

October 3, 1958

FANAC #26



A news and chatterzine published once every other week by Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, room 104, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. Subscriptions: 4 for 25¢, 9 for 50¢. In sterling areas, send two shillings for four issues to Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., North Hykeham, Lincoln, England. Our heading illo (Joe Gibson and friends) is by Bjo this issue. News, commentary, changes-of-address are welcome, as usual. Fanzines for review would be appreciated, too, particularly in this post-convention publishing slump fandom is in.

PARTY-TIME IN BERKELEY AGAIN

Sunday, September 28, saw a fine gathering of Berkeley fans and travelling giants congregated in the home of Ron Ellick and his mother, the occasion being a combined housewarming and birthday party for Ron. Dubbed The Roncon, the list of guests reads: Joe and Robbie Gibson, Rog and Honey Graham (plus Honey's brother Don and his date, Betty), Joe and Felice Rolfe and daughter Suzie, Djinn Faine, Bjo, Alex Bratmon, Poul and Karen Anderson, Alan Dodd, Ron and Cindy Smith, Jack Harness, Art and Trina Castillo, Jim Caughran, Miriam Dyches, Lou and Cynthia Goldstone, Terry Carr, Chuck Lear, and the bearded ghost of Bill Rotsler. Mrs. Ellick and Ron were there, of course, and their dog Minnie did a fine job of hosting Suzie Rolfe.

The Tower to the Moon campaign got a shot in the arm via the refreshments, which also included Pepsi-Cola for such as Ron, Suzie Rolfe, and Jack Harness (tho Jack also brought a bottle of blog). Turkey dinner was served, followed by a birthday cake. A jazztape from Boyd Raeburn played in the background for awhile, and the mantelpiece sported a telegram from the Burbees regretting (continued)

(more on the Roncon)

their inability to attend due to the fact that one of the kids had come down with something-or-other and the house was quarantined. There was much gaiety and conversation and singing of "Happy Birthday, dear Squirrel" until the wee hours of the morning.

Tuesday night saw an impromptu gathering at the Anderson home which quickly developed into a small party in its own right. In attendance were Joe and Robbie, Djinn, Bjo, Miriam, Ron, Alex, and of course me (Carr). The evening proved to be a pleasant extension of the weekend party, in many respects, with puns and dirty limericks passed around, and much talk on subjects ranging from geology to hamsters ("I know five hamsters--one of them is six feet tall"), the Baker Street Irregulars to archaeology, etc.

And through the course of both parties your untiring reporter was gathering quotes:

...AND DAMMIT, THE ONLY ONE WHO HEARD MY PUNCHLINE HAD A MOUTHFUL OF BEER AND COULDN'T LAUGH! # IT GAVE ME A FEELING THAT NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A MASTADON TUSK... # HOW MANY FANS DO YOU KNOW WHO HAVE A RETIRED STUD HAMSTER? # ...BUT WHAT'S FRIGHTENING IS THIS REPORT FROM PALOMAR OF A TOWER COMING THE OTHER WAY! # WELL, I DIDN'T GET UP AND CLOBBER YOU--THAT PROVES I'M A GOOD FRIEND. # I THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE TALKING SCIENCE FICTION, UNTIL I HEARD YOU MENTION LIKE ASIMOV. # FIRST HE'D ASK A GIRL IF SHE'D MARRY HIM, AND WHEN SHE SAID NO HE ASK HER IF SHE'D BE ENGAGED TO HIM, AND SHE'D SAY NO AND HE'D ASK HER TO GO STEADY, AND SHE'D SAY NO, AND HE'D ASK HER TO BE HIS GIRL, AND SHE'D SAY NO, AND THEN HE'D ASK HER TO SLEEP WITH HIM. # WHAT KIND OF BOOK IS IT?--WHAT IS IT ANTI? # I FEEL LIKE I OUGHT TO BE ASKING WHAT ROOM BOB BLOCH IS IN. # THAT'S A DASHING WAY TO DOFF YOUR BEANIE--SO THAT THE PROPELLORS SLIP OFF AND GO FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM. # SOMETIMES HE COMES UP WITH SOME VERY PERCEPTIVE CHITTER-CHATTER. # WHAT FANDOM NEEDS IS NEOFANS WITH MONEY. # IT ISN'T THAT IT'S A CONVERSATION-STOPPER, IT'S JUST THAT THE ANSWERS ARE UNPRINTABLE.

--tgc

VAGUE RUMOR DEPT.: We've heard from Forry Ackerman that somebody is planning an extension or reworking of "The Immortal Storm". Forry says he got a letter from somebody a couple of months ago asking him to help on the project, but he was up to his neck in work and can't find the letter now. Somebody in Washington state, he thought. They'd already written to Jack Speer and others, saying they were dissatisfied with the onesidedness of Moskowitz's treatment and wanted to publish a volume to get into print some other viewpoints on the early days. If anybody can expand on this, or correct us if necessary, we'd appreciate it.

GEORGE WETZEL seems to have stuck his neck out once too often. A few months ago he wrote one of his poison-pen letters to G. M. Carr, we hear, and Gem promptly turned it over to the postal authorities. An investigation of Wetzel's activities then swung into action, with the inspectors writing to several former skirmishers with Wetzel whose names Gem supplied, asking for more information. Ron Smith, for one, turned over his voluminous file of Wetzeliana to them (the file contains Ron Ellik's file, too, centered around the time Wetzel wrote poison-pen letters to Ron and to Dave Mason, signing the others' names to them in hopes of starting a feud). The postal authorities seem convinced that Wetzel is a crackpot and a man to be watched. Good for them, and good for Gem.

A TAFF ANNOUNCEMENT from Bob Madle says, "Nominations must be received by either Madle or Bennett by midnight 31st December 1958. No late nominations will be considered." The next TAFF delegate will attend the 1960 English convention, and nominations are now open. The only candidate so far announced (though unofficially) is me, but it's early yet. Nominations must satisfy the following conditions:

1.) Each candidate's nomination must be signed by five nominators, three from North America and two from abroad.

2.) The nominators must enclose \$5.00 with their nomination. (Not \$5.00 from each nominator, but a total of \$5.00.) This is considered a bond of good faith and will serve to keep jokesters and characters off the ballot who merely want to see their names in print.

3.) The chief nominator should provide a hundred word platform on the worthiness of his candidate. This platform will be printed on the official ballot.

4.) The candidate must sign a declaration showing willingness, barring illness, to travel to the 1960 convention.

5.) Anyone who is considered to be a science fiction fan is eligible to nominate, be a candidate, and to vote.

6.) Nominations must be received by either Madle or Bennett:

Ron Bennett

7 Southway

Arthurs Avenue

Harrogate, Yorkshire

England

Robert A. Madle

3608 Caroline Avenue

Indianapolis 18

Indiana

STEAM, Vol. 4 no. 4, came along from Ken Bulmer a week or so ago, containing Ken's report on the 1958 TAFF campaign. It is headlined, "RON BENNETT ELECTED 1958 TAFF DELEGATE". When I saw this, I said to Ron, "By damn, that's who it must have been! I'll bet that fellow at the Solacon with the moustache and British accent must have been the TAFF delegate!" Ron looked surprised and said, "I'll bet you're right, Carr. The accent should have tipped us off," he added.

Final tallying of the votes show that Bennett had 287 votes, John Berry 240, and Dave Newman 229. Note that this places Berry in second place, not third as announced in the unofficial returns printed in FANAC #20.

After a rundown of this last year's campaign, Bulmer goes on for 17 pages of personal observations and opinions on the history of TAFF and the controversies which have sprung up over alleged vote-buying, the criteria of the term "fan," etc. There has been some pretty heated argument in the fan press this last year on the subject of TAFF, led in FAPA by G. M. Carr and in OMPA by Bob Madle and Chuch Harris. Bulmer's views as presented at length in this issue of STEAM constitute what seems to me to be the best statement on the subject to appear to date. Bulmer is a man who knows TAFF inside and out and displays commendable level-headedness about it. His discussion of convention-fans vs. fanzine-fans, in particular, should be read by everyone at all concerned with TAFF.

By all means, write to Bulmer and ask him for a copy. It's an OMPazine, but he probably has extras. H. Ken Bulmer, Tresco, 204 Wellmeadow Road, Catford, London, S.E.6., England.

WANTED: Astounding Science Fiction, April 1943. Important. Lifelong quest. Will pay any reasonable price. Write Box W.A.W., Belfast.

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 Sub expires within two issues.

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