

IO-ARGASSY

NO. 57



PROSSER 60

ARGASSING.....

Once again we get to the point in a fanzines life where something must be changed. This time it is two things if we are to continue. First, I cannot continue sending out 12 issues for \$1.00. With the Kennedy dollar sure to go down in value, while the costs of living go up, so must JD-A's subscription price. Starting with the next issue sub prices will be 12 issues for \$2.00. Single copies 25¢. Subscriptions will not include "annishes" or special issues.

I must also cut down on the freeloaders part of the mailing list. At present I have my mailing list in three sections. 1st: subbers. 2nd: trades. 3rd: friends and/or freeloaders. This last section is the part that must be cut down. There are quite a number on it that I have been sending the zine to for a loooong time and that have shown no special interest in it. At least I haven't heard from them. So please note the following boxes. They will show you how you stand in regard to receiving future issues. If an X appears in a box, you must follow what it says or your name will be taken off the mailing list.

X You are a subscriber

We trade

You must send \$2.00 for a subscription

You must send a letter of comment

you are a contributor

I hate to be nasty about it, but it does cost a lot to put out and I want the zine to go only to those that really want to receive it.

Of Polls and Things.....

From the number that voted in last years Fanac Poll and then counting the number that receive JD-A, it was apparent that those that got my zine voted it rather high. I had not placed in the Fanac Poll before and then last year I sent out the Fanac ballot with the zine and was placed in the top ten. It will be interesting to see if I place again this year as I am not including the poll with my own zine. I rather doubt it, even though I feel the zine was better than it was the year before.

Again, to check and see if people do vote for the zine the poll is in, I am not sending out the Hugo nomination ballots with JD-A this year. I've been nominated the past two years and have sent the ballot out with the zine. I feel that many of the nominating votes I received were the result of the ballot being in my zine rather

than the votes being on the ballots sent out by the Convention Committee.

Frankly, I didn't care for the ballots sent out by the SeaCon committee this year. I feel that each ballot should be signed by the person sending it in. There was no place for a signature and address on this years ballot and no statement saying that it should be signed. I hope we don't find any ballot stuffing because of this.

I'm afraid it would take an issue as big as the "annish" to publish the letters I received on it and as they were all so complimentary, it would also make me seem like an egotist. Everyone seemed to like everything in it with John Berry coming in 1st on the written material and George Barr 1st on the art.

I will publish only a couple of the letters here and perhaps a few excerpts from some of the others. Thanks to all who wrote in and a special thanks to the contributors who made it such a success. In fact I was so inspired by the fine letters that I am going to do it again, -- and without waiting ten more years. Once again the annish will have a theme, this time it will be "Old Stories vs New Stories". Which is/was better. Why? I may also feature some short articles on the magazines of today and the magazines of yesterday. If everyone I ask comes through with the articles and artwork I want, it will run between 100 and 150 pages and will probably sell for \$1.00



as the costs of printing seem to be inching upward on me. I lost my paper supplier in Sterling as he quit handling a litho paper. I now have an order in with a wholesaler in Rockford for 20 reams of a litho paper but I don't yet know what the price or the quality will be. They did all right by me on the paper for the Pittcon Progress Reports, however, so I'm hoping it will be suitable.

L E T T E R S

Harry Warner.

This extra-large issue has shown me just what a difference that multilith makes when it comes to lengthy reading tasks. I don't think that I could read right straight through a 75-pager in mimeograph or ditto format. It's too hard on the eyes and nerves. But I didn't stop reading this one until it was finished, and I couldn't quite believe that there were that many pages in the issue, I'd gone through it so rapidly and had enjoyed it so much. Another thing that your reproduction process seems to do is to bring out the best in artists. It isn't surprising to see fine work by Barr, because of what he's done for Amra. But the Prosser illustrations are just about the best that that artist has ever provided for fanzines.

Most of this issue will prove highly useful in connection with my fan history research, I can see that already. I haven't done much about the 1950's as yet in that research, but I'll be coming to that era in another couple of months and reminiscences of this sort will prove highly useful. I find myself wishing more and more that I hadn't been so far out of touch with general fandom during the first half-dozen years of the decade. Unless I have even less data on the era than I think I possess, there were comparatively few polls at that time to determine favorite and most influential fans and publications, so an article like Dean Grennell's will be a great aid when the time comes to make sure that I haven't failed to dig up data on some very popular title or name.

Dan McPhail is fairly convincing in this article. But I'm still positive that he owns the only time machine in fandom. That would account for his apparently inexhaustible backlog of material by fans of the 1930's, the retention of his collection over all those years and tribulations, and his sudden disappearance and emergence into renewed activity. He apparently blundered somewhere about 1941 and set up a paradox that prevents him from entering the years in which he was allegedly inactive.

The Last Fandom membership application is almost as grim as it is funny. I felt bad enough when I learned of the existence of a 15-year-old Peggy Rae McKnight, just at the thought that this girl wasn't born yet when I was cutting down on the first all-out phase of my fan career. Then I met Peggy at the Philcon, as well as her mother, and I felt even older to realize suddenly that here is a case where I'm much closer in age to a fan's mother than to herself.

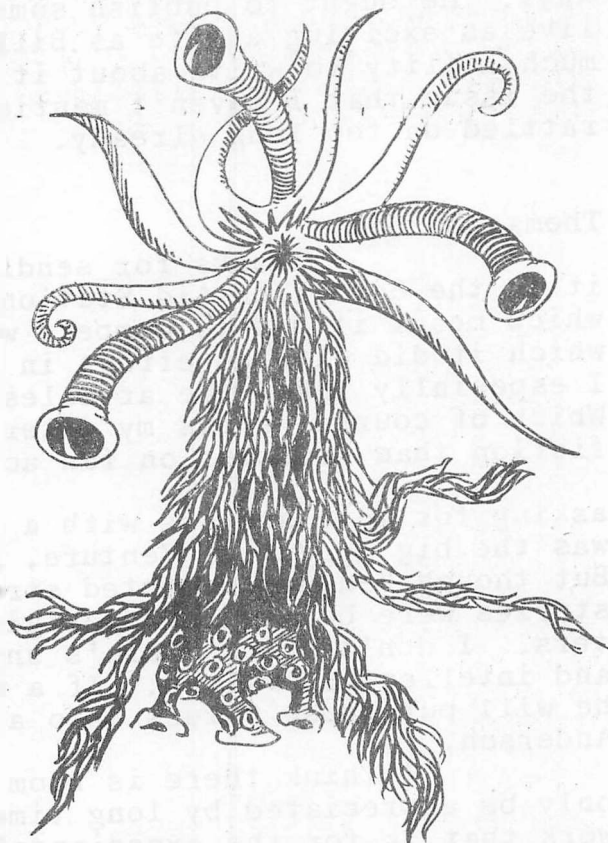
The Berry article was remarkably thorough for the size of the topic and the number of pages he used. But I can't help wishing that this might be just the leadoff article in a giant symposium on fanzine publishing--100 pages or more devoted to tricks of the trade, supply sources, duplicator maintenance advise, and such

stuff. I keep wondering, for instance, if other fanzine editors have hit independantly on the little scheme that I use to help stapling a collated pile of sheets: I put every other collated copy at a 90° angle to the others, which makes it easy to pull off the right number of pages from the top of the pile when stapling time comes. Or my discovery that a paper opener makes a good staple remover: a tapering blade with a fairly sharp point can be slipped under the staple, then the blade is pushed through until it has reached the width of the staple, and after that it's easy to lift out the staple without tearing the publication. ((I have given thought to putting out a special issue on this at some future date. If so, I would use John's article as the lead piece and then have the fan editors from all over send in their ideas that they use to make fan pubbing easier for them. LH)).

John makes two particularly important points, about keeping out of the Post Office's eye and patience for neofans before putting out the first issue. On the former matter, I like the note that Wouk made in the preface to *The Caine Mutiny*: he left virtually all the profanity out of the book because it's nothing more than a sort of punctuation in Navy conversation. As far as first issues are concerned, those who put them out before seeing many fanzines always seem to publish something indistinguishable from all the other fanzines. You'd think that this would be more true of those who had seen many fan publications, but it just doesn't work that way. Apparently if you have seen enough fanzines before publishing your first one, you realize how important it is to produce something distinctive.

I agree with most of the things Jim Harmon says, except his apparent admiration for the Readers Digest format. I think it's terrible--too much page turning per ten thousand words, not enough space for large artwork. I still think the old large-size format of the 1920's issues of *Amazing* and *Wonder* is best, plus pulp paper of a better grade than was used in those years, but without the slick surface that glares into your eyes.

Bob Madle's article is the first intimation I've seen about a Philadelphia organization aside from the PSFS and the short lived Futurian bunch. This summary of activities is something that more fans in the Madle-Ford bracket should publish, to convince the doubting fanzine fans that you can be an active fan without getting published in every issue of *Quandry*. In fact, I found myself wishing that St. Paul had told about his activities in this way. It would be much easier reading than the letter-substitute form he adopted.



G. DUPLANTIER = 1960

Farmer's article was a very good selection to close out the issue --a change of pace in theme, and a complete surprise to me in several ways. He ought to publish something like Kteic, since he seems to live as exciting a life as Bill Rotsler and possesses at least as much ability to write about it. And the majority of the things in the issue that I haven't mentioned were extremely fine too, but I've rattled on too long already.

Harry Warner

Thomas Purdom.

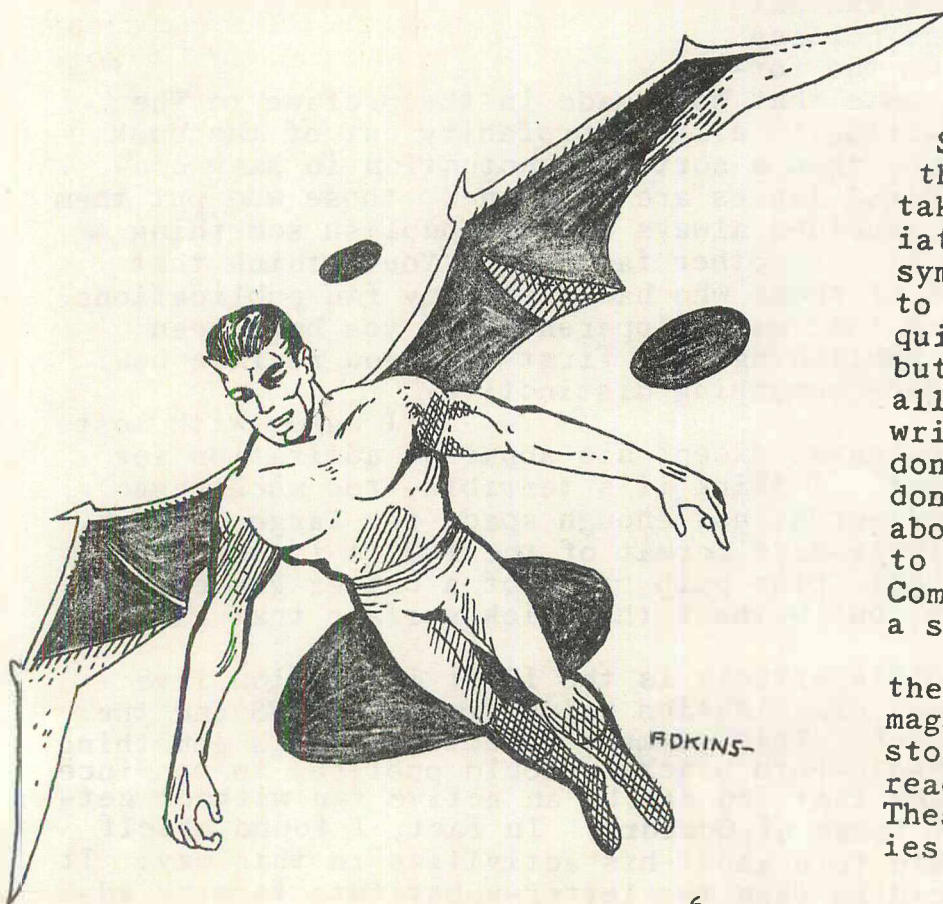
Thanks for sending me the Anniversary issue. I kept it at the Battalion Aid Station and read it during my lunch hours, which meant it had to compete with a host of political magazines, which it did with no effort in the midst of a Presidential campaign. I especially liked the articles by Wells, Farmer, Madle and Harmon. Which of course, shows my interest is more in articles on science fiction than articles on fan activities.

I think Wells is right in asking for more stories with a touch of Conan in them. To me this was the big appeal of Venture, a magazine that should have lasted. But though Venture accented strong plots and action, almost all their stories were built around original ideas and good, believable characters. I don't think there's any conflict between emotional values and intellectual values. If a writer loves the colorful and exciting, he will put those values into a story on any subject. Witness Poul Anderson.

I think there is room for the story so complicated it can only be appreciated by long time readers. Any art form produces work that is for the experienced and discerning members of the audience and which requires real effort to appreciate.

One should not keep SF writers from doing the same thing. It takes effort to appreciate and enjoy a good symphony, and you have to have listened to quite a lot of music, but that doesn't mean all music should be written for those who don't enjoy music or don't know anything about it or are too lazy to do a little work. Complex stories are not a sign of decadence.

On the other hand, every magazine should have stories which can be read by new readers. These can be good stories too. The best will





probably be stories about new inventions, social satires, invasions from outer space happening in the near future, landings on new worlds, etc. I don't have any prejudice against either type.

Personally, I think the magazines will always have trouble supporting themselves. The liberal political magazines have circulations about the size of the SF magazines and only one, The Progressive, does not have an angel or some foundation backing. The Progressive keeps alive by asking its readers every year to contribute a little extra money and make up a \$30,000 deficit. The readers chip in because they get something from the magazine and because they want to keep its viewpoint alive. Science

Fiction appeals to a small audience and I doubt if it will ever--as a field--reach a much bigger audience. The SF magazines might do better asking the fans to play Angels, as the Progressive does, than they would looking for advertisers. A couple of thousand fans dropping five dollars a year into some magazine's treasury might do wonders for the field. I don't think any literary form appealing to such a small number of readers tries to survive on sales alone. There is much to be said for the ancient art of patronage. ((Ray Palmer tried that with Other Worlds and it didn't work. The Journal of the Interplanetary Exploration Society are now trying for \$5.00 subscriptions to their quarterly magazine and I'm afraid they may be doomed to failure also. LH)).

Thomas Purdom

David Williams.

Congratulations on a fine 10th annish - I particularly like the pieces by Jim Harmon and Basil Wells, concerning sf. I guess fandom is at a period in its history when it is engrossed in itself, because there is, in my opinion, a definite lack of interest in s-f being shown in the fanzines. I find the history of the field, the authors, the magazines old and current, of tremendous interest. ((You should like my next 'annish' then, as it will deal with s-f, old and new. LH)). I have, however been rather unsuccessful in finding any teen-age fans who are really interested in s-f in fandom, but have had to make contacts through the letter column in Amazing. Perhaps the problem is that such fans who are interested more in s-f than faaanish activities don't identify themselves in the fanzines, because the fanzines are specializing rather universally in faaanish type fanac.

I think George Willick has the right idea as far as fanzine publishing is concerned, in Parsection. That

first ish was a wow, and the letters were great follow-up material in the second ish. Some fan material, but a large helping of s-f talk along with it. After all, it is Science Fiction Fandom. Isn't it?

David Williams

Bob Lichtman thought the more or less central theme of the annish lent it a unity that most annishes lack. Don Wollheim was inspired to write an article for the next First Fandom Magazine. Emile Greenleaf says the girl on page 25 either has extremely erectile nipples or the Dean Drive really does work. Don Anderson was especially impressed by Barr's fine cover and wondered if it were photo engraved. ((I had a photo-offset plate made from a painting George sent me. They used a fine half-tone screen and other than not being able to filter the color to my satisfaction, did a nice job. LH)). Carl Bostek especially enjoyed Phil Farmers article and also that he was able to learn more of fandom during the past ten years from it. Steve Stiles said he had expected being impressed with the artwork in the annish, but was on cloud nine when he dug the contents page of the written material. Dan McPhail says that his copy goes into a special group in his fanzine library that is devoted to outstanding editions.

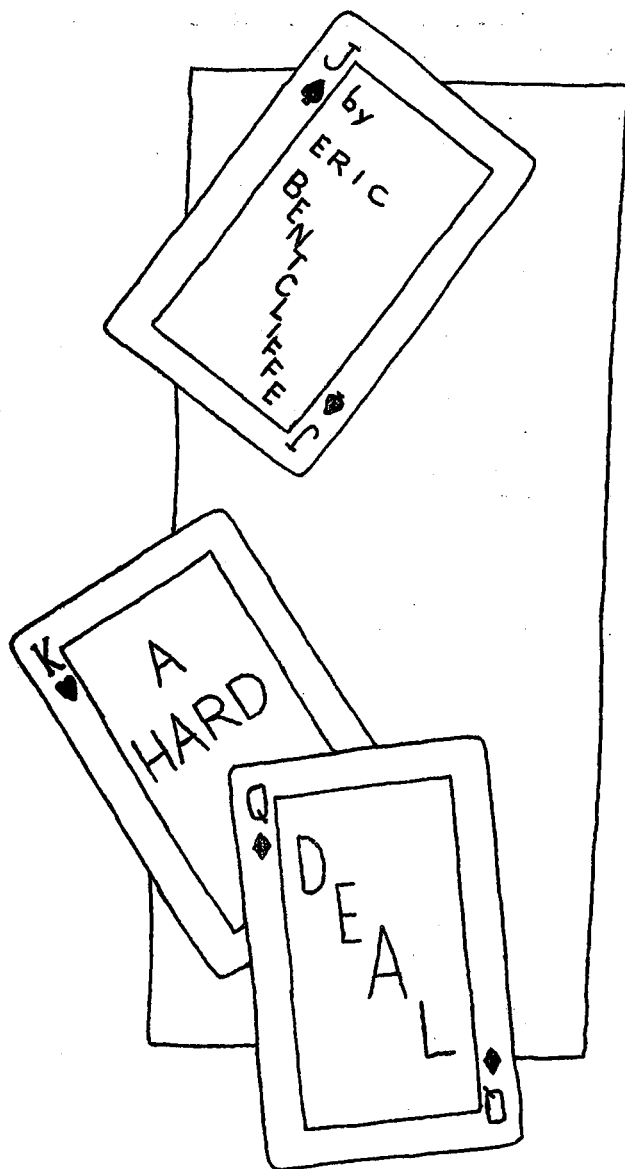
There are many, many more letters here, but as I said, most of them are of little interest to the general reader. Everyone seemed very pleased with the issue, everything in it seemed to be well liked, and I thank you all for writing. In the future, because of the space limitations I will have, I will only be printing letters that will be of general interest to the readers. Naturally I appreciate the many letters telling me how good the zine is (or how bad), but this is only of interest to myself and the contributors. I will print letters of interest that comment on the articles, artwork etc., but they must be of a nature that will interest everyone.

Don Ford's TAFF REPORT is now ready to mail. You can get your copy by sending \$1.25 to me, Don Ford, or Eric Bentcliffe. Eric Bentcliffe's TAFF REPORT is also ready and can be had by sending \$1.00 to either Don Ford or Eric Bentcliffe. The profits on both of these reports will go to the TAFF FUND, so get your orders in. I haven't read Eric's yet, but knowing him well, I'm sure it is a real dilly. I'm pubbing Don's and so know that it is really worth the buck and quarter it will cost you. We only have to sell around 75 to 80 copies to reach the breakeven point on it so hope to make \$175.00 to \$200.00 for the TAFF Fund. Your orders now for both of these reports will help the next TAFFman, so get them in.

As most of you know, I was a nominator of Dick Eney this year and am giving my support to him as our next TAFFman. Once again, I don't propose to tell anyone how to vote I just wan't him to vote so that we will have a successful campaign again this year. However, my reasons for being a nominator of Dick Eney are really manyfold and I think that Dick does deserve to be our next TAFFman. We'll go into that further in the zine.

Goodfan Earl Kemp brought me some Lithorite masters (Smith-Corona) and some Colitho masters that I will be trying this issue to see if they stack up against Multilith. This page is done on a Lith-O-Rite.

(continued on page)



Prof. Julius Knave was a man whose name was entered in the history books mainly as a result of his having a perverse nature...and a detestation of gambling bordering on obsession. The fact that he gave the World time-travel was incidental, to him anyway, and if he hadn't left behind his notes..... But, let us begin at the beginning.

A brilliant physicist, Knave, was almost perfectly type-cast as a scientist. By the age of thirty-five he was balding, stoop-shouldered and near-sighted. Almost from graduation from college he had lived the life of a recluse when not actually teaching in lab. That he had, somehow, managed to acquire along the way a wife - and an attractive one at that - was as much a mystery to him as it is to your author.

Apart from his teaching, his only other real contact with the outside world was his membership of the anti-gambling League, to the monthly meetings of which he travelled religiously up to town. It was his interest and enthusiasm for the aims of the League, together

with his personal convictions which led to his great discovery.....

That he detested the age in which he lived, its immoralities, its excesses, and, above all its worship of Lady Luck, is obvious from his published diaries. And his contemporaries said that he often stated how much he would have liked to have been born in the distant, and in his opinion, Perfect Future, when Chance in all its forms would have been eliminated. 'When,' he was heard to state in his dry pedantic manner, 'the terrible vices of our time, particularly those of gambling will have been eradicated!'

It was in '65 that he commenced his great work. He had returned home from from a meeting of the League to find his wife playing cards! In her defense it must be stated that she was not playing a gambling-game, but by this time Prof. Knave was no longer completely sane on the subject and the sight of even a harmless Whist

game in progress shook him to the depth of his being. We must draw a veil over the resultant domestic upheaval, suffice it to say that within a matter of days his wife left him, never to return.

From this time on Knave became even more the recluse. He had ample reserves of money for his own needs and he cut himself off completely from all his former acquaintances, even resigning from the Castlebury Chair of Physics.

His neighbors saw nothing of him for months on end, and only the occasional arrival of large packing crates and small grocery orders indicated that he was still alive to them. And then there was the trouble with the local electricity supply company, who sent a man along to complain of a sudden drain of current which had been traced to the Knave house - the man was chased off the premises 'by a wild haired man with a shotgun', and the companies frequent letters evoked no response whatsoever.

In fact it wasn't until over three years later that Prof. Knave was seen again. An annoyed tradesman, who had supplied the Professors grocery for the period of his self-inspired exile found him. Becoming increasingly concerned over the fact that there were numerous unpaid bills of the professors in his file, he made his way to Knave's House. He discovered Prof. Knave, semi-conscious "in a strange basement-room filled with unworldly apparatus". As he was unable to get any sense out of him he called the local police, who, in turn, contacted the nearby hospital.

The professor was in what the psychologists called a traumatic-condition when I, who had been one of his colleagues at Castlebury College was called in to try and explain some of the notes which had been found on him.

The story from the deciphering of these notes is well known. The professor had invented and perfected a Time-Travelling machine and in it had travelled into the future - the far-future which he had envisaged as being free from the taint of gambling.

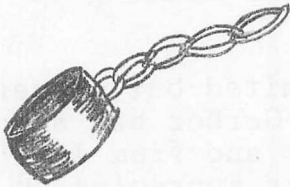
He had succeeded in his journey through time, but had failed in his assesment of the future. When he stepped from his machine, amidst a scene of glittering globular dwellings, his first desire was to establish how far in time he had travelled.

"What is the date?" was his first question.

"Today is the 2nd seventh of Hearts....." was the queerly accented reply.

Eric Bentcliffe.

THE SUPERFAN SAGA I I I



SHAKOFF THE SHACKLES

by John Berry

Les Gerber gripped the iron bars, pulled himself up to his full 5 feet 3 inches, and looked at the sparrow sitting on the sloping grey roof opposite. He blinked back tears of nostalgia; the first bird he'd seen in all of three months. He stooped down, and searched the floor of his 6ft by 9ft cell. No use. He ran his fingers over the dirty grey blanket on his iron bed, and collected a few black breadcrumbs. He spat into the palm of his hand, rubbed the crumbs into a small ball, about the size of a marble. Back at the window, he placed the crumb-ball on the stone, and flicked it with his forefinger. It landed on the roof a few inches from the sparrow, then bounced downwards. The sparrow cocked its head to one side, and with a swift flutter of tiny wings followed the morsel.

Gerber sighed. His trial was in a few hours time. The Russians had asserted he was in the American secret service. They alledged that The American Correcting Fluid Company, New Jersey, did not exist, and it was a facade for the espionage activities of the capitalists. They intimated that Gerber had a very high intelligence, and it was unbelievable that a person with such a high IQ ratage should be trying to peddle corflu. Gerber had told them, via a beautiful woman interpreter, that the company was his own, he was president, chairman, director and treasurer all rolled into one. He had explained in documentary form (he hoped he'd signed his disposition, although it was on the cards he'd signed a confession) that he'd purchased a bulk lot at an auction sale, and amongst the chattels was 50 gross bottles of red correcting fluid. He had explained that with the advent of fanzine publishing in Russia, he'd gotten a loan from the Fanship Organization, of Seattle, and made the journey to try and foster good fannish relationships between the East and the West. At the time, because he'd told the truth, he'd mentioned one of the Russian fans concerned, the very first Russian fan, Ivor Shakoff, in the hope that Ivor would confirm that fandom was nothing more than a hobby, a creative one, and could only do

good in the furtherence of understandings between two races so far tatally incompatible. Next thing, three days later, he'd heard a youthful voice in the next cell chanting the last verse of that fannish Christmastide hymn, written by Buz Busby, 'On The Twelfth Day of Fanmas', and Gerber had joined in, his heart thumping wildly. He had never met Ivor, but he realized that, because of him, the Russian fan was incarcerated a wall from him - a thick wall - and he knew in a flash that it was no subtle Russian subterfuge, because no one but a fan could have put such pathos and meaning to that most hallowed of fannish songs.

His shouted conversations with Ivor had been limited but wonderful. Neither could speak the others language, but Gerber had shouted the names of fanzines and writers and illustrators, and from Ivor's applause he had gauged through time, a sort of inner appreciation of of the fine and noble fannish qualities of this Russian fan, whose first fanzine, in the first instance, been dropped over Russia by a U-2- and it was no coincidence that Top Sergeant Ellis Mills had been chief of the servicing crew of the 'plane!!!

And now the trial was to take place.

He gathered that Ivor was on trial too.

He had been told by the interpreter, who had been somewhat taken by his innocent visage, that because of his age, and Ivor's age, they would not get the death penalty, but would surely spend a number of years in Siberia. Gerber wondered what his chances of pubbing would be, and he turned over on his bed and looked at the wall, on which he'd laboriously chipped his top ten fanzines, when the loud crash and the blast of ice-cold air made him leap to his feet.

THE WALL OF HIS
CELL WAS HORIZNAL
TO THE FLOOR.

"Quick, Les, jump
on the wall," he heard.

His nimble mind
comprehended in a flash
that whilst he didn't
know what it was all
about, an attempt was
being made to rescue
him, and one name
throbbed in his mind
in technicolour
'SUPERFAN'.....
but how.....??



He ran to the gaping hole where the wall had been, and saw the wall, with bricks dropping off it, swaying away from him. He jumped, and scraped his knees as he landed. He looked up, saw a saucer-shaped craft with short stubby wings.

Gradually, the wall, held by an iron hook through the grille, moved upwards.

"Stop, Superfan," screamed Gerber, and he looked over his shoulder at Ivor's cell, and saw that the wall was missing from it too. In fact, most of the wall had collapsed from the cell block, and dumb figures shivered in amazement at the apparition.

"Jump, Ivor," shouted Gerber, and the young Russian fan, in brown tunic and close-cropped hair, stood transfixed.

"Jump, jump," shouted Gerber, and he ran to the edge of the wall, gripped the cold hand, and pulled.

A siren yelled its mournful message, and harsh voices could be heard, and a savage face over a squat figure reached the edge of his cell, seething with mingled rage and awe.

The two fans, laughing and slapping each others backs, held on the wire, and laughed louder as the gunfire below chipped into the underside of the wall.

They sat in the warmth of the small cabin, and SUPERFAN poured steaming coffee from a flask. He handed round ham sandwiches, the bread turned down at each corner.

"SUPERFAN, how did you do it?" breathed Gerber in awe, gulping down the coffee.

"Oh, we knew a long time ago that you had been arrested," drawled SUPERFAN, hoping his chest stuck out as much as he felt it should., "and the day before yesterday the Russians announced that you were in a military prison at Kuibyshev, and were to be tried for espionage immediately. I knew it was up to me to attempt a rescue. I hovered over the prison for hours, and had given up hope when I saw you looking through your cell window. But listen, Les, who's the neo?"

SUPERFAN looked quizical. This showed up quite well. He had designed a new mask. It was still a hood, but a strip of cellophane covered the eyes, where previously there had only been slits, and a frame protruded to cover the nose and at the same time facilitate free passage of air to the nostrils.

The Russian fan knew that SUPERFAN was asking about him, because SUPERFAN and Gerber looked at him, but he ripped off the paper from a bar of Turkish Delight, and gave an inscrutable smile.

"that's Ivor Shakoff," said Gerber. "He's a good fan, SUPERFAN. he was imprisoned because of me, and I think we should get him back to America. I'm sure the authorities will grant him political asylum."

They walked round the ship. Gerber asked many questions about it, but SUPERFAN refused to answer any of them.

"Your accent is strange," muttered Gerber, "I've heard it once before, could it have been on TV...I wonder....?"

"Shucks, you all," drawled Superfan. "You'll not catch me that way. I use all sorts of different dialects."

The pine trees were tall, and the air was crisp.

"Where are we.?" asked Gerber.

"Glad you asked," said SUPERFAN, adopting a French accent, "I haven't a clue. I had no time to make any special preparations, in fact, I found my way to Kuibyshev with my school atlas, and they weren't too accurate when it was published. Perhaps Ivor could tell us, if he'd Shakoff his gluttony. Get it, Les, if he'd....?"

Gerber shook SUPERFAN's hand at the superb pun, and beckoned Ivor over, and after the Russian fan had finished his tenth ham sandwich, Gerber gave him the atlas, pointed his finger in the middle of the USSR, spread out his palm upwards over the map, and shrugged.

Shakoff looked for a moment, and then grinned. He pointed to Aralsk, then pointed to himself and nodded.

SUPERFAN looked pensive, at least, his eyes demonstrated this.

"Hmm," he said slowly in a German accent, "that makes us about twelve hundred miles from Tehran, in Persia. If I left you at the American Embassy there, you could get back to New York from there, and arrange about Ivor. But I was thinking...."

"I was thinking too, SUPERFAN," muttered Gerber, "I wonder....?"

"We'll do it," said SUPERFAN, smacking a fist into a palm. "I've just sufficient fuel left....."

"You mean.....?"

"Yes, we'll knock off a oneshot at Ivor's house."

SUPERFAN, Gerber and the Russian fan sat on the straw in a barn at the rear of Ivor's farm at the outskirts of Aralsk, close to the shores of the Aral Sea.

"Think the ship will be O.K.?" asked Gerber.

"Oh yes," said SUPERFAN. "It's well camouflaged in the forest, just as long as we get back to it in a short time."

"There is a chance that the police will be looking for Ivor," suggested Gerber, "Maybe we shouldn't have come, although the risk is worth it, the first oneshot in Russia."

"Tell Ivor to get his duper out," said SUPERFAN, chewing a piece of straw.

Gerber made with the sign language. He stacked an invisible pile of paper, put it in the recess in an invisible Gestetner, pushed an invisible handle and cranked like mad.

Ivor sat with his head on one side.

"One-shot," said Gerber slowly, "o-n-e-s-h-o-t....."

The fans eyes blinked, then 'Ah' and he ran away.

On his return he had mebbe twenty sheets of paper, obviously torn from a note book, and five sheets of worn carbon paper. He pulled a short stub of pencil from his tunic pocket.

"Jeeze," said Gerber....

SUPERFAN chuckled. His shoulders heaved. He gripped Ivor's arm and held it tightly and smiled. He pulled out a ball-point pen, stacked the carbon between the paper, and looked at Gerber.

"I hate to flog a pun," he laughed, "but hows about SHAKOFF THE SHACKLES.?"

"I like it," said Gerber, enthusiastically, "may I print it?"

He pressed hard with the ball-point, sneaked a look at the pages underneath, and raised a triumphant thumb.

"Nowthen, write this, Les....'On the shore of the Aral Sea, in the province of KAZAKHSTAN, with the wind due east and one ham sandwich left, we three fans, Leslie, Ivor Shakoff and I, SUPERFAN, declare that Fandom is a Way of Life, and It's principles dictate that although we are more than a thousand miles behind the Iron Curtain it is our beholden duty to produce a one-shot to commemorate the fact that fandom has no barriers. Although the circulation will be only 20, we intend to make sure that all major fan groups in the world get a copy, as well as the British Museum and the American Library of Congress and the newly formed Fanship Organization. And, to seal this momentous occasion, one copy, over which we shall all shake hands, has been buried in the soil of Aralsk by Ivor, and which only he knows where. It is my hope that one day, Ivor will be able to collect it."

Gerber scribbled, and then passed the pen and the papers to Ivor.

The Russian fan looked but saw nothing. His eyes were wide. Tears blinked in the corners of them. Then he wrote...strange heiroglyphics....but he scribbled away. He wrote a few sentences, then, mutely, he passed the one-shot to SUPERFAN.

They all signed it, then SUPERFAN placed a copy on the straw, held out his two hands, and the other two gripped them and shook warmly.

"Tell him to bury it, and meet us at the ship," said SUPERFAN quietly.

Gerber waved his hands about, and finished up with an upwards sweep of the right hand, southwards, with an enthusiastic 'phsssst'.

SUPERFAN and Gerber peered outside, walked along the edge of a field into the forest. SUPERFAN revved the engines, checked dials and switches, then asked Gerber to open the door.....but just when they had given up hope, Ivor arrived, clutching a bundle. It grew dark as the ship rose vertically, and moved southwest.....

SUPERFAN, in the privacy (he reverently hoped) of the large hanger sweated as he cleaned the ship. He stood ankle deep in a pile of oily rag, and as he wiped his forehead, his heart beat a little faster as he thought how Ivor had looked as he'd shaken hands with him in a field outside Tehran, and how Gerber had pleaded with him to reveal his identity, which he had of course refused to do. After several hours, he was satisfied that the ship was in mint condition, or at least, as mint as he could get it. He took off his overalls, closed the hangerdoor, and took a 'bus to the local library.

He asked the attendant for a Russian-English dictionary, and when it was handed to him, he gripped it, looked around for a vacant table, and sat there. He pulled out his sacred copy of SHAKOFF THE SHACKLES, read his part, and Gerbers, and twisted his lips in a surge of triumph. Then the work started. He flipped through the book, trying like fury to decipher what Ivor had written.

It took him little more than an hour to translate...but as he read what he hoped Ivor had written, he blinked once or twice, glad that he was alone.

He read it several times.....

'Things move so fast. I was at work on my father's farm when the secret police came. They seized my copy of INN-UENDO, and took me to the military prison at Kuibyshev. What had I done? Was fandom so terrible? I was rescued by a fan who deigns to reveal himself. With Les Gerber I came back to my house and published a one-shot, and how proud I am that my first publication should have been prepared under my own roof in conjunction with SUPERFAN and Les Gerber, who, I now understand, came to Russia to see me. Gerber tells me I may be able to stop in America. I hope this will be true. I know there is much I can do to help my people. Only one thing mystifies me. What does SHAKOFF THE SHACKLES MEAN?'

SUPERFAN handed the dictionary back, and walked home. It was all worth while, it was so obvious. The fan in Punxatawney, (his first op) had just won TAFF. Phyllis Economou had just won the Nobel Peace Prize. Maybe Shakoff would become one of the greatest

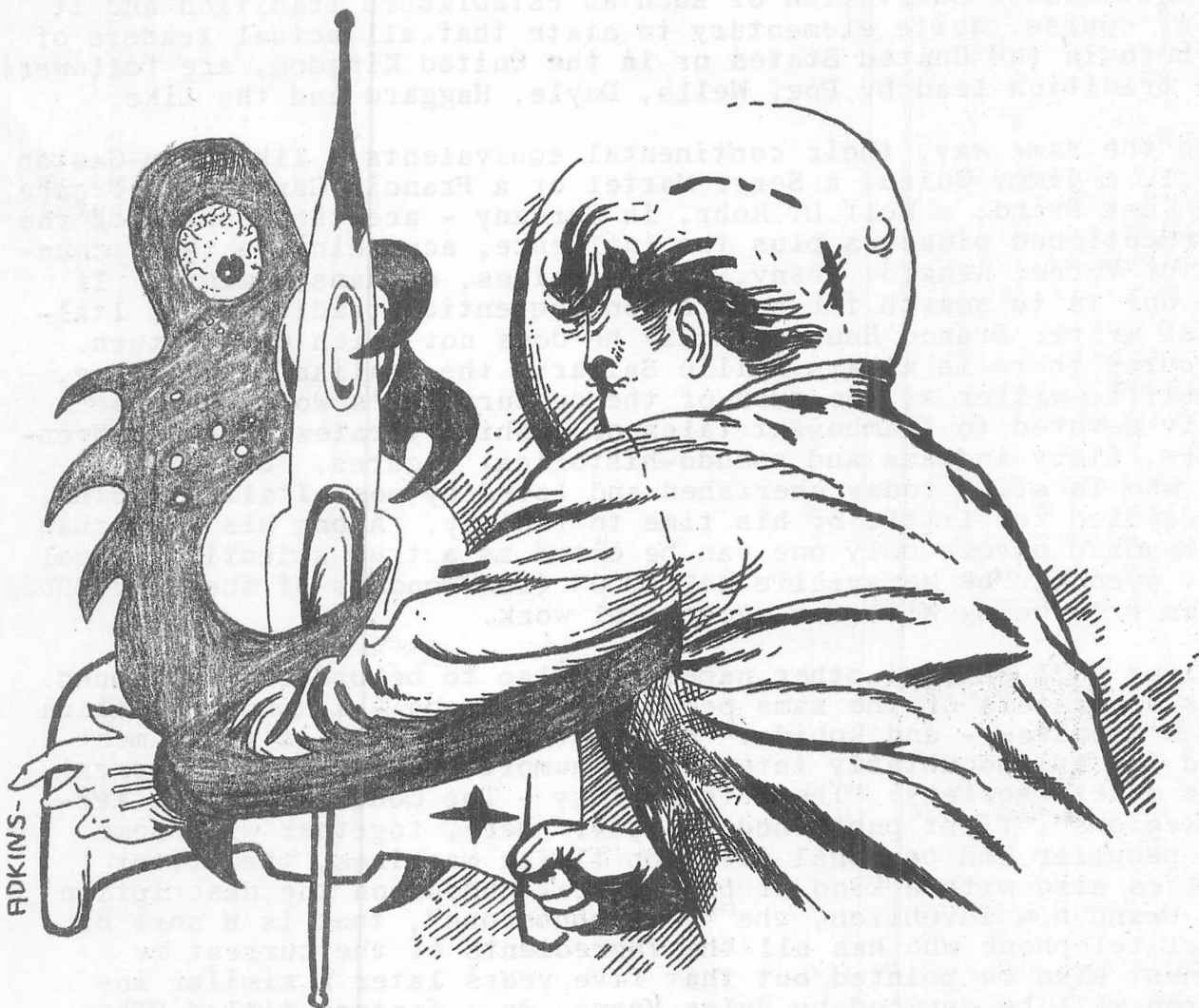
assets to fandom in the years to come.

SUPERFAN collected his accumulation of mail, sat in an easy chair, and ripped open an express copy of FANAC 163. He spat out the remains of his thumb nail, and read with pounding heart that the British Postmaster General had announced in the House of Commons that he was stopping the PRINTED MATTER postage rate.

SUPERFAN sighed.

It would have to wait until he'd had twelve hours deep sleep....

John Berry



THE SF MARKET IN ITALY

by Giovanni Scognamillo

Although strange as it may seem, the land of the mystic Dante and chevalresque Ariosto, the land of witty Boccaccio and romantic Petrarca, of naturalist Verga and neo-realist Moravia, has been a country nearly devoid - in his cultural expression - from most fantastic influences. An even brief, even superficial, summary of other literatures is able to present us - if not constantly at least periodically - different titles of different writers devoted to fantastic, or scientificfictional, plots. Thus a subtle tradition leads gradually part of a literary production toward the realm of modern, adult SF.

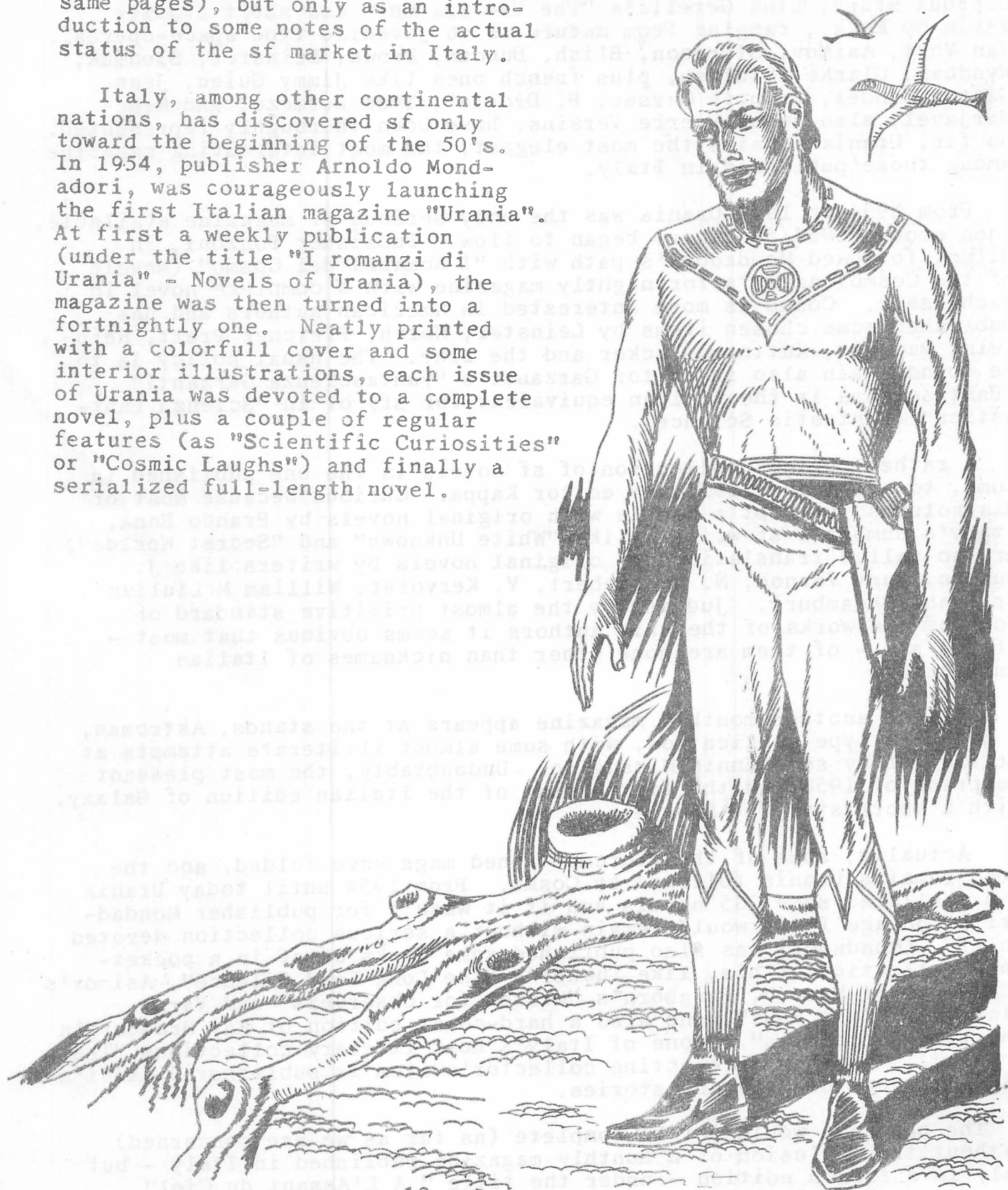
Obviously, contemporary or modern sf writers are none others than the unavoidable derivation of such an established tradition and it is, of course, quite elementary to state that all actual leaders of sf, both in the United States or in the United Kingdom, are followers of a tradition lead by Poe, Wells, Doyle, Haggard and the like.

In the same way, their continental equivalents - like Jean-Gaston Vandel, a Jimmy Guieu, a Serge Martel or a Francis Carsac, in France, or a Kurt Brand, a Wolf D. Rohr, in Germany - are the results of the aforementioned pioneers plus the influence, according to their country, of Verne, Renard, Rosny, or D'Agraves, or Hans Dominik. If then one is to search for such a consensual tradition for Italian sf writer Franco Enna, frankly he does not which way to turn. Of course there is always Emilio Salgari, the Italian Jules Verne, a prolific writer at the turn of the century who's works have been mostly devoted to flamboyant tales of dashing pirates, heroic adventurers, fiery indians and pseudo-historical figures. Salgari, a name who is still today cherished and loved by most Italian youths, had devoted too little of his time to fantasy. Among his more than one hundred novels only one can be cited as a true scientificfictional item, even if "Le Meraviglie del 2000" (The Wonders of the Year 2000) is far from being his most successful work.

Along with Salgari other names are also to be briefly mentioned. Names of writers of the same period, like Yambo - a kind of Italian Jean D'Agraves - and Robida. Among others, Robida is to be mentioned for an undoubtably interesting humoresque attempt at recreating a modern society: "The 20th Century - The Conquest of the Aerial Regions", first published in 1884. Here, together with some most peculiar and personal views on flying machines, the writer indulges also with a kind of prophetic humour on the description of a brand new invention, the "telephonoscope", that is a sort of visual telephone who has all the ingredients of the current tv (it must also be pointed out that five years later a similar invention will be devised by Jules Verne, in a fantasy titled "The Day of an American Newspaperman in the Year 2889", published in the Forum, around Feb. 1885, and called the 'phono telephoto').

Obviously those few remarks are not intended to give a complete panorama of the few Italian experiments in fantastic literature (we hope to accomplish this task one day and maybe publish it in these same pages), but only as an introduction to some notes of the actual status of the sf market in Italy.

Italy, among other continental nations, has discovered sf only toward the beginning of the 50's. In 1954, publisher Arnoldo Mondadori, was courageously launching the first Italian magazine "Urania". At first a weekly publication (under the title "I romanzi di Urania" - Novels of Urania), the magazine was then turned into a fortnightly one. Neatly printed with a colorfull cover and some interior illustrations, each issue of Urania was devoted to a complete novel, plus a couple of regular features (as "Scientific Curiosities" or "Cosmic Laughs") and finally a serialized full-length novel.



Urania's policy, under the direction of Giorgio Monicelli, have been on a cleverly informative and eclectic standing. The magazine, up to the present has published mostly translations (save from a couple of novels by Italian writers, including Franco Enna's "The Leprous Star", Lina Gerelli's "The Useless One" and short stories again by Enna), ranging from mature sf to juvenile type space-operas.. Van Vogt, Asimov, Sturgeon, Blish, Duncan, Brown, Leinster, Siodmak, Wyndham, Clarke, Statten, plus french ones like Jimmy Guieu, Jean Gaston Vandel, Francis Carsac, F. Didelot, Yves Dermeze, and Rene Barjavel, also swiss Pierre Versins, have been thoroughly represented. So far, Urania remains the most elegant, the most interesting magazine among those published in Italy.

From 1954 tp 1957 Urania was the only serious sf magazine available, then around 1957/58 others began to flow. Publisher Ponzoni, in Milan, followed Mondadori's path with "I Romanzi del Cosmo" (Novels of the Cosmo) again a fortnightly magazine with a complete novel in each issue. Cosmo is more interested in American authors and has published some chosen items by Leinster, North, Fletcher Pratt, Heinlein, Padgett, Kuttner, Tucker and the like. The usual policy is to be found again also in editor Garzanti's "Fantascienza Garzanti" (Fantascienza is the Italian equivalent for sf) or in "Scienza Fantastica" (Fantastic Science).

A rather curious collection of sf novels is the one published in Rome, toward August 1957, by editor Kappa. Curious because most of his volumes, (except a couple with original novels by Franco Enna, Italy's number 1 sf writer, like "White Unknown" and "Secret Worlds") are so-called translations of original novels by writers like J. Durbin, Burt Vernon, N. de Liebert, V. Kervoist, William McLiuliam or Evans Sheambury. Judging by the almost primitive standard of some of the works of the said authors it seems obvious that most - if not all - of them are none other than nicknames of Italian amateurs.

In 1958 another monthly magazine appears at the stands, Astroman, a juvenile type publication, with some almost illiterate attempts at writing sf by some Ennio Missaglio. Undoubtably, the most pleasant surprise of 1958 was the first issue of the Italian edition of Galaxy. with a short story by Sturgeon.

Actually, some of the aforementioned mags have folded, and the lead remains Urania followed by Cosmo. From 1954 until today Urania has published some 235 novels and if it wasn't for publisher Mondadori's courage Italy would remain without a serious collection devoted to sf. (Mondadori has also published some works of sf in a pocket-book collection of his, like Tucker's "The Long Loud Silence", Asimov's "Currents of Space", Pangborn's "Mirror for Observers" and Vargo Statten's "Zero Hour", and also a hard-cover edition of Ray Bradbury's "Martian Chronicles" in one of Italy's most literary collections "The Medusa"). Another interesting collector's item is publisher Einaudi's big anthology of sf short-stories.

The panorama would not be complete (as far as we are concerned) without the inclusion of a monthly magazine published in Italy - but only in a french edition - under the title "A L'Assaut du Ciel"

(Toward the Conquest of the Sky). First published in 1957, the mag is quite a competent anthology of technical surveys, scientific news and reports, interesting illustrations, some good film reviews, and some rather outstanding short-stories by a group of new Italian and French sf writers like L. Aldani, M. Pasquinucci, Jean Lock, N.L. Janda and others. That may not be much, but if we remember that Italian sf was officially born only around 1954 we must agree that something has been made.

editors note: This is the first of a series that Giovanni has promised to do for JD-A. Others may be on films, music, etc. in Italy, Turkey, France, etc. Let me know how you like this series and what you would like to see next.

Argassing.....(continued from page 8)

Good news for those of you that especially like fine artwork. O. Raymond Sowers has promised to do considerable artwork for JD-A, and from the preliminary drawings that he sent, I'm sure that you will agree that it is some of the finest art that has appeared in any of my zines. They will start appearing in issue #58 or #59.

Did I ever mention that the Multilith ink I use in running my zines off is the sf series ink?



BOOKS

A rather good selection this time. Your money would be well spent on 3 out of 5 of the hard-cover books, and on 4 out of 5 of the paper-backs.

Also received was the first issue of the Journal of the Interplanetary Exploration Society. Very fine and is highly recommended here. The thing that I liked best was Yeknad Yowleh, translated and illustrated by Hannes Bok. It is good to see his fine artwork again. Articles by Lester Del Ray, Poul Anderson, James Gunn, Geo. Early, etc. are all good. Price is \$1.25 per copy. Years subscription, \$5.00. They realize the price is too high for a 32 page journal but state that it is necessary because of printing costs. My thoughts on this is that regular printing isn't necessary for a journal of this type. I feel that Multilithing would look as good and be much cheaper. However the material is good and I recommend it even at that price.

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

Hunters of Space by Joseph E. Kelleam. D. Might be enjoyed by the very youngest of readers but I could hardly force myself to finish it. Not for anyone over 12.

He Owned the World by Charles Eric Maine. B. A competent novel of a man long dead being resurrected and inheriting the Earth through investments and interests and companies held in trust in his name. Throw in an interplanetary war in which both sides try to control the man who inherited the Earth, and you have it.

Wall of Serpents by L. Sprague de Camp & Fletcher Pratt. A+, a best buy. Another in the Harold Shea series. To anyone that has read any of them, that is sufficient. Great fantasy with a humorous viewpoint.

The Outlaws of Mars by Otis Adelbert Kline. A. Good fantasy-adventure in the Burroughs tradition. This is another in the Mars series from the Munsey publications. They are great favorites of mine and I hope Avalon will continue with Kline's novels.

DOUBLEDAY AND COMPANY Garden City, New York

The High Crusade by Poul Anderson. A. Poul undoubtedly had as much fun writing this as I did reading it. Aliens land in a spaceship in King Arthur's time. From there we go into a rollicking crusade through space with the Knights taking over the spaceship and finally conquering the aliens planets. Great Fun.

All of the above books retail at \$2.95.

My rating system runs thusly. 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 novels or stories being written now. C is below average and I wouldn't suggest their purchase unless you are a completist. D is ridiculous.

Your money will be well spent on 4 out of 5 of these paper back books.

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

D-449 The Genetic General (Dorsai!) by Gordon R. Dickson. A+
Time to Teleport by Gordon R. Dickson. B This is worth
the 35¢ for just the one side.

D-453 The Games of Neith by Margaret St. Clair. B.
The Earth Gods Are Coming by Kenneth Bulmer B.

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

439K Drunkards Walk by Frederik Pohl. A.

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

S1840 The Status Civilization (Omega) by Robert Sheckley. A.

Not up to the standards of quality of Sheckley's shorter works, but still an interesting novel that is above average.

For those of you that enjoy historical novels I recommend the ACE Giant, G-480. The Strong Men by John Brick.

All of the above books are 35¢ with the exception of The Strong Men, which retails at 50¢.

More books next issue.

Russell Watkins who used to edit DAWN, has been unable to put out his fannish lamp. It is once again in the window, and he would like to receive sample fanzines. Address is: 3510 Newburg Road Louisville 18, Ky. Send your zines to him.

Earl Kemp and Jim O'Meara were over for



the weekend and we printed Earl's 2nd SaFari annual. It is a symposium -- "Why Is A Fan?". Earl is putting it through SAPS, Larry and Noreen Shaw are putting it through FAPA, and I am putting it through OMPA. Other than that, there are no copies available except for the contributors, so please don't write asking for copies.

My multilith is housed in the basement and the work was done there. My basement is big and has one huge room under most of the house. There are also two other rooms (sans electricity) that were once used for fruit cellars. Well, anyhow, while we were printing a bat somehow got in the basement and was circling through the room. We armed ourselves with tennis rackets to try and knock the beastie down and destroy it. (A bat once bit a friend of mine in Napoleon, Ohio, and it turned out that the bat was rabid)

Earl got in one good lick at it but before we could kill it, it got up and flew into those back rooms.

Jim O'Meara, being the bravest of the lot, got a flashlight and went into the back rooms to get it. It wasn't to be found. We decided that Earl had hurt it pretty badly and it had crawled in some space in one of those rooms where we couldn't find it.

So we went back to our printing. Jim, however, kept looking over at the doorway with a funny look on his face. Finally he said: "If a man in a black cape walks out of that door, I'll quit fandom forever!"

Haven't been able to find that damned bat since then either.

But luckily I've seen no one wearing a black cape either.

Another upcoming change in JD-A will start with issue number 58 or 59 (I'm not yet sure which issue). We will feature an art portfolio in each issue. It will be a different artist each issue, and will be 4 to 6 pages. Full page drawings printed one side only.



If you are an artist and want to be represented in JD-A with a portfolio, please contact me. For this to be successful and a regular feature, I will need to keep contributions at least 3 or 4 issues ahead of publication.

I will be enclosing a letter to most artists that I know, with this issue. Please fill out the questionnaire and return it to me if you are interested. If you are an artist that I don't know, or by some chance missed enclosing the letter to, please contact me and I will send you the details.

JD-Argassy #57 May 1961

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Front Cover by Dave Prosser

Back Cover by Gene Duplantier

Interior illustrations

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Dan Adkins pp 6, 17
Bjo Trimble pp 7, 23
Plato Jones pp 9, 11
Joni Cornell pp 21, 24

JD-Argassy is published every six weeks or so by Lynn A. Hickman at 224 Dement Ave. in Dixon, Illinois. Single copies are 25¢. Subscription rates are 12 issues for \$2.00, or for those that are as broke as I am, I'll send 6 issues for \$1.00.

Lineup for next issue (subject to change, of course), Fandom Confidential by Jim Harmon, Super fan by John Berry, and of course some letters and some ramblings by myself along with some book reviews. I'm not yet sure if I can have an art portfolio lined up for that issue or not but I'll try. At any rate, as far as the artwork department goes, I have some of the finest artwork I've ever seen by Dave Prosser (and I'm going to use 3 or 4 of them in the next issue) plus work by Gene Duplantier and others. As far as covers go, I have already printed, covers by Robert Gilbert, Wm. Rotsler, Gene Duplantier and Dave Prosser. Its just choosing which I'll use for that issue. Once again I'll use a front and rear cover and mail in an envelope. And, I hope by that time to have some artwork from O. Raymond Sowers.

Eleventh year of publication....

JD·ARGASSY

