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ADKINS-

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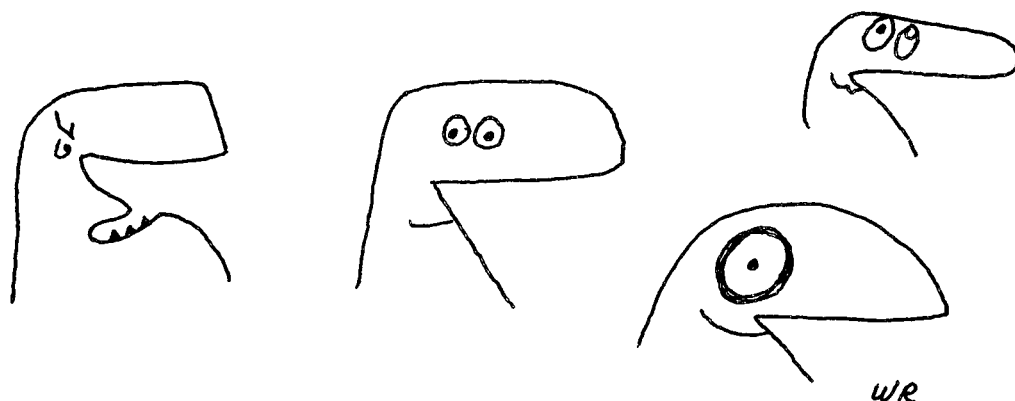
VOID #16 is in and while this is a zine that I enjoy reading, I take exception to Ted White's "Dept. of Dirty Campaigning". Ted seems to take a sentence of mine from an earlier JD-A and build up a case that takes him paragraph upon paragraph to explain why I am a dirty campaigner.

I said that I was going to vote for Pittsburgh in 1960 and that one of the reasons I was doing so was because of the maturity of the club. That is so. I firmly intend to vote for Pittsburgh. He then goes on to explain that the DC club is also mature and that it was formed in 1948 and that he joined it in 1954. That I know. I didn't say it was not a mature club (although I'm now a little in doubt on some of the members). I've known Bob Pavlat and some of the other members for years. In fact I attended some of their meetings in 1948 or 1949. Now, who is going to be active if DC were to get the con? Pavlat no doubt, Derry most likely. Spencer I don't know personally but from reading his apazines he appears a good man. How many others of the "mature" group will be active?

Ted then goes on to say "the WSFA is probably the richest club going, with the treasuries of the WSFA & the CAPICON Committee totaling over \$100.00." He then says "I'd say raising and holding as much money is not the mark of an irresponsible or juvenile club." Well bully for you Ted, only the Cincy group recently took almost that much from their treasury and gave it to the London group to help them start their clubroom. I would imagine there are other clubs that have more than that also. Heck, any club could have a hundred or so in the treasury with no pain to the members, so whats so great about that?

Now I have no intentions of getting in a wrangle with Ted over this. I like him too well as a person, but I do want to make myself clear. I didn't like the tag "Dept. of Dirty Campaigning" just because I stated that I was for Pittsburgh. Now, here are my feelings on the cities bidding for '60. I think any of the three could and would put on a good convention. Philly was out of the running in my mind because they have already had two World Cons. The choice remained between DC and Pittsburgh. I have good friends in each city and feel that either one could do a nice job of putting on a con. I decided in favor of Pittsburgh because all of the members that I know there are responsible people, I feel they would do a business-like job and put on a good con. Also they asked me to support them. I hope fandom will make it PITT IN '60. But no matter who gets it, I'm sure we'll have a good con and I'll be there

You irked me Ted, but some other fans that read VOID wrote that they got quite a laugh from the "maturity" of your editorial. They are for Pittsburgh now too.



There was a time when people supposed that a middle-sized fellow with a pipe was going to kill me if I didn't nail him first. In those times that hardly an active fan alive can remember, Harlan Ellison and I were understood to have the makings of a feud. Needless to say, those days are gone forever. I'm sure Harlan couldn't bother with feuding with somebody he outsells twenty to one (conservatively speaking). Some of you may recall having seen my name occasionally in *Galaxy*, *Amazing*, *If* (with classics, absolute classics I admit) but all of you must know Harlan Ellison as the expert on juvenile delinquency he is. His many stories and books on the subject have convinced the world, but I knew him in less splendid days, and even then I never doubted for an instant that someday the name of Harlan Ellison would be famous in connection with juvenile delinquency.

Let me go back to those earlier, happier more carefree times. It was a hundred pounds ago for me (minus, not plus), more or less. I was not the middleweight in Ivy League rejects you may have seen at some convention or other. Harlan was wearing his glasses then, and his pipe. It was the time of the Chicago convention and we were very young men.

Then as now, I was relatively unknown. So was Harlan.

Yet, somehow, Harlan Ellison appeared on the official program with a pro writer named Harry Harrison as his straight man in a comedy sketch. I never quite understood how Harlan managed this, but he always had strange mutant powers that somehow made him different.

Harlan was a familiar figure at that Chicago World Con -- the Chicon II as we used to quaintly call it in the Old Days. He could be seen there tucking an original illustration under his coat, being slugged by some girl here (for poking fun here and here), and he could be seen all over at the Masquerade Ball in a costume consisting of a sergeant-major's stripes being painted on his bare hide. Harlan was never a member of the Beat Generation -- black and blue and green, perhaps, but never Beat.

I didn't know Harlan then. This was before my luck changed. Nobody knew of me, before Harlan made me famous for a time -- for a time of about ten seconds, to be exact.

But Harlan was kind to me. I mean this very genuinely -- he was one of the few people at that convention who treated a green kid like me (mould, you know) as a human being. He spoke to me warmly and courteously on several occasions.

I remember talking to an older man at that con -- one of say, 28, who was determined to be a pro writer. He wasn't going to go in for style or action or characterization -- he believed SF was composed only of Ideas -- grand, sweeping, cosmic Ideas. That was what he was putting into his work. Even then I suspected I would never hear of him again, and I was right. I was sitting with this fellow on one of the tiers of the Terrace Room of the Morrison Hotel when Harlan marched down to the speaker's stand to claim some item he had just bid in at the auction. It was some species of book that nobody in his right mind would want -- The Shape of Things to Come in the Sixty-First Edition of a Finnish translation, or some such unGodly specimen -- which Harlan had just paid some ridiculous sum for, bidding against himself. (I believe he patriotically wanted to show the pikers what those auction items should go for.)

The Believer-In-Cosmic-Ideas watched Harlan stalk along, pipe clenched tightly in the incisors of his jutting jaw. A low animal growl issued up from my sometime companion. "I'd like to shove that damned pipe down his throat and break it in two!"

"Leapin' Lizards," I blasphemed "why?"

A glassy fixation of ultimate confusion and disorientation crossed my companion's face. "I -- I don't know."

In the years that have passed since this memorable incident I have found that this attitude towards Harlan Ellison has been reflected in some others.

Let me say that I have never been genuinely angry with Harlan in my life. I have always recognized that he had a lot of raw (sometimes I've thought very raw) talent and a drive towards his idea of success that I frankly envy. Harlan's personality has never irritated me as it has some, so they say. In fact, I think Harlan has a good deal of what is frequently labeled "charm".

I once summed up Harlan's problems, and since then several people have echoes my summation: "He isn't that short."

As years went by, strange stories about Harlan came out of the woodwork. There was a story that once when he forgot his the key to his room Harlan climbed the side of a hotel, not unlike King Kong after Fay Wray, fingers and toes in the crevices of mortar blocks. Of course, I can't really believe this. If Harlan lacked the key to a room he would never try such unorthodox methods of entry. I happen to know in society in which he was raised a locked door means stay out.

There was another story that Harlan had sold a story to The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. This story proved a bit premature, but only a trifle. Harlan soon sold stories to Manhunt, Trapped, Guilty, Suspect -- he became a big name in crime-writing. Or vice-versa.

He also sold stories to a number of SF magazines -- although somehow that story never did come out in F&SF, only in Confidential. Or was it Uncensored?

But it isn't the big spectacular successes you remember about a man, it's the little things.

I remember a quiet little dinner I once had with Harlan Ellison and Sally Dunn.

It was a pleasant room in Bellefontaine. Not too expensive, but pleasant. It was before the dinner hour and there wasn't too much activity. Harlan and Sally and I sat chatting quietly. Or that is, I tried to keep quiet and learn something from him. And her.

Several minutes sped by and still the waitress hadn't brought us a menu. Suddenly with a boyish grin to me and a daring wink to Sally Harlan with the grace of Douglass Fairbanks Jr. leaped nimbly to the seat of his chair, cupped his hands to his mouth, and bellowed in an attention arresting, authoritative voice:

"COULD WE PLEASE HAVE SOME SERVICE HERE, PLEASE!"

I hardly need tell you that with a man of action like that around we got immediate attention. A large heavy set man with a mustache started towards us -- apparently the manager -- then stopped to confer with a woman in a waitress' uniform. Finally the man remained at his post, scowling, and the waitress approached us.

"We'll have the Spegetti dinner, eh, Sally," Harlan said. "How about you, Jim?"

"Holah Mahkrel," I said to myself, looking at the prices on the menu "I think I'll have a hamberger."

The waitress looked at me and sniffed.

Self-consciously, I slid down in my chair, tucked my head and lifted an arm to see if there was something some one of my better friends had avoided telling me.

"And what for desert, sir?" the waitress said, turning to Harlan with a friendlier eye now that she had seen me.

"Nothing for me," Sally said demurely.

The waitress caught me with my elbow behind my head.

"Oh -- uh -- no, thanks. Just a -- a hamberger. Meat, bum, mumble."

"And you, Sir?" she beamed at Harlan.

"I," said Harlan Ellison "will have a chocolat Sundae with chopped nuts as described here in line thirty one on the menu."

Remember this, friends. It will be important later on.

The waitress brought Harlan and Sally huge plates of spegetti and a large platter of buns and rolls. She gave me my hamberger. It was the small, shrivelled up kind, revealing a large area of white bun. She didn't bring me any catsup or mustard. I started to fetch some from a neighboring table but I saw the manager start to move, and so I sat back down.

As Harlan was finishing his spegetti (incidentally he offered me some of his rolls and butter and I took them since I was hungry) the waitress brought him his Sundae.

Harlan looked deeply into the mysterious dark mass in the dish. "Miss, oh miss, may I speak to you a moment?"

The waitress giggled, and shivelled back. "Yes, what is it, Sir?"

"This chocolate Sundae has," he said "it has -- no nuts."

The waitressed stared in horror at the emasculated Sundae.

"I know, sir," she finally admitted breathlessly. "The truth of the matter is that we are fresh out of nuts in the kitchen."

"Miss," Harlan said "I don't wish to appear unreasonable but as it so happens my doctor has specifically forbidden me to eat chocolate Sundaes unless they are accompanied by nuts. You understand how it is."

"Oh yes, sir. I'll remove the chocolate Sundae immediately and needles to say it will not appear on your check."

"Miss, I'm afraid you do not understand."

"No?" I think she was hanging on the chasm of tears.

"No," gently but firmly. "I want neither the absense of a chocolate Sundae with nuts or a chocolate Sundae without nuts. I simply want you to bring me some nuts for my chocolate Sundae, the one I have here."

"But sir, we have no nuts, no nuts at all, none. I can bring you no nuts. We don't have them."

"Yet," Harlan said with relentless logic "you have listed on line thirty one of your menu 'cbocolate Sundae with nuts'. How do you explain that?"

"We ran out --"

"Miss, are you familiar with the rulings of the Fair Practices Comission on matters like this? As it so happens, there are a number of prominent attornies in my family. As a matter of fact, one of them recently defended Dr. Sam Sheppard --"

"The guy they sent to prison for life?"

"Yes."

She looked understandably awed. "But -- but --"

Suddenly, with that same nimbleness I have previously described, reminiscent of Dough Fairbanks Jr. and Sr. now that I think it through objectively, Harlan attained the seat of his chair with both feet.

"YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME NUTS!" he shrieked with terrifying authority.

"Yes, sir," the waitress said. "There doesn't seem to be any other way to have you."

With my rare quality of discernment I observed that the woman was thinking.

"I can," she said "I can go across the street and buy some nuts with my own money and put them on your Sunday, sir."

"That will be fine," Harlan said, climbing down from the high chair.

It was hardly five minutes before the waitress returned, rather red of face and with her hair disshevelled. She ripped open a cellophane envelope, and panting for breath, scattered the contents into a dark syrup, the consistency of tomato paste.

Harlan took one spoonful of the substance and threw down his spoon in disgust.

"Peanuts," he said. "Chopped peanuts, not chopped walnuts."

But he pulled himself together, made a major decision, and perhaps thinking he had won a moral victory after all, slid a quarter under his plate and took Sally's arm.

On the way out, the large, heavy set man with the mustache grabbed my arm and breathed stale cigar smoke into my face. "Listen, fat boy," he said to me "I don't like trouble-makers in my place..Get me?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Well, remember it," he said giving me back my arm.

It has got so it doesn't bother me much anymore.



This was Harlan at the beginning of his carrer, of course.

It was a differnt Ellison with which I had dinner with some years later at Cincinnati. He was accompanied by Mrs. Ellison. The Bobbies Silverberg were also on hand,

The Silverbergs ordered sirloin. The Ellisons had the T-bone.

It was a somewhat different Jim Harmon on hand as well. I put in an order for two hamburgers.

"You know, Jim, Bob," Harlan began "I've got an idea for a pretty good little story --"

"Glorioski," I said "it would just make me feel good all over to hear about it."

(Note: No improper significance from my picturesque speech and the fact I had no girl with me on either of these occasions should be here drawn.)

Silverberg favored me with one of his darker looks and cautioned Harlan, "Careful, or you'll talk it out."

(Note: Silverberg herein refers to the phenomenon experienced by some writers where if they talk about some story they are planning at greath length they then find it impossible to write the story down, having already depleted the creative reserve inherent in the work.)

"It's a pretty good little story," Harlan persisted. "Of course, I've had to sacrifice some of its artistic content to the demands of popular commercial fiction, but it has a certain style and class to it yet, I think."

"Well, Harlan," I said "what is it about?"

"It concerns a sadistic rapist who gets his kicks out of his lust slaughters and mutilations of ravishingly beautiful naked virgins. I call it 'Thrill Killer'."

"My," I said.

"Careful," Silverberg said "you're talking it out."

"He starts out simply," Harlan continued "he butchers a beautiful blonde whom I describe as looking exactly like Jayne Mansfield --" Mrs. Ellison beamed at him admiringly "and he sort of gets an orgasm out of it. A little one. But that's only the beginning --"

"Harlan," I said "tell me about the time you carried a switchblade and ran with a teen-age gang again."

"--Next, he murdered a pair of twins each of which looked

exactly like Elizabeth Taylor. Then he rounded up six girls and slaughtered them in tandem. See, he needed a bigger killing each time to get his thrill. Finally, he wiped out an entire Sunday school class on a picnic with a war surplus flame thrower --"

"Harlan," I said.

"Harlan," Bob Silverberg said.

Harlan warmed up to his subject with that flame thrower. "--Finally, he knows there is just one killing that can give him any thrill. His own. So he slits his own throat -- now dig this twist -- he does get kind of an orgasm, a little one, but it certainly isn't nearly as good as he expected."

The silence was finally broken by Silverberg.

"I really think you talked it out, Harlan."

But he was wrong.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, much less the United States Army can keep Harlan Ellison from writing stories.

And never say I didn't warn you.

=Author's Addenda: Let me tell you that if I had known I was going to have to master this article myself it would have probably been shorter, inspite of the limitless material inherent in the subject. This I clearly see is what comes of visiting an editor after submitting a manuscript. After having Lynn Hickman stand over me, threatening me with a huge bottle and a flask of some ominous foaming elixar, I think I will stay away from New York, Horace Gold, and those linotypes. You can lose a hand in one of them things. Here in Mt. Vernon, I am only in danger of losing my grip.

There's one footnote to the article proper (or improper). I have had reason to discover that Harlan is no longer in the Army, but is editing at Rogue. He recertly rejected one of my stories with the single observation: "Ridiculous."

. It seems a fitting final word. Harlan, like Dostoyevsky, is unanswerable.

D O N ' T M I S S

R E D D B O G G S

"THE PHANTOM PHAN ---- MAN OR MYTH"
THE NEXT THRILL-PACKED CHAPTER IN THIS SENSATIONAL EXPOSE'
SERIES BY JIM HARMON, FANDOM'S ONE MAN CONFIDENTIAL!

I WAS A PRISONER IN A 21"
PICTURE TUBE

by Robert Bloch



Science fiction fans come in all sizes and shapes.

This makes it mighty convenient, because you can always throw the small ones back -- and ignore the flat-chested.

But it's true that there's a great diversity of occupations in fandom. Perhaps the law of averages accounts for the fact that a fan such as myself is a television performer. Certainly it wasn't planned that way, and anyone who insists on believing so is just suffering from a persecution-complex.

Yet the fact remains; during the past six years I have made well (or sick-like) over two hundred appearances on camera in a weekly half-hour show originating in Milwaukee.

Since a number of people (two, to be exact) have inquired from time to time concerning this phase of my inactivities, I might as well tell all.

IT'S A DRAW is a cartoon quiz program, featuring a quick-sketch artist named Sid Stone, who whips out cartoon "clues" to an m.c. and a panel of three guests. With the aid of the drawings and an announcement from the m.c., the panelists attempt to guess the identities of famous personages, name geographical locations, familiar expressions, song titles, book or motion picture or theatrical titles, etc. It resolves itself into a series of pictorial charades -- but the object, of course, is not so much to guess the answer as to use the clues as an excuse for conversation. The show is unrehearsed, and panelists are paid a fee for their appearances, so no prizes are involved.

On paper, it doesn't sound like much. On screen, it doesn't necessarily look like much, either; the quality of the performance varies wildly from show to show and depends almost entirely on the abilities of a motley assemblage of panelists. While there are some "regulars" who make frequent appearances, I am and have been the sole "permanent" panelist during the past six years. There are various explanations for this, but I prefer to attribute it to an old gypsy curse.

During this time the program has had several different sponsors and has emanated (and I use the word ill-advisedly) from no less than three different stations. For the past three years the sponsor has been a local brewery and the show has stabilized (again, an ill-advised expression) at one studio. We work with three cameras and a rather large floor-crew; at least, it's a large crew for a "local" production.

Lest it be surmised that the comparatively elaborate set-up is employed for the benefit of the program itself, let me hasten to correct that impression -- the staff and facilities are devoted almost exclusively to the problems attendant upon televising the "live" commercials. There are many exciting conferences involving the proper camera-angles and action to be employed during the pouring of a glass of beer; nobody at all wastes any time on how to shoot the cleavage of a panelist.

This doesn't bother me, because I wear a necktie. But when you happen to have a guest-panelist like Dagmar --

Come to think of it, the guest-panelists are (and have) the interesting features of the show. Through the years I've sat in with a wide assortment of baseball players, sports personalities, musicians, nitery entertainers, legitimate theatrical performers, illegitimate theatrical performers, beauty contest winners, celebrities, and nonentities.

Some of them are great fun, some are complete wash-outs, but all of them are interesting. The exuberant exhibitionists -- Dagmar, Henny Youngman, Arthur Fiedler -- inevitably demand return engagements whenever they happen to be in town. They are show-wise, know how to pick up a cue and milk a gag until its udders are sore. Visiting theatrical performers and TV or motion picture actors such as Edward Everett Horton, Nancy Coleman, Buff Cobb, Meg Mundy, Jeffery Lynn, John Carradine, etc., are usually more entertaining off-camera than on, but make a good appearance. The girl singers can be relied upon to laugh it up. The nitery performers usually draw a blank; they're used to working with prepared material and, despite a widespread reputation for ad-libbing, they generally freeze. Sports figures and beauty contest winners are notably mute but they "dress" the show. And we old regulars just keep yapping away.

Although there is no rehearsal and the show is not "rigged", I must confess that there are times when self-conscious or self-styled "celebrity" insists that he or she mustn't be allowed to "look bad" and pleads for an answer or two in advance. Since I always am seated next to the female panelist (Beauty and the Beast) there are times when, if I guess an answer quickly enough, I can hastily whisper it into her ear. But as a rule this gambit is not employed, and I must devise other excuses for inspecting cleavage.

Oddly enough, in spite of the impromptu nature of this clambake, the show has never really been in hot water with the censors. Oldtime movie actress Fifi D'Orsay kept the m.c. sweating for a while with a few Gallic allusions, and then there was the time when I was asked the title of my favorite children's book and found myself blurting out, "Psychopathia Sexualis" and the time various panelists at the table were complaining of the excessive heat in the studio and somebody (all right, me again) admitted that he'd solved the problem by removing his trousers before the show started. But in the main, it's good clean wholesome entertainment catering to everyone from eight right on up to nine-and-a-half.

Chances are, it won't continue forever. Six years is a long time for any local program to endure, and the ingenuity of the artist and of the gal who creates the ideas for the quiz questions is taxed by time and a Republican administration. But it has been a curious and often intriguing experience for a country boy like myself, and as far as I can see there's never been an easier way of earning a few bucks than to march into a studio, sit down for half an hour, and get paid just for beard-mutterings and interlineations.

Best of all, it has never interfered with fanning. There's always plenty of time left over to devote to serious, constructive projects. TV or no TV, I'm ready to lend a helping hand towards building that tower of human skulls to the moon.

Robert Bloch

BOB TUCKER writes:

Enclosed is a trade-press review of "The World, the Flesh and the Devil" which I mentioned earlier. The reviewer liked it, as you will see, but please read between the lines -- he's deathly afraid the sdoring public won't accept two or three things in the story and is warning the exhibitors.

Also note in the credits that the picture is "suggested by a story by M.P. Shiel." Whatever that means is anybody's guess, but they may be referring to The Purple Cloud, published about 1929. It was an end of the world yarn. Of course, they could also be referring to any one of the twenty other novels Shiel published. Who knows? Well, if our theater buys it, I'll watch it. But I've got a dollar here which says that Harry Belafonte will not get the girl in the end -- that other character will, while the hero fades into the sunset or something.

Bob also tells me that Bester has sold The Demolished Man to Hollywood and that John Payne will collaborate on the screen play.

Tucker also states that he is dummyping a new edition of NEO-FAN'S GUIDE to be published this summer. It will be lithographed like his old SF NEWS LETTER and will run 16 or 20 pages. He asks that people who want copies should send him a postcard now. (NO Money)

Phil Farmer (now in Arizona) writes that he will visit Frederic Brown and Mildred Clingerman in Tucson in the near future and that he is re-writing THE LOVERS. Horace Gold had inquired about; wanting to consider it for a new sf softcover house for which he'll be editing. Phil says that he loves Arizona, has made several week-end camping trips into the remote mountain ranges and that he killed 3 rattlesnakes in one week.



H A S H H A R B O R

BY DAN L. ADKINS

Here we are again, resting in the ol' den at the Adkins-Pearson Palace, five flights up in endsville. Loud crooner Elvis Presley is singing with a sort of screaming effect from the Hi-Fi set. These neighbors love to hear Elvis at midnight. Gives them something to complain about and this relieves all their built up tensions. Anything for my neighbors boy! Actually they're pretty poor sports and not at all understanding.

Since I am soon to be married, I do quite a bit of house shopping. Today I got some curtains for the living room. They look kind of sick, hanging there really. But, they are an improvement, and I'll have to get some for the bedroom. Pearson was worried about them catching fire because they're close to the radiator. He's not worried now though. I hung him up there and that boy ain't worried about anything.

Now I'm worried about Pearson catching fire.....

AMRA #2, George Scithers, Box 203, Stanford, California. 20¢ a copy. Offset-multilith, more or less bi-monthly.

Something between digest size and regular magazine size is AMRA, a very neat zine published for Conan personal. George has done his best art to date on the cover but still hasn't learned good lettering or any great shakes of layout. The layout is perhaps above the average fanzine, or will effect yoy this way due to the method of reproduction. Doesn't mean it's completely so. One good JWC illo and two by Gilbert take care of what good inside art there is. Somehow I am listed as art-editor....err....can you imagine me art-editor and no Adkins- illos? Next issue will take care of that though, and for you George Barr fans, there is a double page spread that is the best Barr illustrations to appear in a fanzine.

So much for the layout, reproduction and art. Let's get to the meat of the second AMRA, the written material. Before reading the material I had the impression this was going to be dull, being about Conan in what I thought would be factual sort of writing or dull articles. Upon actual reading, the material has a little life and even shows signs of spirited personalities. George does a easy-smooth editorial that gives you the thought that he enjoys



what he's doing here. It gives you a pleasant feeling. Pro August Derleth puts down views on the publishing of swashbuckle adventure, with a number of interesting facts included and Mr. John W. Campbell, Jr. points out some incorrect ideas. Incorrect from his views. Ho boy! I love it when people disagree! HEROS ARE OUT OF DATE is John's opinion, and maybe the man has a point there. These are the best items in the issue.

The rest, an article by Poul Anderson's wife Karen, and a reprinted story from YANDRO read well enough, but not so that I'm led to comment more. Finally there is a bit on Conan's women, which Art Lee said he disagreed on as far as factual information. Maybe Art or someone could write a rebuttal George.....

AMRA is a different fanzine and special for adventure readers of the Conan interested parties.

PSI-PHI, Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California. 10¢, Dittoed, Quarterly. #2.

As I recall I cut this up in TWIG ILLOED on the #1 ish. It was a lot of one thing; nothing. But, now we have an improvement, and if they keep going this way, PSI-PHI will be a good fanzine. Starting with the editorial we can't rave much, as it's the usual bit about this and that on the zine and it's editor. No strong voice here or hard drive. Just an editor and small talk. Then we hop along to some book reviews that are not as good as ol' Pemberton of CRY, but Roger Ebert kept me reading all the way through them and that's doing alright for I never jumped very high over prozine reviews. He spends some time on them, gives opinions and doesn't just say this is a good or bad book. His faults are lack of real style of writing, wit, and a critical knife.

Mr. Arv Underman has a page of his own has a page of his own next see? Great start: "Well, this is our second issue and let's hope that it is better." You can see right away what an honest fellow we have here. He comments on some idiot who wrote in, with a lot of useless nothings about the first issue, on private stationery with his name an inch high running boldly down the side. I wonder what concieted jerk has such stationery....Me? Why come to think of it....Mr. Underman forgive me but I'm only 10 years old and didn't know any better.

Ted Johnstone writes on a great movie and is almost as dull this time as in the first issue. Do I have to explain what dull writing is to be really critical?

Fanzine reviews are fairly good by Bob Lichtman but he doesn't seem to be improving in any haste. Nice title: A CASE OF TORN FINGERNAILS. Guy Terwilleger comes on and makes like a pretty swing'n John Berry with a fannish home story. He does well, but not up with John, who has the best thing in the issue. John is like this, on the subject of working a duplicator: "Now I'm prepared to swear to this following statement. I pushed one hundred and fifty sections of cardboard through the rollers, and only one hundred and forty seven came through the other side. Honest. I also noticed that as I got near the completion of the task, the machine became more difficult to crank. Decidedly more difficult.

In fact, for the last half dozen I had to grip the crank with both hands, take a running jump and do a double somersault in order to turn it." Love that John Berry!

Okay letter column but confusing layout of it. Atom has a lot of good art and beats out some artist named Adkins-, who has one illo. I don't mean Atom beat him out in numbers, I mean Atom did better. Such honesty!

THE COLE FAX, W.R. Cole, 307 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn 30, New York, 15¢, Mimeoed. #2, published more or less quarterly.

For a really poor cover, take a look at this zine. Would have been better without one. Cole's editorial kept me interested and I learned a few things with his review of 1958, fannish and SF prozine wise. He also rambles well about his zine, then does a good profile of Robert Silverberg. Here is a listing of Bob's stories too, under his own name, as well as various pseudonyms. There follows a short, moody, attempt at serious proish-fanfiction by Bob. I doubt if it'd sell; not much to it worthwhile, but well enough done for a fanzine. It just came to me that the listing of his stories must be incomplete as the tale OZYMANDIAS that was in INFINITY under Ivar Jorgenson was done by Silverberg. If you'll look it up, you can guess how I know.

FILMS ON REVIEW deals with the horror movies. The reviews are a bit of a horror themselves. Not complete enough and rather tasteless. These are by Cole, as is a short book review on DEALS WITH THE DEVIL edited by Basil Davenport. Best item on this is the heading illo by Atom reprinted from HYPHEN.

Rounding it all up is foreign fanzine reviews by Elaine Phillips, who has a little more pep and spirit in her work than Cole. My final word on THE COLE FAX is that if you are interested in information on Bob Silverberg, or would like a listing of his stories, get this issue. The only suggestions I have for improvement to you Mr. Cole is to write longer editorials, and do away with most of the reviews. Movie reviews and most prozine reviews are very dull unless you inject more personal opinions more strongly. Also, get some good artwork.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS, #125, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington, 25¢. Mimeo, Monthly.

Man like Gosh, Wow, Oh Boy! This is one of the best CRY's that ever crawled into my mailbox! We praise Atom's cover, zip over to Pemberton's prozine reviews, which are the best in fandom with his wit, gas-upped fancy words, and actual good judgement of a prozine. Afterwards we bing bang to SCIENCE FICTION FOREVER by Mitchum Cox. A sort of satire on science fiction adventure stories with real sound effects! We're still laughing as we go into Walt Willis' THE STERLING FANZINE, which is about his mad troubles with American money and International Money Orders. Pulling ourselves up from the floor, we then jump to John Berry's thing on a fannish sf movie with great stars like Don Franson, Cary Grant as Terry Carr and Little Richard as Carl Brandon, in THE BNF OF SEXY*VENUS. You then read Leslie Gerber's book reviews to save yourself from laughing to death, but feeling reckless you read his wild THE

AUTHENTIC REPLICA. Let's give thanks that it's not quite as funny as the rest and you're saved.

There's a long letter column with some laughs and a general good time to be had. CRY is a large zine, over 40 pages, with lots of fannish art, that is done well now a days too, though it was lousy. And it swings, like.

YANDRO, #74, Robert and Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wasbash, Indiana, 15¢, Mimeo, monthly.

As is my usual, we'll speak of the cover by Robert Gilbert. He draws an average illustration of a sexy girl and some Bems. Bob knows line, layout, balance and the needed knowledge but slightly over works his stuff with too much shadow effects. The Coulsons ramble in their editorials. Buck speaks of getting an irate letter on his comments in TWIG on Kent Moomaw. All he said was that he didn't feel a bit sorry about what he said about Kent even if he's dead now. Guess fans think Buck is a meany. Shame on you Buck, the cold, cold hearted one. I see your view but as for myself, I do feel bad that I wrote things about Kent out of pity for the sad life he must have led.

The Marion Zimmer Bradley column has enough interesting information but it's too lifeless and serious for me. It is very well handled and written. No doubt some fans will find it fitting to their likes. Bob Tucker suits me better. A sneaky writer with his sly humor.

The next you can skip over unless you care for real serious articles on science. That's exactly what I did. At last we have the letter section with a nice laid out heading by Juanita with a Barbi illo. It's like most, interesting comments on almost anything and anyone.

Very good art and layout, though Juanita could try doing some different tricks with arrangement of her lettering. I suggest getting a regular fannish column or using something to bring a little fire to your pages.

.....*-.....

Of special fannish note is THE FANNISH from Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, Apt. #7, 2444 Virginia St., Berkeley 4, Calif. In this clearly mimeoed zine we have the usual news at the beginning as in FANAC, but what's special is the results of a poll they have taken of 1958 Pandom. We have the leading fanzines from 1 to 10, with complete reviewing of the 1958 issues published. The following 10 to the leading 10 are shortly commented on. All reviewing is done with polish, well thought out remarks. Included in THE FANNISH are the titles: Best ARTIST (top 5), Best CARTOONIST (top 4), Best WRITER (top 10), Best NEW FAN (top 3), Best COLUMN (top 3) and some remarks on WSFS, INC. They give information on all these fans, and did a good job with the layout and getting artwork. Well worth having in your collection.

.....*-.....

Art Lee has asked me to mention something as he has a problem. It seems that a known fan named Clod Raye Hall took it under task to write some nasty letters using Art's name. I don't recall who all Art said he'd written, except that he wrote Ted White and Greg Benford of VOID. Also H.R. Frye of OMEGA, and Bob Lichtman of PSI-PHI. Others were written but my mind slips me and there may be some Art hasn't learned about. He learned of these upon getting letters from them in return. Ted White even paid a visit, whereas Hall acted as if he were Lee and I must confess I went along as I thought it was a gag. Art doesn't see the humor in it though. Anyway, Art himself has only written CRY and to JD-ARGASSY. I've sent his work to YANDRO and taken care of it for TWIG. If anyone else has gotten a letter, it was not from Art Lee. Okay? Now you happy Art?

Here it is about 2 AM at the Adkins-Pearson Palace and tomorrow is a work day. Back to doing those fashion ads, TV ads and such Jive. Believe me after doing that all day it's a pleasure to do art for fanzines or write columns such as this. Want to thank you who are sending zines for review. If the reviews don't show up here, try TWIG ILLUSTRATED.

Dan L. Adkins

I suppose I should have a name of sorts for the part of the zine where I do most of my rambling, Editorial sounds sort of stiff, but for the life of me I wouldn't know what to call it unless it would be something like "With Glass in Hand" or "With Jack Daniels in Deepest Pandon".

I want to remind you again to send your \$2.00 to "DETENTION" 12011 Kilbourne Street, Detroit 13, Michigan for your membership in the DETENTION.

Also that the 10th annual MIDWESTCON will be held at the North Plaza Motel, 7911 Reading Road, Cincinnati 37, Ohio on June 27 & 28th.

This issue has sort of grown out of itself. I had planned to run a large letter column, but I do not want to go over 30 pages because of the extra difficulties in collating, postage rates, etc. so I will issue a special letter issue (#45) that will follow in about two or three weeks. It will be mainly letters.

This issue is entered as a post-mailing to the 20th OMPA mailing. That should put my OMPA page count to around the 85 or 90 mark for the 19th & 20th mailings.

Sent some masters off to Dan Adkins a week or so ago. Dan, Bill Pearson, Art Lee and George Barr will be doing some work directly on master, which will give them a chance to show what they can really do via multilith. It is tough work to trace a detailed drawing and you always lose something from it.

(continued on page 29)

I have yet to meet anyone who goes to a convention to meet the local committee, even when that committee is a Don Ford, or a Howard DeVore, or a Sam Moskowitz, or a Bob Tucker (possible exception noted for Bjo, since I didn't get to Southgate and know only the mythology). You meet these people first, at someone else's convention, or look them up afterward, at the next one, but at convention time they're far too busy to do much socializing.

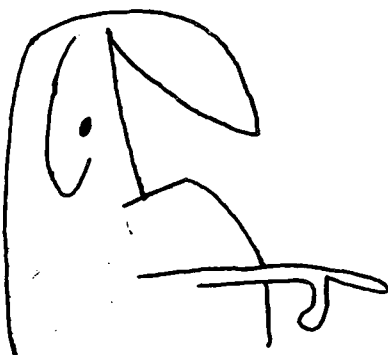
So who are the people you won't meet in Pittsburgh in '60, when the convention settles on the Golden Triangle? Dirce Archer, President of the Pittsburgh Science Fiction Association, has become one of the country's most diligent letter-writers since she's been doing the definite index to the Famous Fantastic magazines. She knows more about past and present writers than most of them know about themselves. Oldtime collector Jack Herzog has come back to the fold, to tantalize us with rarities from the good old days. Jack Price -- one of the fans who lent a hand with the Bleiler-Ditky Check List -- can match him memory for memory and book for book. Bob Hyde, a relative newcomer, is one of the country's top Burroughs men, with some choice art and editions, he's a psychiatrist for super-computers during the day. Artists Frank Kelly Freas and Ed Valigursky are ex-Pittsburghers who we hope to see back with exhibits in '60. Arthur Draper, program director of Buhl Planetarium, is an enthusiast from 'way back: even had hopes of writing a "Captain Video" sequence at one time. As an alleged pro -- actually a neofan as of my first convention, in Cleveland in '55 -- I may be squeezed out of my present quarters by convention time, and if so I solemnly promise to get the Miller collection out of storage. Magaziniwise, it should be solid from 1926 until the last year, when distribution began to break down.

Pitt's it in '60 ... so forget the committee, and plan on attending the best program we can rustle up in two years of trying.

Schuy Miller

(Editor's note: In each issue we will have a short column by a member of the Pittsburgh Science Fiction Association entitled Pittsburgh Notes. In this column they will discuss their plans for the convention and show you some of the reasons that Pitt's it in '60.)

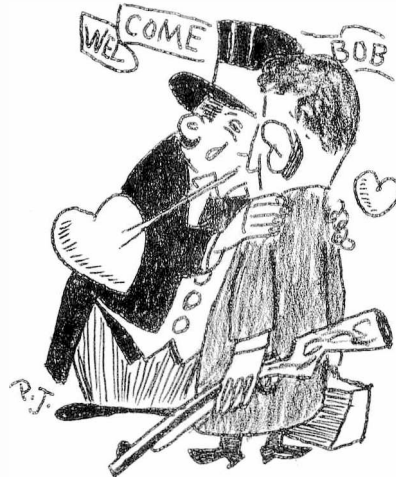
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D O N F O R D
F O R T A F F

There's a Ford in your
Future.....

Chapter 7 "With Rod and Gun Through Inchmery Fandom"



Those of you who have been following this sordid saga from the beginning may recall that fifty or so odd KLM Royal Dutch Airline passengers were met on arrival in London by a group consisting of Ted Carnell, Ken Bulmer, Brian Lewis, and H.P. ("Sandy") Sanderson. When Ken introduced Sandy to me as "Joan Carr" I knew immediately that I was in the presence of one of the members of that very active and outspoken trio commonly known as "Inchmery Fandom", the other two being Joy and Vinç Clarke. I also immediately perceived that "Joan Carr" represented the group who had been somewhat shocked when the TAFF winner was announced. But, primarily through some fast legwork by Bob Pavlat, the situation had been clarified. Also the tense situation had lessened when Dick Eney, Inchmery's Cherce, sent a dittoed letter to all concerned saying, "Bob Madle is definitely a science fiction fan -- not a flying saucer adherent." Following this disclosure, it became evident that the shook-up group was eagerly anticipating meeting me so we could discuss our collections, trade magazines, and talk about our favorite authors and their best stories.

And to show there was no ill-feeling, Sandy forthright invited me to spend a few days following the convention with Inchmery Fandom. And to show there was no ill-feeling on my part, I immediately accepted. Besides, I never look a gift house in the mouth.

While We're on the subject of invitations and Anglohospitality, permit me to mention several other very kind offers I had received. Walt Willis, during one of our discussions, asked me to fly over to Ireland and spend a few days at Oblique House. While I was tempted to take advantage of his kind gesture, the trip did not materialize. Another offer was from Dave Newman, speaking for the Liverpool mob. Dave suggested I come to Liverpool the weekend following the Loncon. He promised a real M-A-D time. Considering the proximity of London to Liverpool, and also considering the hedonistic group that comprises the LASFAS, I accepted.

Anyway, back to the morning following the day the Loncon ended, Sept. 10, 1957. I had breakfast with the Clarkes and Steve Schultheis. Joy and Vinç told me not to wander far from the hotel as we would soon be leaving for Inchmery in a rented van. The rented

van was to carry piles of books, magazines, tape equipment, and like that back home.

The news that I intended to spend the weekend with the Liverpool mob had, apparently, spread rapidly for I had three separate and distinct offers of companionship: Steve Schultheis, GDA operator for the state of Ohio; Will Jenkins, the fan and then President of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society; and Sheldon Deretchin, New York fan to whom we later applied the affectionate appellation, "Boy Ugh!" The more the merrier, thought I, and so I informed Dave Newman to prepare for a real orgy the coming weekend. Dave said, "Fear not. I shall obtain sufficient quarters for thee and thy cohorts." So saying, he provided me also with traveling information from London to Liverpool, making definite arrangements so we could be met at the train station Friday.

By this time the van had arrived, and we were off for Inchmery. "We" being Joy, Sandy, the driver, and yours truly -- Vinç had hastened home so there would be somebody to greet us. He later confided that he had really left early so he could do some housecleaning preparatory to the arrival of the TAFF delegate. They take TAFF delegates seriously at Inchmery -- even old relic types.

We were finally off, with two of us bouncing about in the back of the van on forever shifting piles of Astoundings. Suddenly the van started to make all sorts of weird noises, jerked spasmodically, and stopped. The driver informed us that it appeared the van had broken down and to wait right there while he relayed this information to headquarters and that they would have a replacement van there in practically no time. Disembarking, we found ourselves somewhere in uptown London -- right in front of a gigantic monument. Unfortunately, I neglected to discover to what or to whom the monument was dedicated. However, I shall always remember that imposing structure of granite as being the monument dedicated to "Where the Van Broke Down On Its Way to Inchmery."

After about fifteen minutes the driver informed us it would take longer than he had anticipated. So we proceeded to take color photos of each other. I also walked up to the main drag -- positioned myself in the middle of the street and took a photo of a smiling bobby, who condescendingly posed for me. After all, what is a trip to London without a photo of a bobby? I also got in a couple of a rather large stream called the Tems, or something like that.

The replacement van finally arrived and we managed to make it to Inchmery, the abode of the Clarkes and Sanderson. The affable trio lived (they have now moved, as many of you know) in a second floor apartment, with the main room functioning as kitchen, living room, library, and reproduction (of fanzines, that is) department. SF magazines, tape recorders, mimeographs, and typewriters were to be found everywhere. Behind the dining table was the majority of Vinç's collection, which included early Wonders, Amazings, etc. They were so filed that it conceivable that if an especially heavy truck were to go down the street while someone was eating his Wheaties he might find his bowl partially covered with old Wonder Flakies. Anyway, the room had a real fannish atmosphere and Joy, Vinç and Sandy made me feel at home immediately. As a matter of fact, Sandy was so kind that he gave me his bedroom and slept on the folding bed amidst all the magazines, tape recorders and typewriters.

It seemed that we had been home only a few minutes when Joy came in with a gigantic, steaming bowl of omelet, which was the most delicious omelet I ever tasted. It seems Joy is noted for her omelets and, apparently, is also noted for fattening up her guests. Joy was forever placing food of some sort on the table -- even to a full meal at midnight! No wonder I gained about ten pounds during my stay in England. Of course, several gallons of beer per day of various hues (light to dark) had something to do with it also.

Following dinner we listened to a very lengthy tape from Bob Bloch and Dean Grennell -- most of which consisted of Bloch recounting his adventures at the Clevention. Then we all said nice things to Bloch and Grennell. I remember saying that Inchmery Fandom was sercon, and had old Wonders in their kitchen to prove it. I used (and use) the term, "sercon", to mean "serious-constructive" in the broad sense, and not in the manner of implying scorn, as defined by Tucker and Raeburn. It seems that even if "sercon" did originally mean something else, like many other words and terms, general usage has resulted in it meaning "serious-constructive".

And that evening we had visitors. For this was the evening of "The Meeting at the Summit". The visitors were Walt and Madelaine Willis, and Ken and Pamela Bulmer. This group, plus our quartet, made a jolly combined meeting of eight. The meeting was Ken's baby, and he had planned this so-called "Meeting at the Summit" to be something somewhat different to what it actually materialized as. Ken's original plan was to have a meeting at the Loncon of himself, Walt and me. Ken had suggested that I invite several people who shared my opinions anent TAFP to attend. (He suggested Moskowitz and Ackerman.) This was so I wouldn't feel completely outnumbered in any TAFP discussion. However, plans of mice and men gang aft agley -- and the meeting did not occur at the Loncon.

It was obvious from the start that the meeting would be a success as everyone was happy and glowing and in comprising moods. The various facets of TAFP were hashed over, such as who can vote, who can be nominated, and who is a fan. My fading memory indicates that Ken and Vinç were rather neutral about the whole thing, with Walt and I expressing somewhat conflicting views at times. In general, Walt's definition of an sf fan was far more rigid than mine. Walt wanted to limit the voting to fanzine fans -- publishers and/or writers -- while I wanted to include anyone who was interested enough in science fiction to communicate with others in some manner, be it correspondence, attending conventions, or joining local fan clubs. A compromise was reached whereby members of fan organizations of all types would be eligible; also eligible would be anyone who had subscribed to a fanzine. I felt these concessions were fair, and was fully satisfied.

Those of you do not know Walt personally would find him to be a very enjoyable person -- even though you may not agree with him at times. Walt is tall, handsome and seems to have a determined glare in his eyes, a glare which appears to give on the impression that this young man has a mission in life. His mission that evening was to keep TAFP from going to the dogs -- OOps -- convention fans and, I suppose, he knew that I represented a science fiction fandom much larger and more inclusive than fanzine fandom. Anyway, after much friendly discussion, a blueprint for TAFP was drawn up and agreed to.

This blueprint was written up and published by Ken Bulmer in his OMPazine, Steam. I am republishing it here and now so everyone will know what TAFF is, and the rules and regulations that apply to it:

1. A permanent Two-Way Transatlantic Fan Fund shall be set up to help both British and American Fen to attend each other's conventions. (This category includes Irish, Canadian and Continental fans, also.)

2. The ballot shall be secret. Each fan must sign his own paper and no proxy votes are allowed.

3. Each voter is to be allowed a first, a second and a third choice. If he wishes, he may leave blank any place, 1st, 2nd, or 3rd on the voting paper. He may not vote for one fan more than once. The first choice shall receive 3 points, the second 2 and the third 1. Highest total of points elects.

4. Should the elected candidate prove unable to travel, the second shall be offered the opportunity and also the third, provided that they both received more than a quarter of the total votes cast.

5. Each candidate must sign a declaration that he or she is willing to go, come what may, save an impossible situation, such as an act of God.

6. Each candidate must be nominated by a panel of five well known fen, three from his side of the Atlantic and two from the other.

7. The leading nominator must provide an election platform of about one hundred words, detailing why it is considered their candidate should be elected to TAFF.

8. Fen on both sides of the Atlantic shall be allowed to vote in all elections, irrespective of which way the fund is operating each year.

9. A minimum sum shall be donated to the fund -- at the present it is 2/6d or 50¢ -- to entitle any one fan to vote. More donations over and above this are both welcome and requested.

10. In order to be entitled to vote, a person shall be a science fiction fan and shall to show this be active in fandom to the extent of having subscribed to or contributed to or published at least one fanzine or have joined a reputable fanclub or organization prior to six months before the closing date for nominations (in both cases). This is a matter for the conscience of the fan; the decision on any point is the administrator's and that is final.

The above are the rules as agreed to by Walt Willis, Ken Bulmer, and Bob Madle -- witnessed by Vinç Clarke, Joy Clarke, Madelaine Willis, and Sandy Sanderson. They were explicitly followed in the last election, and they are being just as explicitly followed this time. So be it.

I might add that merely because someone attends a meeting or two of a fanclub he does not automatically become eligible to vote.

It must be proved (if the Administrator should question the ballot) that he is a fan, and not just somebody's wife or mistress who has no interest in sf other than to have a big time with a bunch of offbeat characters.

When I arose Wednesday I found waiting for me, in addition to Joy and Vinç (Sandy was uptown -- at work, I believe -- he's a soldier stationed in London), a letter from Don Ford. Don was worried about the reception I was receiving in England so I immediately sat down and wrote a note to him saying Dick Eney, himself, couldn't have received a better or more hospitable reception. Yes, TAFP seemed to be in for some smooth sailing on calm waters during the next two years, thought I.



Wednesday morning was consumed by long discussions on science fiction and fandom. Joy is a voracious reader and is more up to date on contemporary science fiction than is Vinç. On the other hand, Vinç is an oldtime collector and has a collection that goes back just about to the beginning. Vinç has an excellent memory for the old-time stuff and we had a good time exchanging comments and views. As I mentioned in an earlier chapter, Vinç proved himself to be a "sercon" fan -- and here I am using my definition, which is certainly meant to be complimentary. In fact, Vinç is my definition of "The Compleat Fan" -- reader, collector, correspondent, club member, convention goer, fanzine writer, and fanzine publisher. I sincerely feel that to be a 100% "Compleat Fan" one must have participated, to a certain extent, in all facets of fandom mentioned above. However, participation in any one of the facets makes one a science fiction fan, so far as I'm concerned.

We spent some time going through the Inchmery fanzine collection and I came across a gigantic issue of a fanzine called Eye -- 164 pages, with our Vinç as editor, along with Ted Tubb and Stuart Mackenzie. This must certainly be one of the largest (if not the largest) fanzine ever published. I also looked over the early issues of Hyphen, many of which I do not have. The morning flew by rapidly and soon it was time for another delicious lunch. The rest of the afternoon I spent writing up the convention for "Inside Science Fiction" (the department that appeared in Science Fiction Quarterly, not Ron Smith's fanzine).

My typewriter pounding was interrupted by Joy who excitedly said I had a long distance call from Leeds. I dashed downstairs, picked up the phone, and prosaically said, "Hello." A voice, heavily laden with a cultured British accent said, "Hello, Bob. Mike Rosenblum, here!" J. Michael Rosenblum, an old correspondent of mine from pre-war days, had heard from Ron Bennett that I was going to be in Liverpool over the coming weekend and suggested that I come over to Leeds (only about 100 miles from Liverpool) and

spend a couple days with him. It certainly was a pleasure hearing from someone out of the dim, distant past and I told Mike I would call him from Liverpool on Saturday morning giving him a definite reply. J. Michael Rosenblum is one of the real old-time fans, one who has devoted many years to science fiction and, like Vinc, has participated in all phases of science fiction and fandom. I would say, however, that collecting has always been his number one interest and he has one of the most extensive collections extant. But more, much more, about Mike Rosenblum and his collection will be told in a future chapter, tentatively titled, "The Leeds Plague."

Joy is an expert on English culture and traditions and she wanted to make sure the TAFP candidate, just once, spent some time on something other than fans and science fiction. And she planned the trip to Knole. The trip (which took care of most of Thursday the 12th) included a long bus ride through the beautiful, rustic English countryside. It takes a trip like this to make one realize that he is covering ground that is so steeped with history that it is almost as if one were reliving the past. One little town was pointed out to me by Vinc as being the birthplace of Shakespeare.

The Knole is a huge and ancient castle located in Kent, some 35 or 40 miles from London. It is one of the principal historical landmarks of the area and, although its beginnings are obscure, it is said to date back to the reign of King John, in the early part of the 13th century. The Knole is a massive and sombre structure, built of grey ragstone. It is also said that its 7 courtyards correspond to the days of the week, its 52 staircases to the weeks of the year, its 365 rooms to the days of the year. In other words, what I am trying to say is, "This shack is like real big."

Joy, Vinc, Sandy and I spent several hours going through the place from stem to stern -- or from courtyard to bedroom. The lecturer quite adeptly covered Knole's history -- and it sounded like a history of England. Such names as Queen Mary, Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn, John Dryden, Queen Elizabeth, and John Donne were dropped at various intervals by the lecturer. And, I believe, the names of Thomas More and Jonathan Swift were also mentioned as having some affiliation with Knole. (This adds a science fictional flavor to Knole after all.)

After leaving the Knole, we had a delicious repast in a quaint restaurant in the nearby town. This entire town gave me the impression of having existed without change for 500 years. In fact, it reminded me of the old Weird Tales type of story about the ancient city that appears only once every thousand years. Yes, I know; there was a play with that plot, too -- "Brigadoon" was its name. But Weird Tales did it first. And WT redid it, too.

We arrived back in London just in time to make the last few hours of the London Circle meeting. All of the Americans were still in town, so there was quite a massive gathering at the Globe. At this stage of the game, one London Circle meeting seems to flow into other London Circle meetings. However, I do remember that there must have been about forty fans present in various parts of the bar. And I do remember having enjoyable chats with Arthur C. Clark, Sam Youd (John Christopher), John F. Burke, Ron Buckmaster, and several others before the witching hour arrived.

And so back to Inchmery -- with a new series of fannish adventures to start on the morrow.

Watch for "The Liverpool Caper," the next chapter of "A Fake Fan in London."

LES GERBER reports from New York.....

Ace Books:

May -- D362 "Edge of Time" by David Grinnell and "The 100th Millennium" by John Brunner

June -- D366 "The Invaders are Coming" by Alan E. Nourse and J.A. Meyer

D369 "Vanguard from Alpha" by Brian W. Aldiss and "The Changeling Worlds" by Kenneth Bulmer

July -- D375 "Natural State" by Damon Knight and "Fire in the Heavens" by George O. Smith

D377 "Bombs in Orbit" by Jeff Sutton

Purchased but not yet scheduled are works by Alan E. Nourse, Andre Norton, A.E. van Vogt, Harlan Ellison, John Brunner and Robert Moore Williams.

Pyramid Books:

"Falling Tourch" by Algis Budrys (an original novel built around some of his short stories)

"Four for the Future" edited by Groff Conklin, with stories by Sturgeon, Anderson, Russell and Kuttner.

"Johnny" by Judith Merrill (original novel)

"Out of Bounds" by Judith Merrill (collection of shorts)

Avon Books:

Contrary to rumors going around, Avon will not stop publishing sf. They have scheduled:

"Monster Collection" by Murray Leinster (7 or 8 monster stories)

"We Who Survived" by Sterling Noel (under another title)

"Year of the Comet" by John Christopher

"Cornell Woolrich Anthology" (7 or 8 weird stories)

Ballantine Books:

May -- "Star Science Fiction #5" A Star anthology is planned for every four or five months

July -- "The Fourth R" by George O. Smith

August -- "Seed of Light" by Edmund Cooper

"Wolfbane" by Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth

"The Outward Urge" by John Wyndham (new novel under another title) The two aforementioned had no date schedule.

"Countdown" by Charles Eric Maine -- next year

An untitled novel by Chad Oliver is also scheduled for next year.

Gold Medal Books report no sf or fantasy scheduled.

Bantam Books:

July or August -- "The Transcendent Man" by Jerry Sohl
October -- "Immortality Incorporated" by Robert Sheckley
Isaac Asimov's "Nine Tomorrows" is also scheduled.

Berkely Books:

April -- "Imagination Unlimited" edited by Bleiler &
Dikty
June -- "The Other Side of the Moon" edited by August
Dereleth

Dell Books:

June -- "SF, The Years Greatest, Fourth Series" edited
by Judith Merril
October -- "The Sirens of Titan" by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
(original novel)

Avalon Books:

April -- "Giants From Eternity" by Manly Wade Wellman
May -- "The Involuntary Immortals" by Rog Phillips
June -- "Encounter" by Jay Hunter Holly (new author)
July -- "The Golden Ape" by Adam Chase (Milton Lesser)
August -- "The Duplicated Man" by James Blish and Robt.
Lowndes (originally by Blish and "Michael Sherman")
September -- "Robot Hunt" by Roger Lee Vernon
October -- "Nuisance Value" by Manly Wade Wellman

Bob Mills from F&SF reports:

A new Heinlein novel, "Starship Soldier",
has been bought. It will run in two parts sometime next fall. Two
more stories by Howard Fast have been bought, also two Simak novel-
ettes and one by Mark Clifton. (Simak has been absent from the sf
field for a while, Mills says he was sick.)

Readers have refused to let the John
series die. Mills got so many letters that he asked Wellman to do
another, and Wellman said he would.

Before the switch to the 40¢ price,
F&SF's circulation had slowly but steadily been rising. Mills can't
say what the price increase will do.

Galaxy for August:

Novella: "No Life of Their Own" by Clifford Simak
Novellettes: "Mugwamp IV" by Robert Silverberg, "The Malted Milk
Monster" by William Tenn Short Stories: "Citizen in Jail" by
Michael Shaara, "Spicy Sound of Success" by Jim Harmon, "Lex" by
W.T. Haggert Non-Fact Article: "License to Steal" by Louis Newman

IF for September:

"Bargain Basement" by Charles Fontenay, "Not Snow
Nor Rain" by Miriam Allen de Ford, "Homecoming" by Gordon R. Dick-
son. And others.

Robert W. Lowndes reports that Science Fiction Stories is now bi-
monthly because of poor sales. Distribution has been so bad that
the magazine must resort to bi-monthly scheduling to sell whatever
copies that finally reach the stands. Another Isaac Asimov "Point
of View" article, this one on the moon, is scheduled for the August
Future.

LETTERS

Dear Lynn,

Before commenting on the issues individually, I should like to mention that #42, mailed flat, ran the postal gauntlet much better than #43, folded. (THIS SEEMS TO VARY. ADKINS WROTE THAT HIS COPY MAILED FLAT WAS BADLY TORN BUT THAT THE FOLDED COPIES CAME THROUGH IN GOOD SHAPE. LH)

Now, on the contents of #42: The appearance cannot be improved, short of EMSH artwork in full color. To be perfectly honest, I haven't indulged in the reading of science fiction in a little over six months, so most of the 'news' from your readers held little or no interest for me. However, I can see that to the avid reader of sf, JD-Argassy would hold much the same indispensable status as FANAC does among the fanzine-fandom audience. You are to be congratulated for this. I realize it has been said scores of times, but "it's about time that someone gave a little attention to science fiction."

Adkins, in my opinion, is not a very good reviewer. Or it may simply be that he seems to like things that I didn't. In the review of ROCK, for instance, Adkins seems almost ecstatic over "And you have fabulous musical taste, only I generally don't know what you're talking about," which struck me as being somewhat stupid, although this may be because I know little of Adams or his tastes in music. In his review of CRY OF THE NAMELESS he accuses Terry Carr of being "self-centered". Two points:

Prime: Who, I ask you, is more self-centered and egotistical than Adkins himself?

Secundo: If you want an excellent example of being "stuffed up to HERE" with someone, you need look no further than TWIG Illustrated.

Aside from this, although his approach strikes me as being the wrong one, his evaluation of the various publications seems to be typical of most of fandom. For that reason, if for no other, it is worth keeping Adkins as a reviewer.

"A Fake Fan In London" is, of course, quite good; this opinion has been echoed and re-echoed through fandom since the first chapter appeared.

I am, as you will find from perusing DM #2, most strongly AGAINST Don Ford for TAFF. I will not argue this with you, however, only to hope that what I said won't get you TOO mad with me. (I WOULDN'T ARGUE WITH YOU OVER YOUR CHOICE, TED -- WHAT I CAN'T SEE IS WHY YOU WOULD BE AGAINST DON. MY PERSONAL FEELING IS THAT ANY OF THE THREE WOULD MAKE A GOOD DELEGATE BUT THAT DON FORD WOULD MAKE THE BEST ONE. I STATED MY REASONS FOR FEELING THAT WAY AND CERTAINLY WOULD NOT SAY ANYTHING AGAINST THE OTHER CANDIDATES. MY CHOICE RUNS 1. DON FORD. 2. TERRY CARR. 3. BJO. I STATED MY REASONS FOR FEELING THAT DON FORD SHOULD BE THE NUMBER ONE CHOICE IN JD-A #41. I FEEL THAT DON WILL WIN. IF I'M WRONG YOU'LL HEAR NO GRIPE FROM THIS END. FANDOM WILL CHOOSE THE CANDIDATE THEY WANT. I THINK IT WILL BE DON.)

Art is all of a superior quality, even Pearson. Although his females do NOT remind me of the type I'd like to be seen with (at least upward of the neck) they ARE good from the art standpoint. Now then.... on to #43, which arrived a few DAYS after #42. The only thing to interest me in your OMPA m/c's was the review of Ford's POOKA. I had seen reviews/ m/c's on this often, yet had never connected the "POOKA/FORD" with Don Ford. I'm afraid that my foot has become lodged in my mouth in writing that "OMPA can be chalked up to Bjo" in DM #2, referring to the TAFF races.

Again Madle is excellent, and what more is there to say?

Adkins sickens me this time, but since TEW has answered these accusations in V16, I'll pass up a chance to tell the boy wonder what I think of him. Have to keep JD-Argassy a family magazine, you know.

I have a question regarding the cartoon at the bottom of page 11: What is GOOSE? Possibly a college magazine? (YES)

A bit of over-all comment now: I think, taking all things into consideration, that 10¢/20¢ is too high a price for JD-A, just as I think that White is charging too much for VOID. I like JD-A and would like to continue receiving it. (THE QUESTION ON FANZINE PRICES BEING TOO HIGH HAS BEEN RAISED OFTEN. I FEEL LIKE THIS, AND TED PROBABLY DOES TOO. I LOSE A LOT, AND I MEAN A LOT, ON THE ZINE ANYHOW. SUBS DON'T MEAN A HECK OF A LOT. YOU'RE LUCKY TO GET A HUNDRED OR SO A YEAR TO HELP A LITTLE WITH THE COST. IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE PRICE HIGH ENOUGH A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL SUB THAT DON'T REALLY HAVE AN INTEREST IN THE ZINE. EVEN AT \$1.00 PER YEAR YOU LOSE AT LEAST ANOTHER ONE ON THE SUB. WHY MAKE IT EASIER TO LOSE MONEY TO PEOPLE THAT DONOT HAVE A REAL INTEREST? YOU DON'T MIND IT ON THE OTHERS, HECK YOU EXPECT TO SPEND MONEY ON A HOBBY. BUT THIS HELPS WEED THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF. LH)

Ted Pauls
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Lynn,

With the SAPSmailing off my back, by golly I will write a litter of comment (that's a big sincere letter of comment, see?). Yes, I'll join you in hoping Chuck Harris stays in fandom but eases off the feuding. Actually, what I'VE seen of Chuck's writings (in "N", a bit in FAPA, and some letters) has been mostly the Good Stuff: a mite pungent toward such as GM Carr and the Rev. Moorhead, but most enjoyable in the main.

Heck, I thought First Fandom wound up around 1936 or so, but even with your extremely lenient cut-off date I'm afraid I can't qualify -- in 1938 my fanac was confined to reading prozines in short sneaky bursts at the local drugstore.

Bob's Loncon Report gets better as it goes along; the first installment or so didn't seem to get off the ground too well, but I doubt that this would have been the case if the entire piece had been available to read at one sitting. Serialization is murder on anything not deliberately written for it. Any chance of this appearing in one piece anywhere, later? (YES. BOB PAVLAT IS PLANNING TO PUBLISH IT COMPLETE AT A LATER DATE. LH)

I imagine Ron Ellik was clowning abit (YES HE WAS. LH) in order to get his plug in, because I don't see where it's necessary for anyone plugging one TAFF candidate or consite to mention the opposition at all. Like we signed Terry Carr's original TAFFsheet at Southgate; he's our candidate and we give him a plug every time we think of it. We don't think we're being unfair in not mentioning the other candidates at the same time, even though Don is a fine guy and Bjo is a living doll. Well, anyhow -- dunno whether it was Ronel or you who put the "as thoroughly as we are ignoring Don Ford" squib on the end of the paraphrase of Ron's plaint, but I don't think it's applicable. (IT WAS RON. HE WAS KIDDING ME AND I WAS KIDDING HIM BACK WITH THE ALSO RAN PHRASE. I WOULDN'T HAVE PRINTED IT IF I'D HAD ANY IDEA ANYONE WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN WE WERE JUST HAVING FUN WITH EACH OTHER IN OUR LETTERS. I'M SURE NEITHER RON NOR MYSELF FEELS THAT ANYONE HAS TO PLUG FOR ANYONE OTHER THAN HIS OWN CHOICE.)

Dan's column appears to have been submitted in first draft and in need of some editing; I get the impression he was writing in a hurry. Dan gets his points across, mostly, but it is singularly unfitting to skimp on literacy when chewing out Ted White. Not that Ted is the one human being in this imperfect world who Never Goofs, but a wiser-than-thou attitude should be stated impeccably at all times.

Buz Busby
Seattle, Washington

(continued from page 18)

Picked up the first BEACON-GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION selected novel today. BEACON, which specializes in the sexy type novel, will publish one science fiction novel (selected by Galaxy) each month.

For their first selection they picked ODD JOHN by Olaf Stapledon. It would be hard to select a better novel for their venture into the science fiction field, but I'm afraid it will be hard for the average sf fan to find these novels on the stands. They will undoubtedly get display with the sexy novels. For example, the cover on this book shows a nude girl, half sitting, half crouching, with only a piece of driftwood covering her breasts and other parts that are considered ill mannered to display in public. Coming up over the hill (or dune) is Odd John, hair white and eyes really staring in a lustful way. You can tell its science fiction though, by the futuristic type boat almost hidden in the background.

The front cover blurb "He had to be stopped, for all women were his playthings and all men his pawns" and the backcover "Or is the difference in Odd John's seduction of his own mother -- his bold experiments with male love -- his complete power over women -- an intelligence as far above the genius level as that outranks the apes -- his fearless flaunting of morality as something too stupid to bother with?" should attract the sex novel buyer, but he's liable to be mighty disappointed at finding a good book behind that garish cover. For ODD JOHN should be ranked as one of the finest science fiction novels of all time and as the best Homo Superior type novel.

As you will have noticed on page 13, Phil Farmer has written that Horace Gold is interested in his fine novel THE LOVERS for this new line of GALAXY selected novels. I'm happy to see Horace using such fine taste in his selection of books, but can you imagine the type cover BEACON will put with a book entitled THE LOVERS?

But regardless of the type covers or blurbs they put on these novels, I'm happy to see GALAXY and BEACON get together on this venture. We will get fine novels, well printed, and well bound for a 35¢ pocket-book. With the exception of the covers, these will be right up there in quality with the BALLENTINE books.

EARL KEMP writes:

Calling all Midwest Nomads!

There is still time!

This is your invitation to the "Short Notice Party"

of Frances Light.

Alert all and sundry and bring them along as well as anyone else of fannish compatibility. The date is May 30th, the address is 3715 N. Marshfield, Chicago 13, LAkeview 5-2385. Zero hour is 8:30 PM.

If you anticipate any trouble like sleeping accomodations let me know as quickly as possible how many to take care of, and I'll make arrangements for them at the New Lawrence Hotel, close to the party, reasonably decent and extremely rea\$onable rate wi\$e.

If you feel you qualify for First Fandom, (if you engaged in some type of fan activity prior to Jan. 1st, 1938) write to Don Ford at Box 19-T, RR #2, Loveland, Ohio for an application blank.

Some recommended books: THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL, imagination and social criticism. ADVENT. \$3.50. DANDELION WINE by Ray Bradbury. 35¢ BANTAM. ZOOMAR by Ernie Kovacs. 50¢. BANTAM.

The next issue (#45) will be published in about 2 weeks. It will contain a column by Bob Tucker and LETTERS. Madle's London Report, Harmon's column, Adkin's reviews, etc. will again appear in issue #46. You will continue to receive JD-A if you comply with the following. An X marked below means this is the last issue you will receive unless. If there is no X on your copy, you are safe and will continue to receive this sterling trash.

WRITE
SEND \$1.00
TRADE

Artwork this issue is by Adkins, Rotsler, Pearson, Taylor, Bjo, and Plato Jones. Columns or Articles by Jim Harmon, Bob Bloch, Dan Adkins, P. Schuyler Miller, Bob Madle, and Les Gerber. Letters by Bob Tucker, Phil Farmer, Ted Pauls, Buz Busby, and Earl Kemp. Other stuff by Lynn Hickman. Multilithed in Mt. Vernon, Illinois by the Actifan Press. This issue is being sent out in envelopes but don't expect it every time unless you live overseas.



Ninth year of publication.

Don Ford for TAFF

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