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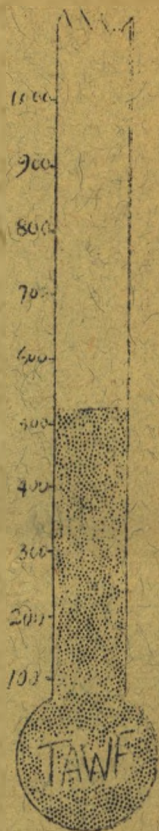
30 June 1961

FANAC #76

Edited and published twice a month by Walter Breen, whose temporary headquarters are BASEMENT, 163 W. 10th Street, NYC 14; this address good until about August 13, after which it will revert to 1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, California. Sub rates 4 for 50¢ or 10 for \$1; our British agent, Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., N. Hykeham, Lincoln, England, accepts FANAC subs at 6 for 4s, 18 for 10s. The number beside your name is the number of the last issue you will get unless you resub in the meantime. T designates you as one of those dependable faneds with whom we trade and a C means that you are a contributor of newsitems or the like. Subs extended for contributors of accepted newsitems other than COAs and for loc writers. Cartoons this issue by Ray Nelson, Dave Rike (at left) and Lee Hoffman--thanks.



If we win our battle with the P.O. over Henry Miller's Tropics, our next book will be an anthology of writings sent through the Cult....



MIDWESCON '61

THE MIDWESCON was held this year, as in all years in the recent past, at the North Plaza Motel, on Cincinnati's fringes, over the last weekend of June, beginning Friday the 23rd. As always, there was no formal program, but a departure from past traditions (which had included a banquet for the purposes of bringing everyone together at least once) was a brief meeting in a meeting-room of Shillito's Department Store, a very plush building in a new shopping center on the city's edges. This banquet-without-food, handled adroitly by Bob Tucker, was a success, and may possibly start a trend, the conventional banquet having been dropped as an unnecessary expense.

The Tuck began by recalling the fiasco of the '52 Chicon, when "WeakEyes" Korshak so botched the introductions. Tucker's own experiences with con introductions include the '56 Nycon, so profiting thereby, he initiated a new method. "I'm going to introduce the leaders of each area, and ask them to introduce the fans from their area." This method worked quite satisfactorily, and nearly everyone in the room was introduced, including the Burroughs Bibliophiles, a group of variant fen whose own conference coincided with the Midwescon, and was being held, coincidentally enough, at the North Plaza Motel.

Among other speakers was Lou Tabakow, who again plugged the idea of moving the date of the worldcon away from Labor Day weekend. His thesis was apparently based on the idea that all fans are situated exactly like the Cincinnati fans: industrial workers with mundane wives and several kids.

One of his strong points was that few conventions are held over the summer, and that it would be as easy--if not easier--to get a hotel for an earlier date. He was rebutted by fans from NY, Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh ((and in print by Buz for Seattle--wb)), who pointed out that in their cities Labor Day weekend was the easiest time to obtain hotels, the other weekends having been booked years ahead by the American Legion and Rotary and other "insignificant" convention-holders whose cons are in the summer months. Most of his other points were as easily disproved, and Earl Kemp said that as far as he was concerned, any convention held in Chicago would jolly well be held over Labor Day weekend, and that his kids had been starting school a week late for several years now, & would continue to do so in the future without any noticeable ill effects. Earl was roundly applauded, and then some Cincinnati fan quickly moved (despite the lack of formal procedure) that the meeting progress on: "we do not want any full-fledged debate here--we'll be doing that in Seattle"--was the consensus. Beware, Seacon attendees: a new WSFS is being spawned in your midst!

Riva ("The Bat") Smiley was introduced by Tucker, who said she had some remarks about flying, but that he would restrain himself from the obvious pun. Riva rose, peered about, and then remarked, "I have the figures, but I gave them to Bob Lambeck. And there's no blackboard here." Tucker slowly peeled the information from her that this was in connection with a chartered plane from Chicago (or Detroit, or somewhere) to the Seacon. "157.55" she said, succinctly. Then, as an afterthought, "You did all get my letters, didn't you?" No one knew what she was talking about.... "Well, my address list was a little old," she said. When she'd finished volunteering this volume of information, a screen and projector were set up, and--with Tucker projecting--Don Ford showed the slides he'd sent to England for the LXICON. These alternated lush nudes with fans (including the lushly near-nude Sylvia White, whose Pittcon costume--"GMCarr, in a clever plastic disguise"--drew much applause--and scenes of American life. The slides were excellent; Ford is a photographer of professional quality and imagination. Following Ford's slides, Marion Mallinger showed some 8-mm movies (spliced for her by Tucker, whose mundane occupation dogged him throughout the con) which were disappointing as a follow-up.

The rest of the con was considerably less room-party oriented than in past years, the "Fish Room" lounge serving as the nighttime focal point, the pool its daytime counterpart. The climate was cooler and breezier than normal, so few swam, though many dipped their toes and then sunned themselves. Others, particularly the Ivory Birdbath people, indulged in a form of nostalgia known as miniature golf. The Shaws typed up and ran off an issue of AXE. And Young & Tucker made astronomical noises at each other. Eney went after Ellik with a watermelon and a long, sharp knife. (Ellik was seen later, eating the watermelon. The seeds went into the TV set, courtesy BT and the Ivory Birdbathers.)

Fanzines handed out at the con: Ford's TAFF report (including the long-delayed second part), YANDRO 101, SPECULATIVE REVIEW, VOID 25, and XERO 5. Rog Ebert brandished his college newspaper, which featured an "adapted" Reiss cartoon and a Boggs reprint from DISCORD.

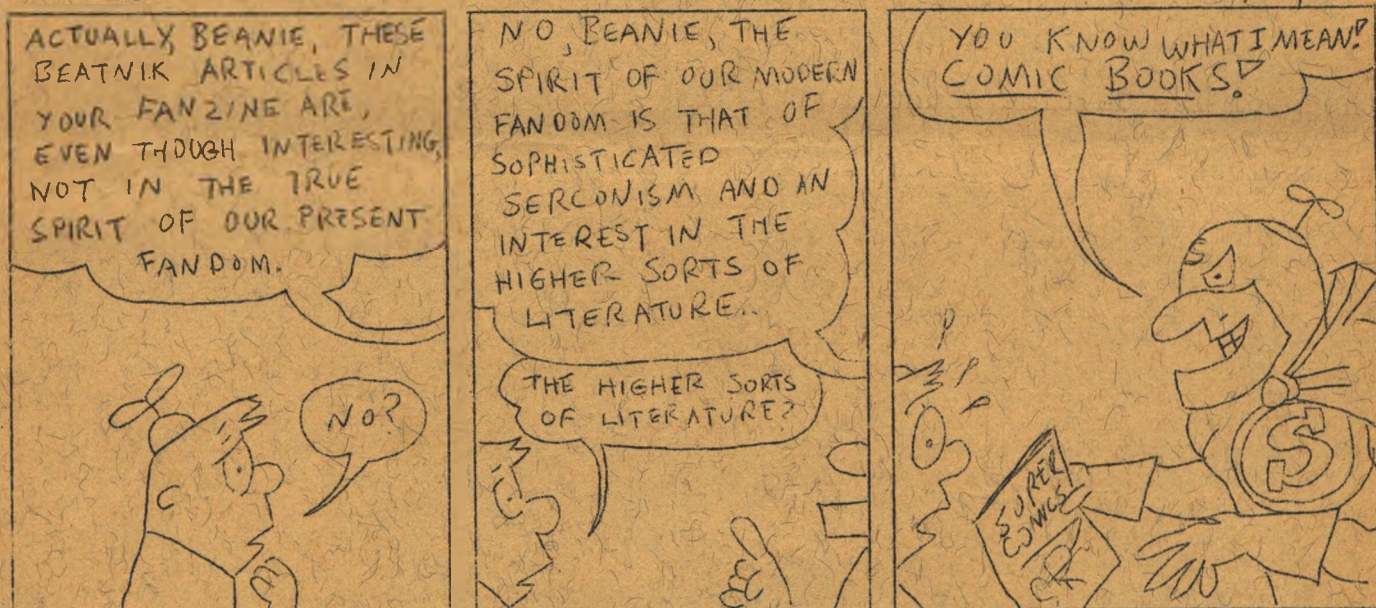
Fans began leaving Sunday; by evening the remaining 40 or so (including about 20 localites) drove to a Chinese restaurant in downtown Cincy for a pseudo-banquet at which one took (rather poor) pot luck, paying \$2.35 for the privilege.... In all, a good con, with plenty of familiar faces--some old returnees, some new. Missed were the Toronto mob and some of the older NY contingent--the latter not too badly.

THE WILLIS FUND as I write this has \$522.18. We're more than halfway towards our \$1000 goal, in other words. And right now that goal looks nearer than ever. \$2 from every FANAC reader would put it over the top by a comfortable margin, independent of any other source. But if you can't afford \$2, send in whatever you can; we can't be too emphatic about it: EVERY CENT COUNTS. Especially yours. They should be sent to Larry Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Grant City, Staten Island 6, NY; or to Arthur Thomson, 17, Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW 2, England. The report of an auction of SLANTS and other WAWiana at LASFS can now be amplified: Rory Faulkner has given issues 4 through 7 of SLANT and many HYPHENS. Deadline for bids is July 20, but you'd better get yours in before that, to lessen the bookkeeping for the LASFS people who are handling the auction. (2790 W. 8, Los Angeles 5.) And Willis has furnished for auction a complete set of SLANT--all seven issues, in excellent condition. These are rare, precious relics of Sixth Fandom, featuring much fiction never yet reprinted elsewhere, in addition to BoSh's Fansmanship Lectures and much, much more. The first six are letterpress, the seventh mimeod, digest size; the last few have color-printed covers. Willis in a period of hyperactivity--need more be said? There is a \$15 starting bid; send your own bids either to Larry Shaw, address above, or to Ted White, apt. 15, 107 Christopher St., NYC 14. Deadline not yet decided, but will probably be sometime in August; look for further announcements in FANAC, VOID and AXE.

BILL SARILL writes that he is working on, so help us Ghod & JWCJr, an anti-gravity project, with 17-year-old prodigy Durk Pearson, of MIT. Project very hush-hush but involves lasers (optical masers--something like the kind of device from which were made those brighter-than-the-sun beams a few months ago) and microwave radiation. "If we do come up with a portable space-drive, whathell--we'll bring it to the SeaCon." # There are other Sarill/Pearson projects in the offing, but they are so incredible that I can't bring myself to repeat them. But even if they don't succeed, this anti-gravity project sounds like a good bet to win one of the annual awards sponsored by Roger Babson's Gravity Research Foundation (Wellesley, Mass.) # Besides TWILIGHT ZINE, Sarill has been working (at last!) on RETRIQUE 2, which should be out ~~### \$\$\$\$ ###~~ sometime around the Seacon, and another ~~### \$\$\$\$ ###~~ comicszine (to go along with XERO COMICS, FORGOTTEN WORLDS and COMIC ART) with some such long-winded title as BULLETIN OF THE SPOOGBAMS (Society for the ~~#####~~ Preservation of Old Comic Books & Movie Serials). #1 contains Ron Haydock's complete chapter-by-chapter synopsis of the Exploits of Batman & Robin, illo'd with gestefaxed stills...

Beanie

by Ray Nelson



HARLAN ELLISON is currently editing a new line of mainstream paperbacks in Chicago. The new line, Regency Books, issued its 1st two titles June 13. They are "Firebug", a new novel of terror by Robert Bloch, and Ellison's own first mainstream collection, "Gentleman Junkie & Other Stories of the Hung-Up Generation". Sidelights of this second book, of interest to fans particularly, is the inclusion in this collection of 22 stories of "Memory of a Muted Trumpet", a story first printed in ROGUE, dealing with a group of bohemians in a pad called Valhalla, whose image Ellison drew from a visit some years ago to the Nunnery ((not to mention some of the fan names--wb)); critical comment & praise, no less, by Steve Allen, Leslie Charteris, Charles Beaumont and Frank M. Robinson. The covers for most of the Regency Books will be done by ex-stf artists Leo & Diane Dillon, and of them Ellison says, "An entirely new and vital look in paperback art. We're really trying to jazz up the paperback cover scene." Later in the series of Regency Books will be another Ellison book, this time non-fiction, dealing in full with his ten weeks as a member of a kid gang in Brooklyn in the early 50's, and the 24 hours Ellison spent in NYC's Tombs Prison, last September, based on his widely-noted "Village Voice" article. It will be called "Memos from Purgatory." Also, a series of thrillers by Bruce Elliott "combining the dash and verve of the Doc Savage/Shadow/Spider stories with the urbanity and modernity of the Ian Fleming spy thrillers." Also new novels by Hal Ellison (not Ellison), Clarence Cooper (author of the best-selling "The Scene"), Sam Merwin, jazz critic Barbara Gardner, a new sf novel by Lester del Rey, Donald Honig and Avram Davidson. Personally, Ellison's mainstream novel "Rockabilly" will be published by Gold Medal in October or November, with big buildup and publicity. Currently Ellison and Avram Davidson are collaborating long-distance on a novel for Gold Medal titled "Speak Not of Rope". # Ellison will be auctioneering at the Seacon and will be at the Midwescon with his wife of seven months, Billie. ((Spy "J" tells us that H.E. didn't make the con.--wb)) They are living, with Ellison's new 13-year-old son Kenny, in Evanston, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. ((See COA, FANAC 73.--wb)) # A recent piece called "Truth And The Writer" in WRITER'S YEARBOOK 1961 has drawn more mail for Ellison than any other article in the last five years, according to WRITER'S DIGEST editor Richard Rosenthal. # Ellison is now doing record review columns for SWANK Magazine and the new 33 GUIDE monthly out of NYC. He has also been commissioned to write for METRONOME and the new PLAYBOY subsidiary, SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED.

--he

THE FIENDISH PLOY on Les Nirenberg sometime back, when some girl left a note identifying herself as Ella Parker in the Coexistence Candy Store (see FANAC 73, p. 4) is now revealed to Fandom for the first time. Mal Ashworth, S.J. (Supreme Jester) writes LesNi: "It was just the other day that this passing walrus muttered at me 'The time has come...' & I think he may be right. # After all, it could be classified as Excessive Cruelty, I suppose, to keep a person on tenterhooks too long, & I don't believe in Excessive Cruelty; just a reasonable amount. Therefore I have decided that you have now been sitting there long enough biting your fingernails (enough is enough & I can almost see your bare elbow-bones already) waiting for Ella Parker to descend again upon you out of a clear blue thunderbolt, or wherever it is these deities drop from. So I am here to tell you you can quit fretting; she won't be coming back--not this time around anyway. That's not too very surprising, tho, because she wasn't Ella Parker either. # She was a blue (or maybe it was grey; or pink; or purple)--eyed Yorkshire lass who had done no more in her blameless young life to deserve the fate she nearly walked smack into, than have the misfortune to have been my secretary. # One day she decided to up & light out to the big Toronto prairies, where her sister lives, & that, of course, sealed her doom. Before she left I gave her a small plain white envelope addressed to you, and the strictest instructions to deliver it into your hands personally--which is why she asked for you. You know what was inside--the slip of paper bearing the message "Standing before your very eyes--ELLA PARKER!#" # By now you will have guessed the effect I was hoping for; she would hand you the envelope and stand there waiting while you opened it wondering what it was all about. You would gasp "Ella!" She would gasp

"Huh?" You would shout "ELLA***": She would back off across the shop knocking over your pocket-books rack and two dozen milk bottles. You would follow up and throw your arms around her neck; or, maybe, you would reach for a shotgun. All the time you would be muttering incredulously "Ella" and she'd be muttering ineffectually "I'm not Ella. Who is Ella anyway? Are you feeling all right? Shall I call a doctor?" and things like that. # I figured it would take the two of you the best part of an hour to get yourselves straightened out--particularly as she hadn't the faintest idea about any of it and you'd first have to start and explain Fandom from the bare boards up. Yes. # But of course you had to go & be out that very evening, didn't you. # OK, then.....next time it will be the R E A L Ella Parker!! Regards, Mal." ((And you can make it come true. Parker Pond Fund contris should be sent to: Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend, Indiana.))

THE APA CORNER: Bruce Pelz, SAPS OE, has announced that from now on, in order to get on the SAPS w-1, one must remit \$1 with application, to help pay for SPECTATORS sent to w-1'ers & for bookkeeping, this \$ being later applicable in entirety to 1st year's dues. If one is dropped from the w-1 for nonresponse, he forfeits the \$; if he drops to a lower place on the w-1 thru inaction or declining to join when invited he must pay 50¢ to stay on the w-1 in this lower position. Intended effect apparently to have a more determined, less lackadaisical w-1. ((We wonder if the next step will be a credentials demand like FAPA's. Might not be a bad idea, at that.)) (Thanks, BobL)

HOT OFF THE PRESS: HABAKKUK 6 (Bill Donaho, 1441 8th St., Berkeley 10, Cal.; 50¢, trade or loc; Gestetnered, 102pp., irregular). Bill apparently believes that the beatnik controversy is dying, so he has (1) printed a Ray Nelson article which is a sort of capstone to the entire structure--and a superb, though some will think unduly idealistic, exposition it is; and (2) in hopes of starting something new, devoted much space to varying aspects of aesthetics: a Poul Anderson reprint (from SMORGASBORD) on art in terms of communication theory, a rather exiguous (not to say routine, and therefore disappointing) Britt Schweitzer piece on electronic music, and Bill's own anti-jazz essay which makes the valid point (among others) that a lot of what is written and said regarding jazz is doubletalk testifying to the lack of understanding of jazz even by its fans; a great deal of what goes on requires considerable musical knowledge/experience/training. His criticism that jazz ("the most intellectualized of the arts") is largely, save for blues, performers' music not intelligible to the general public, and that it is excessively concerned with means rather than ends, can be applied with far more force, I think, to much non-jazz serious music, from John Cage on up. I have no time to go into a detailed critique here, but future issues are likely to be lively reading. The lettercol scintillates with names like Bloch, Willis, Poul Anderson (who brilliantly rebuts, but does not destroy, the Castillo essay in HAB 5). Terry Carr reviews fmz in the HOBGOBLIN manner; welcome back! Rotsler's portfolio is farther out even than the preceding one. Altogether a superb issue. # VOID 25 (Ted White, apt. 15, 107 Christopher St., NYC 14; with Greg Benford, Pete Graham, etc.; 25¢ or trade or loc; QWERTYUIOPress Gestetner 360, 34pp., monthly (more or less)). I don't know where it will end, but the last two issues had 3-page covers by Bhob Stewart, and this has a 3-page cover and a 3-page bacover, exhibiting a fakefeud between Bhob and Andy Reiss. Score so far: a tie, but at the end Mr. Q. Wertyioup has hanged himself in despair. MZB's story "Breakoff" is one of the most poignant things I have ever read; it is grade-AAA Fanthology material. Dave English Anthology pt. 2 will strike many as nightmarish, and others as nostalgic (is nostalgia a keyword of "N-Ninth" Fandom?)--DE was a fixture of 6th Fandom, and his reappearance seems appropriate in a zine which also includes WAW's "The Spanish Main", "Willis Discovers America" ch. 3, and illus by Shelby Vick. VOID is proof of one thing: feanishness is not dead, as was rumored. A splendid issue!

BHOB STEWART has 2 cartoons in the May (#26) REALIST. One illustrates a bit about Eichmann & the "showbusinessization of tragedy"; the other details a should-have-happened interview between WBAI & Norman Mailer. Both are among the best he's yet done; worth the cost of this, 35¢ (or \$3/year; The Realist Assn., 225 Lafayette St., NYC 12). The Impolite Interview is with the editor of PLAYBOY; there is also the Jerry DeMuth bit from HAB ("The AEC Awards") and a fine essay by Leo Koch, the U. Ill. ex-bio prof who was fired for having a letter printed in the student paper, advocating a more liberal morality. THE REALIST generally (& this no exception) has items of interest to fans.

LAST-MINUTE NOTES: Karen Anderson sold six stfnal haiku to F&SF, and a story "The Piebald Hippogiff" to Fantastic. You will remember her earlier F&SF poems, particularly the one memorializing Henry Kuttner. # Sylvia White sold 3 photos to ROGUE (for \$60!) illustrating Ted's piece, "New Sounds in Saxons". # WSFA voted June 16, 6 to 5 with many abstentions, to bid for the '63 world-con, and appointed a committee to manage the bid at Seattle, and to handle the con itself; Bob Madle

is chairman. (Thanx, Dave Bell & Dick Eney) # Milton Stevens, 18, of Sherman Oaks, Cal., LASFS & ESO, acts as Psi, has been awarded the Valley News Journalism Scholarship at San Fernando Valley State College; on basis of 'superior academic record & intellectual potential'. He is majoring in journalism, & plans a reporting career. # GAUL (address in COA) is sponsoring a SeaCon Art Show award for the finest illustration of children's fantasy books. # JWCjr did the cover photo for the BayCon program booklet, acts as Terry Carr. # Australian Fandom is preparing, for early 1962 publication, a yearbook which will contain Aussie-only articles, stories, artfolio. Further mention probably in the SeaCon program booklet. For details address Christopher Bennie, 53 Outlook Drive, Eaglemont N.22, Melbourne, Australia. # Les Nirenberg writes that he originally intended VAHANA (whether or not that's HAVANA spelled sideways) as a humorzine with occasional serious items, but had to run what was on hand, which was neither well balanced nor enough in quantity. Contributes BADLY needed. He wants VH to become "only a fmz that will show non- & fringe-fans what fannish fans can do. Am I trying to do the impossible?" Next QP will be out in a couple of months--but the stockpile of fannish contributions is very low and this is his Desperate Flea for ~~####~~ suitable material. # I take no responsibility for debts, obs or claims of Howard "God" Lotsof, regardless of their nature, character or extent. # IT TOLLS FOR LEE: "Lee" Thorin is fadia. Her box number is extinct, her parents interdict any further fannish contact, will open, read & confiscate anything sent to her home address, and have already sicced a private detective on one nameless W.Coast fan one of whose letters they intercepted. All further attempts at contact are useless. (The memory of Don C_{ant}in and Bill Courval flashes by.) Shed a tear and pass on.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS ("Go tell it on the mountain" ... Sid Coleman)

Sid Coleman, 1023 4th St., apt. 15, Santa Monica, Calif.

GAUL, 2790 West 8th St., Los Angeles 5, Calif.

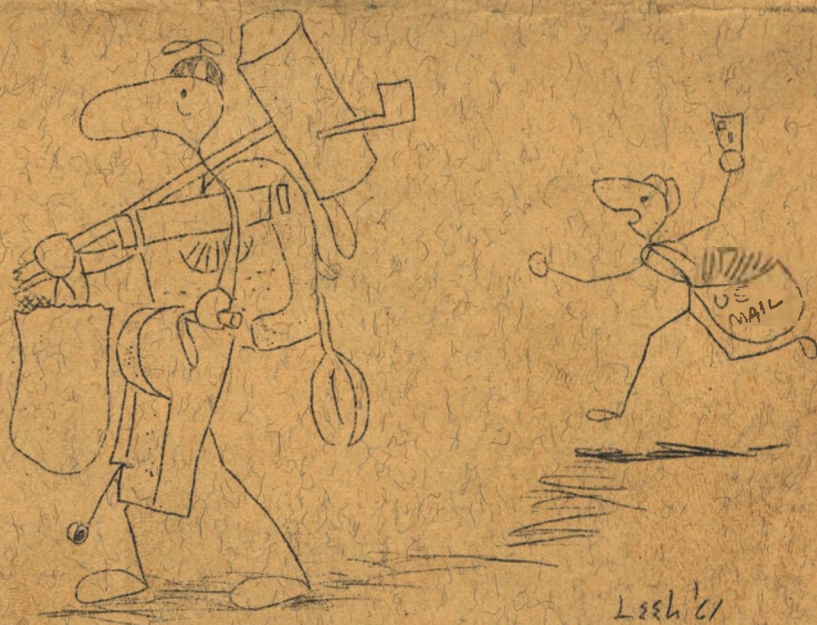
Les Gerber, 715 South Mitchell St., Bloomington, Indiana

Al haLevy, 1855 Woodland Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.

J. Art Hayes, Bird's Creek, Ontario, Canada

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road, NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico (for fmz)

Lee Anne Tremper, 6138 Dickson Road, Indianapolis 26, Indiana



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HELP BRING WILLIS TO CHICAGO!