



"Dammit! There's always something left out of a new robot!"

FANAC #21

26 July, 1958

An allegedly weakly n news and chatterzine from Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Cal. Sub rates: 6/25¢ from us'ns, or six for two shillings sterling fm Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, N.Hykeham, Lincoln, England, if you MUST live elsewhere. Heading thish by Nelson. News and comments are gratefully received.

OTHER PEOPLE'S RUMORS DEPT: Roger S--- called Howard D-V--- from New York and passed on the rumor that David Kyle has offered to withdraw his suit against Dietz and Raybin--- IF

1. They retract every statement they have made about him.
2. They resign their positions in the World Science Fiction Soc'y, Inc.
3. They agree NEVER to run for any W.S.F.S.inc office again.

Gentle reader, the above is just a rumor; in our capacity as fandom 's back fence, we dast thrust it thus upon you to show you the easy way out of a twenty-five thousand dollar lawsuit. If you are new to this whole thing (there are probably some people who have never even heard of Dietz and Raybin, somewhere), just remember that fandom isn't as harsh a battle as it might seem. If some fans sue you for home & happiness, rest assured that they will let you off easier than that. All you have to do is eat crow in front of fandom, dear reader, and smile all the time you're chewing.

LONDON, largely in the person of H. P. Sanderson of Inchmery fandom, has demanded approximately \$250.00 from the Solacon Committee, or the WSFSinc, we aren't sure, for expenses incurred by the 1957 World Convention in London. These are the same Londoners who have been worshipping at the feet of Dietzes & Raybin these last few months, and insisting that Los Angeles should do the same. Indeed, they are the same Londoners who claimed that there were no finer people than the Dietzes & Raybin, and printed pages and pages of their letters to prove it, and to castigate the Falascas, who dared doubt it.

Thus, we are certain that sensitive fannish souls of minds akin to ours on the subject will be overjoyed to hear that, after much deliberation, the Solacon committee has voted unanimously to tell London where they can go for their money, which they (L.A.) do not consider a reasonable debt. Perhaps the letter was not worded exactly like that, but it was damned close; more and more positive actions are being taken by the committee these days--we glee.

THE BEST OF FANDOM, says Guy Terwilliger, has sold out. The rapid-fire movement of 1957's edition has guaranteed a 1958 edition, plans for which are underweigh. Next year's volume will be greatly changed, with new sections added, and the price will, unfortunately increase. G.E.Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho.

WE SWEAR TO GHOD IT'S A COINCIDENCE DEPT: The following quotation from "The Enchanted Duplicator" was pointed out to us recently by Pete Graham:

Now one day while he was reading in a cornfield the drowsy fragrance of the corn lulled him to sleep. In his sleep he dreamed that a fairy came to him, a girl of wondrous beauty and shining with a light brighter than the noonday sun, so that Jophan shrank away and hid his eyes. The fairy came nearer and spoke to him.

"Have no fear," she said. "I am your friend."

And now Jophan looked and saw that indeed the fairy gazed on him with kindness and love, and he took courage.

"Who and what are you?" he asked.

"I am the Spirit of Fandom," said the fairy serenely.

"What is Fandom?" asked Jophan wonderingly.

The fairy looked down on him with compassion. "Have you not been searching for it all your life?" she asked.

"Watch!" So saying, she touched his forehead with her wand, which was named Contact, and thereupon Jophan saw a vision that filled him with joy.

"This is indeed what I have been searching for without knowing it," he cried. "Oh, Fairy, tell me how I may reach your realm, for I wish to become a Fan more than anything else in the world."

"The way is hard," said the Fairy, "for it lies over the Mountains of Inertia which surround Mundane."

"But those mountains are unclimbable," protested Jophan.

"To a True Fan anything is possible," replied the fairy.

"But wait. I have shown you only the superficial aspect of Fandom. Now I will show you something of its inner essence." With these words she touched his forehead with her other wand, which was named Panac, and Jophan saw a second vision so glorious that he was quite overcome with the wonder of it.

RAY NELSON WRITES us a postcard from Paris: "S. F. Club de Paris is on vacation for awhile, but fans will still be welcomed at my place, 56 Rue Rennequin, Paris 17, France. # RUR is regularly delivered (after I've finished with it) to the left-bank English-language bookstore (The Mistral) where Alan ('Howl') Ginsberg and Greg (Gasoline) Corso hang out. Ginsberg thinks North-Beachers brought all their troubles on themselves, with 'all that Bohemian f---ing around!' He should talk!"

MIMSY #2 came out this week, and is available from Steve Tolliver, 733 N. Findlay, Montebello, Calif. A great improvement over the first issue, this one features a fine cover by Bjo, and many many interior cartoons by her, including a comic strip. Mostly it's a casual for-fun-only localized chatterzine, with various articles and ramblings about and by the L. A. fangroup. George W. Fields upsets the applecart with the concluding half of an incredibly bad fannish-fiction piece, but aside from that there's a pleasant personality to the zine which marks it as the most promising fanzine in fandom today. Dittoed in four colors, and RECOMMENDED.

TH #4 arrived this week, too, and represents Annie Linard's first try at producing a fanzine. It's the usual Linardesque chatter in what somebody called Creole English. Pleasant reading. We hope Jean will soon be in better health, so that he can bring out another LEUH. (Jean & Annie Linard, 24 rue Petit, Vseoul, Haute-Saone, France.

--tgc

Dick Lupoff, who hated Famous Monsters of Filmland, you will recall, has found himself a job as a technical writer for the Remington Rand Univac Division of Sperry Rand, in New York; "couldn't have picked a better job if I'd had my choice of them all. Except maybe John Campbell's," says Richard, who is fresh out of the Army and about to get married. I question your taste in ideal jobs, but congratulate you anyhow. ##While in the Midwest, I found that most people preferred to have all of fandom's dirty wash aired out in print, Rick Sneary, much as you think it only hurt; remember, however, that "most people" is in my opinion. ##Bill Conner, of Amarillo, Texas (currently), says of the fourth of July conference in Dallas, "The SWC was an enjoyable affair, but not quite so much as the 57 MidwestCon. It seemed to me by far too organized for such a small gathering, and too much consideration was given to publicity that attracted few if any to come to the con. Over two hours of Sunday, the last day, was devoted to taking sound movies by local tv stations. Since silence was needed, fans were invited to leave the room." That's the best kind of convention, the kind without any fans around. ##Kent Moomaw says, from his home in Cincinnati, of the same conference, "The Southwestercon was a huge flop, in case no one else has bothered to inform you. The program, weak to begin with, was ruined as it unfolded; a fanish panel, the one promising event of the weekend, was cut to allow the Navy to show films on jet planes and satellites. The masquerade? --a member of the con committee won first prize." You told me at the MidwestCon you thought Dallas would be better that weekend than Chicago, Kent...does the humble pie taste good?

SPEAKING OF CONS, there's one coming up next month, and during it, three cities will bid for the convention for 1959. Until the end of July, any other city can place its bid by writing to Len Moffatt, 10202 Belcher St, Downey, California, listing such necessities as the names of the proposed committee, &c. Seeing as how it's the date it is, you can forget that part, and just concentrate on deciding among Dallas, Detroit and Chicago. Peter Francis Skeberdis, Box 155, Imlay City, Michigan, seems to have swung completely to Detroit by following the chain of thought in a carbon-copy open letter called "Let's Get Down to Facts #1," and shame on Chicago if what he says is true...at least, shame on Jerry DeMuth.

GOOD GRIEF, MORE CONS! For Pacificcoast fan only, we have a special release here titled "IMpossible No. 1," from MI Publishers, 2561 Ridgeview Dr, San Diego 5, Cal. I seem to find that MI Publishers is Colin Cameron and a friend, and that Wayne Stataklund's mimeograph is being used; but the thing is very poorly typed, and you're probably not interested in San Diego bidding for the 1959 West Coast Science Fiction Conference anyway. This makes three cities--S.D., Seattle, and Los Angeles. If L.A. should win it, it would be the third time in a row that the Westercon was held in that venerable city. We all know that this is no argument, however, since Chicago expects to win the World Con bid.

PLOY is out again, this time it's lucky number thirteen, from Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England, and it contains the news that the hitch-hiking Yorkshireman will be coming to the U.S., with "Gee!" immediately thereafter. It's a slim issue of PLOY, with only two articles--Birchby on fake fan-history (notice the placing of the hyphen), and Sanderson on lice and wars. This issue is not outstanding, but the entire run of PLOY is far more worthwhile than most other fanzines. At a shilling a shot (15¢), you can't lose. Dollars may be sent to Bob Pavlat, 6001-43rd St, Hyattsville, Maryland.

IMPASSE, the late fanzine, is out from John Champion, who is at 249 South Catalina Street, apartment 1, Pasadena, California, until September thirtieth. After that date, says Champion, the Fleming House address, at 1301 E California, Pasadena, will again be effective for mail. Lead article, and surprisingly excellent, is the BELFASTCON REPORT by John Berry; a growing distaste for Berry's repetition of style and gimmick has been thrust from me by his sincere, clever and accurate descriptions of Rory Faulkner, Steve Schultheis and Boyd Raeburn. 10¢, 3/25¢.

STOP DUPER: Washington D.C. is bidding for the 1960 World Convention, says Rich Eney; Chick Derry will be Chairman of the planning committee. 21 July, 1958

S O L A C O N A C

by Len Moffatt, Worldcon Secretary.

Well, the Hinge for the Gate is here! In Los Angeles, that is. (He was our house guest over the July 4th weekend.) Michael B. (Mike) Hinge, fan and artist from New Zealand, arrived with loads of luggage, including science fictional and fan type items you all will get to see at the SOLACON. Mike is a good looking young man in his late twenties, intelligent, charming, fun loving, horn blowing, jitter-bugging (at which he makes some of our American jitterbuggers look like they were doing a slow waltz), and his artwork has a finished or polished professional style. Here's hoping he makes good in this country and accomplishes his ambition to live and work here and find a wife. Seems there is a woman shortage in New Zealand--and of course more opportunities here for a good commercial artist.

Mike wants to plug New Zealand and kiwifandom too, and has brought all sorts of literature on both subjects. The folks Down Under couldn't have picked a better ambassador. Thus far he has been fascinated and enthralled by the "zip-zip" (our freeways), our advertising (in newspapers, mags, TV, neonsigns, etc.), Stan Woolston's printery and collection of books and magazines on every conceivable subject, the outspokenness of American women--and when he is not fascinated or enthralled, he is something that sounds like "ga-zeeg-awoggled," which I think means flabbergasted. However, we have been able to communicate without the aid of an interpreter, and we are somewhat ga-zeeg-awoggled at Mike being able to understand us, considering the variation in our accents. As for us, we are able to understand him when he thinks to control himself down to a near-Texas drawl. The biggest difficulty is when he said Auckland, which to us sounds like Oakland. But now we know that when he says Oakland he means Auckland and when he says IKELand he means Oakland. Very simple, really.

And now for the commercial... The Hotel Alexandria's manager is getting worried because of the lack of reservations for rooms for the convention weekend. We need better than 100 more to fill our quota, and get the meeting rooms gratis. 100 more sleeping rooms, that is. If you're a member and plan to attend, and have no reservations yet, please make them now before it's too late. Room reservations should be sent to me; banquet reservations to Anna. Details on all the above are available in the SOLACON Journal, which you can get by sending a buck to Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California. Thank you.

--ljma

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