

jd-ARGASSY #42

March 16, 1959

jd-ARGASSY is published monthly by Lynn A. Hickman at 304 N. 11th, Mount Vernon, Illinois. Subscriptions are 12 issues for \$1.00. Single copies 10 pages or less are 10¢. 10 pages or more are 20¢.

Bob reports that Galaxy has bought If from the Quinn Publishing Co. and that it will probably alternate with Galaxy on a bi-monthly schedule. (Just noticed that I forgot to put Tucker's last name above and since I've already got the LEE illo below on master, I'm danged if I'll retype this master.) Tucker also tells me that he has sold a short story to Gold that will probably appear in the next issue of If.

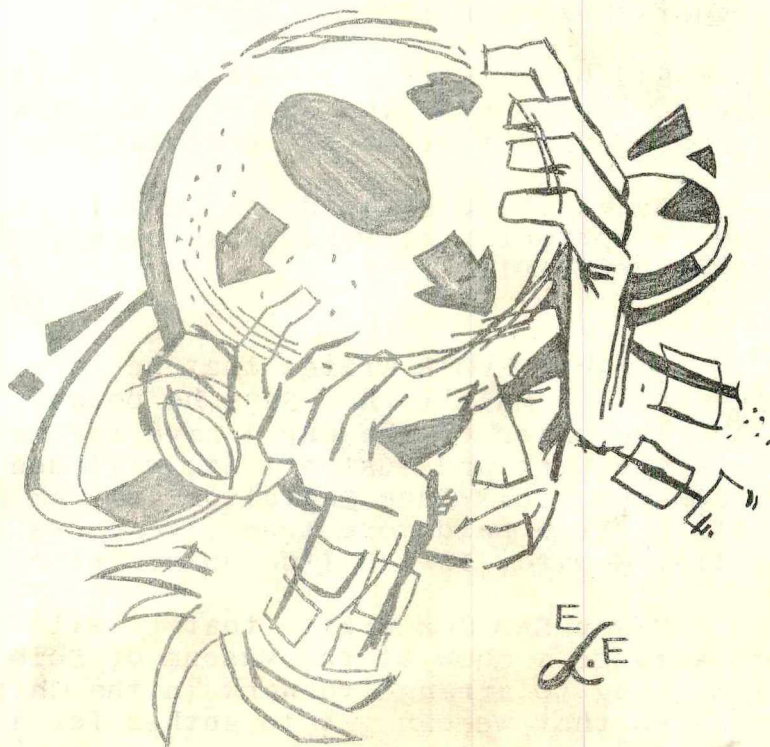
Dan Adkins is now reviewing zines for this mag as well as TWIG. All zines for review should go direct to Dan Adkins at P.O. Box 203, Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York. The reviews will not be duplicated, some will appear here, some in TWIG.

POUL ANDERSON IS GUEST OF HONOR AT THE DETENTION!! Just received word on this from Howard DeVore. Attend the Detention Sept. 5, 6 and 7th. Send in your \$2.00 now!

Dan Adkins sends us pics of cute girl he will marry in June. Dan and Janette are planning to be at the DETENTION. Even if you don't like science fiction or fandom, its worth going just to see Janette! Best of everything to you Dan.

Be sure and use the enclosed "HUGO" award nominee ballot. For this new nomination plan to work, ALL of fandom should vote.

Artwork this issue by Art Lee, Bill Pearson and Dan Adkins. Written material not otherwise credited is by the editor.



DON FORD FOR TAFF!.

BOB TUCKER writes: Leigh Brackett is working on another screenplay. (She finished the "Rio Bravo" picture some time ago.) The new one is a Steve Frazee novel called "Gold of the Seven Saints" (a western).

Bill Hamling is up-slicking his mag, ROGUE. Slick paper (it says here) and four-color art work. Supposedly more sophisticated and less brassiness than previous issues. Fritz Leiber and Harlan Ellison in the March issue, and in the following issues are Bloch, Tom Scortia, Chas. Beaumont and Ellison again.

And this spring, Harry Belefontaine ... or is that Belefont? ... well, anyway, Harry has an s-f picture coming. Up until a few months ago it was titled "End of the World" but now it will be called (giggle) "The World, The Flesh, and The Devil". (Whatever that means.)

BT

CHARLES V. DE VET writes asking about Andy Harris. I haven't received an answer from Andy to my last two letters, Charles, and am also worried about his health. If any of the Ohio group has any news regarding Andy would they please write on this.

LES GERBER states that Signet will bring out James Blish's "The Seedling Stars" in March, Heinlein's "The Door Into Summer" in March, and "The Man Who Sold The Moon" (also Heinlein) in April. Also due from Signet in April is the "Bedside Mad" edited by William B. Gaines. And sf fans will have a chance to see Horace ("43,000 Years Later") Coon in his usual medium in April when Signet publishes his "How to Spell and Increase Your Woed Power". All these Signet books are 35¢.

Bad news is from Pocket Books. After two sf books last month, they don't plan any more until August, when they will re-issue "Sands of Mars", presumably at 35¢ this time.

My visit to Pyramid was notable for something else. The receptionist at Pyramid is blond, blue-eyed, and....
S*T*A*C*K*E*D!!!

LG

HOWARD DEVORE writes that he is glad he didn't buy my Model 50 Multilith. Says he bought a Model 40 which was the forerunner of the one I have for sale and that when he gets the dirt and dust off it, will see what it does. He also says "This 'ere Salvation Army am a wonderful place. I'll bet you paid more than five bucks for your machine!" Golly, Howard, I wish I'da joined with you.

Major Sam Cox writes that he will be in Chicago soon to arrange a show at the Museum of Science & Industry. I'm going to arrange to work in the Chicago area that same week so that we can get to gether for a dinner and a chat.

The announcement and presentation of "Hugo" awards has always been a major feature of the World Science Fiction Conventions. These awards, named in honor of Hugo Gernsback, the founder of "Amazing Stories", are given for achievements in and contributions to the Science Fiction field and represent considerable honor to the awardee.

The problem of selecting the award winners is not a simple one. The Detention committee has discussed previous policies and procedures and have decided to revise these in hopes of making the awards more meaningful and more representative of fandoms and the general reader's opinion.

The basic problem is that, in most of the catagories, a great many persons and their works are eligible. So many that a simple blank ballot of the convention membership before or at the convention could result in an award being given on the basis of three or four votes for a specific item. Obviously nominations must be made before an actual vote can be taken and some form of elimination is essential.

We do not believe that any group smaller than the whole of fandom can produce a truly representative list of nominations and of course this same group must be allowed upon the nominations. Nothing less could be fair to the persons and publications involved.

In the hope of making the "Hugo" awards more representative of the best judgement of ALL of fandom we urge everyone, convention members and non-members alike, to send us their nominations. Up to three in each catagory will be accepted from each person.

In most cases five to ten nominations, depending upon the response and subject, will be listed on the ballot. The nominees will of course be those most frequently named.

The HUGO AWARD catagories will be:

BEST NOVEL

Any science Fiction or Fantasy novel, appearing for the first time as a hard cover book, a paper bound book (original or reprint) appearing as a full length magazine novel, appearing as a full length serial in a magazine. Books must have been published in 1958, magazines must bear an issue date of 1958 and in the case of serials one or more parts must bear a 1958 date.

BEST NOVELETTE:

Any Science Fiction or Fantasy story of medium length ("novelette", "novella" or "short novel") published in a magazine bearing a 1958 date, or published for the first time in a hard cover or paperbound collection or anthology bearing a 1958 copyright.

BEST SHORT STORY:

Any Science Fiction or Fantasy story too short to include in the "novelette" catagory, which first appeared for the first time in a magazine, hard cover, or paperbound book bearing a 1958 date.

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE:

Any magazine, primarily Science Fiction or Fantasy, that published one or more issues bearing a 1958 date.

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST:

Any artist whose work appeared during 1958 as magazine illustrations in the Science Fiction-Fantasy field, or who has been published in or on a hard cover or paper bound book bearing a 1958 copyright date.

MOST PROMISING NEW AUTHOR:

Any writer who first gained prominence during the 1958 calendar year. (Note: If response in this category is poor no award will be given.)

BEST SCIENCE FICTION OR FANTASY MOVIE:

Any movie, new or re-run, American or Foreign, that saw general release during 1958. (Note: If response in this category is poor no award will be made.)

It will be noted that use of the 1958 calendar year (or issue dating in the case of magazines) as the period to be covered by these awards is a departure from the previous custom. This is perhaps the most radical change we are making, and we make it with some reluctance - not only because it is a break with tradition - but because this period overlaps with the period covered by last year's awards given at the convention in Los Angeles. We feel this change is necessary however, to allow time for both nominations and a vote before the convention convenes in Sept. We also feel that by referring to a full calendar, (or issue date) year the indefinite position of bound books can be clarified by reference to publishing or copyright date included in almost all such books.

We feel an award should not be given twice for the same accomplishment. The stories which won in the categories of "Best Novel", "Best Novelette", and "Best Short Story" at last year's Solacon will not be eligible. However, the same writers are eligible on the basis of another story published in the year 1958. We feel that the categories of "Best Professional Magazine", "Best Amateur Publication", and "Best Artist" could conceivably receive the award in consecutive years since it is given for continued excellence rather than for a specific achievement.

Please fill in the enclosed nomination ballot and mail it to: "DETENTION" 12011 Kilbourne Street Detroit 13, Michigan.

This issue is also intended as a post-mailing to OMPA's 19th mailing.

An X means that this is the last issue you will receive unless you
WRITE
SEND MONEY
TRADE

HASH HARBOR

by Dan L. Adkins

Here it is a very late night in New York City and Bill and I have decided to stay up all night doing fan-nish work. That's Bill Pearson, a something or the other that publishes a creature called SATA now and then. So while he loafs over in his private corner, I'll review fanzines for Lynn Hickman, a good man. My only policy on reviewing a zine is to simply write my own opinion of it, frank and clearly.

ROCK, Es Adams, 433 Locust Ave., S.E., Huntsville, Alabama. A letter should get you an issue. #1

This is mostly Adams and said man is mostly like this: "I'm a senior at Huntsville High School and consider myself quite the rock'n stud. No, you get the wrong idea. I'm not concited (though God knows I have every right to be)." ROCK is full of Adams

who spends a number of pages commenting on SAPzines. One bit on FLABBERGASTING goes: "And you have fabulous musical taste, only I generally don't know what you're talking about."

Marty Pahls does a tale on Boy Scouts that follows Adams vein of morbid thought. "This was a Catholic troop, and I parted with it some years later due in part to the scout master who didn't like the style in which I cussed."

Now this is the tone of ROCK, and to me this is fairly clever humor, though not as sharp and adult as Bob Leman pens. In fact, if you're a very mature adult, you probably won't like ROCK, cause it does get a little too silly at times. As for myself, I like it.

OOPSLA, Gregg Calkins, 1714 South 15th East, Salt Lake City 5, Utah. #25, 15¢ a copy, 2 for 25¢.

Gregg continues his new policy of writing longer editorials discussing subjects such as 1958 being a bad year for fandom, with the deaths, suicides, and various members of the WSFS making fools of themselves.

OOPSLA certainly has a high standard. There is Bloch, Willis and a wonderful Berry tale. God, this Berry can write the funniest damn things! Sort of like an innocent idiot...



The letter section is back again to it's long length with many topics coming forth interestingly. The Atom, Bergeron, Nelson, etc. illos are put on by Gregg with care, layout is clean, as the reproduction is and you have one of the best zines around today.

IMPROBABLE, Vowen Clark, 2561 Ridgeview Dr., San Diego 5, Calif. #3, 15¢.

In between the pages of IMPROBABLE we find a weak attempt at humor by John Mussells, and some fair fanzine reviews, with little direct commenting but a good amount of name mentioning, by Colin Cameron. There is a ser-con and fannish arguement bit by Guy Terwilleger; like which is the better. Of course this is a useless point to argue for no agreement can be reached one way or the other. It would be up to a person's own taste.

Bob Tucker pens an interesting review of STARS MY DESTINATION, the editor does book reviews, and there is a confusing letter column due to the editor breaking into the letters with his comments. Very confusing!

Reproduction is bad in spots.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Wash. #124, 25¢.

This monthly has a very good Atom cover, and the reviews of the latest prozines by Pemberton are excellent, intelligently done, and even clever. But, everything can't be all peaches and cream. Bruce Pelz leaves me with a bored bitter taste from reading his Shakespeare attempt at satire.

I'm not sure how I feel after Terry Carr's FANDOM HARVEST. It's a very self-centered column about himself and his close friends. There is no doubt in my mind that Carr can write some great fannish material, but he sort of shoves himself down my throat. Like; stuffed up to here with Carr. Don't get me wrong, I enjoyed the column, for there are some good laughs but I wish Terry wouldn't wave that flag in my face...

CRY has an average Berry this time, good fanzine reviews by Rich Brown and for once Bob Leman over-writes his fiction. It doesn't come off well at all considering that this is Leman doing the writing.

Completing the issue is loads and loads of letters.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, Calif., #40, 20¢.

The members of the LA science fantasy society put it out in a very nice format of clean reproduction and wonderful Bjo cartoons. There is a sameness of material, but in a good way. Most of the authors write in an easy, light, and humorous manner. We have a profile of Bjo, an unusual Bloch article, and a very, very good Terry Carr one. As I said above, he can write and proves it here by writing the best thing in the issue. Terry sneaks his humor across in a pleasant way.

I haven't read too many types like the Rick Snearly piece on the different titles of fans, and found this one close to being factual as well as entertaining. SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is a zine that is actually worth going over from cover to cover.

Chapter 5

"St Fantony and the Legion of the Damned"



The phone rang menaceingly. Once -- twice -- thrice. "Whathell. . ." I muttered, to myself, and pulled myself up and out of the sack. But it was too late. Judging by the hour, it was probably someone looking for someone to join him at breakfast. As I mentioned previously, breakfast in London hotels is on the house. The joker in the deck is that one has to be there, knofe and fork in hand, about nine A.M. This goes over like a lead balloon with convention attendees -- at least it does with the Yankee brand.

But I decided to get one free breakfast at a hotel while in England. So I hied myself down to the dining room but -- yes, you guessed it -- I was minutes too late! However, all turned out well as I met Vinç Clarke who, as luck would have it, was on his way to breakfast and invited me to join him. We had an interesting chat over our eggs and bacon and, as per usual, Vinç insisted on picking up the TAFFman's tab. (I again want to reiterate how well the Anglofen treated me. And, considering the fact that I wasn't the choice of the huge majority of them, they certainly went all out with the hospitality. Even not considering said fact, they treated me royally.)

On the way back to the Kings Court (in Leinster Gardens) we came across Ted Carnell and his girl Friday -- and this was Sunday! -- who obligingly posed for a color snapshot. This turned out very well and is one of the fifty or sixty that I now show on my nationwide tour of fandom. (Lynn Berman -- a nonfan -- is Ted's girl Friday. And, considering the fact that she is a nonfan, it must be stated that she was quite popular with the fans. In reality, the fact that she is a nonfan was probably not even considered by the inner circle.)

Back at the hotel I met Paul Enever. Paul I remembered as having been active back about 1939. I gathered that Paul, who is a quiet, unassuming gentlemen -- and a horticulturist by trade -- had been out of fandom for many years and had returned about 1950. His fanzine, Orion, was, for a long time, a reliable monthly publication. However, as reliable monthly publications in the fan world are wont to do, it became unreliable semi-annual. It is now published under the aegis of Roberta Wild and cohorts and the first of the new issues maintains the fine pace set by Paul.

About this time Eric Jones, President of the Cheltenham Club whom I remembered primarily because of the lengthy letter he had sent to Transuranic, when it was the official organ of the Charlotte Science Fiction Society, ambled over to me and pressed a note into my hand. It enigmatically informed me to be at the convention hall, first row, at 2:30 and my contention that "I am, too, a TRUFAN -- Eney says so!" would be validated or invalidated.

"Nothing," said I, "will deter me from proving indisputably my contention." Inwardly I was not so positive. After all, how could I class myself with the TRUFANS -- with such legendary figures as Chuck Harris, John Berry, and W. Max Keasler? I noticed the appalled looks on the faces of Sam Moskowitz, Forrest J. Ackerman, and David A. Kyle, who overheard my conversation with Eric. "How," asked Forry, "Do you expect to attain such immortality? Trufandom is only for the chosen few -- only for those upon whom Ghod has chosen to bestow this wreath of foreverness." To which Sam and Dave sagely muttered, "Yea, verily, and forsooth."

The appointed hour arrived. I pushed my way through the thronging multitude and took my seat in the front row. Sitting with me were Rory Faulkner, Bob Silverberg, Ellis Mills, Frank Dietz -- and were there one or two others? -- all with eyes aglow awaiting the time-honored "Ceremony of St. Pantony." The lights dimmed in the auditorium; stirring Wagnerian music from "The Ride of the Valkyrie" crescendoed through the auditorium like angry waves of the ocean deep; and, on the stage, stood several creatures dressed in ancient costume, one of whom was reading the scroll that told of the history of St. Pantony and of how only those who were able to drink of the waters of St. Pantony were permitted access into the revered ranks of Trufandom. Following the ceremony, a water tumbler full of the Water of St. Pantony was placed in the hands of each of the candidates and we were told to drink.

And drink we did of the Water of St. Pantony -- and never shall I drink of said water again! I took one swallow, and a second, and then a third -- but the 3rd met the first coming up, while the 2nd never went down. I was later told that the water was 140 proof Polish vodka! But, inasmuch as I valiantly forced the water tumbler's contents down, I became, forevermore, a TRUFAN! And, to this very day, I humbly and proudly wear the emblem of St. Pantony on my Tuxedo.

Seriously, The Ceremony of St. Pantony is quite impressive, and Eric Jones, Bob Richardson and the other members of the Cheltenham group are to be congratulated for the incredible amount of effort that went into the production. And, as a matter of fact, I felt quite proud to be a member of the revered order.

The rest of Sunday's program consisted, primarily, of movies. I didn't see too many of them -- but I did catch the Excellent fan movies produced by Norm Shorrock and the Liverpool mob -- a real George crew if there ever was one. Norm and boys and gals have a nack of combining the tape recorder with their movies, and the results are something quite professional.

The feature cartoon, "Mr. Wonderbird," consumed the largest portion of the evening's program but it was difficult to see from where Sam Moskowitz and I were sitting, so we, and many others, adjourned to the bar for beer and discussion.

Ellis Mills was having his big room party Sunday evening and he was telling all and sundry to be up there about 11:00. Ellis was the proud possessor of a mighty large room and when I arrived, in the company of Sheldon Deretchin ("Boy Ugh!") as I very dimly recall, the joint was really rocking. Fans were standing, laying -- oops -- lying, all over the place. Lawrence Sandfield was strumming on his git-fiddle to the utter delight of all attendees. Drinks were flowing freely -- and everyone was having a fine time when somebody said to be quiet because the phone was ringing. Yep -- you guessed it -- it was the manager who said he was sorry but he was trying to sleep and to take our party somewhere else. (This, incidentally, was the only complaint by the management. Of course, it was the only wild party held during the convention. If the Lon-con was lacking in anything, it was wild parties. Usually at World-cons there are several being held simultaneously. It seems that the bar and lounge being open 24 hours a day eliminated the need for parties.)

So the party flowed out of Ellis Mill's suite and down several flights to Jean Bogert's room. Jean had a room perhaps half the size of Ellis's, but everyone managed to get in there -- a tight fit to say the least. An interesting phenomenon that comes to mind was the snogging match between Sam Moskowitz and Daphne Buckmaster -- with Daphne's husband smiling benevolent approval. (It should be mentioned that the British wives have a peculiar custom of snogging in public -- so long as their spouses are nearby. Many of you will recall that "Snog in the Fog" was one of the selling points of London being awarded the convention. Anyone for Kettering -- or Birmingham, I should say?)

The party lasted well into the night. I recall slipping over to Ted Carnell's room for a little nip and a bit of movie-making. There were some assorted fan types present but I had had it. The third day of the convention was over, thought I.

But not quite. I decided to take one last look at the lounge and, sure enough, gentle beings were still slithering about. Dave Kyle, with a mysterious glance to his right and to his left, called me aside.

"Bob," whispered Dave, "how would you like to be on hand for the business meeting in the morning?"

"This," replied I, "sounds real enticing. What's up?"

Dave informed me that two World Science Fiction Society were to be elected. One of the nominees was Art Kingsley, a friend of Dave's and a member of the New York S-F Circle. Dave had the jolly idea of making the WSFS really international and wanted to nominate a Britisher. "And who," asked Dave, "is more international than Dave Newman?" "Quite so," agreed I. And would I second Dave's nomination of Dave? (Kyle nominating Newman.) This I agreed to do, never anticipating the intrigue going on that very moment which would eventually culminate in one of fandom's most vicious feuds.

(Editor's note: In the next issue you will read about the exciting final day of the convention. The Fake Fan will recount the startling climax to the business meeting and the fantastic question and answer game in which Ackerman, Moskowitz & Madle compete (in front of a packed auditorium) in a battle of scientific knowledge.)

I have received quite a number of letters regarding Bob's London Report. John Trimble's letter sums it up, "But with a thought to the times, and a look at people who didn't get the whole thing, why not publish it complete?"

Plans have been made to publish Bob's report in complete form after it finishes running in JD-Argassy. As things stand now, Bob Pavlat is planning to do the printing, if for any reason Bob can't get the job done, I will be backing him up as a possible substitute. For further information on this, write to : Bob Pavlat 6001 43rd Ave. Hyattsville, Maryland.

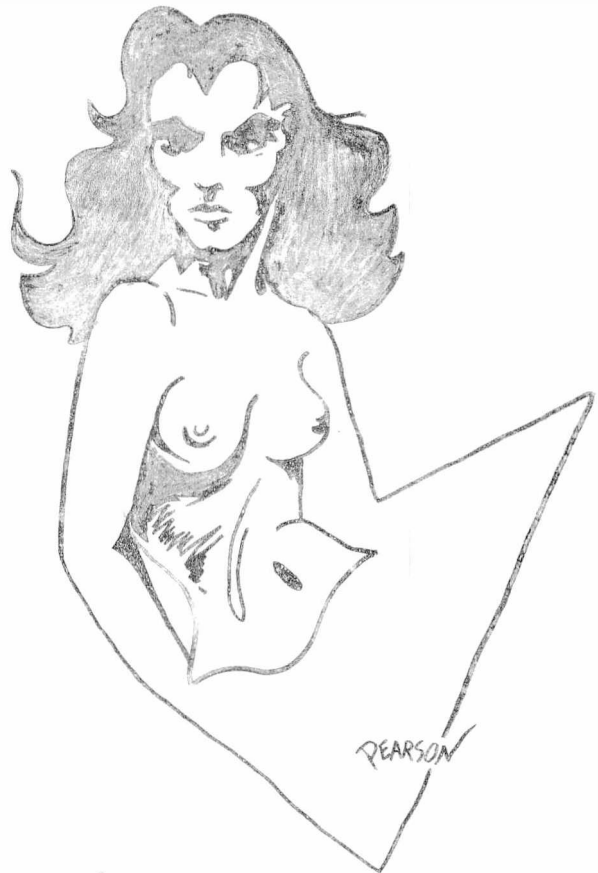
BILL CONNER says, "I definately plan to give my TAFF vote to Don Ford. He deserves the trip after giving TAFF his time and support, and for other past fannish activities. Don is the down-through-the-years sort of fan who's interested in sf and fandom and is a continuing one. I think this is the type of fan that forms the foundation of fandom; fans may come and fans may gafiate, but the real faaanns are always with us." He goes on to say that "It's good to see something by Tucker in a fanzine again. Seems like Bob has been sticking to the background of late; I miss his Bloch-worshipping and the Tucker humor. I hope you can persuade him to continue contributing to JD-A now and then."

Your sentiments on Don Ford are reflected here, Bill. While I think highly of all the TAFF candidates, I too feel that Don should be the one to make the trip. Lets all get our 50¢ in the mail along with our votes and send Don Ford to England.

You will see more Tucker in JD-A or I'll start stopping at his house for dinner again. That should do it Bill, I'll probably receive three mss in the first mail after Bob reads this.

March 15th now, and I received a letter from Andy Harris in which he says "It has been at least 3 years since I last circulated to any extent. I've been in so many hospitals that I'm considering putting out a book; 'Where To Get Sick' by Thumpin B. Hinds, or 'Wild Nurses I Have Known' by Ernest Rompson Sitton." He then tells of some of some of the various happenings around Racine and says "I'll try and drop Charley a line soon. It's about time for congratulations for surviving another Minnesota winter. Tell any of the fans you happen to see that I said hello and I would like to hear from anybody or everybody.

Andrew Harris
311 Third St.
Racine, Ohio



VERNELL CORIELL writes that he will now publish a mimeoed zine, THE GRIDLEY WAVE, between offset issues of THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN. As in BB, his new zine will deal with worlds of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

DIRCE ARCHER writes that I put her on the spot with my short deadline, but goes on to explain the accessibility of Pittsburgh and how easy it is to reach. The Greater Pittsburgh Airport is the world's second largest. American, TWA, Capital, United, Northwestern, Eastern and overseas carriers have direct flights into Pittsburgh. Three major railroads, PRR, NY Central and/or P&LE, and B&O, have downtown terminals. And of course you can take the Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, New Jersey and Penna. Turnpikes. Don't overlook accessibility when voting for the 1960 convention site! PITTSBURGH in '60!!

ART LEE writes that he is now settled in New York and that his new address will be Apt. 4-G, 345 West 23rd Street, New York 11.

TOM REAMY states that he has discontinued CRIFANAC and will bring out an entirely new zine in the future. He then laments on the present state of Dallas fandom and hopes it pick up as fans return from college for the summer.

VINCENT PAUL NOWELL agrees with G.M. Carr even if he DID send Christmas cards.



He states further that Stan Freburg deserves a green Christmas tree for his fine record.

WILKIE CONNER thinks Harry Golden is the finest thinker to come along since Will Rogers. With that I agree.

jd-ARGASSY #42
Lynn A. Hickman
304 N. 11th
Mt. Vernon, Illinois

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

To: _____

PITTSBURGH IN '60!

Ninth year of publication

Please fill in the following nomination ballot and mail it to:
"DETENTION" 12011 Kilbourne Street, Detroit 13, Michigan USA.

BEST NOVEL

BEST NOVELETTE

.....

.....

.....

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

.....

.....

.....

BEST SHORT STORY

BEST STF OR FANTASY MOVIE

.....

.....

.....

MOST PROMISING NEW AUTHOR

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE

.....

.....

.....

You are NOT required to join the convention to nominate and vote for your choice, all nominations and votes will be given an honest count without regard to whether the person writing has sent in his membership fee! We would, however, like to point out that this convention is being run by a non-profit organization, whose major source of income is the \$2.00 fee charged all persons joining. From this we must provide all convention entertainment, frequent Progress Reports, a souvenir program booklet, and the various other benefits. Persons who do not attend the convention itself will still receive all souvenirs, and usual benefits, as well as the satisfaction of having personally helped to promote the convention. The procedure is simple - just enclose two dollars with your ballot - The Convention Committee will see that you get full value for your money.

ALL NOMINATIONS MUST BE POSTMARKED NOT LATER THAN MAY 15th, 1959.

