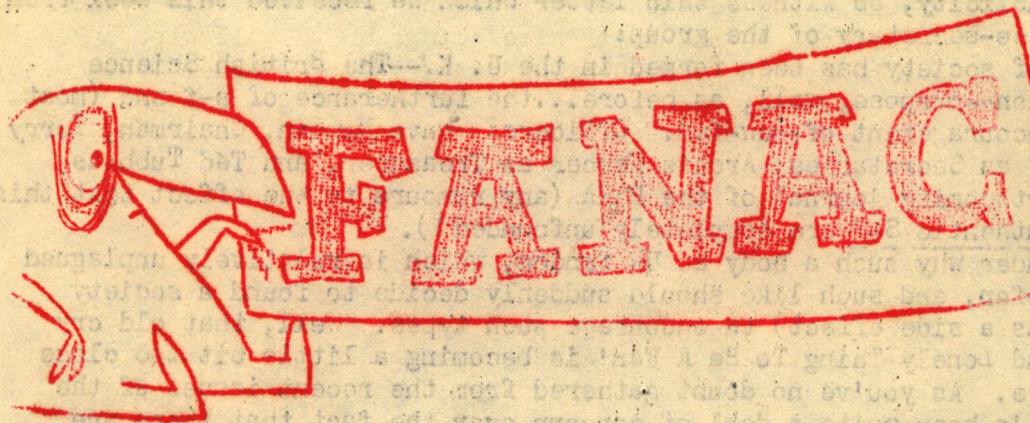


5 May, 1958



Published once
a week by Terry
Carr and Ron
Ellik, 2315
Dwight Way, Berk-
eley 4, Calif.
Our heading on
the immediate
left is by Bill
Rotsler, the
Cinemascope Fan-
artist.

Subscriptions to FANAC are available from the above address at six issues for 25¢, or from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, England, at six issues for two shillings sterling. News and comments gleefully received.

GIBSONS DESCEND ON EAST BAY

During this past week, in order to give us headline material for this issue, Roberta and Joe Gibson flew and/or bussed it from Chicago to Berkeley. Joe came by bus (he says he likes busses) and Roberta flew, staying in Chicago until after he left because the company she worked for was going out of business on the same day as their lease was up, and they felt they had to take advantage of this cosmic happenstance to the fullest.

Saturday night, May 3rd, Rog and Honey Graham invited the University faction of Berkeley fandom to their home to meet the Gibsons. They had been house-hunting, job-hunting and furniture-hunting for two days, and they said they couldn't promise to be in top-notch talking shape, but they wanted to meet fans.

Thus, I, in my capacity as roving reporter, hopped into my long-suffering Pontiac, and bore with me to Acton Street the regrets of five others, and a big Welcome to California from everybody who couldn't make it.

We started talking fans and stfdom, and they told me how hard it is to find things like jobs in Berkeley, while I agreed, and we swapped photos. I showed them photos of Burbee's birthday party, and they showed me photos from MidWestCons, world cons, and Chicago clubmeetings. Then Roberta told me with a straight face that Honey was pregnant. Honey started shouting something, but Rog shut her up. "She wanted ice-cream this afternoon," Roberta said.

"From Richmond," added Joe.

I looked from one to the other. I looked at Honey, who took a deep breath and held it. She didn't look pregnant. I looked at Roger, who said, "I don't know anything about this." This sort of confused things for me. "But," said Roger, "If the baby has a crew-cut, I'm going to go looking for Joe Gibson with a shotgun."

The Gibsons are fine people, and I sure hope the baby doesn't have a crew-cut, because I've been invited over to their home, when they get settled, for some of Roberta's chile con carne. It might spoil things if Joe couldn't sit down.

THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION, which we mentioned briefly in these pages recently, seems to be getting right down to business. At any rate, its officers are working on publicity, as witness this letter which we received this week from Eric Bentscliffe, co-secretary of the group:

"...a new s-f society has been formed in the U. K.--The British Science Fiction Association--purpose, well, as before...the furtherance of s-f and (most important) the encouragement of new-fen. Officers: Dave Newman, Chairman, Terry Jeeves and myself as Secretaries, Archie Mercer as Treasurer, and Ted Tubb as Editor of the forthcoming journal of the BSFA (any rumours to the effect that this will be titled Authentic S-F are completely unfounded!).

"You may wonder why such a body as UK fandom, which is relatively unplugged by fake-fen, neo-fen, and such like should suddenly decide to found a society which is bound (as a side effect) to encourage such types. Well, that old cry 'It Is A Proud and Lonely Thing To Be A Fan' is becoming a little bit too close to truth over here. As you've no doubt gathered from the recent issues of the British fmz there's been quite a deal of concern over the fact that there are very few new fen appearing on the UK scene...the BSFA has been formed to do something about this.

"The BSFA will be open to membership for UK folk only, but it is intended to make the OO of the association available to any Stateside fan who wants to subscribe; you'll be getting more info on this (and other details of the BSFA) before long, but I thought you might like to pub the bare bones now before the meat is cold..."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: William Rotsler
1628 No. Beverly Glen Blvd.
Los Angeles 24, Calif.

PRO NEWS: damon knight is the new editor of If, working from Milford, Pa. Aspiring authors can submit mss. to him at 106 W. Anne St., Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania. Algis Budrys is now consulting editor on Venture under Mills. Phil Klass (William Tenn) is consulting editor for F&SF. Robert Sheckley, we hear, has sold a novel (his first) to Galaxy for serialization with book-publication sold too.

"LARS HELANDER of SFAIRA and Sweden sayeth he has scholarship to Princeton and will arrive here on Sept. 2 by air," writes Dick Ellington, who also contributed the above news on the pros. "(Helander) will stay for school year at Princeton, including (we hope) many forays into the dens of Village New York, then take off during the summer for some Greyhounding around the country before returning to Sweden. We faunch muchly over this as Lars I like."

FMZ FOR SALE:: Yep, still quite a few left, available grab-bag fashion from Terry Carr at 15 for .1.00.

GOSH, NOW BUT ELLINGTON IS QUOTEWORTHY this time. Elsewhere in this letter he confides, "The Associated Press reveals that the Vatican is considering the designation of Joseph Desa (St. Joseph of Cupertino) as 'a patron saint for space travellers.' According to dictionary of the Saints, this cat was a real gasser. 'He would fly straight from the church door to the altar over the heads of worshippers. Once he flew to an olive tree and remained kneeling on a branch for half an hour. Happenings like these were almost everyday occurrences, witnessed by hundreds of people.'"

METROFAN (50¢ a year, from David McDonald, 39 E. Fourth St., New York 3) came along this week...much controversy over one Dave Kyle, whose activities were traced/exposed in last METROFAN. In the future, this zine will run monthly, but only 6 pages per issue. Generalzine-type stuff will be run in m/f, a quarterly zine. Judging by METROFAN, it shouldn't be bad, even though nothing outstanding. What I mean is that I wouldn't kick 'er out of my mailbox. --tgc.



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"Fashionable" or not! You'll never
get me in one of those saran-wrap
dresses!

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