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argassy

NO

56

THE SUPERFAN SAGA.....II

by John Berry



The heat was oppressive. The sky was azure blue, and the sun seemed a nova-like thing. the haze made it look white, and it seemed to throb.

It shone with unabated vigor on a clearing in the steamy Amazonian jungle.

Bordering the periphery of the fround-like greenery sat dozens of squat natives, naked except for judicious tufts of grass. Some held appears, others caressed poisoned arrows.

Three wizened natives danced around a pole, waving small pointed shafts of dull metal, about six inches long. They jabbed these small instruments aggressively at the figure bound to the pole.

The figure was dressed in white. A pith helmet lay at its feet. The head hung downwards, and the shoulders shook.

It was Phylis Economou!!!

.....

SUPERFAN parted a wide green saucer-shaped leaf and watched as the ceremony below continued to its inevitable conclusion. He bit his nails, and frequently wiped the beads of perspiration off his spectacles. The native with the biggest headdress screeched loudly, and the other two fell back.

Silence reigned.....

SUPERFAN clambered awkwardly down the branch, and dropped several feet to the cushiony leaf-mound carpet below. Panting with the excess physical strain, he tramped his way to a long rope which hung from the sky. He put his foot in the loop at the bottom of it, and pulled. Slowly he rose fifty feet to the shining craft. He sat in the control seat, and sorted about in a large box behind him. His hands shook. Through his mind raced the awful possibilities regarding the fate worse than death which was presumably in store for Miss Economou.

He found it. It was a long metal claw. He screwed it on the end of a steel hawser, and pulled it to make sure it was firm.

"That should pull the pole out of the ground," he said softly to himself with the smugness of self-confidence.

The craft rose a hundred feet, and SUPERFAN switched on the siren at full pressure.

He hovered over the clearing.

The natives shrank back in awe, rigid with fear, and SUPERFAN grinned as he lowered the claw. He worked switches and levers and grunted with satisfaction as the claw gripped the top of the pole.

"Hold on, Phyllis," he called, "I'll soon have you up here."

He revved up the gears, and the cogwheels grated with tension. Slowly the wite wrapped itself round the drum, and then it stopped.

He grinned and opened a side door. Then he grew pale with shock.

The pole was still embedded in the ground. and sic inches below he could see a black face staring up at him.

SUPERFAN wiped his glasses again, and looked in bewilderment.

He hung out of the door and with fumbling fingers untied the knotted vine. Large appealing white eyes shone from the blackness. SUPERFAN cringed as a poisoned arrow creased his nether regions.

"Grab Phyllis," he panted, and gripped her upraised hadn and pulled her into the cabin. He battened the door, and could distinctly hear the tattoo as arrows hit the outside of it.

He unswitched the claw, drew in the hawser, and flew in a westerly direction

.....
"That dratted duplicating ink is hard to get off," scowled Phylis as she bathed her face in the pool.

"I sensed you would have trouble here," observed SUPERFAN, his voice somewhat muffled as the shoulder-length black mask flapped in the evening breeze. "When I saw that announcement in FANAC that you'd decided to spend your vacation in trying to convert the natives to fandom, I decided it was only right for me to shoot over here and see if I could help"

"I didn't really believe in you," said Phyllis, combing her hair, "but thank goodness SUPERFAN is noy another hoax. I would give you a kiss if you'd take that mask off."

SUPERFAN stepped back.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," he roared. "No womanly wile shall tempt me."

"But it must be terribly hot with that black flannel all over your head and shouldres," observed Phyllis. "Tell you what, take it off, and I promise not to ever reveal who you are."

"No face shall I reveal until my self appointed...." and he burst into a fit of coughing.

Phyllis took his arm and led him under the short stubby wing of the craft.

"I'll promise not to tell," she said softly, maternally, and she gently pulled off the mask.

SUPERFANs face was red with laboured breathing, and he tried to give a nonchalant grin, and burst out coughing again.

"Oh, you poor poor man," sobbed Phyllis. She climbed into the craft and returned with a flask. She held it to SUPERFANs cracked lips, and it dribbled down his stubble.

"I like your FAPAZINE," said SUPERFAN when he had recovered, "I wish I was higher up the waiting list."

"How did you get the aeroplane?" asked Phyllis, her eyes wide with wonder and sympathy.

"I borrowed it," grated SUPERFAN. "Hope they don't find out. And it's not an aeroplane, anyway. It's a...oh, you wouldn't understand, anyway. Nut look, Phyllis, we've got to get the natives converted, else I shall have failed."

"They've destroyed all my equipment," explained Phyllis. "They've painted their faces with red and black stripes with my stock of corfu and Duper ink, they've broken my Gestetner and are using the cog wheels as ornaments. I don't know what they've done with the 27 reams of puce 10x12, but I fear the worst."

"I fifn't know UMGLICK had such a wide circulation," smiled SUPERFAN slyly. "But I mustn't let the sparkle of my repartee divert me. Um, tell you what, Phyllis. It's getting dark, and I have some work to do. I've a sleeping bag in the ship, and you'll be quite safe in that tree fork. I'll pick you up in the morning and I hope all your troubles will be resolved."

"But how will you manage that, SUPERFAN?" yawned Phyllis, and she helped arrange the sleeping bag.....

.....

SUPERFAN landed squarley in the center of the village. He flipped the siren a couple of times at its highest pitch, and then blew out a cloud of blue smoke from the exhaust.

The flames from the village fire revealed hundreds of natives lying prostrate on the ground, beating their heads on the ground in reverence. SUPERFAN turned on the searchlight to add light to the scene.

He hefted two large sacks of salt through the door, them rose a dozen or so feet above the bowed heads.

He adjusted his black mask, took a deep breath, and shinned down the rope to the ground.

The headman, his face spotted with salt, salaamed respectfully. 5

"Look here, chaps," said SUPERFAN, "Miss Economou only wanted to convert you to fanac....its a Way of Life, you know."

"Umjuju," said the headman meaningly, pointing to the salt.

"It was nasty of you to wreck all her kit," continued SUPERFAN. Then he raised a fist to the black sky. "WILLIS IS GHOD."

"WILLIS IS GHOD," a thousand voices chanted in unison.

SUPERFAN stood on the loop of the rope, tugged it, and disappeared inside the craft. He lowered it to the ground and levered six more sacks of salt out of the door. He stepped outside again.

"WILLIS IS GHOD" the natives chanted, snuffling like dogs amongst the ripped sacks.

SUPERFAN cornered the headman.

"Look here, old man," he said. "You must play the game with Miss Economou. Give her back her duper."

"Umjuju ?" sniffed the native. SUPERFAN craned forward to get a closer look at the ornament stuffed through the natives nostrils, and saw it was a stylo.

SUPERFAN emptied the remains of the salt from one sack, and pulled out the stylo. The headman looked cross-eyed at his nostril, then at SUPERFAN. He uncrossed his eyes in bewilderment, as SUPERFAN dropped the stylo in the sack.

SUPERFAN moved to a native girl and pulled a necklace of springs and little cogwheels from her throat, muttering a polite, "Pray excuse me, madam?"

"I want Miss Economou's kit in this sack, or no more Umjuju," said SUPERFAN sternly. The natives fought to stuff their ornaments into the sack, and besides drums and cogwheels and springs SUPERFAN saw long teeth and feathers and loinskins and bracelets stuffed inside too.

"I say, chaps, I only want fanac kit," he roared, to be greeted with a frenzied roar of WILLIS IS GHOD.

Ten minutes later SUPERFAN was surrounded with his sacks full of clothing and ornaments, and naked natives stood waiting his next word.

"FANAC IS A WAY OF LIFE," roared SUPERFAN.

"FANAC IS A WAY OF LIFE" was the loud reply, and young couples started to hedge towards the darkness.

SUPERFAN put his hand in a wide trouser pocket and pulled out a rather tattered copy of THE TATTOOED DRAGON RETURNS. He showed it to the headman. With a muttered Umjuju the headman crept into his hut and returned with a square of bark with hieroglyphics on it.

SUPERFAN took it, and screamed aloud "THREE CHEERS FOR DICK SCHULTZ"

Amidst a strident chorus of slogans, he held the bark firmly and nipped into the craft.

He shot upwards into the night.

"There's Corned Beef in this tin, and Spam in that one," whistled SUPERFAN happily next morning, "and guess what, Phyll, I've converted all the natives to fandom for you, so you can return home and spend the rest of your vacation with Arthur."

"But how did you do it, er, SUPERFAN," panted Phyllis, trying to open a tin whilst SUPERFAN dabbled his bare feet in the water, "It's just too wonderful to be true."

"Wait a minute, my deah," smiled SUPERFAN smugly. He went into the cabin of the ship and pressed a button. The shouts of WILLIS IS GHOD and FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE and THREE CHEERS FOR DICK SCHULTZ, and, in fact, the whole fantastic conversation, full of Umjuju's and Pray Excuse me Madam and Give her back her duper, echoed through the jungle.

"I converted 'em last night," grinned SUPERFAN. "I took a tape recording to prove it to you and the rest of fandom. No one need know that you were not at the scene. I mean, we both have our little secrets, er, don't we?"

"It would be great egoboo," said Phyllis, her eyes seeing nothing. "But my triumph would be complete if I could have got them to publish a fanzine."

"I fixed it," grinned SUPERFAN, supremely happy. "Here is a one shot they knocked off last night. It's on bark, see, that's the way they do things. You wouldn't expect 'em to use paper, would you? Right enough, you can't read it, but see that bottom line 'snik foo jimjam snippit'? That means 'Bloch was superb'. It's a fact. Told me last night, the headman did."

"Oh SUPERFAN, you're wonderful," laughed Phyllis gayly, and SUPERFAN blushed and put his mask back on.

"I'll leave you on the outskirts of Manaos," smiled SUPERFAN, "and you can get your air contact from there. I must return home."

"Give my regards to the other fans back home. Your secret is Safe with me," and they smiled knowingly at each other.

Many hours later, SUPERFAN, in his mundane guise, scrubbed the windows of the craft, and said 'Good evening, sir' as a supervisor walked past. It was a minor miracle the rest of the staff had been on strike for more wages whilst he'd been away, and no one had the absence of the craft. He wondered when he'd have to use it again....

ARGASSING

Here it is the last day of February and I'm finishing this issue at long last. Many problems came up during the running off of it that you will notice from the poorer reproduction. I hadn't checked my supplies before I started the printing and before I knew it, I was running out of everything. First was the black ink. So I started mixing some blue with it. Finally I even ran out of blue and had to switch over to brown. If this page is printed in either green or red, then you will know that the brown ink also has run out. I had just enough paper on hand to get this issue out. I ran out of distilled water, repelex pads and blankrola. The next trip into the city and the Multilith office will really set me back a pretty penny.

Just a very few pages left to finish on Don Ford's TAFF REPORT so it will be mailed before the end of March. To order send \$1.25 to either Don Ford or Eric Bentcliffe. It is a wonderful report and well worth the money. All profits from this report will go to the TAFF fund.

I also want to mention Eric Bentcliffe's report here also. It is also available from either Eric or Don Ford at \$1.00. It is on stencil and should be out soon. Profits from this report will also go to the TAFF fund.

Continued on page 17

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JD-A # 56 dated March 1961 issue.

Front cover by Dave Prosser, Back cover by Gene Duplantier. Interior artwork by Prosser and Rotsler.

Written material by John Berry, Dave Prosser and Lynn Hickman. Letters from Fans.

Next issue is already on master and only awaits the printing. Cover will be by Prosser and the written material by John Berry, Eric Bentcliffe and myself. Interior artwork will be well mixed with drawings by Duplantier, Cornell, Adkins, etc.

PIT CON IMPRESSIONS

by
PROFFER



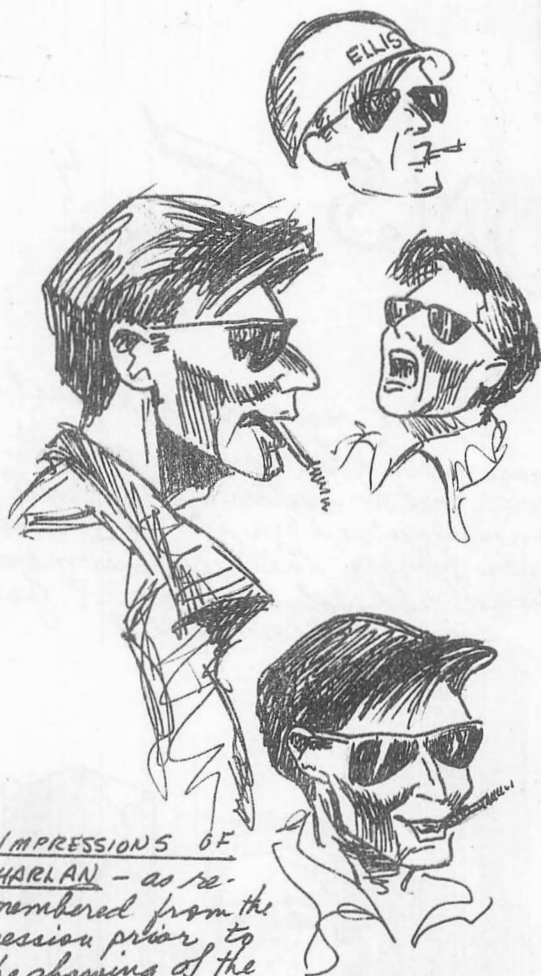
GAD!
WHAT A PIT!

THURSDAY EVE: First view of the Monongahela Room, scene of the art gallery. Due to art being too large to mail, and RR strike cancelling Railway Express, I had to escort the art myself. Finding no one there, I went to the "Mo" Room, which looked like the aftermath of a football game. Subsequently, it looked much better.

I didn't recognize Bis at first because she had her hair up - and I'd never met her, either. NOW - well, once you've seen it - who could ever forget that glorious mane of dark red, flowing hair? Just plain beautiful!



- Only in from L.A. for a few hours, she was dead tired, but was still full of that sparkle and vitality which made the whole art gallery such a huge SUCCESS!



IMPRESSIONS OF
HARLAN - as re-
membered from the
session prior to
the showing of the
LASFAS movies -
and other locations



Bob Lambeck dispenses
"Insurrection", thereby saving pos-
tage. This was one of the most popular
methods of acquiring reading mat-
erial. "Did you get your copy?"

"Curly" Koning, boy
anarchist, tries to create
his own "Insurrection" by
passing out

his
"DOWN
WITH
EVERYTHING"
bombs.
BANGS!

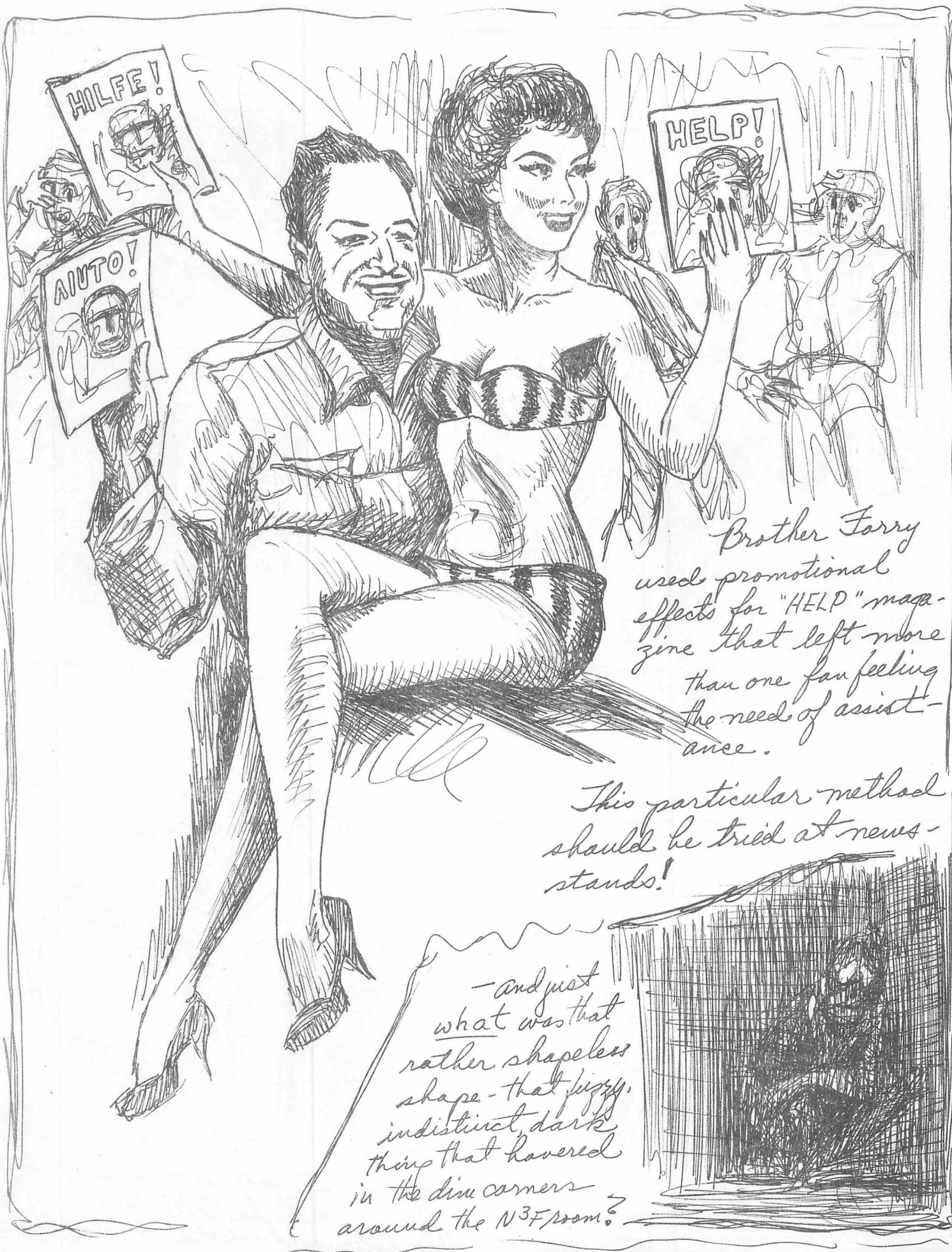


Dear Boy -
I'VE been
"published"
in
YANDRO
AND
FANAC



ME! ME!
MY NAME -
HERE! I got
it in "Yandro"
I'm a BNF!!
I'M IN!
Where's
Harlan?!

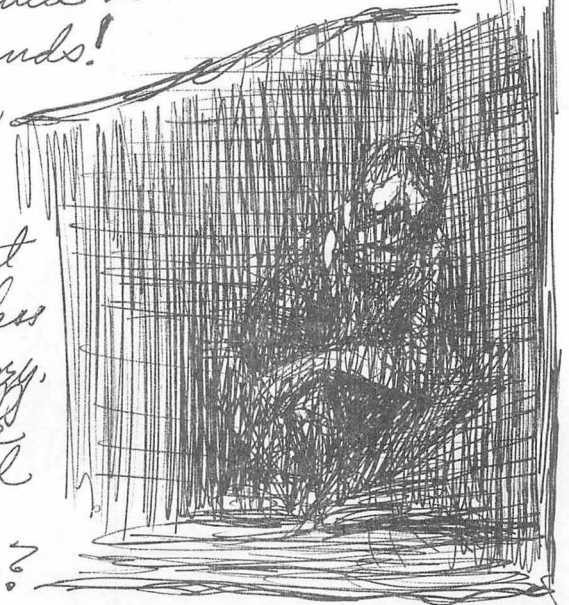
A NEO SEES HIS NAME IN A
FANZINE FOR THE FIRST TIME (GAD!)



Brother Farry
used promotional
effects for "HELP" maga-
zine that left more
than one fan feeling
the need of assist-
ance.

This particular method
should be tried at news-
stands!

-and just
what was that
rather shapeless
shape - that fuzzy,
indistinct, dark
thing that hovered
in the dim corners
around the N3F room?





JONI CORNELL AT
THE COSTUME BALL AS
"SATURNALIA"



"No, thanks — I'll squeeze my own grapes."



— and The Artist Asks:
"why in hell does everyone
expect me to be tall, thin,
psychotic and mold-covered?"



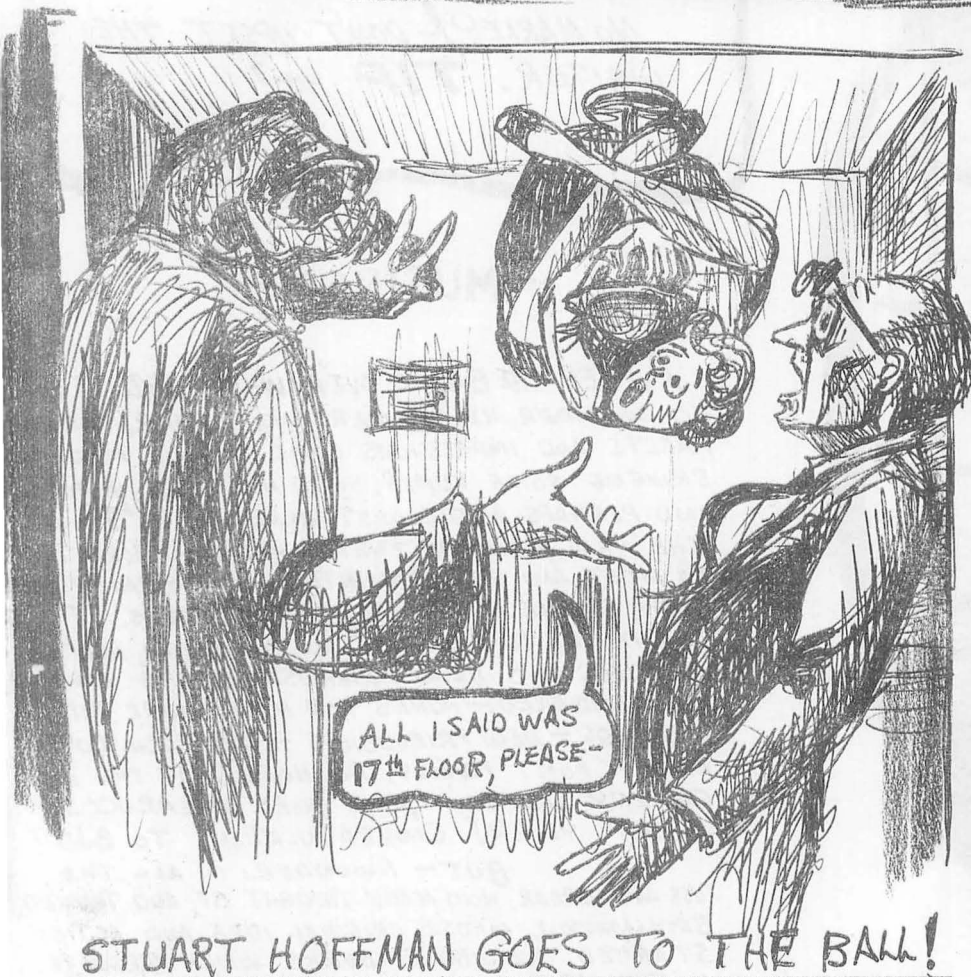
DON FORD LECTURES
THE CAMERA ADDICTS



— MUSINGS —

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER, WHEN THERE IS TIME TO CONSIDER, RE-CONSIDER AND PONDER, THEN MANY FACETS AND IMPRESSIONS COME TO YOUR MIND.— BRINGING SOME HUMOR, SOME NOSTALGIA, HUMOR(?) AND PERHAPS A LITTLE WISTFULNESS. TO ME, THE MAIN WISH WAS THERE HAD BEEN MORE TIME TO MEET AND GET ACQUAINTED WITH SO MANY FRIENDS.— MAIN TROUBLE WITH WORLD-CONS, IT SEEMS. IT WAS GRATIFYING TO HAVE MET ALL THOSE IDIO, AND THE MEETINGS AND NEW FRIENDSHIPS ARE FONDLY REMEMBERED.— HOPES FOR MANY MORE FUTURE MEETINGS — NEW FRIENDSHIPS — SO MUCH TO BE HAPPY FOR. FINALLY, THE HOPE THAT THE ART GALLERY WILL HAVE MANY MORE APPEARANCES — EVERY YEARR! CONGRATULATIONS TO BJO!

BUT — I WONDER: IN ALL THE FUSS AND UPROAR, HOW MANY THOUGHT OF, AND THANKED, SETH JOHNSON, WHOSE ORIGINAL IDEA AND ACTION STARTED THE WHOLE WORKS WHICH RESULTED, IN THE ART EXHIBIT. PERSONALLY — *Thank!*
Seth!

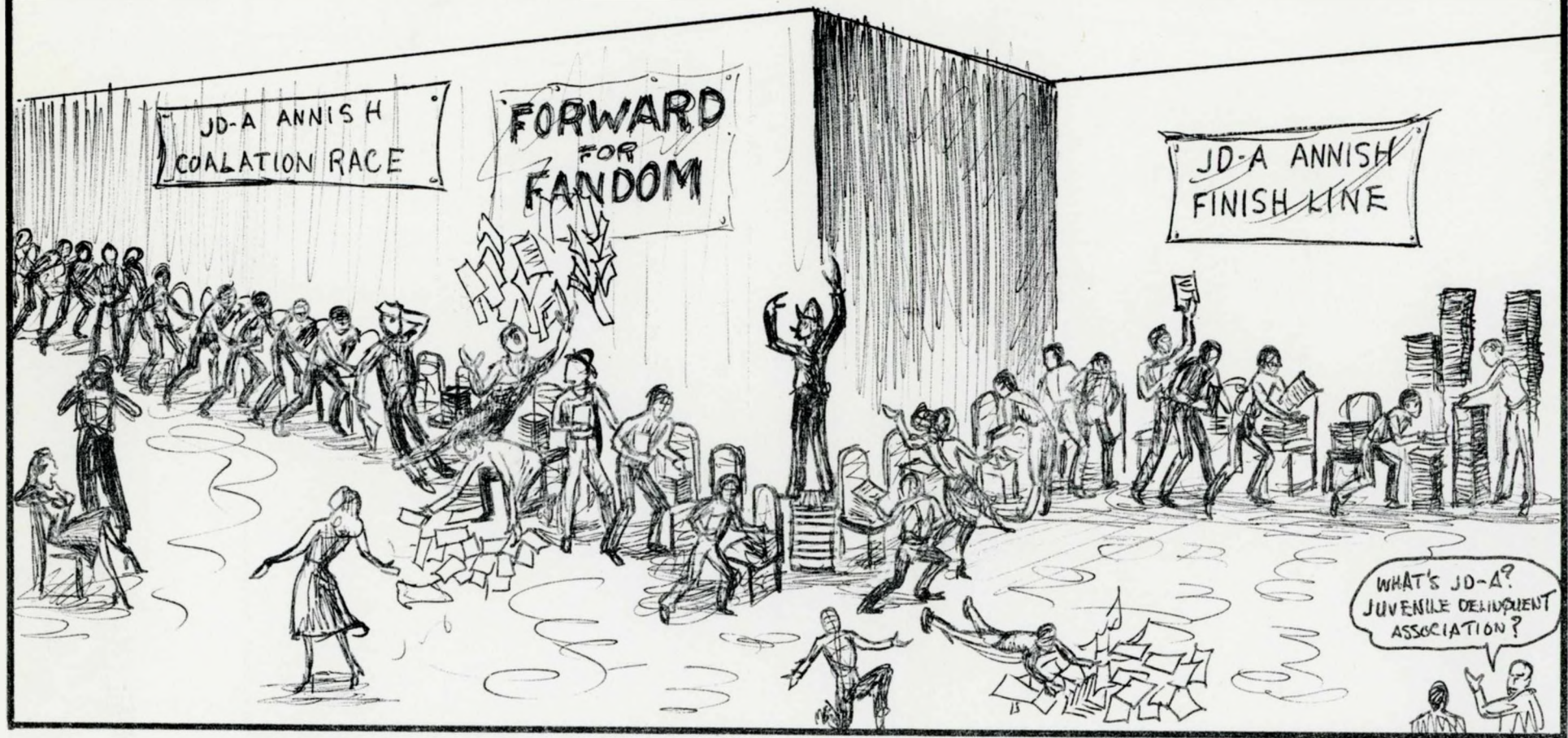


STUART HOFFMAN GOES TO THE BALL!

BJO'S COMMENT:



THE GREATEST UNDERTAKING AT THE CON (ASIDE FROM TRYING TO GET A MIXED DRINK IN THE 'SKY ROOM') WAS THE COALATION OF BROTHER HICKMAN'S ILLUSTRIOUS FANZINE. ^{AND WHAT A PRODUCTION LINE THAT WAS! HOD!}



To all those whose physiognomies appear in these pages of reminiscence - please accept my apologies if you feel you have been slighted through my characterizations. This was **NOT** intentional. All these sketches were made **AFTER** the con, when I was at home, and are simply the scenes and people as I remembered them (more or less). I hope these illustrated memories will bring back some happy memories and a few giggles, a sigh or two and possibly a question or so - like who? or where?

One final request: The **NEXT** time a group of fans get together to sing opera (such as occurred in the 'Sky Room' on Friday night) - be it **WAGNER**, **VERDI**, or whatnot, **PLEASE** - LET ME KNOW!

ARGASSING

What might be called a small convention took place here in Dixon just before the Pittcon. At least it seemed like one. The Los Angeles mob stopped in on the Tuesday before the Pittcon. Bjo, Ingrid, Ed Cox, Bruce Pelz, Bruce Henstell, Jack Harness, Ron Ellick, Andy Main, Ernie Wheatley, Al Lewis, Jim Harmon, Jock Root, plus Bob Martinez from Tulsa, Okla., and Earl Kemp and Jim O'Meara from Chicago. I think there were two more from L.A. but my memory is fuzzy tonight. Dean Grennell called from Pond du Lac that night but as luck would have it the gang wasn't in yet so they didn't get to talk with everyone.

The L.A. group took off the following noon with the exception of Jim Harmon and Jock Root who stayed over until Thursday and rode into Pitt with me.

The Pittcon was a huge success (at least it was for me -- I had a ball). Eric Bentcliffe was the perfect TAPFman, the parties were good, and the program extra fine. Dirce Archer and the Pittcrowd are to be congratulated for an extra fine job.

I've had a number of farm shows to attend since the Pittcon, and in fact was attending one when Steve and Virginia Schultheis stopped through on their way to Calif. Sure hated to miss them but Carole had a nice time while they were here. I was staying in Bloomington at the time and of course stopped in to see Bob Tucker. Earl Kemp and Jim O'Meara also came down from Chicago and we sat around telling lies about the convention.

Got back to Dixon that Sunday night and the following day Bob Pavlat and Eric Bentcliffe stopped in. Eric is a wonderful guy and I hope sometime in the future that we can get together at another con.

George Willick was up a few week-ends ago from Madison, Indiana and we ran off issue #2 of PARSECTION. I sold George my other multilith so he will be doing his own pubbing from now on. He should do a fine job.

I also want to mention that I have a few copies of my annish (JD-A #55) left at 50¢ per.

In regards to a letter column this time, most of the letters commenting on JD-A #54 are a bit on the dated side by now, so I will use only the letters that will be of general interest. However to let the boys in on their egoboo, I want to say that the general consensus was that the George Barr cover was the finest that had ever appeared on a fanzine and for that matter, on many prozines. Berry's SUPERFAN series was generally lauded and it was considered a fit follow-up to Madle's con-report. (Incidentally, the two most popular series JD-A has ever run have been Fake Fan in London and Jim Harmon's Fandom Confidential. The next Fandom Confidential will appear in the next issue.) (Madle's FFIL will soon appear in separate form at \$1.50. A First Fandom Publication and all profits will go to the TAPF fund, send orders to either myself or to Don Ford.) So, on to the.....

LETTERS . . .

4805 Centre Avenue
Pittsburgh 13, Pa.
May 23, 1960

Argasst Suh and Fren!

Thanks for that letter to Ted White, which handled the situation far better than any of us could have done. (Now we are real fans: we got us a feud, huh?) Any slights toward me couldn't matter less, but they are faintly ridiculous to anyone who knows - as you do and a good share of fandom must - that Dirce Archer wrangled the program just about single-handed, by pounding on a typewriter 20 hours a day while others slept.

Howbeit, maybe I can start another argument that can come to a head at the Pittcon. I'm sure you've seen Bob Tucker's comments on the Hugos, and assorted gripes by many others. I agree with a lot of these comments, and I think that some kind of well-thought-out resolution ought to be presented at the Pittcon business session. I'll be glad to introduce it, if I agree with it, or to attempt to amend it, if I disagree.

The basic trouble is that the categories for which awards are made, and the basis for making them, is a chancy thing that changes from year to year and Committee to Committee. While a World Science Fiction Society existed and was functioning, there was some chance of a stable policy and continuity from year to year. The late unpleasantness killed that chance off, of course. Result: what Hugos there will be, and how they will be awarded, is left to the whims of each year's Con sponsors.

I don't think there has ever been such a collection of categories as New York awarded. I'm not sure what London did (so okay - I can find out by reading "Fake Fan"). At any rate, as you know, Pittsburgh discovered that Ben Jason was willing to let us have the last six of the "real" Hugos that he had designed and made in 1955 for Cleveland. Cleveland used the first of them, Detroit got another six, and we will have the last. I think Ben's design, or something as close to it as the Solacon produced, should be officially designated the Hugo, once for all, even though in the future the rockets must be close copies.

The real issue, however, is not the award but why and how it is made. Detroit finally got the award period down to a logical calendar year, and I trust it will stay there: trying to remember what appeared in any other period is murder, and trying to get out a list of all eligible stories is likewise self-slaughter for any Con committee.

We settled on six categories for the very simple reason that we only had six Hugos, and didn't want to set up any second-class categories. To hold to six, we had to throw all short fiction into one class instead of keeping novelettes and short stories separate; and we created a general drama class to include movies, TV, radio and any stage plays. The tradi-

tional awards for novels, prozines, fanzines, and pro artists remained.

Bob Tucker's basic gripe is that the "Best Novel" award is almost automatically won by a serial or a paperback book. He feels - and I agree - that the most outstanding hard-bound book simply does not stand a chance against a mediocre serial or PB, for the simple reason that the voting fans don't read books. If a novel was serialized, they'll know about it, and if a reprint has appeared they'll read that: an original book, no. (This same factor has showed up in my own ASF polls of favorite books.)

To force the issue, Tucker suggests a separate, permanent category for original hardbound SF/fantasy novels such as Earth Abides or Best's Twenty-fifth Hour or the Tolkien trilogy. There would then have to be another class of serials and paperbacks, or possibly one of each. How about it?

There has been complaining about our throwing novelettes and short stories together. I think the grounds have been about equally divided: that unworthy short stories will take votes away from good novelettes, and that novelettes will steal the glory from distinguished shorts because science fiction is "a novelette medium". Certainly our own experience has been - as I think that of other committees was - that the vote for short fiction is more widely scattered than in the other categories.

The Drama award is nobody's friend. I suspect that a TV program will win it. I am almost ready to predict, paralleling Tucker's complaint about the novel category, that a TV program will always win - partly because movies are so lousy, and partly because nobody except a handful in New York (and maybe Chicago and San Francisco) will ever see the best fantasy play in the world in the year it is eligible, if ever.

Should TV and the movies be separated again? And should there also be a straight play award, made when there is something outstanding?

There seem to be no arguments about the prozine and Best Artist awards, but fur files again over the fanzine category. We decided to make the 1960 award for sustained performance - for a 'zine that comes out and keeps on coming out more or less consistently. But this arbitrarily rules out what may be the most distinguished fan publications of 1959 - Tuck's "Handbook" and Eney's "Fancyclopedia II" - and day's "Supplement" if he manages to get it out in 1960. If there had been a seventh Hugo, I'd have made myself unpleasant in the Pittcon Committee on behalf of a separate category for such "one shots", but we didn't have the Hugo to award, so that settled itself.

I hope, then, that the fans at the Pittcon will settle on a set of categories for the 1961 Con Committee - and all future Committees - to follow. Seattle, or any other city that may win the bid, may not want to introduce a resolution for itself. If a "neutral" resolution is assembled between now and Labor Day, and represents the thinking of a reasonable number of fans, I'll be glad to introduce it, or second it, if I agree with it - or, for that matter, I'll follow the perfectly parliamentary procedure of introducing it and arguing against my own resolution, if necessary.

There seem to be two main areas of possibility. First, Committees can be held to a specific set of award categories, clearly defined, in any of which there may be "no award". I think this is the minimum directive committees need, for their own peace of mind. Second, they may be directed to make awards in certain other categories when, in their own judgment, such awards are justified. This doesn't make it mandatory for them to give a Hugo to a one-page bawdy ballad that is the only single-shot fan publication in 1966, but it does permit them to recognize work like Tuck's, both Day's, and Bney's.

Now, the other big ground of dissension: who awards the Hugos?

We followed Detroit's lead (I don't recall the procedure at the Solacon), and allowed anyone in fandom to nominate candidates in all six categories, with first and second choices for each. (This prevented our having only one or two high-scorers: first places were scored two, second places got one point, and we put the top five in total score on the final ballot.) All of fandom is also eligible to vote on the "short" ballot, to determine the Hugo winners.

Because of various troubles we have had making this work, Dirce and some others who have written to the Committee feel that the nominations and final votes should come from registered Convention members only. These are the fans who finance the conventions with their dues; they pay for the Hugos; they should award them, is the gist of the argument.

I personally disagree. I look on the Hugos as the award of all fandom, and I think all fandom should have the opportunity to nominate and elect. Great numbers won't bother, just as great numbers won't vote for a President of the U. S. in November. But the awards will represent fandom better if all vote than if we insist on voters' paying a poll tax first. (A goodly chunk of the members of any convention don't register until the day they arrive, so they would get no vote even though they do pay.)

I'll speak my piece on this, too, if the question comes up at the Pittcon. I think, again, that the resolution naming the Award categories should be accompanied by one stipulating how the vote is to be carried out. They should probably be separate resolutions, argued and voted separately: I have a constitutional dislike for unsatisfactory laws that get through Congress patched onto the seat of another law's drawers.

To sum up - and I trust you'll sum up in JD-Argassy instead of trying to reproduce this harangue - I hope that the active and concerned sector of fandom will do two things at the Pittcon business session:

- (1) Agree on the categories for which annual Hugo Awards are to be made, as a directive to future conventions.
- (2) Agree on a mechanism for the nominations and voting.

Believe me, this will take a big load off the backs of future Con committees (the back you save may be your own!) by bouncing all bucks right back where they should be, in the laps of fandom. You can then accuse the Committee of miscounting votes and practically any other kind of malfeasance, misfeasance, and petty thievery, but you can't ride 'em for giving Texas a third Senator when you thought you were voting for a President.

Like a fool, I did not look for Jack Daniels while in New Haven earlier

this month for an archeological meeting. (I can't see Yale leaving a bottle on the shelves anyway.) I now have in my possession one half-bottle of Black Label which I swear not to touch until you arrive in Pittsburgh for the Con. If my cleaning woman finds it, I will fire her and make my own bed once a month, except in winter, when I can use a sleeping bag.

Now will you make nasty check marks on the copies of JD-A you send to professional non-letter-writers?

P. Schuyler Miller

Dear Lynn,

I note in the last JD-A you jumped on Ted White for his comments in VOID about the "dirty politics" in Pittsburgh's bid for this year's worldcon. Since Ted was taking it on himself to speak "for" Washington, I think a member of WSFA ought to speak for Washington too.

We're sorry Pitt won instead of DC, but we certainly don't think that victory was won by any underhanded means. Pitt's plugmachinery at the con -- the banner and leaflets and suchlike -- was simply due to the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce being helpful while Washington's wasn't. And the move that got Ted's bowels in an uproar -- Earl Kemp's public switch of sides from DC to Pgh -- was nothing we couldn't expect. It seems...but come to think of it you got Earl's explanation, in the last SAPS mailing, about the dead silence Washington gave in response to his letters offering help. I didn't know about that at the time -- I had the production of FANCYLOPEDIA II taking up my time for six months before Detention -- but I didn't know that all our plans for leaflets & banners and special convention oneshots had flopped, and that consequently the big blast planned for the immediate preconvention period was going to flop too, and we could expect to lose a lot of votes from people who'd assume that silence meant indifference. Any individual switch hurt, and Earl's announcement of his change over the PA system was rather a blast; but we just had to expect such things when we failed to produce for three solid months. (The banners and badges we did have at the Detention weren't DC jobs at all, but were produced by Jean Young -- on whom blessings.)

Mind you, there were reasons for the sudden loud silence from DC at the critical period -- the Fancyclopedia II for me, the final section of the Fanzine Index for Bob Pavlat, a bitter personal feud complicated by moving troubles for Mahnus and White, breaking in a set of new business contacts for Chick Derry, some crash work at the Bureau of Standards for Bill Evans -- it wasn't actual indifference or laziness. But the only way outsiders could know was by visiting Washington for a few weeks, which was something we could hardly expect. To repeat: the swing of votes to an active, and noticeably active, group like Pittsburgh hurt; but it wasn't anything we couldn't expect and understand, it certainly wasn't an unreasonable thing for the voters to do, and it's plain nonsense to accuse Pitt of having pulled any "dirty" political tricks to win the worldcon.

Dick Bney

Dear Lynn:

After having been on the dishing-out end of things as a fan, now I'm on the taking-it end as a writer, and I find I don't much care for it; not the way I'm forced to take it, at any rate. I refer to the "review" you gave "The Man With Nine Lives"/"A Touch Of Infinity" in JD-Argassy #54. Let me quote from your review, to refresh your memory:

"One of the poorest of the Ace offerings. The Man With Nine Lives is pure trash and isn't worth wasting any time on. On the other hand, some of the stories in A Touch Of Infinity are pretty fair although Harlan has a habit of overwriting everything. Pass this one up if you are on a budget."

Now let's get one thing straight: whatever abomination that was under my byline, it was not the book I wrote. It took me the better part of a year to write the one and only s-f novel I intended to write, and the one I wrote was called "The Sound Of A Scythe" and had nothing whatever to do with nine-lived men. Or ten, or seventy-eight, or even three. It was a straight adventure novel, granted, but whatever merit it held in its manuscript form, that merit was systematically butchered, excised, blue-penciled or completely corrupted by Ace editing. Allow me to explain in detail.

I first contracted with Paul Fairman at AMAZING to do him a novel of 45,000 words, at that point just before he had begun running novels. I was in the army at the time, and took the project on as a steady-work deal, rather than the sporadic short and novelette stuff I was able to squeeze in between duty. I also wanted, very badly, to do a novel in the field. After I had completed the first ten thousand, I sent it off to Paul, he okayed it and the outline for the balance, and said finish it. At the same time my agent sent it to Don Wollheim at Ace and they, too, bought it, saying go ahead and finish it. The only hooker was that Ace wanted something between 55,000 and 60,000. This meant a difference in story-content of ten to fifteen thousand words. So I wrote the book at 47,000 words and wrote in prefatory and integrating material that allowed me to bodily insert "Assassin!" a novelette I had done for Larry Shaw's SF ADVENTURES some years before, as a center segment. In the magazine version my intent was to drop this part, and in the book version, include it. It seemed to me at the time that this action was not only economically sound, but thematically fit very nicely. Since that time I have altered my views slightly, and had I had the opportunity to revamp the script, would not have used the novelette, but that is neither here nor there. For purposes of discussion the book is written and will have to stand as it is.

Now...AMAZING ran it, chopping out close to ten thousand words, leaving the book a hopeless jangle of unrelated incidents, striking from it any tinge of social philosophy or depth of characterization. It was unspeakable. I advised friends to avoid the magazine version and read it in book form. Then the book came out.

I cannot express in words my misery and humiliation at what emerged. The introduction, which I had carefully added midway through the writing of the book, which would have explained the shadings and purpose of the novel (in essence, a socio-philosophical study of revenge in the future, as carried out by a man on the lowest possible rung of the social system against a man at the very peak of same), was gone. The unusual structure

of the book--divided as it was into Prologue, Interlogue, Dialogue, Trav-
elogue, Chapters and Epilogues--was volcanically disrupted. Wherever I
had attempted ingenuity or extrapolation from current mores, the editing
had turned it into gibberish. Example:

At one point the hero is studying the manner in which the culture of his
day has gone to chain-ownership of public entertainments. All the rest-
aurants are in the Schrafft's-Howard Johnson chain, all the tri-D houses
are in the Desilu chain, and all the whore houses are in the chain call-
ed Les Soeurs Gabors. In the book version (page 12) it has been altered
simply but effectively to read "Les Soeurs Garbeau". Thus it ceases to
be a minute but identifiable commentary on the current scene, and be-
comes flummery. This is but one example out of dozens I could pluck at
random. So...

a man spends a year writing a book, he calls it "The Sound Of A Scythe",
a title which means something in the scheme of what he has written, and
sees it appear as "The Man With Nine Lives" (a title full of sound and
fury signifying birdseed, because Emory has only three or four in the
book). Then he gets a shallow review from a fan in which what he has
been identified with is labeled "pure trash".

Okay, Faulkner I ain't. But Ivar Jorgenson I ain't either. I take
a helluva lot of pains with my stuff. I'm conscientious and thoughtful
about what I sign my name to--at least I am now. When you're young and
hungry to make it, you write and write and write and never mind what
you write, necessarily, because there are only a scattered few who can
write their art and get to the front ranks. When you want to write,
and have to write, because it's like breathing, you do what you can.
Later you regret it, but at the time, you just write.

Now I can't condemn Ace as much as my adrenal glands tell me I should.
They chopped where they thought best, they used a title more satisfactory
to the publisher, a man more noted for his blatancy than for his editorial
or artistic acumen, and they tried to avoid the molehill of a legal
suit from the Gabor girls. But is that publishing, anymore than the
gutless wonder called "The Man With Nine Lives" is a book? Not on your
life; it's dodging, it's cheating. It's feeding the buyer any 35¢
worth of shark-shit under the guise of a novel. Now I can't prove I
wrote a good book, because all I've got is the original mss. and I can't
circulate it to the 50,000 or 100,000 sould who went out and bought my
book. But there was style and care and a lot of me in that book, and I
get hopped when fans idly dismiss it as "pure trash".

Look: there is an obligation on my part to write a good book, or as
good a book as I know how to write, but there is also an obligation on
the part of anyone reviewing it to consider the source. The writer in
our field who must of needs sell to houses with editorial blind spots
of the Ace variety, is selling himself short. If he's a money writer,
then he doesn't give a dreamlike damn. But if he's got a little moxie
in him, he bleeds, baby, he bleeds over the way it turns out. And he
makes sure the castration doesn't happen a second time. I've made sure:
I'll never sell to Ace again, by choice.

But what good does that do me when JD-Argassy idly flips over my book
as "pure trash"? No good at all, and it rankles, friend, because you
might have taken the time or energy to find out if what stank, stank be-

cause of me or other pinkies in the pie. Check the copyright notices on the book and its segments. See that they're three and four years old, which makes the writing not that of Harlan Ellison (or any other writer) 1960, but another writer, a Harlan Ellison 56 or 57 or 58. That's a long time. No one is asking for gentleness; a bad book is a bad book and should be so labeled, but moderation and perceptivity are wonderful qualities, and if all the fans who prate about loving their s-f so much gave a hoot in hell to consider the sources, and consider the usual butchering the work gets before it comes before a fan's eyes, they might do more to further the genre. A slam is never a boost. A nudge often is.

So in short, don't judge what I write by what Ace has deigned to issue. It wasn't my book. I don't know whose it was, but I pity the poor sonof-abitch.

He did a lousy book.

Respects,
Harlan Ellison

Editorial note: We seem to agree on the book as a whole. Keep in mind that I am reviewing only the book, and the book as it will be read by anyone that buys it. I am forced by time and space to give only capsule reviews and/or ratings of the books. I rate them as I like them or dislike them and as I think my readers will like or dislike them. There are a number of fans that use my reviews as a guide to what they will or will not buy and I would not recommend "The Man With Nine Lives" as a good buy. Now if I had been writing a critical appraisal of Harlan Ellison the author, that would have been a different matter, but I was reviewing the book that was in my hand. However, I'm sure that your letter will give those who read the review a better insight of yourself as an author and of what you were attempting to do with the book. Thanks for writing.

Lynn Hickman

Dear Lynn,

You've probably been told already that the cover is the most impressive thing about this issue. You've done a more tasteful job here than many prozines which have tried to use a compromise between fullcolor and monochrome cover art. Registration is remarkably good, too. I didn't notice the slight mismatch until I looked really close, just as you don't normally notice the similar situation that often occurs in the Sunday comic sections.

The best thing about this installment of a Fake Fan is the news that it'll appear in booklet form. I'd like to ask you to reserve a copy for me, which I'll firm up with the money as soon as I know the price. I've missed many instalments of the published portions and the titles of the unpublished ones sound as exciting as the titles they used to flash at the end of each instalment of the adventure series on Saturdays to tell the kids what the next chapter would be about.

The Superfan Saga is one of those ideas that everyone will wish he'd thought of. I don't intend to venture a guess this time because John is obviously throwing lots of red herrings out to confuse his readers. Superfan talks like a Britisher at first, then uses a simile that points directly to Wrai Ballard, combine harvester, and later is identified

as a PAPA waiting lister with no certainty whether this is supposed to be the present or some future waiting list. I'll just enjoy the series without making a fool guess for a while.

I enjoyed practically everything else in the issue, particularly the letter column. But that cover sort of dims the brilliance of the rest of the magazine.

Harry Warner, Jr.
Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Lynn,

This missive is aimed at a moving target and I hope it scores a hit. If ever there was a human jumping cracker...! Stay put for just five minutes, willya? How you manage to produce these JD-A's while on the run I can't think. Presume your super-duper has four-wheel drive.

What can one say about the artwork that hasn't already been said? All printable adjectives have been worn thin by constant handling.

Re: Bob Madle's "Last Days in London"...he has no right to take those Asian flu bugs out of this country without paying duty on them. Down-right smuggling, nothing else. To ease his conscience, I suggest he pops them in an envelope and mails them right back to the Leeds gang.

His meeting with Wally Gillings reminds me of my first meeting with the grandfather of British s-f, going on a quarter of a century ago (God!---I must have been carrying a rattle). It was at the inaugural meeting of the British Interplanetary Society in London. He looked miserable. He always does. I still sometimes get mistaken for him. Tried to cheer him up and before I knew what I was saying I had agreed to write a story for TALES OF WONDER, which then existed in the editor's mind as only a dream within a dream.

Bob isn't quite right in saying ToW was essentially a reprint mag. Wally was always looking for new authors to write originals, and besides myself he dug up Eric Frank Russell, John ("Wyndham") Harris, and a little squirt named Arthur C. Clarke. The readers' Letters columns were thick with baby scrawls from brats like Sam Youd ("John Christopher"), Dave McIlwain ("Charles Eric Maine"), and a certain Edward John Carnell.

Yes, TALES OF WONDER was the breeding ground for creatures more deadly than those ole Asiatic flu bugs. And naturally one F.J. Ackerman was right in there too -- he always had to have his tentacle in deep.

Keep pitching -- your tent, I mean. In one place. Stay demented in Dement Ave.

William F. Temple
Wembley, England

Dear Lynn,

So any time you require a signed photograph of me groveling, you can have it. There was a time when I used to reply to letters, the arrival of fmz, and so on; this is lost in the dim and distant past. JD-Argassy always gives me a lot of interesting &/or amusing reading when it comes in, but it seems to time its arrival invariably in the middle of some bank-balance-restoring project, and hence gets shoved aside - and not commented on. Owing to my personal

prejudice against writing for anything except money when an income tax return is due.

Forgive me for not commenting in detail on the ish which just arrived; I'm two chapters ahead with a new one for Ace (VOICES FROM THE VOID - pray for its soul), and have a big bill for an overhaul of the car to meet some time in the next few days. Mainly, I read the reviews in JD-A with interest; please advise Jim Harmon that he's wrong and you're right about WORLD SWAPPERS - I don't know whether my standards are Epicurean or not, but I wouldn't rate it higher than pretty competent. I've re-read it since it actually came out in book form and couldn't find any serious boners in it, but the feeling it left me with, both when I'd completed the MS and when I'd read it through again later, was that it could have been a lot better but for the lack of time to revise it.

HUNDREDTH MILLENNIUM was the only one of my Ace books so far that I've been pleased with. Tony Boucher was kind to SLAVERS OF SPACE in the NY H-T, but even there, with a lot of previous practice behind me, I felt I'd left some loose ends and incomplete plot-lines dangling.

(Quite incidentally, if that letter from Doc Barrett means what I think it means, why doesn't Jim file a libel suit?) ((Because it is all meant in good fun and a kidding manner. lh))

Lack of time is what's plaguing me right now, and is also the reason why my comments on fanzines received are few & far between. We have a project on hand to put five hundred supporters of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament into the big seaside resort of Brighton on 6th August, Hiroshima Day - with a special train, loudspeaker cars and other appurtenances - and for this I don't get paid. So I have to spend twice as much effort in half the time for what I do get paid for. A fact of life, I guess.

Heinlein's STARSHIP SOLDIER has just started to run in the British F&SF. Jesus God, (and without political, religious or any other kind of prejudice), I thought that the sf field was tolerably clear of what our Eastern friends please to call warmongering. In the opinion of yours truly, and I'm not going to say it's a humble opinion because I'm proud of it, Heinlein's home at Broadmoor is well named, but he'd be better off, on this showing, in the British counterpart along with the other criminal lunatics detained during Her Majesty's pleasure. For "skinnies" read "wogs, spics, n-----, dagoes and gooks". I figure it'll take F&SF years to recover from what this kind of thing can do to a respectable reputation. I hope I'm not wrong. However.

Best -

John Brunner
London, England

((I'm afraid you are wrong on the above, John. STARSHIP SOLDIER won the HUGO as the best novel of the year at the Pittcon. F&SF won the HUGO as the best magazine. lh))

Norm Metcalf loved the Barr cover but takes exception to Vic Ryan thinking that **INSIDE** and **NEW FRONTIERS** are nearly identical. Sam Lundwall seems amazed that any US fans are Christians. Says that all of them in Sweden are Atheist. He liked Barr's cover and Madle's and Berry's series. Redd Boggs didn't care for much of anything except the letters and book reviews. He especially didn't like Madle's con report. Others who wrote were: Craig Cochran, Paul Shingleton, Dan McPhail, John McGeehan, Phil Farmer, Dave Prosser, Jim Groves, Howard DeVore, Earl Kemp, Roberta Gray, Mike Domina, Gene Duplantier, Anne Chamberlain, Ellenor Hustwick, Earl Noe, Sid Birchby, Art Wilson, John Boston, Jeff Wanshel, Sture Sedolin, Janey Hoffman, Coral Smith, Stan Vinson, John Bowles, Bob Warner, Don Simpson, Vic Ryan, Gladys Fusaro, Jim Turner, Les Gerber, George Wells, Chris Miller, Sandy Sanderson, Mike Deckinger, Carl Bostek, Al Lewis, Jack Chalker, Dean McLaughlin, Peggy McKnight, Russ Watkins, George Willick, Tom Milton, Sam Moskowitz, Daphne Buckmaster, Belle Dietz, Ken Hedberg, Gregg Trend, Joni Cornell, Jim Harmon, Busbys, Don Anderson, Bill Mallardi, Rick Sneary, John Theil, Vernell Coriell, John Foyster, Bob Smith, Dick Schultz, Archie Mercer, Eric Bentcliffe, Kent Corey, Phil Harrell, Bill Conner, Bob Madle, Ed Gorman, Alan Dodd, Al Fick, Giovonni Scognimillo, and Emile Greenleaf. All-in-all perhaps the best response I've ever had on an issue.

B O O K S

Here again I'm abit behind the times, so the books will just get a rating. My ratings are as follows. A+ is very good and is considered by myself to be a best buy. A is good and I think should be on anyones shelf. B is average for the books being written now. C is below average and I wouldn't suggest their purchase unless you are a completist. D is ridiculous.

AVALON BOOKS. 22 East 60th St. New York 22, N.y.

Invaders From Rigel by Fletcher Pratt. C.

Next Door to the Sun by Stanton A. Coblentz. B.

Lords Of Atlantis by Wallace West. A.

The Swordsman of Mars by Otis A. Kline. A+. I may be a bit prejudiced on this one but I love these fantasy adventures from the old Argosy magazine. I'd say it was a best buy and that I hope they reprint more from the old Munsey fantasies.

The Green Planet by J. Hunter Holly. A+. Avalon hit the jackpot twice in a row. A best buy.

Conquest of Life by Adam Lukens. A.

PRENTICE-HALL Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

The Fantastic Universe Omnibus. A.

DOUBLEDAY AND COMPANY Garden City, New York.

Eight Keys to Eden by Mark Clifton. A+ a best buy.

BALLANTINE BOOKS 101 Fifth Ave. New York 3, N.Y.

The Space Merchants by Fred Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth. A.

The Unexpected Dimension by Algis Budrys. B.

Strange Relations by Philip Jose Farmer. A+ a best buy.

The Man Who Ate the World by Fred Pohl. A.

Invisible Men edited by Basil Davenport. A.

The Climacticon by Harold Livingston. A+ a best buy.

Best Stories of H.G. Wells. A+ a best buy.

Guardians of Time by Poul Anderson. A.

30 Day Wonder by Richard Wilson. A+ a best buy.

Ballantine has come up with their usual fine selections in the past few months. It is very seldom that they publish a poor sf book.

SIGNET BOOKS 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

Galaxies Like Sand by Brian Aldiss. A.

Moonraker by Ian Fleming. A. This is not an sf book but it does have science fictional overtones and I happen to like the James Bond spy thrillers.

AVON BOOKS 959 Eighth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

Twists in Time by Murray Leinster. A.

Beyond by Theodore Sturgeon. A+ a best buy.

ACE BOOKS INC. 23 West 47th St., New York 36, N.Y.

World of the Masterminds by Robert Moore Williams. B.

To the End of Time by Robert Moore Williams. B.

The Time Traders by Andre Norton. A+ a best buy.

The Sioux Spaceman by Andre Norton. A.

And Then The Town Took Off by Richard Wislon. A+. Book as a whole is a best buy.

Dr. Futurity by Philip K. Dick. B.

Slavers of Space by John Brunner. B.

Earth's Last Fortress by A.E. Van Vogt. A.

Lost in Space by George O. Smith. A.

The Purchase of the North Pole by Jules Verne. A.

ACE BOOKS continued.

The Dark Destroyers by Manly Wade Wellman. A.
Bow Down to Nul by Brian Aldiss. A.

The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction 4th Series. A+ a best buy.

The Color of Hate by Joe L. Hensley. A+ a best buy. This is not sf. It is a detective by fan Hensley. However, I enjoyed it so much that I wanted to include it here.

That does it for the books this time. With the next issue I hope to get back on schedule where I can have the time and space to review each book and give my reasons for the ratings I give them. It was all I could do this time to get this many books read.

I have several pages of fanzine reviews here by Jim Harmon, but sad to say they are now so dated that I'm not going to run them. I'm not yet sure what I intend to do about fanzine reviews. Do you want them run in JD-A? If so, I will probably pick just a few each time to run a review on and rate the rest according to their interest to me. Let me know on this.

With this issue I hope to get JD-A back on a regular schedule. either monthly or six weekly. To do this I intend to stay as close as I can the 12 to 20 page limit. No written material is wanted unless I ask for it. Artwork, however, is a different matter. With George Barr and Dan Adkins doing mostly professional work now, Dave Prosser and Gene Duplantier are having to carry the load for me. I can't expect them to turn out the amount of work I like to publish, so artists -- send me samples of your work. I hate printing solid pages of type as I have done in this issue. I especially need cartoons and filler art.

Went to Chicago yesterday. Carole, Doug and Kharis Hickman, Margaret Brenner and her daughter Nancy. Margaret isn't a fan but during a conversation I mentioned Doc Barrett to her and she asked me if he was from Ohio. Seems she had some x-rays taken in Rockford, Illinois and they sent them to Doc for his opinion.

We actually went to Chicago to see the wonderous Christmas window displays I was sure they would have. While they were quite nice, I was very disappointed. They can't hold a candle to the ones St. Louis has. After that we went to Richard and Rosemary Hickey's for dinner and a part thereafter. Of course Earl Kemp, Nancy & the children were there and most of the Chicago gang showed up during the evening. Slides were shown from the Detention, the Boycon, Midwestcon, Pittcon and the Hickey's and Kemp's trips through the west. Margaret was especially pleased with the Hickey's slides from Colorado as that as her home state. Dick and Rosemary were the most gracious of hosts and we had a wonderful time. We hope to see them over here some weekend in January.

Next issue out in January. More Berry, Prosser, and even me. By the way. Dave Prosser's new address is: 1326 Oregon Ave. Steubenville, Ohio. All mail should be sent to him there.

Lynn A. Hickman
224 Dement Ave.
Dixon, Illinois

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To:

