

G. Barr-1959

jd argassy

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1959 #48

ARGASSING

Rather a hurried issue this time, so many things happening in the past few weeks to take most of my time away from fanning. Spring and summer are my busiest time, and something is always popping up. For example, I had planned to take my vacation the first two weeks in Sept. Today I found I will have to attend a farm show the second week in Sept. and reschedule that week of my vacation at a later date. I will still be able to attend the Detroit convention but won't be able to stay over for a few days after the con as I'd hoped. The coming two weeks will be taken up with the Illinois State Fair, so if this is too come out on schedule most of it must be finished in the next two days.

Two magazines on hand that I would like to mention. One of them is ROUGE. This is quite an issue from the fannish standpoint. In Rouge Notes on page three, we have the photo's of three fans. Mack Reynolds, Roger Brues and Robert Courtney (Harlan Ellison). The contents page lists all these plus Robert Bloch and Harlan again (this time under his own name) But it doesn't stop here. Courtney does an article on 'Bohemians'. More fans. Pictures show Sally Dunn Brues, Harlan Ellison, Roger Brues, and Bill Halfpenny. In fact most of the pics were taken in Bill Halfpenny's apt. by Roger Brues. The rest of them look as if they were taken in the Brues apt. Get this copy. You can see Harlan with a beard, plus Sally without her blouse.

The other mag is HARPER'S. It contains a Bradbury short story, a Hyman Kaplan story by Leo Rosten, and an article, Sense and Nonsense About Space.

Got a little visiting done the past few weeks in my travels, stop-to see Nan Gerding, Vic Ryan, Bob Tucker, Jean Grennell and August Dereleth. Jean tells me that it appears that Dean and herself will not be able to make Detroit afterall, but that they are going to have a preview right in Pond du Lac with Berry, Eney, Pavlat and the Young's coming up before the con. Also had a visitor here in Mt. Vernon when Hal Shapiro dropped in.

Please take note of the questionnaire enclosed with this issue. We want as large a response as is possible on this, so fill it out right away.

(continued on page 9)

JD-Argassy #48 August 13, 1959 JD-Argassy is published monthly by Lynn A. Hickman at 304 N. 11th, in Mt. Vernon, Illinois. Subscriptions are 12 issues for \$1.00. Single copies of this issue will cost you 10¢. JD-A supports Don Ford for TAFP and PITT in '60. This issue is entered in OMPA as a postmailing to the 21st OMPA mailing.

A FAKE FAN IN LONDON

by Robert A. Madle



Chapter 8 (continued) "The Liverpool Caper"

It was just a short ride to the Birkenhead-Central Hotel. Unlike the King's Court (the Loncon Hotel), the Central is a comparatively new hotel -- and quite modern. It is not very large; I would estimate that it could accomodate about 150 patrons. The young lady at the desk informed us that Mr. Newman had requested the best quarters available for us. She proudly informed us that one of the rooms even had a private bath! This, it must be stated, is quite unusual as private baths in hotels in England are certainly not the custom.

Steve and I grabbed the room with the bath -- or Dave led us to it, I forget which. Maybe he thought the TAFFman should have the honor of bathing privately, or maybe he had heard Steve complain about not being able to take as many baths a day as he was accustomed to taking. Will and Shel were quartered just across the hall. The rooms were very spacious and well furnished and, in fact, compare favorably with those of the average modern American hotel. This struck all of us as so unusual that I am making a special point of it. And, believe it or not, all of this cost but \$4 a day -- including breakfast!

Steve suggested taking a bath, but we talked him out of it as it was dinner time and all of us were quite famished. Besides, informed Dave, we just about had time to eat and then meet Ina and Norman Shorrock. So Dave, making every effort to impress the well-heeled Americans, took us to a nearby restaurant which, I believe, had a Chinese name -- something like "Won Hung Low." And, like the Birkenhead-Central, this restaurant compares favorably with just about anything that can be found on the main drag of any large city in USA. I might add that the prices were comparable also. When the waitress arrived, Shel made a special point about having ice water prior to his meal -- not just plain old room-temperature water. This sort of shook up the

waitress, but she did manage to uncover a couple pieces of ice for Shel's water. The meal itself was pleasantly ample and we all had nothing but praise for Dave's choice of eating establishments.

By this time it was about eight PM and we had to hurry to the saloon in which Ina and Norman were to meet us. Like in USA, Friday night must be the heaviest beer drinking night in England. The quaint little tavern that Dave led us to was packed to the rafters with patrons being compelled to doorway to imbibe their suds. Fortunately, Ina and Norm had decided to wait at the entrance for us and we all had a jolly time exchanging felicitations.

The Shorrocks comprise a pleasant man and wife fan team and are, it would appear, the focal point of Liverpudlian fan activities. Norm, as mentioned way back in Chapter 3, gives the impression of being conservative, serious young man of perhaps thirty years. Ina is a most charming and attractive mother of several children, and is best known in America from the famous bubble-bath scene in the Liverpudlian color movie epic, "May We Have the Pleasure?" (This was sent around fan circles prior to the Loncon and in fact, is still going about.)

Norm and Ina, while not considered extremely active in fanzine fandom (even tho they are affiliated with the Liverpool club organ, Space Diversions), are most noted for other types of fanac. They possess an incredible assortment of tape and movie equipment and have made excellent fan movies. Of course, their tape, "Last and First Fen," has had excellent distribution. (Let me add that the entire group participated in these activities but, I believe, all of the equipment belongs to the Shorrocks household. Norm and the rest of the Liverpudlians are also quite active in sponsoring conventions and might even be termed, "Convention fans." The Liverpool group arranged the excellent program of the Loncon, sponsored the Kettering conventions (with Dave Newman being the ramrod here), and have been given a lot of the credit for the success of the recent first annual British Science Fiction Association convention. The many-faceted Liverpool group might be termed, "The Compleat Fan Club."

After having several bottles of ale, it was suggested that we all migrate to the Birkenhead-Central as there was no reason for letting such an appropriate party area go unused. Fortunately, Dave indicated the difficulty that might ensue in obtaining sufficient glasses for the party, and this problem was resolved by each of us retaining the glass out of which we were drinking. We then ordered quite sufficient quantity of various and sundry liquors of the realm and proceeded to the hotel.

Dave, who is an experienced bartender, utilized one of the closets for a bar. With his white apron he really looked the part of the bartender, too. I'm pretty sure Steve or someone got a picture of Dave and the converted bar -- unfortunately, this one showed up a blank in my collection.

A very enjoyable party ensued. An item of interest to others who may be in the same predicament: about midnight we ran out of mixer, and I calmly picked up the phone to ask for room service. Dave and Norm had told me not to expect anything as the kitchen was

undoubtedly closed. However, I obtained even less results than they predicted for no one even answered the phone! Apparently they close up the desk at midnight!

Soon thereafter I escorted Norm and Ina down stairs and everything was locked up. As a matter of fact, we had to literally break out of the place in order to get the Shorrock's home to their kiddies. This consisted of our removing a heavy wooden plank that was used to doubly insure the security of the hotel. After Ina and Norman slipped out, I quietly replaced the heavy plank, all the time expecting a bobby or somebody to slap me on the head with his billy-jack. The lounge was completely dark, with the only light emanating from the stairway to the second floor. I finally replaced the bar, and hastily went up the stairs, two or three at a time.

Dave, our official host, spent the night with us -- sharing Steve's bed.

The maid kindly awakened us the morning of Saturday, September 14th, 1957 by informing us that we had better hurry if we wanted breakfast. Deciding to beat one of these English hotels out of breakfast for once, Steve and I hastily dressed, although Steve was rather reluctant as he stated he always bathed before breakfast. Dave was dressed before either of us, mainly because he had slept with his clothes on. So he dashed across the hall and told Will and Shel we'd meet them in the dining room. So this time we Americans actually took advantage of the breakfast that automatically goes with the price of the hotel room.

Some of you may be aware of the fact that I am American Agent for Nebula Science Fiction. This position I have had for sometime now, in fact since soon after the Clevention in 1955. Naturally, Peter Hamilton and I had planned on seeing quite a bit of each other at the Loncon. Unfortunately, Peter had been in ill health for some time prior to the Loncon and, as luck would have it, Ted Carnell handed me a telegram from Peter during the banquet session of the Loncon informing me that he had come down again with something and could not make the convention. Naturally, I was disappointed as I did want to see Peter for several reasons.

Now it so happens that Liverpool is about half-way between London and Glasgow, Scotland. So I thought it would be a good idea to call up Peter and invite him to Liverpool if he was up to it. I finally made contact, after several unsuccessful attempts. As luck would have it, Peter was not yet able to travel and, as much as he would like to come down to Liverpool, he wouldn't be able to. "However," said Peter, "I have planned a trip to London for sometime now for business reasons. I'll come down someday next week and we'll combine business with pleasure." I planned to be back in London by Wednesday afternoon, so this was the day selected.

About this time Norm Shorrock and Eddie Jones arrived. Eddie, one of the best known of British fan artists (he's a pro artist now, too, having had several excellent covers on Nebula in recent months), is a very neat-appearing, of slightly-heavy frame, blonde lad somewhere in his twenties. (I should point out that none of the Liverpool group wear beards -- unlike their London counterparts -- and I became so accustomed to fans wearing beards that to describe English

fans without beards becomes difficult, as they all look alike.)

Norm had some business to take care of Saturday afternoon but before leaving presented Steve, Will, Shel and I with an attractively-boxed five shilling pice as a remembrance of our visit to Liverpool. And, would you believe it, even though times have been hard, I still haven't spent it!

The six of us then went to dinner. This time Dave decided that maybe we should conserve our resources for he led us to a spot where a complete meal could be had for two shillings (about 35¢ in real money). The restaurant was plain, but clean, and the meal was good. I told Dave this could never be done in USA as it cost 35¢ for a mere hamburger in most places. However, it should be pointed out that the average wage in England is just about half what it is in USA. At the same time, the necessities of life can be purchased rather inexpensively. I noticed that food, in general, is much cheaper than in USA; medicine is, of course, taken care of by medical insurance, as is doctor and hospital care; rents are very reasonable; in fact, Mike Rosenblum informed me that some of the older sections still have the same rent controls that were clamped on them in 1917! Conversely, anything that falls into the luxury class is very expensive. Thus, automobiles and appliances come quite high -- this includes such necessities of life as electric refrigerators and televisions! Consequently, not too many fans run about in autos. Gasoline sells for about three shillings a gallon, which is about 50¢ in our coin of the realm. And when the lower average income is considered, it can readily be ascertained that gasoline costs real dough in England. Now you all know why they have little cars over there! I would estimate that beer, cigarettes, and movies are priced according to USA standards which, of course, is high according to England standards.

Like Norman, Dave had business to take care of Saturday afternoon. However, his business we were able to share in as he was to be bartender at the Hoylake Rugby Football Club, just across the river. Dave was officially "Assistant Secretary," but the primary requirement was to be able to open bottles and mix drinks. The six of us (Eddie Jones was still part of the group) tagged along with Dave and spent an enjoyable afternoon watching the rugby players in the cool, cool September air. And I mean that September in England is like real cold.

The most popular drink among the rugby players is something called I believe, "Shandy," which is a weird mixture of ginger ale and beer. This I couldn't take, so I stuck to beer, as did the other fan.

The Liverpool mob had planned a big Saturday evening, which started with cocktails and dinner at an exclusive dining room. In addition to the six from the rugby club, present also were Ina and Norm, Leslie Minard (Dave's girlfriend), and John Roles. Leslie had been with Dave to the Loncon, and has been mentioned in previously in Chapter 4. As stated then, she reminds me of a cross between Audrey Hepburn and Leslie Caron. At the time she and Dave were very close and, said Dave, she was interested in marriage which, I gathered, didn't interest Dave too much. (A tape from Norm and Dave some months after the Loncon informed me that Leslie had gotten married -- to someone else. I wonder if this is what drove Dave into his state of almost complete gafia?) Leslie is quite an intelligent young girl--

in fact, she was doing graduate work of some sort in medical research at the time of the Loncon.

John Roles is a heavily-mustached librarian. In fact, I would gather that he and John Berry have this in common -- heavy mustaches. (Of course, I have never met John Berry and it may turn out that John doesn't even have a mustache -- or a bicycle -- and, instead of being a bobby, he may turn out to be a leader of the IRA! All of these questions shall be answered at the Detention, assuming enough of you characters send bucks to Nick Falasca.) Roles is the real collector type fan, and has an excellent knowledge of all phases of fantasy. We had several enjoyable discussions along this line, and I was impressed with his background in the field.

Following the dinner, we were taken to the fabulous Liverpool clubroom -- which is located right downtown on a main thoroughfare. However, it seems to be in the third floor of a deserted office building. At least I gathered the impression that it was deserted -- perhaps this has occurred since the Liverpool group moved in? The clubroom is a cozy little two-room affair, replete with magazines, typewriters, cases of empty beer bottles and like that. The wall paper is unique; it consists of covers and pages of prozines and fanzines. I believe this is completely original and it certainly lends atmosphere to what might be rather dreary wallspace. Others with clubrooms might follow suit.

Two more members of the Liverpool group were waiting at the premises for us: Norm Weedall and Leslie J. Johnson. Norm I do not know too much about, except for seeing his name in fanzines in recent years. However, he has apparently been a reader for a good number of years and complements this interesting group composed of members of all segments of fandom. Leslie J. Johnson dates back almost to the beginning. He was active in the formation of the Liverpool Science Fiction League in 1935 and helped organize the first British Science Fiction Association convention in January, 1937. He also collaborated with Eric Frank Russell on the first story to appear with the EFR byline, "Seeker of Tomorrow," Astounding Stories, July, 1937. Leslie was very active in British fanzine editing and writing prior to the war. He was also an organizer of the British Interplanetary Society, serving, if my memory holds firm, as one of its earliest presidents. So Les brings a considerable amount of historical background to the Liverpool club.

We now had an even dozen present, and the makings of a real fan-fest. So Dave said, "Let's get something to drink -- I have a pound." That started it: we all contributed a pound and, as any resident of the British Isles can attest, twelve pounds can buy a good assortment of joy juice.

Norm had given me a letter from J. Michael Rosenblum which Mike had sent to me care of Norm. The letter contained further information pertaining to his kind invitation and so, on the way to the tavern, we stopped and called Mike, informing him I would definitely come to Leeds, arriving about four PM Monday afternoon.

Shorrock took many feet of film of this gathering, including a little skit. This, as Norman visualized it, would feature three players: Leslie Minard, Dave Newman, and me. When the plot was outlined to me, I decided I had better remain a spectator for fear of

possible incrimination. Basically, it was the eternal triangle, with Leslie sitting on Steve's lap he eagerly volunteered "myking love" -- Dave comes storming in with pistol in hand, and shoots Steve dead. Dave played a very determined part -- he actually looked serious, but of course, he couldn't have been -- and Steve made an awful noise when he hit the floor.

At about midnight we all decided to take the remaining stock and go back to the Birkenhead Central. Norm Weedall, Les Johnson and Eddie Jones decided it would be the better part of valor to go home, which left nine of us actually sneaking into the hotel. And the party continued for several hours.

Finally, the Shorrocks again decided they'd better get home before their children forgot them. Letting them out of the hotel was a repetition of the previous night, only the wooden bar didn't seem to be as heavy -- or maybe I was floating a little higher.

This left a group consisting of the four Americans, Dave Newman John Roles, and Leslie Minard. It seems that Leslie resided somewhere over in the wilds and it would have been to no avail for her to attempt to go home. Steven, who waits for no man when it comes to taking a bath or going to bed, joined Sheldon Deretchin in his room. Will Jenkins, after finding Steve in his bed, came back to the party room and went to sleep on the floor. Dave, as usual, went to bed dressed for the next evening. John Roles piled into my bed, This left just Leslie and I. Leslie was quite disturbed about the situation but finally, on advice from the old Fake Fan, decided it wouldn't be scandalous to lie next to Dave inasmuch as both she and he were fully clothed. And I joined John Roles in my bed, ending a perfect evening.

Sunday turned out to be another cool, clear day -- adding further lack of credence to all those stories on hears concerning the horrible weather in England. Sometime during the afternoon we added Norm and Eddie to the contingent and took a ferry ride across the Mersey -- or was it the Dersey? Then back to the clubroom to continue where we left off Saturday (Sunday morning, in reality).

The rest of the evening was spent playing the fascinating game of B'rag (the English equivalent of our Poker), general chit-chat, concerning science fiction and fandom, and inventing new drinks -- the latter primarily consumed the time of Dave Newman. At one time Dave proudly exclaimed, "Man this is something -- not sure what it is, tho!" It was an unusual combination of Stout, gin and tonic which wasn't bad at all. (Frankly, at this stage of the game I was becoming immune to just about anything.)

Norm, John Roles and I had a serious discussion concerning fandom and fanzines in England. It appeared that most of Anglo-fandom was arriving at the same conclusion concerning English fanzines -- too esoteric for the newfan -- or for the general reader. This widespread feeling resulted in the formation of the British Science Fiction Association the following March. However, for some reason not apparent to me, some of the most active British fans have not supported this worthwhile organization; in fact, they have almost outwardly opposed it. It is interesting to note that the opponents are primarily centered among a very small group of "fanzine

fans," their description, not mine Given continued support, tho, the the BSFA should prosper. More USA fen might consider supporting it, also.

The group dispersed about eleven PM with Norm traveling in the direction of the Birkenhead -Central with the four Americans as he had to get his bus across the street from the hotel. And while we were shaking Norm's hand and telling him what a great time we had, and while he was bidding us all sad adieu and informing us that he and Ina planned a trip to an American convention sometime in the near future, guess what happened? Yes, you are right -- he missed the last bus which pulled out without him -- even though he was but three feet from it. So there was nothing else for Norm to do at the moment but join us at the hotel for a nightcap and a few more rounds of Brag.

Norm informed us that the meeting of the Liverpool S-F Association (LaSFas) would be the next evening and why not just stay over another day. This was out of the question for me as I had made definite plans to visit with J. Michael Rosenblum and Steve had made just as definite plans to fly across the sea to visit with Walt Willis at Oblique House. However, Will Jenkins and Shel Deretchin were game for another go with this Hedonistic mob, so they decided to stay and take a midnight train back to London following the meeting.

And so Norm again bid Steve and I a fond farewell and left the Birkenhead-Central saying he would have no trouble getting a taxi across the street at the terminal.

And so ended "The Liverpool Caper," a weekend the TAFFman and his three compatriots will remember with nostalgia forevermore.

(Watch for "The Leeds Plague," the next chapter of "A Fake Fan in London.)

A R G A S S I N G(continued from page 2)

LETTERS, Letters, letters. . . .

Dear Lynn,

Owing to the fact that I've now had a chance to read your JD's 39 to 45, I decided to write you a letter about the controversial sections.

#40. I shan't say a word about the exchange between Bob & Walt, even though I feel one of Bob's statements is extremely short-sighted - ...the one about personal communication being the most powerful... has he forgotten the difficulty of personal contact when you're at least 3,000 miles from anyone? (I don't think Bob meant that it was the only way of contact, but I must agree that personal contact is more powerful than written contact. lh)>

#42. I take exception to Bob's statement about 'intrigue' going on over the directorships for WSFS at the Loncon. There were, as

far as we knew, two vacancies for Directors. There was one candidate, Art Kingsley, proposed by Dave Kyle. There were no other candidates, and nobody knew of anyone being put up for the other D'ship. So I proposed Belle who worked damn hard on the Loncon for nearly a year, and who had added to that by doing a lot more hard work at the Registration Desk at the con itself. It was a complete and utter shock to everybody when Bob proposed Dave Newman (the proposers got up to the mike and spieled: Kyle did Kingsley, I did Belle, and Bob did Newman: presumably therefore Bob proposed him.) As things turn out, Newman was a dead loss - he gafiated and has done absolutely nothing as a director. My opinions, which I stated at the time of proposing, were that anyone outside the states was useless because, in the case of emergency that person would be unable to attend an emergency meeting or give views on it. However, now that Kyle is seen as the background worker, I see why he was so spitting mad that Art Kingsley did not get on the board...it was his own shenanigans that spoilt it. Damnitohell why should Kyle be the only one to be allowed to propose someone for Director? Why should I not have proposed someone, or for that matter, why should anyone else not have proposed someone? 'Int-rigue' be bloody damned. ((It seems that you and I read completely different meanings into this use of 'intrigue'. I was of the opinion that Bob meant the intrigue of Kyle asking him to nominate someone. And all that was mentioned of your proposal was that it also was quite unexpected and upset Kyle's applecart. Personally, I think the whole thing would make a good Secret Agent X novel. lh))

#42. Bob's column would have been even fairer if he had admitted that 'Inchmery' were among the very first to try and pin down the rumours regarding TAFP misconduct in an effort to clear up this matter before he came over here. He implies that Pavlat and Eney's letters were out of a clear blue sky whereas in actual fact they came in response to OUR worried letters. Fair's fair, but that implication isn't.

#45. "Through your writings" Dan Adkins says, "I've learned of an awful lot of people I'd never heard of". And isn't that what fanzine fans have been saying for an awful long time? And what Bob has been screaming blue murder over? Personal contact never gave Adkins the knowledge of these people - where's the 'power' of personal communication that Bob was on about? ((Bob didn't say that personal communication was the only kind. He said it was more powerful, which it is. For example, my personal communication with fans such as Tucker, Madle, Grennell, Ford, Bloch, Doc Barrett, etc. help me to know and understand them much better than fans I know only through correspondence or fanzine writings, such as yourself, Sandy, Bennett, etc., and helps me to understand and like their writing more. In my opinion, nothing can beat personal contact, although if that isn't possible, communication via the written word is next best. Of course the combination of all of them is what I enjoy and strive for. lh))

Nick Palasca's letter was interesting. Especially as he seems to have overlooked the fact that all WSFS Directors, with the EXCEPTION OF DAVE KYLE, resigned in disgust at peculiar things expected of them by Kyle. If Nick wants the WSFS dissolved why doesn't he admit that he should contact Kyle and get him to do the dirty work - Belle and

George resigned at the Solacon; George before the petition, Belle after she found out what Kyle's methods were; Forry and whoever the the other director was resigned a few days later. Newman presumably has been dead to WSFS for months. Or maybe Nick has contacted and got exactly as much out of him as George has got Through all the months he tried to sort out the lawsuit with Kyle. But, of course, it doesn't matter what Kyle does or has done - in some people's eyes Kyle can do no wrong and this obviously another case of blindness,

What incidentally does Palasca mean by "delicious leads" Vinç gave him. He admitted in (I think this is the right issue) SON OF FANDOM'S BURDEN that Vinç was probably right - even though he cut the letter until it made hardly no sense at all.

Quite candidly I consider Nick is a little odd about WSFS - first he says he wants to cut it right out; then we write and he says he doesn't want to cut it out, only to change it a little bit; then at the con he turns around again and says lets cut it out. Thus proving our original contention that that's what he wanted to do all along. Now let him stand up and call me a liar and I'll prove it from writing. This is all so goddamned silly - Sandy, Vinç the Dietzes, all being blamed for something that could have been cleared up in five minutes if Kyle had bothered to open his mouth just once out of all the numbers of times he was asked to meet people and sort it out. But oh no, the silent long suffering reputation-damaged fan is innocent of everything.....gaaaah, it sickens me. (I, of course, have my own ideas on this, but prefer not to put them in print. If anyone else wants to answer Joy on this, pro or con, its ok, but I think the whole thing should be laid to rest. lh)>

Joy Clarke
London, England

Dear Lynn,

Many thanks for JD-A #47 which arrived today. That's a most impressive cover, quite different from Adkins' usual fanzine style.

Yours is the first mention I have seen in print of the Midwestcon ...possibly because, going by the people you mention as being present, there were few fanzine publishers there. Still, maybe one of those present will write up a report for some zine. You didn't even mention the weather, and I'm wondering if you had the traditional Midwestcon rain. Actually two of the three Midwestcons I've attended had brilliant sunshine, although the last one I was at, 1957, we had to drive through a torrential downpour in Michigan and a flood in Indiana to get there. (The weather was sunny and hot, fine for swimming. I've been to all the Midwestcons and remember more pleasant weather than bad. Especially since the changed the date from May to June to get away from the rains. However, bad weather at a con doesn't seem to bother me overly much, as I'm usually to busy having a good time to pay that much attention to it. lh)>

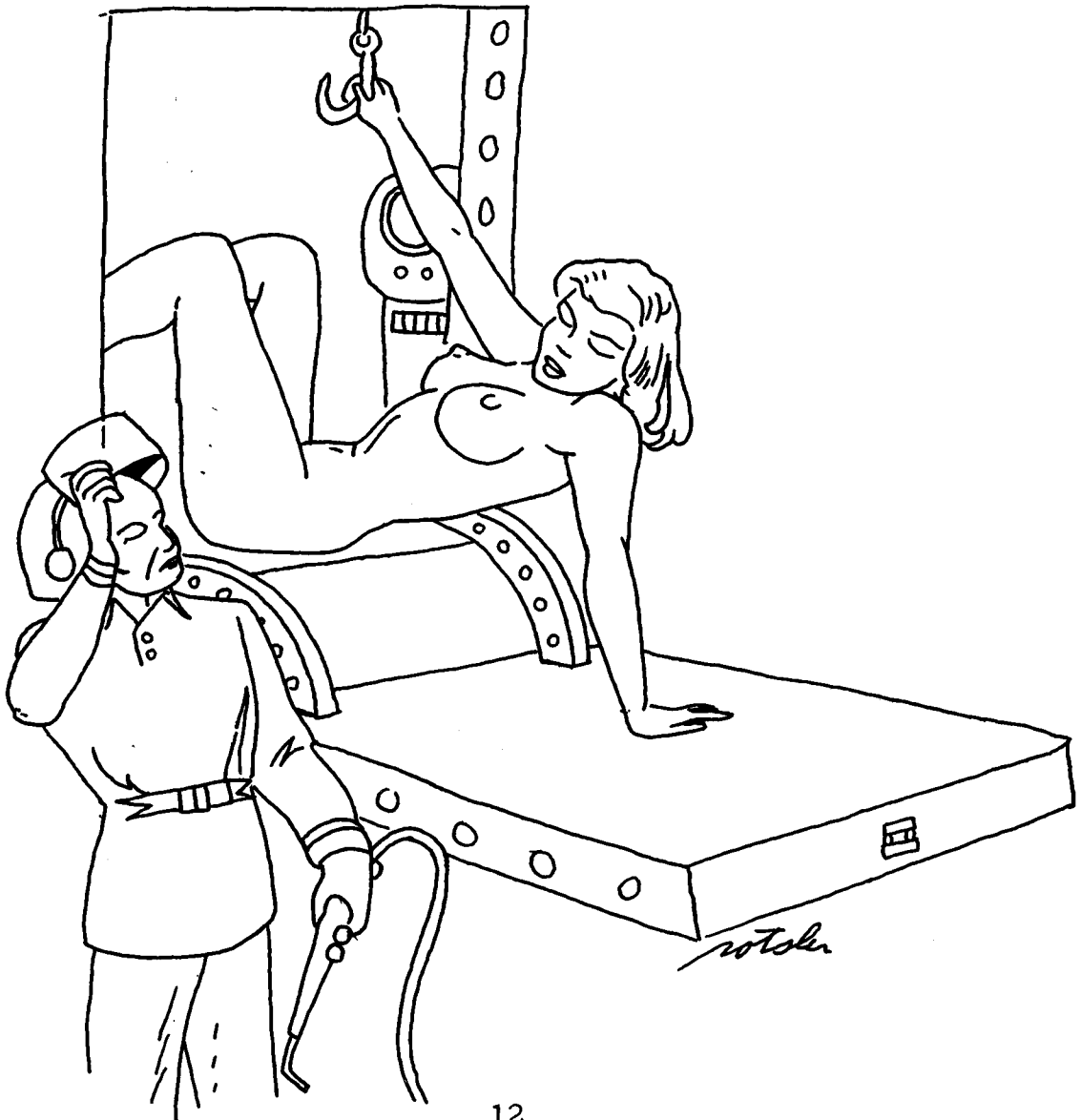
Harmon was good, and interesting, but I'm again wondering how much of it is of the "Berry Factual" school. But even though he may have stretched things a trifle, Jim's account of the restaurant conversation is very funny.

Madle kept up his usual standard, but I wish you could print larger chunks at a time. It is a little strange for a 1957 con report to be still running with the 1959 con so close -- and I guess it will likely be running after it is over. Still, this is not as bad as the way Bennett's report is being spread all over the place, in small pieces, and all out of order.

Boyd Raeburn
Toronto, Canada

Dear Lynn,

I don't know what fortune or reward for proper living destined this issue of JD-Argassy for me. Whatever it was, I'm very appreciative. It has been a fortunate week for me in several respects. I found 55¢ in the parking lot the other evening, haven't lost my temper this week so far, and I'm almost caught up with



correspondence. So an entertaining fanzine fits right in with the situation.

After reading this, my first thought is: can't you teach Dean Grennell the trick of publishing large scale fanzines despite a job that involves lots of travel, a family, and the wear and tear involved in many years of fanning? Pandom would be doubly blest if you could get him back in the Grue publishing mood again. ((I stopped at Grennell's for a short time about a week and a half ago, and Jean told me that they were putting the finishing touches on a new Grue and hoped to have it in the coming FAPA mailing. lh))

No need to tell you that the reproduction is nearly perfect. You're apparently taking a lot of pains to supplement the basic virtues of this publishing method with the important extras, like keeping your type clean and making certain that the lines in the illustrations are done with a sure hand. The only flaw I can find is in the Rotslers, and they suffer only from the same trouble that they encounter when anyone except Rotsler publishes his work: the females look as if they had dropsy.

I've never seen any sense in these mighty struggles to attempt to decide who is a fan and who isn't a fan. Lots of people who don't live in New York read the portions of the New Yorker that have nothing that have nothing to do with New York but that's no reason to belittle them. I'd classify as a fan anyone who feels strongly enough about the matter to call himself one and makes himself heard. You run into the borderline in any field of hobbying. ((I agree with you on this Harry. I feel anyone who reads sf more or less steadily and communicates with others on this subject, can certainly think of himself as a fan, and is one.))

The best writing in this issue was Jim Harmon's article, by a big margin. It's the most extended piece about Redd Boggs that I've encountered, and I think that it could be read in a larger sense, as typifying the combination of ease and difficulty in communicating that usually occurs when two long-time correspondents finally have a personal encounter.

I also enjoyed Bob Madle, but something should be done soon about these endlessly dragged out convention reports. It would be much better if the mainstream of the narrative were printed promptly in one thick sheaf. Then the narrator could proceed to turn out for years to come separate brief articles on this or that sidelight or incident that occurred on the way to the convention or on the return, or in a particular small group at the convention which isn't likely to find its way into other convention accounts. The way it is now, Ron Bennett isn't as interesting as he would be if some of the things in his installments hadn't already been retold a dozen times by other persons, many months ago. ((The thing you must remember on Madle's report is that I was publishing quarterly when we started the report. Actually the report of the actual convention was over several installments ago, and we are now into personal visits with fans after the con. If Don Ford wins TAFP, we have agreed to serialize his report in larger chapters and have it published in complete booklet form before the next convention. As in

the case of publishing Madle's report complete, all money over and above the actual cost of masters, paper and postage will go to the TAPF fund. We will charge enough for it that there will be a profit, as I'm certain fans will pay the premium price when they know that the profits will help send over or bring over the next TAPFman. lh)>

It looks as if there's no escape for me from the 1960 convention. Whether it goes to Washington or Pittsburgh, I'll be within a few hours' driving time and the only graceful way that I can escape attending would be to drop dead just before Labor Day next year. In fact, I have suffered quite a bit of damage to my hermit reputation already this summer. Both Eney and the Ted Whites have been in Hagerstown within the past month, and John Berry is supposed to have Hagerstown on his schedule later in August. ((I hope this is so, as my brief visit with you in 1956 makes me want to renew and extend that acquaintanceship. lh)>

Harry Warner, Jr.
Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Lynn:

Hey! You have been misinformed. That wasn't an issue of Grue I was putting out and I don't know how in the world Jean got the idea it was. What it was was an issue of "Qabal" that Raeburn and I did together, a modest 8 pages but necessary if I am to continue as a member of fapa. I've no idea in the world when Grue will be out but it will be quite a while since I have not yet so much as punctured a stencil for it and have no blarsted money with which to buy paper, stencils, ink staples, envelopes and stamps, stamps, stamps. Jeez, those damned 9¢ stamps! If the next Grue ever appears, it will be slimmer, so as to hold down the postage costs.

It was cert'ly a startling thing to see those critters on JD-A 46 after all this time. Me, I enjoyed the comments by Harmon on Ellison and Boggs a whole hell of a lot and might enjoy them even more if I weren't haunted by the thought of future installments. Harmon, you recall, has met me too...

Yours in cordial regard and
haunting dread,
dag

((This should clear up the misinformation on page 13. I had already printed the other of this page when your letter arrived, so could not change it. lh)>

Lots more letters in the next issue, which should appear close on the heels of this one. Actually, the way it appears now, this issue will not be finished and mailed off until after we return from the Detention. I had hoped to get it off before then, but had to spend several week-ends in a row away from home. Today is August 28th and in about an hour we will be on our way to Napoleon, Ohio and from there to the con.

Stopped at Tucker's yesterday and was sorry to learn that he will not be able to get to Detroit. However, it also looks as if there will a minature convention at his place also after the con.

LES GERBER REPORTS FROM NEW YORK

Ace Books, the most prolific publisher of s-f, has the following on tap: August--"Secret of the Lost Race" by Andre Norton and "One Against Herculum" by Jerry Sohl (both original, the Sohl expanded from a novella in Science Fiction Adventures.)

September--"Rocket to Limbo" by Alan E. Nourse (reprint from Satellite and hard cover) and "Echo in the Skull" by John Brunner (original.)

"When the Sleeper Wakes" by H. G. Wells (single.)

October-- "The Man of Power" by John Brunner and "The Secret of Race X" by Robert Moore Williams (originals.) Also "The Chronicler" by A. E. Van Vogt (from Astounding.)

For later dates, "Pirates of Ersatz" and "Med Service" (with a new title) by Murray Leinster as a double (both from Astounding) and "First to the Stars" by Rex Gordon as a single.

Pyramid Books has the late E.E. Evens' novel "Man of Many Minds" scheduled for reprint in October.

Fantasy and Science Fiction has on hand three stories by Clifford D. Simak, the first of a series of three (which will later be collected as a book) by Edgar Pangborn, a cover for the September issue by Mel Hunter, and also for that issue novelettes by Mark Clifton and Edward S. Aarons (who plans to expand his into a novel.) There is also the heartening news that the circulation has been slowly but steadily rising since last July, and the rise has continued despite the price boost.

The October issue of GALAXY is marked 35¢ on the cover yet carries no notice that the price is being lowered and has the same sub rates in the subscription ad. The reason for this is simple but unfortunate; the 35¢ mark is a typographical error. This could be one issue where GALAXY will be hoping for less sales. Or maybe They'll sell enough copies to make up the loss...and stay 35¢. Oh well...

Thanks for the news in this column to Don Wollheim, Don Benson, Robert P. Mills, Andy Reiss and Eugene Gold.

I don't see why anything can't be explained clearly in simple one syllable words, without obfuscating the issue. Doc Barrett via
Lou Tabakow

jd-argassy #48

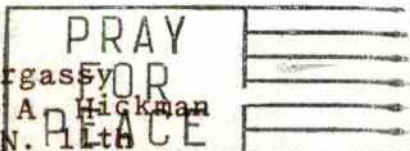
Cover by George Barr. Illustrations by Plato Jones and Wm Rotsler.
Written material by Bob Madle, Les Gerber and Lynn Hickman.

This last page of the August issue is being typed up on October 25th. The convention has come and gone (and it was a good one), and since then I've been busy as heck. However there will be a Sept. issue either mailed with this one or one week later. The October and November issues will be rolling shortly thereafter, so we may be on an almost weekly schedule for a short time. The Sept. issue will be 22 pages and have a double page of photo taken at the convention by Walt Cole. Walt also had these published. Many blessings go to him for this -- and even money too, if he ever sends me a bill.

Received a postcard from Belle & Frank Dietz the other day from Newcross, England where they are vacationing and meeting fan friends again that they met at the 1957 convention. I know they are having a swell time and only wish that I were there also.



jd-argassy
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