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## FANAC #10

A weekly news and chatterzine published by Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. Subscriptions are 6/25¢ in USA and Canada, or 25/\$1.00. Subs in Great Britain and Europe available from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, England, at 6 for two shillings sterling. Heading this issue by Bill Rotsler. He says it's his answer to Elmer Perdue.



"Isobars with nipples?"

CHARLES BURBEE'S ANNUAL SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY was held Saturday, April 26, with much frivolity and gay partytiming by all concerned. Attendees this year whose names we caught were Forrie Ackerman, Alex Bratmon, Terry Carr, John Champion, Ed Cox, Alan Dodd, Miriam Dyches, Bill Ellern, Ron Ellik, George W. Fields, Pete Graham, Lee Jacobs, Jack Jardine, Ted Johnstone, Howard Miller, Anna and Len Moffatt, Elmer Perdue, Bill Rotsler, Steve Tolliver, John Trimble, E. M. and A. E. van Vogt, Bjo Wells, and Stan Woolston. There were also, no doubt, some people who came wandering through whose names we never did catch, and quite a few neighbors who did much to enliven the party too.

While Burbee was holding a pokerthon in the back yard, the front room was enlivened periodically by a cartooning contest between Bjo Wells and Bill Rotsler. Bjo would toss off a quick cartoon which would somehow find its way into Rotsler's hands, and he would then add a few deft lines and maybe a punchline, at which point Bjo would utter a little scream and mutter "I hate William Rotsler!" amidst laughter. It was quite a contest, and you'll no doubt be seeing many of the more printable results in MIMSY and one or another of the Berkeley fanzines in the near future.

Rotsler's cartooning talents were also put to dire use in cartooning on the bare backs of a few of the females present, including Bjo. (Rotsler, drawing on Bjo's shoulder: "Some parts of you draw better than others.") Steve Tolliver challenged Rotsler to a duel at cartooning, and won by drawing a critter holding a sign which said, "Rotsler is a great cartoonist". Rotsler modestly conceded the match at this point. (Another notable quote from Rotsler while cartooning on Bjo's back: "This is quite an art form. If you'll take off your clothes I could draw a mural." But no cooperation was forthcoming.)

The Berkeley crowd had prepared a 100-page collection of the writings of Charles Burbee specially for the occasion (at the suggestion of Isabel Burbee). This was distributed at the party and will be in the next FAPA mailing. Copies are still available from Ellik and Carr at 75¢ apiece. (We originally set the price at 50¢, but there will be quite a bit of postage on the thing, we fear.)

Other highlights of the party which we remember: Ted Johnstone giving lessons in Valentino-fashion kissing (Bjo: "For an innocent, you kiss very well, Ted." Ted: "I read widely."). Charles Burbee, hefting THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE in one hand and scratching his head with the other hand: "Did I write all this?" Lee Jacobs was making ambitious plans for running for FAPA OE this year, even though not a member, until he was informed that a revised constitution had been passed providing among other things that officers had to be members of FAPA. It was quite a party.

BOB BLOCH writes, "Fight the recession--get a government loan to move the beer can tower! # I'm sick; the kid next door has yellow jaundice and we've all got to get shots; my wife's aunt died 2 days ago; Alan Nourse called from Minnesota and will be stopping in here for a visit this afternoon. # If you get a chance, see the film "The Golden Age of Comedy," which I caught in Milwaukee last Saturday with Phyllis and Arthur Economou. It is filled with sensitive fannish faces."

THE SOUTHWESTERCON COMMITTEE is heard from once more, in the person of Tom Reamy: "Since you haven't had anything in FANAC about the Southwestercon in a few issues, I thought I would send you some more news as to what is coming off. To wit: As I mentioned before, but you didn't print, we will have the world premier of Paramount's 'The Space Children,' A William Alland Production. Also, Fredric Brown is going to be the guest of honor at our little clambake and Forrest Ackerman is going to be the toastmaster or something. Marion Zimmer Bradley and Lyn Venable will also be here along with Kent Moormaw and CLAUDE HALL!!!! (choke)"

WILL J. JENKINS, who is not Murray Leinster, no, but who is the Honorary Ex-Chairman of the Liverpool Science Fiction Society, Philadelphia Branch ("No other fan can make that statement!"), mentions, "...poor Dave Newman gets his name misspelled in the first SOLAGON Progress Report. And in the second PR his address is given incorrectly. If David does win TAEF they will probably send him to Australia." Dave's correct address is: 6 Marine Park, West Kirby, Wirral, Cheshire, England. Will also mentions that he's almost definitely decided to attend the Solacon. "I'm dreaming now of seeing all the fannish monuments in your part of the country. Like the house where Tony Boucher lives, Disneyland, Dwight Way and Forrest J. Ackerman." We hope you don't think they're all close together, Will. We've heard from various people that fans in the east have an odd idea of the geography of the West Coast. For instance, Rog and Honey Graham were telling us that some of the fans back there seem to think that they could "drive out to Berkeley about a week early, visit fans there, and then on the first day of the convention just walk over to Los Angeles." Everybody back there please note: the Bay Area (San Francisco, Berkeley, etc.) is 400 MILES from Los Angeles. It takes 9 or 10 hours to drive it. The distance from Los Angeles to the Bay Area is about the same as from New York to Pittsburgh, Pa. We hope potential con-attendees will get all this semantically clear in their minds and take it into account when planning their trips out here.

BJO WELLS, who is managing the LASFS Fashion Show for the Solacon, sends along the news that there will be a special session after the show for photographers, since no photos will be allowed during the show itself. No flashbulbs, that is--natural-light photography will be okay. We don't have a full list of the models (Honey Wood Graham and Miriam Dyches are the only models we know of for sure so far). Bjo adds, "Special for the guys--a gown designed of Saran-wrap! Actually, a transparent plastic dress on a very attractive model will be presented at the Solacon, in the LASFS fashion show." Bjo illustrates her idea very effectively right over there on the right.

Anyone in the Los Angeles area who would like to help with the fashion show should get in touch with Bjo, at 428 Westminster St., Newport Beach, Calif.



YESSIR, KIDDIES, that fanzine sale is still going on here, with old fanzines selling grab-bag fashion at 15 for \$1.00. Money goes to Terry Carr, co-editor of this rag, who gets free advertising rates.

JARRY STARK, after waxing enthusiastic for awhile over Carl Brandon's "The Cacher of the Rye," goes on to say, "I've just about decided that, for my own peace of mind, I'd better join (or form) a 'Josh Brandon AIN'T Ghod' Club. Purpose will be to sit around and pick holes in all Carl's ever written (remembering periodically the less successful specimens), while reminding ourselves that he's never written anything that we've seen that was Original, in the sense of not being a parody of something else. Stiff dues will be charged, with which the group will hire a wizened little old man with a cracked voice to walk behind ole Josh and yell out a minimum of once per block, "Remember, thou art only mortal!" I could also see setting up branches called the 'Carr Ain't Either!' Society, and 'Anti-Ellick-As-Moscoe' Unit. Dave Rike, we know, is just a bloody egalitarian, and wouldn't WANT to be Ghod." Carl protests that he doesn't think of himself as Ghod either, Larry, though he admits that when he's working on one of his long parodies he always rests every seventh day.

PICK SNEARY writes, "I've heard a number of places that Bobbie Wild was withdrawing from TAFF. It might be worth mentioning that according to Sandy Sanderson, this was all a misunderstanding. She is still standing for TAFF."

STUPEFYING STORIES numbers 32 and 33 came along this week, from Rich Eney (417 E. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia). This is a chatterzine/letter-substitute with news and like that too. Most important news in these issues is that in about a month Rich will be finishing off the long-awaited FANCYCLOPEDIA II. We await this hopefully. The rest of the contents of STUPEFYING STORIES is mostly fanzine reviews and so forth, all very enjoyable. We wish Rich could put the zine out weekly, but we imagine a weekly fanzine might be a lot of work.

JEAN YOUNG sends news from the Cambridge crowd: "Andy (the published astronomer, y'know--PASP, Dec. 1957) has an unexpected respite from classes for 2 weeks, and swears fanac. Says we're going to run off some one-shottish stuff tonight (23 Apr). Another young Young is expected in late September. (I feel lousy, thanks--and you?) Andy studies Russian--undoubtedly practicing to be a Commie spy. Will we be investigated?"

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: (effective May 22)

William D. Grant  
47 Saguenay St.  
Toronto 12, Ontario  
Canada

ERIC ERICKSON, former publisher of RAPIER (wherein he expounded at some length on alleged knowledge he had that Jesus Christ was actually the son by artificial insemination of an Orionian prince, and that the Kingdom of Heaven of the Bible was actually referring to an Empire of the Stars, etc.) writes, "I am now in a Government Mental Hospital. I suppose I hardly need to say any more but I feel I owe you and all fandom such a whopping big apology that I simply had to write to you in hopes that you would forgive me and perhaps extend my apologies to other fans. Since I came here (voluntarily) on March 12th I have been much concerned over the false hopes I no doubt aroused in the breasts of many fan and I did not know what I could do about it until I came across Kent Moomaw's name and address in a s-f zine." Eric sent this letter to me through Kent, having apparently no access to my address. Eric goes on to say that he is quite confused over the whole thing, feeling that his contentions about the meanings of the Bible make sense no matter how fantastic they sound. He adds, "If you have any opinions on the subject, I would welcome them. There is certainly no one here from whom I can get an honest opinion. The doctors are about the only people around on whose judgment ((continued))

((Eric Erickson continued))

I could rely but to try to get their opinion would ensure my staying a great deal longer. I am, you see, pretending that such things as the 'Empire of the Stars' no longer concern me." Concerning his confusion over his former contentions, he says, "What am I to conclude? I've learned that I can't depend on the workings of my mind, no matter how high my I. Q." This letter, he says, was smuggled out of the institution to escape the censors.

I'm not going to print Eric's current address here, feeling that he'd be much better off isolated from fandom for awhile. If we ever hear from him again after his release I'll print his address then.

His letter concludes, "...please don't be too very angry with me. If I was off my rockers, it was with desire, not to do harm to people, as is usual, but to improve things for people and to give them a shining future."

MRS BOURNE sent us a tree a couple of weeks ago. We filed it in the FANAC file, not knowing what else to do with it. It's got a booklet attached to it, titled "Here is your Oregon Do-It-Yourself Kit...or...How To Plant A Tree". You see, this is a treeling, or baby tree, or whatever it's called. The booklet is wonderful, with such helpful hints as, "Caution: Do not plant your Oregon Fir in any of the following places: under a marquee or awning; under power or telephone lines; under a bridge or over-pass..." And there's a very inspiring section on "You and your Oregon Fir through the years": "5 years: Very small ornaments may be hung on it during the Yuletide season. 10 years: Some shade in spring and fall when the sun is farther south. Small string of lights may be added to medium-sized ornaments during the holidays. 15 years: By setting a post about six feet away, you can now swing a hammock. 20 years: If you have grandchildren under six, you can erect a swing from a sturdy branch. Yours will be the biggest Christmas tree in your block. 30 years: Tree house? 200 years: Full growth. A bronze plaque honoring you might be appropriate." This treeling and booklet are in honor of Oregon's centennial next year. Frankly, we don't know what to do with the thing. Ron suggests planting it and using it to replace the Tower to the Moon, but I dunno. Any suggestions?

--tgc

Beginning what we hope will be a weekly column, alternating between Len Moffatt and George W. Fields. This week by Len:

#### S O L A C O N A C

You know, I just thought of a Publishing Project for some eager, lively fan publisher--or a group of same. Of course, it would take quite a bit of research, and one would have to possess a complete collection of fan publications dating back to the days when Ackerman was a mere wee tad. What I'm talking about is a Complete Collection of Fannish Slogans, like The Poo Is Mightier Than The Yobber, Down With Shaverism, South Gate in '58, etc. It would be a big job, getting them all together in one booklet, but maybe somebody (like those publishing giants, Ellik, Carr & Co., Uninc.) would like to take on the task...

Speaking of slogans (which I did deliberately, I recently invented a new one: A HINGE FOR THE GATE IN '58! This is in reference to an up and coming (to the SOLACON, that is) New Zealand fan & artist, name of Mike Hinge. No, we are not soliciting money on his behalf; Mike is coming to this country to attend art school in L.A. and he hopes to live and work here. He is to arrive in California shortly before the SOLACON, and promises to attend the Masquerade Ball in genuine Maori costume, which--from pix I have seen--consists primarily of warpaint, feathers and a breachclout. However, in order to make his costume fannishly authentic he will top it off, so to speak, by wearing a propeller beanie. You won't want to miss this kiwifan, who speaks a combination of NZ slang and jazz-talk, so better rush a buck or two to the Sneary today and make your plans to get to the Gate in '58. One dollar brings you your membership card, progress reports and a copy of the Program Booklet (whether you attend or not). You can pay the 2nd buck now too, or wait until you arrive at the Alexandria Hotel. If you are already a member and planning to attend, NOW is the time to make your room reservation--and, just as important, your banquet reservation. Send your membership fee to Rick Sneary, Treasurer, SOLACON, 2962 Santa Ana St., SOUTH GATE, California. --ljm.

BARBARA LEX, North Shimerville Road, Clarence, New York, has brought out a one-shot with Peter Skeberdis of Flint, Michigan, which sort of announces to the world that the two of them exist (a reassuring note), and that she (Barbara) is bringing out a fanzine called BARBARIAN; inside sources tell us that material will include columns by Skeberdis, Bourne and Horrocks and a non-film review by Alân Dodd. The fanzine, BARBARIAN, is available from Miss Lex at the rate of three issues for 50¢; this one-shot is available from her for a kind word.

A CAR POOL is being formed by the Detroit group, for the purpose of saving fen money on the trip to the Solacon. If you live in the midwest, or anywhere on the general path from Detroit to Los Angeles (except Chicago...), write to William Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Michigan, or George Young, 11630 Washburn, Detroit, Mich, for information, or to give them information. They want to "hear from each of you that would like to ride out and share expenses, and those of you who have cars and want to drive," according to THE SWINGING BORE #2, which was recently received from Rickhardt. TSB includes as a slip-in a one-sheeter called DIARY OF THE GREAT LAKES NOMANS, which impresses us by mentioning lots of names (all from Michifandom) and being actually readable.

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES (#s 290-291, from Science-Fiction Times, Inc., POBox #184, Flushing 52, New York, at 10¢ per copy, \$2- per year) popped up with two issues in two days this time, fulfilling a privately-held prophecy of mine that they would attempt to catch up on their sliding schedule before long. The interior of these two issues (apart from Thomas Gardner's 1957 in Science Fiction which concludes in 290) contains little of import, but the front pages are chock full of news. Some of it is old news, but there is one red-hot item they got to before FANAC did-- it says here that the World Science-Fiction Society (Inc., remember) has filed a legal suit in the New York State Supreme Court, New York County, against David A. Kyle, Chairman of the New York Convention in 1956, for approximately \$200 altogether. A loud cheer to Taurasi and van Houten for a fine job of fearless reporting, and a whispered prayer that they can keep to schedule in the future, because we enjoy S-F TIMES, when and if.

SCIENCE MARCHES ON DEPT: Stan Woolston, of the Garden Grove Woolstons, asked me at Burbee's Birthday Party if I would like to volunteer for a new satellite program, in the interests of human knowledge, etc. When I answered non-committally, Stan added, "You'd only have to reduce 215 pounds." "But I only weigh 190!" I protested. "Well, maybe we could let you reduce just 190. All we need is a single brain-lobe, an eye, and a finger; you don't need to talk, because you'll use the finger to tap a telegraph key, to communicate." I backed off a little bit, wondering if perhaps the strain of being in the N3F all these years had slipped a cog in Stan's fine mind. "Uh--what about my big, bushy tail?" I tempoed. Persistent to the end, he insisted that I could substitute the tail for the finger. "And when you got into orbit, you could use the tail to operate a typewriter to publish fanzines," he said. It was about that time that Rotsler came through, chasing Bjo so he could do a mural, and I followed them, giving Stan some excuse about being, after all, more of a patron of the arts than a scientist.

SPHERE (L.T.Thorndyke, Editor-in-Chief, POBox 196, Cantonment, Florida). As far as I can tell, everything in this issue of SPHERE is written by Joe Christoff (I think that's his real name), who considers it an accomplishment to issue a fanzine written entirely by one man without mentioning his name in it anywhere. I presume there is some ulterior motive--it can't be humor, because that is seldom evident, and painfully drawn out when it does appear--but I wonder if there can be a motive for the straight line, "This is a non-profit Science-Fantasy Fan Magazine," or for copyrighting the whole magazine. Christoff claims to have been in fandom for 20 years, but this tenth issue of a very poor fanzine doesn't show it.

--rde.

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