

# The Mystery

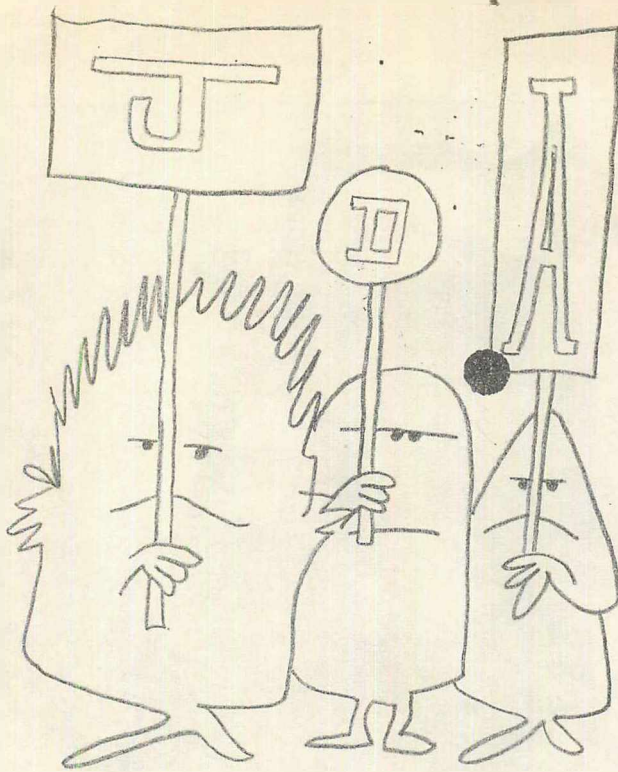
NO

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FROSSER '61





J D - A R G A S S Y

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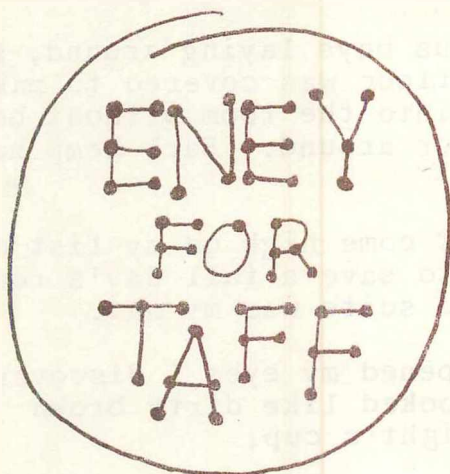
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ARGASSING . . . . .

June 27th. Since the last issue I've been doing a lot of traveling. Quite a few trips to Ohio, plus one to Louisiana rounding up some manufacturers to represent. At present I'll be handling Illinois and selling Sidewinder rotary cutters and back blades. By the end of the year, I hope to add 2 or 3 more good equipment lines.

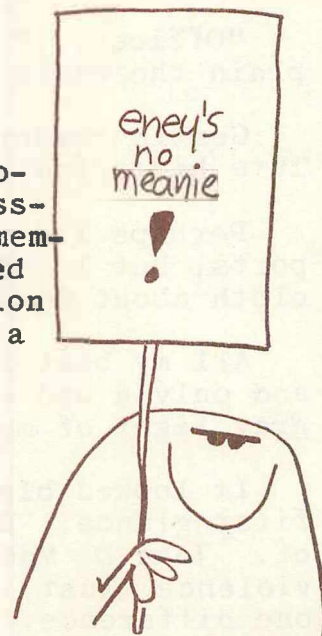
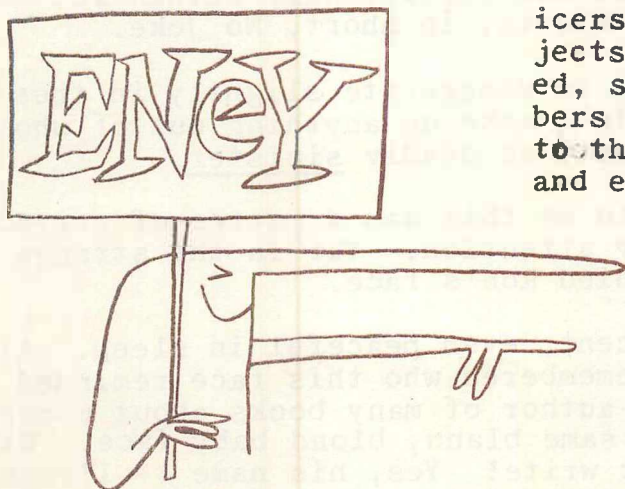


Just returned from the Midwestcon, where I had my usual good time. Attendance this year was down a little from last year, but I would estimate that about 150 attended. A number of my favorite people that couldn't make it this year were Doc Barrett, Chas. DeVet, Marty Greenberg, EE Smith, Schuy Miller, etc. but after an absence of a couple of years Bob Tucker was there. Vic Ryan, Rog Ebert, Ed Gorman & George Willick made it for the first time and I hope

to see them there again next year.

Dave & Ruth Kyle, Larry & Noreen Shaw, Andy & Jean Young, Bob Madle, Bob Pavlat, Hal Lynch and most of the eastern mob were there. The Midwest, of course, was well represented. The Coulsons, Cogswell, the Detroit Mob, the Hensleys, almost all of Chicago fandom plus most of downstate Illinois fandom too. The Scortias were in from St. Louis, Mo. Both TAPF candidates were there, Ron Ellick from the west coast and Dick Eney from the east coast.

First Fandom had a well attended meeting, where nominations for next years officers, future projects were discussed, several new members were admitted to the organization and everyone had a



F A N D O M   C O N F I D E N T I A L :   R O N   E L L I K

By Jim Harmon

I'll never forget the first time I slept with Ron Ellik.

There was a fairly large group of us boys laying around, all naked, except for maybe shorts. The floor was covered to make one big mattress. You couldn't step into the room without being in bed. There was plenty of liquor around. Earl Kemp had arranged the whole thing.

Sleeping with a bunch of men didn't come high on my list of preferences, but I would do anything to save a full day's room rent at the Illwiscon, and the Chicago suite was my out.

Finally, I dozed off, and when I opened my eyes I discovered it was morning. The liquor bottles looked like dirty brown coffee stains in the bottom of last night's cup,

I looked out over the sea of hairy pink man flesh and was silently thankful that our society in general had never accepted nudism.

Beside me on the mattress, a blond side of beef roticerated. He murmured something.

Civilly, I turned my back on Ron Ellik, and tried not to listen.

He murmured louder.

"Officer..." he said. "It's all right, officer. I can explain the whole thing. There's identification in the car."

Gentle reader, these words are terrifyingly authentic, absolute historical evidence. This is, in short, No Joke.

Perhaps I have been known to exaggerate slightly in these reports, but I certainly wouldn't make up anything out of whole cloth about something obviously so deadly sinister.

All my best instincts told me this was a matter of privacy and only a cad would pay any attention. Yet in the strange gray light of morning I studied Ron's face.

It looked bland and innocent, even peaceful in sleep. At first glance. But then I remembered who this face reminded me of. John D. MacDonald, the author of many books about murder, violence, lust, greed! The same bland, blond baby face. With one difference. Ellik can't write! Yes, his name -- I've myself seen him labor over a registration card for five or six minutes. True, he placed in the Top Ten Fan Writers in a poll



(conducted by his own fanzine, FANAC, let it be noted). But the fact remains that Ellik can't sublimate his thoughts about violence and depravity by writing them out. Draw your own conclusions.

What nightmare fear was gnawing at Ron, making him make desperate excuses to a dream policeman? What was the explanation?

I did see him reach down and hitch up his shorts several times. But I discarded this explanation as too simple.

Ron took a half turn towards me in bed.

I shivered and got up and moved.

I went to the bathroom.

There I found a razor. I picked it up. I did not cut my throat. It was a safety razor.

I shaved.

My Face.

My own razor was safely tucked away in my bag and I loathed the bother of unpacking it.

When I came out of the bathroom, all the rest of the men were still asleep. I well knew that some of them had actually been drinking the night before, and I left them to their besotted stupor.

I will say this for Ellik -- I never saw him take a drink.

Of course, this may not prove anything. By the time the rest get around to drinking at a convention, I usually can't see too well.

I stole out quietly after dressing.

I trotted over to the Howard Johnson's across the way from the motel and reckoned coffee was all I could take at that hour.

Over the evil mulatto-hued beverage, I read a morning newspaper. I noted there had been a particularly nasty ax murder in Chicago the night before.

A hand fell on my shoulder. "So this is where you got to, Harmon."

I swiveled and grinned weakly. "Yes. How are you feeling this morning, Ellik?"

Ron grinned engagingly. "Sharp," he said.

"Ready for breakfast?"

"Sure. I could really carve up some ham and eggs."

"Speaking of blades and all..." I began.

"What?" Ellik said incisively.

"I mean, I used a razor blade up in the room. I used somebody's razor. I hope no one will mind."

"Jim, I don't mind you using that razor at all."

"Why," I said, "Thanks, Ron. That's nice of you."

"I don't mind a bit," he repeated.

A gang of people gushed into the restaraunt, Jim Caughran, Ted Cogswell, Lee Anne Tremper, and some others I didn't know.

"Hey, Ron, you know some lug used my razor this morning!" said someone -- I know it wasn't Caughran or Miss Tremper.

"I didn't mind it a bit, Jim," Ellik said to me.

So much for Ellik the humorist.

We all moved to a large corner table.

Miss Tremper had a deck of half-size playing cards. I took them and did a few one handed cuts and shuffles.

"Remind me not to play cards with you," Cogswell said.

"Deft fingering," Ellik said dreamily. "Like a surgeon."

The orders were eventually served, and Ron went to work with his knife. "I lost forty pounds in the Marines," Ellik remarked. "I was in for six months. Great outfit. They teach you how to use a bayonet. And like that."

The meal continued without incident. Until --

Ellik leaped to his feet. "Mass!" he said. "Mass!"

"Couldn't you," I said, "Keep that subject to yourself in public?"

"You don't understand," Ellik said coolly. "It's Sunday."

"Great Scott!" I cried, holding my head. "What happened to Saturday? It was there the last time I looked."

"Obviously," Ron said, "You don't understand about Mass."

"You needn't be so superior just because you go to the University of California," I said. "I know about mass. And I know about energy equalling M.C. squared."

"It is Sunday and I feel it is my religious duty to attend Mass," Ron Ellik said.

"Oh," I said in a small voice. I accidentally upset the salt cellar and idly traced circles in the grains.

I looked at that youthful blond purity before me, and suddenly I felt old, old and brunet. Of course, I realized now that my suspicions of Ron had been entirely unfounded. I looked upon him fondly as he got instructions from the waiter as to the location of the nearest church.

"He's a good boy," I said to the others at the table.

I thought Lynn Hickman who had just come in was nodding. But I saw that was only the motion of his body as he tried to lift a coffee cup to his lips with both hands.

"Imagine," I mused, "After an evening of revelry at a science fiction convention, Ron gets up and goes to Mass the first thing in the morning."

"I don't think he's going to Mass," Cogswell said.

"No?" I said, surprised.

"I think," Cogswell ventured, "he's going to Confession."

# # #

Later that evening I was talking with Dean Grennell, but as Ron passed on the bed, sitting there, in our shirtsleeves, I looked and asked, "Say, Ellik, is it true you have a brother named Smart?"

Ron's bushy tail flew up, so to speak, and he drove a playful fist into my gut which crumpled me up on the bed.

"Goddam you, Harmon!" Ron screeched at me, his teeth bared. "I've heard that all my life!"

I lay there on the bed staring after him.

Jim Caughran sauntered by.

"Old jokes," he explained, "Ron hates them."

"Oh," I said.

# # #

Some years later, I saw Ron coming towards me in Detroit.

I covered my midriff with my right and cocked my left.

"Harmon," Ron Ellik's first words to me were, "You're getting fat!"

Reluctantly, I uncocked my left.

It is strange how the years can alter some of us.

Since I had last seen Ron, he had become diplomatic.

"Yes," I said. "It's about 190 now. You saw me at my most emancipated."

"I lost forty pounds in the Marine Corps," Ron said.

"I lost seventy out of it," I said.

We stared at each other.

I didn't say anything. I can't stand people talking about their diets all the time.

"Well, Jim," Ron said, "how's that old girl friend of yours, the blonde? Seen her lately?"

"Ron -- " I cautioned.

"You and she were quite a hot item. I bet you've seen her lately, huh?"

"Ron," I said.

"Say, who was that redhead that just went out slamming the revolving door?"

"Oh," I said, toeing the carpet, "You wouldn't know her."

"Well, if there's anything I can do for you, Jim, just let me know."

"Yes," I said.

Ron shook his head. "You sure are getting fat."

"putting some on," I admitted.

"Ought to join the Marines."

"I'm thinking about it."

# # #

"Ron," I said grabbing his arm, "Ron, you can do something for me."

Behind his ever-present glasses, Ron's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Yes?" he hissed.

"Say, Ron, I heard some of you guys are going over to see Dean Grennell."



"Yes," Ron said, "we were invited, so when somebody invites you, we feel we should accept his invitation for us to come by invitation."

"Say, Ron, could you take me too?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, you wouldn't want to go, Jim," he said, "You'd probably have to sit all scrunched up in the back seat, squeezed up against Bjo Wells or somebody."

"I will," I said stoutly, "make any sacrifice to see Dean."

"Well, of course, we'd be absolutely delighted to have you even if you don't have any invitation, but as a matter of fact it's all off."

"Off?" I said in despair. "Off?"

"Yes, the ferries are completely out of commission."

"No, Ron," I said. "I saw a lot of the guys from Los Angeles still able to walk around upstairs."

"The ferry boats have been flooded out. You can't get to Wisconsin from here. Absolutely impossible," Ellik informed me patiently.

"There must be a way," I persisted. "Think of bridges, Ron -- bridges."

"Where would we get skin-diving equipment like his? No, it's all off. Besides," he went on, "the Mounties up there in Wisconsin report everything snowbound."

"Ron," I cried, "that's impossible! There are no Mounties in Wisconsin! Things aren't snowbound over the Labor Day weekend!"

"How would you expect me to know that?" Ron demanded. "I come from California!"

Mr. Grennell later reported that the California group had had a fine time on their visit.

# # #

FANAC won! Best fanzine of the year!

The Hugo lifted its phallic symbol proudly to the sky and Ron Ellik grabbed it with both hands.

"I intend to get another next year for a set of bookends," Ellik said in all humility.

My eyes misted. Ron had come a long way. From contributing letters to SFQ, SPACE STORIES, from aiding in the production of FANTASIA and publishing his own FANTASTIC Story Mag in 1953, to

publishing the best fanzine of 1958. A long way from being requested to leave the convention hotel in San Francisco in 1954 to making a speech at the banquet in 1959.

I found Jim Caughran fiddling with his whiskers in the hall. (The tune was Valst Treste, I think.)

"Well," I said, "how's Ron taking the big victory?"

"Hasn't affected him," Jim said. "He's the same, just the same."

"I think I'll go in and see him," I said casually.

"Congratulations, Ron," I said.

Ron Ellik took one hand off the Hugo and patted my crewcut. "Thank you, son," he said heartfully.

"He hasn't changed, huh?" I hurled at Jim Caughran in leaving.

"No," Caughran said thoughtfully. "No, he's always like that."

Disgruntled I went down to the lobby and threw myself in a chair with a newspaper.

Nothing much in the news. Nasty ax murder in Detroit.

After a time, I went into the bar.

The End

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Editors note: My apology to Jim Harmon for the lateness in publishing this installment of Fandom Confidential. Jim wrote it after the Detention, but as you know after the May issue last year, most of my time was devoted to my 10th anniversary issue, and then mundane other things interfered with my publishing schedule until just lately.

I must also say the same thing to John Berry. His SUPERFAN saga started with the first op almost a year ago and it has taken me this long to bring out ops #2, #3, and #4. John wrote these some time back, and some of the clues pointing toward the identity of Superfan have changed since that time. John is at work on #5 now and will bring you up to date on this. I certainly hope that this is the last time that I have to hold material this long.

Lynn A. Hickman

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# THE SUPERFAN SAGA . . . IV

by John Berry

The two line advertisement in FANAC 174 didn't seem to promise very much.... but SUPERFAN was rather sceptical about the whole affair, anyway. At least, at the beginning he was!

It seemed very much like a hoax, or to be more explicit, a means of trying to identify SUPERFAN...many pages of the upper crust fanzines (not to mention the crudzines) had been spent in attempting to proffer theories identifying one fan or another as being SUPERFAN, ranging from G.M. Carr to Sture Sedolin, and SUPERFAN, in the confines of the small room containing his vast science fiction collection, had chuckled to himself as he'd read the guesses.....

But that FANAC advert :-

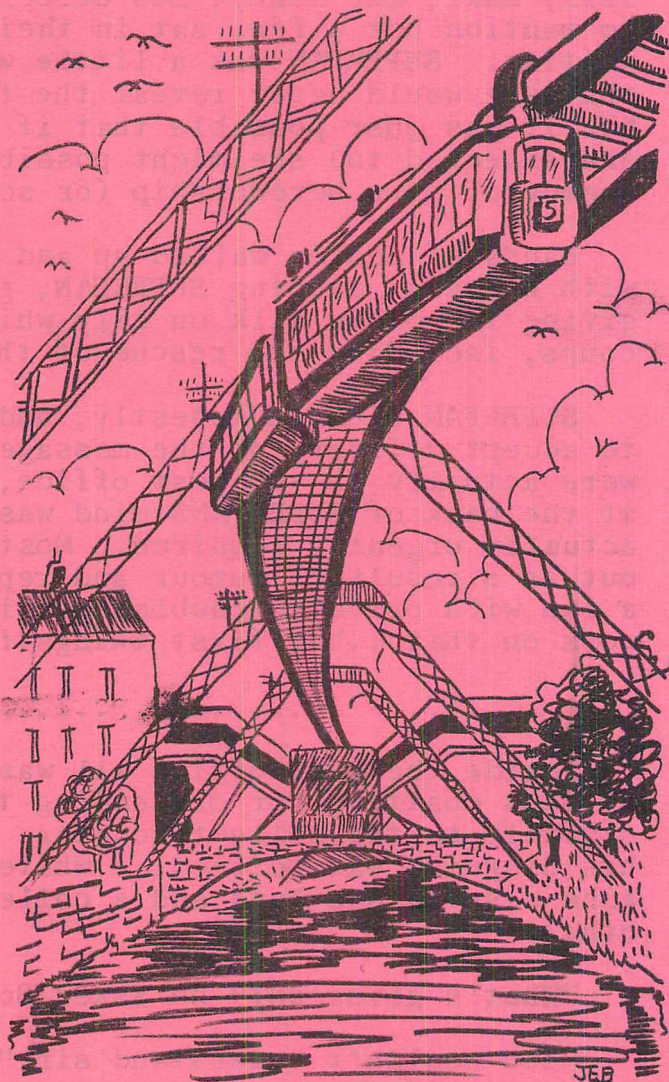
URGENT. SUPERFAN, we require your help. Please collect an envelope addressed to SUPERFAN at Hagerstown Post Office on 23rd February.

But SUPERFAN thought he'd go and see what it was all about anyway.....

.....

The riot in Hagerstown on 23rd of February should have provided reporter Harry Warner Junior with enough material to last the HAGERSTOWN SENTINEL many issues, but he retired by jet to the Ozark mountains that evening, so contemporary fanzine accounts must serve to record for posterity the amazing scenes outside the post office.

SUPERFAN himself, in the guise of a left-handed brush salesman, sat in his hotel room opposite and grinned to himself as he tried to enumerate the fans surrounding the immediate precincts



of the post office. Some were quite open about their interest.... Terry Carr, Buz Busby, Les Gerber, Jean Young and Phyllis economou to mention but a few, sat in their cars on the main street, just waiting. SUPERFAN was a little worried about Phyllis. He knew that she would never reveal the fact that she knew who he was, but it was just possible that if she saw him (and it was obvious she expected to) she might possibly betray herself by a slight tremor of pure heroworship (or so SUPERFAN hoped.)

Bands of neofen walked up and down outside the post office with banners, lauding SUPERFAN, granting him copious egoboo, and giving in golden silk on lily white banners brief details of his coups, including the rescue of the Russian fan the year before.

SUPERFAN blushed modestly, and then wondered how he was going to accept delivery of the message. He was certain that some fans were actually in the post office, waiting for him to collect, and at the back of SUPERFAN'S mind was the thought that his help was actually urgently required. Most of his work had been carried out as a result of rumour and report...how should or how could a fan with private troubles get in touch with him???? he'd have to work on that...but first things first....

.....

Inside the post office all was confusion. He recognised groups of fans chatting, or pretending to write postcards, but glancing craftily to the collect counter. Several fans looked at him, but his disguise was perfect....white suit, grey trilby, a smart attache case in one hand and a collection of lavatory brushes in the other.

"What's going on?" he asked Bob Lichtman.

"You wouldn't understand sir," he said, "but SUPERFAN is coming."

SUPERFAN tried to blink back a tear as he saw the utter adulation in the young fans face....but he asked in a southern drawl who and what was SUPERFAN???

Before Lichtman had time to answer, a squad of State Police rushed in, tear gas bombs at the ready.

They rounded the fans up in a corner, and many of the fans outside rushed in to see what was going on. They knew SUPERFAN was there, and would therefore take care of the police.

Voices were raised loudly, and 'SUPERFAN' was muttered between cracked lips, fannish and mundane.

"Well clear this place," shouted the police chief. "If SUPERFAN has got a space ship, he can damn well collect the letter from the top of the highest tree in the recreation grounds."



The fire engine, surrounded by cheering fans, drove to the recreation ground and a long extension ladder unreeled itself and with great daring a fireman clutching a white missive carefully draped it with a coil of wire on the topmost branch.

Everyone was happy...the centre of Hagerstown was free of the 'goddam fans' as the police chief put it, in fact they were all sitting round a tree in the recreation ground, and as far as the police chief was concerned, that was the best place for them.....

\*\*\*\*\*

SUPERFAN drained a tumbler of iced water, and watched as the sun sank and twilight fingered the sky. He drove his hired car a couple of miles along route 40 crossed a couple of fields to the shed. He pushed out his craft, checked the controls and the fuel guage, and rose vertically. He switched on a powerful searchlight, and headed back, fast, to Hagerstown. He flew to the recreation ground, manipulated the searchlight, and saw the fans below. He could quite plainly see that they were waving their arms, and he was sure that they were shouting, but he could hear nothing because of the noise of his engines.....he lowered a hook, swept carefully forward, hovered over the tree round which the fans gathered, opened a small observation window, directed the beam of a hand torch on the hook, and fished for the letter. He hooked it, blew a long blast on his siren, and roared upwards....

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SUPERFAN read the letter for the third time:-

SUPERFAN.....Please translate.....this came to me for forwarding to you.....Bob Tucker.

Appended to the missive (written on the back of the carbon copy of the letter in which Tucker turned down \$10,000. for the film rights of The Long Loud Silence) was a rice-like scrap of yellow parchment with hyroglyphics on it.

SUPERFAN pondered.

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It took him three weeks and many sleepless nights, to decipher the message. His task was made more difficult because, due to quite appreciable difficulties, he'd spent two weeks and six days trying to effect the translation from a Japanese-English dictionary, whereas the message was written in Tibetan!

Once he had cottoned on to this fact, the rest was easy. He knew a professor at the local university who was an authority on Tibet.

The message, duly deciphered, stated:-

"We, the newly formed fan group in Shigatse, affiliated to the nearby lamaseries adjacent to where we are at this precise second, wish to aquire from you such assistance as you can humbly bestow in order that our fanzine MYN DOVA MATTA, shall be thrust forth upon a suitably delighted fannish world, the Western part of it, particularly the countries of America, Britain and Council Bluffs. As you may know, or as you may not know, we are at the moment engaged upon an underground conflict with Red China, which plays merry hell with our fanac. We can find no other way to make sure our first ish is circulated, save to ask your venereal assistance in this matter. The famed German mountaineer, Herr Schmelling, after his successful ascent of one of our celebrated peaks, returned to his native land with our fanzines, all eight issues, stuffed in the lining of his waterproof fur jacket. He is not aware of this fact, and we would consider it of great favor if you would maintain your record of helping fans in distress by securing our publication and sending it forthwith to a bewildered fandom.

We would welcome trades, only if they are printed in Tibetan!"  
Yours in muchly awe,  
Fling, Twang and Wonk.

SUPERFAN, liberally filled with home brewed coffee, which he always, through sheer long-ingrained habit, brewed in a tin can, the wild western way, sat in some prolonged bouts of meditation, before he drafted a letter of instruction to Klaus Eylmann, the Hamburg fan.

.....

SUPERFAN, attired in a long check jacket, a Frank Sinatra pork pie hat with a feather in the band, and plus fours, met Klaus in the centre of Hamburg, outside the post office.

He recognised Klaus from a Berry publication fotosheet (POT POURRI 12) and went up and spoke to him. His voice was muffled as it slowly penetrated the foot long false red beard.

"Hi, Klaus," he said in a Yorkshire accent.

Klaus gulped as he shook hands with SUPERFAN.

"Did you get Herr Schmellings address?"

"Yah," said Klaus, "he lives in number 236, Solingen Strasse, Wupertal-Elberfeld."

"Shall we go?" asked SUPERFAN.

Klaus, impressed with the fact that he was working with SUPERFAN, stuck out his chest proudly as he strode with his associate towards the railway station.....

.....

"Great Ghu" muttered SUPERFAN in awe. He was minus his beard. he had a long talk with Eylmann on the long train journey south,



and the result was that Klaus had sworn he would reveal the secret to no one if he knew SUPERFAN'S identity. As SUPERFAN said, it was a helluva bind having to wear the beard and false eyelashes and hair, and it was much more comfortable to just be himself. Klaus fainted when he learned who SUPERFAN was, but he soon got over the initial shock.

"Great Sufferinf Ghu's," SUPERFAN repeated.

They had walked along the bank of the River Wupper, and for the first time SUPERFAN saw the world famous Schwebbahn, for which Wuppertal is so well known.

The river wasn't wide, and from each bank, at frequent intervals, metal framework leaned inwards over the river at about an angle of sixty degrees. At the top where the metal supports joined in an inverted 'V' shape, was a wide thick metal rail which followed exactly the course of the river, and exactly over the centre of it. A couple of coaches, suspended underneath the rail by wheels on top of the coaches, shunted past.

"Must have a ride on that," said SUPERFAN with enthusiasm, "We'll go after we've collected the fanzines."

Herr Schmelling was most helpful. Eylmann explained, as per his explicit directions from SUPERFAN, that he would deem it a great honor if Schmelling would give him a souvenir of his mountain climb, as he, Klaus, was a great fan of his.

This egoboo was well timed and apparently gratifying, for Herr Schmelling asked them into his den, and showed them pictures and movies of his adventures. SUPERFAN, in his guise as Prefessor Stappit, of Edinburgh University, grunted and nodded, his eyes impatiently seeking out the waterproof jacket. It was in the course of the search that he inadvertantly knocked over a bottle of plum jam over his trousers. Herr Schmelling comiserated, said the Herr Professor couldn't walk about like an accident looking for an emergency ward, so he nipped upstairs for a spare pair. As soon as he left the room, SUPERFAN, in his blue-spotted underpants, and Eylmann looked everywhere for the fur jacket, and Klaus finally found it bundled up inside a cupboard.

Herr Schmelling returned with a pair of red riding breeches (he was in the International West German Show Jumping team) which SUPERFAN put on with some mis-givings.

"Herr Schmelling," said Eylmann, "Whilst you were away we found this fur jacket. Did you have it with you in Tibet?"

"Yah."

"Well, I would be terribly pleased if you would let me have it. I can wear it when it gets cold in the winter in Hamburg, and be able to tell all my friends that it belonged to you."



Schmelling tried without success not to laugh as he gazed at SUPERFAN in his check jacket, Frank Sinatra hat and red breeches. He nodded to Eylmann, who folded up the fur jacket, bowed low.

"Perhaps Herr Professor would like a souvenir," said Schmelling "here are the skiis I used in Tibet."

He handed SUPERFAN two eight foot long skis, and as a final gesture of respect, took off the Frank Sinatra hat and pulled a woold ski hat on, making SUPERFAN'S ears loop downwards.

"And don't forget your jammy trousers," he hissed as they departed.

Stopping only to leave the jam-covered trousers in a laundry, they booked in at a hotel, SUPERFAN blushing as he staggered along with his skiis and ski hat and red riding breeches, and it was 102 in the shade.....

.....



In the seclusion of the hotel room, they ripped open the fur jacket, and the fanzines were inside the lining. They opened out the parchment copies.

"The illo's are damn good, Klaus," muttered SUPERFAN, gazing in awe at the delicate filigree paintwork, depicting several refugees from a Chinese Willow Pattern salad dish battling with a bem in the shadow of a spaceship which bore a definite Adkins touch.

"Wish I could read this fanzine review column," muttered Eylmann....

They agreed that the fanzines were superbly produced, SUPERFAN estimating it probably took them about three years to produce. SUPERFAN packed them in a small brown paper parcel, and they checked out of the hotel.

They collected SUPERFAN'S trousers, and against his better judgement, SUPERFAN discovered they had only half an hour to get the train back to Hamburg, and he did so want to have a short ride on the schwebbahn.

They climbed the stairs to a station, which was many feet above the ground. SUPERFAN clutched his two brown paper parcels, the trousers and the fanzines, and when a 'train' came along, they entered it. As it followed the course of the River Wupper below, SUPERFAN thought it was wonderful, they seemed to be floating without any visible means of support, and the only thing which spoiled the illusion were the metal frameworks supports along the river bank.





Then Klaus gripped his arm.

"Don't look now, SUPERFAN" he breathed, sweat on his forehead, "But a Chinaman is edging towards us."

SUPERFAN shook his head, to make sure he was on the correct mental plane, and he looked over his shoulder. It was a Chinaman alright, and he was about twelve feet from them, fighting his way through the mass of standing passengers.

SUPERFAN got the point immediately.

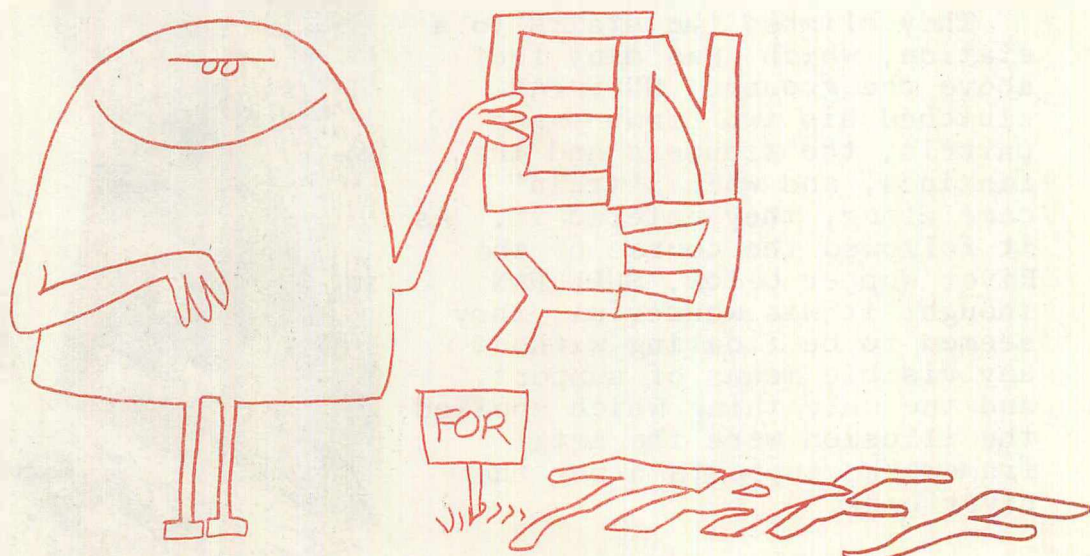
"Heck, Klaus," he breathed. "The Red China secret service. It would be a great boost to Tibet, and a great anti-communist propaganda blurb if a set of fanzines could be smuggled out of Tibet when China holds the country. This agent is going to try and get the fanzines, but not if I can help it."

The great man stood up, his decision made. Just as the red agent reached out to him, his face creased in fury, SUPERFAN pushed him back forcibly. The train was at a station, and SUPERFAN flung the trouser parcel to Klaus, and lept off the train with the fanzines just as the door closed behind him.

He saw Klaus and the red agent struggling as he turned away and raced for the Hamburg train.

.....

"- and I flung Klaus Eylmann the parcel containing the trousers, and the chinaman struggled with him, Eylmann trying to hold the agent back whilst I managed to escape with the precious parcel."





SUPERFAN sat in an armchair in his den, speaking into his tape recorder microphone. He always told his story to the tape, for when the time came to write his memoirs. He realised it was the first operation on which he hadn't used the ship, but it was just impossible, and it was lucky that he had sufficient cash in his SUPERFAN fund to pay for a return air ticket to Hamburg.

"All that remains for me to do," said SUPERFAN, giving his voice an extra twang of majesty, "is to send these fanzines out before the Communist China agents trace me and recapture the Tibetan fanzines."

He switched off the recorder, and opened a drawer in his desk and got out a batch of large buff envelopes. He addressed eight envelopes to FANAC, SKYRACK, the Seattle group, Les Gerber, Norman Shorrock, Bob Smith (Australia), Bob Tucker and Phyllis Economou. He liked Phyllis.....

He opened the brown parcel, and pulled out three pairs of ladies panties with hearts round the hems, two bra's with roses on them, and an underskirt with 'Du bist mein kleiner kartoffal' on the waistline.

He reached a trembling hand for the whiskey and staggered to his bedroom.....

.....

Eight days later he received an airmail copy of the latest FANAC.

Carr said, in the editorial, that to celebrate SUPERFAN'S greatest coup, the special BJO illo'd FANAC had been airmailed, no expense spared, to almost every fan in the cosmos. Carr explained in great detail how SUPERFAN, at great personal risk, had fought a pitched battle with red agents, and had successfully managed to save the Tibetan fanzines for posterity. FANAC had received their copy via airmail from Hamburg....

SUPERFAN smiled. He was amazed, and yet he smiled. He thought he knew what had happened, yep, that plum jam, that was it..... and Eylmann had given him all the egoboo.....

.....

MYN DOVA MATTA came in the post next day, with a letter from Klaus.

SUPERFAN read it, smiled widely, and switched on his tape recorder and cuddled the microphone.

"Klaus Eylmann retrieved an impossible position by pure logic, and, showing his sterling qualities, allowed me to reap the benefit of the coup, and not accepting any of the egoboo himself. He saw that he would have gotten great personal prestige if he had given out the true facts to fandom, but to do this would have ser-



iously injured the SUPERFAN myth. When the time comes, I shall publicly reveal all his work, but I think, in deference to his wishes, that I shall let fandom think that SUPERFAN did indeed swing the deal.

To conclude the tape on the Tibetan Fanzine Affair, I can do no better than to quote from the last paragraph of Klaus Eylmann's letter :- 'and it was unfortunate, SUPERFAN, that in your rush to rescue the fanzines you threw me the wrong parcel by mistake. It was a misunderstanding all around, because the Chinaman who was chasing us came from the laundry where you'd collected your trousers. He was chasing us to tell you you had been given the wrong parcel. I thought it would be best to mail the fanzines out from Hamburg, to prove that you had been on the job. I want no egoboo for what I did, because I derive all my happiness from the fact that I had such great personal pleasure in working with you. Till the next time, Klaus.'

SUPERFAN breathed deeply, and read the rest of FANAC....heck, trouble in Australia.....

- John Berry -



good time at the party afterwards. Burroughs fans also had a good meeting, but I wasn't able to make it. Even had a Burroughs fan come clear up from Louisiana. This in addition to Emile Greenleaf from New Orleans who was also present.

The Hucom held a lengthy meeting where we drafted our recommendations to be presented at the Seacon.

All in all it was a good con, but for my own enjoyment, fell below the standards set at previous ones.

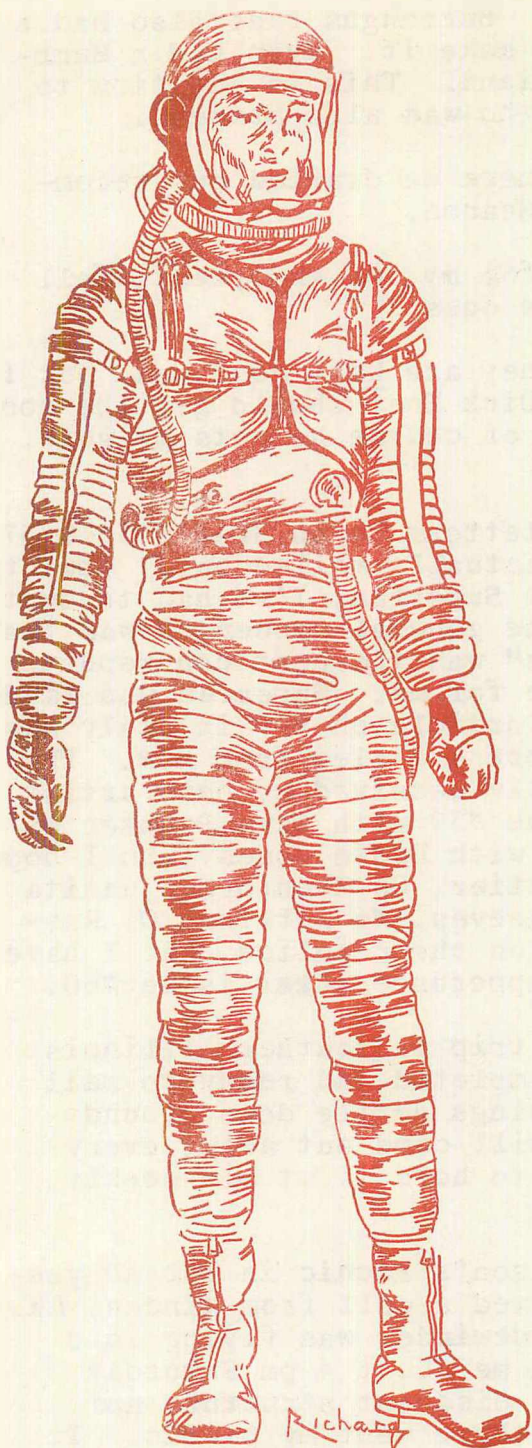
TAFF this year is a hard choice, they are both good men, but for past performance in fandom I feel Dick Eney should get the nod. I was one of Dick's nominators and of course he gets my vote. I hope he gets yours too.

There have been a barrage of good letters in on JD-A'S 56 & 57. (This even with only half of them actually mailed out.) Due to the length of Fandom Confidential & Superfan, I've had to omit a letter column for this issue. The general concensus was that Dave Prosser's "Pittcon Impressions" was the best con report since Jim Harmon wrote his last one for me. Superfan was lauded as was the artwork. Scognomillo's article on S-F in Italy was a hit and many letters asked for more articles from him. The proposed artfolio was enthusiastically received by both artist and reader and will start with issue #59 with Dave Prosser as the first artist. #60 will follow with Eddie Jones (who I hope stands for TAFF soon). Gene Duplantier, Bo Stenfors, Juanita Coulson, Richard Holsinger, Terry Jeeves, Wm Rotsler, O. Raymond Sowers and others are working on their foljos, but I have not determined a special order of apperance after issue #60.

I'm leaving on a two weeks selling trip in southern Illinois tomorrow, so this issue won't be completed and ready to mail until in late July. I expect as things settle down around here and in my business that JD-A will come out about every six weeks to two months. I'll try to hold it at six-weekly if at all possible.

July 9th. Wanted to go to the Coulson's Picnic in Wabash yesterday, but on Friday night I received a call from Minden, La. saying that the salesman for Sidewinder was flying into Springfield, Ill. and wanted to see me about 4 pm Saturday afternoon to discuss a new pricing, discount structure and floorplan deal for the dealer. So there went my picnic. It was worth it though as they have a terrific deal to offer the dealer now. Honest Buck -- one of these years I'm gonna make it!!

NO ILLWISCON HERE IN JULY afterall. I'm just too busy working and at the present time can't even tell what week-ends I'll be here in Dixon. I may schedule it for later in the fall. If so I'll send out a special flyer to advise you on it.



July 10th. Went to the Post Office to send out the rest of the JD-A's #56 & 57 and for the 1st time in 11 years of pubbing ran into friction with them. They asked me to hold up the rest of the mailing until they can get an opinion from Washington on whether or not I can send JD-Argassy out at the magazine rate. I have to take several issues in as samples and then register it as same. Either that or pay a higher postal rate. We'll have to see how it comes out. I guess I went to the post office on the wrong day. Still it seems strange that of all the post offices that I have sent JD-A through in all the towns that I have lived in over the past 11 years could be wrong over all the issues I've had weighed and mailed and this office just now discovers that I should paying more. I should know soon. BUT, some of you will be getting this issue just a very short time after receiving the other two. My apologies are in order, but blame the P.O.

July 15th. Back in Dixon again after a fast trip through central and western Illinois. Dealers liked the new terms and it was a good selling trip. The car has steadily continued to disintergrate and even tho I've practically rebuilt it out on the road, I think I'll soon be trading again. A pox on Cadillacs and General Motors.

B O O K S . . . . Have read quite a number of books since the last issue, but because of the space limitations this issue, I'll have to talk only on a few of them and rate the others. The crop has been a little uneven but the overall enjoyment quantity has been good. You will soon be noticing on the newsstands that Ace Books have raised their price from 35¢ to 40¢. I still feel



that this is one of the best bargains for the average sf book buyer.

On August 11th, Doubleday will launch a new series for space age youth between the ages of 9 and 14. It will be the MIKE MARS series. The first four titles in this series will be MIKE MARS, ASTRONAUT; MIKE MARS FLIES THE X-15; MIKE MARS AT CAPE CANAVERAL; and MIKE MARS IN ORBIT. The series will be written by Donald A. Wollheim.

The best books of the past few months were Three Hearts and Three Lions by Poul Anderson (Doubleday, \$2.95), Time is the Simplest Thing by Clifford Simak (Doubleday, \$3.95), The Lovers by Philip Jose Farmer (Ballentine, 35¢) and Slan by A.E. van Vogt (Ballentine, 35¢).

Anderson's book was the most fun. I know he had fun writing it and I had fun reading it. It would have been a natural for UNKNOWN. Holger Carlsen was wounded in WW2 and awoke to find himself alone in a forest with a black stallion and some armor that seemed tailor made for him. Actually he was in a land of legend and magic and found himself the key figure in a battle between Law and Chaos for the domination of the world. His adventures in the fantasy land make wonderful reading for those that love fantasy and the old myths. Simak's book was on psi qualitys and had a good twist to it. Slan I had read numerous times before, but it is a book that I always enjoy rereading. A true sf classic. The Lovers by Farmer, I hadn't read since its initial Startling Stories publication. I had long hoped that it would be expanded and see book publication but was rather hoping for a hard-cover edition. I haven't taken the time to go back through my Startling file to see what changes were made but I really enjoyed the Ballentine version.

Other books well worth reading are Ace: The Swordsman of Mars by Otis Adelbert Kline. The Beast Master and Star Hunter by Andre Norton and The Greatest Adventure by John Taine. The Kline and the Taine book are reprints of the type old story that I dearly love. We will be going into these older stories and the magazines they came from at greater length in future issues. From Avalon there were two books that I especially enjoyed. The Drums of Tapajos by Colonel S.P. Meek and the rim of Space by A. Bertram Chandler. The Meek book was another of the oldies.

I've received quite a number of letters asking that I delve into the books I read a little more thoroughly and give longer reviews on the ones I like. Starting with the next issue I am going to give much more space to book reviewing, and as I probably won't have the time to do all of them myself I'll be having some help. My number one helper will be Rosemary Hickey. I wrote Rosemary on this and then stopped to see her taking a number of books with me. Following is a letter I received from her a few days later.

"This is my first attempt to say just what I think about stories, collections of sf stories and novels published in the SF category. For myself, even though the writing is inept, the characters shallow and the plot-line confused....these writings are still more pleasurable to read than the slick, best sellers of today.

Even the sloppiest space opera is written with a proper goal...that of entertaining, amazing, challenging the interest and imagination of the reader. The best sellers are written with the prime goal for the author of proving what a great writer he is. (This can explain the 'first novel only' author.)

The fact that best sellers continue to exist must mean something....perhaps that there are a lot of people who let others choose their reading....and who prefer their reading to provide the same emotional release that a cross-word puzzle can do. For me, I prefer cross-word puzzles....to the usual Best Seller List.

There's a seller out on the shelves about the Warsaw ghetto. It's far more an action story and has far less of the reality portrayed in the pint-sized novel of Damon Knight...The Sun Saboteurs. In the Uris novel, the only time it comes to life is when the fighting starts in the ghetto....when the Germans are trying to wipe out all life....and it's only in the description of the actual fighting that it acquires a patina of reality. Not so in the Sun Saboteurs.

Some of the novels were effective enough to make me think. Others were not. Hence the variation of the commentary in my reviews. It would be so easy for me to write a love story about Arthur C. Clarke's book and The Hole In The Bottom Of The Sea.....but I haven't finished either book yet.

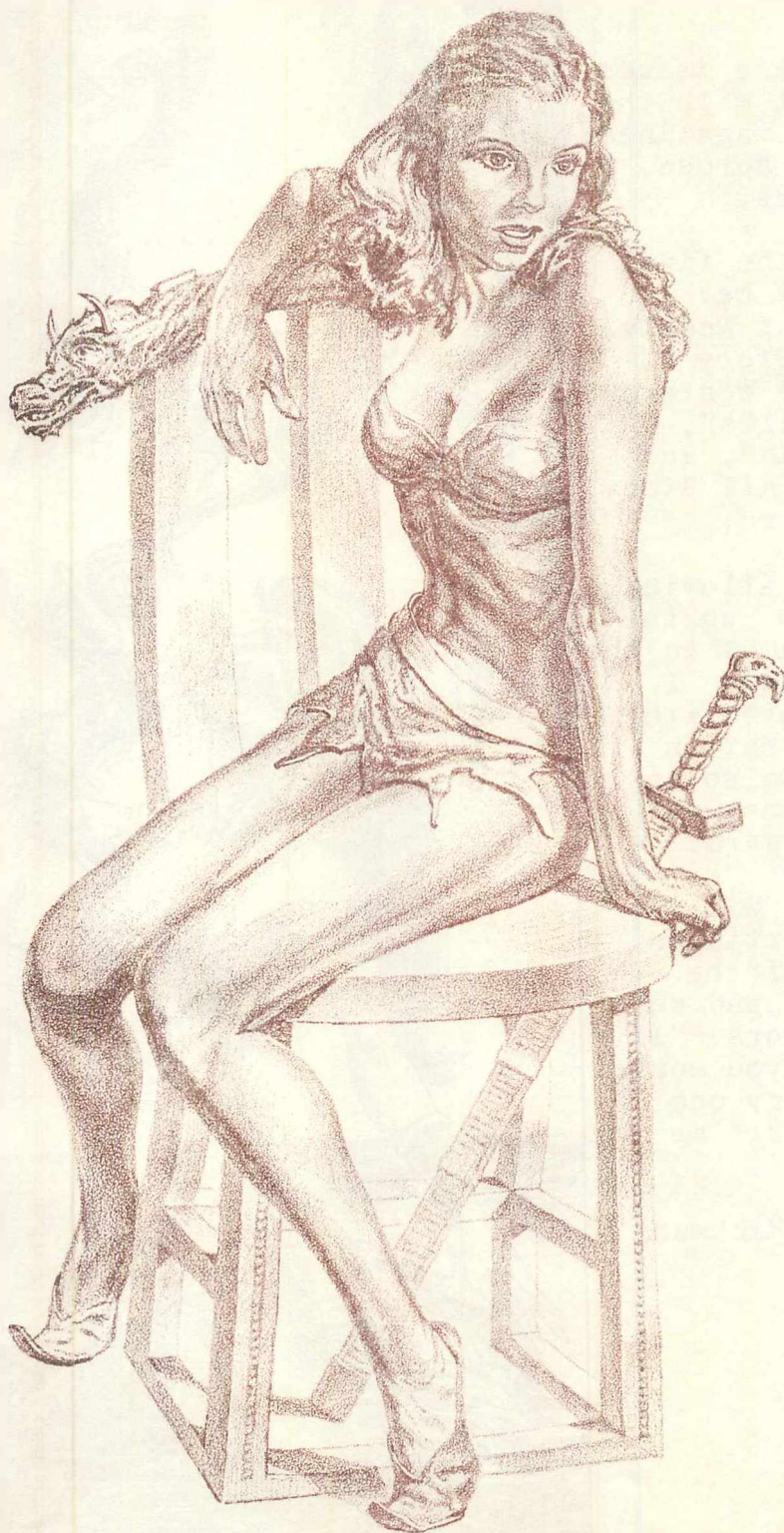
Rosemary Hickey

You'll notice on the next page a drawing by O. Raymond Sowers. Ray sent this sketch as an experiment on coquille board. This is photo-offset with half-tone, and while Ray sent it to me to play with, I decided to use it in the zine. I like it that well. The drawing is based on the character Thaine from The Swordsman of Mars by O.A. Kline. I think you'll like the drawing as well as I did.

It is now late October so again we have a long drawn out issue. This has been our 11th year of publication and has not been a good one. Various things have happened that have prevented me from devoting the time to publishing that I would have liked to. This the third issue of the year will probably be the last for this year. I'm hoping that things will be different in 1962 and that I can get back on at least a bi-monthly schedule. I'm going to try my best. Plans for next year include a greater amount of good artwork, more emphasis on the science fiction and fantasy field and a neater zine with better layout. This may be gradual but by the end of 1962 I hope to be putting out the zine I've really wanted to the past few years.

Was able to get over to Betty Kujawa's a few weeks back and had a chance to meet Ella Parker. A grand gal. It was quite an evening with Earl & Nancy Kemp, Martin Moore, Jim O'Meara, and Vic Ryan besides myself invading South Bend. Betty and Gene were the perfect hosts.







Another thing that will come up next year in JD-A is a series of "theme" issues. I am in the process of building files of material for them now.

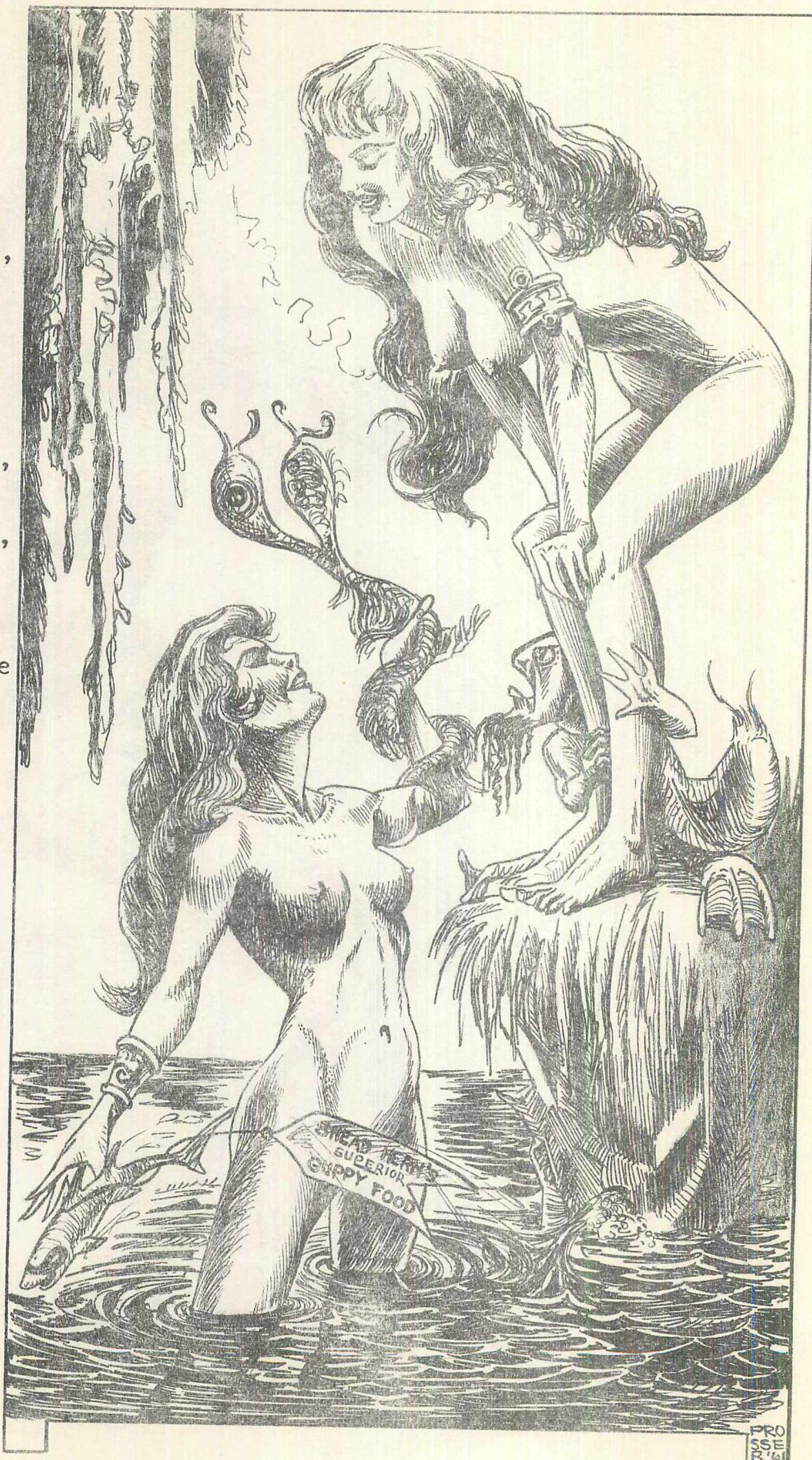
These theme issues will deal with the old pulp magazines, authors, heroes, & characters.

Some of the first ones will be:  
"Wild West Weekly,  
Western Story &  
Pete Rice Western",  
"Weird Tales",  
"ERB-Tarzan", and  
"Argosy, All Story,  
& Cavalier".

Material allowing, I hope to run the entire gamut in the years ahead. I would appreciate your comment on this and also any suggestions you might forward.

I need or will be needing articles on most of the magazines and on many authors. If you feel you would like to try one please query me on it.

Lynn Hickman





## JOB'S LEVIATHAN

### A Jungian Analysis

Job as Simple Simon, soul as pail,  
And Beauty, Leviathan: the king of deep  
On deep, unbribed guard of the sunken keep  
Where primal gods demand expensive bail.  
Let those who think the soul is shallow rail,  
They must be warned before they dare to leap  
They'll plunge into the twilight depths where sweep  
In ceaseless thirst great teeth too swift to fail.

Job's Word is bait; the big fish strikes; the line  
Grows taut; vast treadings crush abysmal grapes;  
Drowned idols swirl like seeds in chaos' wine.  
Look, Job! Caught Beauty, held to light, now apes  
A good, now evil, thing--the shifting sign  
And spectrum of archaic, psychic shapes.

--Philip Jose Farmer



