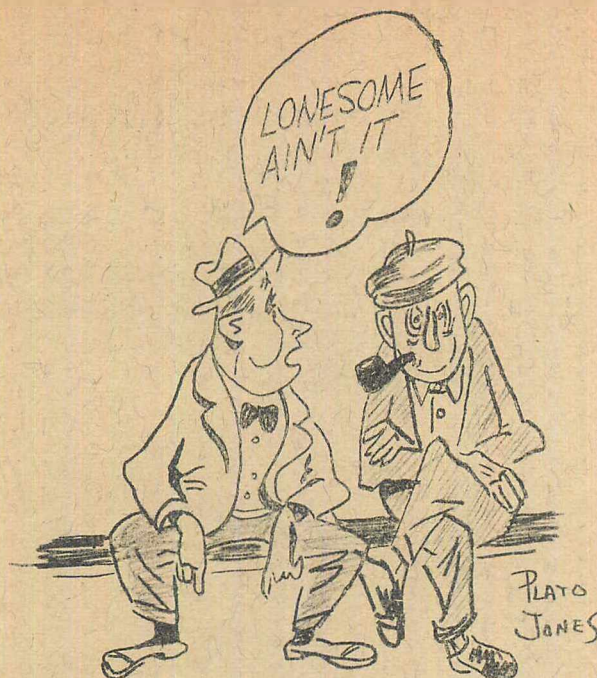


A FAKE FAN IN LONDON

by Robert A. Madle

(In which the wondrous events of the first day of the London are described in vivid detail by ROAF -- Relic of Antedeluvian Fandom.)

TRUFANS



Friday was, allegedly, the first day of the convention. However, the word was out that little, if anything, would occur during the daylight hours of this opening day. Consequently, it was late in the afternoon by the time Pamela, Ken and I found our way to the King's Court Hotel. Registration, just a formality in America, can be quite interesting in Britain. For instance, the TAFF candidate had been registered as such in advance. However, it seems that a young lady was occupying the room reserved for the TAFF winner. After the management ejected the young lady, I carried my 100-pound suitcase up to the third floor thinking to myself, "Ah, these English fen ! What they won't do to make the TAFF man comfortable !"

The first day of the convention was a beautiful, sunny day -- and I found quite a gang of fen milling about outside the convention hotel. Ghod (Walter A. Willis) was standing nearby, accompanied by several of his disciples, Arthur Thomson and George Charters. I ambled over and was introduced to art and George by Walt. It was a pleasure to meet Art and George as I had been an admirer of Atom's cartoons and illustrations for quite some time. And I did want to get a close look at George Charters in his wheel-chair. George, although not as old as described by Willis many times in Hyphen (he couldn't have been more than 65) sat there with a copy of Max Brand's "Destry Rides Again" clutched in his decrepit hands.

In a few moments Walt and I got into a friendly discussion on fandom and who is a fan and like that. This as some may know, is a favorite topic of Walt's and, in reality, it is amazing how voluminously Walt can discuss this subject -- especially when one considers that there are so few that Walt considers fans. Anyway, I managed to get in a few digs about Rich Ellsberry and Max Keasler (two of 1952's great Trufen for those who haven't heard of them.)

It seems that Walt, in "The Harp Stateside," was quite upset because Korshak hadn't introduced these GREAT fans -- instead of such decrepit relics of antedeluvian fandom, such as myself. Ah, yes-- but where are Ellsberry and Keasler today? In fact, where were they two years after the 1952 Chicon?

At this point I shall digress from the convention continuity and make a few statements concerning Whalter A. Willis and his peculiar outlook on fandom. Walt was quite upset when I won TAFF because he, too, thought Richard Eney was a cinch to win. Admittedly, Eney was the overwhelming choice of British fen. In fact, many of the British actifen agreed to go all the way for Eney, and gave him all six points. They also campaigned madly for him, providing full-page ad after full-page ad in their many fanzines. In fact, I can visualize quite readily how, in England, there appeared to be no one else in the race.

But Walt's basic philosophy fouled him up. He refused to recognize American fandom for what it is. It is a conglomeration of convention-goers, club-members, old-time fen, and fanzine fans. And in America it is not generally the fanzine fan who is the BNF. It is almost always the old-time fan who has been on the scene for many years. It is the old-time fan who usually runs the conventions and conferences; it is the old-time fan who get together at the big convention parties; and it is the old-time fan who has many friends and supporters, obtained through his many years in fandom.

This is not meant to belittle the American fanzine fan as he is fandom's continuity. He is the lifeblood of fandom. Anyone who reads my "Inside Science Fiction" in Lowndes' magazines will attest to the fact that I support fanzine fandom wholeheartedly; in fact, religiously. After all, it is today's young fanzine publisher who becomes tomorrow's old-time BNF. Through my column I am in touch with most fanzine publishers and read and review their magazines. Consequently, I am well-known to them and, I believed, well-liked by them. For instance, one well-known fanzine fan (John Magnus) once said, "Madle is the patron saint of all fans." Therefore, it was no surprise to me when many fanzine fans voted for me for TAFF.

But to Willis this was a shock. And it all reverts back to what he thinks fandom is. Walt, despite the fact that he came to America in 1952 and attended an American convention refused to believe what he saw. He referred to Erle Korshak and Ted Dikty (who were running the convention,) to E. E. Evans (who shocked the convention attendees with his speech in favor of Philadelphia over San Francisco,) and to myself and Dave Kyle (who were active in smoke-filled room political hassling) as the "ghost fandom" --- who come to life but once a year. He didn't realize that we all had our active areas of fandom -- for instance, I was one of the officers of the Philadelphia S-F Society, which then had about thirty members, 18 of whom attended the Chicon! It was merely that we were not active in fanzine fandom at the time. But to Walt the leaders of science fiction fandom were Rich Ellsberry, Max Keasler, Shelby Vick. And, I am afraid, when his idol didn't win TAFF, Walt's dream-world (in which he had been living for five years) shattered into nothingness. It may be that Walt's views concerning fandom are either changing, or have changed, for he has been very much in the background since the London Convention.

As an aside it should be mentioned that Ken Bulmer won TAFF in 1955, came to America, attended a convention put on by Nick & Noreen Falasca, Ben Jason and Frank Andrasovsky (none of whom by any stretch of the imagination could be termed fanzine fans), visited with fans, and went back to England with a true picture of American fandom and its segments of composition. But when he tried to explain this to his British fanzine friends, they wouldn't believe him!

Back to the London. My little conversation with Walt ended up quite happily when we traded magazines; I gave him a copy of FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION which contained a review of HYPHEN and he gave me a copy of "The Harp Stateside". The latter, incidentally, is a marvelous piece of work by a great fan -- a fan who could even be greater if he would expand his viewpoint somewhat. Walt's interpretation of who is and who isn't a fan reminds me of the little story about the recent arrival in heaven who was greeted by St. Peter and taken on a tour about the place. After visiting several places of note, they came upon a small group who were all clustered together. St. Peter said, "Be very quiet when you pass this area." The new arrival questioned this, and St. Peter replied, "They're the Catholics. They think they're the only ones up here."

At about five PM the press conference was held. This was handled in a very adept manner. Among those who participated in discussions with the London newspapermen were Harry Harrison, John Victor Peterson, Ted Carnell, John Brunner, and John W. Campbell. One of the reporters asked Campbell just what was the primary reason for a science fiction convention. Campbell replied that this was the face to face meeting of science fiction people, and the exchange of ideas that resulted. (OK. So did you expect him to say the primary reasons for a convention are to get drunk, play cards, snog, or break down hotel doors?)

Campbell was asked about circulation figures of American s-f magazines and he mentioned 95,000 as tops. (This figure is, presumably, the number of copies of ASTOUNDING sold each issue.) John Brunner, all decked out in formal clothes, and his usual impeccable self, told about Heinlein's future history series. Some of the other points discussed were the pirating of stories from s-f mags by Latin American publications, psionics, and fandom (letters to the editors, correspondence, and fanzines). This was probably the most comprehensive s-f press conference ever held but what the reporters did with the many pages of notes they took I'll never know. Nothing concerning s-f could be found in the papers the next few days. Maybe they just dropped in for a few drinks?

"Oh, now I've wet my questionnaire!" "Darling, it's upstairs first door to the right." (casual conversation between Mrs. and Dr. Paul Hammett.)

By eight o'clock Friday evening a crowd of appreciable proportions had gathered in the lounge. Arrangements had been made

by the very clever convention committee to have a bar open 24 hours a day, and already in these early hours of the evening the attendees were making the bartenders earn their salaries. One of the first Britisher I met at the bar was, curiously enough, an American. This was T. V. (Tom) Boardman who, among other things, published E. E. Smith's "Lensman" series in hardcovers in England. It seems that Tom has adopted England as his home. Tom is a very congenial chap who, it would seem, is not making money publishing s-f in England.

About this time Dr. Paul Hammett struck up a conversation with me. Hammett, and his youthful-appearing wife, are from the island of Malta and, it seems, enjoy s-f conventions -- even better than fanzines. Hammett, and his wife, are very clever, and are good for a few laughs per minute. For instance, Peter Phillips, well-known British pro, staggered by and Hammett wryly remarked, "Here is a person who is about to attain critical mass." It should be mentioned that Peter Phillips is noted for his ability to attain critical mass at any provocation.

Walt Willis, I believe, was the one who introduced me to Chuck Harris this first night of the convention. Chuck I knew quite well from reading Hyphen -- and, in person, he didn't appear to be the same Chuck Harris who roasted Reverend Moorehead over the coals of Purgatory. Chuck, despite his unfortunate hearing impediment, knows what is going on and, in fact, must be a very good lip-reader. In person, Chuck is a very pleasant chap who does look like Robert Bloch!

It was now about nine PM and, according to the program booklet, the convention should be getting underway. (A helluva hour for a convention to commence, but these English are sticklers for non-conformity, you know.) The session was short, with the Guest of Honor, JWCjr, being introduced, and the TAFF delegate, RAMsr, also being introduced. The official world convention gavel was presented to Ted Carnell, 1957's Chairman, by David A. Kyle, 1956's Chairman. And that was about it. The convention hall emptied as quickly as it had filled, and the lounge filled as quickly as it had emptied.

On the way out of the hall Sam Moskowitz grabbed my arm and said "Let's get a breath of fresh air." This sounded rather appealing, so we walked up to Bayswater Road and stood under the amber lights. Only a few moments elapsed before it became evident to us that an unusual number of women were walking by in both directions, almost invariably looking at us in a quite friendly manner. "These gals," said Sam, "apparently are not used to seeing handsome well-dressed Americans in this area."

Sam no sooner finished his erudite statement than one of the girls stopped by us and asked, "Would you gentlemen like to be shown a good time tonight?" To which I replied, "You mean you want to show us the nite spots?" And she said, "Oh, no! I mean myke love."

At this point Sam went into a long discussion in which he indicated that we were attending a convention and had more women than we could handle -- for free. "However," said Sam, "I am an expert on sex as I am associate editor of SEXOLOGY, an American acientific magazine specializing in the subject." The young lady was visibly impressed and chatted with us for sometime before going on to sell her wares. As she left she remarked, "I certainly would like to have you gentlemen come with me to my apartment -- very inexpensive." But Sam and I remained adamant. And this is the true, unexpurgated

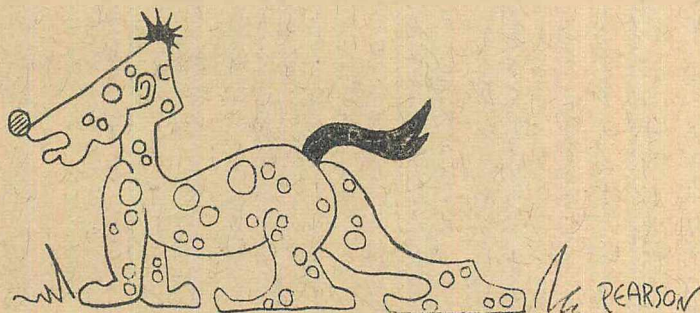
story of how Sam Moskowitz retained his Sense of Wonder.

Returning to the hotel we found a party going full swing in the lounge. Forry Ackerman was singing "Sonny Boy," a la Al Jolson. Others in this chummy group were Brian W. Aldiss, one of Britain's leading s-f writers, and a very friendly fellow; Mary Dsiechowske and Val Anjoorian, Dave Newman, Ron Bennett, and Ina and Norman Shorrock. This was, I believe, my first meeting with the Shorrocks. Norm, at first blush, gives the impression of staid, conservative seriousness -- an illusory impression, to say the least. His attractive wife, Ina, although not a science fiction reader to any great extent, shares his enthusiasm for fandom and, I am told, helped considerably in the preparation of that fabulous 4,000 foot tape, "Last and First Fen." More, much more, will be said about the Shorrocks in a future chapter.

Dave Newman and Ron Bennett, after several hours of beer-drinking and fan-gabbing, suggested a little game of Brag. I had heard something about Brag (England's answer to Poker) and accepted their very kind offer to join in. At this stage of the game I don't recall too vividly who won what, but the game I found fascinating, being a lover of a card game which has money in the middle of the table. I must remind myself to introduce Three Card Monte to London the next time I visit there.

When the hotel clerk informed us that one of the hotel patrons (a faaan no less!) was complaining about the noise, I decided to retire. It was only five A.M. I realized, but, after all, while this was but the first day of convention, it was my fourth day in England.

(editors note: More of this report coming up next issue. Watch for it, even though it is by a man who, according to prominent OMPA and FAPA member Chuck Harris, should never have been nominated for TAFF because he isn't reasonably well known and has nothing in common with fans !!!!)



LETTERS.....

Dear Lynn;

All is very funny this. The cover is a riot. Danny is quite good as usual. Madle, better late than never, is a blast. Though he is slightly in debt to WAW for his method, it reads very well. Of course, since WAW's masterpiece, **THE HARP STATESIDE**, had such a broad scope, most any conreport is bound to resemble it in some way. A bit sad I didn't see what came before. Bob hasn't been at this thing since J.D.'s conception has he? I can see him writing laboriously about how he laid plans in 1950 to gain the TAFF bid before TAFF or the Loncon were known. The Machiavellian schemeing to prepare him for the adventure, and all that is the thing I would expect... but his winning would be too much an anticlimax to expect from an 8 year serial.

The cartoon....hooah.

Ah Dainis, you are a sneak. YOU should speak about trimming collections you miser. Somewhere in the mind of the Devious Dainis there is a reason for all this mad scuffle to collect, sell, trade, buy....it can't be profit, what is it? Does this boy pull up his bag of prozines each night and run his hands through them; perhaps fingering a Rotsler illo lovingly? Or does he, as I suspect, just gloat in the fact that he makes me mad by selling AN ISSUE THAT I WANTED TO BUY!!!! Ah, what a sneak, that Bisenieks.

The line borders around your pages add to the layout look. Yes, I like J.D. Not necessarily the zine of course.

John Koning
Youngstown, Ohio

Dear Lynn;

Madle's second installment of his Loncon report was f-i-n-e....but, mighod, are piddle STILL bitching up his election? I'll say it again, man: migaawd!!

Marty Fleischman
New York

Dear Lynn;

you did a fine job of putting that cover on master. Think I told you thta once before but thanks again. Thought Madle was very interesting, and he gave me a few enjoyable laughs in spots. He's a pretty nice guy in my opinion.

Dan Adkins
New York

Dear Lynn;

Am enclosing one dollar for a sub to JD...Enjoyed every bit of #30....am an avid reader of con reports, and hoo boy, those drawings....simply superb!! Your paper and reproduction are out of this world.

Betty Kujawa
South Bend, Indiana

Glad you like con reports Betty, because we've really got them this time. Other letters here from Dainis Bisenieks, Peter Sheberdis, Jim Caugran, Guy Ferwilleger, Buck Coulson, and many others but I'm sorry I can't print them this time. I had hoped to get this issue out several weeks ago but we spent part of our vacation in Ohio and Michigan and the remainder was spent painting the living room, moving my collection upstairs and making a den out of my magazine room, etc., etc., that it didn't get done. Then too, the new postal rates mean you must keep the magazine at a reasonable size or go broke on the postage. Next issue, with only one con report, means more room for letters

Since typing the above I have received a very interesting letter from Ted Carnell, editor of Nova Publications (New Worlds, Science Fantasy and Science Fiction Adventures) that I thought would be of interest to all readers of Bob Madle's London Report.

Dear Lynn;

I was very interested to see the copy of "J.D." which was sent to my secretary, Lynn Berman, and especially to read the interesting account Bob Madle has written recording his travels in London last year. In particular, we in this office would like to read the rest of "A Fake Fan In London" as it appears, and would appreciate a copy as and when produced.

(continued next page)



"Just pretend you don't notice a thing."

reprinted from Goose

As compensation I would suggest copies of NEW WORLDS in exchange, if you do see them, (and if you don't, you don't know what you are missing!)

To round off part of Bob's vague report about how Campbell was met at the airport, the following may be of interest.

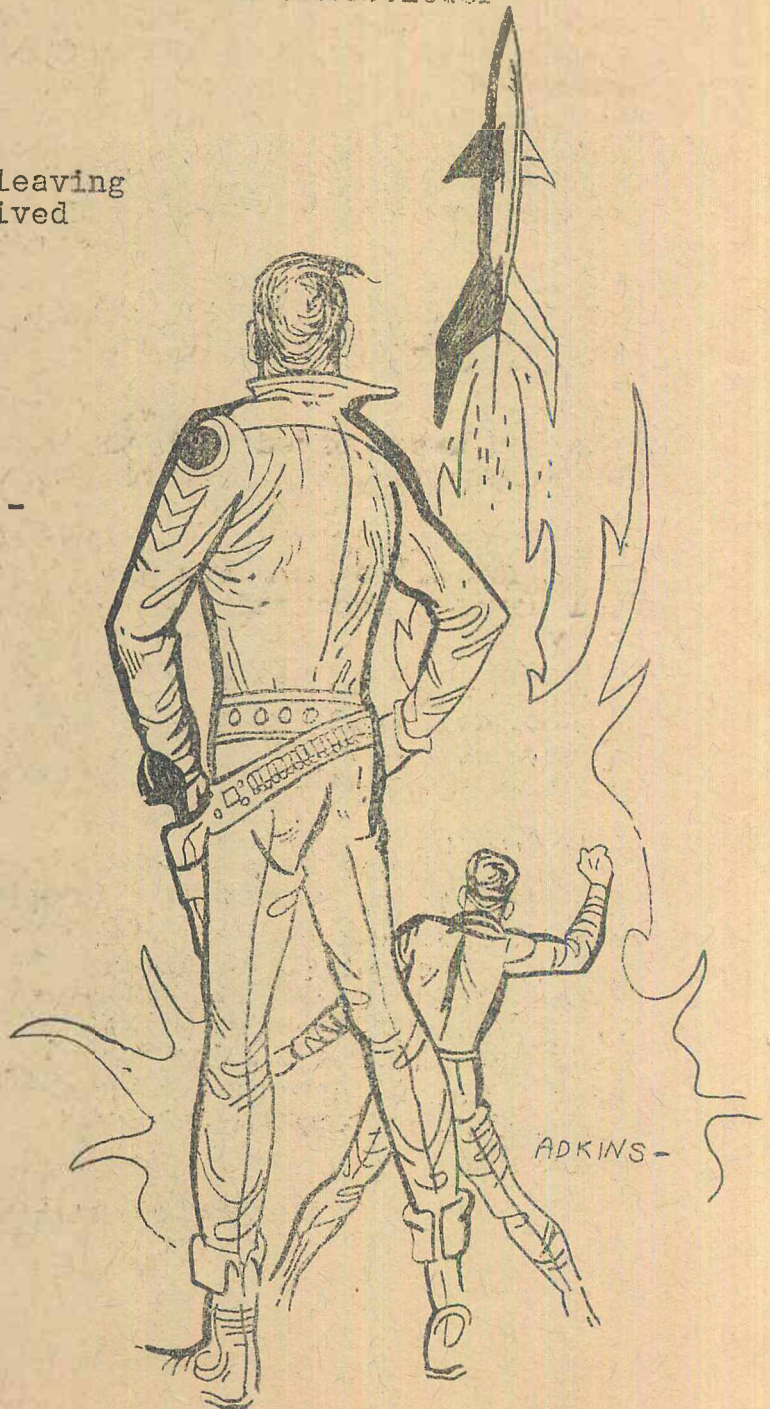
"After Ken had exhausted the possibilities of hiring a car, we then checked every garage within a mile radius of this office without success. It was then decided that I would go to the air terminal and hitch a ride on one of the airline coaches out to the airport, while Ken continued his efforts to hire a car met us out there, but at this time (mid-day) there was little likelihood of my reaching the airport by 3:30 pm when Campbell's plane was due to arrive from Ireland. This was also complicated by the fact that I had arranged for a BBC radio interviewer to meet John upon his arrival and felt that it would be essential for me to be there to get the two factions together.

However, just as I was leaving the office artist Brian Lewis arrived on his Vespa motorcycle and immediately offered to take me out to the airport. Then ensued a rather wild ride, which delivered me at the airport at 1:30 pm, two hours before the plane was due.

From the time Campbell arrived things went magnificently - the BBC interviewer had arranged to record the discussion in their airport studio and as John and his wife came through the customs we went straight into the studio where the whole interview went very well indeed.

During the whole of this time I was still expecting to receive a message from Ken or his arrival by car to take us back to the hotel, but as we left the studio the BBC interviewer asked whether we had transport, and not having seen or heard from Ken we accepted his offer to take us to the Kings Court, where John and his wife were delivered in fine style to the amazement of the delegates in the foyer."

Lynn, my girl
Friday (who also works Monday
through Thursday) can now briefly



be described as slim, red-headed and shapely, and sends her very best wishes to you.

If you went to Los Angeles, and I expect you did, we hope you had the usual terrific time. At the moment we are anxiously awaiting Ron Bennetts special report, which will be published in this month's NEW WORLDS.

Yours very sincerely,

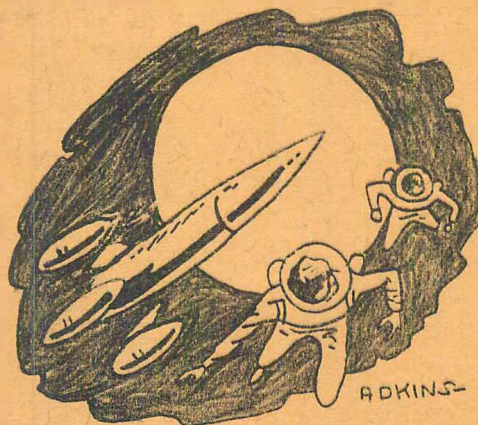
Ted Carnell

Editors note: We will certainly put you on our mailing list Ted, and of course while the NEW WORLDS would certainly be appreciated, it is not necessary. You would be getting the real short end of the bargain. As an aside to the readers of this zine, I would certainly suggest that you all send 35¢ to Nova Publications Ltd. Maclaren House, 131 Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E.1, England and asked that a copy of New Worlds including Ron Bennetts report be sent you. I'm sure Ted would also be glad to send you information on his regular subscription rates.

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If there is a big X following this sentence, it means your subscription has expired with this issue and no more issues will be forthcoming until I receive \$1.00 from you.

This issue is intended as a postmailing to the 17th OMPA mailing. It is now almost a month past the deadline for that mailing and as I haven't received it as yet, I'm not positive that I can ready JD #32 for the 18th mailing. If it gets here within the next two weeks I'll do my best to have #32 in the next mailing.



J D combined with S C U R V Y issue #31

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