

FANAC #8



"fan activity - Devoting time, energy, and money to non-profit pursuits in the general field of fantasy and fandom. It includes reading, collecting, corresponding, belonging to organizations, writing, publishing, visiting fellow-scientific-tionists, perhaps living with them in a science fiction house, and attending fan gatherings." --the FANCYCLOPEDIA, by John Bristol; 1944.

FANAC is published once a week by Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. News, commentary, and money to defray publishing expenses gladly received. Since Carr did the sixth issue and most of the seventh, this'n is mostly by Ellick. Heading illo by Geo. Metzger. 14th April, 1958.

EXPENSIVE is the word for William Rotsler, the artist's artist. A few weeks ago, we received an invitation to unnamed friends and likeable strangers to attend the preview and reception for the 77th Annual Painting and Sculpture Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association, which exhib was to be on the 9th of April. This invitation had been sent to Rotsler, and he passed it on to us, with a word that he had a piece called "Cathedral" in the exhib, and would we also invite the Poul Andersons? The Andersons were unhappy about this--April 9th was probably the only day in the whole week when they couldn't possibly go to San Francisco. Terry was unhappy--he had to work. Dave was unhappy, Carl was unhappy, Pete was unhappy.

I was happy.

The Veterans Memorial Building in civic center is an impressive outfit--bit big, with a statue of Geo Washington in the lobby, and one of the most spacious elevators I've ever shared with twenty people. The exhib was crowded, the punch was spiked, the tater chips were very good--and the items on exhibition were TEUER. The great, big, heavy oils ran around \$150. The little teensy ones ran more like three or four hundred. Some of them were casually marked "not for sale". There were surrealistic and mechanistic sculptings and paintings, and lots of tinker-toy looking works in metal which added to the atmosphere. Before I found "Cathedral," I got side-tracked at a display called ADVENTURE IN GLASS, put on by Orrefors of Sweden: a quietly awesome spectacle of crystal wonder. I am, perhaps, too impressed with sculptings in glass; always have been, since first seeing a glass-blower at work in Knott's Berry Farm, at the age of eight.

I came upon the creation of William Rotsler quite unexpected. It was not off to one side, in a hallowed corner which people approached timidly, nor was it high on a pedestal. It was on a knee-high shelf, with five or six other similar works, and it was titled "Cathedral: William Rotsler, Camarillo, California-- \$150." It was hammered bronze, about a foot and a half high, and did NOT look like the line sketches you see in fmz. I was impressed.

FIFTY-EIGHT is the key-word for fandom this year. Not just because it IS fifty-eight...altho that has a hell of a lot to do with it...but because it's SOUTH GATE IN FIFTY-EIGHT. Here we have, approaching us hell-bent for leather, one of the biggest fannish war-cries in history. It's like shouting VICTORY FOR THULE all your life (as Valiant does all too often) and then watching victory for Thule come rolling down a hill at you. Sort of quieting, is what it is. Only, you're not supposed to stand there and let it roll over you--you're supposed to get on the stick, and send your two dollars to

SOLACON

Rick Sneary: Treasurer
2962 Santa Ana
South Gate, California.

Ask him for information about the Solacon. Ask him for a banquet reservation, and a hotel reservation, and who's going to run the auction, and all sorts of things that aren't in his department. He won't mind. If you sign up, he'll be so happy, he'll-- well, he'll send you the Solacon Progress Report with all that information IN it, is what he'll do. And he'll have Len Moffatt write you a real sweet note, just bulging with facts about SOUTH GATE IN FIFTY-EIGHT, and how you can get to Los Angeles this August and have the time of your life. Go, man.

MIMSY #1 (Steve Tolliver, 733 N Findlay, Montebello, California) is here, with lots of LA-type stuff by a fascinating group of LASFSers. There are cartoons by Bjo Wells (who is currently within rock-throwing distance, so we must needs say nice things about her), and fan-fiction by George W, and some other stuff by people whose names I won't mention just so that I'll have some ready-made enemies in the LA area next time I drop down there. Enemies take too much time to cultivate in person, when I can do so by a few ill-timed words in print... There's also an article by "that Ackerman of distinction, Forrest J," who develops a theme begun by Dick Lupoff in approximately this same location a couple of issues back--why FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND was not faaaanish, and why it sold out like Marilyn-Monroe filled hotcakes. This is a let's-face-facts explanation of an interesting phee-nom-enum, and a part of it is very much worth quoting:

The mag's title was not mine. I didn't even intend to write about monsters originally. The idea of making it a mad, whimsical gagazine was not mine. So: when a fan named Dick Lupoff writes in Fanac #3 of 10 March '58 that the magazine is being 'discussed in Indiana as Ackerman's Folly,' he is blaming the wrong bem.

Fortunately for my sensitive feelings, while in Indiana they were ridiculing my 'half-assed thing', in nearby Wisconsin a fellow filmite of some stature was pronouncing the product 'a terrific job, and no mistake...a real 'alentine from state to finish.' This unsolicited and highly prized orchid was received from recognized fantafilm expert Robert Bloch.

Twenty-four hours after its release in New York, MONSTERS' publisher had received 75 fan letters. Despite the ...record snowstorm...by the end of the fourth day, James Warren felt he had a hit on his hands because 300 letters of praise had been received from the New York area alone.

This is only brief selections from a three-and-a-half page article on the genesis of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, but it points out the level of the argument--FMF was not done as Fojak would have wished, but it WAS a fabulous success, from all immediate appearances. If it's a money-maker--if the audience who buy that sort of stuff buy it--he is not worried about fans liking it. The article takes a defensive attitude that doesn't suit fja too well: it's going to make Lupoff think his remarks hit a sore spot. But it is good documentation, and sensibly put together. Probably a good argument for getting MIMSY, at least.

ALL THE NEWS AS IT HAPPENS DEPT: It's wonderful getting airmail letters from back East. We have one here from the Falascas dated 9 April, which comments on GROUND ZERO (the Dietz-Raybin publication reviewed last issue) and acknowledges that the important piece of writing therein was the one by Sam Moskowitz--he did help their case, it seems, but "unfortunately, he didn't check with us to find out exactly what it was we were going to destroy, or why, or how, or anything." The vicious rumor has been circulated that we are against corporations. Nothing could be further from the truth. Some of our best friends are corporations, like for instance A T & T, General Motors, Fandom House Inc, and even the Terrans themselves. We are, however, against THIS corporation, the WAY it was established, and its PRESENT form. Fandom's Burden #1 considered its birth in sin, and #2 will give Len ~~((Moffatt))~~ his reply. After all, let's keep up the suspense for awhile. Why should we let FANAC publish the second issue of FB?" Thus say the crusading Falascas; their names are N.

LYNN HICKMAN, who writes on stationery from the Shaver Motel in Marinette, Wis, in an envelope postmarked Salem, Illinois, and who lives at 304 N 11th, Mt Vernon, Illinois, says that there is going to be "another con in Ill. & Wisc. that will be for fans who can't attend the Midwestcon and for other fen who are too stupid to give up after attending the Midwestcon. Like Me for example. All plans are laid except the actual location. I'll have a good motel lined up within the next three weeks. It will be a small con, but much fun--would make you a hell of a nice faaaaning trip if you can do it." This makes the second con I've been invited to over 2,000 miles away. I wonder. I seriously wonder, sometimes.

BILL MEYERS, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee, says that SPECTRE #2 was put out on four dittos and a mimeo, and is in the mails. He would appreciate opinions, even tho most of the issue is out of date. Write him for a copy--if people seem interested, the third will probably sparkle a wee bit more.

EVIL IS ACCOMPLISHED BY GOOD MEN DOING NOTHING: All you people out there--take pen in hand and write a postcard to Martin Greenberg, c/o Pick-A-Book, POBox 63, Hicksville, New York, and tell him YOU, a paying customer, want to see the Cap Future series in stiff binding pretty much right now, like. Show him the voice of a united fandom, men! Beat the drums, sound the etc--he says he is "trying to work a deal for Cap Future, and naturally as soon as we get it we'll" and so forth. He needs encouragement. Let's encourage him a couple decibels worth--and you might ask him about some of those \$1.50 stfbooks he has up there. Terrible waste, letting fringe-fans and stf readers buy 'em, when fans' collections (which are never read) are such a worthwhile cause.

BY GOLLIES, we got another issue of Stupefying Stories the other day. Here it is only -- how long? not very -- since the thirtieth issue, and here's the thirty-first. With the announcement that purple silk doesn't grow on trees, for Pete's sake, jolly ol' Rich Eney takes off on another four pages of letter-substitute and fanzine-review. His address is 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virg, and he probably won't send it to you for money or anything, but only if you are a terrifically Good Man, with broad mental horizons and a complete file of MASQUE, or maybe you hate the WSFSinc, or something. On second thot--try money. You may not get SS, but at least Eney'll be happy.

FANAC is not incorporated under Berkeley city laws, but we're going to try to get the United States Post Office to recognize us as second-class matter due to frequency of publication within this next week. Watch this space. We would also like to reiterate our announcement that if we haven't heard from you as of the tenth issue, and you've been getting FANAC since the first issue, we will D R O P you. Acknowledgements can be letters, cards, fanzine reviews, swaps, contributions of \$a\$h or news, or a drink on the house, for that matter. Almost anything--but we'd sure like to be certain some of you people are alive.

--rde.

THERE HAVE BEEN ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE in Berkeley this week, we hear from Karen Anderson. First there was John W. Campbell, jr., a professional editor of some reknown in certain circles, who visited here to attend the wedding of his step-daughter. Then there was Ed Emshwiller, pro artist, who spent some time here taking pictures of Karen. Though she stoutly maintains that this was not his purpose in visiting the area, and protests also that not all the pictures showed her in tight pants, she does mention that Emsh is thinking of doing covers around the photos. It would be nice, we think, if Poul were to do stories around these covers.

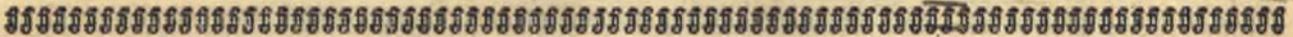
NEW CAMPBELL MAGAZINE! Yes indeed, John W. Campbell, jr., is soon coming out with a new magazine. Title is to be Journal of the Interplanetary Society, and we regret to say that it's not a new stfmag. Instead, it's the official organ of a pseudo-Campbell organization devoted to ideas on the level of JWDjr's ASF editorials. One of the ideas which he wants to push to start out with is a musical instrument which will incorporate all the variables and extensions of the human voice.

TO GET BACK TO IMPORTANT THINGS, let us remind you that good old Terry Carr, fan four-square, has here a whole batch of old fanzines for sale grab-bag fashion at 15 for \$1.00. There's some real good stuff in the batch, and it's not really expensive, you know. Which is to say that you should all send money to good ole Carr right away. Om yass. Yass. Yass.

--tgc

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

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here there be
FANAC
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