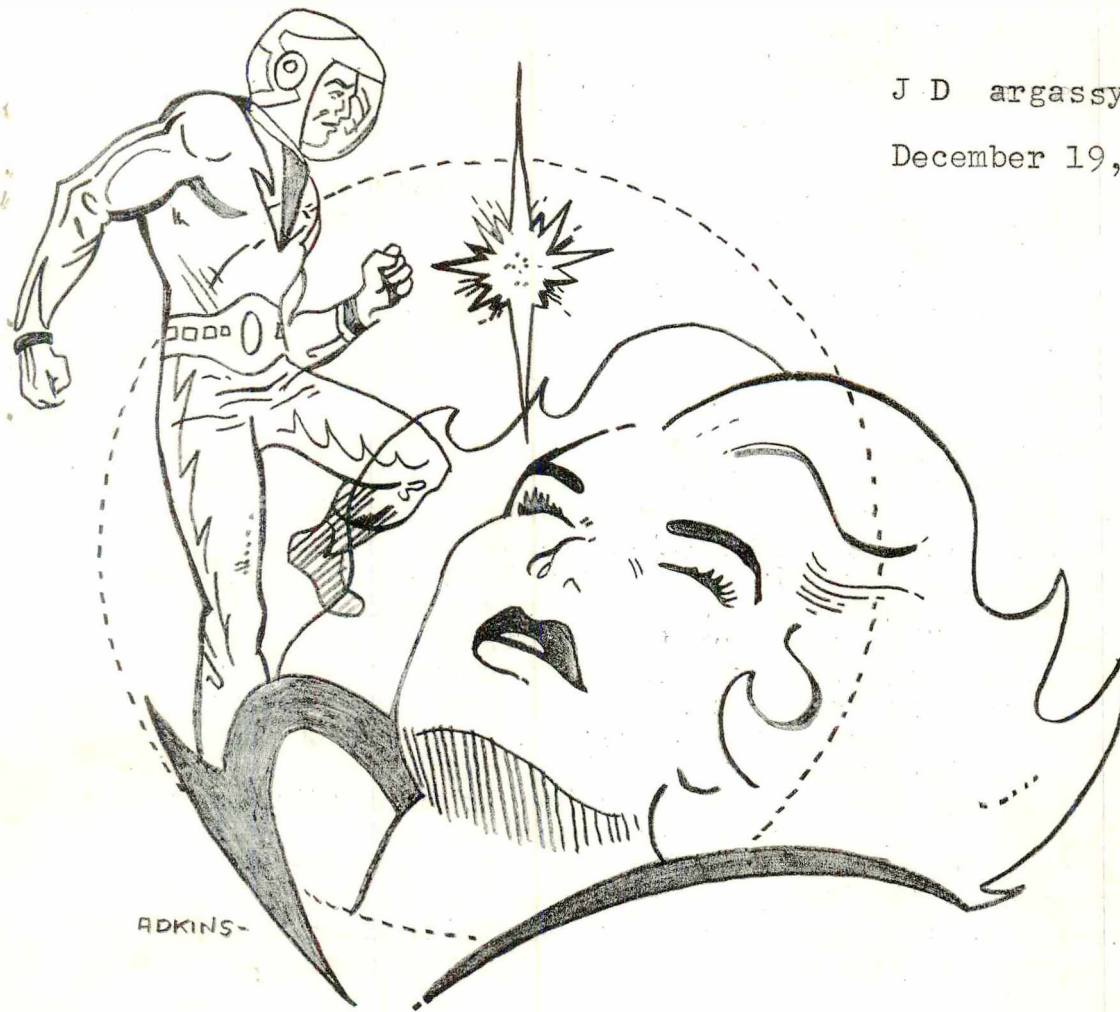


J D argassy #40

December 19, 1958



JD-Argassy is published monthly by Lynn A. Hickman at 304 N. 11th Mt. Vernon, Illinois. Subscriptions are 12 issues for \$1.00. Single copies 10 pages or less are 10¢. 10 pages or more are 20¢. I also trade zines and even send them to some people just for the hell of it.

This issue marks something or other in my fannish way of life. It doesn't mean anything, but the next issue will start my 9th year of fan publishing. Aint many keep it up that long.

This issue is also being partially published on my new multilith. Will be glad when I learn how to use it properly and can get the reproduction I've always gotten from my Model 50. I bought my 50 in 1951 and have published all my zines on it since then. I paid approx. \$900.00 for it at that time, but will sell it now for \$125.00 f.o.b. Mt. Vernon, Ill. to the first one to send me a check for that amount. If you've been one of my readers over the years you know the kind of work that can be reproduced on it. The only thing it needs is a new fountain ink roller that sells for approx. \$14.00. I wanted a bigger more automatic machine or it wouldn't be up for sale.

I want to thank Bob Tucker for his kindness in loaning me his station wagon to bring the new machine here from Peoria. Bob is one of the real salt of the earth type fannish people that you just don't find often enough. The doggone thing was still a little too

big to get in the station wagon and I had to dismantle part of it to get it in. Finally got it back together and although I still don't know all there is about running it, I seem to be getting better results with each page I run.

We will be heading for Napoleon, Ohio later this afternoon for our annual Christmas holiday with our folks and will stay there until after the first of the year.

Also stopped to see Nan Gerding this week. Nan tells me Phil Farmer has now moved to Arizona. Perhaps the sinus weather of Ill. and N.Y. were too much for him. I wish I could get out of here too.

In Chuck Harris' latest OMPA zine he says that he has long known that I am "the pimple on the arse of fandom". Wish he would learn how to spell. Then after attacking Bob Madle for a number of pages he mentions that he had never heard of the zine JD in which Bob has had columns for some years. Now how did Chuck know that I have long been the pimple on the arse of fandom and yet had never heard of a fanzine that I have published for 8 years. Not that I disagree with what Chuck says about me, he's entitled to his opinion and there may be others that feel the same way, but I'm content in my little niche and will probably still be there after Harris is long gone. I'm not going to argue with him anymore, he's making quite an ass of himself with his attack on Bob Madle without making anymore ado about myself. And I think he's found that he is about the only person anywhere that doesn't think Bob is a great guy and a greater fan. Personally I'd rather have the friendship of one Bob Madle than 100 Chuck Harris'. Enough said. Chuck, you are hereby ignored until you get over your 'sickness' and become a good type fan again.

Indianapolis fans write that they wish the name of the Illwiscon changed to include Indiana. Lee Anne Tremper then says that it could be called an IllWINDcon. The Indianapolis club would like to be the sponsoring party this year. I would like the fans of this area to write and let me know if that would be agreeable with them. If not, where would YOU like it held? Personally I would be glad to let someone else have the planning to do this year, but it would make it a little hard for any of the Wisconsin fans to attend. What say.

Ray Beam also wrote the details of Ken Newman's death. He shot himself with a partially assembled rifle. I feel we lost a fine potential fan and writer by his death.

Many fanzines have come in the past month that I wanted to mention, but space will not permit it this issue. In future issues I want to have a book review or two plus reviews on some of the better zines that I receive. Of first issues received, I will say that Moor Park is one of the most promising zines that has appeared in some time.

This issue is also intended as a post-mailing to OMPA's 18th mailing.

Continued on page 13



Along about the fifth week of waiting, false starts, etc., on April 28, 1958, to be exact, I left Lahore, Pakistan for the greener pastures of the United States. The flight to Karachi was rough, the air conditioning not working right, hot, etc. -- about par for Pakistan International.

At Karachi, I was met by an ICA car, went to ICA, and was sent to the Pan American office in the Metropole Hotel. There I found that some idiot who was supposed to have gotten me reservations on a Swissair flight direct to Geneva had forgotten, and there was not room left. Pan American's reservation service seems to be sadly lacking. I would have to go by Pan American to Beirut, wait there for a connecting flight to Rome, and from there either take a doubtful connection with TWA, or stay overnight and take ~~Alitalia~~ Alitalia to Geneva. As TWA hadn't confirmed the reservation, and it didn't look as tho they were going to, this was going to cost me money for the night over in Rome.

I checked in at the Metropole disgusted, and found that my room was right in the middle of the PanAm crew section, for some reason.

I wasted the afternoon looking at the western section of Karachi. Karachi is dryer than Lahore, and not as hot in the summer. The year-round climate, tho, is not as good as Lahore's. Lahore is greener, and somehow cleaner, tho both are filthy.

The next afternoon, after wasting the morning in various pursuits, I went to the airport with a very obliging driver. He figured that I wouldn't have any use for the rupees I had, so he offered to take them off my hands.

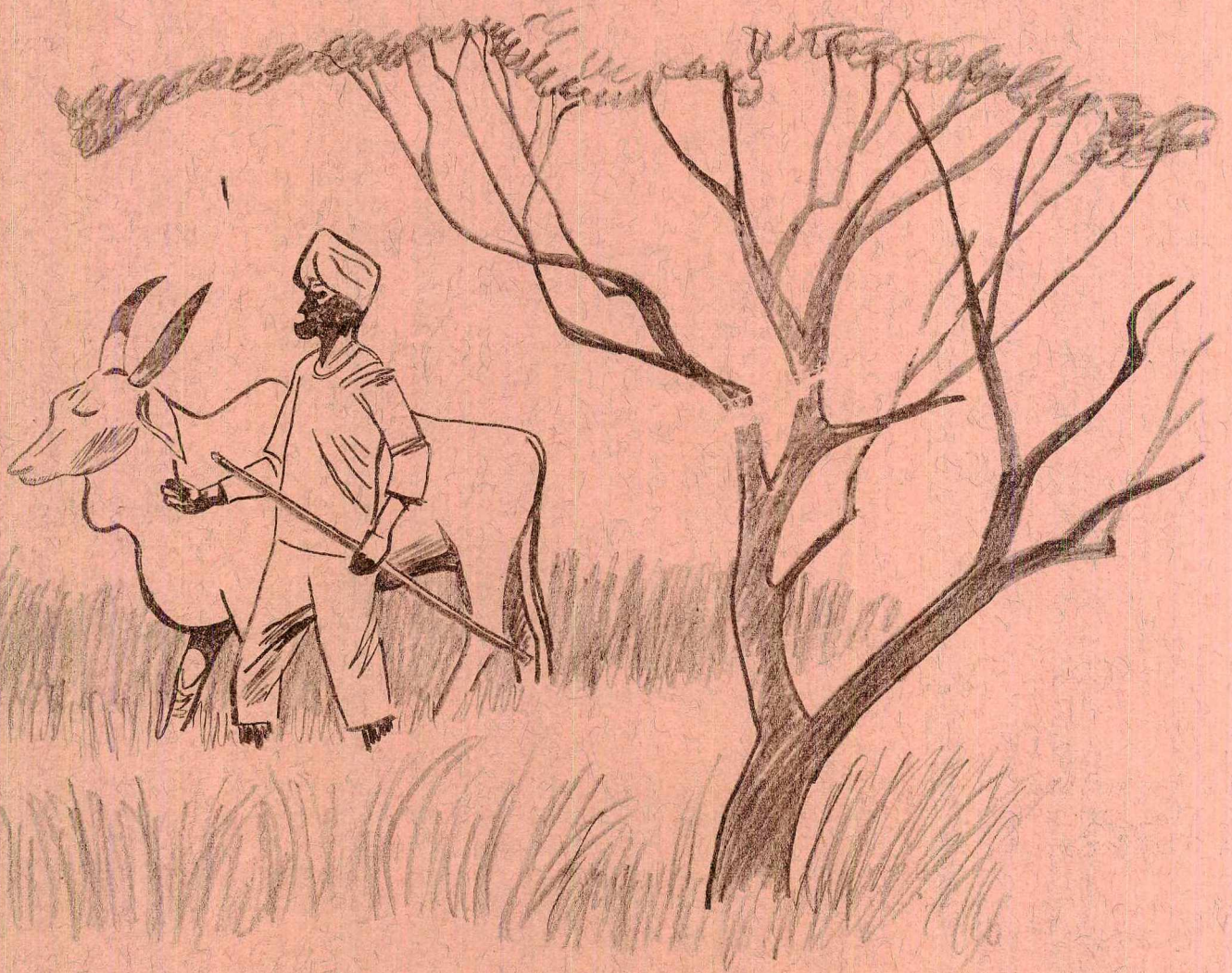
I ate at the airport, having one last shot at curry. I was trying to show off my Urdu to the bearer, he was trying to show off his English, and the Indian national at the same table ate English food and spoke English.

I watched the plane I should have taken leave (I would have been in Geneva 24 hours sooner if some idiot had done what he was supposed to), and walked around the airport. All of a sudden I found myself treated like a tourist again, and hated it. Prices at the airport were about 2 or 3 times the Lahore wallah price, which is 2 or 3 times the bazaar price to a Pakistani. I bought nothing.

At last I went throo customs and got ready to leave. Trouble was, my passport hadn't been returned - this worried me. It came at last, the clerk passing them out like fanmags at a convention. I got on the plane and fell asleep as soon as possible.

I woke up over snow. These were the mountains near Damascus, the oldest city in the world. A good lot, tho, is ultra-modern, like all too many of the old cities of the world. We landed in Beirut, and the passengers for the afternoon flight to Rome were





given a tour of the city. I bought two books in the airport before we left on the tour, and found to my disgust in London that I could have bought them for half, if I'd waited.

On the tour, I mentioned something about having been there before, and immediately I was an expert, expected to answer any and all questions. Being an expert somehow doesn't agree with me, especially if I know nothing of what I'm an expert on.

Beirut all of a sudden looked clean - on the way out, it was a trifle dirty looking, but the contrast between it and Karachi was something to see.

And finally the plane took off for Rome. A couple sitting behind me, maybe fifty or so, and apparently on an around the world tour, asked me how long I'd been out of the states. "About seven months," I answered.



"Good grief!" she said, and he echoed it with something similar. "You must have gone around the world three times!"

"No, I've been living in Lahore, Pakistan."

"Is that anything like Calcutta? Calcutta was the filthiest city I've ever seen," she whined, and he added that it was horrible, while I wondered to myself what they would have thought of Chung, or the little bazaar near Gulberg colony.

"It wasn't bad, Parts were bad, but we lived in the modern section."

"I don't see how you could stand it," she declared, and he sympathized with me. I could tell they hadn't heard a word I'd said.

And in Rome I found out why TWA hadn't confirmed the reservations -- their flight was no longer scheduled. I confirmed for the Alitalia flight, and got a hotel reservation. After missing two buses, I finally got on one, and rode into the city in darkness. I did, however, notice a sign saying "VOTA COMUNISTA!" I found the hotel, got to my room, and actually drank tap water! I ate - the food was lousy, but the waiter enthusiastic - and went to sleep.

I got up in the morning and ate in the hotel restaurant - the usual continental breakfast, rolls and marmalade, but I made up for it in quantity. They set a table for four, and I think they were glad to see me leave.

I walked to the air terminal, a block or two, staggering under my 30 kilograms of luggage. About the time I asked someone where it was, I noticed it across the street. After a bit of a wait, I took the bus to the airport and got on the plane.

Alitalia is a fairly good airliner - their tourist class food was very good, and the scenery they provided excellent - even if they did put Mont Blanc on the wrong side of the plane.

At Geneva, the customs inspector tried to make me understand in French, which I didn't. At last I'd lost my Tourist look? Geneva was a wonderful place - a right feel to the air, Ice cream for the first time in quite a while, civilization! Hell, there weren't even dung patties on the walls of the buildings!

I amused myself by looking around, going through department stores, watching a labor parade (it was May 1st,) buying plenty of strawberry ice cream, confounding people with my French, etc. One clerk asked "Allemand?" - "German?"

And finally I took the train to Lausanne - the train was supposed to leave at 6:03, and my new Swiss watch said 6:04 when it left - the watch was wrong. Second class was clean, modern, quick, etc. - hell, the Swiss are far ahead of us in railroads.

The country we passed was very scenic, and all sorts of other enthusiastic adjectives - as you might have noticed, I liked Switzerland.



At Lausanne I went to the baggage car to look for my luggage, which I'd checked throo in Geneva. It didn't come off the train. I wandered into the baggage room from the rear, found the suitcases, and showed the ticket to the clerk, who was astonished. "Vous l'avez trouve vous-meme? Alphonse! Il l'a trouve lui-mem!" as the one simply didn't get his own luggage, and should be proud if he had.

I took a taxi to Versins home, which turned out to be a new apartment house. Pierre was short, had a full brown beard, and a pension from the French government as a wounded war veteran. He spoke excellent English which he'd taught himself - he'd wanted to read the untranslated English stf. He had a collection which astounded me (he'd had an offer of a million French francs for the French portion alone, and turned it down.)

We talked sf and fandon for quite some time over vermouth, and had a wonderful dinner by Martine, his wife. His mother and the pretty proprietor of the only 100% science fiction book shop in Paris -- Librairie l'Atome, 37 Rue de Seine, Paris 6ieme -- were also present. As neither spoke English, meals were confused.

Pierre and I then talked all night. He had a lot of trouble understanding my midwest accent - I talk too darn fast. He was very easy to understand.

The next morning, we explored the town, Pierre showing me many obscure bookshops with all sorts of treasures, and a garage with the owners name and FAPA emblazened thereon. Pierre didn't know what it was for.

The following day, after a game of miniature golf, whilst eating Pierre said, "I think I'll go with you to Vesoul -- Yes, I will go with you to Vesoul!" He packed his bag, we dashed to the station, and caught the train just in time. We left, amidst the beautiful Swiss scenery.

A ways along, we found our train and another, parallel, stopped, for the convenience of someone who'd missed his train and caught this one to connect with it. Everyone was at first angry, then when they found it was for a good cause, were almost happy to be of service. Nice people, these.

We were met in Vesoul by Jean and Anie, extremely wonderful sorts. Anie took my suitcase on her scooter, while the rest of us walked. Pierre and Jean conversed in rapid French, coming back to English often for my benefit. What with such distractions as the constant jazz in the Linard residence, and the many interesting things all over the walls, I rarely contributed in French. Often I'd understand but before I could compose a reply, the answer would have been made. Usually, tho, the conversation was in English.

My remembrances of Vesoul run throo many things, mostly inexplicable, but including Anie's wonderful cooking, Jean's great sense of humor, the Pogo record (which Pierre hated,) and mainly a very fine time.

And so, I left for Paris, amidst many promises to return. At Paris I took the right subway to the right station, but from there things got difficult.



"Paw says you better go inside maw, it might make you sterile."

reprinted from GOOSE

Michel Boulet had found me a hotel for 600 francs a night which is less than \$1.50, and very cheap for Paris. The trouble was, the place was nearly impossible to find. I'm hesitant to describe the miles of travel it took to go the half block from the Metro station. Suffice it to say that a Negro who didn't speak english (African?) and a friend of his who did help, after being plyed with drinks. The hotel, tho, was very good, and CHEAP.

The next morning the manager told me, in French I could understand, that Michel Boulet would be there that afternoon at 2. I, in the meantime, got plane reservations to Brussels,

and tried to find Ray Nelson. I thot possibly he worked at the American Express, with the number of times I'd seen his address there. Finall, after confusion due to the fact that the manager's name was Nelson, I went to the address Linard had given me, and there he was, along with Kirsten Enge. Nelson seemed almost sercon, talking of a French or Parisian sf club, and a bilingual fanmag.

We went back to my hotel and met Boulet, a quiet sort who was in a hurry. Nelson and I ate in a little place he showed me near there, where I ate quite often after that.

We went to the Mistral bookshop, hangout of the Parisian - American beat generation, and played chess - we split at one game apiece. Nelson then suggested a wax museum he knew of. We got on the Metro and went to it, found it closed, even tho it shoul have been open. We wandered, and soon found ouselves outside a cinema showing the Russian Sputnik picture. (No, Lynn, no relation to your dog) In we went.

The picture was good, didn't have a hell of a lot of propaganda. At either corner of the theater were ads saying "PSCHITT - soda d'elite." I asked Nelson how this was pronounced, and you won't believe me if I tell you what they're calling it."

Nelson then invited me over for dinner, saying that Kirsten would have something good there. We hopped on the Metro, rode to his apartment -- no Kirsten. "I'll fix you some dinner!" saod Ray. He strode into the kitchen and began to knock pans together while I looked troo some magazines. Soon a horrible odor floated out, and I went into the kitchen to find out the trouble. "I've never cooked a thing in my life," lamented Ray. "It always looked so easy!" We ate, and talked.

The following day I decided to visit the Eiffel Tower, it being the usual thing. I rode the Metro there, and bought a ticket to walk up one level only. This was only 20¢, but rates skyrocketed



to a horrible price. The people at the elevator looked at my ticket and stared, as tho I'd committed an unforgiveable sin.

The climb wasn't bad - the notices of someone riding a bicycle down, tho, got me. At the first layer, high enough to see over the surrounding buildings, I dedided to have a cup of tea in the restaurant. This cost me 230 F rancs, better than fifty cents! After I'd finished looking around, I crawled back down, and sat on the lawn in a chair there.

All of a sudden I was confronted by a woman who wanted 30 francs to sit in the chair! Feeling disgusted by it all, I went for a walk Saw Nato headquarters.

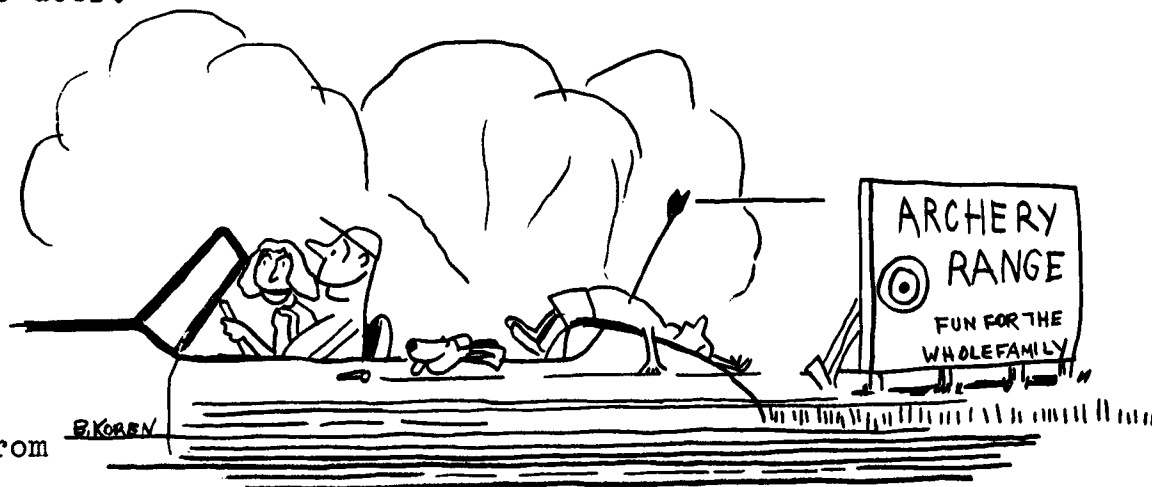
The next day I was to meet Nelson and Boulet at my hotel. Nelson didn't show up, so Boulet and I ate, waited, then went clear over to Nelson's to find him not there either. We went to a park near my hotel and talked a while.

I was to leave the next morning at some horrible early hour and had no alarm. It was a small hotel, with no swichboard or night clerk. As a result, I got little sleep for waking myself up all the time. On one such awakening, I realized I didn't know where my passport was. I panicked, searched everything, finally found them on top of the fireplace. By this time it was too late to go back to sleep, so I left.

At the Brussels airport, I caught a sort of streetcar into the city, went to two or three wrong places, finally wound up in LOGEXPO. They found me a room in a private home in almost no time, and if I'd known I could find a room this easily, I'd have spent a lot longer time there. Don't try to see a world's fair on two days. Don't.

A man at Logexpo I talked to, in French, said they found a hundred thousand rooms a night at this center alone, and there were three or four others. This is a city of a mere million.

I took the tram to where the girl at the Logexpo office said, got off, walked a hell of a ways, and found the place. The people only spoke French, but this I could understand. Either I was learning or the Belgians speak more slowly than the French. I suspect the latter. They said I could have caught a different tram to right outside the door.



reprinted from  
GOOSE



I caught another tram to the Expo, and wandered around lost for a while. I went into the Atomium, and tried to see a few of the major national exhibits in the little time I had. At the risk of the ire of G. M. Carr on charges of anti-Americanism, I'll describe what I thot of the national exhibits.

The French accent was on how well off Algeria was, plus French industry, etc. - interesting, but not as much as others. Russia - Soviet industry, peace, progress (spoutnik,) etc. Very interesting.

United States - the whole U. S. pavilion was, to me, disorganized. There was too much without enough correlation. It was interesting, but one could become lost too easily. What I thot was lacking was humor - no I GO POGO button amidst the campaign buttons, for instance.

I had a hamburger and malt in the U. S. restaurant for the first time in too long. Prices would have been okay if they were cents, but thdy were francs - Belgian franc is 2¢. Plus 15% for service, added to the bill.

Circarama, in the U. S. exhibit, was the thing I liked most about the exposition. It's a movie, shown with a series of projectors, which give a 360° picture. The watchers stand in the middle of it all, and gawk, because of the extreme realism. Most of the shots were from a moving car, traveling the U.S., and showing culture as well as tourist attractions. Very good.

I took the tram back to my room, and talked with the people there for a while. Very nice people, owned a small car, and had toured a lot of Europe.

The next day I saw the Great Britain exhibit first. Unlike many of the others U.S. included, this had a definite order to the mainpart of the exhibits. First one saw either the real royal crowns, or amazing replicas, and other things showing traditions. Then one went into the modern section, where progress was shown, atomic power, etc. Plus biological and other sorts of research. This proceeded to various aspects of British life. Industry, private as well as public, was housed in a large building where one could wander as he might. Everyone I talked to agreed with me that the British exhibit was very well planned.

Yougoslavia - accent on personal liberty. Food was good. Switzerland - accent on people and ingenuity to carve nation out of rock. Good, but decentralized. Spain - art. Italy - art and industry. Japan - ancient art, modern industry and inventions. Thailand - small Buddhist temple, very effective. I had expected Monaco, San Marino, or the Vatican to provide a full-size replica of their country, but no luck.

It was too bad more of the world's people couldn't see the expo. Understanding another country is most of the way to peace.

Brussels and its people I found very friendly, and they left me with a very good impression of the country.



In London, I called Inchmery fandom, who had reserved a room for me at a hotel. Next came the adtions described in COMEDY OF ERRORS. After some trouble, I got a hotel room, and after more trouble the nextday, I got to 37 Inchmery, and had a fine fannish time, putting out the one-shot and looking at the fmz. collection. Vinø's puns were brilliant, tho I don't remember any. After arranging to see Mike Moorcock the next day, I took the train back to the hotel.

The next day I reconfirmed at PanAm and went to Mike Moorcock's office. We had lunch, discussed Ray Nelson, I met Alistair Graham, and we went to a couple of Moorcock's hangouts. If some of the people there were here, they'd be beat. Moorcock sold me Cleopatra's needle, which I'm going to have shipped to Berkeley, and he's erected a toll gate on the Brooklyn Bridge, which I sold him in exchange.

That night I wandered around Picadilly Circus, saw several Magoo cartoons in a "news" theater, and was approached by solicitors for night clubs and commodities unmentionable in a family fanzine.

May 13, 1978, which was the next day, I called Joy at work, called Archie Mercer, who had Versins-like trouble understanding my accent, went to Madame Tussaud's which was very good, especially the replica of the letter to the police from Jack the Ripper. Went by the houses of Parliament (visitors only on Saturday,) Whitehall, with the empire flag's (including Pakistan,) #10 Downing, with half a dozen people gawking from across the street, past Scotland Yard, mailed five shillings to Willis, then to Catford and ate Joy's curry. After more fan talk, Vinø and I went to the Bulmer's, where I met Ken and Pamela, who were fascinating, even if I couldn't understand Ken's Cockney accent. For some reason, Bloch, Bulmer, and Versins all remind me of each other. Maybe it's just because they're all Pros. Ken seemed to know more about Pakistan than I. Vinø & I ran to the station, and I just barely caught the last train.

The next day I saw the Tower of London, and listened to an orator nearby comparing Catholicism and Communism. (Told you I'd arouse G. M. Carr, one way or another) I went to Westminster Abbey, past Buckingham Palace, with the guards marching about, Hyde Park (no orators there then) and Mike Moorcock's office, from where we went to his house for dinner and ATom. We walked the way to the train station, and went by Buckingham Palace, where the same guards were still marching. I remarked on the fact that they'd been out all day in the cold, and by now their arteries must be just Coldstreams.

ATom rode up on his motorbike after dinner, a friendly fellow with a great sense of humor. We discussed the many fannish subjects, and Arthur tossed several aspersions of fakefan at Moorcock, who took it calmly. Damned folk music fans!

The next day was Thursday, so I called Joy to ask her how to get to the Globe. She made arrangements for Sandy to meet me, and suggested that I see the changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace. I hadn't known which days they had the ceremony - apparently some of the guards are on a 48 hour shift. I went, and enjoyed it - the band was playing current popular songs in this land of tradition.



After eating curry and cold soggy jellabies in an Indian restaurant, I slept all afternoon and met Sandy. We had dinner with the rest of Indhmery fandom across from the Globe, then went over.

Moorcock was the only one waiting for us, but soon a deluge began, and I found myself in half a dozen conversations simultaneously. I met John Brunner, the Buckmasters, Pete Taylor, Bobbie Wild, Julia Jardine from Lasfs, everyone I'd met before except Atom, and several dozen more whose names I'll remember just as soon as I put this into the mailbox. Ving said it was one of the better nights there. I had fun, even if I didn't get to meet Chuck Harris.

The day after this, I started to look for books, as English published books run about half the same thing American published. I went into one little shop, which later turned out to be an import bookshop anyway, and asked if they had nay science fiction. "No, we don't -- can't waste our dollars on trash like that." By this time Roscoe had guided me to the sf section, and I pointed out a couple titles to him. "Well - er - we used to buy the stuff."

I got to the air terminal ahead of time, had tea, and waited for the bus to the airport. When it finally came, It seemed the driver had an aversion to any gear but low, and a habit of using the engine as a brake, all of which made the trip rougher than the plane ride. Maybe he figured we needed practice.

Getting into the U.S., in New York, was harder than any other country besides India. "What countries have you been in the last two weeks?" the man asked. "Pakistan, Leb --" You haven't been to Pakistan, have you?" he demanded, as if to say I shouldn't have mentioned it. I thot back - it'd been a little better than two weeks, so I said no. He looked relieved.

I am now ready to acknowledge the existance of parts of New York. I still haven't seen the skyline so famed, tho, and I still think it a hoax.

In the downtown terminal, the only fannish phone number I could find was Silverberg's, who gave me Shaws', who gave me Dick Ellington's unlisted number. Ellington said come on down, he'd find me a bed in the nunnery. This was my first view of Bill Donahoe. I cringed.

That night, I went to Ellington's radical labor dinner, which turned out to have a high percentage of fans - Larry Shaw was there, Donahoe, Ellington, Tom Condit, and a few others I've forgotten already. There was supposed to be a party somewhere afterwards, to which I was going to go, but all of a sudden I could hardly stand up and I realized I hadn't slept in 48 hours, what with the transAtlantic time change and the fact I couldn't sleep on the plane because the seats were too damned close. I went to bed and slept. The next day I met Dan Curran, and caught a train for Lincoln.

Now I begin to think back at this time in three weeks I'd met about four times as many fans as I had in the rest of my life, and I thot of how nice they'd been, and I think that maybe Degler was right and fans are a superior race. Thanks to everyone who made this trip so much fun.

The end, at last.



L E T T E R S . . . . .

Dear Lynn:

I'm leaping through a stack of fanzines which piled up during my illness this summer, trying to get in at least some comment before the zines push me right out the door of the house. I'm vaguely thinking of starting a fanzine just to comment on the fanzines I get...J D here, and the convention reports were much enjoyed. Your fmz have a reputation for cartoons and this was no disappointment; but where's Plato Jones? Dan's report on Dallas failed to state that Dan himself was just about the nicest chap there, and a really talented whistler with a mockingbird trill I'd love to emulate, daring the bad end that comes to crowing hens etc... I find the fringe fans and fake fans much nicer, at cons, than the fanzinish Big names, and future cons will find me in the back somewhere, happily talking with Little Name Fans.

Marion Bradley  
Rochester, Texas

Dear Lynn:

Esp. liked the part where Madle tells about the time when Sam was propositioned at the Loncon...laughed over that one for quite awhile.

Peter F. Skeberdis  
Big Rapids, Michigan

Dear Lynn:

I have enclosed \$1.00 for a sub to J D . Enjoyed reading issue #31, and I'll be interested in seeing the next part of Bob Madle's London Report.

Don Whiteman  
Park Ridge, Illinois

Dear Lynn:

J D #31 finally found its way to my mail box and I was very well pleased with it. Bob Madle's report on the London Con was exceptionally interesting.

Wilkie Conner  
Gastonia, North Carolina

Dear Lynn:

JD #31 here today. OMPA mlg here with Harris' attack - it gets ridiculous this late. Harmon is funny as hell - I'm defeated before I start. Still chuckle over he and Tremper. Do you know Jo Esternick's address? Blasted Ellick & Grennell. (Who is Joe Esternick?) Cartoon p. 7 and first gag p. 11 may turn up in Barrington Bull. These sex-crazed youth will enjoy it. Byghod, three con reports in the same issue! Two of them cons going at the same time. Can't see why the young lady in Madle's room was ejected - why it's positively UNFANNISH!

Jim Caughran  
Berkeley, California

Dear Lynn:

Very nice Atom Cover and you did a swell job of putting everything on master. Thought the Harmon bit was the best. Really swings. The layout, reproduction and general looks were most pleasing. Pearson illo was quite refreshing in originality, and the whole zine was most enjoyable.

Dan Adkins  
East Liverpool, Ohio

Dear Lynn:

Particularly enjoyed 'A Fake Fan In London'. I don't Entirely agree with what he has to say about Willis and TAFF, but wothell. Hope to see a longer letter column next time, a couple articles etc. I like J D !

Marty Fleishman  
Howard Beach, New York

Dear Lynn:

'Twas a very good ish of J D . I like con reports muchly, and my only complaint is that I have to wait to get further installments of Madle's report. But it's worth waiting for.

Bruce Pelz  
Tampa, Florida



The next issue will be published the first part of January and will include a book review by Bob Tucker that I had planned for this issue. However I am going to have a hard time getting this run off today before we leave for Ohio without adding those extra pages. Madle's London report will also be continued in the next issue.

Wilkie Conner writes that Tom Dooley (Dula) was hung in Statesville, North Carolina where I used to live. He says Tom was a happy-go-lucky heller who cavorted through Wilkes, Caldwell and other mountain counties just before and immediately after the war between the states and carried his fiddle and well-used tool to all the lonely mountain cabins and filled the cabins with music and the lonely mountain girls with tool. He didn't give a damn about anything and even played his own funeral music.

Several wrote in giving Ken Kruger's address, so I forwrded it to Harry Moore via postcard. Thanks.

As soon as I get the rest of this cruddy colored paper used up I will go back to a regular offset white. I needed some paper fast and wasn't near a wholesale house so bought the cheapest thing I could find. It is hard to run and doesn't print well so it doesn't pay to buy cheap goods. From now on I stick to a good grade easy-running paper.

I received only two votes on the Tom Mix series. One for it and one against it. If that is all the interest that is shown, I'll drop the subject and have Jim do a series on something else. Personally I liked the idea as I was a great Tom Mix fan when a youngster, Would anyone like a series on Joe Penner?

I want to thank all the fans that have sent Christmas cards, but it isn't necessary. I am not sending any in return. I figured that the cost of sending those cards and the cost of putting out and sending a fanzine differs little. I would rather spend that money on a fanzine and wish you a big MERRY CHRISTMAS in it.

The cutest sf type card I think I've seen was sent by Betty Kujawa. It was the greatest.

Expect to stop and see Bob Madle on my way to Ohio tonight. Will also be stopping at Earl Kemps, Fran Lights and probably the Detroit group in the next couple of weeks. You have been warned! If a light is on, the scarlet pimple will stop.

Had a big notion to send my boxer 'Sputnik' to Jim Caughran for Christmas knowing how much Jim loves him but at the last moment I just couldn't bear to part with the noble beast. You will forgive me won't you Jim? He's grown abit since you saw him at the Illwiscon, but still has the idea in his head that he is a lap dog. You'd love him more than ever now. ah -- fate is cruel to most of us. Just you more than most. Maybe someday he'll sire a little sputnik.

Please notice that JD-Argassy will now be monthly, so midwestern clubs send in your news items and schedules of meetings. This zine is primarily for the Midwest and the activities for that area.



## Chapter 4 "In Search of Picadilly Lilly"

Saturday, September 7 started with a bang -- on my bedroom door. It was the maid who wanted to know if I would care for breakfast and that it was almost nine o'clock! The bang had started a thud-thud-thud in my head, and breakfast was something in which I was not particularly interested at the moment -- or hour. So I pleasantly thanked the maid for her consideration hoping, at the same time, that she would not be so considerate on the following two mornings.

Well-awake by this time, I decided to be different -- and arise early, just to see who else would be up and around at this unghodly hour. Also, thought I, this will be a good opportunity to take a "shower" as there will be little competition early in the morning. My enthusiasm for such a venture dimmed somewhat when I suddenly realized that I would be compelled to gather together all of my equipment and amble down to the end of the hall to the bathroom. (It must be indicated here that the bathroom in a London Hotel is just that -- a bathroom. So if anyone should be going in the direction of the bathroom for anything other than taking a bath -- he is certainly wasting his time. The management does, however, provide for all possibilities, and has "water-closets" conveniently scattered about, broken down according to sex.)

Fortunately, The bathroom was unoccupied. However, It certainly must have been occupied quite extensively for sometime as it was in a complete and sad state of being all messed up. A closer look at my surroundings convinced me that this bathroom hadn't seen too much cleaning during the preceding several years. Ah yes. Shades of good old Hotel Ingalls, Bellefontaine, Ohio -- as I have remarked in a prior chapter. On leaving, I couldn't help but be amused by the notice printed in bold, dark type on the bathroom door. It went thusly: "HEALTH!" On leaving the Bathroom, please see that it is as clean as you would wish to find it yourself on entering. THANK YOU. The management, thought I, certainly has a peculiar sense of humor.

Like the preceding day, but unlike the typical British day -- I am told, Saturday was bright, sunny, and cheery. Someone (it must have been Dave Newman) talked me into having a glass of beer for breakfast. This didn't require too much convincing as the banquet was due to get underway at one o'clock. So at 12:30 I wended my way to the banquet hall, only to find myself engulfed in a swarming crowd, most of the members of which were pushing or being pushed about. It appeared that everyone was attempting to enter the three by six foot door at once. And it further appeared that several people were guarding the door in an effort to retard anyone from entering. I later discovered that everyone had been assigned a certain seat in the banquet hall, and that great difficulty had ensued in placing each convention attendee in his proper perspective. (This, it should be unequivocally stated, should not be attempted at future conventions.)



After some passage of time, I arrived at the entrance and was told by Joy Clarke that my seat was at the speakers' table, between Rory Faulkner and Sam Youd, both of whom were already seated. I immediately perceived that the fake fans were being separated from the Trufans inasmuch as this table included such non-fannish people as John W. Campbell, John Wyndham, Ted Carnell, Arthur C. Clarke, John K. H. Brunner, Forrest J. Ackerman, and Dave and Ruth Kyle.

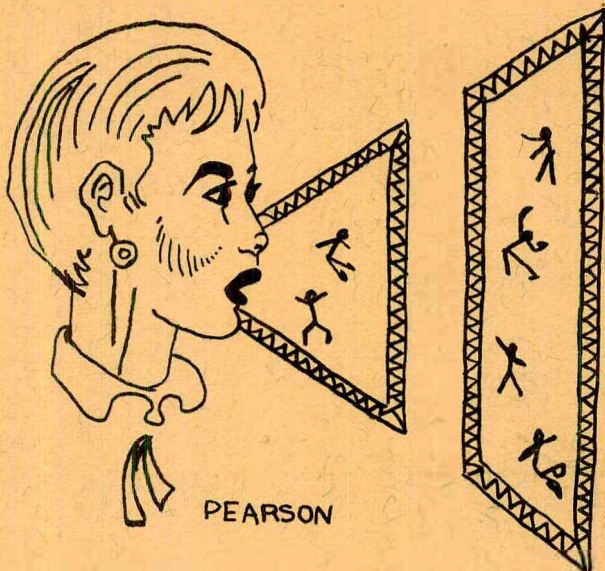
The grand old-lady of fandom, Rory Faulkner, had come all the way from California for the convention. Despite her years, she is exuberant and youthful and kept up a fast pace of charming conversation. Sam Youd, who sat on my right, was comparatively quiet this A. M. --perhaps something he drank the night before.

Glancing at the program for the banquet (known as the "Inaugural Luncheon" at the Loncon) I noticed that, along with most of the others at this table, I was scheduled for a "toast," and was rather surprised. What surprised me was not that I was scheduled -- as TAFF candidate I had expected to say a few words -- but that my portion of the program was to say something in behalf of the Convention Committee. Now, as I just stated, I was prepared to utter a few statements, and had jotted down notes on TAFF, the recent transatlantic flight, prostitution on Bayswater Road, the Sense of Wonder and other timely subjects. So now I had to forget all of this and, while consuming roast duck, rearranged my thoughts toward the Convention Committee. (It would have been nice, I thought, if someone had mentioned to me, prior to the banquet, the subject about which I was to speak. I say this because I do not include among my few assets that of being an extemporaneous after-dinner speaker. Unlike Sam Moskowitz, I am not able to stand up, after a moment's notice, and deliver a thirty-minute lecture on the superiority of the December, 1931 Astounding as compared with the December, 1958 Astounding.)

After a fine meal (at a cost of one-third the price of the average American banquet) the Loncon President, John Wyndham (also known in previous years as John Beynon Harris and John Beynon) proposed a toast to the Queen. After the toast John Wyndham (who has never been known as John Christopher, even though so stated by Jim Harmon in his delightful column, "Harmony," in the September, 1958 issue of Varicoso) said, "Ladies and Gentlemen -- you can now smoke." It was interesting to observe the simultaneous lighting of several hundred cigarettes, cigars and pipes. Pyromaniacs would have chortled in glee at the blaze.

At any rate, the time had come for Arthur C. Clarke to introduce the Guest of Honor, John W. Campbell. Mr. Clarke stated that Mr. Campbell had published more good science fiction than had any other editor. To which the multitude roared, "Hear! Hear!" Mr. Campbell spoke on how an editor can help or, if you will, inspire a writer. Not because, as Campbell said, the editor is smarter or more brilliant than the writer. But because the editor should know what the changing trends in s-f are -- and this knowledge should, in one way or the other, be transferred to the up and coming writer. He stated that the writer should be cornered in the editor's office, he should be gotten to talking and, between editor and writer, various ideas should be kicked around, combined with ideas of others, and blended into something original. In other words, the editor doesn't originate the idea, but coordinates ideas of the past with those of the present writer, and the writer then originates.





In essence, waid Hohn W. Campbell, the right story of yesterday is certainly not the right story of today. An editor must necessarily be a prophet to keep and expand his readership. He must be able to visualize (guess, in reality) what the reader of tomorrow will want. The late lamented Unknown was mentioned as an example of not figuring out the reader. While many readers were violently enthusiastic over Unknown there just weren't enough of them, Mr. Campbell's speech was well-received by the audience.

It was now my turn to toast the Convention Committee. Being a veritable old graybeard (sometimes called "relic of antedeluvian fandom") I recalled the earliest convention, held in Philadelphia in October, 1936 and attended by sixteen fans, none old enough to vote. (I can still recall that at least one had developed political convictions, however, for Donald A. Wollheim, who was probably the nearest to voting age at the time, was wearing an "Alfred E. Landon for President" button!) The progress of conventions through the years was mentioned, and the incredible amount of work necessary to put on a big convention was stressed. To the Convention Committee thanks was expressed for all the time, effort and money which had gone into creating the London World Science Fiction Convention. To those stalwarts who worked far into the night -- night after night -- without the progit motive in mind -- without, in fact, any hope of profit -- I again toast you. I toast John Wyndham and John "Ted" Carnell who administered the affair; Roberta Wild, who handled all the secretarial work; Charles Duncombe and Sandy Sanderson, who were the financial wizards; Joy and Vinç Clarke, who handled the publicity for Britain, and Pamela and Ken Bulmer, the overseas publicity agents the hardworking Programme Committee, headed up by Dave Newman and Norman Shorrocks; and Walter Willis, Eric Jones, John Brunner, John Roles Ken Slater, and all the others who helped.

Forrest J Ackerman brought the round of toasts to a conclusion with one to Absent Friends. Forry mentioned, and eulogized, those who could no longer be with us, such as H. G. Wells, Bob Olsen, and Ray Cummings. (All those mentioned by Ackerman were quite elderly when they died. It is ironic to mention the group of young men who have passed away since the Loncon -- Henry Kuttner, Cyril Kornbluth, Vernon McCain, and Francis T. Laney.)

There were several others who spoke. Sam Moskowitz asked for the floor and Ted Carnell reluctantly released it to him. Sam had observed the 200 odd people present and had come up with the startling statement that present at the Loncon were eight fans who had also been present at the First World S-F Convention in New York, July 1939. This group included Dave Kyle, John Victor Peterson (who, by the way, was taking notes galore and transmitting them daily to NYC to James V. Taurasi and Ray Van Houten for Science Fiction Times), Oswald Train, Forrest J Ackerman, Harry Harrison, John W. Campbell, Bob Madle, and, of course, Sam. He went on to contrast the first convention with more recent ones. In reality, the banquet at the first one cost \$1 -- this banquet at the Loncon, cost about twice that, but was, even at that, the most inexpensive since 1939.



Several foreign science fiction fans were present at the Loncon. Lars Helander, of Sweden, said a few words anent Swedish fandom and Reiner Eisfeld, of Germany, spoke quite forcefully on fandom in Germany and emphasized that Gerfans wanted to friends with the rest of fandom. He mentioned the German S-F Convention which was being held the following weekend and invited all to attend.

So ended the Inaugural Luncheon. No further program was planned until Saturday evening so it was obvious that there would be a large amount of intellectual discussion and beer drinking in the lounge for the next four or five hours.

On the way out of the banquet hall I was hailed by Dave Jenrette who was replete with all sorts of expensive camera equipment. Dave and I were buddies from way back. He had been a member of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society from about 1949 to 1953, at which time he enlisted in the Air Force as a cadet. Now a First Lieutenant, he had been stationed in England, not too far from London, since September 1956. Dave, as some may recall, was originally known in fandom as "Dave Hammond," but upon embarking on his service career had to change his name to Jenrette, inasmuch as that happens to be his correct name. (The U. S. Government frowns upon people entering the service under a pseudonym.) Dave is well-known in fandom, and has been at many conventions, so it would be superfluous to devote space to a description of this tall, handsome, dashing, crew-cropped Lad. I must mention, however, that his many assets attracted science fiction reader Rusty Silverman, and they were married in 1955. Rusty was not at the Loncon, as she was expecting momentarily, and Dave was ready to leave the Loncon at a moment's notice. Everything developed fine, however, and Dave was able to stay both Saturday and Sunday without receiving a telephone call that he was about to become a father. The little lad arrived a week or two after the Loncon.

It was a distinct pleasure to chat with an old PSFS member and, considering the fact that I was 3,000 miles from the PSFS made it doubly pleasurable. (As a matter of fact, three more PSFS members were present at the Loncon; Will Jenkins, Jean Bogert, and Herb Schofield.) I thanked Dave for giving me some publicity as TAFF winner in the latest issue of his fanzine and he remarked that he had predicted to several of his Anglofan-friends that I would win. And guess what? They wouldn't believe him.

Somehow I became separated from Dave and found myself in Ken and Pamela's room, where a party was getting underway. Don't know exactly how I happened to arrive there -- unless Ken and Pam invited me. Or, perhaps, maybe I merely wandered in the direction of the noise. (At this late date some of the Loncon is rather hazy.) E. C. Tubb was quite busily extricating bottles of whiskey, gin and orange smash from Ken's closet, all the while maintaining a constant monologue of sadistic humor. At this point a few words must be said about that master of the serious science fiction story, E. C. (Ted) Tubb.



Several years back, before his stories appeared in America, rumors started to seep through to U. S. fandom that ". . . this guy Ted Tubb is the English Sam Moskowitz." The first time I came across such a statement I thought the reference was to Sam's fannish historian activities. Later I was informed that Ted Tubb was Sam's equal as a master auctioneer. And anyone who could equal Sam as an auctioneer I certainly wanted to hear. Of course, Ted has been known in fandom for many years -- long before he became a top professional writer. He was a TAFF candidate in 1955 and very active in fanzine publishing. Vinø Clarke later showed me a copy of Eye, a fanzine he and Ted published about 1954-55. The issue I glanced through was an incredibly bulky one of about 100 pages -- one of those issues that usually results in its editor (s) leaving fandom. (Where are you Joel Nydahl?)

At any rate, Ted had one ultimate goal in mind -- in that room would stay sober. The group consisted of Bearded Bert Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, Ethel Lindsay, Dave and Ruth Kyle, Mrs. Ted Tubb, as well as one or two others. Despite Ted's superiority as a party-propagator, after awhile things started to become rather quiet, and the crowd slowly dissipated. (Afternoon parties at conventions almost never get off the ground.)

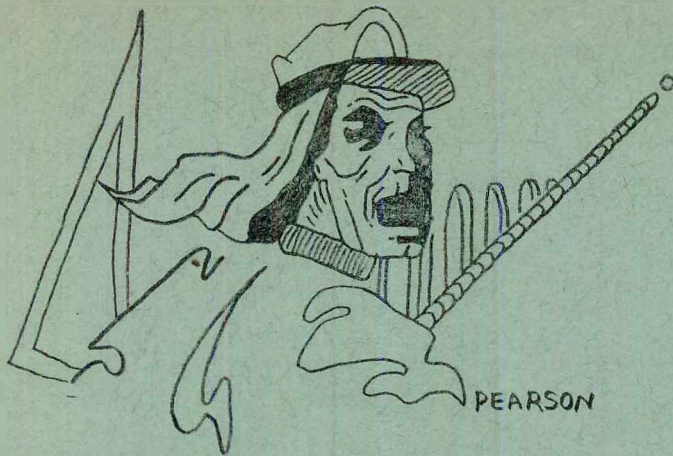
Following dinner in the hotel, which I shared with Ken and Pam and Sam Moskowitz, the convention attempted to roll again. (Ken and Pam were continuing to act as my official hosts and they insisted on, in addition to feeding me at their residence, paying my train fare, buying my tea and whenever possible, providing me with a full-course meal. Yes, the TAFFman was being treated royally.)

The Achievement Awards (Hugo's) were scheduled to be awarded. Unfortunately, John W. Campbell and Eric Frank Russell had not returned from dinner. Naturally, the presentation of the awards could not be considered without the presence of JWCjr. (I suppose someone suspected Astounding might possibly win one.) And, as unastounding as it may seem Astounding did win one. Ted Carnell also collected a Hugo for New Worlds and John Victor Peterson, representing Fantasy -- oops -- Science Fiction Times, proudly accepted a tin rocket-ship for James V. Taurase and Ray Van Houten. Roberta Wild, who presented the awards, announced that the races were quite close, with Fantasy and Science Fiction giving Astounding a run for its money, Nebula breathing hot and heavy on the heels of New Worlds, and Hyphen (edited by Walter A. Willis, an Irish fan) giving Jimmy and Ray a scare. (In reality, there was some bitterness expressed at Hyphen being nosed out by SFT which, as someone remarked, "isn't even a fanzine." In a way, this could be compared to Madle winning TAFF.)

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"Ethel Lindsay found her tammy at the Loncon" Trufannish drinking slogan.  
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I'm going to merely mention that the BBC appeared this evening, replete with movie cameras and like that. And all sorts of creatures and "gentle beings" slithered, slunk, and cavorted in front of the cameras. I'm not sure who won the prizes, but Dave and Ruth Kyle and Belle and Frank Dietz must have been among the top contenders. I'm not sure who won the prizes because Dave Jenrette called me aside and said, "It's getting late.. What say I show you Picadilly Circus at Saturday Mid-night?" This sounded like a pregnant suggestion, so off we went.





Picadilly Circus at Saturday midnight is an incredible maze of drunks, Teddy Boys and Prostitutes. The Teddy Boys, with their home-made hair waves (parted down the back) and their trousers tightly cuffed, appear to wonder about the back streets immediately off the main stem. Every doorway frames a pretty young thing who can be had all night for "five bob -- including breakfast."

Rather interesting are the advertisements which can be read in the windows of some of the poorer shops immediately off Picadilly Circus. The services provided at a minimum charge are, indeed unusual, and aren't customarily sold so outwardly in the U. S. A. I thought that these for real advertisements might add some zest to an otherwise somber con report, so I jotted them down for future posterity. Here they are, boys, you pays your money and you takes yer cherce:

1. YOUNG LADY MODEL (very piquant indeed). Age 17. Only interested in Money and a Good Time. Is available for private bookings. Will send value for IOs and S.A.E. to -- BCM Postgroup, (VPIT,) London, W.C.1.

2. YOUNG GENTLEMAN (in 20's.) Wishes to learn of any interesting Occupations with Financial Rewards. Try anything! S.A.E. and letters to BM/TANGI. (QA), London W.C.1.

3. YOUNG LADY, 19, Studio, 24 hour service. (fair comp: strong build.) Letter and sample snaps, 10-to..BCMSHOWCASES (YLL) London W.C.1.

4. LOVELY YOUNG 'OXFORD' GIRLS Seek Private Engagements (London Area) Please enclose S.A.E. and 12/6 to cover preliminary expenses of Services, Etc., to: BCM/POSTGROUP (LYOG), London, W.C.1.

This is really private enterprise taken to the ultimate.

Dave and I finally attempted to return to the Kings Court only to make the rather disheartening discovery that all the subways had closed! Yep -- the subways close at midnight in jolly old Picadilly Circus. After hailing about 100 taxicabs, we finally found one unoccupied. Arriving at the Kings Court, we found the doors locked and had to practically break them down to get into our own hotel! (This is another peculiar custom of the British --the hotels lock their doors at ten o'clock or thereabouts. I was to encounter this problem again in the near future, only under far more humorous circumstances.)

As we entered a most amazing sight could be seen. Dave Newman had, apparently, sobered up and shed his green sweater (the one with the gorgeous "Knights of St. Fantony" emblem emblazoned thereon) and was impeccably attired in a tuxedo! And, even more startling, he had shaved! His gal, Leslie Minard (who reminded me of a cross between Audrey Hepburn and Leslie Caron) proudly stood by him in all his glory. (More will be written about Leslie (and our hero Dave) in a future chapter, Tentatively titled, "The Liverpool Caper.")



A stranger in our midst was Ossie Train, who was visiting his homeland for the first time in approximately thirty years. He didn't get to spend too much time at the convention, although he was there Saturday evening (Sunday morning, I should say) with his ladyfriend. (A recent postcard from Ossie informed me that he was spending a long vacation in England again this year. Something or somebody over there fascinates our Ossie.) It is always nice to see Ossie Train. I've known him since October, 1935 when we both attended the organization meeting of the Philadelphia Science Fiction League. (This was before it changed its name to "Society.") I was a wee, sma' lad at the time and meeting Ossie was a great thrill because I had read an article by him in that most wonderful of all fanzines, Science Fiction Digest. He was a noted celebrity so far as I was concerned. Of course, in those days anyone who had a letter in "The Reader Speaks" was a celebrity, in fact, anyone who read s-f fell into this category.

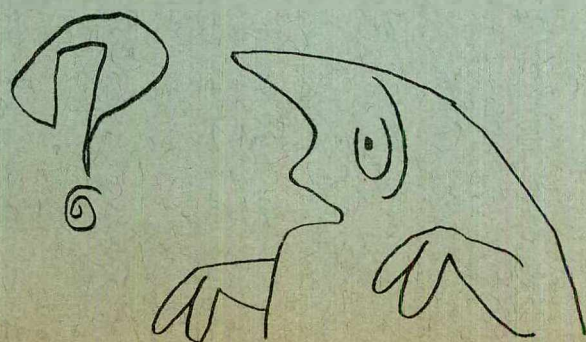
Congenial Ellis Mills approached the group and said, "Let's have a party." But by this time it was three A.M., and he decided to postpone it until the following night.

I can recall that the final hours of the second day of the Loncon included a discussion of contemporary s-f with Ron Buckmaster, who is one of the nicest people I met at the Loncon and who, for some odd reason, reminds me of Spencer Tracy. Ron is a career soldier stationed, I suppose, in London. Also, and this is not generally known, he is the brother of Pamela Bulmer. Yes, you have deduced it. Pam used to be known as Miss Buckmaster. As legend will have it, Ron took Pam to a meeting of the London Circle. She took one look at Ken Bulmer and said "I just gotta know what's behind that beard." And so they were married. (That is how legend will have it. In reality, Ken didn't even have a beard then. In fact, he didn't even shave -- he was too young.)

Ron Bennett bought me a beer at 4:30 A.M. At 4:35 A.M. I climbed the golden stairs of the Kings Court ending, for me, the second day of the Loncon.

Author's note: certain portions of the above chapter were originally published in FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION, February, 1958 as parts of "Inside Science Fiction", copyright 1957 by Columbia Publications, New York, N.Y.

Editor's note: Don't fail to read the next chapter of this amazing report. In it our intrepid adventurer will unveil the deadly secret behind the orgy known as "The Ceremony of St. Fantony." Also, the room party in '64 will be revealed in all its ghastly detail. These and other incredible happenings will be described in vivid detail by the man who was introduced at the last Midwestcon by C.L. Barrett, M.D., as "....the world's most famous fake fan."





MORE LETTERS.....

Dear Lynn,

I don't associate myself with Chuck Harris in his current argument with Bob Madle and I have no wish to be on bad terms with you.

So far as I know what difficulty there is between us started with a disagreement about review copies. I don't remember exactly what I said but I remember being in an embittered mood generally at the time and it's possible that I gave offence. If so, I apologise, and I hope you will take this in the spirit in which it is offered.

Sincerely,  
Walt Willis

Dear Walt,

I also have no wish to be on bad terms with you and am glad to be friends again. I will also publish your letter to Bob Madle as you requested and Bob's answering letter.

Lynn Hickman

Dear Bob,

It may take two to make a quarrel, but you're doing the work of one and a half. I've been reading with bewilderment the instalments of your London report and I'd like to ask you to re-examine this fixed idea you seem to have that I am the master mind of a vast international conspiracy against you and convention-going fandom.

To take the latest instalment alone, I instance the title and sub-title, the snide references to me as "Ghod" and to my friends as "disciples", the suggestion that "who is a fan" is a favorite topic of mine and that I discuss it voluminously (actually that conversation was started by you and I wanted to postpone it until we got the chance to discuss the future of TAFF in tranquillity), the statement that there are few I consider fans and that I refuse to recognise American fandom as it is, that Richard Eney is my 'idol' and your pointed avoidance of any reference to my attempts to offer friendliness and hospitality.

I should like to point out that to the best of my remembrance my only comments on the last US TAFF election consisted of two sentences in FAPA mailing comments on Gemzine, which were directed against Stu Hoffman whom I knew Mrs. Carr had been supporting, and part of a tape to Don Ford which I did not originate and in which I tried to be placatory. I have long ago had an apology from Don Ford for the allegation that I spread rumours about your election and I thought this canard was killed. As for the previous controversy about TAFF voters qualifications, my arguments (apart from a brief outline of both points of view in a history of TAFF for YANDRO) have been confined to personal correspondence with Don Ford and a few others concerned with the founding and administration of TAFF. (Although one of them, my letter of resignation, was subsequently reprinted by McCain in his Fapazine.) I am not responsible for the opinions of Chuck Harris, with whom I often disagree, nor for those of other fans, even when they defend what they think to be my point of view.



Perhaps it would help if I set down as briefly and as clearly as I can what my point of view is and is not:

1. My remarks about you and the other 'ghost fans' in the Harp State-side were literally true as far as I was concerned and I see no reason for anybody to take exception to them. To me and to any other fan not in the local fan clubs concerned --- that is, in each case the majority of fandom --- these worthy people were only three-day-a-year fans. I am not denying they were active in their individual local groups: all I say is that as far as fandom as a whole was concerned they were not heard of between conventions. Isn't that so?

2. I have never said that a person who does not read fanzines is not a fan, nor that a person should have published a fanzine to be allowed to vote in or stand for TAFF. My argument (and it is one that so far as I know has not been answered yet) has always been simply that a person who ignores fanzines is not in a position to discriminate between the merits of opposing candidates some of whom are fanzine fans. I admit that like you I have my own opinions as to what is the most worthy forms of fanactivity, in terms of permanent achievement, use to fandom and sf as a whole and pleasure given to others, but I do not deny that even a person whose sole contact with other fans is boozing in a bar on Labour Day is entitled to call himself a fan. If you're interested my definition of a fan is a person interested enough in sf to wish to communicate with others of a like mind.

3. I have never said that you were an unsuitable candidate for TAFF or a fake or fringe fan, and still less that you were ineligible to be nominated. I admit my personal preference was for Eney and Raeburn on the grounds that they seemed to me to have done more for fandom in the years immediately prior to the election (ie, fandom as I and I think British fandom sees it) but I did not campaign for them or against you before or after the election. I also admit I was sorry to see the election won by canvassing, but I recognise that you felt this was forced on you, and I believe it was the inevitable result in the TAFF rules which I fought unsuccessfully to correct, and therefore more my fault than yours.

I hope you'll feel that you should ask Lynn to publish this letter in fairness to someone who has been abused for almost a year without replying.

Sincerely,  
Walt Willis

Dear Walt:

Thanks very much for your letter of 22 October. It was nice to hear from you. As a matter of fact, and I suppose you realize this, this is the first time we've exchanged letters. However, I have communicated with you via tape -- and am wondering if either of those tapes ever reached you. (I am referring to the tape made last New Year's Eve and to the lengthy job made at the Disclave by Pavlat and myself.)

Frankly, Walt, I think you are taking things a little too seriously. While I will concede there is a little needling going on in the various chapters of "A Fake Fan in London", I certainly don't think I am trying "to set the two groups against one another." If there



is any truth to such a statement, I am afraid the separation of fandom into two groups occurred long before I won TAFF. And I am also afraid that you had a lot to do with the distinction between fanzine fans and fandom in general. I, personally, do not seriously adhere to such a distinction. To me a science fiction fan is a science fiction fan. In other words, if someone says he is an s-f fan, why doubt it? In reality, your definition in your letter is almost identical to mine, "A fan is a person interested enough in sf to wish to communicate with others of a like mind." In fact, I will say that the above is a perfect definition. However, communication covers more media than mere publishing. Personal contact is by far the most powerful of all media of communication.

So far as the title of my Loncon report (and the sub-title) are concerned, I feel that you are grabbing at straws to use these as a basis for your statement that I feel that you are conducting a vast international conspiracy against me. I am afraid that I cannot, at this late date, change the title of the report. Also, I am merely quoting "The Harp Stateside" when I use the term, "Relic of Antedeluvian fandom." You said it; I thought it was hilarious when I read it; and it has stuck in my mind. The same applies to "Ghost Fandom". I would like you to read very carefully page 16 of Ken Bulmer's Autumn, 1958 issue of Steam which contains his very excellent TAFF coverage. You will note that Ken and I said the same things regarding American fandom -- and I guarantee you there was no collusion between us. (Incidentally, I consider Ken's coverage far and away the best thing ever written concerning TAFF. Ken managed, as you probably noticed, to defend you, Don Ford and me all at the same time. Such impartiality is to be commended highly. I don't agree 100% with everything he said -- but I feel that everyone who has been embroiled in the TAFF controversy to any extent whatsoever should read it.)

I have never actually heard the tape which went out of England when the TAFF returns came in. Don won't let it out of his hands but he wants me to listen to it next time I am in Cincy. Don't know whether I should listen as it can do nothing but create more dissension.

(Editors note: After reading the top paragraph, I checked Walt's letter again and realized that I had forgotten to enclose his postscript. I am printing it here and wish you to know that it is part of Walt's letter even though it is printed in the middle of Bob's. I apologise to both, it was an oversight.

I've written an article for A Bas about the differences between fmzfans and confans, putting the extreme of both points of view and trying to reconcile them. I hope you'll think the opinions of both sides are fairly represented: at any rate Boyd seems to think I've leaned over backwards in favour of the confans. This is a silly and pointless squabble, trying to set the two groups against one another -- we are all fans -- and I hope you'll let it drop. Take that chip off your shoulder, Bob: it's obscuring your vision.

Walt



Your clarification of your stand on such issues as who is a fan, who should be able to vote in TAFF, who should be eligible for nomination, and your opinion concerning my eligibility to be nominated for TAFF (and my suitability) are interesting to me at least. I have every intention to send your letter to Lynn Hickman, as you requested, so your opinions can be published for the record. In reality, it would appear that statements made by others (such as Chuck Harris) are attributed to you. This is so because it has been felt in some quarters over here that the voice of Chuck Harris is the voice of Walt Willis. So it is essential for better understanding that your statement concerning your lack of responsibility for the actions of Chuck Harris be printed. In reality, I sat back and read all the controversy anent TAFF for some time before Harris finally goaded me into striking back at him. The fact that I gave it to him good is because I had had enough of his sniping at me. He is, undoubtedly, the ultimate example of the sorehead loser. In retrospect, I am sorry that I replied at all. However, it had reached a stage where some people were saying, "Madle, have you no guts. How much of this stuff by Harris do you have to take?" You will notice that in the same issue of Bob Pavlat's OMPazine that contained my reply, Bob wasn't too happy about Chuck's statements either. Which is why Bob gave me the space to reply. (I would appreciate your personal opinion on this.)

In reality, Walt, I have no desire whatsoever to argue with you or any other fan or segment of fandom. As a matter of fact, there is no point to it. The English fen (including yourself) treated me royally when I was over there. I have nothing but the highest respect for Anglofandom and will remember always the wonderful time shown me by Anglofandom. And I am sorry that I was unable to accept your generous offer to visit you for a few days while I was there. (Might mention that I was accused of being "brainwashed" when I got back -- "Just like what happened to Ellis Mills," said one worthy.)

I hope your letter and this reply will serve to diminish the ill-feeling that has developed and that minor differences of opinion will not, in the future, be magnified to mountainous proportions. Let me hear from you.

Sincerely,  
Bob Madle

Dear Lynn,

Believe it or not I wrote several months ago a twelve page letter to you concerning segregation, racial prejudice and causes thereof. I tried to give as dispassionately as possible what anthropology, psychology and sociology have to say concerning these factors. I tried to clear away any superstitions, misconceptions and so forth concerning racial views held in America. I also wrote somewhat on the very real problems confronting the North and the South. But I never sent it to you because I realized I was wasting my breath. Whatever the causes and effects of racial prejudice and of the real problems, the whole thing is so deeply rooted in the violently emotional, so integrated with the irrational and the nervous system, that there is no use at all, in appealing to rationality or humanity. Those who live racialism use their intellects for one purpose: to justify irrational, conditioned-reflex attitudes and behavior. So why bother?

I am very happy to receive your publications. From them I derive a vicarious (if unsatisfactory) participation in the sf fan world.

Perhaps I'll be able to see you around Christmas if we are both in Nan Gerding's neighborhood.

Best,  
Phil Farmer

I would like to have read your letter Phil, but I understand what you mean. That is the main reason I dropped the segregation issue from JD. I stopped at Nan's this week and she said you had just moved to Ariz. so you probably won't get up this way soon. We always go back to our folks in Ohio at Christmas time so I probably would have missed you anyhow. Write as often as you can.

Dear Lynn,

I especially enjoyed Jim Harmon's FROM THE EL TO THE ILL-WISCON AND BACK AGAIN. Exceptional reporting interspersed with just the right amount of humor. Atom and Plato Jones (long two of my favorite fanzine illustrators) came through superbly. I see that friend Dan Adkins is also present, with his professional looking illoes. That guy Adkins is something of a prodigy. From a relatively unknown fan right up to the prozines.

Bob Warner  
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Lynn,

Even if I didn't care for the all-over tone of JD, I'd have to get more on the Madle ConReport, so you've got me hooked in any case.

John Trimble  
Williams AFB, Ariz.

Dear Lynn,

These cartoon reprints are wonderful, marvelous. Con-reports start to drag, but this Harmon report is the highlight of the issue. That Lewis bit is too much. This is one of the best first-person conreports I have read in many a zine. And the punch-line tops it off.

John Koning  
Youngstown, Ohio

Many more letters here that I would like to print but this issue is getting out of hand and is also a couple of weeks late already. I recieved a postcard from Bob Tucker today (Nov. 4th) stating that E. Everett Evans died in Los Angeles on the 2nd, shortly before his 65th birthday, from a series of strokes. EEEvans was liked by all and will really be missed. Thanks to the Busby's, Joan Cleveland, Earl Kemp, and all the others that wrote that I haven't mentioned here.

An X at the bottom of this page means you must write  
send money  
trade  
or this is the last issue you will receive.



J D Argassy #40

From: Lynn A. Hickman  
304 N. 11th  
Mount Vernon, Illinois

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To: