

# JD-Argassy

#54



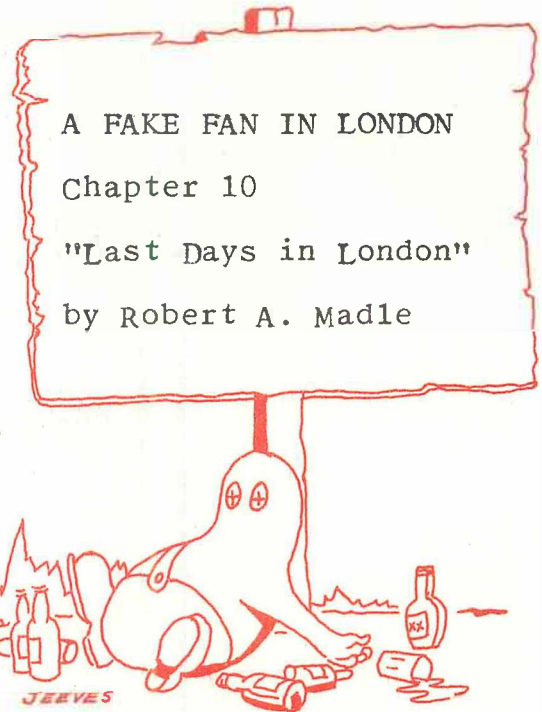




On Wednesday morning, the 18th, I bid adieu to Mike's family and to Ron Bennett, the latter of whom was off to teach the remnants of his Asiatic-flu-infested grammar schoolers. It would have been nice to stay another day at Mike's but, as I had made arrangements to meet Peter Hamilton in London that evening, it was the better part of valor to get a good early start in that direction.

Mike drove me to the station and we arrived just in time to make the train. It was difficult to say goodbye to Mike after having seen him for such a short time and realizing that it was improbable that we would meet again. But, in retrospect -- the world is continuously getting smaller and I may get another chance to visit London. If I do, Liverpool will certainly be on my visiting list.

I spent the several hours train ride deep in nostalgic memories. Mike had given me a complete file of The New Futurian and I derived a great deal of pleasure from reading them. I was particularly fond of "The Clamorous Dreamers," by Walter H. Gillings. Like "The Immortal Storm" has been criticized as being the life history of Sam Moskowitz, so has "The Clamorous Dreamers" been derided as English Fandom only as Gillings would have it. Perhaps so, but it makes excellent reading and for the fan historian it is invaluable. I have come to the conclusion that Walt Gillings may not only have been England's first fan -- he may have been the world's first fan. His activities started as far back as 1927 and he fought valiantly for years to bring a science fiction magazine to England. He was on the verge of success several times, but it wasn't until 1937 that his dreams were realized with the advent of TALES OF WONDER. It lasted sixteen issues (until mid-1942) and was essentially a reprint magazine, drawing almost exclusively from the old Wonder and Amazing. Walt was also active in the fan field. His Scientifiction was one of the most pretentious fanzines ever published and, in reality, could be termed a "professional fanzine." It was pure sercon and featured excellent bibliographical and historical material.



Arriving in London, I took the tubes and finally wended my way (100 pound suitcase and all) back to the Bulmer residence. Ken, having written a short story and a novelette that morning, was relaxing by grinding out a "Kenneth Johns" science article. This series of science articles (published in Nebula for many issues) was a collaboration between John Newman and old prolific Ken, the former supplying the idea and basic information, and the latter doing the final writing.

Ken poured me a cup of tea and I related my historic Liverpool weekend and my nostalgic several days in Leeds to him. Upon the termination of my fantastic revelations, Ken handed me a wire from Peter Hamilton which said he would meet me in the lobby of a downtown hotel at seven. (The name of the hotel escapes me, but it wasn't the King's Court.) Ken also reminded me that the weekly black mass would be held the following evening at the Globe. "Gee!" I said, all imbued with nostalgia and like that. "Do you think Walter H. Gillings will be there?"

"Very unlikely," said Ken, "as he hasn't been around in many a moon. But why don't you call him? After all, as one relic of antediluvian fandom to another -- who knows?"

And so it came to pass that the Grand Patriarch of British Fandom was contacted by electrical means. Walt IM4HUGO was at his office (he is a newspaper editor) and said like he would be at the meeting the next evening for sure. In reality, I must make a slight confession at this point. Walt was not unaware of the fact that I was in England as I had written to him soon after winning TAFF. Judging by the information that was being relayed to me, all British fandom was in revolt because of my election, and I wanted to make sure I had a friend or two located in the British Isles. (My informants had told me that my winning was bad enough -- but when active British fandom saw the list of the fifty plane passengers and not a fanzine fan in the bunch. . . well, there was no telling what might happen. Archie Mercer, for instance, threatened to distribute tacks over the runway immediately preceding the landing. Other Americans visualized the Fake Fan being confronted with "Madle -- Keep Out!" signs, and doors being slammed in his face. As it turned out, the only things slammed in the Fake Fan's face were large glasses of beer, and faster than he could drink them.)

Anyway, Walt and I exchanged a letter or two -- for the first time since before the war. He had told me that he had been away from the sweetness and light that was fandom for several years and that my letter had fanned one of the glowing embers into a slight fire. I suppose Walt is one of those very few who will be a fan forever.

Ken and I headed for the railroad to catch a downtown train and, to be expected, we had to race madly to catch it. Ken wouldn't think of casually missing it and catching the next one, which must have been at least five minutes behind. Ken's charming Pam met us outside her place of employment, and we ambled over to find Pete Hamilton.

Two years prior Pete had contacted me and asked me to become American Representative for his magazine, Nebula Science Fiction. The ultimate aim was newstand distribution, but we planned to go slow for awhile. I had, through independent distributors in Charlotte, N.C. and Atlanta, Ga., placed about 500 copies of several issues on the stands and, while the sales weren't anything sensational, they compared favorably with most of the magazines except for the big three. So we had decided to try to find a distributor who would handle about 5,000 copies on a nation-wide basis. After American News folded (they had agreed to handle Nebula) things looked mighty dark. However, I had made an agreement with Acme News to handle 5,000 copies. As it turned out, Nebula became a monthly, and 10 issues were distributed in the states. Unfortunately, despite its attractive appearance and fine selection of stories, it never sold well enough in the states and it was given up as an experiment that failed. Several issues later (early summer 1959) the magazine ceased publication altogether.

Pete is a rather stocky, curly-headed blonde -- a real handsome Scotsman. He has been a fan for years and it was always his dream to publish a professional s-f magazine. This materialized in late 1952 with the advent of Nebula which, incidentally, only had a print-run of about 5,000 copies of the first issue. Pete is a firm supporter of fandom, and usually attended British conventions. He also pushed fandom as much as possible in Nebula. (He ran Walt Willis' fan column and Ken Slater's book-review department from the magazine's inception. In the last few issues he also included my fan column. Nebula was probably the only magazine ever to run two fan columns simultaneously.)

After dinner, Pam and Ken went to a movie while Pete and I discussed the mundane matters of s-f, including the all-important distribution aspects. At the time, things looked mighty fine and we would have been satisfied with a little better than 50% sales in America. But the bubble was about to burst and, in retrospect, Nebula came into America at the wrong time.

Pete was staying overnight, and invited me to have lunch with him the next noon prior to his catching the train for Glasgow. At this point Ken, Pam and I headed for Catford. On the way to Ken's I suddenly noticed that I was catching cold. But a cold is something that never bothered me, thought I.

The next morning I awoke feeling pretty chipper after a good night's sleep -- something I hadn't been having much of lately. Had my usual morning tea and fried eggs -- fried by the versatile hands of Ken Bulmer.

Then uptown for lunch with Pete. We were met by Steve Schultheis in front of the famous theatre (whose name I do not recall) that was displaying the notorious allegedly anti-American film, "A King in New York," starring Charlie Chaplin. We both said goodbye to Pete and paid our four or five shillings for a choice seat in the cinema. In reality, the picture was interesting and appeared to be more of an anti-congressional-investigating-committee propaganda bit than anything else. It also ridiculed many American traditions, such as rock and roll, advertising, plush apartments, et cetera. But Mad

does this every issue. As some of you may know, this picture has never been shown in America. Whether this is because of its plot, because it stars Charlie Chaplin, or a combination of both I do not know.

After the show Steve and I exchanged stories of our respective visits. Steve had spent almost a day fogged-in on some unghodly place between Liverpool and Belfast, but had finally made it to Oblique House where he was wined and dined by the Willis clan, and defeated at Ghoodminton by ghood old John Berry.

Steve and I grabbed a quick bite and headed for the Globe and the London Circle meeting, perhaps the last we would ever attend. We were early, but a few had preceeded us. Mike Moorcock, youthful editor of the English Tarzan comic magazine, was sitting there munching a hotdog and gulping beer. Les Cloud, oldtime fan was present. Young Tony Klein and Sheldon (Boy Ugh!) Deretchin could be seen swapping jokes. And when Walter H. Gillings walked in I knew him immediately from a photo I had seen of him taken in 1937. Believe it or not, he's still the same dignified, mustached individual. We had a jolly time imbibing beer and talking over old times. But, like all London Circle meetings, this one had to end. And I was beginning to notice that my slight cold was, apparently, developing into something else.

The next morning was the morning we all knew would come, whether we wanted it to or not. It was like real plane-catching time and all the British-types were at the terminal to see us off. I was feeling kind of low and bought me a little hip-flask full of joy juice to nibble on during the long flight back.

Everybody bade everybody sad adieu. Even quiet Robert Abernathy was chatting away. Bob is one of those fellows who doesn't have much to say -- but he can certainly turn out a good story. Mentioning Bob reminds me of a little story that I just have to get in here because I can't think of a more appropriate time. It seems that back in early 1959 I went on a field trip to Fort Knox, Kentucky. The second morning I was there one of the civilians in the office asked me if I could possibly be the same Robert A. Madle who writes for Science Fiction Stories. This I thought, was somewhat of a coincidence. Then the fellow sitting across from him (a Captain) asked if I knew Robert Abernathy. It turned out that this officer was from Arizona and was one of Bob's boyhood buddies. He told me what a big deal they all thought it was when Abernathy sold a story to Astounding back in early '42. This I thought was quite a coincidence. Then I got talking to the Wac receptionist who informed me she was from Kinsman, Ohio. Naturally, I told her I knew some people from Kinsman -- Edmond Hamilton and his wife Leigh. The Wac said, "Why, they're my next door neighbors!" So, all of this happening in one wee sma' office in one day strikes me as bordering on the impossible.

Anyway, back to the plane. We took off and had a short trip to Shannon, Ireland where everyone (except me) stocked up on whiskey. White Horse Scotch at \$3 a fifth, good bourbon at \$2, etc. I was feeling mighty low and had no desire to even think about whiskey, let alone buy it. (Wish I could get Scotch at \$3 a fifth today, though.)



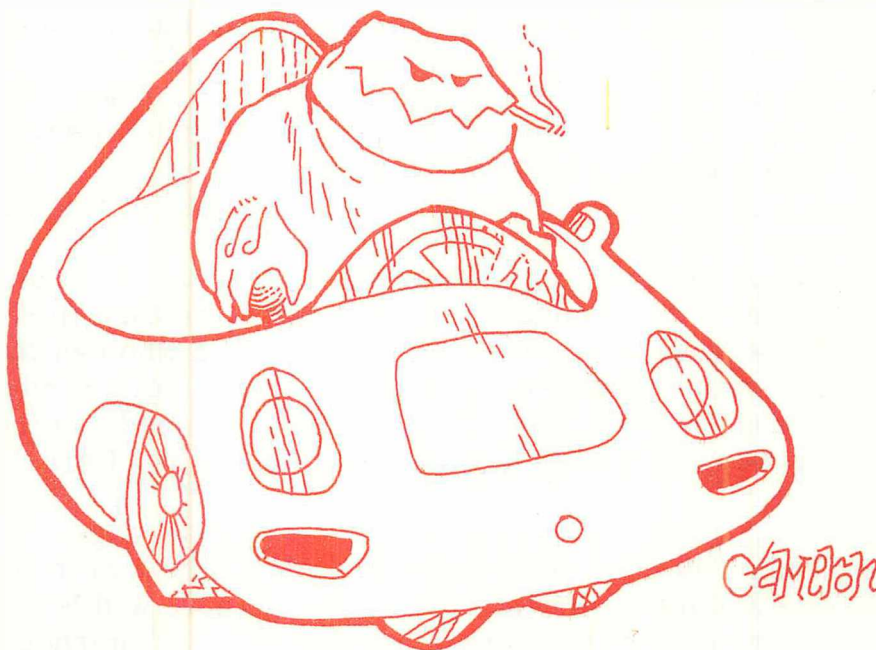
I became extremely ill on the trip back and thought I had contracted pneumonia. The hostess kept piling blankets on me and, fortunately, because of the direction in which we were going it seemed that we were flying into eternal night. I was not very cognizant of what occurred on the plane going back, but it seemed to me that everything was calm and quiet. Even Sam Moskowitz could not be heard.

We landed in NYC, I took the first plane out for Charlotte, N.C. (where I had left my family), my wife met me at the airport, took one look at me, and we headed for the hospital, where I spent the next ten days. It seems that I had caught that dirty old Leeds Asiatic Flu bug and this, combined with flying, had resulted in an acute case of sinusitis.

One consolation to all of this was that I had plenty of time to think about the previous wonderful three weeks and all the fine friends I had made in London, Liverpool, and Leeds. And, I hope, through "A Fake Fan in London" I have been able to share my cherished friendships and memories of English fandom with all of you.

THE END

Note: Watch for the publication of "A Fake Fan in London" complete in booklet form. It will contain much more than has been published in JD-A, with such introductory chapters as "The Nomination and the Campaign," "Victory --and Repercussions," "Wings Over the World," and specially written chapters by Dave Newman and Forrest J Ackerman. In addition, it will be copiously (and we mean copiously) illustrated by the only one who could illustrate it -- the inimitable ATOM!



## F A N Z I N E S . . . .

New Frontiers: #2, January, 1960. Norm Metcalf, P. O. Box 336, Berkeley 1, California. 30¢ per copy, 4/\$1, trades welcome. Photo-offset, 40 approx. 2/3 size pages.

New Frontiers resembles Inside in more ways than one: small size, beautiful printing, with very small type, and the inclusion of book reviews and SerCon material. But there is one difference. Inside supposedly began as a crudzine of small stature, but worked its way into fandom's elite; on the other hand, New Frontiers has made quite a reasonable start, one which Norm, in years to come, can look back upon without turning pale.

The appearance of this second issue is marred only by the often cruddy headings and lack of interior illo's; however, it does sport the only good Dollens artwork I've ever seen in a fanzine.

The issue opens with an apology to Ted White; then appears an article by Poul Anderson which is very dated, very detailed, very technical, and fairly interesting. "The careful, detailed, extrapolation of known scientific principles ... has become hard to find" is his theme, one which he follows only as far as an equation which isn't. (An equation must contain two terms.)

Then we have an article by old-time stf writer Bob Olsen (here, the "old-time" is purely relative) on "My Motive for Writing SF." Here, it seems, is a man who thinks more of his own enjoyment than of pay.

Stanton Coblenz' article deals more or less with stfish cliches, and manages to say nothing which hasn't been said more entertainingly in many of the "Science Fiction Stories I Never Finished Reading" features which appear in fanzines from time to time.

Finishing the issue are: a pretty good letter section, book reviews, and fanzine reviews. New Frontiers is a highly stf-centered fanzine in a day of ultra-faanishness, and is recommended both for its uniqueness and its position as a logical successor to the highly irregular Inside.

Yandro: #84. Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana. 15¢ per copy, or 12 for \$1.50; or, in sterling, 1/- per copy, 12/- for 12, through Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., England. Trades by agreement with the editors, I guess. More or less monthly. (That is to say, an issue comes out every month, but not necessarily at the same time.)

Issue #84 is Yandro's Seventh "Yan-ish", a pleasantly thick mimmygrafted fanzine of 46 pages and cover.

Yan's artwork is always exceptional, and this issue is not unique. Adkins' average cover is enhanced by beautiful stencilling, more than likely the work of Juanita, who has a reputation amongst fanartists as one who can do their work justice. The main feature, artwise, is a special section of "Yandart", containing the work of six top artists, each with a full page illo and, on the flip side, a small biography. The artists are: Adkins, Barr, Gilbert, Barbi Johnson, Prosser, and Bjo.

#84's material, like the artwork, is above Yan's average. Each of the editors pen two pages this time, something that should be a more frequent occurrence. Juanita rambles on indestructible characters, and Buck relates the tale of speaking before an optimist's club on the subject of science fiction and fandom.

Mis Bradley is back with her irregular column, "The World of Null-F"



(F?) which discusses, this time around, at considerable length and reasonable interest, facts and speculations about circuses.

Gene DeWeese's "The Yawn" is fair fiction with an ending which is perhaps a little too precise: however, the effort is redeemed by an interesting thesis.

Ted White's column, "The Wailing Wall" (this time, wailing about books) takes four pages to nicely dissect Kurt Vonnegut's pb, The Sirens of Titan.

The other outside material in this issue includes a Ferdinand Fugghead pun which is neither clever nor especially funny, a well-done parody by Donald Franson, and another DeWeese bit, this time relating the misadventures of a comic book fugghead, "The Flash." Hilarious.

Buck's good fanzine reviews, "Strange Fruit," are somewhat milder than usual as only one fanzine gets a rating of less than "4", with the average being better than "6" on a scale of "1" worst and "10" best.

Yandro has one of the best lettercolumns you could find anyplace in our microcosm, this edition bloated by a five page letter from Don Stuefloten, relating his adventures in the South Seas, et cetera. Your faith in his sexually-orientated ravings depends on whether or not you believe everything you read in fanzines.

Among the other letters, Bob Leman defends JWC's Analog name-change, offering that the Master cares more for filthy lucre than for the pleased remarks of fandom. Alan Burns writes on library fuggheadedness; Bob Lambeck ditto on the childrens' toys of today (guaranteed to arouse the Sense of Wonder), and Ted White defends himself admirably against Clod Hall's inanities.

Included with this issue is a very fine calendar, with illo's by Prosser, Johnson, Adkins, DEA (well, everybody makes mistakes), Gilbert, and Juanita.

There certainly aren't many monthlies anymore: Cry and Yandro about fill this field. At the moment, due to the Berry trip-report, Cry is the better fanzine; however, when (and if) it expires, Yan should become the better of the two, or there is no justice to faneditors who are willing to work, month after month, without griping, to produce a consistently good fanzine with fine, neatly-cut illustrations, neat, attractive headings and beautiful reproduction. Yandro is unreservedly recommended - get the Yan-ish if possible, but, by all means, get Yandro.

The Gridley Wave: Vern Coriell, 5505 North Renwood Avenue, Peoria, Ill. #1, December 1959. Available for a 3¢ stamp. Irregular.

Vern Coriell is one of THE collectors of ERB thingamabobs: first editions to bubble-gum cards in Spanish. But, as far as this column is concerned, he is of interest for his two fanzines: The Burroughs Bulletin, an irregular and highly professional magazine, and this, The Gridley Wave, a more frequent newssheet type thing.

Four pages of photo-offset material with several illustrations make up this issue; the material is by Vern and letterhacks who endeavor to cover all the happenings touching upon the ERB field in any given time. Reviews of movies (with emphasis on whether or not the characters and scenery were realistic), snippets on tv appearances of Tarzans and Janes, and various other odds and ends.

Recommended if you have even the slightest inkling of a liking for Burroughs.

The International Youngfan: O-O of the JISFC, a correspondence club (or so I gather). Edited by John Thiel, 1117 East Monroe, Bloomington, Illinois. Published by fans all over the country. Available to members and prospective members. Irregular.

This issue contains what I'd consider one of the prize inanities of all time: Thiel, in reviewing something called Sun Spots, a fanzine published by one Roderick Gaetz, makes mention of the editorial in said fanzine, which is "an appeal to younger fans from the editor, a youngfan himself, to keep the banner of stf flying until the older fans are again interested."

If you perhaps don't want the issue for that little gem, you might enjoy the face critturs by Terry Carr; I didn't, since the underinking made everything nearly illegible. Or perhaps you might get it for the article on all types of duplicators (which takes up all of 3/4 of a page). Needless to say, it contains a great deal of relevant, timely, never-before-known information. There's a reasonable article on how to write science fiction which at least offers a new suggestion.

Thiel's personality is dominant throughout the dominant crud, which is a good thing; John seems to be an interesting fellow who should get off this kick. The International Youngfan isn't recommended, unless you have some interest in that line.

Peals #3: Belle and Frank Dietz, 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, New York: OMPA, N'APA, trades, comments, or 3 issues for 50¢. Mimeographed very well with blue ink on 13 white pages.

A rather typical apazine in that it's chiefly editor-written, and the artwork is scanty and from few sources. But there is one striking contrast: the material by Belle and Frank is quite good, while the artwork, by "Elph", Kvanbeck, and Casey is poorer than one usually finds.

"Chris' Corner," by Chris Moskowitz, is a one and a half page column of disjointed ramblings of home-type interest but little force and exaggerated briefness.

But Belle follows with an interesting story relating the battle between herself, Frank, and Walt Cole, as to the color of ink to use in their mimeograph. Walt, and Blue, won. Interesting.

Also of interest were Frank's half page bit about "Life with Belle," and Belle's ramblings on outdoor plumbing and childrens' toys. Verdict: Belle and Frank can both write well, and the addition of outside material is a help. Likely to improve, but already worth getting.

--Reviews by Vic Ryan

# THE SUPERFAN SAGA

by John Berry

## The First Op. . . . .

Editors note: This is the first of a new series by John Berry that will appear monthly. In each installment there will be a clue to Superfan's real identity. I don't know his identity myself as I told John not to tell me. I want the fun of figuring it out too.

The first one to send in the correct name along with the clues that pointed it out to him, will receive a free copy of my tenth anniversary issue. Naturally the winner cannot be announced until the series is completed, but I will hold the copy in reserve. If you already have the annish, I will extend your JD-A subscription.

Joe Finglescap was a sorry fan. He'd been too damned keen, he realized that now. Other fans seemed to manage a fairly consistent publishing schedule, and, after subscribing to a few, and sampling the utter delights of it all, he'd decided to try himself. There was really nothing to it, he gathered. You needed a duplicator, well, he had one, and it worked pretty well, the man in the second hand store had told him. It didn't. He'd tried an experimental stencil, and the paper came out of the machine with inch thick black stripes across it.

But maybe it wasn't the machine which was at fault. The blasted paper was far too thin. It had been expensive, and it was good quality paper, but thin . . . woooosh . . .

And the ink, that was another thing, too. It was so thick he could have cut it up with a knife and fork!

But it wasn't the ink, the paper or the duplicator which caused his gloom, it was the mass of subscriptions he'd solicited. He'd had full page advertisements in FANAC, SKYRACK and SINTACK, telling of his new biggest-issue fanzine THE COLLECTED WORKS OF ROBERT BLOCH....only a measly \$3.50 per issue...and he was limiting publication to 300 copies...first come, first fixed up.

It had been a wonderful idea...everyone had said so, and Joe was very proud that the idea had asserted itself in his own neofannish mind. A girl in his office, a rather cute chick, had cut the 400 stencils...he'd had a full page portrait of Bloch printed for the inside cover, and he'd persuaded the Seattle Group to print the front cover in vivid red print. He'd got the staples, the envelopes, but most of all, he'd got the subscriptions. He'd needed them that was a fact, to purchase the requisites...and he'd spent almost all the cash which had come in. He shuddered when he thought how reckless he'd been....superfine quality paper, portraits, the second hand duper, the thick Manila





clip-down envelopes, the stamps...and he had meant it all to be so wonderful, and as a tribute to the fan whom the President of the United Nations had honored only a month previously, for his services to the United Nations...he'd suggested sending Terwilleger's **THE BEST OF FANDOM** to Khrushchev.

But, he sadly reflected, more than keenness and enthusiasm were needed on such a vast job. It was sad also to reflect that many kindly BNF's (and a few unkind ones, too) had warned him of the enormity of his self-appointed task. He had received many offers of assistance, but in his own selfish way (and he realized now it had been pure selfishness) he'd publicly stated he wanted to do the job himself. as he'd geared himself for the final wonderful task of duplicating this massive work....and rumors were rife that he'd absconded with the money and had no intention of publishing the work at all.

Finglescap looked out of the window at the rain. He thought he knew how great men had felt in the past when their brainchilds had suddenly disintegrated before their eyes....and he knew what quite a lot of them had done to end their sorrows....and he wasn't prepared to go quite that far....but he'd let an awful lot of people down. The facts were that he had no money, the publication was long overdue, the duplicator wouldn't function, the paper wouldn't go through the rollers properly, the ink was solidified, the stencils had got stuck together somehow...and he couldn't throw the project overboard because he couldn't return any of the subs. He knew also, from letters he'd received...some nice...some kind...some damned unhelpful, that his plight was common knowledge, and some fans even made snide jokes and eqil quips at his expense. What to do...what the hell to blasted well do...he thought about it...except for his publishing project...and that was but a **PROBLEM**...except for that, life was pretty good. He was almost eighteen...and...ah, he could join the French Foreign Legion...all you had to do was to go to the French Consulate, and if they accepted you, they provided you with a travel warrant, and in a few short days everything would be but a distant memory...you couldn't think about fandom up to your eyeballs in sand in the Sahara.

Then, of course, there was another...**CRASH.**

The window panes scattered in thousands of pieces, and a hooded figure stood on the window sill, holding its knee and hollering with pain.

Joe closed his eyes, opened them again, closed them again, and rubbed them hard with his knuckles. Now, he'd read this somewhere...the first signs of a nervous breakdown were sometimes heralded



"GOSHWOWBOYBOY!!!  
A STAMP I DON'T HAVE!"

with delusions or hallucinations. After all, this was all in his mind. Hooded figures with black capes didn't...

"I am Superfan, Joe," said the apparation. "No, I'm real, alright. I have decided to dedicate the rest of my born natural to assisting fans in distress, and boy, you sure are up the creek...er...you haven't any bandage, have you?....I cut my knee jumping through the window, I've never done it before...."

So saying, the hooded figure...OK...Superfan...limped over to Joe, and patted him on the back.

"Snap out of it, son. I'm real OK. Didn't I tell you, I'm Superfan, and you are the first fan I've blessed with my presence...now then, that bandage, and hurry, or I shall get gangrene on my first op."

"But...but how did you get in?" gasped Joe, standing up and backing away in terror, "this flat is nineteen stories high."

Superfan chuckled....and then started to cough.

"This flippin' hood...and I've got to leave it on, too, because I don't want you or anyone to know who I am. Er...., oh...."

Superfan, attempting to reach Joe and placate him, tripped over the Dupli-cator and fell full length on the carpet.

"This blasted hood...I'll have to get something else next time...switch the lights on...where am I...? ...ah, that's better. Now then Joe, don't stand there looking at me. I AM SUPERFAN...I am dedicating my life to...oh, I told you that before, didn't I? ...let me see now, you're having difficulty with this BLOCH project of yours...and I've heard lots of rumors about it, and so I thought I'd come and help you. Although you don't know who I am...er, do you? ....I've had years of experience...and, that's better, I'm glad to see you smiling. Now, tell me all your troubles...oh, and I hate to ask you again...but the bandage?"

\* \* \* \* \*

In three-quarters of an hour, Superfan presented a sorry picture.

He was up to his ankles in torn paper, most of it decorated with a wide vertical stripe. He had worked himself into such a sweat that he had to send Joe out of the room whilst he took his hood off and had a breather. He stuck his head out through the smashed window and breathed in lungfulls of fresh air.

Then he called Joe in again.

"Look, son," he confided, "we're up the creek. This duper is about as much use as a combined harvester. I'm afraid that you'll never be able to churn out your masterpiece on this. It'd be quicker to type out each copy separately. There is nothing for it, my first op, and I've mucked it up...ohhhh...woe is me...."

The atmosphere was so tense that Joe poured out two Cola's.

"There are some wonderful mimeo's at the shop down the road," moaned Joe, "you don't happen to have a coupla hundred dollars on you, Superfan?"

Superfan blanched visibly, and told Joe to go out of the room again whilst he blew his nose.

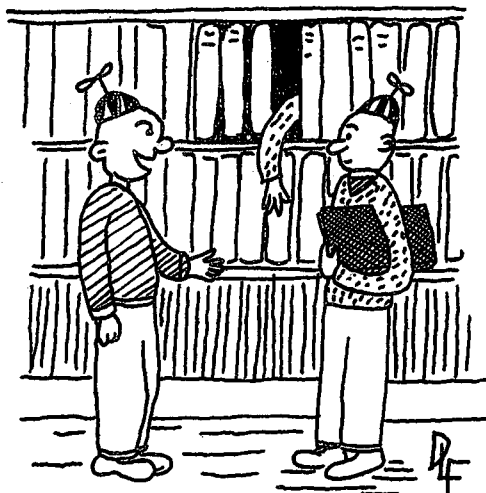
Then, suddenly, Superfan called Joe in again.

"Get your coat and hat, son," he yelled through the small mouth slit in the hood. Go down and wait at the intersection between the 17th and 38th street."

Without waiting for a reply, Superfan crossed to the window, stood on the window sill, held his nose, and jumped....

\* \* \* \* \*

It was growing dark, and half an hour after waiting impatiently at the intersection, Joe began to think he'd dreamed the whole thing...where had Superfan gone when he'd jumped out of the window? ...After all, it was nineteen



"I'M NOT AT ALL CONCERNED ABOUT HOW SOON YOU RETURN THAT BOOK!"

stories high....

Then, mysteriously, he heard a strange buzzing noise, and then a series of mechanical scrapings, like a man with arthritis trying to get a car into gear...and...fantastic as it seemed...A ROPE HUNG DOWN IN FRONT OF HIM.

"Grab hold, Joe, and be quick," he heard, and in a cold sweat he hung onto the rope and felt himself being pulled upwards.

The lights of his home town grew blurred below him, and it was cold, and two hands gripped his coat collar and dragged him inside ...inside a small cabin with dials and knobs and levers all over the place.

Superfan sat poised at a big wheel, which he spun with abandon, and Joe felt a funny feeling in his stomach, as if he was going up in an elevator, and the attendant was trying to beat the sonic barrier.

\* \* \* \* \*

It took them two and a half days to get to Seattle.

The routine en route became automatic...every few hours a trap-door at the bottom of the craft would open, and Joe would shin down and sneak to a roadside eatery, and order a bag of biscuits and a whole blueberry pie. He'd slink back to the hanging rope, give it a tug, and be whipped away, grabbing tightly onto the blueberry pie, which Superfan seemed to have a passion for.

It was quite dark as Superfan kicked a gear into place and smiled at Joe.

"We're here," he smiled. "The Seattle Group, I know, will be only too pleased to run off your publication...get the stencils and follow me down the rope."

"I haven't got the stencils," gasped Joe, "you didn't tell me to bring them."

Superfan choked behind the hood, which had become very bedraggled. He'd made the eye holes and the mouth slit much bigger, and he'd even cut holes for his ears.

He stood holding his head, and stood like it for a moment, then he stepped to the trapdoor, opened it, and shinned down the rope.

The craft was motionless. Joe took the opportunity to examine the interior, and see if he could find any clue to the identity of Superfan. All he'd learned in the two and a half days was that Superfan was on the FAPA waiting list...and he noted that Superfan shook his head in annoyance at the slip...of course, there were dozens on the list...but how many of them had a hovercraft at their disposal?

In twenty minutes, Superfan was back. His eyes gleamed. He winked at Joe, looked down through the trap door, and shouted, "Mind your skirt," and depressed a lever under a pulley. The rope whirled around a spindle, and Elinor Busby appeared, her eyes wide in amazement.

"Sit over there, my dear," he said, and Elinor staggered onto an upturned jerrycan.

Superfan controlled the rope, and in a few moments Buz Busby came in with two daschunds peering out of his jacket.



In an hour, the cabin of the craft was full...from left to right sat Elinor, Nobby and Lisa (the hounds) Wally Gonser, Jim Webbert, Buz Busby, Superfan, Joe, Wally Weber and Professor Toskey.

Their eyes were all wide and staring, and in front of each fan was a duplicator.

"There wasn't enough room for them to bring the other nine mimeo's," explained Superfan to Joe.

\* \* \* \* \*

The return journey to Punxataaney only took a day and a half. Most of the time was taken up with the Seattle fans trying to guess the identity of Superfan, but that sterling character, firm in the knowledge that at last he had come to grips with the problem, shook his head as each name was suggested.

Superfan dropped the others in a vacant lot, and told Joe to take them to the flat.

They assembled there later, staring apprehensively at the windows.

Suddenly, a crash of smashing glass came from below them, and to their horrified ears came a slow clump up the stairs, along the corridor and outside their room.

The door was rapped, Joe opened it, and Superfan came hopping in, holding his right elbow.

"Wrong room," he panted, "and she was just getting dressed, too. Er, Joe, get that bandage again for my elbow, dress this wound for me, will you, please, Elinor...there must be some other way..."

\* \* \* \* \*

With the might of the Seattle Group behind them, the task was completed in a few hours. It was most pleasurable, Superfan told them, to see the look of pride of Joe's face at the gigantic columns of his oneshot...thick, impeccably stapled, a monument to a neofans endeavors and the sheer efficiency of Superfan...and of course, he told them, the Seattle Group had done their bit, too.

"After we've all addressed the envelopes," concluded Superfan, "I'll take the Seattle folks back home, and I'll try and post some of the pubs for you, too. The Seattleites will post those for the west coast...I'm sure they'll stamp 'em, and you can send the money later, when you've saved up. Parcel up the ones for the east coast, too, and I'll try and deliver some on my way home."

He told the Seattleites he'd pick 'em up at the intersection, and they picked up their duplicators and departed.

Joe looked at Superfan.

"Gosh, Superfan," he sighed, "I don't know what to say...it's very good of you, and...."

Superfan stood up, and tried to stick out his chest.

"I don't know how I'm going to get out of this window," he panted, "with my arm and leg, and..."

"Couldn't you go out by the door?" whispered Joe.

"The window or nothing," breathed Superfan..."after all, I am Superfan."

Joe held his arm and helped him up to the window sill.

"Goodbye, Joe," croaked Superfan, and he held his nose and jumped.

\* \* \* \* \*

Superfan taxied his hovercraft into the hanger. He got a rag from an inside pocket, and wiped the craft as clean as he could. He took off his hood, and a blue overall, and stuffed them in a suitcase. Looking nervously over his shoulder, he crossed to a wooded box, and got out his civilian clothes. He put them on, took one last look at the ship, shook his head, and opened a hanger



door the slightest bit, and looked through it, making sure no one was around.

He went through the doorway, and limped along the corridor, and bumped into a man in white overalls.

"Ah, hello," the man said, "I thought you were sick or something."

Superfan smiled, and said he was OK, and he walked away.

It had worked, he said to himself joyfully. His idea had become a reality....he was in a unique position to assist fans who were in difficulties...and as long as he was

able, he would continue to do just that.

As long as he was able....

He recalled with a smile that he'd forgotten to bring his own copy of the oneshot, which he'd originally subbed to....

He hoped Joe wouldn't forget to send his copy....

\* \* \* \* \*

--John Berry, 1960

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Les Gerber Reports From New York . . . . .

I called up Columbia Publications to speak to Robert Lowndes to find out why SCIENCE FICTION STORIES and FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION were folding with their current issues as had been reported by S-F TIMES. Lowndes wasn't in, and before I knew what was happening I was talking to the publisher, Mr. Silberkleit. I asked him why the magazines had been discontinued, and he asked where I'd gotten that info. It seems he hadn't gotten the S-F TIMES. When I told him, he said that the story had been garbled, and that the magazines weren't folded. They were being temporarily suspended, but apparently this isn't the kind of temporary suspension which PLANET STORIES is still in. They are definitely planned for a short suspension over the summer and will resume publication during or soon after August.

Apparently, it is quite certain that NEW WORLDS will fold with the fifth (July) issue. This means that two more of Belle Dietz's columns will see print, and then fandom will once again be without a prozine column.

A rumor that IF was due to fold proved not true. Editor Gold says, "The Magazine is alive and healthy, and buying material well in advance." Gold also confirmed a report that the Galaxy Novel version of G.O. Smith's "Troubled Star" had been "spiced up" by the author. Apparently this will be frequently done with Galaxy Novels. However, the next one, Philip Jose Farmer's original "Flesh", had to be expurgated. Future Galaxy Novels will be "The House That Stood Still" by A. E. van Vogt, "Outpost Mars" by Cyril Judd, "The Sex War" by Sam Merwin (originally "The White Widows") and Farmer's "The Lovers". Gold says that Farmer finally agreed to expand the book to 60,000 words. He also says that he hopes to publish about

three of Farmer's novels each year in the Galaxy Novel series if possible, but emphasizes that it's not a contracted agreement.

GALAXY has been undergoing some changes, notably the replacement W. I. van der Poel as Art Director. The magazine has also switched to another composition house, and Gold expects the appearance of the magazine to be considerably upgraded.

-- Les Gerber

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A R G A S S I N G . . . . .

I sent this letter to Ted White after reading his Detention report in VOID #20. I don't want to stir up a fuss with Ted, but felt it should be answered.

April 7, 1960

Dear Ted,

I was amazed at your 'sour grapes' about the convention campaign and voting. After all, Pittsburgh wanted the convention as bad as DC and they were willing to put some work and planning into it. Why shouldn't they win? Except for ads and plugs in fanzines (which Pitt also did) DC did precious little else - more or less just sitting back expecting people to vote for them. I think the best city won and I certainly hope that DC does more planning and work in their next convention bid.

Several points that you brought up, were, I thought, badly taken. I won't enumerate them all as I haven't the time, but I would like to mention the more obvious.

First, you seem angry because Pitt had a larger banner and beat you to the punch in distributing leaflets. They are to be censored for that? Next, you don't seem to like it because Pitt had a planned program already lined up and make accusations against the integrity of Sky Miller. That to me was completely out of place and rather foul smelling. Actually I should say insinuations since they have no basis of actuality. Next you say the program outlined is to be dull. Perhaps to your own personal taste that is true. To my taste it sounded very good and I know I'll enjoy it, but after all, everyone doesn't think alike on things like this. You mention that the program has only one single feature of interest to fans. What fans? I find many things of interest.

I don't feel it is dirty politics to have a number of people get up to support your bid. I thought it the finest bid I had ever seen and the fans present seemed to like it also. Pitt did win, and by an almost double majority.

Then you say that non-fans, locals and uninformed readers decide the voting. You also say that this was proven at Detroit. I was under the impression that Detroit was a real-honest-to-goodness-fans-convention with almost no one there that wasn't a fan.



You also say that the pitt bid was planned by non-fans. This is an untruth. It WAS planned by fans. Then you go on to say yours was planned by Chick Derry who hasn't been to a convention in five years. In fact except for a few apazines, few have heard from Chick in years. The pitt fans that organized this campaign and the fans from other points that helped in it, deserve a 'well done'. I think very highly of the pitt fans and was glad to have had a small part in helping them win the convention.

I don't want to get into a hassle with you Ted, but feel that you are well off base and that your personal feelings in losing the con have overcome your better judgement or you wouldn't have written as you did. At any rate I felt it needed an answer and that that answer should be read by as many of your readers as this can reach.

Yo's,  
Lynn

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George Scithers stopped in the other night enroute from California to his new station in New Jersey. He couldn't stay long but we did have a good chat and he left the latest copy of his zine AMRA with me. I showed George the Beautiful Barr painting that will be one of the covers on my anniversary issue. Our only wish was that it could be reproduced in its full color instead of black and white. George had also stopped in Salt Lake City to see Barr.

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

You may publish this next paragraph of this letter so that Jim Harmon may obtain fan pals.

I hereby certify that all the time I have known him, Jim Harmon has had plumbism of the coccyx. It may be congenial with him but a case of his proportions can only be developed by working assiduously in the enlargement of its scope. Recent intermittent attacks of the new virile infection rectocorneus has aggravated the condition. (It is to be noted that there is always an attack of this latter disease after he has attended a convention at which Harlan Ellison was also present). To my knowledge the first attack of this latter disease occurred at the Ingalls Hotel, Bellefontaine, Ohio. It was the most severe. It is hoped that he will recover eventually from the latter disease, however, I have no hopes of his recovering from plumbism of the coccyx.

Very truly yours,

C. L. Barrett, M. D.  
Bellefontaine, Ohio

As I write it's only a couple of weeks to convention-time here, and I'm looking forward to the trip down to London for the con. There's been a little controversy about the site of the con, a lot of fans would have preferred Kettering, but I've no doubt I'll enjoy it just the same. I've been to every convention over here for the past eight years and I've never failed to enjoy one yet. I'm busy working on a program-item at the moment, I'm producing a **THIS IS YOUR LIFE** type thing with Norman Shorrock as the subject - in a humorous vein, of course. I was over at the Shorrock's the week-end before last and the lengths I had to go to to prevent Norman realizing that he was to be the subject! In a Macheavelian moment I told him that Terry Jeeves was to be the subject and that it would be his (Norman's) job to get Terry onto stage at the right moment. It's a bit difficult working on a thing like this without having seen the con-hall, and knowing the facilities which will be available, but I think it will work out alright. I hope...

I've duly adjusted the Triode mailing-list to your new address, and can well imagine the chaos the move must have produced into JD-A's schedule. I'm glad you've moved...because this got me round to typing up a new mailing list. Just prior to X'mas I had your change of address for the festive season, this was duly entered on the list as I thought it a permanent change...then came the return to Mt. Vernon, which was also entered on the list. I had to type out a new list because there wasn't any more room for Lynn Hickman Changes of Address! I suppose you could call this a Most Moving Story... Er, I hope you are settled in there?

Eric Bentcliffe  
Stockport, Ches.  
England

Your beautiful artwork, and especially your masterful color work fascinate me. Atom has a fine backcover on #52, but it is the wonderful "Sense of Wonder" work of George Barr that overwhelms me.

Dan McPhail  
Lawton, Okla.



Take me to your ladder! I'll meet your Leader later!

cartoon by George Barr

Received JD-A #52 & 53 yesterday. Just as Bob Farnham told me, they were well worth waiting for. Not so much for variety of content, but certainly for artwork and quality of content. The repro was simply amazing to me, and far better than any of the ten or so zines that I have received. As a neo, variety is the thing for which I am looking most. In this category these two issues were sadly lacking. But, from your comments in the zines, I guess that I can expect variety from issue to issue, rather than within any one issue. Which is ok with me, especially since there is probably not a damned thing I can do about it, zine eds being a notoriously independent lot.

The cover was good, but seemed out of place on a fanzine. ((As you said, we fanzine editors are independent and publish what we like. lh)) The letters concerned mostly events and zines that occurred before my entry into fandom, and so served mostly to give me a line on the personalities of the writers.

The illos are all good. That one on page 11 looks like it came directly from the old WEIRD TALES, doesn't it? Grennell's pun on page 14 -- aw, come on, now!!! The fanzine reviews are very much appreciated, because they point the way to a more thorough familiarization with fandom. Backcover was typically Atom, and typically well done.

#53-----

The book reviews are very well done. I don't know why, but distribution of Ace Doubles seems just about nil around here. I have seen only a couple cruddy sex and detective novels, no sf.

Re: TAFF --- In only a few months, I have seen quite a number of TAFF articles. The one that I remember best made the point that because of their unfamiliarity with fans and fandom, neos should be allowed to contribute, but not allowed to vote. As a neo, I can do nothing but agree that I should not vote. After all, the decision as to who should be brought over as a representative of U.K. fandom, belongs to those who have been fans long enough to be thoroughly familiar with the candidates. But at the same time, I am not inclined to part with very many of my hard earned bucks when I have no say in how the money is to be used. Taxation without representation, and all that stuff. When I figure I'm ready to vote, I'll vote AND contribute. ((I disagree somewhat here. I think that a good neofan who is really interested in fandom should vote and contribute. You can study the platforms of all the candidates and decide who you would most like to meet at the convention and vote in that manner. If you like all three, vote for all three in the order of preference you have from reading and studying their platforms. I don't intend to try and tell anyone how to vote. That is strictly up to them. I have said the way that I will vote and hope that my opinion will be of value to the fans when they vote, but each persons vote is strictly up to them. lh))

Artwork, as in #52, is superb. Not knowing Joni Cornell, I've just got to ask; is the illo on page 9 a self portrait? ((I don't know -- we'll just have to go to the pittcon to find out. lh))

Don Anderson  
Rochester, N.Y.



Your book reviews are interesting.....The SF magazine field seems definately to be dying, as outrageously sad as I am to think of it. Distribution, formats, social trends. Do you realize that there are NO more western fiction magazines now that Lowndes's have folded. ((Don't forget Ranch Romances. Although it is now bi-monthly instead of bi-weekly, it is still with us. lh)) Now there are only a few SF detective fiction magazines left. The entire fields of general adventure, air-war, sports, romance, and now the western are gone. The end of SF magazines is not impossible.

You might be forgiven for rating Murray Leinster A+ and H. G. Wells and Jules Verne B on sheer audacity, but you also flubbed on rating a B for John Brunner's WORLD SWAPPERS, a superlative SF novel, even on your seemingly entirely Epicurean standards. ((B in my ratings means an average novel. The Wells and the Verne were below average for them, but still rated an average for the field. Brunner's novel was good, but still average in my opinion. lh))

Jim Harmon  
Mt. Carmel, Ill.

JD-A #52 & 53 rec'd, read, and enjoyed - especially the illos. You do such a good job on them. (By the way, are you supporting Project Art Show -- I've just filled out my questionnaire for Bjo and your illos reminded me of it.) ((Yes, I'm supprting it, even though I don't have the time this year to do something for the show itself. I think it is a good thing and will support it all the way. Staff artist plato Jones will become a member. lh)) Hah -- maybe you thumbsdown the letterzine idea, but 16 pages of letter-col -- anyway, I like it even if you don't want to call it a letter-zine. ((JD-A has a flexible policy. Generalzine, newszine, letter-zine, anything that interests me at the time. As you'll notice, this issue is mostly general interest. lh)) I like Dick Schultz' comment about the something that doesn't allow fans to lie to themselves or to God. Perhaps it is some ruthless refusal to be satisfied with polite evasions that makes him/her a fan in the first place.

G. M. Carr  
Seattle, Washington

JD-A #52 & 53 are by far the best you have sent me yet! I was particularly attracted to the illos, both by the handling of the colors, reproduction, and the fineness of the artwork itself. I agree with Chas. De Vet who said the pro-eds were in danger of having to look to their laurels, if they wanted to keep them!

I believe you are correct; there are more Christians in Pandom than there are outside of it, who go to church. Most all the folks I've known, except one Dennis Strong of Grand Rapids, Mich. who was a rabid atheist, were both Christians and Church goers. I do not go at all, myself, simply because my total lack of hearing causes the seats to become decidedly uncomfortable, and some ministers have the doggonedest LOONGEST sermons in creation!

Bob Farnham  
Dalton, Ga.

Enjoyed the JD-A's as always. On the book reviews I'm most appreciative of your rating set-up -- this is a great help for me -- and DO keep telling us of the juveniles -- have two boys here that I am indoctrinating (12 and 13) and this is a great help for me. Started them out on the Heinlein ones -- and did they ever gobble them up!

About the Kingsley Amis book -- was much amused at his saying The Little Monsters was still active -- it isn't, is it?? Did like his book though. {{I donot have the Amis book. The Little Monsters of America is not active, hasn't been for some years, and probably will never be again. lh}}

The faans I personally know, stateside, in England and on the Continent -- well, outside of one very devout catholic I honestly cannot think of one that attends church. All, I'm sure, seem to have been brought up in religious (nominally, anyway) homes. {{(You know me. lh)}}

And you think there really are more Christians (lets also add our Jewish friends to this) and more church/temple goers than not in fandom???? I can't agree.

Personally speaking, being brought up a Presbyterian, I'm a christian in a vague way -- certainly a Protestant in the pure sense of the word -- actually I'm in spirit, I'd guess, a Unitarian more than anything. I cannot go to my old church for the reason that Dick mentioned -- can't lie to myself or to God in that particular way. And when the moment comes in my church where one must rise and repeat the Apostles Creed -- I cannot say it in sincerity as I, in all honesty and sincerity, do not believe it.

Hope you get tons of replies on this point -- am highly curious to see how the answers will run. Will you print up a tally maybe?? please?

Betty Kujawa  
South Bend, Indiana

Jim Harmon: well, Jim, your writing reads so confident and self-sufficient that no neofan would have the Utter Gall to write you a letter beginning: "Hi, Jim: I've just come into fandom and I wondered if you'd like to correspond..." --They'd as soon try it with Campbell. I imagine most fans figured you to be busy with Bigger Things.

Ted Pauls: by writing-style, drawing-style, voice-on-tape, snapshots, handwriting and attitudes, it is impossible for Leslie Nirenberg to be other than himself, and not a pseudonym of anyone -- especially Boyd Raeburn, who is also strongly individual. You might also check with Andy Young, who has met Les in person.

Lynn, that color-stuff really comes through the most.

Buz Busby  
Seattle, Washington

Thanks for the last JD-A; a fine lettercolumn. I'm doing the mimeoing of Art Rapp's SPACEWARP currently, so when I saw Wilkie Conner's inquiry about it I sent him a copy of the SPACEWARP 13th Annish. Good reviews you've got; concise but complete.

Dick Eney  
Alexandria, Va.

With all this Barr and Rotsler work on the inside, and Culberson and Atom on the exterior, JD-A is in a healthy situation as regards artwork. The serious, complex drawings of Barr contrast and foil perfectly the spot Rotsler cartoons. And the DAG Blorkman is welcome. Now all you need do is add Plato Jones again.

Am most surprised that Jim Harmon wants correspondents. I'd've thought a \*P\*R\*O\* like he is would have all the correspondents he needs. According to his wishes, I sent off a note and a copy of Psi-Phi. I'm not adverse to corresponding with lonely stf writers.

Ted Pauls, in his review column is, to put it bluntly, not too interesting. Being prejudiced in one's reviews is quite all right, but methinks Ted is carrying it waaay too far. The Superfan sounds interesting -- and since Bjo is so busy, I guess we can look forward to some Plato Jones illos for a while at least. (Plato was just too busy this time, but I'm spotting some Don Franson cartoons thru it. I think you'll enjoy them. lh)> The rating system is a good idea on the book reviews.

Bob Lichtman  
Los Angeles, Calif.

I enjoyed very much both issues of JD-A, and I think that the cover of #52 is the funniest non-fantasy cartoon that I've seen anywhere, fanzines or professional sources, so far this year. The Barr art is also tremendously good.

I suspect that the existence of tape recorders is at least part of the reason for the decline in letterwriting that Jim Harmon mentions. Correspondence on paper seems drab and colorless somehow if you have a taper and are in contact regularly with some tape correspondents. There's no logical reason why this should be so, because letters are theoretically better for correspondence than tape, permitting easy re-reading and having less likelihood of misunderstanding and being less trouble to prepare for mailing. But it's the personal touch that makes tape so much more fun, the absolutely distinctive voice that you hear instead of the typed pages that are hard to distinguish from any other pages typed by anyone else.

Harry Warner, Jr.  
Hagerstown, Md.

Also writing in were: Joni Cornell, Jerry DeMuth, Ethel Lindsay, Bob Madle, John Boston, Peter Hope, Dan Adkins, Judy Glad, Carl Bostek, Giovanni Scognamillo, Joy Clarke, Jack Chalker, Hal Lynch, Bill Donaho, Stu Hoffman, Sture Sedolin, Tedd Beegle, Gene Duplantier, Emile Greenleaf, Earl Noe, John McGeehan, Hal Shapiro, Dave Prosser, Janey Johnson, P.H. Economou, Bjo Wells, Battell Loomis, Brian Caden, Gregg Trend, Clayton Davis, Geo. Wells, Don Franson, Ted Pauls, Bill Plott,



Ken Hedberg, Mike Deckinger, Paul Shingleton, Bob Warner, Ann Chamberlain, and Phil Farmer.

I want to thank the fan-friends that sent me the card from the Eastercon in London. Dave Kyle; were you really there?

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## B O O K S . . . .

Once again I want to explain my rating system. A+, a best buy, A, very good, B, average, C, below average. In the case of ACE double novels, I will rate each half on its own merits.

Hardcover Books. . . . .

Avalon Books 22 East 60th St. New York 22, N.Y. \$2.95.

THE PEACEMAKERS by Curtis W. Casewit (Feb. release) This is a book that I would recommend especially for the teenage group. It is the story of a dictator group gaining control over one of the two groups (islands) of people left after the big ones dropped. The Commissioner brings in scientists that were left from all over the world on the pretense of building a better world and then puts them to work on finding and making a gas to overcome the neighboring island. The plot then hinges around how the scientists perfect a gas that instills goodwill and love in everyone. The pace is exciting and although it is overwritten in a few places, it shows how the BIG LIE can work. A good book with a good moral. I rate this A+ for the younger reader, B for the older fan.

THE LITTLE MEN by Joseph E. Kelleam (March release) A blend of stf and fantasy of the type I like. In this the Little People are really a race from another planet that came here long ago and live in the center of the Earth. Content to be there with their own type civilization until our atom tests threaten their inner world they send a delegation out. The plot works on this, the inner struggle for power within their own group, and the earthman they take back with them. A for the younger reader, A for me, but B for most stf readers.

Simon and Schuster publishers 630 Fifth Ave, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH? by Alan Dunn 118 pp \$3.50. Everyone should love this!! A mixture of text and cartoons by Alan Dunn and in my opinion a brilliant satire on the science fiction novel of today. This is a report written by Martians on Earth. In telling of some of the others planets in the Galaxy, Alan mentions notorious Fornica, with its exploding population, hospitable Hi, Splurj with its unsteady economy, Payth, where they are forever moving mountains, Blotto, where they discovered atomic energy too soon, and so on. In describing Earthlings -- The leading animals are, as we know from previous expeditions, anthropoids, a refinement of an earlier, out-of-date ape and the direct consequence of the development of the opposing thumb. They are twice

Martian stature, with, roughly, two arms, two legs, and so far, one head, all fastened on a single stem. They come in assorted colors and tend to congregate according to hue. Whether they do this for chemical reasons or because the riper, darker specimens do not care to associate with the bleached variety we haven't the foggiest. They are of ample girth and they come in a most extraordinary variety of shapes and sizes. -- But one can't really do justice to this book unless you see for yourself the masterful blend of text and art. I highly recommend this. Don't miss it. A+, a BEST buy.

Doubleday & Co. 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION .. Ninth Series. \$3.95. There is little to say about this series. The better stories from the best sf magazine being published today. If you don't regularly read the magazine, you should have this one, or if you only save books for your collection. However, this series is usually issued through the Science Fiction Book Club, and is a much better buy there if you are willing to wait a half year or so. A, for all readers.

Paper Back Science Fiction . . . . .

Ace Books Inc. 23 W. 47th St., New York 36, N.Y.

Ace Double D-413 -- A TOUCH OF INFINITY, B rating. THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES, C rating. by Harlan Ellison. Overall rating a low B. One of the poorest of the Ace offerings. The Man With Nine Lives is pure trash and isn't worth wasting any time on. On the other hand, some of the stories in A Touch of Infinity are pretty fair although Harlan has a habit of overwriting everything. Pass this one up if you are on a budget.

Signet Books 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

S1779 -- STARSHIP by Brian Aldiss Rating A.

S1769 -- ISLANDS IN THE SKY by Arthur C. Clarke. Rating A+, a best buy

Ballantine Books 101 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.

365K -- UNEARTHLY NEIGHBORS by Chad Oliver. Rating A+, a best buy

377K -- THE SOUND OF HIS HORN by Sarban. Rating B.

Zenith Books Inc. Rockville Centre, New York

ZB40 -- CORPUS EARTHLING by Louis Charbonneau. Rating B.

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JD-A #54 April 25, 1960. JD-A is published monthly (almost) by Lynn A. Hickman 224 Dement Ave., Dixon, Illinois (new address good after May 1st) Subscriptions are \$1.00 for 12 issues. Overseas agent is Ron Bennett 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England.

# A T T E N T I O N . . . . . O M P A   M E M B E R S

As you know, JD-A is not a regular OMPazine nor was it intended to be one. I have been putting each issue through because I wanted you all to be able to read Bob Madle's London Convention Report.

Bob's report ends in this issue, so no more JD-A's will be sent through OMPA. I will go back to issueing a regular apatype zine, either continueing with the Bullfrog Bugle or starting with a new title again. I appreciate all the kind words you've said in regards to JD-A and am glad you've enjoyed reading them.

If there are any of you that wish to continue receiving the zine, you can send for a 12 issue subscription to Ron Bennett. The cost is \$1.00.

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Written material this issue is by Robert A. Madle, Vic Ryan, John Berry, and Lynn Hickman.

Front cover by George Barr

Back cover by Gene Duplantier

Inside illustrations by Terry Jeeves, Colin Cameron, Donald Franson, Dan Adkins, and George Barr.

Lynn Hickman: editor and publisher

Jim Harmon: contributing editor

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Please note that we will be moving again on May 1st. The new address is 224 Dement Ave., Dixon, Illinois. We are moving to a much larger house where I hope to finally have room for everything. The house has 2 living rooms, dining room, kitchen, den, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, attic, basement, and a large enclosed back porch.

It was hobby night at Scouts tonight for father and son. I took a few of my old Argosy and All-story magazines, a Weird Tales, and a copy of JD-A along with some original cover paintings and interior illustrations from FFM, FN, Doc Savage, Amazing, Other Worlds, etc. and Doug took his Brainiac that Jim Harmon had given him some time back. They created quite abit of interest and we may have some budding fans in this troop. I'm going to tell them a few campfire sf tales on our next campout May the 7th.

In regards to the TAFF voting: G E T   Y O U R   5 0 ¢   A N D  
Y O U R   V O T E   I N ! ! !   We want a TAFFman at pitt. I told you in the last issue how I was voting -- thats not important -- Its whether or not you vote that is. Enclosed with this issue is a TAFF ballot. It llists the candidates and gives each ones platform. Study them over. Then fill out the ballot and send it with your donation to Bob Madle or Ron Bennett.

This year I'm voting for all three. I'm voting in this order.

1. Eric Bentcliffe
2. Sandy Sanderson
3. Mal Ashworth

Frankly, I feel that any of the three would make a good TAPFman, and listed the reasons for my voting order in the last issue. YOU vote the way you feel is best, but get enough money in to bring one over.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Second pittcon Progress Report will be out soon. If you haven't sent in your \$2.00 for a membership, I would suggest you do it NOW!!

The address is: 18th World Science Fiction Convention  
c/o Dirce S. Archer  
1453 Barnsdale Street  
Pittsburgh 17, Penna.

\*\*\*\*\*

Medycrest Ave., Toronto 6, Ontario, Canada  
er also publishes a zine -- SAUCERS,  
with UFO material. Anyone interested  
in receiving this should write to Gene for details.

\*\*\*\*\*

Next issue: Jim Harmon

Don Ford

John Berry

Hal Shapiro

This is the last issue you will receive unless  
you

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Trade

\*\*\*\*\*

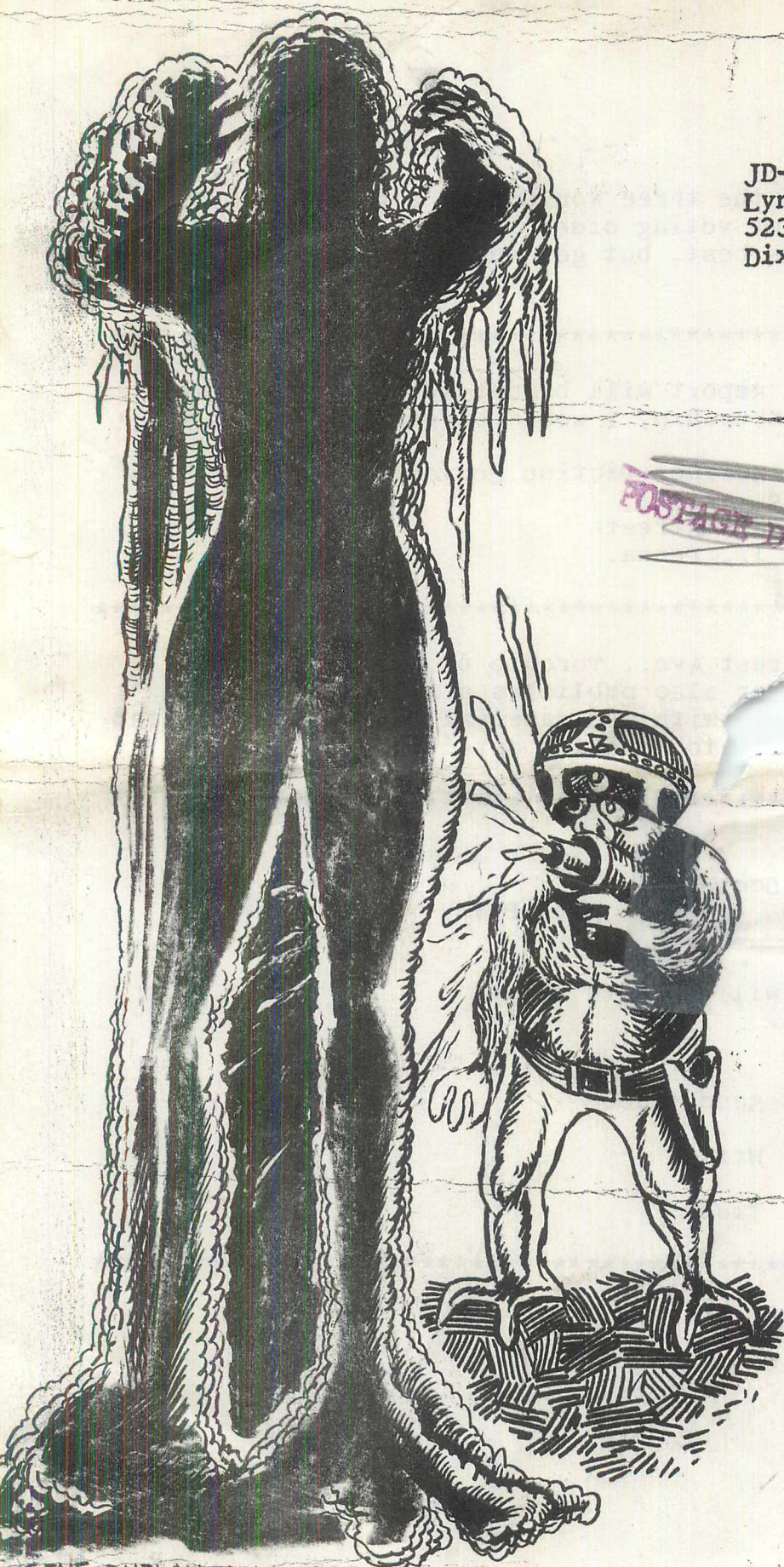




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