

## FANAC #17, 17th June, 1958.

A weekly news and chatterzine from Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. British agent is Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., North Hykeham, Lincoln, England. News and commentary happily received. This issue is lacking its usual cartoons et al because it is being produced haphazardly at the home of Joe and Roberta Gibson, with Rog and Honey Graham kibitzing over our shoulders, shouting, "What's happening with the WSFS? What's happening with the WSFS?" But unfortunately we have no more news on the WSFS issue this week.

### FRENCH FANDOM GOES UNDERGROUND !

We have a letter here from Ray Nelson, Mike Moorcock, and Michel Boulet, which goes like this:

"The first issue of SCIENCE FICTION INTERNATIONAL, the OO of Le Science Fiction Club de Paris, was published last week.

"It was mimeoed, 62 pages long (in the usual tradition of long French fanzines), bi-lingual, and contained articles by Jean Linard, Mike Moorcock, Michel Boulet, Niels Augustin, Ray Nelson, Jean Paulin and Jacques Jacob; cartoons by Ray Nelson, Kirsten Enge and Jean Linard, other artwork by British fans Jim Cawthorn, Don Allen and Bill Harry, translations from French language fanzines such as AILLEURS, FFM and JEUNESSE AU DEPART. Poetry by Suzanne Patricia, Ray Nelson, Mike Moorcock, Maithe Cadars and Georges Chaubed. Michel Boulet did an English fiction story based on the Spoutnik; Saga Sjöberg contributed a folkmusic column. The cover was photo-offset, a reproduction of a rejected (too sexy) cover for the French SF mag, SATELLITE. Film reviews by Alan Dodd, Archie Mercer and Jim Cawthorn.

"Ten copies were distributed to fans present at the time and one or two advance copies were sent to Britain, but when the main bulk of the magazines were taken to the post office for mailing, the post office censors, suspecting perhaps that BNF referred to De Gaulle and fanactivity to revolutionary undercover organizations, confiscated the lot and ordered us to submit all material for our magazine to the government censors for reading BEFORE publication.

"Publication of the next issue awaits the end of the national emergency in France and the recovery of the editors from their collective nervous breakdowns.

"Still available at this writing is the all-French JEUNESSE AU DEPART, 200 francs from Suzanne Patricia Seemama, 100 rue des jeaneurs, Paris 2, France.

"The government pamphlet given us when our fanzine was confiscated says that all such material will be returned pending the end of the present crisis. For fans in Paris, the SF Club de Paris meets every Saturday night at 8:30, Chez Ray Nelson, 56, rue Rennequin, Paris 17, France (Métro Pereire, telephone WAG 19-07. (This meeting every Saturday is not at present taking place due to suspicion of the police on any largish gathering of people but it will apply--we hope--when everything is normal.)"

We extend condolences to these people, in hopes that mundane affairs like politics will soon leave French fandom in a position to pursue the serious aspects of life. (No doubt you'll soon be reading all about it from Dave Rike in RUR.)



REMEMBER BOB STEWART? Oh, sure, you must remember one of them. There were three or four of them in fandom a few years ago, including Boob Stewart, Bob L. Stewart, and Bob M. Stewart, not to mention several fringe-fans of the same name who wandered onto the scene briefly, and "Bob Stewart"s who really didn't exist, but were merely pen-names used by such as Dean Grennell and Don Wegars. It was a standing joke in fandom for awhile that a new race of beings, all with the name Bob Stewart, were infiltrating fandom. A fanclub, "The Bob Stewarts of America," was once planned.

Well, anyway, one of these critturs is back in fandom. We're not sure just which one it is, except that it's not Boob Stewart, who is now a student in a Catholic seminary. This is either Bob L. Stewart or Bob M. Stewart, apparently the one from Kirbyville, Texas, whichever one that was. He writes:

"Well...I've gone the full cycle...from sf to fandom to MADdom to drama major to sf...and here I am again. Ready to start swinging! Here I am once again ordering bunches of fanzines from MADGE, well aware of the fact that half of them may be defunct now." Bob says he intends to start contributing to fanzines again, "...in the form of cartoons (believe I'll develop a unique style, call 'em stewtoons and become fanfamous this time around). Also, I intend to start a BOB STEWART FANCLUB NEWSLETTER to circulate among my college friends and I'm debating whether or not to put fandom on the mailing list. It'd be something to bring free trade copies anyhooahh..."

Beware, fandom, beware.

TAFF NEWS: Bob Madle writes, "TAFF will just about make it, it appears. Would be nice to have a slight cushion as the winner should have a few bucks in his pocket---in case of emergency. So if you can get anyone else to dig up a buck or so, good deal." Everybody who can, we urge to send a little extra to Madle, at 7720 Oxman Road, Hyattsville, Maryland, or to Ken Bulmer, "Tresco," 204, Well-meadow Road, Catford, London SE6, England. If you haven't voted yet, you can still get your votes in to either of the above, the voting being held over for another few weeks, we hear. If you haven't got a TAFF ballot yet (why, that's fantastic!), you could write real quick to either Bob or Ken and get one back return-mail. Candidates are John Berry, Dave Newman, and (rah!) Ron Bennett.

JOE GIBSON SAYS he wants us to print a correction concerning our writeup of the welcoming party which Rog and Honey gave for Joe and Roberta a few weeks ago. We wrote, "Rag Bratnor was forced to listen to Joe Gibson's hoary old war stories." Joe says he is upset and hurt about this line. "You spelled the word wrong," he complains.

WILLIAM ROTSLER says he will soon be coming out with another collection of cartoons, this one to be titled THE TATTOOED DRAGON RETURNS. Remembering how good his first collection was, we look forward to seeing this one, and hope that the series will continue for a long time. Why, we can see it now: SON OF THE TATTOOED DRAGON, EVOLUTIONARY GENETICS AND THE TATTOOED DRAGON, THE TATTOOED DRAGON MEETS BRIGITTE BARDOT, THE TATTOOED DRAGON TWINS AT THE ICE CARNIVAL, THE TATTOOED DRAGON WINS THE WAR, etc. And we're quite sure that an energetic publishing giant like Rotsler would like all you fans to suggest more titles for him to use in the future.

BOB TUCKER, in the issue of LE ZOMBIE which was recently distributed with this furlong stanzine, wondered if Harry Warner still had his four complete sets of HORIZONS. Ever helpful in answering questions from the young folk, we hasten to quote a letter from Harry for Tucker's edification: "I still have three out of four of those complete sets of SPACEMAYS," says Harry. "I know it, because I found them at the bottom of the closet in my bedroom while moving. The fourth set went to Ackerman for that Fantasy Foundation project which was stillborn and I never got it back; presumably it's still in one of his garages." Always glad to help a fellow fan, Bob.



A letter from Ben Jason Dept: "...Particularly did I enjoy reading Anna Moffatt's ultimatum to Raybin and your own comment on Mrs. Phillip's comments on Anna's letters. I agree with you that if she should back down now it would set a precedent of weakness on the part of the convention committee and would leave the offices of Legal Advisor and Recorder-Historian with no checks whatsoever upon them. ... Raybin and Dietz should both be brought to task for initiating the suit against Kyle without a LEGAL vote from the Directorate, and should be made liable financially for any disbursement and sheriff's fees to teach them an expensive lesson." Let's not say "offices of Legal Advisor and Recorder-Historian," Ben. It's obvious to anyone with eyes to read with that these terms are synonymous with the people now holding them. Which brings us very neatly to a review of--

YANDRO #65 (R&J Coulson, 105 Stitt Street, Wabash, Indiana; 15¢ or 12/\$1.50). In the letter-column of Y last ish, Tucker had one of his observer-type letters in which he asked how the devil you could get rid of Raybin, for any reason. Such a rhetoric little query is bound to bring a reply from somebody who knows, and George Fields, the boy who sure enough knows, fell for the bait. Skipping over light and enjoyable reading writ by Terwilligern, Dodd and Adkins, we pounce upon the letters, and find that "If a cause for removal exists, 'the annual business session held each leap year' (can) elect someone else." Editor Buck Coulson, having cleverly seen through the baiting, replies in a calm tone of voice, "Hah-- elect who else?" He's got an important point there, people...who else will do all the leg-work for free? The rest of YANDRO is not bad--it's a product of fabulous Indiana fandom, you know, where they have a "spark of fannishness".

A JIGGER OF NEWS from Archie Mercer is that "...tomorrow I depart for London, preparatory to emigrating to Belgium for a week." This was 7Jun58, so we can't pretend to warn Belgian fandom, and there's nothing else to this.

AND A SHOT-GLASS FULL from the Pacific Rural Press, August 31, 1878, page 133, is that "A human body, ticketed from the planet Mars, has been found in an aerolite from Peru." After we looked up aerolite (Carr thought it was a kind of shoe-sole), we sat around wondering whether this was worth printing. "It'll fill up space," I said. "Run it," ordered my power-mad co-editor.

STOP DUPER! Dick Ellington, the same Dick Ellington who meets boats in New York, says, "Here's a small bit that you can completely scoop the field on: Sam Moskowitz is getting married. Just heard it from him this morning. As fandom's most famous bachelor, Sam has resisted long and with some skill, but as he says, 'Everybody's got to go sometime.' His wife-to-be is Dr. Christine Haycock. Besides being a real fine person is also formidably talented. She's a surgeon, first woman to be interne at Walter Reed Hospital, a captain-now-but-major-soon in the Air Force (reserve, I think), New Jersey, fencing champion, redhot softball pitcher, award-winning amateur photographer -- and a science fiction fan besides. Where she finds time for all this I'll never know. I like her."

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FRENCH FANDOM IS! -- Ray Nelson, 1958

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KIWIFAN #8 (Rog Horrocks, 18 Hazelmere Rd, Auckland SW1, New Zealand; one shilling sterling, trade, or letter of comment). We got a very pleasant surprise upon opening up thiser now fanzine -- a cover that looks like an expensive and difficult project, expertly performed by Mike Hinge. Hinge is the fan who is moving to the USA about Solacon-time, you know (you read it in FANAC). Inside the issue, we find Solacon news by Len Moffatt, "A Hinge for the Gate" by Rog Horrocks, Dead or Alive by Alan Dodd, an "American fandom" column by Babs Lex, and other material by Kiwifans and others. The general tone of the fmz is that people in New Zealand are more interested in this year's World Con than the people who are going to attend--they're making Hinge an official representative, and so on. I heartily advise you write Horrocks and ask for KIWIFAN.

--rde.



To Ellick, Carr, and all their buddies;  
by James Cooper, Jr, of Pennsylvania.

Near the edge of old state college,  
Near the rainy, misty campus,  
There the wigwam was of Broschart,  
Thompson (who has no existence),  
And, of course, of Truphan Cooper.

Cooper had been getting fanzines,  
Getting many, varied fanzines,  
From certain far-off, mystic places.  
Some from New York's magic towers,  
Some came farther, from New Zealand;  
But the strangest of these fanzines  
Wafting him to distant climates,  
Came from eldritch, ancient Berkeley.

(Cooper oft remembered Berkeley  
As the place where all the taverns  
Are a parsec from the campus;  
So that all the thirsty students,  
As they leave their morning classes,  
Eat instead of drink their breakfasts-).

This odd fanzine, known as FANAC,  
Came to him so blasted often  
That he'd sometimes sit and wonder  
If they had a new atomic,  
Automatic, duplicator.

Often it would print the story  
Of the fannish tribulations  
Which beset the boys from Berkeley;  
Once it told about their troubles  
With a tiny, baby pine-tree.  
The solution was apparent:  
Grind it up and make it into  
Paper, so that they could grind out  
FANAC on a much more frequent  
Schedule of publication.

Telling of the birthday party  
Held quite recently for Burbee,  
It inspired the fear within him  
That this party's contributions  
Of quite new and shiny bheer-cans,  
Added to the famous tower  
Would reach out of all proportion,  
Passing Luna, skimming Venus,  
Causing it to overbalance,  
And in falling, wreak its havoc,  
Quite as far as Pennsylvania  
Where he waits in fear and trembling  
For this future cataclysm.

Often, right along with FANAC,  
RUR would be included;  
Once it told about the efforts  
Of Dave Rike and sundry others  
In opposing Doctor Teller.  
This was answered by a letter  
Written by the greatest fugghead  
(Or fuggheadess, to be proper),  
Outside of the D.A.R. camp.  
Evidently GMCarr likes  
Hair that comes out when you comb it  
And the saving on the light bill  
Caused by teeth that glow quite brightly;  
Also kids that have their foreheads  
Sprouting green and waving tendrils  
Makes no difference to her thinking,  
Since their trick of reading minds would  
Make no difference to this woman  
Who has nothing there for reading.

After reading of these matters,  
Cooper sat and wrote a letter;  
Mailing it to distant Berkeley,  
Asking them to send, if any,  
Happen to be left, the Burbee  
Reprintzine; for this enclosing  
One long greenback, neatly folded:  
Six bits for the Burbee thing and  
Two bits for some more of FANAC.  
Telling them that his new address  
After June the seventh will be  
Eight-five-two, on Albert Street, in  
Dickson City, Pennsylvania.  
Wishing them Good Luck on finals,  
Saying thanxly for the fanzines,  
Thus he ended:

Glufly,

Cooper.

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GERRY DE LA REE, 277 Howland Avenue,  
River Edge, New Jersey, sends along  
a two-page newspaper article on "The  
Fabulous Era of the Dime Novel," by  
himself, in the Bergen (NJ) Evening  
Record Week-End Magazine. Good, short  
article, with excellent cuts of illus-  
trations from old dime novels.



A find example of how program items grow out of something else is the (unnamed) fan panel, that will be on just before the bidding for the 1959 Site, at the Business Session...

Early in spring, we received an offer from one of the Site Cities, to do something on the program. We had to turn them down because we already had the same item programed, and expected the other Sites would demand equal time. But we did want the others to feel they were part of the Con. So we cast around for ideas. One of the suggestions was a sort of fan-Olympic, with beer-drinking contests, zap-gun fights, and one-shot races... compleet with obviously rigged judges. This was pronounced a hilarious idea, but it would take to long. So we hit on a fan panel.

We have invited each Site City to delagate one member to the panel, which will be moderated by Rog Phillips. But we had so many ideas for a panel debate, that we can't deside which ones, so we will use them all. The fans will alter-nate in speaking for one minute on such subjects as "Growing absents of stf in fandom," "Monster Movies," "Sex," and "Do SF panels ever agree on anything?" Rog says he isn't sure, just yet, how the panel will be organized, and intends to wait until he finds out more about the Cities' choices of panelests before he fixes the final setup.

We don't know who the panelests will be yet, but we hope for the best. And we hope that political issues --such as who's city is better-- results in only mild riots.

--rms.

"RICKHARDT AND I," says Howard DeVore, "traveled forth to Chicago last weekend. They were throwing a party and invited us. The Falexva's called from Cleveland asking if we wanted to split expwnses so we went with them. Hate to admit it but we had a fine time and were warmly welcomed. Earl and I spent the weekend telling lies and needling each other. We managed to make it home all the way this time (we burned up a new Plymouth on the Lunacøn & Disclave trips)."

#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

(for mail only)	Tom Condit c/o Fellowship of Reconciliation Room 1601, 1133 Broadway New York 10, New York	(for visits:) apt 24, 401 e 107th St New York City, New York.
(for every-thing)	Bill Rickhardt c/o Roger Sims 467 Central Park W. New York City 25, NY.	A SQUIRT OF NEWS: Girl, 8 lbs., plus a couple of oz, named Catherine Mary, to George and Mary Young, on 10 June 1958.

FANZINES REC'D LATELY that we haven't completely read, and so can't review thoroughly: The latest S-F Times is here; doesn't seem to include any big scoops except that STAR S-F is folded. 10¢ an issue or \$2.00 the year; twice a month from SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES INC., POBox 184, Flushing 52, New York. THE COLE FAX, vol 1 no 1, from Walt Cole, 307 Newkirk Ave, Brooklyn 30, New York, for 15¢ the single copy, or six issues for six bits; Cole's effort deserves a good solid review, containing, as it does, lots of pro-Raybin material. And last but not least, we have the thirty-fourth issue of STUPEFYING STORIES, the magazine of togetherness, free from Richard Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia--this has a Disclave report, movie reviews (I read them--they're good), fanzine reviews and letters. For various reasons, we recommend all the above, even if we ain't read 'em.

--rde.



/ Sample copy. Subscriptions are 6/25¢ from Ellik & Carr, or six for two shillings sterling from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, N Hykeham, Lincoln, England.

/ As things stand, you will not receive FANAC after issue number \_\_\_\_\_. A letter of comment or a subscription will keep you on our mailing list after that.

/ You will not receive the next issue.

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