



ADKINS

JULY  
13TH

**TA**

**ARGASSY**

**#47.**

## A R G A S S I N G



Quite a number of things have taken place around here since the last issue. Shortly after printing #46, I took off for Napoleon, Ohio where I picked up Carole (she and the children were visiting our parents there) and we headed for Cincy and the Midwestcon. I won't attempt a report here as I'm sure it will be covered elsewhere. The usual group of fans were on hand, Doc Barrett, Don Ford, Bob Madle, Dave and Ruth Kyle, the Detroit group, the Chicago group ( a notable exception here was Earl Kemp who found at the last minute that he couldn't make it) Dirce Archer and the Pittsburgh group, Belle and Frank Dietz, George Nims Raybin,

Harlan Ellison, Nick Scortia, E.E. Smith, Joe Hensley, Lee Tremper, Ray Beam, Ben Jason, Steve Schultheis, Nick Palasca, etc., etc. A pleasant surprise was the appearance of Forrest Ackerman on his way to or from New York. Another surprise was that none of the Washington group was there to promote DC for '60. The only fan from Washington was Bob Cristianberry and he was wearing a "PTT IN '60" button. Had a chance to meet Bill Conner and Vince Roach and a few others that I hadn't met before, and had my usual good time. The Midwestcon has always been my favorite con and Don Ford and the boys are to be congratulated for their fine job.

Another nice surprise at the Midwestcon was to learn that JD-A had been nominated for a Hugo. It is nice to know that enough of the fans like the zine well enough to cast a nomination ballot for it, and I consider it an honor to be on the final voting ballot.

After the con, my son Doug and I took off for Wis. and Minn. Carole and the other children were to come to Ill. two weeks later with Carole's mother and sister. On our way back from Minn. we stopped at Nan Gerding's and were lucky to hit the day that Bette Farmer and her children Chris and Phil jr. were there. There is a chance that Phil and Bette may get to the Detention.

You will note that there is a book review column in this issue. This will be a regular monthly feature where I will give my impressions of the latest books I've read, both in hard cover and paperback editions.

Next issue will continue Madle's report and have a big letter column again. Letters should be here by August 6th if they are meant for publication.



(continued on page 18)



JD-Argassy #47

July 13, 1959

JD-Argassy is published monthly by Lynn Hickman at 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Illinois. Subscriptions are 12 issues for \$1.00. Single copies are usually 10¢ but we want 20¢ for this one if you aren't a subscriber.

JD-A supports Don Ford for TAFF and PITT in '60. I hope you do likewise.



Cover by Dan Adkins.  
Interior illustrations  
by George Barr, Jim Harmon,  
Dan Adkins, Plato Jones,  
and William Rotsler.  
Written material by Jim  
Harmon, Dan Adkins, Robt.  
Madle, and Lynn Hickman.

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Next issue will be published  
August 13, 1959.

F A N D O M

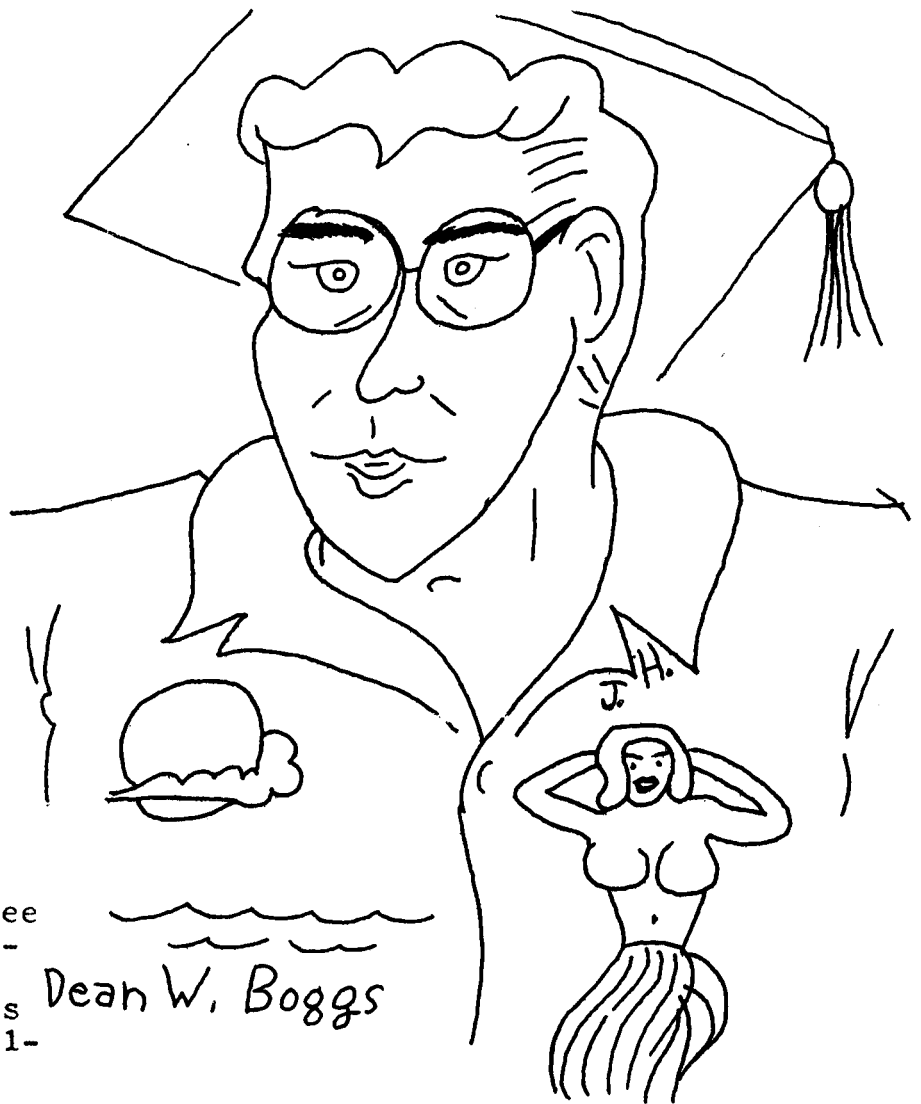
C O N F I D E N T I A L :

R E D D B O G G S

by Jim Harmon

Redd Boggs is different from Harlan Ellison.

The first thing I did when I saw him was to wipe my chin -- I wasn't drooling, just shaving. He seems something of a Van Cliburn who has lost his job and found a haircut at first glance. You've heard a lot about Redd Boggs if you've had anything to do with science fiction very long, the way you hear about Judge Crater, Einstein, Burbee and Greta Garbo. He has elements of all four, although only one line, note the lines of Greta. But is he as brilliant and as shy and retiring as legends go? Judging on observations alone, probably not. He's a "typical guy" to meet him, capable of casual and intelligent conversation with people he's seen for the first time, and with storekeepers, clerks and the like. He does not come off as a forceful, dynamic brain in the manner of an Asimov or a deCamp. He probably thinks and writes a better idea than he talks it.



This was my first impression of Boggs and it proved substantially correct, as far as my limited powers of observation were able to function.

I took his hand, and moved him back into the light. "Come over here," I said "and let me settle the question: does Redd Boggs have redd hair or not?"

I didn't settle it. Like so many things, it's a matter of opinion. He has quite a handsome head of hair with an almost theatrical wave in it, perhaps his most striking physical feature, which is a kind of reddish brown, perhaps. He is well over six feet tall, which makes him look skinny although he is actually fairly well fleshed. He looks very young. At a few paces the crinkles of concentration around his eyes disappear and he might be a teen-ager. He dresses very casually. His glasses go off and on.

I looked out of my aunt's door to his redoubtable Rambler. "Last night, a car pulled up in front and I went out and asked the driver if he was looking for 'that there crazy writer fellow'. He? I said "was not."

"I left Nan Gerding's late," Redd said. "I decided to stay over at a motel. I" his voice wavered "saw something called tele -- television. It seems to have a lot of stories about cowboys."

"Yes," I said. "Yes, I've seen television."

"Well, you know, I work nights, read a lot. It's all new to me."

"Did you like it?"

He pulled off his glasses and polished them. "No."

For a moment, I was afraid we had exhausted our conversation.

Redd and I have been corresponding for close to a dozen years, with a couple of years out when we lost contact for some reason.

I remember telling Redd in one of my very first letters that I was spending a lot of time writing pro stories -- I amended that -- they weren't really professional because they weren't selling. Boggs answered that was a pretty Aristotellian attitude to take.

Yes, I said, I supposed it was. It certainly was now that I thought about it. Only -- what did Aristotellian mean? (I was about 13 at the time and slightly retarded for my age, I suppose.) Boggs explained about semantics and Van Vogt to me. I finally understood Korzibitzsky, but Van Vogt is still too far out for me.

Redd convinced me that the only way to type was to touch type -- and that the only way to learn was simply put your fingers in the right positions and force yourself to use all digits -- gradually you would pick up speed. This was probably one of the most valuable lessons I ever learned.

Of course something Redd said back then still worries me -- he said that he was able to type as fast as he could think; but he suspected his thinking had slowed down some to match his typing speed. Maybe this is why Redd isn't as glitteringly brilliant without a typewriter in front of him.

My wits or my typing speed will never worry Charlie Weaver or his secretary but my mind is always on chapter five while I'm plodding through the typescript of chapter two, which is why I seldom stop to think what I'm going to write or do. I've trashed it all out beforehand. This explains why in a battle of wits Boggs always slowly gives me time to take a thrashing.

After a time, Redd and I left my aunt's and went down to my place, a small groundlevel garrett.

Proudly I showed him my treasures -- a complete run of Captain Future, an autographed copy of Kiss Me, Deadly (or is it Psycho?),

a Colt Peacemaker on the wall which my father had toted (Dad would be crowding 90 if he were alive) next to a wooden pistol, a premium of the Tom Mix radio program, donated to my Tom Mix museum by one Dean W. Boggs.

From this excellent gambit, I proceeded to show Redd the rest of my library on Mix and all the radio premiums.

Redd's eyes seemed to unfocus and I heard him softly mutter "Not Hoot Gibson, not Ken Maynard or Jimmy Wakely..."

"Gosh, wow, Redd, look at this Tom Mix Straight Shooters Signal Ring. You can signal with the mirror, or the band that glows in the dark, or..."

Redd ran a finger across the apparently well-thumbed volumes of Plato, Nietzsche, Kant and like that on my shelves and looked from them back to the ring in my hands with a look of complete disorientation.

"...Or," I continued "you can use the compass to line up these telescope and microscope lenses with the sun and you can throw a beam twenty feet to burn a message into a tree or another Straight Shooter..."

Redd's eyes became half-lidded and his head nodded slightly.

I put the ring down, and the Tom Mix Atomic Telegraph, the Tom Mix Lucky Magnetic Horseshoe, all that fine stuff.

Damned egghead, I thought.

With what I think any objective one of you will admit to be justifiable rancor, I said "Let's eat."

###

I put on a suit as we had a little running around to do, seeing about the local library having a picture taken of me to put in the paper in connection with the addition to their shelves of the Galaxy Reader containing my story, "Name Your Symptom", a deal that to this date hasn't come off.

Finally, we went to a little eating place in town.

Redd looked around and observed "This reminds me of the dive where I picked up a little Indian babe who was trying to loose two bucks, sort of a combination pool hall and beer parlor."

The indignation of my civic pride showed through my impeccable manners.

"I mean," Redd added "this place might look like that one in twenty years of neglect."

Friends, I want to say right here for the record, that Redd Boggs is my friend and a splendid chap -- I will personally thrash anyone who dares to call him a Squaw Man.

However, this opened up a line of interesting fannish talk.

"Did I ever tell you," I asked "about this? I was enroute to a convention, don't recall just which one, and I was taking the bus. There was a long, long wait over in some little hick town where the hotel or boarding house was the bus station and it wasn't much more than a private home. There was a woman on duty there, past thirty, but still good-looking. There were only chairs, no seats. So I said 'Ma'am, I'm plain tuckered out -- would it rightly offend you if I stretched out here on the carpet and grabbed twenty winks?' To this she says, 'I couldn't rightly let you do that, somebody might trip over you. But you look like a nice young man, one I can trust. Right through that door there's a bed, just one bed, but...'

We passed some time with such talk, but Redd's mind kept conjuring up the thing he had seen the night before. "This television business.. it goes on all the time?"

By this time, the waitress had brought our orders and was serving them.

"Yes," I told him "television is a lot like -- well, if pictures were added to radio -- you remember about radio?"

"Oh yes," Redd said.

"Television -- TV for short -- has all sorts of programs, mostly westerns right now, but there are a few serious dramatic programs, music and comedy, mysteries, sports, even a handful of cultural programs on Sunday."

"Well, you know, I work at night..."

"That's right, you w-w-work." I have some mental block against saying that word. "I've never w-worked. What's it like?"

"It isn't at all bad," Redd supplied. "You do some labor with a bunch of other fellows -- you can talk and all, sometimes it's rather fun -- and at the end of the week you get paid. Money."

I nodded, seeing it all in a flash. "Like you get when you give the checks that editors send you to the bank or like you borrow from your relatives."

"That's it!" Redd said, seemingly proud of my quick discernment.

The waitress hovered nearby while I explained to Redd what it was like to watch television and he explained what it was like to do a job and get paid for it. Her eyes were very wide. I'm fairly confident she thought we were spies from Mars. Or at least from Russia. At any rate, she seemed to be searching us for marks left by the parachute straps. But she shook herself, remembering her job, and approached us.

She looked from my roast beef to Redd's steak. "Would you like some catsup for that steak, sir?"



"Catsup..." Redd pondered.

"It's a red, tangy, syrup," the waitress explained quickly.

###

Later in the evening, after we had another meal at home, Redd informed me that the motel cabin he had engaged was not supplied with one of those television devices. I suggested we might take my movie projector there if he was interested in some of the prints I had.

I showed him my film library. "I have a few Charlie Chaplin comedies.

"Fine," Redd said.

"...Here's some of the first Tarzan movie with Elmo Lincoln..."

"Very interesting."

"...I have a handful of burlesque and art films..." I leered.

Redd chortled agreeably.

"And," I swept up a new armload "just a few Tom Mix westerns, Tom Mix in Showdown, Tom Mix in Terror Trail..."

Redd helped me out to the car with the projector, wearing a dazed expression.

###

After the cinema at the motel, Redd Boggs and I wrote a joint letter to Dean and Jean Grennell, then fell into conversation.

"Civilization, the rule of law, may only be neurotic fixations of man," Redd said. "perhaps Man does not really require such social organization. At least, if we are to establish anything better we must tear down this civilization and begin over again, just as you must tear down a building to construct a better one."

Sitting in the shadow of a lamp, Redd seemed for the moment to be wearing a beard. It didn't seem to quite fit him.

"You're reasoning by analogy," I said, a little embarrassed to be contradicting the great man. "A social order is not a physical object that is completely static, finite. Two social orders, the new and the old, can co-exist without anyone within the co-ordinant system being capable of recognizing them. More properly, there is no one social order, but a shifting, discontinuous variable number of them." I bumbled around over this idea in conversation more than this, but I'll compress my argument here.

"Take one minor example," Redd said. "Why should the widow who robs a bank to get money for her starving children be punished as our law demands?"



"We don't live in the best of all possible worlds, but I suppose in actual practise she probably would be given a rather light sentence or probation. Besides, there are relief agencies or at least grocery stores to steal from. Robbing a bank seems to me to be the solution of a psychotic. Tell me, if you were a policeman and saw her commit the crime would you refrain from arresting her?"

Redd looked vaguely distressed. "If I were a policeman, I would have my duty to do, an oath..."

I snorted. "Here you preach complete anarchy, a negation of the rule of law, and yet you have to live up to your duty. An anarchist recognizes no duty to the social order. You're talking up the enforcement of a thing on the whole world which you won't have anything to do with, personally. Give the rest of us the same choice."

Of course, this is my version of the conversation. I have no doubt that Redd Boggs then said something to completely devastate me, but I have a mental block against remembering it. (And of course, on another occasion, we might easily have switched sides in the argument.)

The first thing Redd Boggs did the next morning was to go out and buy a new pair of tits.

At least, that was what the mechanic called the points in his Rambler's transmission. I saw the receipt myself. ONE PAIR OF TITS -- \$4.97.

Redd pulled away into the sunset finally. I was sorry to see him go. It felt like I had known him for more than two days. More like twelve years.

This next is a little personal but this is Pandom Confidential.

After Redd left, my mother said "Didn't you say Redd had gone to college?"

"Yes, for seventeen or eighteen years. Something like that."

"And he works for the post office?"

I nodded.

"Can't he get a better job than that?"

I had never thought about it. Redd Boggs could get almost any kind of a job he wanted. I don't think a man like Redd intends to work for the post office forever.

Knowing Redd Boggs leaves you with one impression: Anticipation. He's planning something. He has been planning it for years, working, studying. Whatever it is, you feel he will almost certainly succeed.

And I keep remembering his words about wiping out civilization and building something better. But that couldn't be.

Could it?

# H A S H H A R B O R

by Dan L. Adkins

Hello. Spread out on the bed here are 24 recent fanzines that have not been reviewed as of yet! Gads! Lynn has given me three double-spaced pages to work with this issue so we'll have one long review, a few short ones and note what zines we can. The rest that don't come out too regularly can wait till next issue, or for TWIG ILLOED. Let's go.

FAR SIDE #2. Gregg Trend  
20051 Regent Drive,  
Detroit 5, Michigan.  
Irregular. Multilith.

Now and then there arrives in fandom a zine and a personality that does not fit the usual. Such a zine is FAR SIDE and such a personality is that belonging to Gregg Trend. He is a high school lad, wears glasses, carries around a beard of sorts, looks interesting, and intelligent. In his different, youngish way, he is intelligent and certainly of interest. This is who surrounds FAR SIDE in art and writing, and the art may be signed Salah, Wilson or Cameron, but it all looks the same. Colin Cameron looks as much like Cameron as Dick Tracy looks like Sky Masters after Gregg has added his touch. We have fantastic, bold, somewhat messy-overdone, filled with detail, effective, impressive full page and double page illos that hit you full in the face with impact! There are copies and swipes taken by Gregg from illos in ASTOUNDING, INFINITY, GALAXY etc. Once I thought this to be cheap of him for I had the idea he was older and in art school. Now that he has brought me up to date, I can only give credit for his well done rendering and as for the swipes, at this stage they are very useful. He has weaknesses, but there is no use discussing them for you will like the artwork I assure you. It's wild.

Some of the damndest phrasing in any manner of writing is contained in the two fiction pieces. They aren't hack. They don't conform to the normal, but are, in plain language, stylalized. It isn't like a young



man trying to fake a story or an older one trying to play Bradbury. GALAXY and ORBIT printed some mood tales like these and the artwork used in these pro mags is not too unlike that used in FAR SIDE. The pros are polished, where as FAR SIDE's artists and writers show they're not, but after all!! These tales aren't of space, but of social, government importance, though they are in a period with all the futuristic developments.

For you who dig odd-ball talk, imaginative and dreamy blab, Gregg does a thing, labeled satire, in beatish slang. If you aren't out for kicks, not with it, then you'll find yourself reading nothings and dullish prose.

Khan August does book reviews in a personalized, opinionated manner. You'd be a better reviewer buddy, if you'd stop drifting away from the book you're on to another you suddenly recall. You cause the reader to loose your point, line of thought or whatever you are trying to state, if anything. Interesting, but hard to keep up with. He heads for a direction, and springs off into three and the reader is left wondering what he actually thought of the point he seems to be bringing up.

An editorial on beats (what else?), one letter from Cameron, and some poems of small importance close up FAR SIDE, a very way-out fanzine.

QUIXOTIC #2. Don Durward. 6033 Garth Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. 10¢. Dittoed.

Don chats on various subjects about the zine and his forth coming trip across the USA this summer. Even two pages doesn't bring him alive for it's only talk of a mild nature. A fannish story by Carl Brandon is well written and seems to be leading up to a good ending, but falls flatly like a stale drink. All it needed was more to it and someplace to go. In fandom there have been many fan-fiction things, on futuristic survivors, written with hack, dull endings and Harry Warner's article points out a number of these poor plots, entertainingly.

That man John Berry, in his grand way, does a fannish job about an egoboo amplifier that over worked, with the usual fan-name dropping. The rest is common stuff. Fanzine reviews by Bob Lichtman, that sometimes lack criticism, but are generally capably done, and a comment type letter section with little meat or length, end the zine. Noted: good Atom art and Cameron illos.

VOID #17. Ted White. 2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Maryland. 25¢. Monthly.

With this issue VOID starts paddling down stream instead of going onward toward being a top zine. Larry Stark writes a dull bit, while Franklin Ford has a lively article on the fanzine reviewer, and Ted White does another long review of SHAGGY #42. Only the boy is trying too hard as he pats himself on the back for doing this and that. Still, White is one of the best damn reviewers around with the the assorted number we have that stink! But, where VOID falls down this time is the completely stupid ideas Ted has come up with in his replies to the many letters printed. Never has there been such idiotic remarks in a fanzine. Almost insane mouthings. What are you trying to do Ted, preach this

fanzine-center jazz to fandom, tell how fandom is suppose to be? Phooey on you boy! I've met Ted, talked with Ted, respected Ted, but when he comes up with this!

According to Ted a fanzine has to be involved in fandom, contribute to the main stream, and contain an involvement in and with fandom as a whole to be worth anything. Otherwise it's bady bad if it doesn't and creates a corner of its own, ignores fandom. He mentions SIGMA OCTANUS which he considers to ignore fandom, but this zine has reviews, fannish satire, letters etc. What about INSIDE boy? The literary SKYHOOK? These fanzines aren't worth anything, huh son? Just old zines like Void will do, right daddy? You're sick kid, sick!

Fandom functions as a centralized organism or as a disorganized, chaotic group of loosely-if-at-all bound entities, he states. We've just come out of a 3 year period of chaos according to he who knows all. A fanzine either adjusts to fandom or it's tch, tch. Well, it's good to have a few zines around that are fannish as hell and want to be a hub, but when you start preaching that the other type zine is crap, you're, and I repeat, sick lad, mighty sick! Get down off that pulpit!

.....\*-.....

Not enough room for another review, so short comments. SLANDER #4, Jan Penney, 51-B McAlister Place, New Orleans 18, Louisiana: Best thing in the ish is the letter column on sex, personalities, and other delights by Tucker, Bloch, GM Carr, Warner, Ellington, etc. Empty fiction by Hal Annas, cute bit on a creature called Alfie, good fannish tale by Dave Penney, and remarks by GM Carr. Her remarks are known for being meaty. One of DEA's best covers and nice Burge illos. YANDRO's # 75 & 76, Buck & Juanita Coulson, RR #3, Wabash, Ind. Monthly. 15¢: One issue has my column, which is self-centered, personalized with stuff on my stay in New York last year. Bob Tucker does a satire on the movie FROM EARTH TO THE MOON. Will give you some chuckles. A very long, outstanding letter column makes this the best YANDRO in all past issues. Arguments, arguments, arguments. Everyone almost, seems to be throwing bricks at Buck and this boy just knocks them all down with the coolest replies and a shrug of his shoulders. He blasts them all dead and surprises the hell out of me as you'd never guess he was so sharp. The other YANDRO has a heated rebuttal to Bo Stenfors by Scithers and a satire on monster magazines. This consists of material by Tucker, Leman, and Stratton with photo type illos of monsters with punch lines as in the mags. Also in this issue are more meaty letters, and both have good art, layout and reproduction. BEST OF FANDOM, Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright st., Boise, Idaho. 75¢: Extremely good reproduction with 4 colors, very neat, and around 130 pages of fandom's best work from 1958. There's Madle, Ellik, Berry, Bloch, Burbee, Leman, Moskowitz, Bradley, Carr, Grennell etc. and 15 full pages of art by fandom's leading handlers of a pen. A MUST!!!

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

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



## A F A K E F A N I N L O N D O N

by Robert A. Madle



### Chapter 8

#### "The Liverpool Caper"

It seemed to be the unanimous opinion of just about everyone that no TAFF winner (or any other type of winner, for that matter) should leave Merrie Olde England without spending a few days in Liverpool. Not that Liverpool is noted for its scenic wonders or its historical landmarks -- in reality it is a large (approximately 1,000,000 people) industrial city, similar to Pittsburgh. Of the 1,000,000 who inhabit this vast metropolis, almost 20 are members of the Liverpool Science Fiction Society.

Ken Bulmer was the first to suggest that I not miss a weekend with this M-A-D group. (They utilise "M-A-D" as their trademark on films, fanzines, and other emanations -- I believe it stands for Mersey and Dersey, which are two rivers in the Liverpool area.) After I was announced TAFF winner, Ken wrote asking about my plans and mentioned quite casually, that if my plans didn't include Liverpool, they should be revised somewhat. I didn't know any of the group personally, or through correspondence, although I had read their club publication, Space Diversions, and had read material by Norm Shorrock, John Roles, and Dave Newman. What with the Kettering convention writeups and Dave Newman's articles on booze, I felt a kinship for this group. Also, Eddie Jones appealed to me as a fan artist, and John Roles wrote the collector-type article that I liked. And it also seemed that a couple old first fandomites hung out in that area, such as Leslie J. Johnson. So there seemed to be a lot for me in Liverpool.

And when Dave Newman, whose articles in fanzines do not belie his real-live activities, invited me to visit the group the weekend following the convention I accepted with alacrity.

Friday, the 13th of September, dawned bright and early -- I am told However, no one at Inchmery was aware of it. We had had a full day on the 12th (see Chapter 7, "With Rod and Gun Through Inchmery Fandom") and had planned not to rise too early. We weren't up and about too long before Joy had prepared another of her delicious dinners and, following this, we were all off to the train station to catch the Liverpool Limited. (I was to catch it, but Inchmery Fandom came along to see that I did.)

As mentioned in the previous chapter, the trip to Liverpool appeared so enticing that I had three offers of companionship: Steve Schultheis, fandom's Adolphe Menjou; Will Jenkins, the fan who is not to be confused with the Murry Leinster Will Jenkins; and Sheldon Derechin, of New York, a conventiongoer and sometime fanzine publisher.

By the time Joy, Vinc, Sandy and I dashed into the station it was rather close to train time and my colleagues had already arrived and, in fact, had become quite concerned about my lack of arrival. Also present to send us off in grand style was Tony Klein, a young, good-looking London fan of about early voting age. I had noticed that Tony and Ron Bennett had one thing in common -- Lynn Berman, mentioned in previous chapters as Ted Carnell's Girl Friday. At Globe meetings and during the Loncon they both showered her with attention and, I suppose, could be considered friendly rivals.

The train finally took off with several jerks, and we were on our way. If I remember correctly, this was about 1:30 PM, and the trip was to take only About three hours. How to kill three hours? Someone had informed us that there was a bar on the train -- but we couldn't find it and finally asked someone. He said it must be on the other train that left for Liverpool approximately the same time as this one. Just our luck -- imagine taking the train without the bar!

So we settled down and someone said, "Let's give birth to some interlineations." This appeared to be a pregnant suggestion as Steve and I had mentioned sometime before the appalling lack of interlineations being promulgated about the Loncon. (Maybe we weren't listening to the right people -- but Steve is a member of the Goon Defective Agency, and his opinion must be considered quite gravely on a matter such as this.) So we came up with interlineations galore which, it was suggested, could be distributed to con-report writers so they could be sprinkled throughout the reports, giving them an air of authenticity. Rather than sprinkle them throughout this report, I shall devote the next paragraph or so to solid, concentrated, unadulterated interlineations -- sort of like the back page of Hyphen, you know.

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I DON'T MIND THE SMELL OF A BURNING CIGARETTE, BUT THE BURNING SKIN  
I DON'T CARE FOR.....WE'LL MAKE THIS AN INTERLINEATED LONCON YET...  
"BUT THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN SAID THAT THIS WAS TO BE A PROFESSIONAL  
CONVENTION.....BBC TV REPORTER.....IT IS A PROUD AND LONELY FAN

TO BE A THING.....WHAT A WAY TO COLLECT QUOTES -- ON THE TRAIN TO  
 LIVERPOOL AFTER THE CON.....I WANT THAT QUOTE FROM THE BATHROOM  
 DOOR.....TAKING A BATH IS CONSIDERED AN HONOR HERE.....DAVE  
 SHAVED OFF ONE-HALF OF HIS MUSTACHE AGAIN.....GIRL ON BAYSWATER  
 ROAD: "I MADE TWO BOB LAST NIGHT -- SILERBERG AND MADLE".....WE  
 STILL DON'T KNOW WHO BOB MADLE IS, BUT HE'S A DAMNED GOOD BHEER  
 DRINKER.....WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T GIVE THEM TO PETER REANEY.....  
PLEASE GIVE ME SOME AMERICAN CIGARETTES.....THE HELL WITH THE  
 QUEEN, I WANT BHEER.....HE HAD TO BE ANOTHER JIM HARMON, Y'KNOW.....  
 YOU'RE NOT FANS!.....EVER HEAR OF THE CANNIBAL WHO PASSED HIS  
 BROTHER IN THE JUNGLE.....SLOGAN FOR THE SOLACON: CALIFORNIA, WHERE  
 THE WIND BLOWS FREE AND EVEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.....QUOTE FROM A  
 LETTER RECEIVED FROM HAL LYNCH BY WILL JENKINS: ENCOURAGE OUR BRITISH  
 COUSINS TO MAKE A FILM OR TWO, WILL YOU? APPARENTLY THEY'VE SCROUNGED  
 UP A CAMERA AND ACTING TALENT AND ONLY NEED A BIT OF PUSHING TO MAKE  
 SOMETHING WITH A REAL STORY TO IT TO HAVE ALL THE MISERIES, I MEAN,  
 GLORIES, THAT WE HAVE.....JIMMY SHANAKLIROGHLI SAID TO SAY HELLO...  
 THIS ISN'T TOO BAD A HOTEL.....SORRY, I DON'T DRINK.....IT  
 SOUNDS LIKE A SOAP DROPPING CONTEST.....I FELT RIGHT AT HOME IN  
 LONDON. TYPICAL MIDWESTERN WEATHER.....I AM, TOO, A TRUFAN:  
 ENEY SAYS SO.

+++++

So much for interlinations.

After all the mental effort expended the four of us settled down  
 to a little reading. I had copies of ploy and Triode with me that  
 made the next hour or so interesting. Steve, the Immaculate One,  
 wrote a letter, while Will and Sheldon shared a copy of "The Great  
 Charlie," the life of Charles Chaplin. I couldn't resist taking a  
 picture (in color) of this act of subversion by two so-called stal-  
 wart defenders of democracy.

Will Jenkins, then president of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, probably isn't too well known to fanzine fandom, but he's been around the PSFS for ten years or more. Will, I guess, is somewhere in his early thirties and works for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Consequently, he is able to attend conventions without having to pay to get to them or return. (PRR employees have the privilege, you know, of being allowed so many gratis railroad miles of travel per annum.)

Back in the good old days when I was one of the masterminds of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society we had an insurgent group that met at my place every two weeks. The PSFS was so large (over thirty members at the time) that two factions developed. Our faction met in my bedroom amidst thousands of s-f books and magazines, and plotted our various nefarious political moves. We also drank beer, smoked cigars, told jokes and, in fact, had a real ball during our meetings. We called ourselves The Fantascience Literary Society and, as Harry Alsdorf one time so aptly put it, "The PSFS is run from Madle's bedroom."

Well, Will Jenkins was one of the permanent party at these meetings. Others who could usually be found there were Jack Agnew, Hal Lynch, Sol Levin, Dave Jenrette (he was known as Dave Hammond then), and Charlie Watson; occasional visitors were Jim Williams, Tom Clareson and Alan E. Nourse. Yes, we had quite a club in those days. And oddly enough, I'll bet fanzine fandom didn't even know we existed! (This was back in 1950-53.)

Steve Schultheis and Sheldon Deretchin, my other companions, I had met many times at previous conventions. Steve, undoubtedly the most impeccable dresser in fandom (it has been said that he will not wear a pair of trousers more than once without having them pressed), was (and is) associated with the Cleveland group, some others who are Nick and Noreen Palasca, Ben Jason, and Frank Androsavsky. They are noted for throwing big parties at conventions in big suites. (They are to be contrasted with other groups who throw big parties in little suites -- sometimes in no suites at all.) However, let me be the first to point out that Steve does not drink at all. Not so with Sheldon Deretchin; let me be the first to point out that he doesn't do anything at all but drink. Shel is in his early twenties and is not the modest, backward type. I could almost say he reminds me of Harlan Ellison, except he doesn't smoke a pipe. He has been active in New York fandom for quite a few years, and headed up one or two of NYC's regional affairs. He is the type of person who cannot be insulted -- although many have tried to do so.

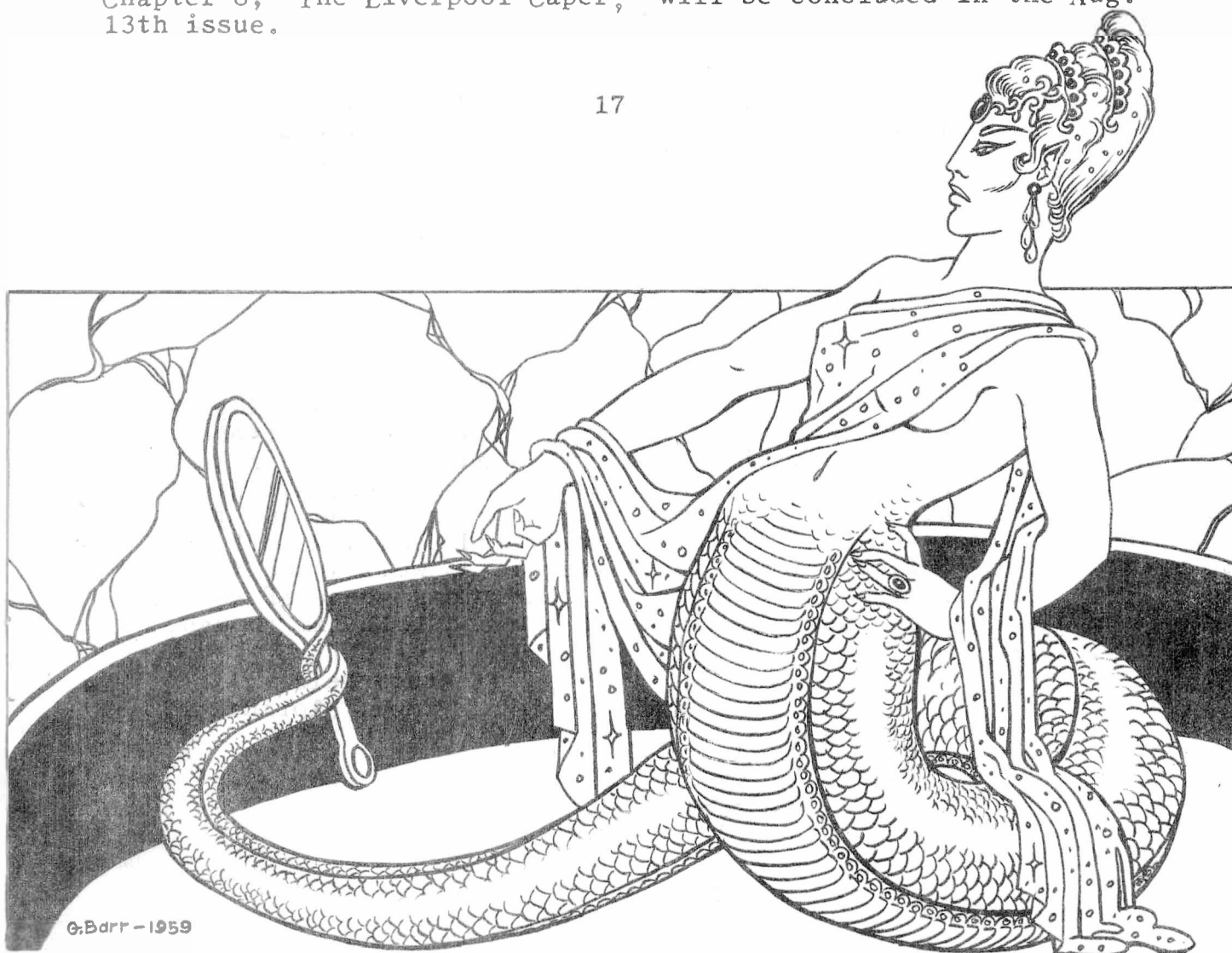
The train finally arrived at Liverpool's Lime Street Station. Dave Newman had appointed himself our official host and had told us to meet him near the cafeteria about five PM. As we were a little early, several of us decided to sample the delicacies of the Lime Street Cafeteria.



Leaving the cafeteria we found good old reliable Dave Newman waiting to greet us with open arms -- and with both halves of his mustache shaved off! Dave, as I may have mentioned in an earlier chapter, hadn't been around fandom too long (about three years at the time, I believe) but had been extremely active in Liverpool club work and had worked hard on the production of their fabulous 4,000-foot tape, "Last and First Fen," which is a classic. At the Loncon Dave proved to be the hardest worker and just about the most affable host. During the days preceding the Loncon (and following the arrival of the plane from America) Dave acted as the unofficial host for the Loncon Committee and showed the Americans a good time. (Dave's description of his activities during the three days preceding the Loncon will be included as a separate chapter of "A Fake Fan in London" when it is published complete in pamphlet form.)

Dave said, "Shall we get a bheer, or would you rather go to your hotel and freshen up first?" Considering the fact that we were loaded down with suitcases, magazines, cameras, and other paraphenalia, we unanimously voted for the latter. We all piled into a cab and Dave said, "To the Birkenhead-Central Hotel, please!"

Chapter 8, "The Liverpool Caper," will be concluded in the Aug. 13th issue.



Argassing. . . . (continued from page 2)



Noreen Kane Falasca and Larry Shaw are to be married July 17th. We wish them much happiness.

Bob Bloch has sold Psycho to Alfred Hitchcock for an undisclosed pile of money. Rumor has it that Hitchcock wants Bob Tucker to do the screen play as he thinks Tucker is the only one that can write Bloch humor. I stopped at Tucker's to confirm this rumor and he blurted out "How did you find out....?" and then sat down and didn't utter a sound for over two hours. This could possibly mean that Tucker will build his own hotel.

Howard DeVore has asked that I reprint the Hugo Ballots, so you will find one enclosed in this issue. So here is your chance to take part in the convention even though you cannot attend. Fill out the ballot and send to DETENTION, JAMES BRODERICK, 12011 KILBOURNE STREET, DETROIT 21, MICHIGAN. These ballots must be in their hands by August 10th to be counted, so don't delay, do it today.

LETTERS, Letters, letters.....

Dear Lynn,

JD-A #46 is greatly appreciated, starting with the DAG cover, which was an excellent pictorialization of any intelligent tv-watcher's wish-fulfillment. It seems I am a minority of one on the Harmon bit -- evidently those who more about Ellison, or know Ellison himself, appreciated it. The minority retires, still not liking it, but realizing he is a minority. Oh, go ahead and tell Ryan who Wetzel is -- then give him Wetzel's address and tell him to write George to find out why the latter is so well known in fandom. (I just didn't have the heart to take Vic's Sense of Wonder away from him, Bruce. Someone did write him and tell him though, poor boy. lh) >

Bruce pelz  
Tampa, Florida



Dear Lynn,

Harmon is good. Bloch is good. Adkins is even more authoritative in reviewing fanzines than Ted White, and his grammar isn't overly good. Madle says, "...participation in any one of the facets (reading, collecting, corresponding, clubbing, conventioning, fanzine writing and publishing) makes one a science fiction fan, so far as I'm concerned." This is undoubtedly true -- but none but the last two, or possibly including convention going, makes one a member of fandom -- fandom has changed from science fiction fandom to something else -- it is now partially an amateur publishing fandom, largely just a lot of people who enjoy each others company/writing. (If this is true then there are two separate fandoms, for I'm a member of science fiction fandom. It is true that it is made up of people who enjoy each others company/writing, but it all has a basis in science fiction. If it didn't, I wouldn't still be in fandom. lh)→

Jim Caughran  
Chinle, Arizona

WHAT A ROTTEN WAY  
TO BE WOUNDED...



Dear Lynn,

Why not publish addresses of letter-writers? Just a thought -- that is, do you have any reason why you don't? (no, other than the extra line of space it takes. lh)→ JD-A #46 much interesting -- Grennell cover is one of the worst I've ever seen on a fanzine. Not THE worst....glory no. It's pretty poor, tho. Use some standard method for setting off your parenthetical comments. (→), (( )), //, or some unique bracketing gizmo you may have on your typewriter, like Rotsler's circle and plus sign, or Bill Evans brackets. (many have written in on this, so I am going to the brackets you see here)→

Ron Ellik  
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Lynn,

The Astounding goof (and it was just a typo) wasn't the only one I made. If you remember that magazines and books are printed in signatures of 16 or 32 pages (and magazines are usually signatures of 16) you'd realize that the size I meant must have been 192 pp. The other goof was in the Ballentine listings in #44. "The Fourth R" by George O. Smith is scheduled for this month and "Tomorrow + 7" by Frederick Pohl will be out in July.

I was very impressed with JD-A #44. I've been thinking of you recently as just a newszine publisher, and then comes along this generalzine, and a good one. You aren't the only one who's irked at VOID. see the latest APORRHETA; the page 39 Focal point bit was one of the

funniest jabs I've ever seen at anyone. I loved that article on Ellison by Jim Harmon, especially since I have met Ellison.

Funny, I've never heard of Bloch's tv program before. I wish I could see it; it sounds funny, and I like some of these tv panel shows. With Bloch on a panel -- good grief! I can imagine what would go on. ((Bob's show is seen only locally over the Milwaukee station)) The best current panel show seen in New York is "Laugh Line," a riotous business where the panelists arrange living cartoons with costumed actors and then supply a punch line,

"The World, the Flesh and the Devil" is based on "The Purple Cloud" and that's as far as it goes. I've been told, however, by several people who saw previews that it's the best sf film since?????

I've thought for a long time that "The Lovers" would be one of the greatest sf novels of all time if rewritten properly, and I'm glad to see that Farmer is having a crack at it. However, Gold tells me that he is definitely not going to publish "The Lovers" but instead has Farmer working on another novel, an original, for Galaxy Novels.

I haven't made up my mind who to support for the '60 con yet. Philly is closest to New York, but we have relatives in Pittsburgh (free board) and we might like to visit Washington as a family (free board and transportation). I don't know who would put on the best con, but any site for '60 I think I could get to. ((see Schy Miller's letter for some examples of the program they already have planned and set up.))

Did you see any reviews of "psycho"? Anthony Boucher praised it to the skies in the N.Y. Times Book Review.

Adkins makes me laugh -- VOID, JD-A, CRY and YANDRO bah! Unless White gets an overdose of modesty, VOID will never become a top 'zine; right now, he offends too many people (myself included). I also noticed that he left out APORRHETA, which may well be the top fannish monthly -- it's certainly the biggest.

I notice that Inchmery has taken offense at Madle's latest installment; I can't see why, as it seemed to be written in a spirit of humor, but they know the events better than I do. ((I can't for the life of me see why they would take offense either. It seems that they are cronic grippers on anything that Bob says or does. lh))

How many times does Nick Palasca have to be told that the only person who can legally dissolve the WSFS Inc. is Dave Kyle? He is the only director of the WSFS Inc. who has not resigned, therefore only he can put it out of its misery.

Les Gerber  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Lynn,

Thanks for sending "Swan Song". It was just about what I expected only more. While I'll admit the guy has some valid points (which I don't care about too much) for the most part, he moans about HIS GREAT NOBLE PROJECT THAT HAS GONE THE WAY OF FLESH. Balls!! I can't have any respect for some goon that would stab his best friend over principles. If I learn only one thing in my lifetime it



will be that you stick with your friends, RIGHT OR WRONG \*\* ---IF YOU CONSIDER THEM YOUR FRIENDS.

There is a lot of crap floating around about rights, justice, principles, moral obligation, justice, principles, duty to mankind and on and on. It is nice to talk about but these are idealistic mutterings and idealism does not thrive today or in any other day. When Chuck Harris stomps on Bennett because he believes Bennett is some part of an EVIL EVIL plot to overthrow fandom and the great ghod TAFF, this angers me. And it does so, because Bennett is supposedly Harris' friend. I do not regret anything I said in my last letter. Amen for the good chuck harris. Incidentally, he seems to thrive on the same blue vitrol that Inchmery Fandom uses.

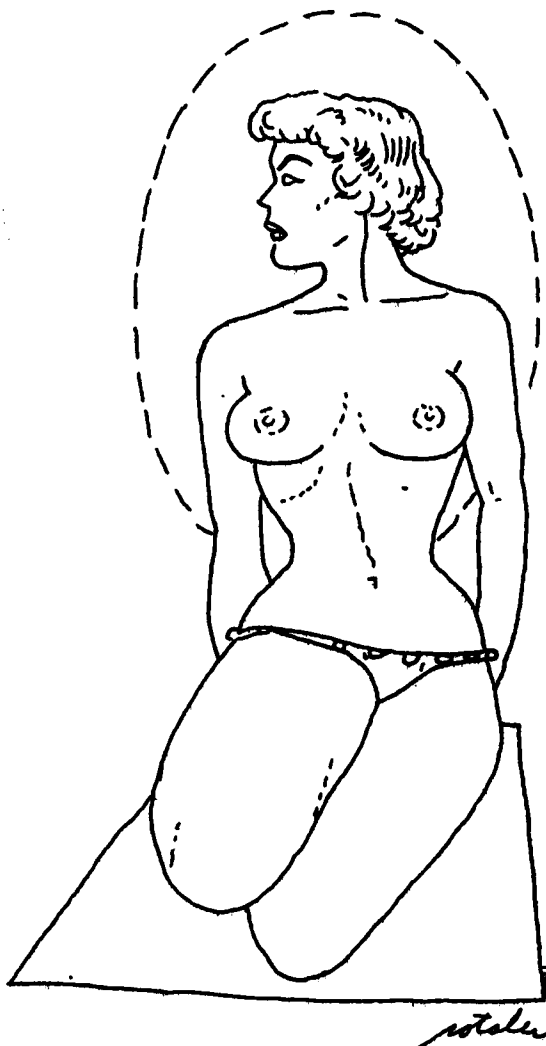
Nick Falasca  
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Lynn,

Thanks for JD-A #46, with its unusual cartoon-for-a-cover by Dean Grennell. This is the sort of thing you should have more of; but put the cartoons on the backcover, and use full-page illustrations on the front cover. This all-letter sequence is wearing thin. No

Madle for two issues!! {(is this better? Madle, Harmon, Adkins and letters.)} I've missed Adkins' fanzine reviews and am hoping you'll continue the column next issue. {(Adkins has just been married to a real cute lil gal, so his column for next issue is in doubt. I imagine he has things other than fanning on his mind now.)} But I'll gladly withdraw my criticisms if you'll give us readers a real treat and sometimes in the dim future, publish an all-illustration issue. With a line-up of artists like Adkins, Atom, Plato Jones, Lee, Pearson, various samplings of GOOSE and Dean Grennell, you should be able to put together quite an issue. {(I may just do that! I like the idea myself -- what do the rest of you think of it? lh)}

All this stir over a few fans bowing out of fandom seems a bit pointless. So they're giving up fandom, sf (I presume) and all the joys thereof. So what? They're big boys (again I'm presuming) and they should be able to decide what's best for them. Why, in effect, thumb their noses at the rest of us "jerks" who remain true to the fold. And besides, I'm leary of anyone who proclaims too loudly that he is definately going to do thus and so. Take for an example the fellow who, of a sudden, rushes into the office, beaming, and proclaims his release from tobacco. "Never going to smoke again!!



Nosiree, not me! And if you know what's good for you, you'll stop too!" That's all good and well -- until the fellow (if he be like most of us) feels the need for a smoke. The guy who really stops smoking usually does so quietly, without any self-made fanfare; just as the fan who decides, after a great deal of "soul-searching", that fan activities are no longer compatible to his way of life.

Is fandom taking itself so seriously, and becoming such an institution, that when a few of its "members" decide to bow out, the main body gets together to mourn with "Old fans never die, they just act that way" overtones? I hope not. When fandom reaches that point, it will cease to be fun and become a drudge.

And that's when I'll (quietly) bow out. . .

Bob Warner  
Orlando, Florida

Dear Lynn,

The "new" JD-Argassy has become an even better zine than the occasional issues of either that you had been turning out. I like the idea of a combined news sheet, generalzine, and letterzine. Artwork seems better than ever -- with the cover of #44, of course being outstanding. #44, in fact, was an outstanding fanzine all-round. I was especially interested in Bobby Bloch's revelation of the life of a tv star. Yes indeedy, it sure is exciting to associate with such a celebrity. Seriously, it might be worth having a tv set if we could pick up that program. Jim Harmon's article on Harlan was good for many and many a chuckle. Though the facts may have been slightly out-of-joint as Harlan says, they were nonetheless true in spirit. Good ol' Harlan. How well I remember those hectic days of yore.

"A Fake Fan in London" continues to bring back old memories most delightfully. I look forward to each installment, and it will still be a pleasure to read when published as a complete work.

I might mention that both Virginia and I read ONLY IN AMERICA last December, and enjoyed it immensely. So much so that I sent my mother a copy for Christmas. It is really a fine book, one of the wisest and most amusing I've read in a long time. {(2¢ Plain, Golden's new book is now out. I will review it here as soon as I get a copy. lh)}

JD-A did a great public service in galvanizing Andy Harris back into correspondence. I too had become rather worried about what might have happened to Andy. It's good to know that he's feeling better and is now back in circulation.

I was really happy to read Nick Palasca's letter in the June ish. Thru many and many a month of the recent past, I've attempted to correct various fen's misconceptions on the Palasca attitude toward WSFSInc. Now, at last, here is Nick, in writing, setting it forth clearly and concisely himself. Thanks to Nick for writing it; thanks to you for publishing it! Now, I can just refer any further befuddled arguers to JD-A #45.

You are to be commended for bringing to us who don't receive GOOSE ( and who don't even know what it is, for that matter) cartoons from that publication which we would not otherwise see. I especially liked the one you printed some time ago, "Billy Graham Go Home" and

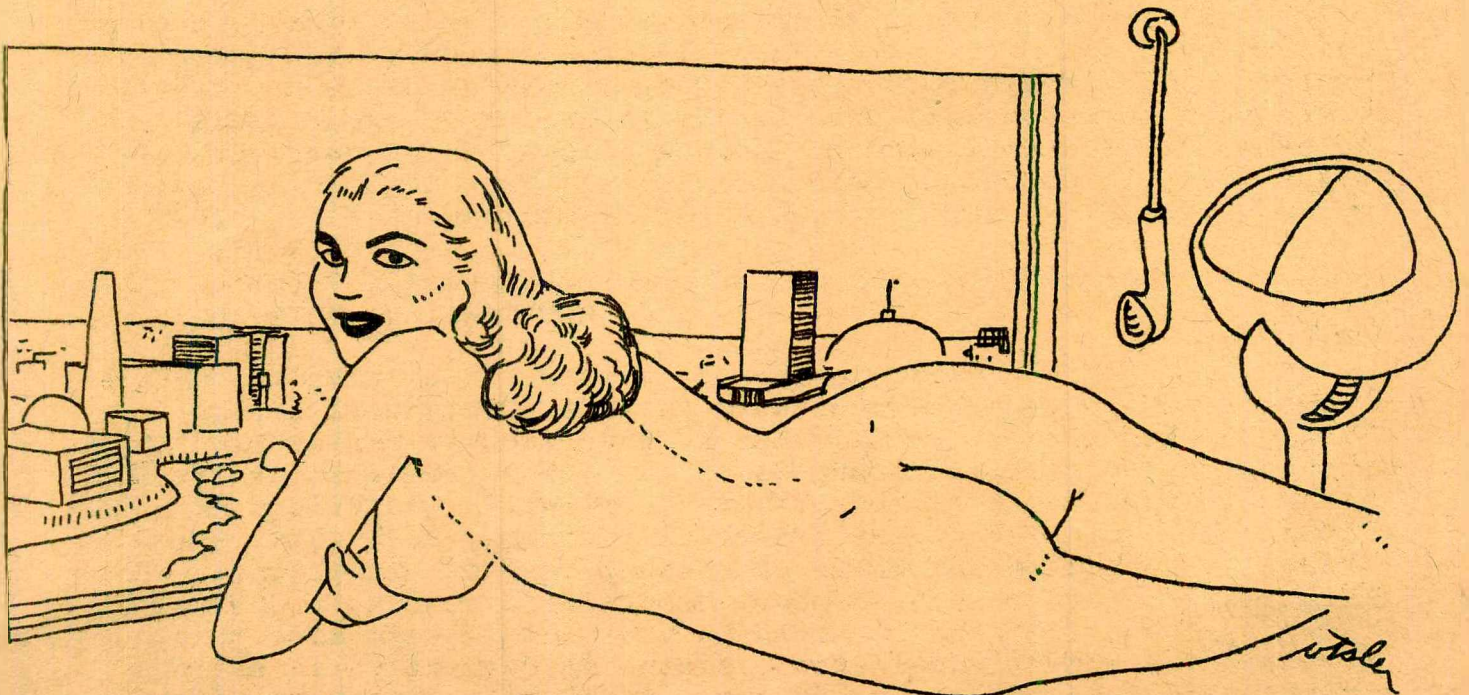
the one on page 2 of the latest issue also struck home at the ol' funnybone harder than usual. Well, suh, in general, JD-A in the first half of this year has established itself as one of those zines whose regular arrival I really look forward to. Of course, I always did look forward to its arrival, but now I expect it regularly. You have no one but yourself to blame for this.

Steve Schultheis  
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Lynn,

The reason for this unprecedented screed is that little tick you put against write, in those two issues of JD-A which arrived a few days ago. Quite welcome they were too....I'd heard rumours of how-good-JD-is for some time and had been thinking that I should do something about getting it. From now on you'll be on the TRIODE mailing list....and, in return, I'd like to be on JD-A's. ((You are now on it, Eric. lh)) I'm much impressed with your general layout, clarity of print and artwork, and the even tenor of your material. Bob's FFinLondon interests me most in this issue, I'd been faunching for some time to read some of his adventures over here, and I'm greatly looking forward to his account of the visit to Liverpool. This, as regards fanac, is my spiritual home, and I pay frequent visits to LaSFaS whenever my fannish fervour runs low and needs a transfusion. Saw Norman Shorrock and several others of the MaD gang off on a plane for Ibiza (one of the Balearic's) only a couple of days ago, as a matter of interest. They were working out how many drinking stops en route there were as I left them....they'd got as far as planning a binge in Barcelona at that time.

Jim Harmon on Harlan was interesting, and I think it's the first thing I've read of Jim's in a fmz since PEON folded. Incidentally, I find the whole 'air' of JD-A faintly similar to PEON - a PEON without the rather stilted layout which Lee seemed to like. Hope you can puzzle that last sentence out, it does read rather like a Riddle! If this letter see's print, I'd like to hear Tony Glynn's new address





from Betty Kujawa. Tony used to turn out some very nice artwork for TRIODE, and I'd like to twist his arm some more. TRIODE 16 is slightly more than half on stencil and will be coming your way as soon as time and enthusiasm allows me to get it to Terry for Duping.

Eric Bentcliffe  
Stockpott, England

Dear Lynn,

Don't know how you manage to churn out as many issues as you do, but however you do it I hope you can keep it up. JD-A 44 was good, very good, and 45 was satisfactory. Actually I enjoyed the letters in 45, and they are certainly a necessary part of any fanzine, but I don't happen to care for letter of comment issues or regularly appearing fanzines, whether the issue id JD-A 45, VOID 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ , or what-have-you. A matter of principal I guess. And also I can't help thinking how much nicer it would have been to have those letters, plus whatever else is going to appear in the next issue, in that next issue. Your problem is somewhat unique, however, since you are making an attempt to cover the miswest news scene, so consider this as only comment on my own preferences rather than a complaint. ((Time is the big bug-a-boo in putting out issues such as this where I include a little of everything. If I didn't have an understanding wife, they would be impossible. However, I will only put out letter issues when and if the letters pile up to such an extent that I am forced to use a whole zine for them to stay close to my monthly schedule. 1h))

Of course I do have a complaint. Your OMPA numbering system. JD-A #44, for example, you lable as a postmailing to the 20th OMPA mailing. Yet the 20th OMPA mailing doesn't come out until June. And how can something be postmailed to something that hasn't even been mailed. ((That was a mistake on my part for not going back and looking over my offtrails. I guess I got a mailing ahead of myself. THIS issue will be postmailed to the 20th OMPA mailing, and I'll try to keep it straight in the future. 1h))

I'd long wondered about Bloch's tv show. Glad to finally see the article explaining it. Harmon on Ellison was funny. And Bob's London report was about the best. He gets better as he proceeds. ((It looks as if Bob will soon be living in the DC area. Hate to see him move back as living in Indianapolis he is on our route when we head back to Napoleon, Ohio for visits. Then too, if he keeps this up, he'll take away my record as the most moved fan. 1h))

Bob Pavlat  
Hyattsville, Maryland

Dear Lynn,

If you are going to include artwork in a 'zine printed by the multilith process you should include plenty of it, large size, and with greater detail than we have seen so far. (have issues dating back to the first issue of '58). Aside from that and pertaining to same, most of the artwork isn't worth mastering, with the exception of a few by Adkins (especially his May 25th cover -- which is about the best Adkins we've ever seen), all of Plato Jones, whose style resembles that seen in many commercial brochures, and those hilarious cartoons from GOOSE. Perhaps you could obtain some George Barr, or even some Trends' (hint, hint). ((Our tastes in artwork seem to differ somewhat, but you be glad to know that many Barr's will be forthcoming, plus a lot of experimentation by Adkins and



other new york artists. Would be glad to have some of your art. 1h)>  
Bob Madle's FAKE FAN IN LONDON, although a bit of an anachrnism, con-  
tinues to be well worth reading and a portrayal of a seemingly endless  
day in London. It is certainly a monumental work that will go down  
in the golden annals of Pandom. <(Gregg goes on and on at length,  
but I just haven't the room this issue to run it, but he asks why the  
short letters and do I cut them. He can see by this that I cut the  
heck out of a lot of them.)>

Gregg Trend  
Detroit, Michigan

\*\*\*\*\*



Dear Lynn,

What's Pittsburgh putting up as collateral with its bid for the 1960 Convention? Only the best program we can dream up and nail down in two years of trying. As a matter of fact, we expect to have a program that's so good the fen will come swarming out of the gin-filled rooms and sit in on it . . .

Thanks primarily to Dirce Archer's contacts throughout fandom, prodom and just plain - dom, we're likely to be in the position of having too good a program. We're going to have to turn some single acts into teams, or run relays, or something.

Isaac Asimov's turn at the Detention -- and his training period at previous -ventions -- is just the warming up for the job he'll do as Toastmaster at the Pitt shindig in '60. Ike, as everyone knows, gets better as he goes along ... and he starts better than most MC's, and at least level with the Bloch-Boucher veterans.

Willy Ley is another perennial who always has something new up his sleeve. He's promised us to be on the program, in return for our promise to let him talk on something new.

A "must," and one of the highlights of all conventions, past and future, will be some reminiscences of H.P. Lovecraft by Frank Belknap Long, one of the men who knew him best and worked with him to shape the Cthulhu mythos.

As you know, you've agreed to head up a fan editor's panel, whose other members will depend in part on who can come. Steve Schultheis of Springfield, collector, librarian, and what have you, is going to be ringmaster of a SFantasy booksellers' panel with a different slant. "Doc" Barrett, who is supposed to be filling his third barn with the rarest of the rare, will head a collectors' panel that may come up with a rebuttal to the dealers (or vice versa, if the ball bounces that way). We're also angling for a panel on the non-professional publishing of science fiction and fantasy, and Frank Freas -- who is a Pittsburgher from away back -- will head up a fantasy artists' panel.

An auction without Sam Moskowitz just isn't an auction, but Sam isn't stopping there. He'll be on the program with something special as well. Harlan Ellison, who is pretty sure he knows where SFantasy is going to have to go to stay alive, will point the way. Fritz Leiber and Judy Merrill have simply said: "Tell us what to do" -- maybe a skit as good as the ones in Cleveland and New Orleans.

And there'll be more. There already is more, but I lost all my current notes and correspondence in moving upstairs, and am having to put this together from memory. This on the day before the Midwestcon -- and with all reports, etc. for the all-day meeting of the Society for Pennsylvania Archaeology, also on the Saturday of the con.

Oyes ... in my rundown of the Pittsburgh gang, a while back, I somehow missed one of our most important newer members, Ray Smith, who is doing the ads for the Detention reports and would do more

if he weren't a mighty busy commercial artist. Ray and his wife, Ila, are both artists, who have done some top ceramic murals for anything from schools to some of the city's top pubs. And Ed Wood, a monumental figure at many a con, has just checked into Pittsburgh and sworn his support and a stock of lively ideas.

For the best damn program any con ever had, it's pitt in '60!

P. Schuyler Miller  
Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

Bob Lichtman, Los Angeles, liked the Grennell cartoon. Ted Pauls, Baltimore, also liked the Dag cover and feels we should let Ryan know about Wetzel. Don Franson, North Hollywood likes the science-fictional slant of the zine. Wilkie Conner, Gastonia, N.C. likes the letter issues. Other letters from Dan McPhail, Lawton, Okla., Bjo Wells, Los Angeles, Djinn Faine, Los Angeles, Mike Deckinger, Millburn, N.J., Ron Bennett, England, Bob Leman, Denver, Bobbie Wild, England, Jim Harmon, Mt. Carmel, Ill., Vic Ryan and Al Swettman, Springfield, Illinois, Anne Chamberlain, Los Angeles, Sture Sedolin, Sweden, Dan Adkins, New York, Don Wollheim, New York, Dirce Archer, Pittsburgh, Bill Conner, Chillicothe, Ohio, Jim Moran, Dracut, Mass., Joe Christoff, Atlanta, Ga., Honey Wood, Berkeley, Jim Linwood, England, P.F. Skeberdis, Big Rapids, Mich., John Bowles, Louisville, Ted Wagner, Houston, Busby's, Seattle, John Benson, Philadelphia, Don Ford, Loveland, Bob Madle, Indianapolis, and Belle Dietz, the Bronx.

\*\*\*\*\*

Doc Smith will have a story in Astounding soon. The first in 12 years. And it will be a Doc Smith story, not a JWC.

\*\*\*\*\*

There is still time to get your \$2.00 membership fee in for the DETENTION. Do it now!!

DETENTION  
JAMES BRODERICK  
12011 KILBOURNE STREET  
DETROIT 21, MICHIGAN

\*\*\*\*\*

Next issue will contain Doc Barrett's questionnaire. We want to have as many of these filled out as possible to get a large sampling.

\*\*\*\*\*

S U P P O R T    T H E    P I T T S B U R G H    B I D    F O R    ' 6 0 .

Read Schuy Miller's letter and see what they have planned for you. It will be the best.

I'm sorry to say that the book review column mentioned on page 2 will have to start in the next issue, due to lack of space and of time now.

Issue #48, (August 13) will feature an exceptionally fine cover by George Barr, the concluding part of chapter 8 of the Fake Pan in London, reviews of books by Andre Norton, Adam Chase, Brian Aldiss, Frederik Pohl, Jeff Sutton, George O. Smith, and Damon Knight. Plus any letters received by August 6th.

Jim Harmon's next Fandom Confidential will be in issue #49 and will feature Nick Scortia, the Sage of St. Louis.

We hope to see you all at the DETENTION in September. If you have not joined yet, send your \$2.00 to James Broderick.

This issue of JD-Argassy is intended as a post-mailing to the 20th OMPA mailing.

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JD-Argassy #~~48~~ 47  
Lynn A. Hickman  
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Mt. Vernon, Illinois



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