







JD-A #55

10th Anniversary issue

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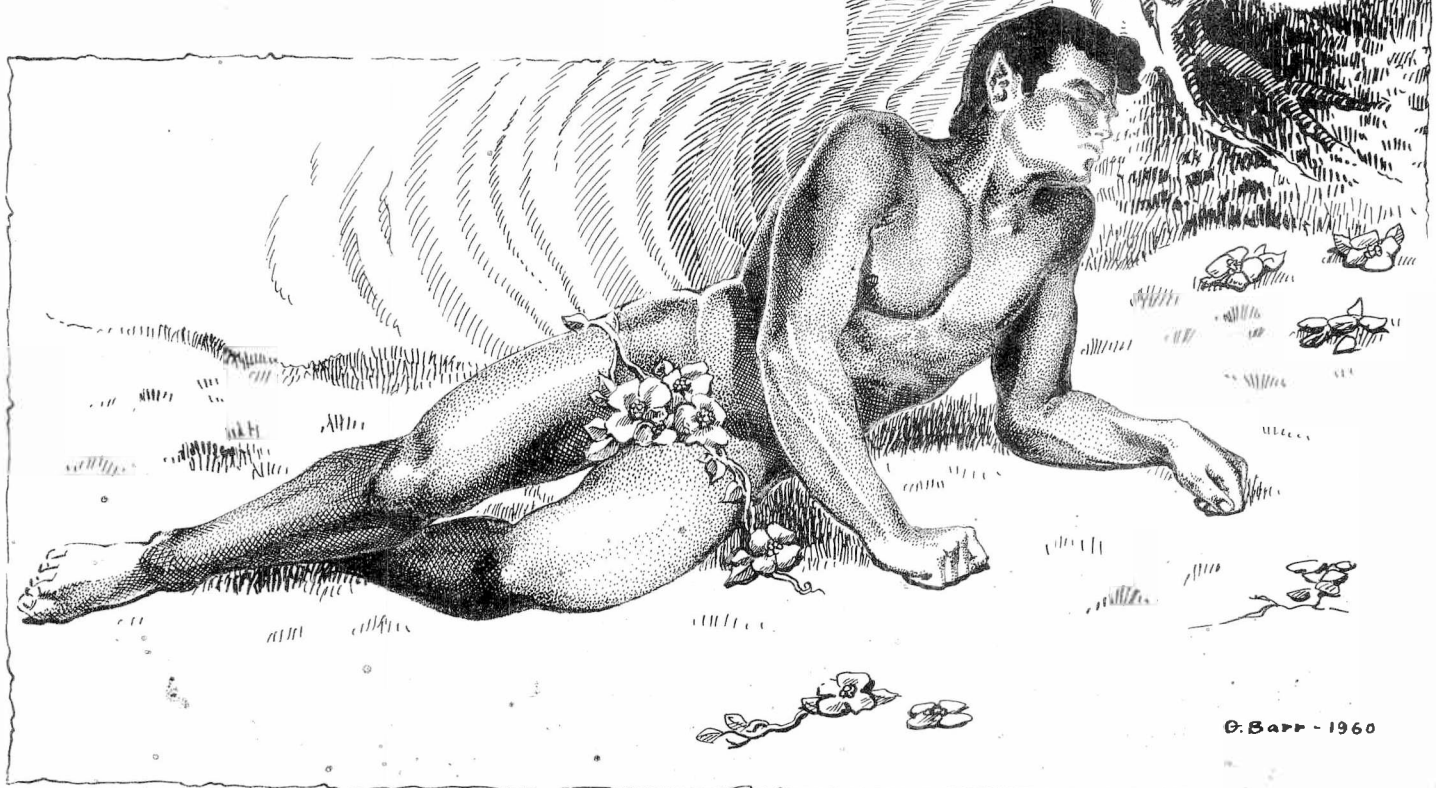
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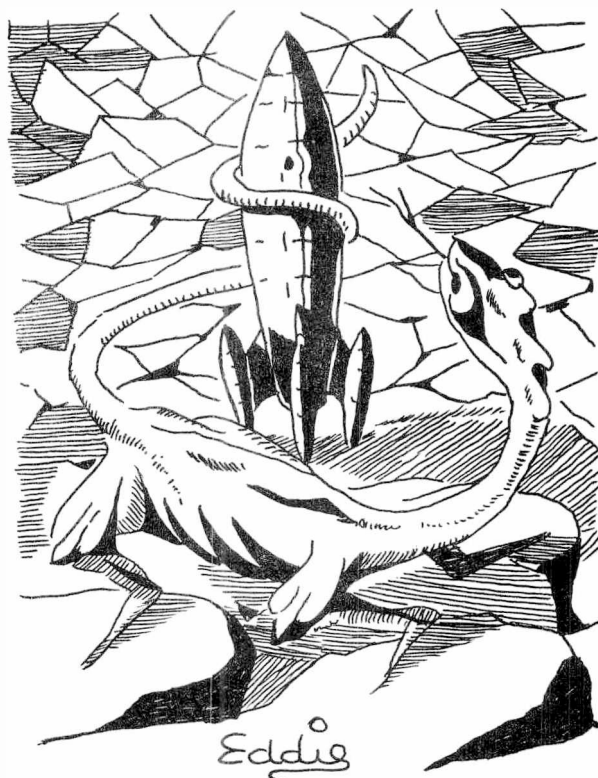
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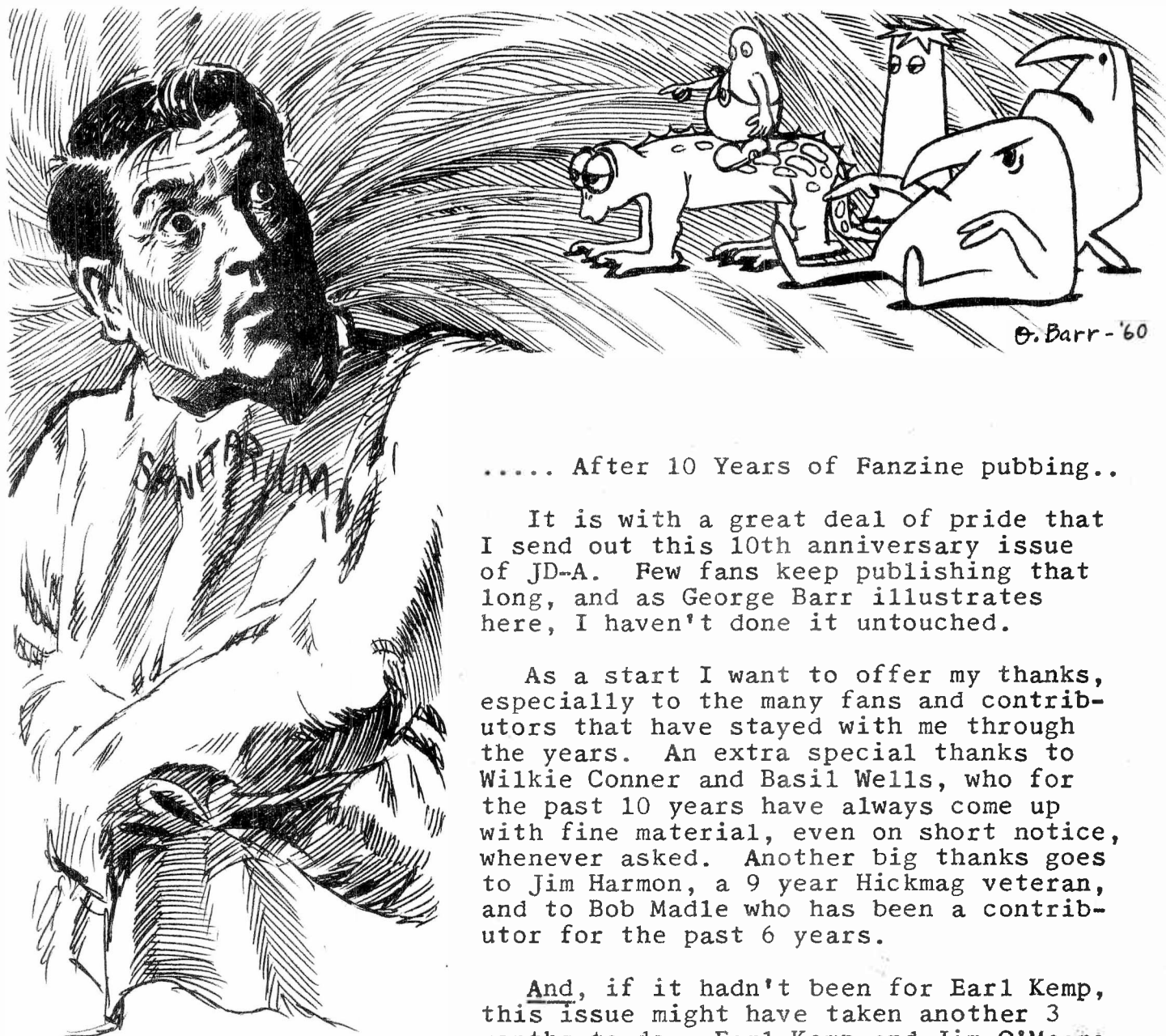
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the various issues of the "New York Times" since the publication of the "New York Times" on the 1st of January, 1900. The names are given in the order in which they appear in the "New York Times" and are not necessarily in the order in which they were named in the "New York Times". The names are given in the order in which they appear in the "New York Times" and are not necessarily in the order in which they were named in the "New York Times".

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..... After 10 Years of Fanzine pubbing..

It is with a great deal of pride that I send out this 10th anniversary issue of JD-A. Few fans keep publishing that long, and as George Barr illustrates here, I haven't done it untouched.

As a start I want to offer my thanks, especially to the many fans and contributors that have stayed with me through the years. An extra special thanks to Wilkie Conner and Basil Wells, who for the past 10 years have always come up with fine material, even on short notice, whenever asked. Another big thanks goes to Jim Harmon, a 9 year Hickmag veteran, and to Bob Madle who has been a contributor for the past 6 years.

And, if it hadn't been for Earl Kemp, this issue might have taken another 3 months to do. Earl Kemp and Jim O'Meara came over in April with the purpose of having me run off Earl's "Who Killed SF" (which, by the way, should deserve the

Hugo as the finest of 1960) and while Jim and I merrily operated the Multilith for 30 some hours, I had Earl busy on his IBM typing masters for this annish.

There have been many changes in my zine over the years. Changes of title, methods of reproduction, readers and contributors. But readership and contributor loyalty has been high, even through a couple of years when I only produced a few issues.

I don't intend to recap all the issues I've published and beat my breast while I yell "Fandom Is A Way Of Life". In fact I couldn't even find the box I stored the back issues in. I will however mention a number of fans that have contributed material, written and/or art for the zines. Keep in mind that I haven't access to my files and so may have skipped a number of people. If its you I skipped, blame it on the JD I'm sipping whilst typing this.



Articles, columns, etc.....Basil Wells, Jim Harmon, Wilkie Conner, Bob Madle, Bob Bloch, Bob Tucker, Battell Loomis, Manly Banister, Phil Farmer, Rog Philips, Joe Gibson, Hal Shapiro, Les Gerber, Sandy Sanderson, Dan McPhail, Harry Warner, Jr., Don Ford, Honey Wood, Geo. Young, Ian Macauley, Norbert Hirshorn, Vic Ryan, Bill Venable, Fred Chappell, Max Keasler, Rich Ellsberry, Elaine Fruchey, Roger Bonham, Stanley Frank, Hal Annas, Ellenor Hustwick, Patti Sharpe, Marion Z. Bradley, Earl Kemp, John Berry, Dean Grennell, Marion Cox, Emile Greenleaf, etc.

Artwork....Ralph R. Phillips, Nancy Share, LACH, Arden Cray, Don Arden, Plato Jones, Don Duke, Randy Jason, Namkcih, Don Fruchey, J. Coulson, Harry Turner, Richard Bergeron, Alan Hunter, Robt. Gilbert, Ronald Clyne, Ray Nelson, Jack Coggins, Bjo Wells, Dave Prosser, Colin Cameron, George Barr, Jack Harness, Gene Duplantier, Dean Grennell, G.W. Kinncannon, Dave English, Atom, Jim Cawthorne, Bob Warner, Don Franson, Jim Culberson, Dan Adkins, Gregg Trend, Bill Pearson, Ellenor Hustwick, Wm. Rotsler, Joni Cornell and Barbi Johnson.

The first issue and half was mimeod. Since then they have been published on Multiliths, and will continue that way.

It is very doubtful that I will attempt to publish another 'annish' of this size for another ten years, but I am planning some special issues that should be forthcoming at about the rate of one per year. Other than that, I will continue my policy of no policy, and issue JD-A's of varying sizes and varying contents approximately every 4 to 6 weeks.

I had hoped to have this issue out in June but various things delayed this. More time having to be devoted to my work, printing the Pittcon Progress Reports, working on Don Ford's TAPP report, and, of course, everyday family living.

Last week-end George Willick drove up from Madison, Indiana and we published the first issue of his new zine 'Parsection'. George is planning to send this first issue to most everyone in fandom and I hope it gets your support. I felt that it was one of the best first issues that I have ever seen. George can be a bright spot on the fannish scene if his interest stays up. He will be at the Pittcon next week-end, so get acquainted.

Received a telegram from Fan Hill saying the caravan will be here Tuesday night. I had written Bjo telling her that I would have a few beds, a couple of divans, and much floor space for sleeping if they were planning to come through this way. Following is the telegram I received:

YOU ARE CRAZY THANKS CARAVAN  
ARRIVES TUESDAY NIGHT FIFTEEN FANS GREAT GHU LETS HOLD OUR  
OWN CONVENTION COULD DAG MAKE IT TO DIXON WOULD LOVE TO SEE  
HIM AND ANY OTHER INTERESTED FANS=

FAN HILL==

The funniest thing that happened to me all day was to listen to the man from Western Union try to read this to me over the phone. It was so humorous that I made him repeat it twice.

(Continued pg 75)



## IN ONE YEAR AND OUT THE OTHER

Harry Warner, Jr.

One of the sadder things about the passing of years in fandom is the manner in which certain events and situations pass gradually out of collective fan memory. Ten years ago, when this publication hatched, there may have been fifty active fans who could remember this or that piece of fannish lore that sprang up in the 1930's or 1940's. By now their number may have dwindled to five or ten. Less publicized events and those that were too obscenely delightful to find their way into fanzines may be forgotten by every surviving fan by now.

The lack of permanency for such things struck me particularly while comparing the original Fancyclopedia with the new edition. Don't imagine that what follows is intended to be a complaint or a diatribe against the Eney Fancycle. The new edition had to cope with fifteen years that had elapsed since the original edition, plus all the things that Speer had failed to include in 1944. A Fancyclopedia that included all the old one plus all the new material would be bigger than Eney himself. But it's a pity, all the same, that some bits of old fandom must hasten toward oblivion because they got crowded out of the new Fancycle. Maybe a glance at some of them will stir a few memories and waken a lot of curiosities. One word of warning: I have not memorized the entire new Fancycle. It's possible that I've overlooked references to some of these matters in the new edition, if they occur under different headings from the old volume.

There was Peggy Gillespie, for instance. We've had all manner of hoaxes in fandom during the 1950's: they involved such things as sex, existence, death and activities. But I don't think that any animal in fandom has been mistaken for a human fan since back in the late 1930's. Peggy was the pet cat of one of the more obscure New York Futurian crowd, Jack Gillespie. She wrote several articles and was duly listed as a member of the Science Fiction League. Jack Speer, who wrote her up originally, seems to have overlooked her, when he remarked recently that feminine fans in the old days were always sisters or wives of masculine fans.

"Expiration Notices" is a definition that has disappeared from the new Fancyclopedia. I suppose that changing conditions in fandom have had much to do with this. Back in the '30's and '40's, you got fanzines because you bought them or exchanged your fanzine for them. It's been only during the past decade that fans have grown so altruistic that you can stay on many mailing lists simply by writing an occasional letter of comment or buying the editor a drink at the convention. I haven't seen for years the expiration notice system that I invented in Spaceways; Speer mentions it in the original Fancycle but causes its inventor to share the anonymity of many other unsung heroes. To eliminate all risk of postal authorities clamping down on written matter, I included in each issue a brief mention of the fact that an X in a certain space meant an expired subscription, then pasted a piece of tape over the X in the stencil after running the first two dozen copies. However, Speer mentions other now forgotten practices. Dick Wilson had a congratulatory letter mimeographed. It was enclosed with Science

Fiction News Letter, every time someone's subscription expired. Tucker followed postal regulations against written matter in third class mail by pasting a sticker on the proper copies: "Your subscription has expired--now we don't want to get crass about this!"

The new volume's entry under "dabblers" is brief. The original one specifies the comic strips which had had fantasy content up to 1944 while sticking to mundane themes most of the time. If you're over 30 years of age, there are lots of memories tied up in those few lines, because so many of the strips have either vanished or lost most of their newspaper customers. Who remembers now *The Bungle Family*? I seem to recall the fantasy episode as a time traveller, and I definitely remember how the strip grew gradually wilder in nature and the art became more and more sloppy until one day it vanished completely. *Ben Webster's Career* was probably the only comic strip that was based originally on a dime novel: the old Horatio Alger, Jr., success story with that title. Then there was *Tiny Tim*, who was originally named that because he was a small boy, but later acquired a magic amulet that enabled him to become an inch or so in height. *Abbie and Slat* was one of the few comic strips that attempted more than surface characterization; under the obvious adventures, it contained a rather interesting theme of an old woman's affection for a clumsy young man.

If you can somehow acquire a copy of the first *Fancycle*, you will own a more complete condensation of the characteristics of each of the numbered fandoms. Eney tells the whole story under the definition, "fandom," while Speer entered each fandom separately and was more thorough about it. Compare, for instance, the paragraph about Second Fandom in the new *Fancycle* to the following from the *Old Testament*: "October 1937 to October 1938, when the Quadrumvirate resigned. Out of the Third Convention came Michelism, and political discussions were most noticeable in this period, but many other things not directly related to fantasy were also booted about. Fan feuds reached the proportion of fan wars, mainly between the Wollheimist faction and their enemies, climaxing in May-June 1938 with the Newark Convention and the FAPA campaign. Douglas Webster uses the term to name his own type of British fans, including Youd, Burke, and others, who are interested in many other things, such as good literature, swearing, copulation, atheism, and phonetics, more than in science fiction. They came into dominance about 1939 in partial reaction to the sociological emphasis of the original British fans."

Fandom's Lost Colony is the city of Columbia, S. C., where fan civilization attained a World War II height that has rarely been paralleled in any city of equal size. It is saddening to think that not only the inhabitants have disappeared, but also the reference to the Columbia Camp. The most important leaders of the camp were Joe Gilbert, who went into the service; Harry Jenkins, Jr., whom Speer describes as the victim of manana fever, Lee Eastman, who vanished while hunting a job, and W. B. McQueen, who merely disappeared. Today there isn't even a broken statue to show that anyone ever lived around Columbia.

Extremely serious is the loss to the information about WAFFF! This was an organization dreamed up by Tucker; Speer gives no dates, but I believe it flourished in 1938 or thereabouts. You became a member if you provided proof that the world is flat. Only members knew the meaning of the initials in the name. Either the members were close-lipped persons or the full name was unprintable, because I'm quite sure that it never was explained in fanzine form. This, then, (Continued on page 13 .)



## WILD FOCAL POINTS I HAVE KNOWN

Dean A. Grennell

The general theme of this issue, I understand, is a sort of rehash of fandom in the fifties. For the first 30% of the decade, I was blissfully unaware of the churning undertow that is fandom but from the end of 1952 onward I managed to ingratiate my kingsize probocis into several of the transitory gestalts of the mid-fifties.

I arrived on the scene just as the last heroic glow of Sixth Fandom was fading along the Quandry/Hyphen axis. I count it a blessing that I did receive one issue of Quandry by mail addressed to me -- the 30th and final issue, mailed by Charles Wells so that it doesn't quite carry the full grandeur of the earlier issues that were mailed by the dainty hand of LeeH Herself. But I did get one issue of Quandry and I continue down through the years treasuring the memory.

And I got a few copies of the Pre-USMC issues of Calkins' Oops! Later in 1953 Willis started sending Hyphen and I have been receiving that particular ne-plus-ultrazine down through the years to, if not this very day, at least to the current issue.

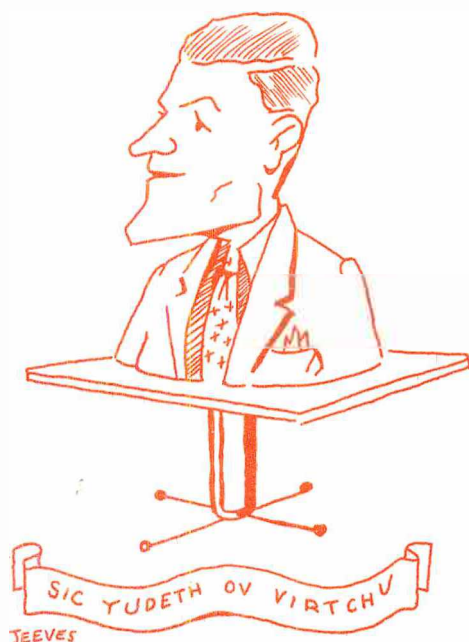
Of course, by means of reading back-issues borrowed from numerous friends, I managed to worm my way back to around mid-fifth fandom and at skipping intervals almost back to the geologic beginnings of the fan world itself (largely through the kindly offices of one Forrest J Ackerman). But it isn't quite the same reading the old magazines as it is reading them when they are fresh and pulsing with life and the ink scarcely dry. For one thing, look though you may, the mags that antedate your entry into fandom never contain any egoboo.

Which brings us up to (if you'll excuse the expression) Seventh Fandom. In the days when I wandered into it, fresh-faced, helibeanie clutched primly in hand, I little wotted that it was a vile and insidious cartel of arch-fiends, bent on spreading its lethal virus throughout the bloodstream of fandom. I was told that it was just a handful of friendly neofans, most of whom I already knew and had corresponded with, getting together to toss fanzines back and forth at each other. I think Charles Wells first mentioned it in a letter and I wrote back asking what in the hell it was. "What in hell is this 'Seventh Fandom'?" was about the way I phrased it, I believe. (Don't forget Burbee's royalties, Lynn).

So he sent another letter, filling me in on the details. I remember Bloch was here that day, visiting us for the first time. We read it together and learned about Seventh Fandom simultaneously, for what that may be worth.

I really don't remember much that 7th Fandom did early in '53 there. I only remember that there was suddenly a great outcry of fevered indignation and a grand witchhunt beside which the McCarthy hearings a year or so later seemed pallid. Seventh Fandom became the personification of Utter Evil and long after it was dead and mostly decomposed, there was still a sizeable knot of people clustered about, industriously kicking the corpse.

If there was a focal point in 1953 -- in the sense the term is jocularly used



today -- it may well have been Joel Nydahl's Vega. Joel had the useful fannish knack of getting along with everybody and drawing contributions from some of the best writers active at the time. Let me say that I may be prejudiced. In those days there were a lot of fanzines I didn't get to see and Vega's rise corresponded closely to my own period of fannish apprenticeship.

Vega was monthly during most of its brief heyday and frequent, if not monthly, periodicity is one of the prime prerequisites of a focal-point. Almost any fanzine edited with a trace of skill and sanity can become a "focal point" if it appears frequently over a stretch of a year or two. It can if it wants to, anyway.

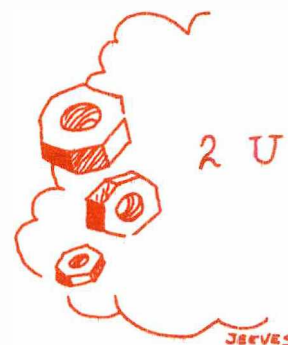
A focal point fanzine needn't be impeccably reproduced and flawless in make-up...most of them haven't been. A good example might be the Share sister's magazine, Hodge-Podge, that went strong for a time in the days shortly after Nydahl had

brought out his 100-page annish and blown himself into gafia in the process.

Hodge-Podge was, to put it delicately, messy -- but very good fun, withal. Marie-Louise and Nancy Share had pleasantly spunky personalities and put about the right amount of editorial content into the mag and people just sort of gravitated toward it the way fans might toward the last operating room-party at a convention. Some of the donnybrooks that used to go on in the letter column of H-P are still spoken of in quiet awe...not that anyone ever got really mad, mind you...well, not often...but they had a sort of homeric zest to them.

But the Shares ran down sometime kind of overlapping the rise of Dick Geis' Psychotic. I have been wrong many times and with luck, I will be wrong many times more. But I have rarely been as roarily wrong as I was when I looked at the first issue of Psy and told myself that it would be a miracle if it saw the third issue. By the third issue, it was definitely established as the coming thing in focal points. Who, of those who got it in its prime, can ever forget those magnificent Bob Kellogg illo's, especially the one for the Harmon inside story on the Door Incident? But Psy went litho'd, sercon and gafit in about that order, after lasting a good deal longer than most f-p's last. No discussion of fifties fandom can ever neglect Geis and Psychotic in their rexographed glory.

There were others along the way...most of these overlap and sometimes they run alongside each other. There was Peter Vorzimer's mag, Abstract -- roughly contemporaneous with Geis' Psy -- and when these two folded I got involved with Rotsler's Kteic publication and stayed with that as long as Rotsler did. This wasn't quite a focal point in the sense that the others were... it was a considerably more esoteric affair... it had to be: most "issues" ran to no more than two or three copies which were routed from one party to another along rigidly circumscribed lines, from hand to hand (by mail). It may well have been the only carboncopy focal point fandom has known.





Kteic held through and quieted down about the time an incident occurred that kind of chilled my own particular first flush of fannish enthusiasm. A lovable type on the east coast objected to something I wrote about him in a magazine which, had it gone a few more issues, might have been a notable focal point. But the editor had to send copies to this chap and he showed his gratitude by trying to sue her for libel and, when I commented about the situation, tried to nail me with a trumped-up complaint to the post office. Nothing came of it except I came off the experience with my fannish ardor dampened somewhat and it took a few years to recapture any faint spark of my former glow of camaraderie... it is a thing you have to experience to understand and so I hope none of you ever find out what I mean.

So as far as I was concerned, from mid-56 to early-59, the fannish scene was doldrumic from my viewpoint. I imagine this is mostly subjective. The Cult started along in that time (I think) and OMPA came into being but I do not seem to readily recall any magazines that gripped the fannish public the way some of those earlier ones did. There were some British 'zines--Triode, Orion and Femizine, for instance--but I tend to place their peaks of activity earlier than '57. There was Retribution, but I never caught the full fever of that although many others did. Hyphen kept stolidly chugging forth in magnificence, but at such occasional intervals that it couldn't seem to keep the ball rolling the way a mag such as Psychotic did in its prime. The same thing is even more true of Grue, which I published on a schedule, supposedly quarterly, but toward the end, not even annually--the end, I might say, is probably not yet here, another issue being due most any year now.

Today--late 1959--there are two or three mags: Cry of the Nameless, Fanac, Yandro, Apphoreta, that appear with fairly impressive regularity and any one of these is or may become the hot burning center of fandom if, indeed, it is not already. It may be that I am no longer qualified to identify a focal point if it squirts me in the eye--I'm not sure I ever was.

Down through the years that the mags mentioned flourished, there were many other notable publications. To name but a very few, there was Oops! and Science Fantasy Bulletin and Skyhook and Spaceship and a great many others (this is a case of the more you name, the more unforgiveable it becomes to forget one and I won't try to list the complete index of the fifties out of my slippery memory). But for the most part, these--while of indubitable excellence--never achieved the status of a favored hang-out for fandom. They just didn't maintain the frequency. Slant may have filled the bill at one time but that was before my day and someone else will have to discuss that. I've doubtless overlooked some here that deserve to be included (White's, Terwilleger's, Meyer's, Moomaw's, Courval's, Bourne's, Pelz'...on and on) but I should explain that I have written this off the top of my memory without benefit of research...extemporaneous, as it were.

These are probably the salient points of the fifties fanzines that I will remember into the sixties and--one hopes--a few decades beyond. It was a helluva lot of fun.

\* \* \* \* \*

(In One Year and Out the Other -- Continued from page 10.)

may be the last occasion that this organization gets mentioned in print for another fifteen years or so. By 1974, will anyone remember, or will the name be a fit companion to what song the sirens sang?

THE FIRST TEN YEARS ARE THE

HARDEST . . . . .



H. P. Sanderson

A fanzine of this size and scope raises an immediate question of considerable urgency. Namely, whatever became of the theory that the average fan-life is three years?

Ten years is a long period of time in fandom, and in a short summary such as this it is only possible to cover one or two of the changes that have taken place - the important ones as they have seemed to me - the ones that have most affected me in the capacity of an individual fan. In order to do this I will need to bore you with some personal history so that you can better appreciate my viewpoint. If, at the end of this, you disagree with my choice of incidents and dates - well, you are entitled to do just that!

The Sanderson who existed ten years ago was a normally abnormal callow youth of 18 who read science fiction. It wasn't the science fiction so much as the act of reading which accounted for the abnormality - (the science fiction merely served to underline the quality of strangeness) - and it wasn't only the reading but the fact that he did nothing else. It all seems so long ago, now, and it takes quite an effort to get inside the mind of the Sanderson of that period.

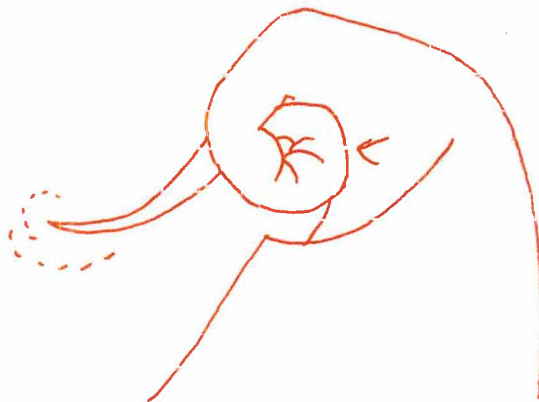
I had been reading sf for some time and continued to read it for another two years before first coming into contact with fandom. Unlike many fans I have no particularly happy memories of that first contact. In fact I very nearly didn't survive it. Contact was made at the 1952 convention in London, and I had never been in London before. I blundered into the wrong bar of the old White Horse and Lew, the manager, must have detected the sensitive fannish face covered, at that moment, by confusion. He directed me into the correct bar and somebody (probably Viné Clarke) introduced me to some other fans from Manchester. Memories of the convention itself are very dim - I am left with a feeling of general misery which was caused by the fact that I didn't really know anybody and didn't know what it was all about. A week or so later, back in Manchester, I took up an invitation to visit the Manchester club on its home ground.

I still didn't know what fandom was all about and so it is only in retrospect that I realize the Manchester club, with its share of bickering and its Serious and Constructive outlook, was not what I wanted. Several times I considered dropping



everything and going back to becoming a mere reader again, but by the time I'd made up my mind it was too late. I discovered that fandom could be fun after all and I had started to take a perverse delight in taking the stuffiness out of club meetings by flirting outrageously with the sole female member while the Chairman vainly attempted to maintain order.

Exactly one year after first contact I was posted to Egypt. By this time I was quite emotionally involved though not, as yet, with fandom itself. I was in the process of discovering American fandom via the club fanzine, Space Times. Out of all this came Joan W. Carr - probably my only real claim to what passes for fame in our microcosmic universe. I have always thought that Joan was a remarkable achievement, because in one sense at least she came at just the right time. The mechanics of the hoax were fairly routine - my isolation in Egypt was of great help - and the character of a Womens Royal Army Corps Seargent could be fairly masculine without causing too much comment. The scope of the hoax is really conveyed by what Joan did, and I believe that she started (and perhaps finished) Eighth Fandom.



It could be said that Joan came into fandom at the end of a short, sharp, transitional period. Sixth Fandom had come to an end (as a sharply definable period, that is) and Seventh Fandom had rapidly killed itself off with its self-proclamations - but not, thank God, before it had given us Dean Grennell. Unfortunately for Seventh Fandom it was publicized too well in advance and the truth of the matter is that Fandoms, like Focal Points, can only be seen in retrospect. A gap was left, and although she never realized it in her short lifetime Joan W. Carr filled that gap, leaving another one herself on her demise.

The female of the species had, of course, existed for some considerable time. One or two were well known on an international scale (the best of these being Lee Hoffman) a few more on a national scale, and by far the greatest number on a purely local scale. Some of them could write, and a few were published (generally poetry ranging from poor to lousy). When Joan Carr started the first "all-female" fanzine, Femizine, it was considered to be a joke that couldn't last - and in fact the first two issues were a joke, as befitted a new fanzine edited and published by a neo-fan. Then came the deluge. Femizine produced a group of writers who had the masculine fan-world stunned. Among other things many people commented on the fact that the good writers formed a very high percentage of the small number of female fans, whereas good male writers (though greater in number) formed a much smaller percentage of the total number of male fans. This was in very much the same way as good UK fanzines are a very high percentage of all UK fanzines whereas good USA fanzines (greater in number) are a smaller percentage of all USA fanzines. Perhaps the relationship is not so strange because of course most of the Femizine writers were natives of Great Britain. Femizine was a gimmick, and the fact that males could only appear in it through the letter column led to that section of the zine being well packed. With the third issue there was an established 50% return of letters of comment on the number of

copies sent out, and as the circulation went over the 200 mark the percentage return actually increased. Bloch, Tucker, Grennell, Willis and many other well-known names made regular appearances.

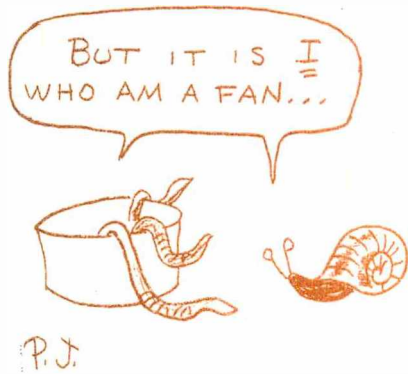
Looking back, this period of just over a year or so was a Golden Age for femme-fans. People still talk of "Franceska's Column" and bemoan its loss. There was a petticoat rule in OMPA, with Pamela Bulmer, Daphne Buckmaster and Joy Clarke holding the three offices. More and more femme-fans appeared on the scene and joined clubs and began to appear in other fanzines. If Femizine had kept going it might easily have developed into a real focal point, but unfortunately it ended when the Joan Carr hoax ended - in 1956 - and although it has recently been revived it isn't the same because the conditions are no longer the same and the current editor, Ethel Lindsay, has ideas different from mine. However, if fans are still numbering fannish eras I think that the Joan Carr period should be termed Eighth Fandom - Femme Fandom - and although it was relatively short-lived the influences are still felt today. Even when they lost their own fanzine, and thus their cohesiveness, the women clearly had no intention of relinquishing their new international status, and what was once exceptional is now accepted as commonplace.

Joan Carr came to an end in 1956. At this time I'd killed off one woman and lost another and I had nothing to hold me to a fandom that I had never really been a part of. Joan might have influenced fandom but she didn't grow out of it - she grew out of a desire to show off. For some obscure reason I hung onto my OMPA membership and all other fanac died away. At the same time, more for a matter of convenience than anything else, I took up residence with Joy and Viné Clarke in Catford. Sometime in early 1957, in the bustle of preparing for the London World Con, Inchmery was born.

Now, let's face it, the birth of Inchmery is not, in itself, a matter of great importance in fannish history. But I do feel that a good case could be made out for the importance of the reasons for its birth, continued existence, and growth. It started as a friendly group drawn together against the natural adversities of being committee members of a World Con, and developed into the present gestalt personality where anything said by Inchmery is the opinion of each of the individual parts, regardless of which part says it (personal reminiscences such as this current item excepted, of course). In a sense the whole is greater than the parts.

What have been the reasons for this? The most important change in fandom in recent years occurred as a result of the 1957 World Con. Like any change it had its good and bad points. Prior to September, 1957 almost all contact with America had been via fanzines. It is true that there were a number of personal contacts through letters and tapes between the older members of each group, but these did not spread very far through the "masses". The mass contact had been made through fanzines and through nothing else. There was a growing storm due to each side not grasping the essential differences between USA and UK fans, and almost up to the last minute very few Americans could appreciate that in the UK there was only one type of active fan, just as few UK fans could appreciate that in America there were two - each of whom considered they had equal rights to the use of the term "active". In the UK the situation was simple - the active fans were the ones who wrote for and edited and published and read and wrote fanzines...and organized conventions and formed clubs. They had contact with many USA fans through their fanzines so what could be more natural than for them to credit these others with the same types of activity as themselves? But in the USA





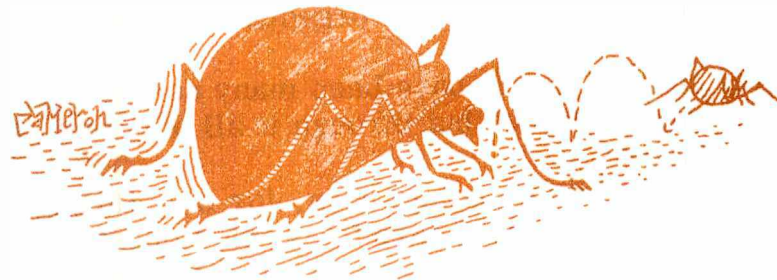
there was a fairly big gap between the fanzine fans and the club and conventions fans (though one or two people bridged the gap) and no doubt they expected the situation to be the same over in England.

It was obvious at the time that nothing could ever be quite the same again after the 1957 World Con. The American visitors were predominantly the club/convention type and although one can still argue the respective merits of one type versus another, there can not, now, be any misunderstanding about them. In the two years that have passed since then each country has influenced the other to some degree and there is hope that eventually, through greater understanding, any remaining differences will be solved. Initially the fanzine fans lost ground in the UK through the importation of American ideas - club/convention types became

almost visibly separate from them when previously they had always been one and the same, but against this they gained ground in the USA where a number of club/convention types took to publishing fanzines. I don't think there will ever be any question of one "side" becoming dominant. If you want to reach 100 people 3,000 miles away then the easiest way to do it is through a fanzine ... but a fanzine must obviously deal with fandom, including its clubs and conventions. To my mind, the worst thing that has happened as a result of all this is the loss of the sense of trust in the word of a fan that existed between all fanzine fans. It became a little diluted with the dilution of the fanzine fans themselves and with the introduction of thoughts of power politics by the new breed of club/convention fan. Luckily such ideas are quite alien in the UK and are gradually being laughed out of existence in an effort to restore the trust that was previously held. If Inchmery can do anything to speed the process it will.

\* \* \* \* \*

--H. P. Sanderson



WRITING THIS LITTLE article for Lynn Hickman is like having one of those items that falls in the category of "I'll do it later, when I've more time." But the time, somehow, never materializes. At this writing I've already put several of the pieces for Lynn's Annish onto master, and came to the resounding conclusion that if I was to get anything written myself, there was no time like the present. Consequently, being fortified with a beer under the belt, and listening to the merry tune of Lynn's multilith, happily clicking out fanzine pages in the background, I set myself down with paper and typer and proceed to write about:

by Earl Kemp

I have one of those revolting things about memory, it just isn't. Ten years ago I was going through a phase of putting out a sickly looking hecktoed fanzine that made Thurban I look like an H. Wolfe masterpiece. Fortunately I didn't have the nerve to inflict this onto fandom, and the copies were later destroyed. At roughly this same time I was making plans to attend the Chicago convention, my first. I met many people there that I knew; then, or later, either through correspondence or by having met some of them before. Of these, I can remember Sam Moskowitz, Shelby Vick, Gregg Calkins, Henry Burwell, Roberta Gibson, lots of the local Chicago people who had successfully avoided me until then, and perhaps most important, Robert Bloch.

Since that time I have made a mental bet with myself that the first person I would see, upon entering a convention hotel would be Robert Bloch. This bet even extended itself to an actual bet, I think involving two chocolate malts, with Sidney Coleman (Sid has since acquired some age and a taste for vodka).

I honestly can't remember missing on the bet.

It was there, at the Chicago convention, that I joined the ranks of those for whom Bloch is Ghod. And I still fall into delightful chucklings at the thought of Bloch presenting Judy Dikty with a toilet seat.

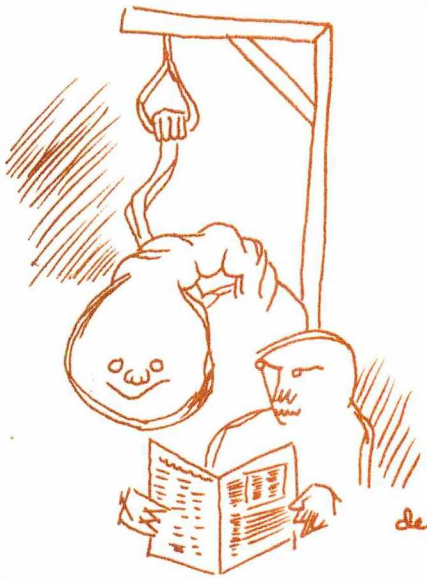
There were others there, of course, for whom a great fondness grew, Doc Smith, Tuck, and to a certain extent Willis, although it was impossible to pry him loose from Lee Hoffman or Max Keasler long enough to get more than a casual comment delivered. And Harlan Ellison, somehow so very typically Harlan in those outrageous leopard-skin trunks, selling life-time after life-time subscriptions to SFBulletin. And that georgeous chunk of delight from Berkeley with the three "eyes".

Since then, of course, there have been many conventions, many trips, *many meetings* with many people, but through it all only one, Bloch comes through like Gang Busters.

What have some of the high points been, for me, through these ten years? I am presuming that someone would care to ask this question.

There was perhaps the first actual meeting with Lynn Hickman, in one of those distant meetings at the fabled Beatley's on the lake, where we sat and talked about our fanzines and lied to each other outrageously about what material we had on hand for forthcoming issues.

Meeting Arthur Clarke at roughly the same time, another of my near-Gods.



And Harlan Ellison, again, where we sat and talked about our fanzines and lied to each other outrageously about what material we had on hand for forthcoming issues.

Campaigning with Noreen Falasca to bring the convention to Cleveland, but pooping out at the last minute by not being able to go to San Francisco.

The delightful hours frantically searching around Cleveland for paper cups in bulk and a grocery store to fortify the "Autograph Party" that the Chicago group was having.

The New York convention with the bloody chicken. Swapping stories with Al Capp and Basil Davenport on Noreen's bed.

And meeting Ron Smith, where we sat and talked about our fanzines and lied to each other outrageously about what material we had on hand.

And somewhere along the line there sprung Advent: upon the scene. Bringing with it a complete replacement for fanzining, too much work and a fannish outlet that all but drains my fanac resources. And with this, a step up the ladder, the many meetings with Marty Greenberg, where we sat and talked about our "companies" and lied to each other outrageously about what material we had on hand.

The thoroughly enjoyable campaign to bring the 1959 convention to Chicago, battling the Detroit Misfits. The close association between our two groups all the way through the fight. And the still closer attachment I feel for Big Hearted Howard that would probably have never developed.

And were there disappointments, you ask?

Surely:

Coming home from a dull party to have the baby sitter confront you with, "I didn't think it was important so I wouldn't give him the telephone number of the party, besides he only had a few hours to spend." WHO, we hastily ask, "oh, someone named Arthur Clarke!"

Or the time, at work, with Nancy calling me on the phone, excitedly, "HE just called!" "That's nice, who?" "Heinlein, he wants you to send him a copy of IN SEARCH OF WONDER."

Like, missing God when he calls you on the phone.

When Cleveland didn't win the convention.

When Chicago didn't win the convention.

When Washington didn't work for the convention.

When weeks and months of hard labor on a fanzine produce comments like, "it was a nice ish," from people who haven't read it.

Is it all really worth while?

You might damn right it is!

To know one Bloch, one Tucker, one Greenberg, one Smith, and others, in a single lifetime is much more than the average person is entitled to. But in fandom you have these all lumped together, and tied up with a sparkling ribbon of Asimov-Boucher-Bester-Cogswell-Budrys-(and alas, no longer) Kornbluth.

You can bet your last megabuck, buddy,

FANDOM DAMN WELL IS A WAY OF LIFE!!



A R E - T R E A D F A N R E F L E C T S O N F A N D O M -  
 - - P A S T A N D P R E S E N T

Daniel McPhail

1950 to 1960. Ten years. A decade in the history of fandom. How has it changed in this span of years?

Many of you could describe the changes that have taken place, define the significant variances, pinpoint the ebb and flow of events to chronicle fandom during this ear.

I am unable to do so.

This anniversary issue of JD-Argassy is concerning itself mainly with the last decade of fandom. Unfortunately, I cannot cover such a period, for while my first fanning took place nearly 30 years ago, my acquaintance of present-day fandom goes back only five years or so.

So, my article will be a mixture of then and now, a blend of the past and the present; and I hope the end result will be of some interest to my gentle readers.

As a few of you may know, I was one of that little band of science fiction reader-collectors who enthusiastically, if unknowingly, hustled about creating what is now known as First Fandom. In fact, I had created my own fan magazine before I even knew there was such a thing as other kindred souls!

Those were the good old days when I had the pleasure of actually subscribing to The Time Traveller, Science Fiction Digest, The Fantasy Fan, and even Jerome Siegles' amateur-prozine, Science Fiction. I swapped postage with Ted Carnell, Don Wollheim, Morris Scott Dollens, Sam Moskowitz, Jimmy Taurasi, Bob Tucker and other "new" fans, as we exchanged gossip, news tidbits and evolved grandiose plans for organizing this fascinating new hobby. I joined many of the early-day clubs, as well as forming the first state-wide fan organization - the old Oklahoma Scientifiction Association.

Yes, one could say I was an actifan. I was well aware of developments, events and personalities - in fact I termed my Science Fiction News "the news-magazine for the fantasy fan." I had an ear to the ground and an eye to the future. One could say I was on the ball. Hep was the word.

But that was over twenty years ago, man!

In 1940 I dropped out of fandom. Marriage, a child, the hectic period of World War II, a second child, prolonged medical care for the children, the investment of our savings into a business, bankruptcy, "twilighting" long, hard hours of work for needed extra income; all combined to keep me inactive for 15 long years. During these years I did keep feeble contact with fandom, via Jack Speer, Bob Tucker, Walter Dunkleburger, Don Ford and Ted Carnell; and the

fanzine columns in the prozines gave me some inkling of activities, but in general I remained much in the dark as to the state of fandom.

But I never lost my love for science fiction or my abiding interest in fans and their special world. A slow revival of personal fortune and family health enabled me to explore the possibility of returning again to that mad, fascinating land of fandom. In 1947 I began to support the worldcons and filling gaps in my prozine collection. By 1950 I was subbing to a few fanzines, supporting TAFF and I began to see a few fans. Old-time pal Speer visited me, as did Harry Moore on the way home with the Nolacon bid in his pocket and George Nims Raybin was a guest of mine several times while stationed at near-by Fort Sill. Came 1953 and I learned, to my surprise, of the formation of an Oklahoma fan club and their planned first "Oklacon". I immediately joined and later served as their third president. I began to write a regular column in Nite Cry about the early fan days in Oklahoma and First Fandom in general, and when someone gave me an old duplication machine (the same kind I used in 1937), I began to get the publishing itch. Thus "Fantasy Chief" appeared for members of the Oklahoma S.F. Confederation during my term of office. Fellow-member Sam Martinez showed me his FAPA mailings - the first I had seen since 1940 - and had no trouble at all in sparking me into getting on the waiting list. In 1955, along with Robert Bloch, I became a guest member and revived Phantasy Press, which I had published when I was a charter member. At last I had a mouthpiece - and I've been blabbing ever since!

A question that has often been asked me since my return to fandom is how do present-day fans compare with those of years ago. That is somewhat difficult to answer, for many reasons. Economic factors applied then that are not in effect now; there was correspondingly a different type of life in America then. In the world of the early Thirties, the present commonplaceness of television, world-wide jet travel and missile launchings seemed to be a long, long way in the future, and life in general moved at a more leisurely pace. The age differential: many early-day readers of stf were teen-agers (Jack Speer was but 15 when doing his column for my SFNews) and had a strong influence in creating a certain atmosphere of excitement not found in modern fandom. The fabled "sense of wonder" was in full flower then; one felt caught up in an exhilarating adventure that unfolded each month as you haunted your neighborhood or small town drug store until the latest stf and borderline magazines arrived. Then the almost breathless pleasure of admiring the vivid covers by Paul or Wesso, of scanning the contents page, of reading each page with real enjoyment.

Those were enjoyable times indeed, for we were all neo-fans then, and it was a lot of fun, dreaming dreams, planning big projects (in those depression days, it did not have to be much to be "big") and getting started in fanning. Readers began to establish pen-pal friendships that were to endure throughout the years and embryo writers were industrially peddling (for free) manuscripts that were to be "first sales" on the road to professional success. Ambitious tyros struggled with hectograph pans and balky mimeographs to start the small stream of fanzines that was destined to swell into a torrent as the years passed.

Yes, those were good times, but it was a different world then. Today, an older, perhaps wiser, and certainly a far larger fandom engages in its many-fold activities. I treasure my memories of First Fandom and in a way, I guess I'm a bit proud to have had a small part in fostering this unique hobby of ours. However, in my "reincarnation" I find I have gained many things, including a small niche where I can be a productive part of fandom and, most important, I

have been able to renew many old friendships and acquire a host of new friends.

Another noticable change is the opportunity to meet fans. In the old days, the only fans I met was the two in my home town - Jack Speer and Louis Clark and Walter Sullivan when he attended the 1938 OSA "Pow-Wow" (with Jack and I), plus a one-shot editor, Edgar Hirdler of Oklahoma City. In those days, few fans moved about, unless they hitch-hiked. As I recall, Clare Beck created quite a sensation by so travelling across country to meet Eastern fans. A few did get about, but travel costs kept most fans at home. Now it is entirely different, in this time of universal auto ownership. Fans travel across country on vacation or business and drop in on one another and, of course, the regional and national cons bring them together in large numbers. When I attended the first small Oklacon in 1953, I met more fans than I had in all my previous years of fanning! In following Oklacons I met Don Ford, Ron Ellik, Lynn Hickman, Marion Bradley, Forrest Ackerman and others. We made a jaunt to Washington, D.C. when I had the privilege of visiting Ted White's home and meeting Bob Pavlat and Larry Stark, as well as telephoning Sam Moskowitz. And twice I



WELL WADYA KNOW -

have talked with Ted Carnell long distance on the occasion of his trips to the U.S. All of which points a major difference in the fan life of the Thirties as compared to the Fifties.

Yes, present day fandom is different in many ways from the old times, but it is a pleasant difference and I'm glad to be a part of it. My particular field of activity, the FAPA, has furnished me many hours of enjoyment. I have had my ego boosted by the kindness of members who have seen fit to vote for me in the annual recognition awards; but their kindness has also been demonstrated in a more personal way. When they learned that my wife had lost both her mother and father within three months of each other, a great many of them took time to send us personal notes of sympathy, in addition to those published in their magazines. Acts like this show the real heart of fandom.

More recently, the formation of the First Fandom organization promises to bring even more personal satisfaction, for here many of the former greats of early fandom are being searched out and encouraged to re-enter science fiction through association with others who were active prior to 1938. As the historian for this group, it will be my special pleasure to aid in co-ordinating research projects aimed at compiling an accurate record of early events before they fade from memory, and thus perform a worthwhile service to fandom in general. Equally important is the wealth of talent that can be added to fandom by bringing back to the fold the many fans who have dropped out during the past years.

The fate that governs all of us decreed that I should be a part of early fandom and I shall always recall those days with fondness and deep appreciation for the many pleasures it brought me. The same fate decreed that I should again be a part of fandom during this last decade, and for that I am especially grateful, because of the many fine friendships I have gained and the opportunity to be a part of future fandoms as well.



Bob Tucker

## Application For Membership in LAST FANDOM

(Check Box)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Over 50 years ☒

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Over 75 years ☒

Next of Kin \_\_\_\_\_ Over 100 years ☒

Address of Nursing Home or Poor Farm \_\_\_\_\_

## \* A statement concerning the qualification of membership:

An aged and doddering science fiction fan, in the derogatory sense of the word, implies something more than merely being a reader of science fiction and fantasy. It would seem that the outstanding characteristic of 'the real old fan' is the desire to communicate with others of the female sex - preferably as young as possible. This desire to seek and find Lolitas may take the form of correspondence, or participation in some form of fanzine publishing, but it usually is desired for a single valid reason: social contact. The more active old fans have, of course, two or three reasons for involvement but a single form of fanish activity is of the utmost importance.

What then are the qualifications necessary to make an old fan eligible for membership in the hallowed ranks of LAST FANDOM?

First qualification: You must have been a 'fan' before January 1, 1926.

Second qualification: You must still be alive and moving.

- A. Do you know any young ladies under age 16? \_\_\_\_\_
- B. Have you entered into correspondence with her? \_\_\_\_\_
- C. Have you introduced her to a Local fan group? \_\_\_\_\_
- D. What did they say? \_\_\_\_\_
- E. What did they say behind your back? \_\_\_\_\_
- F. Have you taken her to a convention? \_\_\_\_\_
- G. Was the convention in another state? \_\_\_\_\_
- H. What did the police say? \_\_\_\_\_
- I. Are you now out of jail? \_\_\_\_\_

J. Have you any more promising contacts? \_\_\_\_\_

K. What is her name and address? \_\_\_\_\_

LAST FANDOM is ready and eager to serve as a focal point for bringing 'The real old fans' out of the woodwork. To this end, we propose not only the establishment of a club, but the regular publication of a bulletin to be known as Last Fandom's Final Hour. As fitting of a publication of this nature, the bulletin will be printed on yellowed parchment in very large type -- large enough to read without glasses or other visual aids. It will have pictures of delicious young ladies recently introduced into the other fandom. The measurements of these young ladies will be given in Braille, so that you may feel for yourself!

Of course, young people of the male sex will not be admitted to membership, thereby eliminating undue competition. Young people of the female sex may be admitted under a dual membership with yourself, if you qualify to the terms above.

The swapping of partners will not be permitted in LAST FANDOM, although members desirous of trying the strong arm of someone else's young friend for turning a mimeograph may make application to the Secretary. If, after due investigation, the Secretary decides that the young lady will produce better work on another mimeograph, a Certificate of Exchange will be issued. The certificate is valid for thirty days.

Doesn't all this sound exciting? Of course it does! Don't delay -- send in your application now! A full year's membership (with privileges) costs only ten dollars, and that sum is deductible from income taxes (if you pay any). Send money now!

LAST FANDOM WILL OUTLAST ALL OTHER FANDOMS! We were here first, we will be here last! Let our battle cry ring over the country: Indians and Last Fandom will outlive the foreigners! (First Fandom Go Home!) Send for an application blank immediately. Return it to the Secretary with ten dollars and a photograph of Lolita.

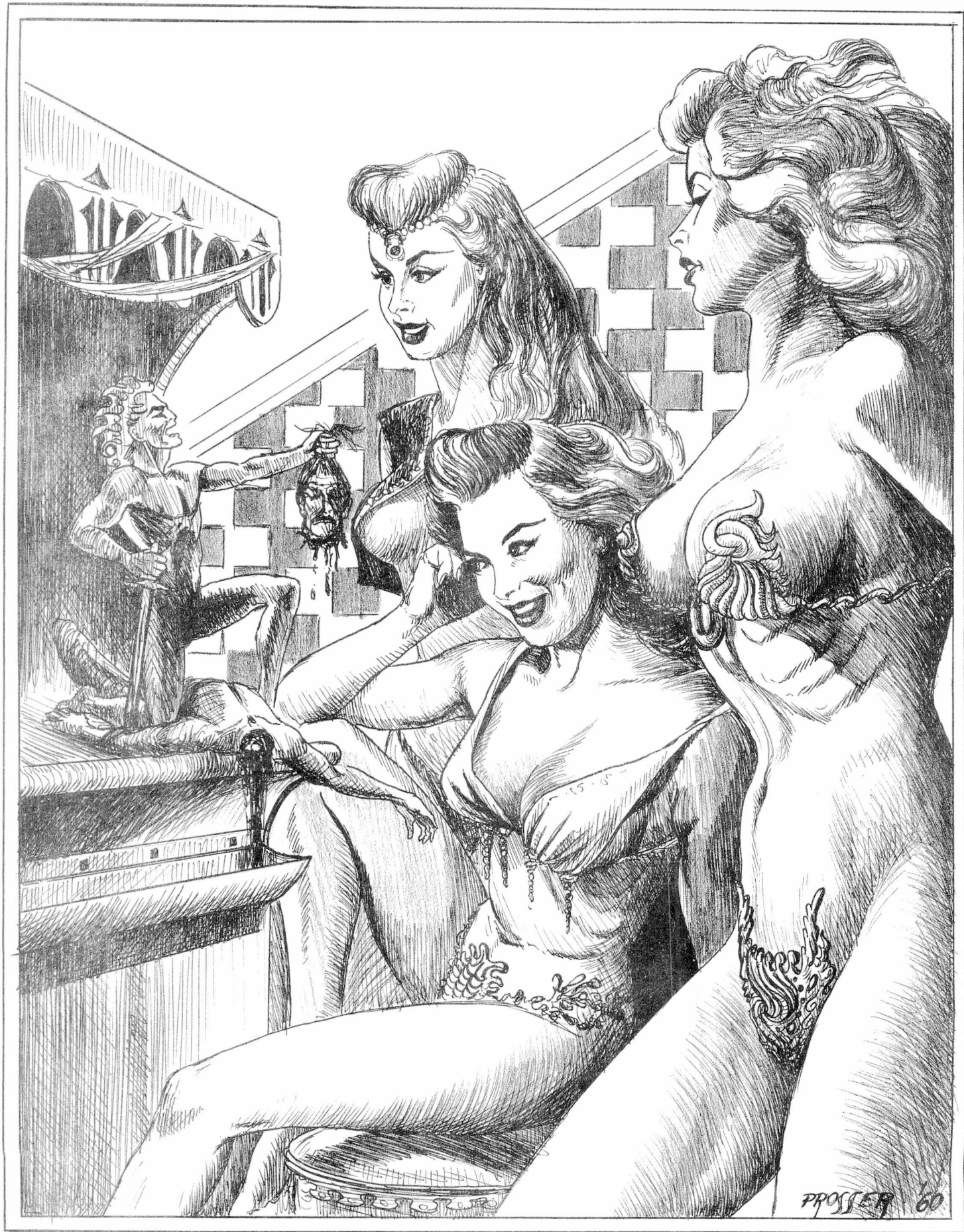
You are in!

Scribe Josef Fann

Secretary, LAST FANDOM

Wildwood Nursing Home

Wildwood 90, Baja California







BERRY'S FANZINE PUBLISHING HINTS  
FOR NEOFEN AND THOSE BEWILDERED  
BY THE COMPLEXITY OF IT ALL.

John Berry

CHAPTER ONE - PRIMARY ADMINISTRATION

In my opinion, most neofans rush too wildly into this joyous vocation!

They get a couple of dozen fanzines, rightly size up the exciting possibilities, and immediately make plans for their very own which is going to be the 'best fanzine ever.'

I have no intention of trying to begrudge a neofan his rightful inheritance. I am the first one to advise a neofan to go ahead and get the smear of ink on his fingers and the melodious chant of the mimeo crank in his ears.

But I would strongly advise preparation - a headlong rush with only result in disappointment and frustration.

My advice is, first of all, to do a period of thinking. . . . **THINK ABOUT THE FANZINE**. . . decide its policy, what you'd like its initial circulation to be, who you'd like to appear in your pages, how frequently you'd like to publish, if you'd like to specialize in any particular field, etc.

**THINK ABOUT IT. . . AND WHILST THE IDEAS ARE SORTING THEMSELVES OUT, DO NOTHING PRACTICAL.**

Meanwhile, study all the fanzines you can get hold of, see what you like and what you dislike, what you understand and what you don't understand.

I wouldn't like to state how long should elapse before a neofan should publish his own fanzine - at least, I wouldn't be dogmatic about it! Every neofan is different (God Bless 'em) and looks at fannish things from a different point of view. In my case, my first fanzine, Retribution, appeared in January 1956, and I first met Walt Willis in 1954. . . . i.e., I took eighteen months to bring my urge to fruition. But then, I was in Irish Fandom at the culmination of its proud history, and helping in the production of Hyphen and joining in the fantastic spirit of fun and frolic took all my time and enthusiasm.

But I would say that the average neofan who tried to put out a fanzine with less than six months service in fandom behind him would be a courageous but perchance unwise wee man. In general, I would say the longer the apprenticeship the better - but then, I have rather old fashioned ideas about some things fannish, for example, I think a fanzine reviewer who publicly prints his opinions should have at least five years of active fanning behind him.

But back to the neofan and his very first fanzine. . .

The name of the fanzine is, I consider, of supreme importance. My fanzines and OMPA and SAPS zines are called Retribution, Veritas and Pot Pourri. Retribution is an unusual name for a fanzine, and therefore I regard it as being eminently suitable for the basic esoteria of the G.D.A., a mythical detective (or defective) agency revolving around fandom.

Veritas, or 'truth' was so named because it was designed as being a vehicle for Berry Factual Articles which people (sometimes quite erroneously) conclude are anything but the truth.

The name Pot Pourri, according to Archie Mercer, 'came out of a very mundane hat,' but I thought it suitable because I've no steadfast policy for SAPS, and therefore anything (providing it's suitable) goes!

I don't claim the titles are in any way clever, but they are unusual - and if a thing is unusual, it tends to remain in peoples' minds - and in passing, I like very much the way fans refer to Retribution as 'Ret' - I consider it indicative of familiarity.

One neofan, Bill Gates, a protégé of the Benfords, and the son of an American army colonel, wrote to me in 1956 and asked for help in the production of his fanzine. I thought at the time he was much too inexperienced to start one, but at least it was nice to come into contact with such a keen fannish spirit, and I wrote him an article, but more important, I gave him a name for his fanzine, a name I almost considered sheer genius - especially because I thought of it one night when I was asleep!

Motley !!!

Unfortunately, although the name was used, only one issue appeared - a rather scruffy and untidy issue to boot! I felt it to be the waste of a good title. ...I might even use it myself one of these days.

So, to sum up, insofar as titles are concerned, originality, cleverness and obscurity and the essence of fannishness are the three primary considerations.

The next step, after much deliberation, and the decision on the title, is to plan the issue. Work out a provisional number of pages - say between twenty and thirty, and work on a plan as set out below:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24

The great advantage of this layout is that besides being able to scribble in the items in the squares, and being able to swap them about to suit with the mere use of an eraser, one can also duplicate out of order without making a horrible miscalculation...I shudder when I come across a fanzine with a blank page in the middle of it...when it could so easily have been avoided.

(Hey folks, watch out for the next Berry fanzine...my luck...watch for a blank page in the middle.)

The problem now is whom to ask to contribute?

I must say here and now that I have received many requests for material from neofans with little or no experience, and I cannot recall one that was not politely phrased. Neofans seemed to have grasped the ethics of approaching potential contributors...they state they are starting a new fanzine, they give the name of it, its possible circulation, and ask for the necessary!



Of course, there are stock stylists, writers, both pro and amateur, who, within fairly rough divisions, usually can be relied upon for a particular type of article...humor...fan-fiction...serconism...fantasy...science fiction...poetry...film reviews...prozine reviews, etc.

Unless a neofan is specializing in any one field, he should aim for a general all around issue...a dash of humor...a touch of serconism...a tinge of science fiction, with his own personality to round off the fanzine and give it individuality.

I would strongly urge neofans not to edit contributors material. After all, as far as the principle of the thing is concerned, the material has been requested, and to edit it is just not done. Of course, the occasion does arise when an article, whilst excellently written, contains a sentence or two which the neofan might feel would offend his readers, or more important as far as fandom generally is concerned, the postal authorities. NEVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, PUBLISH ANYTHING WHICH WILL BRING FANDOM UNDER THE UNFAVORABLE NOTICE OF THE CENSORSHIP DEPARTMENT. Obscenity, extreme political opinions, pornography or just plain filthy words should always be erased from material submitted for publication. A fanzine called Mana, published by Bill Courval, actually included an obscene four letter word, allegedly used by General Patton. Whilst not expressing an opinion as to whether or not the gallant general actually used the word referred to, I must state here and now that besides being editorially unwise to a fantastic degree, it could also have dealt almost a death blow to fandom. I have seen the same word used in war memoirs, when it formed part of a soldiers conversation, and I suppose, from a literary viewpoint, it doesn't offend moral judgment, I mean, we all know that soldiers swear, and if a novel purports to give details of a soldier's life and conversations, well, the use of the word is justified.

#### BUT IN A FANZINE?

If the neofan finds himself in complete disagreement with what his contributor says, and at the same time wishes to publish the material because of its controversial value, it is a simple matter to state in a prominent place that the contributors opinions do not necessarily reflect those of the editor.

One practical problem remains...artwork.

For three years I had the great good fortune to have Arthur Thomson (ATOM) as my staff artist, and between us, in that period, we issued some thirty publications - all impeccably set out and illustrated.

A suggestion which I don't expect will be easily followed, but a good solid suggestion nevertheless, is for the neofan to keep his eyes open for an up and coming artist - and write quickly, offering to work jointly in expense and time and start a fanzine under dual editorship! The chances of this working out are admittedly slim, because good artists don't grow on trees, and they might not like being tied down perhaps almost exclusively to one fanzine. But I tried it and succeeded. Surprisingly enough, writer/artist combinations in fanzine publishing are relatively rare...I mean of course top-ranking artists whose work is internationally recognized, as distinct from the numerous artists whose creations, although of a high standard, could hardly be classed in the same category as ATOM, Bo Stenfors, Dan Adkins, Jim Cawthorne, Eddie Jones, BJO Wells and William Rotsler.

Neofans will find that artists of all calibres will readily forward artwork. ATOM likes to compose directly onto stencil...Jim Cawthorne does too, and as he places as much emphasis on shading and perspective he cannot be expected

to leave the reproduction of his artistry to a neofan. BJO is the most delicate of fannish artists, with a truly wonderful sense of sheer beauty of line. She is rather more sparing with her work, and likes to keep track of all she sends out - as I do with my 'literary' efforts. Rotsler sends out batches of simple but effective line illustrations, and specializes in 'Rotsleresque Nudes,' about which there has been much controversy in the past. Personally, I like them, and have featured them myself, but I suggest it would be wise for neofen to wait until they are more established before decorating their pages with nudes whose physical attributes make Jayne Mansfield look flat-chested. Dan Adkins is what I would term a 'true' fanzine and prozine illustrator...his works feature rugged all-American types in spacial gear, armed to the teeth with positron pistols and the like, with aggressive expressions on their faces - or clever drawings of futuristic rockets with sleek lines and puffs of smoke in the rear, hurtling towards the infinite. He is prolific, and although I cannot express an opinion from personal experience, I'm sure he would be delighted to accomodate neofen on their first venture. Actually I did meet Dan Adkins when I was in New York in 1959, and was much impressed with his keenness for fandom. He showed me an art folio that fanzine editors would give their Gestetners for, and at my request he sat down and drew a typically wonderful illo. His work in Twig-Illustrated is some of the finest artwork I've ever seen.

Bo Stenfors is a gifted Swedish artist whose technicolor 'girlie' illustrations abound in his aptly titled Sexy Venus fanzine. He is probably the greatest of them all.

British artist Eddie Jones I place in the same class as Jim Cawthorne. Both richly talented with attention to perspective and detail. Jones and Cawthorne have been obliging to me, and will compose directly onto stencil provided sufficient time is allowed.

ATOM is fandom's most prolific style exponent, though not possessing the depth of Cawthorne, or the delicacy of BJO Wells, or the firmness of Adkins, he is, in his class, unparalleled. His speciality is drawing bug-eyed monsters (BEM's) and I found his ability to fill up empty spaces on stencil with these hideous but cute little men to be cleverly done and quite artistically effective. He is undoubtedly the only present-day fan artist with the ability to draw accurate cartoons of fen, which are immediately recognizable. Though desirous of composing directly onto stencil, ATOM sends bunches of illustrations to faneds on request, some of which are expertly copied, and some of which lose a great deal of impact by hurried copying onto stencil. ATOM is inclined to show annoyance, rightly so, if his work is untidily reproduced, or doesn't come up to his own high standard of accuracy of line. This I know from personal experience - so if ATOM sends you artwork, as he undoubtedly will on request, try to copy it with care and deliberation, or you'll be lucky to get further supplies!

Finally, with the name of the fanzine decided upon, the number of pages, the outside material and artwork planned, there is the final polish to think of, the veneer that can make or break a fanzine.

It is a good maxim to remember that the initial appearance of a fanzine as it is taken from the envelope immediately creates an impression in the mind of the beholder. If the front cover is neat but not excessively gaudy, bright but not necessarily blinding, striking but not too ostentatious, the recipient, if he has time, will settle down and read the contents there and then. I have missed my morning 'bus before now when I've beheld a handsome-looking fanzine proudly beaming at me. Conversely, if a rough-looking badly stapled harshly dupli-

cated mess flaps unhappily through the letter box, it is picked up (only because it is a hazard on the floor) and thrown to one side for, possibly, future reference. The extra little touches that take a few moments extra are well worthy of the trouble taken.

Unless you have a platform over some specific factor don't puff and blow through your editorial, just trying to take up space. Give essential facts clearly - state how frequently you expect to publish - what your subscription rate is, etc. Don't be frightened to ask for subs. Some young neofans have a feeling of inferiority... 'No one would subscribe to my efforts,' they seem to think. No faned with any sense of perspective can hope to make money on a fanzine, or break even, but it is the recognized thing to charge a fair price for your fanzine, say between 10 and 25 cents, to cover raw materials, etc. ...so leave no doubt that your fanzine has a price.

Apropos to my comments in the previous chapter regarding superfluous editorials, I'd like to give you an example - I'm sure the fan concerned, Al Lewis, won't mind. In his Fly in the Salad in the summer of 1959, Lewis asked if anyone knew anything about a World War II airplane called the Airacobra. Now I have been an aerophile for many years, and I was delighted to come across a fan with a similar interest.

I immediately traced through my records of the Bell P-37 Airacobra, and after an hour of cross-checking, I amassed considerable data on the airplane. I drew a side view of the Airacobra, and also an interior view, showing the strange and unconventional layout of the engine. I wrote in all the pertinent data, and sent it to Lewis, with an airplane periodical and a long letter, telling of my appreciation in discovering a kindred spirit. I spent five or six hours on the research and drawings, admittedly happy hours.

Lewis wrote back, and I'll quote the telling phrase:

QUOTE: I was typing away at Fly in the Salad and I wasn't too sure what to put into it. I said to myself - I wonder if there are any aviation fans in fandom - I dug up a book I had made up a few years ago. Hmmm, I said, holding up a picture of an Airacobra. I like that name. So seating myself at a typewriter I wrote a few lines to which you kindly responded. Actually, at the time I didn't care overmuch about the Airacobra or anything else. UNQUOTE.

Actually, Lewis didn't do any harm, except to provide me with a few joyful hours of nostalgic bliss, but just supposing that 30 or 40 fans started research into the Airacobra, just to oblige Lewis, who, on his own admission did not give a fig for the Airacobra? Much valuable time and effort wasted. This incident, a purely harmless one, is an example of the utter futility of putting items in a fanzine just because "I wasn't sure what to put in."

A lettercol in a fanzine gives recipients a chance to air their views on the previous issues, therefore, unless the faned has recently received a letter of some import, it doesn't seem entirely logical to have one in a first issue. Brenschluss, a British fanzine first published in 1955, had a lettercol in its first issue, and, without delving too deeply into my files, this is the only one which comes to mind.

This chapter has briefly dealt with what, in my opinion and experience, a neofan preparing his first issue should aim at, and should avoid.

In the next chapter, I shall deal with the practical application of the data.



## CHAPTER TWO - DUPLICATING AND ALL THAT

There isn't really a lot I can say about the actual duplication of the fanzine. There are so many different machines, and so many varied processes, and I have only had experience with a few machines, mostly Gestetners.

In fact, my own machine is a Gestetner, and my acquisition of it was nothing short of miraculous. Walt Willis went into an auction house in Belfast, and purchased two Gestetners for six pounds (about \$17). Very sportingly he sold me one of them for half price (three pounds). Quite obviously he kept the better one for himself, at least, he thought he did, and I'm given to understand he's had second thoughts about which was the best one, after he gave me the reject!

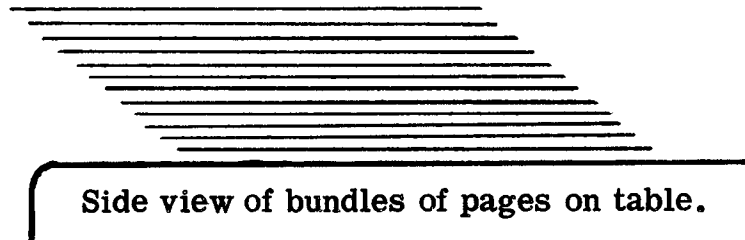
The neofan will know better than anyone else how to manipulate his own machine, and suggestions from me about this aspect of duplicating would be superfluous. I would say that if the paper used is not absorbent, it is worth while slip-sheeting, even if the process takes rather a long time. Even the slightest inclination of smudging tends to lessen the overall effect, and as I've said in the last chapter, a good-looking fanzine inspires confidence.

The natural urge will be for the neofan to get his fanzine out as quickly as possible, but it is desirable to be steady and not rush the job for the sake of an extra day. On several occasions I've been impetuous, and rushed duplicating, just because I hadn't the will power to wait a day or two extra. Now, I've learned the lesson the hard way. Be careful and deliberate, and try and get the pages run off as neatly as possible. Avoid fingerprints at all costs (and not only because I have a professional interest in them) and the only way to do this is to wash the fingers regularly, or utilize a lump of cotton waste to clean the fingers.

The compilation of the fanzine seems a very simple chore, and so it is, but a lot of damage can be done, nevertheless, unless the neofan takes special care and attention.

I put the fanzine together this way.

I place the pages on a table in front of me. The first page is on the left, near to me, and I put the other bundle of pages from left to right in rows. I pick up each bundle in turn, and form it as in the illustration below. This enables one sheet only to be taken off the pile at a time!



Side view of bundles of pages on table.

Now, here is the most important item of the chore.

When you have picked up all the pages, and have stapled the first copy, go sit down somewhere, and go through that first copy page by page, until you are satisfied that each page is in the correct order and the right way up. It is surprising how many errors are flushed to light by this check. Once you are satisfied that all is well, the compilation can go on without any nagging doubts being present.

I must tell you about one compiling session I organized when working on Retribution 3.

It was in 1956. Leeh and Larry Shaw, James and Peggy White, Walt and

Madeleine Willis and George Charters were in my house, and I suggested to them that as Ret 3 was a fairly big issue, they might like to assist me to assemble it.

You know of course that Larry Shaw was and is a big name in the prozine business, and I thought it would do my prestige the power of good when word got around that Larry Shaw had helped put Ret together. I didn't think it would do his professional prestige much good, but that was his worry!

I placed the furniture round the walls, and left the center of the room clear of every obstruction. I got the bundles of pages and placed them, in page order, round the room, from left to right, in strategic array, on chairs, tables, the top of the budgerigar cage and on the floor. I sat myself down by another table, with my right palm on the stapler, and gave the fen the word to commence.

I'm sure Larry Shaw has a much more systematic way of preparing his prozines, but I doubt if his staff could ever be so enthusiastic as this particular bunch of BNF's. With many a merry quip, they trotted round the room with a seeming reckless abandon, and finally dumped the pages on my table, where I stacked them neatly together and stapled like mad. It was truly wonderful to see Larry dump the pages on my table and literally skip like a spring lamb to the commencement of the obstacle course, there to prepare yet another issue of Ret.

I think the team must have been inspired, because, after they'd gone, I checked through every individual copy, one by one, and not one single page was in the wrong place. I didn't get to bed until 6 am, but I didn't begrudge a single moment of the re-checking.

A word or two about staples.

Staples are the most inexpensive things in fannish economics, and yet, from the way some fanzines are stapled, one would almost get the impression that the staples are made of fine filigree gold wire!

If the fanzine is really thick, it is no earthly use trying to force normal staples through so that a fraction of metal forced through the back has to take the responsibility of holding the whole issue together. Several fanzines have reached me in this condition, and I have known them to shed pages even as they are taken out of the envelope! If the fanzine is thick, beg or borrow a larger stapler - it's common sense and should be patently obvious, but some fans, with the super optimism of the breed, just hope and try for a physical impossibility.

Then again, when the fanzine has taken so much time and trouble, why spoil the whole effect by just a couple of roughly applied staples? Most fen regard stapling as the least important aspect of publishing. I rate it very high on the list. I may have misled you with my 'stapled like mad' a paragraph or two ago. The speed was there alright, but it was an acquired speed which lost nothing. I have always taken considerable pains with stapling.

I hold the pages together, tap the bottom of the pages on the hard table top, thus squaring them off. Holding the pages carefully so that they don't slip, I put at least four staples down the side, and my publications are all 8" x 10". American fans feature a larger size of paper, and I would urge at least five staples per issue.

The stage has now been reached where the neofan has a neat pile of fanzines, probably 75 to 100 for a first issue, sitting proudly in front of him - the problem - who to send them to?

Well, one of the reasons for fanzine publishing is to get trades back, and if the neofan wants the best fanzines, the answer is to send his fanzine to the

editors concerned requesting a trade, and most faneds, even the highly rated ones, will almost certainly comply.

It is one of the eternal joys of fanzine publishing to read reviews, and therefore copies should be sent to the reviewers who at the time have regular columns in the fanzines. This is a chain reaction in itself, because other publishers who scan the review columns - and we all do - will spot a new fanzine, and send one of theirs asking for a trade.

Another potential source of trades and subscriptions are fanzine letter columns. It is a general rule that if someone has taken the time and energy to write to a fanzine, and is quoted, that person has more than a passing interest in fanzines, and therefore, if they are sent a copy, something concrete, such as a trade, a sub, a letter of comment, will undoubtedly be received.

To sum up, the possibilities are endless and exciting to look forward to!

### CHAPTER THREE - DISTRIBUTION

As far as the distribution is concerned, I summed up the situation in a full and concise manner in my "Berry's Fanzine Classification," published in Veritas 2 in 1957.

The complete article was a sort of humorous and cynical tongue-in-the-cheek assessment of the compilation and distribution of fanzines - for example, I mentioned the gory details of the "Cunningly Diminishing Fanzine" and the "Prematurely Disintegrating Fanzine." However, as far as this chapter is concerned, I'm dealing with fanzine distribution, and as I've covered the ground thoroughly in the above-mentioned article, rather than write a re-hash of it, I'm reprinting the pertinent parts, and I feel no further comment is necessary:

"Finally, I guide you along to the most discussed of all items with regard to fanzines...the distribution of them. This classification is very complicated, because in the last few years many novel ideas have been introduced to get the fanzine from fan-ed to subber. I propose to deal with as many of the variants as I can. I am going to start with the best methods of sending fanzines through post, and, as a climax, finish up with the most horrible and terrible way of distributing fanzines, a method which is still used quite commonly, mostly by American neo-fen.

"Any fanzine sent on its way by any of the six following sub-groups is very acceptable to the recipient. It gives me much pleasure to announce that by far the biggest majority are sent out in either one of these accepted ways, the Americans pretty well being the exclusive users of Groups B and D, because of the postal inspection laws.

- "A. UNFOLDED FANZINE IN SEALED ENVELOPE. There can be no argument about this. It's the most expensive but the best way to send a fanzine. Most of us can't afford it, though.
- "B. UNFOLDED FANZINE IN FASTENED ENVELOPE. A very creditable and sensible way, because the envelopes can be used again and again.
- "C. FOLDED FANZINE IN SEALED ENVELOPE. Yessir, most satisfactory.
- "D. FOLDED FANZINE IN FASTENED ENVELOPE. Very nice indeed.
- "E. UNFOLDED FANZINE IN OPEN ENVELOPE. Used by quite a number of well known British and American faneds.
- "F. FOLDED FANZINE IN OPEN ENVELOPE. In common use, cheap and reasonably effective, used mostly by British faneds with big circulations.

"Take your full share of egoboo, you faneds in groups A to F. You deserve it.

"Now the two following groups, G and H are not so common, not too popular, but still used. I must confess I have sent out fanzines, when I was very inexperienced, in Group G. Apologies to those who suffered at my hands. Let me detail G and H:

"G. TIGHTLY ROLLED FANZINE. To give some idea of the harrowing effect a TIGHTLY ROLLED FANZINE has on the recipient, I can do no better than to quote a heart-rending example, in the form of an earnest plea from one of my clients, a Mr. William Courval, of San Diego, U.S.A. ... "The reason this letter of comment is so late" he wrote "is that I just took Retribution out of the book press only yesterday. The next time you send it, please don't roll it more than once." Yes, I suppose six weeks is a long time to wait to read a fanzine. ((Regarding this category, I must confess that I sent fanzines rolled up this way quite recently. And I saw in actual conditions what a horrible way it is to send them. I was seated in a chair in Buz Busby's house in Seattle in September 1959, and I noted a large encyclopedia lying on a table. It was thick, some 4,000 pages, and it must have been almost two feet square. Anxious to improve my knowledge, I got up, reached across and lifted up the book, it took all my strength. I heard a sort of soft 'ping' come from under the book, and looked beneath it, and saw half a dozen tightly-rolled copies of my G.D.A. Casebook, which I had sent to Buz some weeks earlier. He had been keeping them under the book to try and straighten them out. I promise, oh how I promise, NEVER AGAIN!!!))

"H. LOOSELY ROLLED FANZINE. This is in effect a fanzine folded in half, and a strip of usually superfine paper wrapped around it. For one thing, the fanzine is exposed to the vagaries of the rest of the general post, and heavy envelopes, rolled newspapers and the grimy hands of the sorters don't do the delicate edges of fanzines any good. The corners are bound to get twisted and bent. And I would hazard a guess that a good percentage of the fanzines lost in the post are sent this way.

"Now then, the rest of you can relax, but for those whose mode of distribution I haven't mentioned yet, prepare for the worst. Types I and J are the most frustrating and nerve-racking examples that a fan can face. To unravel one is worse than a Chinese Puzzle. I want to go into detail, and spare no facet of my limited vocabulary to express my indignation of the shock that sometimes awaits me when I get home at night after the perplexities of my mundane work.

"I. NAKED STAPLED ON ALL FOUR SIDES FANZINE. Imagine you have just compiled a fanzine and run a few staples down the side to hold it together. Now the author of Type I carries on, and puts a couple of staples at the top and bottom, and another half dozen down the fourth side. The fanzine is now totally enclosed. The fan-ed slaps a stamp over the hastily scrawled address, and leaves it to the mercy of whatever may await it en route to the addressee. But the final degradation is to come. The recipient picks it up, and his face turns white as he twists it this way and that, trying to work it all out, wondering if he should lie down for a few moments and let the hallucination pass. He then orientates the fanzine and attempts to extract the staples. He may lose a fingernail, he may rip the skin off his thumb, and he will certainly tear the paper, or pull a page out, and



by the time the tattered remnants of the fanzine are ready for his perusal, he is too exhausted, both mental and physically, to face the contents. And by some strange quirk of fate, the contents are remarkably good and instructive. But the worst type of all is the dreaded:

"J. FOLDED NAKED STAPLED ON ALL FOUR SIDES FANZINES. I needn't go on. It is the same type as I, except it is folded. This makes it almost impossible to work out where is what. It is normal to pull out the wrong staples, or maybe all the staples in a frenzy of indecision. The only way to deal with it is to take it to a quiet room, remove all the staples, trying to keep yourself calm the while, and then, when this is done, re-assemble the fanzine, re-staple it, and, imagining it came that way, drop it in the hallway and pick it up next time around."

That's what I wrote in 1957. As I said beforehand, it was a mite cynical, but it fills the bill, I think. Young fans cannot afford those nice thick envelopes with metal clasps...neither can I. It's the spirit behind the action which counts.

#### CHAPTER FOUR - A CAUTION

The neofan, full of bliss and enthusiasm, has worked hard on stencil-cutting, duplicating, assembly and distribution, and then sinks back, radiantly happy, waiting for the letters of comment to come pouring in by the sack full, bearing masses of egoboo for a superb first issue.

For such an optimist, this chapter is written...

\* \* \*

It takes a long time to understand the psychology of fans, and that is one of my main reasons for stating in an earlier chapter that a neofan should not publish when inexperienced.

It is unfortunate but true that many neofans are extremely disheartened at the response to their first issue. This is the crucial state of a neofans career, because it is merely human nature to be brought to the depths of despair by lack of appreciation when considerable expense and labor of love has been lavished on a project.

The neofan must expect, unless he is very talented, that his first issue will leave a lot to be desired. This is natural, and as it should be, because then there is ample scope for improvement, on which the neofan should thrive.

But lack of response has frustrated many neofans, and instead of being fatalistic about it, and saying "The next issue will be much better, they will have to comment," the unfortunate neofans, who could and should continue their rise in fandom, sink from sight and are never heard of again, victims of a misunderstanding of elementary fannish psychology.

I want to counteract this unfortunate state of affairs.

I want to assure neofan that although the chances are that they will be disappointed at the seeming lack of enthusiasm for their first issue, to bear this disappointment with a grin, to shrug ones shoulders and carry on is the trufannish way to act.

One neofan, who had produced a fair first issue, wrote to me concerning his future in fandom, which he thought was pretty dim. He based this premise on the distressing fact that he only received five letters of comment, and even those weren't exactly brimming over with egoboo. I told him what

had happened to me when I first started publishing....

\* \* \* \* \*

Together with Arthur Thomson, I decided, late in 1955, to publish an off-beat esoteric all fan-fiction fanzine, a thing which had never been attempted before. I had what I thought was a good idea, and I thought of sending out a one-shot with Hyphen, detailing our ideas.

The one-shot, Warning, on green paper, depicting my creation The Goon, and Art, was duly inserted in every issue of the current Hyphen, some 250, and I sat back waiting results. Admittedly, the one-shot was a bit of an eye-opener - I might even say it was staggering.

Out of the 250 Warnings (maybe that was a bad title to choose - maybe it was literally considered to be a warning) sent out, I got about fifteen replies, including one cash subscription from Stephen S. Schultheis.

Frankly, I was disappointed, but, notwithstanding, the first issue of Retribution went ahead, and the response to it, was, well, as much as I had dared to expect, but most certainly nothing to boast about. But then, as issue followed issue, letters of comment really began to pour in - and after the sixth issue of Ret, and possibly the best one, over 70 letters of comment arrived, and the circulation wasn't all that much over the 100 mark.

Another thing to remember is that one should get a great deal of personal satisfaction from publishing a fanzine. If the enthusiasm is enough, it just might override the frustration of poor acknowledgment.

My heart is always in my mouth when I'm duplicating the last page, and, quite honestly, I just cannot wait for the joys of compiling the issue and stapling it. I even derive satisfaction from addressing envelopes.

This, I feel, is necessary for the fanned. If one publishes just for the egoboo, the approach is all wrong.

Egoboo is nice. The word has a touch of genius about it.

But egoboo isn't everything. Self satisfaction should count every bit as much as other expressions of appreciation.

Which brings me to another point.

Besides probably getting few letters of comment, the neofan may find that some of these letters are inclined to be critical.

It is not nice for the neofan to have his brainchild torn asunder by adverse comment, but it has to be faced.

I know for a fact that most fans are not critical just because they have a sadistic streak, and like to grind neofans under their heels. A few fans are like this, and they work themselves up into a frenzy deriding all the various parts of the fanzine...this is all because (a) they don't like neofans, or (b) they are jealous, or (c) they have serious inferiority complexes.

Most fans are understanding, having been through the mill themselves, and, if they consider it necessary, they will make objective criticisms, designed to assist the neofan in the future. This is the way to learn - not to be disheartened, but to take the pointers to heart and swear that the next issue will be an improvement. The letters are written in this spirit, and should duly be considered in this light.

More serious still, however, is adverse criticism in fanzine review columns, and here I have an axe to grind in full.

A neofans first issue, and therefore his place on the threshold of tru-fandom, can be ruthlessly and needlessly shattered by an unbalanced fanzine review...that is, a fanzine review written by someone without adequate

### qualification.

I must state, before I continue, that I am not making this stand on behalf of inexperienced publishers just because I have suffered in review columns.

I have not.

Possibly I have been lucky.

But it has been almost physically agonizing to see the unwarranted way first issues have been blasted by columnists who are little more than neofen themselves.

I maintain that a fan should not be allowed to review fanzines as a guest columnist until he has had considerable experience as a writer or publisher, or has the necessary long service fannish status to have gained a reputation for fairness and consideration. A fanzine review column, is, unfortunately, used for propaganda purposes in some cases - a fan dislikes another, and blasts his fanzine for revenge. This isn't common, but all experienced fans will have encountered it.

I must say I am all for balanced criticism when it is handled with the sureness, authority and maturity of fans well experienced in our Way Of Life.

Therefore, I suggest that neofans should not be hurt by frivolous complaints of their initial issues in review columns written by inexperienced fans. They should be ignored. Conversely, comments, adverse or complimentary, written by reliable fans, who have made a name for themselves by years of publishing and writing, should be accepted without question.

Such experienced fans, over the years, have formulated a standard in their minds, and they review accordingly - hence reliability and common sense and understanding are their watchwords.

Young neo-reviewers are guided too much by what other columnists say - and their opinions are only based on a few months of contact with a hobby which grows more profound with experience.

I must admit that with my considerable publishing and writing experience over the years, I have steadfastly refused offers to review fanzines, for the simple reason that I felt five years of active fanac to be the minimum requirement, and it is only very recently that I have offered to review fanzines for a new British fanzine.

If a neofan happens to receive a request to review, I strongly urge a polite refusal - fandom, as a whole, although it won't be readily appreciated, will benefit from such a refusal.

\* \* \* \* \*

These few pages of notes are not meant to be a comprehensive guide to fanzine publishing, rather, as the title implies, hints and suggestions to assist the neo or inexperienced fan, should he or she, decide it is about time they were cranking. As in all walks of life, only experience will be the ultimate guide, but I've made quite a few mistakes and miscalculations in the past, and it is in the light of these that I have prepared these four chapters.

Certainly, it is a wonderful thing to be a fan, a rare experience to have undergone. Some of us stay in fandom for years, some for only a few months. Some leave fandom because they are disillusioned and find that our Way Of Life is not for them. Others, who might have risen to the heights of BNFism, leave because they feel they are not understood, or that their particular talents are not appreciated.

The search for egoboo is not the ultimate goal in fandom, but it should go hand in hand with all the many and varied, and interesting aspects of it,

I am in fanzine fandom, as opposed to the other kinds, and therefore I consider fanzine publishing and writing to be the food of our existence in fandom. These chapters are appearing in a fanzine which has, through the years, maintained a standard of neatness, clarity, interest, continuity, regularity, and, above all, trufannish spirit.

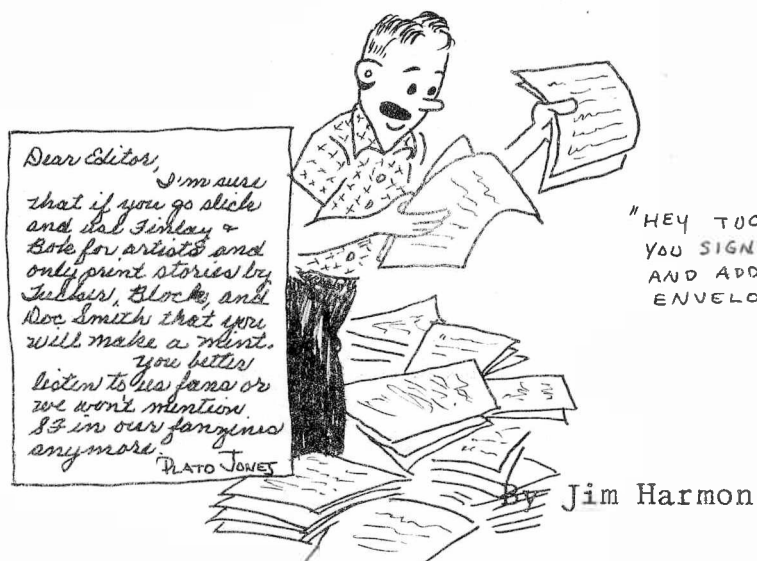
See if you can do the same.....

...finis...





## TEN YEARS OF SF...



The big news ten years back was AMAZING STORIES going slick, just like TRUE STORY or SIR! This was what stf fans had been faunching for since Forry ACKerman first gave Hugo GERNSDACK the idea for a magazine composed entirely of the kind of fiction that ran occasionally in SCIENCE & INVENTION. It was the millienium come true. SF would now have dignity, slick paper, smooth stories, glossy illustrations, hard-coated advertisements. SF was to be quite slippery in all. A decade later SF is so slippery it threatens at times to slide all the way to oblivion. Our road has perhaps become ceramic through good intentions, the most poreousless of pavements.

We thought ten years ago that all SF needed was a slick magazine to have it made. With a slick SF would be read by everybody and respected though the natural course of events, a clear cause and effect relationship, unquestionable. What's more the readers of science fiction, or more explicitly, its fans, would become respected. No longer would the neighbors think we were a little strange and look our necks over for the marks the collar left after our folks chained us in the cellar except for the times we were let out to buy the latest THRILLING WONDER STORIES or a ream of memeo paper.

But of course it was too good to be true. The Korean War came along and an overly anxious publisher killed the slick AMZ and we never found out what a slick could do for us in a boom market.

Only we did. You like know it, man. Don't give me any of that. SF had its chance, more than once.

ZIFF-Davis didn't quite give us a slick, but it did give us a prestige format. FANTASTIC was a great package. Its general level may not have been quite up to GALAXY or ASTOUNDING or F&SF but it is hard to imagine a magazine better designed to

appeal to a mass market with science fiction. It had a format as good as the Reader's Digest; it had prestige literary names; it had good stories; it had entertaining stories (and sometimes the categories even overlapped); and it had such popular entertainment forms as the mystery and western with (even sometimes legitimate) connections with SF and fantasy. But the magazine was not a commercial success -- it didn't pay for itself -- and wasn't a conspicuous critical success either within or without.

We have had other tastes of slickness -- the roto section that flirts briefly with John Campbell every decade or so, the slick-looking wash drawings in GALAXY, the color work in IMAGINATION, We even had a full-fledged slick, finally, a few years later, in SF+, which hardly counted since it was just a 1929 SCIENCE WONDER with the pores ironed out of the paper, and the pictures water-colored.

Slickness in itself has never brought SF dignity, or fame or fortune.

I don't quite know why we ever thought slickness would make so much of a difference in our lives. Ghod knows, there is an awful lot of trash in a handsomely slick format. TRUE STORY has never had a lot of prestige or dignity. A slick format doesn't automatically mean a huge national audience. Most trade and hobby magazines are in a slick-paper magazine, but read only by a small select audience. They are supported in the expensive package by a large number of trade advertising. There aren't enough ads for SF books or maybe mimeograph supplies for fanzines to support an SF slick.

The most significant thing in the last ten years in science fiction or fandom had been our conscious or unconscious rejection of "slickness" as one of our working ideals.

I'm not referring to a smooth professionalism in writing style or even to certain magazines trying for the editorial balance of a national weekly or even running New Yorker style stories. We no longer want science fiction to be "slick" -- to be a mass medium appealing to a mass audience.

We had a taste of "everybody" reading SF and we didn't like it. Obviously, obviously, as many thoughtful fans -- Boggs, Warner, even Harmon -- pointed out years back; the larger your audience, the lower the common denominator.

The current "SF" horror movies is a good example of SF brought down to a common level. Good writing is per force read by a limited audience. Naturally, everyone who makes all or part of their living in SF wants the largest possible audience for his creation, but clearly some audiences are impossible audiences who demand impossible stories -- generally impossibly bad ones. We have to try to keep our stories possibly good, and accept the limit this places on the size of our audience.

It seems to me that our difficulty in both the professional and fan aspects of science fiction is that we have over-compensated, retreated too far from the ideal of "slickness" to an unhealthy introversion at the other extreme. This article is admittedly a little late since we show some healthy signs of pulling out of this but we haven't got it entirely licked, as the guy said to his wife while sealing Xmas cards.

Excess subjectivity has shown itself in the prozines in stories so complex and so loaded with specialized terms that they couldn't be understood by anyone not fully grounded in SF and so incomprehensible to any new reader. And in fandom, our amateur magazines got so introverted that they would be unrecognizable as amateur magazines -- amateur but still magazines in intent. When a magazine has the intent of being a "mass letter" it begins to look like neither a letter or a magazine but a throwaway advertising flyer that usually is made conform to its seeming physical intent, especially with the uninitiated.

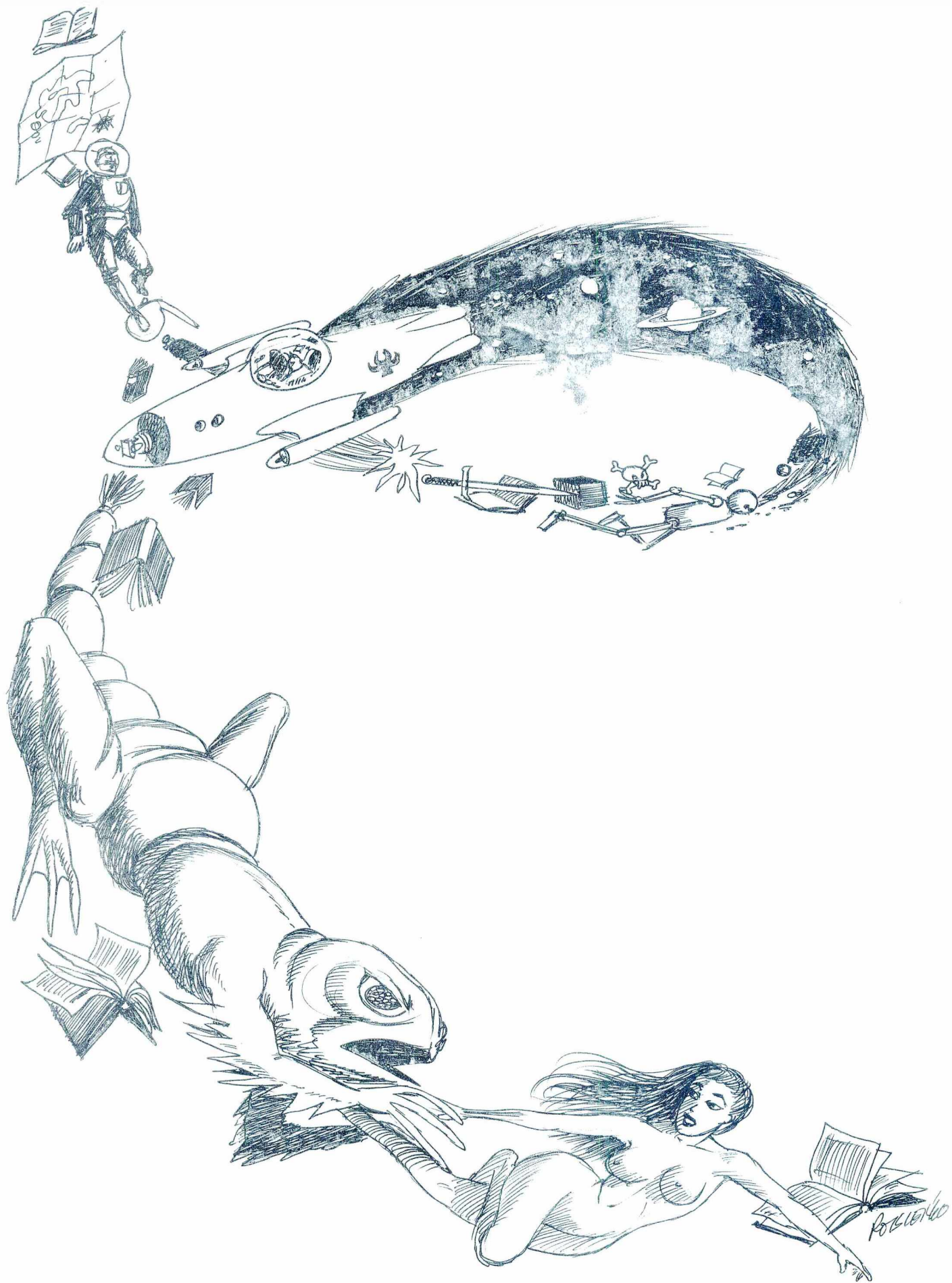
Of course such introversion is the first sign of decadence in any organization.

In 1950 we came to learn that the answer to all our problems was not objective. We couldn't bring on the Golden Age by an outgoing drive to convert the world. In 1960, I think we will learn that the answer isn't all subjective either. At the Detention I heard many remedies suggested to boost SF sales and preserve the genre. But the truth is we can't save SF only through our own actions, no matter how we write the stuff or distribute it to the newstands. No man, no matter how he dedicates himself to the task, is assured of becoming rich and famous. There are outside factors.

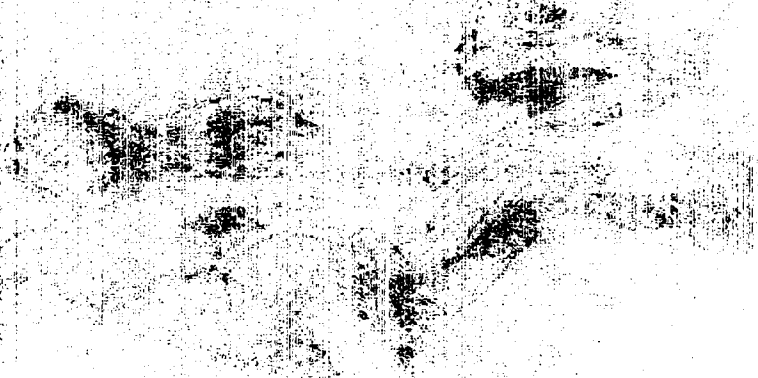
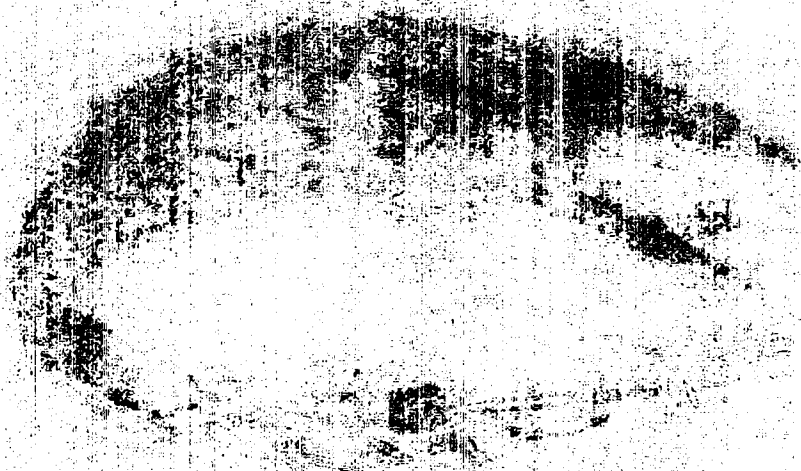
In my opinion, one reason for the relative lag in SF sales is that the proximity of the subject matter of so-called "escape" fiction decreases the escape factor and the interest in such material. As I've said before, air war pulps went down in flames in the air battles of WWII. What is thought to be "space fiction" may not have as wide an audience after as before the actual Space Age. Adventure is always somewhere else, as I think John Campbell once observed.

But science fiction is not just space fiction -- it contains all space and time. I can't honestly believe it will disappear any sooner than such stylized forms as the novel or short story or the sonnet. The mistake some people make is in not realizing that unlike the air war story, SF is not just a type of fiction, but a form of fiction.

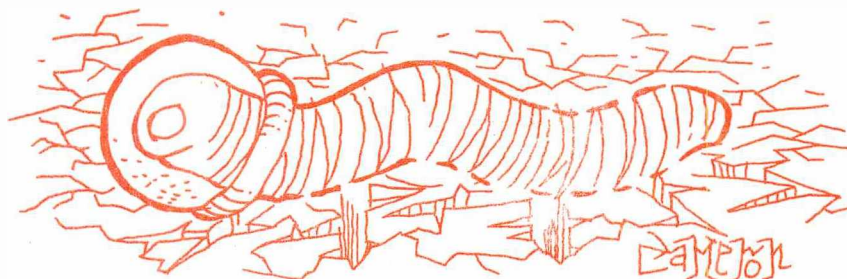
The danger to Fandom is not that the form may be lost, but the containers, the magazines. Without this rallying point, it seems unlikely Fandom could survive, although we could try, but not by hiding our publications in disguise. That's all we can do in this age of the H-bomb, play our best against Fate. There is no security but Fan, like Man, has to keep trying to butt his head through the stone wall. =====composed on the master by Jim Harmon=====







## K O N N E R ' S   K O R N E R



by Wilkie Conner

It was a summer's night a little over ten years ago -- in fact, it was almost eleven years ago. I was home with my family, trying to do some reading while listening to my wife play with our daughter, who was still young enough to wear diapers. My first born, a son, was talking about the approaching date of Sept. 2 and his date to enter school for the first time on that date. There was a knock at the door.

"Who could that be?" my wife asked. We lived in a sort of semi-slum neighborhood where none but total strangers knocked. I thought of the thin state of my purse and mentally reviewed the bills I owed that might be behind. Could be the insurance man was my main thought.

"Could be a peddler\*!" I said.

"Not this time of night," my wife said.

I opened the door and beheld a thin young man with glasses.

"Hello," he said, grinning. "Are you Wilkie Conner?"

He spoke quickly, crisply -- definitely not the beautiful Southern drawl that I was used to. "God," I thought. "What yankee do I owe?" I remembered an ad I'd answered about a writing school and though I'd never decided to take the course, they'd sent me several free lessons and then some dirty letters wanting to collect... I started to slam the door. Perhaps this was one of their representatives... Then I noticed how slight was this guy's frame. If he got nasty...

"Yeah," I said. "I'm Wilkie Conner."

\* I was right! He was a peddler! wc

A thin hand shot out. "I'm Lynn Hickman," skinny said. "I've been reading your letters in Thrilling Wonder Stories and I thought I'd drop in and say 'hello.'"

That to me was a glorious moment. I was standing face-to-face with a fannnn!

I invited Lynn inside and we talked and talked for hours, interrupted only when we got into his truck -- he was selling farm machinery at the time -- and went to a little place called Do-nut Dinnette for a cup of coffee. We drank ten cups each before we returned home. Hickman was the one guy I'd ever met who could match my own capacity for coffee.

That was the first meeting of Conner and Hickman. There would be, thank God, many more!

We went to Charleston, South Carolina together. We visited the North Carolina mountain wonderlands. We went many places together. And all the time we talked of science fiction and a plan. The plan was a fan club: The Little Monsters of America. "You know how people look at you when they catch you reading a science fiction mag...like you were a little monster? Well, I want to organize a club that will include all the little monsters..."

The summer of 1950 saw the realization of that dream as the Little Monsters of America came into being. Hickman and Conner got together and in a small room in a big house in Statesville, North Carolina, prepared the the first issue of TLMA, a magazine for the members and prospective members of the Little Monsters of America. No one knows how much coffee was drunk, how many cigarettes were consumed while that first issue was in labor. One day it was completed and America first received knowledge that the Little Monsters of America was born. America has never fully recovered from the shock.

TLMA was the plunge that started the thin machinery salesman on the way to becoming one of the biggest names in fandom. It was also the catapult that raised an obscure shipping clerk to fannish heights that he never dreamed he would attain. While I didn't ascend the full way to becoming a big name fan, at least I became known in fandom. I wrote a column in several fan mags. I became head of the N3F Manuscript Bureau and I aquired the enmity of several overseas fans by telling the truth about them.

I wanted to write stf for the promags. There were many of them to write for in those days. I poured my heart into the stories and the editors, bless them, poured my heart out and into the waste basket. The stories I had published in the fanmags received reams of praise from the most critical audience of all: science fiction fans who read everything and panned everything they didn't like. No yarn of mine was ever severely panned. Anyone who has published a fanmag, anyone who ahs ever written stories for one, knows how cruelly frank readers can be. They know that even the most amateurish efforts

are compared with the promags as a standard of judgement. A yarn to be wholly liked by a fanmag's readers must compare favorably with the same stories in promags or else they are heavily panned. The readers liked everyone of my fanmag stories. "You shouldn't waste your talents on fanmags" they wrote to me in great number. Yes, everyone except the editors agreed that I could write professionally.

Over the years, I gradually began to lose interest in sf. However, I managed to hold on until Thrilling Wonder Stories, Startling Stories, and Planet Stories bit the dust. These magazines, to me, published the only truly interesting science fiction. The others of the period published stuff that was a little over my head. I enjoyed yarns in them only if they were written lightly and perhaps a little on the juvenilish side. Fandom for me ended, though, when these three magazines ended. Perhaps it was because I could easily get a letter printed in their columns and thereby keep my name before fandom. Perhaps it was because their editors wrote me little letters of rejection when they returned my manuscripts. I don't know. Somehow, fandom just ceased to exist...

Then one night a telephone call came. A long distance call. From Charlotte, N.C. A Mr. Robert Madle was on the phone. Another friendship was born. And a year or so later, another fan club was born. The North Carolina Science Fiction Society. For a brief period I flourished in fandom's limelight again. I shall never forget the beer filled meetings -- the photos in the newspapers -- the good times we had --

Money and time have always combined to keep me from attending a convention. I either didn't have the time or the money or both. Once Lynn and I planned a trip to New Orleans together. I wanted to go badly and saved my vacation until the last few days in August in order to go. The boss changed his mind at the last minute. A few days later after it was too late to make the convention, he came around and gave me my vacation money and said to take off. I felt like throwing it in his face.

Once there was to be a Southeasterncon in Charlotte. I wanted to go badly. However at the last minute my wife became dreadfully sick. I don't suppose I'll ever be able to attend a convention. But I shall always want to.

I started writing for Science Fiction magazines before World War II. I was a personal friend of Manly Banister, a correspondent with the late, and I truthfully state, very great Henry Kuttner. Issac Asimov was also on my correspondence list. I dreamed of greatness. I didn't have the spark that it takes to succeed. But I learned to enjoy sf.

When I met Hickman my interest was renewed, I tried again. Still no soap. When I met Madle, my interest flared anew. No soap. I just didn't have it. Then I tried confessions. I sold confessions. The readers of these magazines didn't know me...the name of the writer is never used -- but they liked what they read. The road to the confessions is hard, though, and a story must be first rate to get in.



I haven't been able to hit them in a long time. Perhaps one day I'll hit one editor hard enough that he'll want all I can write. Then I can make enough money to once again take a flyer into the fiction I love: sf. Perhaps I'll be able to go wherever it is that sf fans are holding a convention. If that day ever comes, it will undoubtedly be because of that night one summer, over ten years ago when, at 1618 McFarland Avenue, there was a knock at the door -- and Lynn Hickman was there!

Wilkie Conner



## EXCERPTS FROM A FAKE FAN'S DIARY

1950 - - 1959

by Robert A. Madle

January \_\_, 1950: Attended the regular bi-weekly Sunday meeting of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. The usual gang was present: Jim Williams, Hal Lynch, Jack Agnew, Sol Levin, Dave Hammond, Al Pepper, L. Sprague de Camp, George O. Smith, Milt Rothman, etc. Since I started college in 1948 the PSFS remains just about my only science fictional activity, except for the Fantascience Literary Society. After the meeting we all filed up to Jim Williams' place for several rounds of night-caps. It is interesting to note that Jim usually has more people at his place after the meeting than actually attended the meetings.

March \_\_, 1950: The regular bi-weekly Tuesday evening meeting of the Fantascience Literary Society was held last night at 1366 E. Columbia Avenue, in my bedroom. This time the following showed: Agnew, Pepper, Charles Watson, Sol Levin, Hammond (Somebody said last night that his name is something else -- like Ginrot or something), Harry Alsdorf, Russ Swanson, and two or three others. With my collection lining the walls, plus a bed and a desk, the place was pretty crowded. Anyway we accomplished the following intellectual activities: drank two cases of beer, smoked couple of dozen cigars, figured out who would be the next PSFS officers, Agnew told dirty jokes, Hal Lynch suggested we do something constructive like standing at newstands and when a youngster purchased a sf mag, grab him and talk him into joining the PSFS. This was voted down as it would cut into our beerdrinking time too much. Lynch then suggested we make a tape recording of an sf story. This was ok -- so long as it wouldn't interfere with beerdrinking. A "panel" discussion ensued on the subject, "Which church is best for the people?" Madle took Catholicism, Sol Levin selected protestantism, and Jack Agnew defended the Jewish Church.

This proved so popular that other such panels are planned, such as: "Which Union is best for the people?", "Which grocery chain is best for the people?", "Which Republican paper is best for the people?" and based on the results of a political questionnaire held at a recent PSFS meeting, "Which member of the PSFS is the Republican?". (The vote was 21-1 -- with the Democrats nosing out the Republican.)

May \_\_, 1950: Although the monthly stipend I receive from the US Government isn't too large, my wife and I decided to do what everyone else is doing -- and we now own a real George 16-inch Admiral TV. Several other PSFS'ers have recently purchased TV sets, also. I guess active fandom will never know we exist now.

June \_\_, 1951: Gee! I'm a college graduate now.

September \_\_\_\_, 1951: Can't let well enough alone. Have signed up to go on for an MS in the evenings.

January \_\_\_\_, 1952: Some idiot at the PSFS meeting suggested we bid for the Worldcon this coming September. The guy must be nuts! We've put on one Worldcon and all kinds of annual conferences. Besides, who would vote for the PSFS -- although we publish a bi-weekly fanzine, The PSFS News, it goes only to members and a selected list of people such as Ackerman, Moskowitz, etc.

March \_\_\_\_, 1952: Submitted an article that Sam Moskowitz and I wrote, "Did Science Fiction Predict Atomic Energy?" JWCjr was kind and said he enjoyed it, but didn't see how it would fit into Analog (Gads! What an inexcusable anachronism!) However, I sent it to RWLowndes -- undaunted that I am.

April \_\_\_\_, 1952: Lowndes has bought it for SFQuarterly. Gee! I'm a professional.

September \_\_\_\_, 1952: 17 members of the PSFS went to the Chicon and so overwhelmed the multitude that we were awarded the convention for 1953. This could never have happened without the active, enthusiastic support of a visitor from the Irish shores, named Walter Willis. This guy (named Willis) so captivated the throng that it was suggested that the next convention be held in Belfast. Some characters on the west coast were also bidding for it. In the final analysis, Philadelphia became the compromise choice. (Against my violent objections, I must say.)

January \_\_\_\_, 1953: The convention is coming along fine. All kinds of schisms are developing. For insatnce, Dave Hammond offered Tom Claerson outside today because he said I (Madle) was trying to absorb all the glory of putting on the con. (This came about because Lester del Ray printed an ad in Science Fiction Adventures in which he said to send money to me. This is quite unusual as I am the treasurer.) Jim Williams is doing a good job as Chairman and Ossie Train is doing the secretarial work. Don't know what we'd do without Jim and his ever-available place in which to meet.

March \_\_\_\_, 1953: Jim Williams passed away this morning. This was quite a blow to all who knew Jim and, especially to PSFS members as he has been such an influence in the club since he and his daughter, Allison, joined back in the summer of 1946.

March \_\_\_\_, 1953: Nominations were held for new convention chairman and the only two nominated were Milt Rothman and me. Both of us (Milt is a former worldcon chairman and I am currently president of the PSFS) told how we were unsuited for the job. Rothman, however, apparently gave the least effective speech and was elected by a vote or two.

April \_\_\_\_, 1953: Have sold two more articles to Lowndes. He has also bought the idea of a regular fan department to be called, "Inside Science Fiction." This will run in Dynamic Science Fiction and will cover all aspects of sf and fantasy. Although fanzine reviews will be included, the general tone of the department will be slanted toward the "outer-circle" reader -- the type who is always on the verge of becoming a fan, but doesn't know it.

June \_\_, 1953: Today I graduated from Drexel with an M.S.

August \_\_, 1953: Announced to the PSFS that I am moving to Charlotte, North Carolina. They did not accept my resignation as President saying I should remain in that position until after the convention. Jack Agnew was appointed to handle the Treasurer's work for the remaining few weeks until the convention.

September \_\_, 1953: Good convention. We didn't make any money, but had a lot of fun. We inaugurated something which should be a permanent thing at all cons -- the awarding of "Hugo's" to worthy editors, writers, artists, and fans.

January \_\_, 1954: Held the first meeting of the Carolina Science Fiction Society at the Barringer Hotel. Of course, the hotel didn't know it as it was held at the bar. Present were Martin Klein, Bob Schrader, Ernest Haynes, and me. We were all elected officers.

January \_\_, 1954: The CFPS is really catching on. The Charlotte News did a big feature article on the club and me -- and the author, John Borchert, is a fan and is joining. Others joining are Ned Reece, Wilkie Conner and Ishmael House. Our meetings are quite informal: a lot of beer is consumed, and sometimes the discussions get so heated that it is quite late before the official meeting is called to order. For instance, Ernest Haynes (a Southern gentleman) and Marty Klein (formerly of NYC) had a good one going over the merits of the story "Knock", which Haynes said was written to create racial strife in America.

May \_\_, 1954: Attended the Midwestcon at Bellefontaine, Ohio. Met Lynn Hickman who told me he might be moving back to the south soon. Also asked me to write for his fanzine, JD. Promised him a column called, "Stars and Bars". Also saw Ian Macauley, whom I had met several times prior. Being the "leaders" of the two Southern fan groups, Charlotte and Atlanta, it was decided we should work in closer unison and maybe get a conference going. Also, Jim Harmon broke down Harlan Ellison's hotel door. It happened like this: John Magnus, Jack Agnew, Jim, and I were standing on the corner, watching all the girls go by, when, swoosh, out of a second story window came water, drenching us. It was obviously Harlan Ellison as who else would do such a thing. John Magnus, who was staying with Harlan, tried to get in. No response. "Shall I break down the door?" asks Jim. "Go ahead," encouraged Agnew. Smash, bang -- no door.

March \_\_, 1955: Had a great time at the Atlanta S-F Conference. The combined venture between the Atlanta and the Charlotte groups worked out fine. Ian Macauley proved to be a good chairman. Dr. Harold Ritchey and Ted Cogswell gave good speeches and Charlotte was chosen for next year.

June \_\_, 1955: Since "Inside Science Fiction" has been running I'm again on the list of most fanzines. Each meeting I bring a couple over and review them so the others can see what goes on in fandom. There is some talk about our group publishing one. Al Alexander, a new and enthusiastic member, has volunteered to edit



one should we go ahead. Other new members are Frank White, Bill Green, Alan Pressman, Randy Warman, and Jeff Vines -- real-live she-girl member.

October \_\_, 1955: The club is now publishing Transuranic and has about 35 fanzines on its mailing list. Meetings are still held bi-weekly, but were falling off in attendance until a special issue of Transuranic appeared containing several articles, one of them by Al Alexander called, "A Friend of Mine is Dying." We had 15 at the next meeting for a record. A real asset to the club is Lynn Hickman who is now a resident of South Carolina and gets up to the meetings every now and then.

March \_\_, 1956: The Charlotte S-F Conference, while not a roaring success numbers-wise, was great fun. Dr. C.L. Barrett was M.C. and it was great to see Fred W. Fisher again. If nothing else, we had the World premiere of the great sf film, "Forbidden Planet". Two of our guest speakers didn't show up because they got married that week-end -- Larry Shaw and Lee Hoffman. The next Southeastern Conference will be held in Orangeburg, S.C., under the Chairmanship of Lynn Hickman. Two successful southern conferences in a row only goes to prove that "The South Shall Rise Again"!

September \_\_, 1956: Just returned from a grand convention in NY. The programming was topheavy and collapsed upon itself, but the parties and social affairs were the most. It was great to meet Allen Glasser for the first time -- he was one of my boyhood idols and I have just finished "immortalizing" him in my department in an article called, "Return of the Time Traveler." Chatted with several other oldtime greats -- Ray Cummings and Frank R. Paul. And oldtimer Julius Unger returned again! Forry Ackerman, who is a candidate for the Transatlantic Fan Fund asked me to run also. If I agree, he will nominate me. Although I was nominated and refused last year, there is a possibility I will accept this year as I expect to be working for the government in a very short time -- if what Bob Pavlat tells me is true. (The government gives four weeks vacation to ex-military personnel effective the first year.)

September \_\_, 1956: The offer from the government came through and I think I'll take it. This embodies several problems on the pregnancy front. Our secondborn arrived last November (after 10½ year interim) and our third born is due to arrive early in October (after a 10½ month interim). But we'll work it out.

October \_\_, 1956: Left Charlotte for Washington, D.C. Bob Pavlat met me at the station and it looks like I'll stay with Bob for awhile until I can get a house and move my family. Our thirdborn arrived October 2 -- girl-type this time. Definitely decided to accept the nomination for TAFF.

January \_\_, 1957: Have been a member of the Washington S-F Association along with Pavlat, Dick Eney, Ted White, and numerous others.

March \_\_, 1957: Forry Ackerman and I have corresponded concerning the possibility of doing a little campaigning for TAFF as, apparently, most of the other candidates are doing. As Forry said,

As Forry said, either one of us lifting our little finger would mean victory. Right now I have no idea how the campaign is going, except that several boys are really going all out. Bob Pavlat has kidded me several times on my complete lack of TAFF activity up 'til now.

April \_\_, 1957: Rumors I have heard about several candidates have turned out to be true. So I have decided to make a real try for TAFF in the final two months of the campaign. My campaign consists of the following: sending ballots to s-f people with a note attached which says, "I am running for TAFF. If you are not committed to any other candidate, would appreciate your vote." Bob Pavlat offered to run off the ballots for me.

July \_\_, 1957: Advised that I won TAFF. Also advised that a small group were unhappy because of this as they thought Dick Eney had it sewed up. So what, thought I.

August \_\_, 1957: The "unhappiness" mentioned above attributed by Don Ford to administrative disagreements concerning TAFF. He and Willis never saw eye-to-eye on how it should be run.

September \_\_, 1957: Great trip to London. Met some swell people -- including the "unhappy" ones who turned out to be the greatest. Toured about through London, Liverpool, and Leeds. But all this is covered in vivid detail in preceeding issues of JD-A.

May \_\_, 1958: Have been offered a good job to transfer with my present unit to Indianapolis, Indiana. Am here now in Indianapolis looking over the situation. Also, have looked up Lee Anne Tremper and we have already decided to get a club started when I arrive in July.

July \_\_, 1958: Am now a resident of Indianapolis.

September \_\_, 1958: The Indianapolis S-F Association is now an operating organization. Members include (in addition to Lee Anne and myself) Ray and Susie Beam, Jim Lavell, Jay T. Crackle, and one or two others. We have decided to meet bi-weekly (every other Saturday night) at Lee Anne's apartment.

September \_\_, 1958: Quite a group converged on us tonight. Sandy Cutrell showed up first on the way to the Solacon. Then Pavlat and Ted White arrived. Had quite a party.

September \_\_, 1958: The group arrived on the way back from the Solacon -- replete with our boy Ron Bennett, TAFF-winner extraordinary. Also, a goodlooking gal-type, name of Sylvia Dees is with the group. Seems like Ted White and Sylvia met in LA -- and like that. Had a party for Ron at Lee Anne's. Everybody had fun -- especially Ron and Lee Anne.

November \_\_, 1958: Have the makings of a good club here. Buck and Juanita Coulson were down last meeting. The publishers of the fanzine Omnivore (three young boys from Purdue) have joined. Jim Harmon visited recently. Ted Cogswell is expected at a future meetin. And, already, there is talk of a worldcon bid for 1962.

June \_\_\_\_, 1959: Had an interesting offer from the US Navy today. Looks like I'll be going back to DC. leaving the US Army Personnel Research Division for the US Navy Personnel Research Division.

August \_\_\_\_, 1959: Bade a sad farewell to the Indianapolis group. That was a swell party they threw for me. And that sentiment exuding from the card they gave me: "We'd like to help you out. Which way did you come in?" Ah, yes. But I had to go.

September \_\_\_\_, 1959: Went to the Detention with Pavlat, and Mr. & Mrs. John Magnus. Swell con, but some of the Washington gang thought they had been given the shaft when Pittsburgh won. I told them Pittsburgh was going to win (at least a month before) but they wouldn't believe me. However, I didn't expect it to be such a rout.

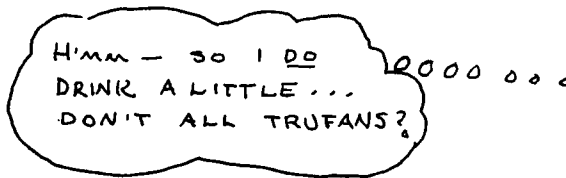
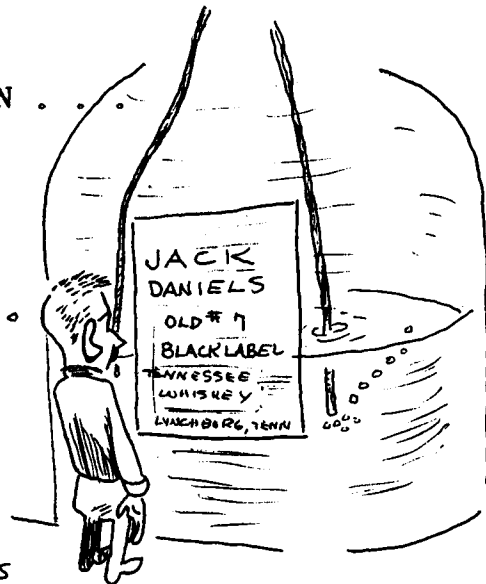
December \_\_\_\_, 1959: Cabled Ron Bennett the TAFF results and phoned Don Ford to tell him to get ready to go, man! And now I leave fandom for the nonce to enter the mundane world where I shall get grand and gloriously drunk. (It's New Year's Eve, you know.)

Robert A. Madle



## TESTIMONIAL SECTION . . .

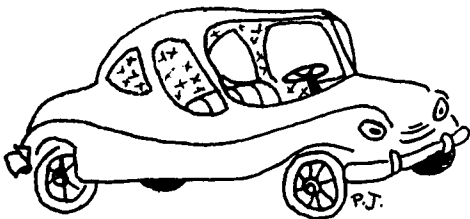
Number One -- Honey Wood,

PLATO  
JONES

So Lynn Hickman is entering his 10th year of publication. Rather than writing articles for the 10 year publication, each person should sit down and write a testimonial as to what Lynn Hickman did for me. I can tell you what Lynn Hickman did for me very easily. I lost a good nights sleep on his account and I have been trying to make it up ever since but it seems like an impossible job. Once a nights sleep is taken from a person, there is no chance of regaining it. So Lynn, you are in my debt, when are you going to give me back my 8 hours of sleep? I haven't been the same since.

Now, there will be much speculation as to 'how', 'why' and 'what the hell was going on' that cuased me to be the loser of a nights rest. I guess that Lynn can only be held as a material witness and that the real wrong doe~~r~~ is, or was Harlan Ellison and Steve Schultheis. I had attended a party given by the Terrans of Cleveland, Now that sounds like a nice calm way to spend an evening among firends and

fans. The party was a splendid success but Harlan felt that we should do something more worthy to top off the evening. What better plan was there than going to visit a fan named Lynn Hickman? This sounded like a fine idea to me, until I remembered that Lynn lived some 140 miles away, and it was now 4 in the morning. I pointed this fact out to Harlan, but among friends and fans, what is a small distance such as 140 miles to Napoleon, Ohio, after all, weren't we going to stay in the state of Ohio? This sounded like good reasoning to me, so Steve, Harlan and I piled into Harlan's car (ownership registered under Mrs. Ellison -- Harlan's mother). As we passed through the



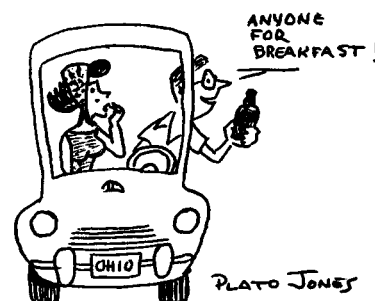
kitchen Harlan snagged a bottle of liquor that happened to be there, and I have never figured this out, because I didn't drink, Harlan didn't drink and Steve didn't tamper with the stuff. BUT LYNN DRINKS. You can see how Harlan's sneaky little mind was working. If we got to Napoleon, Ohio, Harlan would greet Lynn with the bottle and then Lynn would not notice that we were moving in on him.

I digress, back to the subject on hand. Steve pulled out the road map and



took over the job of navigator. Harlan took over the job of steering the infernal machine and I sat in the back seat and was rear guard in case Harlan's mother sent the highway patrol after us for stealing the car. Well we sailed down the road and I mean sailed, it was raining puddles all around us, in fact one couldn't even see where they were driving. About this time, we had cleared the Cleveland city limits and Harlan decided that he was tired and that I should drive for awhile. This was fine, except I am not much of a driver under the best of circumstances, and as I seated myself behind the wheel of the car, I had the distinct feeling that we were all getting ready to "slide down the razor blade of life." Harlan didn't have a care in the world, he promptly took over the back seat of the car and decided to sleep until we reached Mr. Hickman's home. I drove along without mishap for a few miles, and was coming to the conclusion that I was a pretty fair driver and that Napoleon wasn't as far away as it seemed. There I was singing and driving in the rain, having the time of my life, when suddenly Harlan was picking himself up from the floor, that didn't bother me, until the third time Harlan picked himself up from the floor and leaned over to tell me to take it easy with the bumps. I then asked Steve (the navigator) to tell me where we were. I stopped the car and Steve tried to figure that one out. I finally peered through the rain and was I surprised to find where we were... up to this time I didn't have the vaguest idea. We were not on the road to begin with, secondly we were going through a construction site and the reason Harlan kept bouncing off the seat and onto the floor was due to the fact that I was driving through, or should I say over, ditches, and each time I hit one, Harlan was the only one that realized the fact. Harlan decided, tired as he was that he had better drive, this was fine with me, and I think that Steve was too frightened to decide who he wanted as his executioner.

We finally arrived at Lynn's without further mishpa, but we were not sure what type of a reception we would receive from Lynn. It was now 8 in the morning, a very respectable time to make a house call on a Sunday. I let Harlan go up to the door and ring the bell, I like the coward I am, stayed in the car. I peeked out the window of the car to see a smiling face, (mixed with bewilderment to be sure). Harlan explained who we were and that we were just driving by and could we stop in for awhile and have a drink of water, in exchange we would give Lynn our bottle. Lynn managed to pull his bathrobe around him in a dignified manner and invited us in. What else could you have done Lynn? Carol dragged herself out of bed to find out what all the commotion was about. WE WERE IN. Lynn made us pay for getting him out of bed though. Nothing would do, but we must put out a one-shot. By this time I wasn't interested in a one-shot, or a double shot for that matter, all I wanted to do was go home and crawl into bed. We did stay till 5 in the afternoon and we did put out a one shot, as I look back over the 8 years I think we called it "Piddlin and Diddlin." The funny thing about the whole adventure that I think shows Harlan is very intelligent is that HE DIDN'T ASK ME TO DRIVE ONE MILE on the way home. Steve has been counting his blessings over that fact ever since. Lynn and Carole must also count their belssings every night that I moved to California and Harlan to Chicago, and Steve is in Ohio. It will, no doubt be a long time before the three of us are at a party together again and looking for some adventure to top off an evening of fun.





What has Lynn Hickman done for me? As the woman said who dropped into a Christian Science testimony meeting to get out of the rain and had never heard of Mary Baker Eddy before in her life, when it came her turn to testify and all eyes were upon her, "I don't know who this Mary Baker Eddy is you're all talking about, folks, but let me tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham has done for me!"

Which is closer to the truth than might seem at first glance. Have you ever wondered why most writers are alcoholics? Perhaps you have thought that the pressure of writing while starving and waiting for a check that never comes drives a writer to drink. Perhaps you have thought that a writer gets drunk in order to loosen up enough to write.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. The truth is, as is usually the case with truth, something that undoubtedly never occurred to you. The simple fact of the matter is that it is the alcoholic that becomes the writer -- NOT the writer who becomes the alcoholic.

Take myself, for instance. When I first met Lynn I was only an alcoholic. I met him on the street one evening when I was trying to get some money to buy another bottle of Dago Red. I asked him for a dime to get a cup of coffee. Instead, he took me home with him for a home cooked meal. I shuddered, but played along with the idea, hoping his wife would kick me out and he would then slip me a buck to make me feel better about it. It was only a short drive in his car to his house.

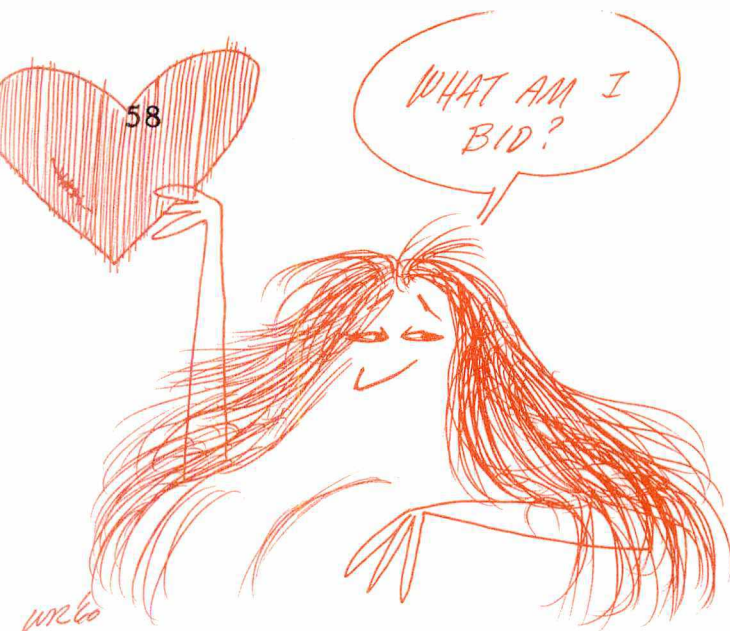
I had the shakes and the d.t.'s bad. The smell of coffee and thick chunks of ham and hot apple pie lifted my stomach into the back of my throat. I asked where the bathroom was and made a dash for it. After a brief spell of the dry heaves I looked around and spied the medicine cabinet.

It was a large one with a plate glass mirror. I opened it up. Inside, on the bottom shelf, where six pint bottles of something I had never heard of at the time. It was called Hadacol or something similar, but what interested me was the little line that said, "Alcoholic content fifteen percent."

Needless to say, when I left the bathroom I was feeling much better. I



WHAT AM I  
BID?



had placed the six now empty bottles back on the shelf so they wouldn't be noticed until I was far away.

I felt so good I even consented to eat a little solid food for a change. while I was eating I happened to remember something. In the back seat of Lynn's car had been several cardboard cartons with the same name on the outside that was on those bottles in the medicine cabinet.

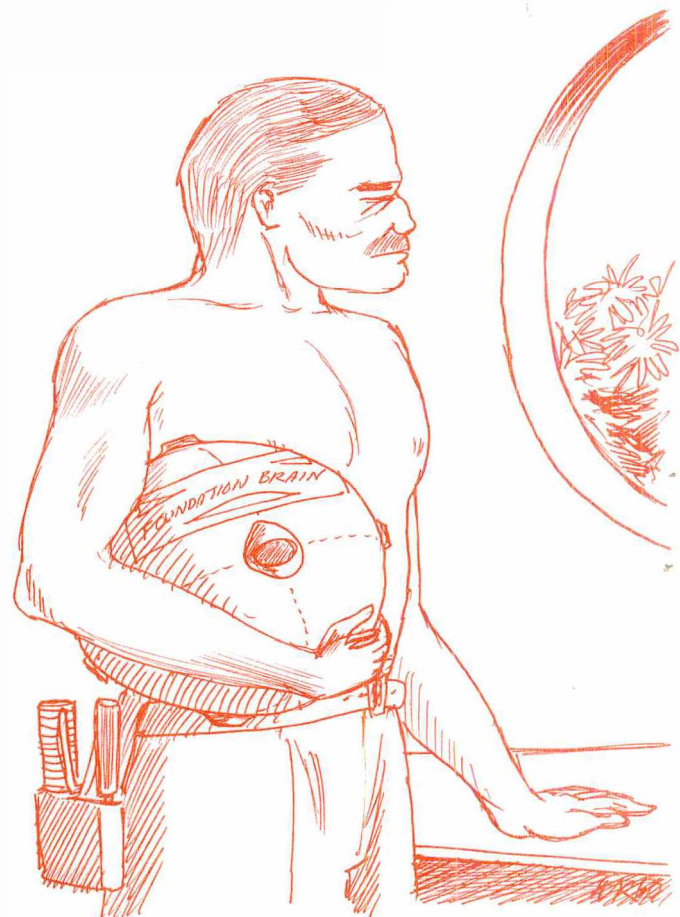
So when I had thanked Lynn and his charming wife for the supper and left, I sneaked around to the side of the house and stole two cases of Hadacol, and carried them back to town with me to my favorite flophouse.

Three days and forty-eight bottles of Hadacol later I was a changed man. Still an alcoholic, of course, but now my brain was afire with an overdose of vitamins and strange ideas. Or was it something else in that patent medicine Lynn was peddling -- something as yet unknown to science.

I don't know. But I have talked with many other writers, and the really good ones, when I told them how I got my start, have admitted they got their start in the same way. At the point where they would drink anything with alcohol in it, they drank Hadacol, or Geritol, or -- even Lydia E. Pinkham's vegetable compound.

So there you are.

\* \* \* \* \*





Joe Gibson

It was December 6th, 1949, in Napoleon, Ohio -- and tonight is another December the 6th. I've put off writing this article til tonite, Lynn. You know why. It is now (chimes) 12 minutes til 6 p.m.; two minutes to go. Ummm. Eleven til six. Eleven and thirty seconds. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six --

At ten minutes to six, Lynn stopped the first bullet from a revenoor's gun. A mild flesh wound. Harmon bound Lynn's, er, arm I think it was, while Tucker and I kept up a continual fire with our pistols that kept the Federals pinned down. I remember what a complete coward under fire that Bloch turned out to be....

It's never been told, and it should be. It belongs in the annals of fan history. So much belongs in the annals that really isn't there, y'know. Damned confusing to these young neofen, Publishing Giants and whatnot. There's Ron Ellick asking me--ME--about some fanzine or other called Crackle. Tsk. Drive any trufan to drink.

Anyway, Lynn'd had this mess of junk left over from a best-forgotten battery shop down South (where they'd told him some better methods for procur-ing juice) and we got to talking about a better insecticide spray for his Ohio farm-ers' route ... and I'm drunk and this is Rog Phillips elecstrotyper, os whathell, as we useta say in Vom. The outcome is Lynn and me bubble up this mess of

beverage we are gonna spray velegables with, or maybe it was vegetables, when Tucker wanders in. He'd messed around looking for our still, he says, having smelled the batch from some distance removed. It was then we realized what we had.

The aforementioned experience with reve-noors was what led us to putting up the stuff in bottles labeled Hadacol. But we gave up the experiment when Rog Phillips (afore-mentioned) took up writing. You see

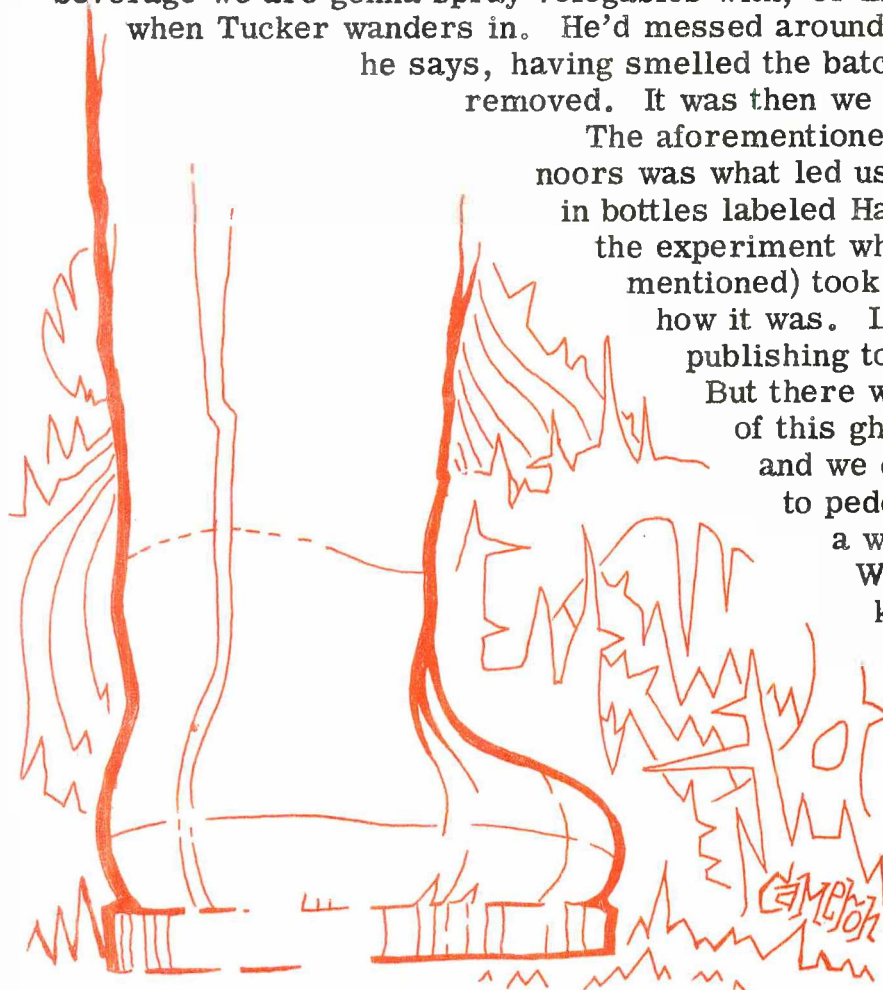
how it was. Lynn actually began fmz publishing to establish a clientele.

But there we were stuck with cases of this ghoddam undependable hooch and we damned sure weren't going to peddle it as Hadacol--imagine a world full of Rog Phillips!-- When Harmon stumbled and knocked over a bottle on an old Asf. The result looked a little like a recent aSF, or maybe a couple issues of Spaceship.

So when Lynn realiz-ed he had such a damned good eradicator as that around, and cases of it, there was no way out. There you have it. Ten years of

fanzine pubbing. What d'you think I'm drunk for? And Tucker? And Bloch? And Harmon? And on commercial eradicator at that!?

We may all now relax, chifflun. Hickman's finally used up that ghoddam Hadacol.





## TEN YEARS IN AND OUT OF FANDOM

Emile Greenleaf

Ten years ago the writer was a senior in college, subsisting on a meagre allowance, who had never owned an automobile, travelled, or attended a World-con. His main hobby and consuming interest was fanac, exercised through reading, correspondence, collecting, and the now-defunct New Orleans Science-Fantasy Society.

A few months earlier Harry Moore had attended the Cinvention. There, he had put in a bid for New Orleans as the 1950 con site. Portland won, as history records. But the local group was not discouraged. We would try again next year.

Now, ten years after the events described, I am fifty pounds heavier, have a good, fairly well-paying job, have owned five automobiles (successively, not simultaneously!), travelled, partly at Uncle Sam's expense, to such places as Kansas, Colorado, Chicago, New York, Washington, D.C., Baltimore, and, most recently, to Detroit. My interests have changed. Science fiction and fandom are no longer my sole spare-time activity. I no longer collect magazines, or even make an attempt to read all of them. I correspond with several people, and that constitutes the bulk of my fanac, for the local club is no more.

New Orleans got the convention in 1951, but Harry Moore has since gafiated, and New Orleans fandom is no more.

And, also, for a period of six years, from about 1952 till 1958, I, too, gafiated. Several people have asked me why. Also, I have been asked what did I do during that period, and what decided me to return to the fold.

The Korean War broke out in the summer of 1950, just before the Norwescon. Also, at that time I found that I needed a few more hours before I could finish school. Hence, summer school and, in the fall, night school. Also, a running fight with the Draft Board. So it happened that when Harry needed assistance with the convention arrangements, I was tied down with a daytime job, nighttime school, and other times studying for my Comprehensive Exam and holding off Uncle Sam. The prospect of my possibly being in some Korean rice paddy at contime made science fiction and fandom dwindle in importance in my sight.

I finally finished school, went into the army, and through a series of improbable coincidences managed to be home on leave for the Nolacon. At the time, I thought all con parties were like the blast in '770, which I enjoyed to the bottom of my tumbler of creme de menthe.

I signed up for the Chicon II, since I had been given stateside duty (at the Army Chemical Center, near Baltimore), and subscribed to Quandry. It looked as though I would be able to take up my fanac without any trouble, from where I had left off. But it was not to be. I soon began suffering from the chronic difficulty afflicting servicemen--lack of money. I missed the Chicon, and that seemed to be the turning point.

At this time I became interested in model railroading, which I pursued for about two years, and then gradually let slide. Anyone want to buy some HO gauge locomotives, rolling stock, track, and various accessories?

I was let out of the army in March of 1953, and for about the next year

and a half bounced from job to job until I landed my present situation with Johns-Manville. During this period I amused myself with model railroading, until my latent interest in good music awoke. I purchased a medium-fi record player, and started my small and slowly growing classical music collection. I also investigated the Great Books Discussion Groups, and for about two years enjoyed dropping verbal bombshells at their sessions. But after fandom, this seemed rather tame, though at the time I was puzzled at the lack of a certain something in our discussions, and didn't know why.

By this time I had sold the choicer items of my magazine collection. It had become too troublesome a task to keep up with the demands of collecting, and besides, all of the good stories were coming out in book form. My N3F membership had long since lapsed, and the only news of Fandom came from the pages of S-F Advertiser, since Q had folded. I still read s-f, but had become more finicky in my tastes, and was reading more of non-stf and more non-fiction.

In 1955 I gratified another long-held desire, and bought a three-inch refracting telescope. For over a year I did all of the observing I had wanted to do, including quite a few nights at the scope during the 1956 opposition of Mars.

After I got out of the army I also became interested in chess, to the extent of purchasing several books on the subject and devoting quite a bit of study to the game. In 1957 I joined the local chess club, and the following year was elected treasurer. I have played in several tournaments, including two state and one regional event.

During the summer of 1958 I subscribed to George Bibby's Fantasy Collector, and placed an add to dispose of the remainder of my mag collection. One response was from a girl in N3F, Nan Mason, who included with her order a rather enthusiastic letter urging me to join N3F! This set me to thinking. I had had a helluva lot of fun in fandom, and had gotten out by a process of drifting, rather than voluntary withdrawal. I figured that N3F would be a good way to get back into circulation. So I rejoined. Soon I began getting letters from Bob Farnham and Joan Emerson. One thing led to another, and a year later I was on my way to Detroit. Once there, it did not take me long to get back into circulation.

I arrived at the hotel on the Thursday afternoon before the convention. I expected to be one of the first arrivals, and have time to get a little rest. But that was not to be. I was on my way back to my room after dinner, when I noticed a small group gathered in one corner of the lobby. One man was standing there with some magazine with a lurid cover. Closer inspection showed it to be Monsters of Filmland. I approached him.

"I beg your pardon. But are you here for the science-fiction convention?"

"Why, yes," he answered.

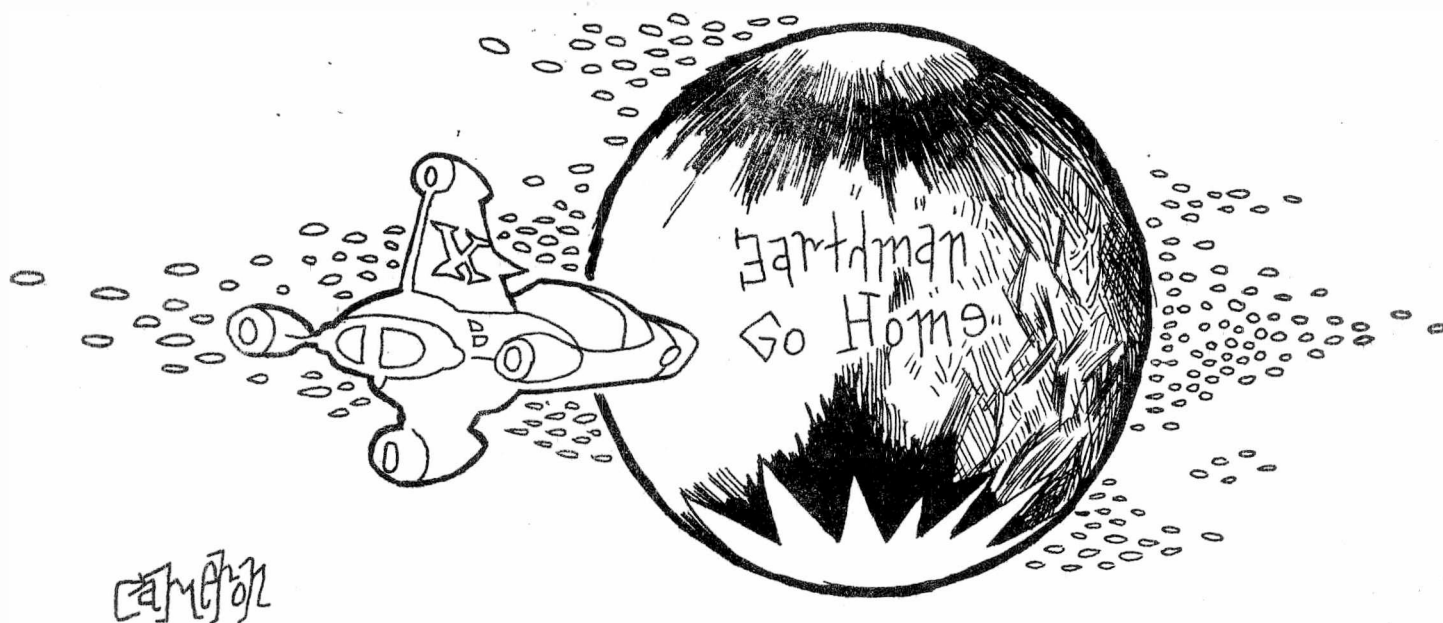
I introduced myself: "Emile Greenleaf; New Orleans."

"Forry Ackerman; Los Angeles." He paused for a second: "Greenleaf? Say, aren't you the fellow who lives on Mystery Street?"

I had come home.



## THUD 'N BLUNDER



by Basil Wells

THE YEARS PASS and Hickmags have been in the mails for ten years. Fan mags come and go, titles change, and the illoes and formats vary from the exquisite to the ugliest of smears. Feuds blossom and die out as anger and heated discussions no longer feed them. . . Only the Hickmags continue on --- sometimes spaced months apart, and again, seemingly, as frequent as the Satevepost. How does the man do it? Is he flesh and blood?

Rumors that only a robot can work days and weeks on end, without sleeping, keep cropping up. What sort of internal structure might X-rays reveal under the slender Hickman shell?

Robot or humanoid, it matters little, Lynn has given a lot of trufanns, and fake fans like myself, a vast amount of enjoyment and a measure of envy for his intense enthusiasm and energy.

Lynn is to be congratulated on his ten years of pubbing fan mags and near prozines. Down through the Little Monsters, SF Trends, JD, and JD Argassy, with various offshoots and one-shots along the way, I have been reading them. Some of the illoes and articles have been truly excellent. A number of issues excelled anything offered by his competition --- pro or fan. . . Other issues hit me with a dull thud. They were only average, and knowing Lynn it was proof positive that business was booming. The miracle was that he found time for any sort of magazine.

I refer to myself as a fake fan. A truer word might be a fringe fan. I read and collected sf and fantasy for years before encountering that dedicated breed. I think Ted Dikty was the first fan editor I knew, and Blaine Dunmire, these many years beneath the Atlantic, the second. The first fan gathering in Pittsburgh, pre-war Pittsburgh, was lightly attended. The 1960 Pittsburgh affair will be larger! Of course, as I had a few score stories pubbed, and a couple of collections, I came to know more and more fans and ex-fans in editorial offices. . . .But something was always lacking. SF was not enough!

I kept on reading non-sf! BLUE BOOK, ADVENTURE, TRUE, ARGOSY, and others. I was reading non-fiction and historical fiction. UNKNOWN and WEIRD TALES (earlier issues with Smith, Lovecraft, Kuttner and Howard preferred), I read with as much interest as Sherlock Holmes. And westerns! And detective yarns! I even sold quite a few non-sf short stories.

Now the ideal true believer in science fiction --- or so I'm led to believe --- eats, sleeps and exudes his creed and philosophy. More science. Better art. More Paul. More Morey, or perhaps less Morey. In a vague sort of way he realizes that there are other forms of literature, and that a number of humanoids with square-cornered brains, even read the tasteless tripe. . .

Actually I don't believe the above --- not more than two thirds of it that is. But I think I am representative of a vast potential audience that a few loud and influential voices may have driven away from the reading of science fiction and sf adventure yarns. I like sf that entertains, educates or tickles the imagination into activity, and art that really illustrates what it is supposed to illustrate!

In their fervor to push sf into the rarified atmosphere of true "lichychoor" these dedicated fan voices have forgotten that believable, understandable characters and situations, and action that is reasonably realistic, and sounds possible, are essential. They have forgotten the thrill of the new concept, of the bold experiment into time or space, that the pre-sf ARGOSY and BLUE BOOK brought to their readers. Now their cry is for tales that conform to certain standards of excellence and rules of science.

So I say to you now, all you good guys and gals that I may have met either through the cons, through the Hickmags, or in the mail --- we need a return to the meatier, adventure-type tales that first launched the sf ark. We need a few series heroes and heroines --- less verbose in wordage perhaps than the John Carter-Tarzan-Innes-Napier five foot shelf --- less bloody and exuberant than Conan-Kull etc. --- and with a dash of Haggard, Williamson, Hamilton, Smith, Lovecraft, added to the whole savory stew.

Too many of the sf offerings of recent months, yes, recent years, resemble the abstract art hung in galleries to be loudly praised by its stunned, greatly puzzled viewers. They view and applaud but rarely buy.



Perhaps that is why so many of we fringe fans, much as we love good offtrail fiction, are turning more and more to the richer fields of history and true feats of exploration and bravery in other fields. Personally I would like to see a more general fiction magazine, after the fashion of the pre-war BLUE BOOK or ADVENTURE, with a third or more of its contents devoted to the best sf adventure tales available. Let's have an end to the overly specialized sf tales. . . In the pro mags, that is. The advanced technical fans should form their own APA group of little mags and subscribe by mail.

A last word along this line. You noted the panning that "No Blade of Grass" took from a lot of fan editors and reviewers. It was the proper thing for them to say and do according to the stupid critical code that has somehow evolved. Yet, just how many of them took even two or three days to finish the tale? Several millions of people read that novel and shuddered, or grunted their disbelief, and kept on wondering for some time. . .

How many millions will read the official fannish choices of the next few years? Will it not be more likely a matter of thousands? This, unless a more realistic approach to our favorite reading matter is adopted. We cannot divorce sf from the mass market of good fiction, where the enduring best sellers are born, and expect any memorable classics to emerge. The best sellers of today yield the classics of the future --- and the percentage of classics even there is near zero. Rarely does the incoherent, maundering, plotless story so dear to the hearts of a certain breed of literary midgets in critics' disguises, endure longer than a decade.

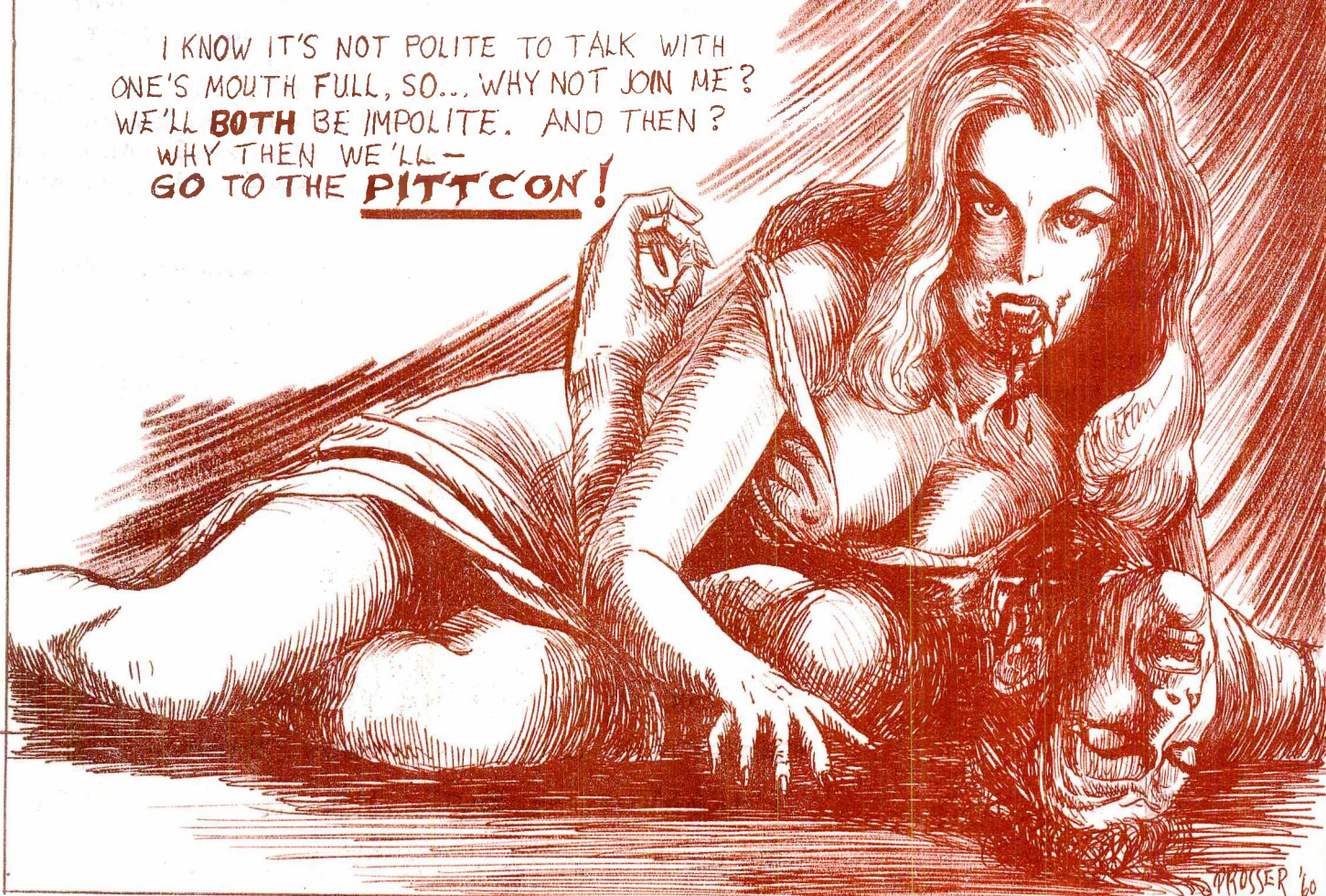
In the past ten years we have seen sf build up into a fairly important branch of publishing, wither away, sprout up again and finally come close to extinction --- in the magazine field. The hard cover books have suffered too. Only pocket sized books, the glossy covered paperbacks, are flourishing. So how come?

Maybe we should blame it on the crud the flicker factories are peddling. The ant, the spider, the fly grown impossibly mountainous and powerful --- or the plastic-masked stuntmen from "slime-bubbling pits of a forbidden jungle hell!". . . Even the cardboard-and-plywood B. (or are they D?) space operas with their emphasis on action and weird sounds, lighting, scenery, and BEM's do our cause no good. But do they harm fiction sales?

The paperbacks are flourishing.

The swing away from action and adventure in the majority of sf mags, action for the sheer joy of exploration and to satisfy in some small measure our boundless sense of wonder --- could this be partially responsible? To the many readers who rather shamefacedly admit that they miss the old PLANET, and the old WONDER and STARTLING, I too admit that I disliked the garish covers and some of the story titles . . . but the stories were, most of them, a lot of fun. And a lot of the stories that you'll be remembering from the field's leading mags in years to come, think it over and see, have a direct simplicity and realistic sort of believability about them. In spite of scientific "facts" a lot of remain convinced that Martian dwellers have four

I KNOW IT'S NOT POLITE TO TALK WITH  
ONE'S MOUTH FULL, SO... WHY NOT JOIN ME?  
WE'LL **BOTH** BE IMPOLITE. AND THEN?  
WHY THEN WE'LL -  
**GO TO THE PITTCON!**



arms and are green. We like our heroes believable, however impossible or improbable their surroundings. Call it Science Fantasy.

But fantasy, you say, has lost out! Look at WEIRD TALES, look at BEYOND, look at FANTASY BOOK, look at. . . Sure! Also there was once a wonderful magazine called UNKNOWN but there were not enough great yarns to keep it going. BLUE BOOK was for years a worthy successor to ARGOSY until a ruthless face lifting and a needless orgy of sex killed it off. A revived BLUE BOOK would be sf's surest standby. An annual UNKNOWN would be even more welcome.

Isn't it possible that too many look-alike, sound-alike, neatly tailored sf stories --- complete with scientific-almost jargon and carefully warped theorems and theories --- have clogged us up to here, and maybe further. . . So we're sick of the same old yarn turned inside-out and dyed, with new zirconium buttons all over it. . . So we quit reading sf?

But --- those paperbacks are selling like mad, men.



Maybe. Just maybe, this is it! The lowly pb prints a lot of sf action stuff. So far not much sex. It doesn't need it. Move over a foot or so at the newstand and buy an armful of other books featuring juicy dames and guys on the make. The publishers aren't foolish enough to sell one book where two could go. . . So count up the wordage with no less than sixty thousand and on up to over a hundred thousand with the Ace Doubles. How many magazines offer that wordage? And you have a choice of novel lengths or short story collections. As you would expect, the longer lengths sell better. . .

So science fiction is sick. We've lost our sense of wonder. The stories in the mags all read alike.

We aren't alone. Look what's happened to ADVENTURE, ARGOSY, and some of the others. We need to take a new look at what we really enjoy reading.

Basil Wells.

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## ON A MOUNTAIN UPSIDE DOWN



by Philip Jose Farmer

To stand on your head on top of a narrow mountain is not always easy.

I did it once several months ago. Two paths led me there: Yoga and the lure of the West.

Although not a conventional Beatnik, I became interested in the physical aspects of Yoga to slough off the fat and tighten the slack muscles that working in an office have given me these last three years. One of the first exercises suggested is standing on the head for five minutes. Nehru, I found out, stands on his head half an hour every day, but look at the mess India is in. However, I tried it for three minutes at first, then over a lengthy period of three days built up my endurance to five and a half minutes. To time myself, I placed a clock in front of my face and had no trouble reading the time upside down. At first, the blood drained into my head, and I felt as if my eyes would pop out from pressure. My legs felt empty of all fluid, and my neck muscles quivered.

I also had trouble with my male Siamese sealpoint cat. He is a creature who does not like his routine disturbed, and his slave standing on his head was something he did not care for at all. After pacing back and forth crying (Siamese cats never meow), his tail stiff with extended hairs, he attacked me. He did this by leaping upon my crotch and hanging there --- so over he and I went to the floor. I tried again, but this time he bit my face, not enough to bring blood but enough to warn me to quit this crazy posture.

Into the bathroom he went. The door locked on him, his piteous walls ringing through the house, his slave went back to the head-standing. The next day he paced back and forth while I was propped up against the wall, but he did not attack. And now he ignores me, having accepted it as part of routine that I stand on my head for five minutes every night before going to bed.

If you want to get a fresh slant on your living room. stand on your head. The world looks upside down; you get the strange sensation that you are wearing an anti-gravity belt and doing spin-truns through the house. Sometimes, if you stay in this position long enough, you begin to think that it is quite normal for the tables and chairs and sofa and lamps and rugs to be suspended from the ceiling. You get fond of this position; you are sure that people who are content to keep their feet on the ground are a bunch of damn bourgeois. And you are right.

This exercise is supposed to result in improved circulation of blood and will cure anything from colds to cancer. However, though I did begin to feel more stimulated, less tired, I think it was due to changing my routine and a fresher outlook on life. For, about three weeks after I began standing on my head, I came down with one of the worst colds of my life. Had to take almost a week off from work.

And this was in dry sunny Arizona.

Which leads me, unnaturally, to speak of other perils besides sinus and sore throats, in which Arizona is rich. The morning I was to return to work I awoke an hour early. I felt a tingling in my lower lip, which made me think that the damned cat was at his usual practice of getting me up at dawn so I could let him out. But no, he was sleeping on the foot of the bed. Then I felt the tingling increase, and I arose and went into the bathroom to look into mirror. Suspicion verified. My lower lip was swelling at an alarming rate, ballooning up before my eyes.

By the time the rest of the family was up, the lip was stretched out so huge and taut I looked like a male white Ubangi, or half-Ubangi. I did not go to work but went instead to see a doctor. He did not think I had been bitten by a spider or nonpoisonous scorpion. He was insistent that the swelling was caused by psychosomatic reasons. Even though I showed him the slight break in labial skin which could have been caused by an insect bite, he wanted to know if I was under unusual pressure, was worried about anything in particular, etc. I told him I wasn't any more nervous or strained than usual. He was dissatisfied with my secure neurological state but gave me a shot of anti-histamine in the hip, which hurt worse than the insect bite(?) and some pills whose chemical composition I don't remember. Probably a placebo, anyway. The swelling went down in two days and I returned to work with my story, which was greeted with guffaws and stares of incredulity.

No matter. The following week-end I went with the Old Prospector on a safari into the desert near the Kofa Mts. The desert in Arizona is guaranteed to cure you of anything unless you get bitten by a rattlesnake or run out of water. And even these have their end.

The Old Prospector is a technical writer who slaves away at the desk beside mine. He is an ex-electrical power engineer who has at least thirty claims staked out all over Arizona and parts of California and

Utah. On this trip we were headed for Bronco Ledge, which he is testing for gold or whatever he finds through the equipotential method. This consists of driving a number of iron rods into the grounds and sending a current into the earth to measure the resistance. He says it is a sure-fire method of locating ore deposits; other engineers I've talked to say it is highly unreliable in the type of ground he deals with. I do not care, though I would like to see George strike it rich. While he and his partners slave away, I roam the desert, looking for animals, Indian artifacts, and breath-taking views. On this trip four of us went, two electrical engineers and two technical writers. I rode with George in his pick-up truck; the engineers followed behind in their jeep. After reaching Hassayampa, we cut off the state highway onto a county dirt road, then left that to make our own trail. Our destinations for that evening was Clanton Well.

Out here you have to cross washes by the scores. And often, if your vehicle can't make it down or up a steep bank, you have to build your own road, pile rocks to make a causeway, then fill the gaps in between with sand. And push the truck when it gets stuck in the sand of the wash-beds. Hard work, but a lot of fun. While you're jolting over the rough rocks, going this way and that around the saguaro, mesquite, cholla, and palo verde vegetation and the malapi rocks, jumping out now and then to push or make a road, the moon comes up over the mountains, the biggest orange you ever saw, and the desert is painted with a thin spray of shining tequila-juice. At least, that's how it feels, because you get drunk with its harsh beauty.

Sometimes, you have to go down a wash to see if there's a good crossing for the truck, and you wonder if any big pussycats are around. You know there's a good chance, for your flashlight has picked up many tracks of deer, bobcats, coyotes, and mountain lions. How the hell they live out here where the nearest water is forty miles away, you don't know. Maybe they drink each other's blood.

Our first big stopping-place was the abandoned mine which the Clanton boys, and their poppa, dug. Very few people have seen this; I felt thrilled. We roamed around awhile but didn't go down into the mine because we didn't have a rope ladder. We said that the next time we came out this way we'd bring one. One of the men staked a claim to the mine, just for the hell of it, and we pushed on.

We drove down a wash with very narrow sides and very sandy bottom. The cat-claws reached out and scraped the truck-side; you had to keep your elbows in. George said that this wash was once a road the military had built. After they abandoned it, nature took it back and turned it into a course for the spring floods which come down from the snow melting in the mountains.

Our next stop was the Stardust mine. This was once worked by the parents of George's partner (who wasn't with us that night). After the gold vein seemed to peter out, the mine was deserted. But George thinks it might turn up again later on; he's been doing some work on it from time to time. We went down several levels, climbing down a rickety wooden ladder with only our flashlights for illumination. When we reached the bottom, we were a hundred and fifty under. But this wasn't the lowest level. After walking down a high corridor about fifty feet

long, we took a tunnel that descended at a fortyfive degree angle into the rock. Went down another wooden ladder, and reached the bottom bottom. Here we found a strange thing; two dried-up corpses of animals intertwined. One looked like a large rat; the other, like a jackrabbit. Apparently these two rodents had locked in mortal combat on the ground above and had fallen down the shaft and been killed when they struck the rock floor. Some of their bones were broken.

Before we left the mine, George gave us sticks of dynamite to carry out for him; these had been stored for some time. But George looked them over to make sure the dynamite wasn't crystallized; when the nitro starts to form crystals, the dynamite is likely to go off with a slight jar.

Our next stop, the final for that night, was Clanton Well. This is where the Clanton clan had a ranch before they went off to Tombstone and became famous. The military had dug a well here, used it as a watering place. Then they abandoned it, and the Clantons moved in with their cows. The Clantons didn't pay much attention to the cattle. They spent most of their time prospecting, knowing that the cows wouldn't stray far because this was the only place they could get water for forty miles roundabout. Now there's nothing left of the old Clanton ranch but a few timbers piled under a tree; somebody had built a cattle-chute and fences here, and a rusty iron windmill stands above the well. There's still water in it, but we had no way of operating the pump.

The next day we pushed on, and by noon got to Bronco Ledge. This heap of malapi rock is only a few miles east of the Kofa Game Refuge; the only sign of civilization is a narrow trail made by the state and the inevitable beer and bean cans. Even these are so few they don't distract.

Part of the afternoon we shot with our pistols and rifles at a beer-can in which was a stick of dynamite. Once George, as a joke, threw a stick of dynamite at me, hollering, "Catch!" I didn't jump, because I knew--or hoped--he wouldn't throw crystallized dynamite. Even if it was inclined to explode, there wasn't anything I could do.

One of the engineers, who shall be nameless, had already shown his fear of the explosive in the Stardust. When George asked us to help him carry the stuff out, he had taken up the ladder without a word. I won't say he was pale, but he did look shaken. However we all have our idiosyncrasies; one man's foolishness is another man's fear.

George is quite the practical joker. That first morning at Clanton Well, he rose early and fired his .38 close to the ear of one of the men sleeping under the truck. Naturally, he raised his head, and also, a bump. George laughed and said he'd seen a fox and shot at it.

After target practice was over, and George had gotten a big laugh out of my jumping into the air when a stick went off while I was cooking lunch, having completely forgot about their practice, I hooked my canteen onto my G.I. belt, filled my knapsack with goodies, and stuck my .32 Husquevarna six-shooter into my holster. Then I took off for Puka Peak, a mountain about five miles away, though it looked only two. On its topmost peak was a lone saguaro cactus; I decided to climb the peak and keep it company.



I hadn't gotten more than fifty yards away when I heard a rattle, and there, sure enough, was a diamond-back. He was no danger to me, being too far away, but I didn't want to take a chance of running into him later, so I broke his back and smashed in his head with a malapi. I was genuinely sorry to have to do that, for I think a rattler is a beautiful creature, but I don't like to think about getting bitten. I walked another mile up, and down the hills and across a very steep wash--where there were mountain lion tracks--and then came across the biggest tarantula I've ever seen outside of a zoo. He wanted nothing to do with me, and I wasn't scared, because they're not poisonous, contrary to what folk-lore says. But I was leery; they look as if they belong on the surface of Mars, that is, in Arizona, which where I was looks as strange and desolate as the surface of the red planet. He scuttled off into a hole.

I entered a valley which was absolutely soundless. No sign that man had ever been there. But I did flush up a jackrabbit, who bounded off toward the west. And the sun shone through the transparent upper parts of his ears, making them look like pale blood. This was, to me, a weird and unforgettable sight, the sun shining pinkly through his ears.

When I reached the bottom of Puka Peak and looked up, the saguaro on top presented the appearance of a sorrowful saint or some hooded figure. It bulged at the top to form a chin and the outline of a face. I named it Saint Puka.

The climb was steep and breath-taking. Being out of condition, I had to stop often and get my wind back and wait until my heart quit pounding. And there were places which were precipitous enough to impress me, though a real mountain-climber wouldn't have given them a second thought. However, being alone, I had to be extra careful.

Close to the top, I passed caves. These looked as if they could harbor big pussycats, but I doubt it, for the climb up and back wouldn't be worth the effort for them.

Finally, I reached the top by the lone saguaro and here sat down to look over the scene. Too bad you couldn't have been there; You could see for over fifty miles away, and all around were the heads of mountains mightier than the one I was on, Mountains with strange shapes indeed. One looked like a Chinese pagoda; another, like an eagle's tail. I strained my eyes, but I couldn't see the Shithouse Mountains, which are designated on the topographical maps as the SH mountain range. These got their names from a series of peaks which look from a distance like a row of outhouses.

From the ridiculous to the sublime. I stood on my head on top of this peak. There was just enough room so that if I lost my balance I wouldn't fall off; my feet would hang over the edge. And I had folded my shirt under my head to keep its top from being hurt by the rock floor.

It was a strange thing, seeing all those mountains hanging down from the upside down earth. Strange, but nothing beyond the imagination to conceive. I rotated slowly, pivoting from east to west, until I was facing the sinking sun. The sun, as anybody knows, looks the same downside up as the other way. Being round has its disadvantages.

Finally, having exhausted the possibilities of this position, and sure that nobody else had stood on their head on this particular peak, or probably on any in Arizona, sure also that nobody but myself gave a damn, I sat down. All was quiet; even the hawk that had been circling this peak and crying as I climbed up was gone; no sound but my breathing. Far away I could see the sun glitter from the white top of the truck at the base of Bronco Ledge; at least, it should have been the truck, for I was too distant from it to make out its outline.

Here, I thought, if a man wanted to practise some aspects of Zen, or just be sympatico with Nature, here is the place. For a while, at least. Eventually, a man would miss his kind; he'd have to climb down and find someone to talk to; after all, Man is part of Nature, too.

I did decide to climb down. By the time I reached the bottom of the mountain, twilight had fallen. And in a short time, darkness. The sky had become clouded over, a rare thing in this part of the country, and the moon and stars were hidden. Fortunately, though the camp was five miles away, I had lined up the intersection of two hills to aim for, knowing the camp would be not too far away. Even in the darkness, the twins loomed up.

Nevertheless, I was nervous. There were mountain lions, bobcats, and the sticky cholla cactus to run into me. And I had not taken along my flashlight. I could have lit up my path for fifty yards ahead by touching off the inflammable needles of cholla; these blaze up like tar torches and give an excellent light. But I did not want to do this; somehow, it seemed more romantic to be sneaking through the desert night without a light. Though you could hardly call my moisy progress sneaking. Once, I heard a loud snort, then a crash as some large animal bounded away. Undoubtedly a deer. If it had been a cougar I'd heard nothing.

I put my .32 in my hand and walked along, whirling every now and then to see if some glowing-eyed big cat was trailing me. Naturally, there were none; If they'd wanted me they'd have made sure I didn't see them until it was too late.

Eventually, I passed through the little valley between the two hills and suddenly saw the camp-fires. It took me half an hour to reach them, for I had to take a roundabout way to avoid climbing other hills. When I did get there, I asked them if they had seen me through their binoculars. They said they had. They didn't say a thing about my having stood on my head, so I didn't. I did tell them about filing a claim on top, which I left in an empty Prince Albert tobacco can. Why claim that useless knob of rock? they asked. Just so anybody else who climbed up there would know he wasn't the first, I replied. But somebody else may have been there before you and didn't leave any record of it, they said. Without evidence to the contrary, I am the first, I said, and we left it at that.

Later in the day when I went to their office to pick up a copy, the fellow looked at me as if I were a spy receiving coded messages from outer space. I then sent Dag a special delivery letter, although I know it is too far for him to come unless he were on vacation for a couple of days at this time. I also wrote Earl Kemp & the Chicago mob in case they would want to run over for the evening.

This is Sunday, August 28th and this is the last page of what turned out to be a much larger job than I had anticipated. I will be leaving for the Pittcon late Thursday, driving as far as Napoleon, Ohio where Carole and the children are visiting our mothers. Carole and I will leave Napoleon Friday morning and should arrive in Pitt late Friday afternoon. We won't be able to stay for the entire con because of the children starting back to school on Tuesday. Illinois is very strict about missing school and it would mean a number of days of detention for Doug if he were to miss the first day. So after the fanzine panel and a few parties, we will be leaving in the wee hours Monday morning. I can't help but wish that the conventions were held sometime during the summer when fans with children could attend easier.

I will distribute this 'annish' to those that have ordered it and are at the con. I will also have about 30 copies that are not yet spoken for, that I will sell.

I will also have for sale at the con, the first section of Don Ford's TAFP Report. The first section is 40 pages long and is approximately half of the report. Anyone buying it at the con can get it for the \$1.00 price and the 2nd section will be sent to him through the mails in November. Those not buying at Pitt, will have to pay the \$1.25 mail order price.

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August 28, 1960

# DOUG ARGASSY

NO. 55

