



"He resolved never to shave or take a bath until the last rebfan had been guided into the loving fold of the NFFF."

November 16, 1958

## FANAC #29

A news and chatterzine, published every other week by Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, Room 104, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. 4 for 25¢, 9 for 50¢, or four for two shillings sterling from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., No. Hykeham, Lincoln, England. News and comments requested and happily received. Heading by Ray Nelson.

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### TAFF DEADLINE NEARS

The deadline for candidates for the TransAtlantic Fan Fund balloting for 1960 is December 31 of this year. Candidates must file by that date with either Bob Madle (3608 Caroline Ave., Indianapolis

18, Indiana) or Ron Bennett (7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England).

To date, only two candidates are definitely running. One of them is me, Terry Carr. The other is Ejo, that fine fannish cartoonist whose work has appeared in several fanzines recently, including FANAC. Ejo, who is currently the Director of LASFS, just announced her candidacy within the last week or two.

Word from the east has it that Bob Pavlat may also run. Apparently he hasn't decided yet, though.

HYPHEN is out again, which is front-page news any day. Between issues of HYPHEN we sometimes forget just how good it is, but this issue (#21) is a good reminder. Edited by Chuch Harris this time (Walt Willis is co-editor), this issue features Walt & Madeleine Willis satirizing John Berry, Bob Bloch on fan-visitors, Bob Tucker on the Decline and Fall of English Literature, Bob Shaw on an outing, Obadiah Bip writing some pseudo-Burbee stuff which doesn't quite come off, Sid Birchby recounting his visit to Belfast, Vinz Clarke's dependably fine column, Mal Ashworth humor, and a fine lettercolumn. Profusely illustrated by Atom and Ray Nelson. This is a veritable Faned's Model--you can't beat it. (Chuch Harris, "Carolin," Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England, or Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, No. Ireland.) 15¢ the copy, and indispensable.

STUPEFYING STORIES #41 came along, with the announcement that this is the last issue. Eney says it got out of hand and got to be too much work. This is a great pity, for SS has always been a favorite zine of ours, what with Eney's witty comments on current affairs, fannish and otherwise. We'll miss it.

However, we also have a little good news to go with the bad. A card from Eney just received says, "Would you be willing to throw in a page or so from me with FANAC intermittently?" You bet we would.

I wonder if we should call it FANAC combined with STUPEFYING STORIES?



BOB SILVERBERG, that witty dirty pro who writes "Kyle for TAFF" on one side of his envelopes and "Raybin for TAFF" on the other side, writes:

"No doubt I deserve to be kept on FANAC's mailing list in perpetuity, as reward for my sterling contributions to fandom (which include, as you may recall, such notable things as the spawning of Seventh Fandom).

"But it occurs to me that you may not agree...so I'm enclosing a couple of postage stamps by way of easing my conscience about getting the mag. I'm a FANAC fan. You don't know what a wonderfully nostalgic thing it is to get mimeographed matter in the mails, these days.

"Afraid I don't have any news for you, garbled or otherwise; I sold a book to Ace and a short story somewhere in Sweden lately, and one or two other things, but most likely FANAC's readers don't care about dull proish things. I can give you a chance to scoop Jimmy Taurasi in a negative way: a recent SFT reported that I had been hired to write 13 weeks of Buck Rogers, and Judy Merrill to do 39 weeks. Well, I haven't bothered to write to Jimmy yet, but it just ain't so--I'm NOT writing for Buck Rogers now & never have; ditto Judy. Lord only knows where SFT got the idea we were."

We printed this item for the joy of Rich Eney, who says he expects to see us scooping SFT three times a month now that STUPEFYING STORIES is folded, and so that faneds will know that Silverberg likes to get mimeographed things in the mail (915 West End Ave., New York 25, N. Y.)

By the way, Forry Ackerman also says he'd like to get more fmz than he does. (915 So. Sherbourne Drive, Los Angeles.)

MARTY FLEISCHMAN IS DESPERATE for PSYCHOTIC #20, and SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #'s 21 & 22. State price, he says. (90-09 153rd Ave., Howard Beach 14, N. Y.)

THE BEST OF FANDOM--1958 is already in the planning stage, says Guy Terwilleger (1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho). He wants faneds to send in their selections as soon as possible. Closing date for selections from U. S. (or Canadian) entries is Jan. 15, 1959. For overseas entries the closing date is Feb. 1, 1959. Both the editor of the fanzine and the author of the piece he chooses as the best thing he's printed all year will get free copies of the volume.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #121 came along, and I'm sad to report that Elinor Busby's handling of the lettercolumn isn't making too great an improvement. She writes that the thing just sort of gets away from her, and that the CRY readership wants a long lettercol full of neofannish babbling (my choice of phrase, not hers!). The fact that she complies with their wishes speaks well for her friendliness, but reading the thing doesn't give me a very good impression of the CRY readership. Aside from the lettercol, this CRY has prozine reviews by Renfrew Pemberton which are as good as usual, fanzine reviews by Carl Brandon which are some of the best I've seen (no, this Carl Brandon isn't me!), book reviews by Leslie Gerber which are infantile, two stories (one of which is poor, the other atrocious), a weak Berry piece, a nicely-done Solacon report by Wally Weber, and some of the most miserable artwork this side of THURBAN I. All in all, maybe 1/3 of the issue was worth printing. (c/o F. M. & E. Busby, 2852 14th Ave. West, Seattle 99, Washington.)

WALT WILLIS sends a letter-substitute called GAFIA RECOVERY ADMINISTRATION. Interesting, as is all of other people's mail.



LYNN HICKMAN has decided to make ARGASSY a news & chatterzine, centering around news from the Midwest. This first issue in the new format (ARGASSY #7) is a three-pager with some news, nice chatter, and a cartoon or two. Might turn into something very fine. (304 No. 11th St., Mount Vernon, Ill. 10¢, or 12 for \$1.00.)

TED WHITE is still plugging along with GAMBIT. Recently received were numbers 24½ (covering the death of Kent Moomaw), 24.6, 25, and 26. In general GAMBIT is composed of commentary and little snatches of semi-humorous dialog. Ted seems to enjoy printing completely pointless conversations just for the hell of it. But he's been doing it so much lately that it's beginning to get on my nerves, and I wish he'd stop. Every fifth issue of GAMBIT, says Ted, will desert its usual 2- or 4-page format and expand to circa 20 pages to print letters of comment and more meaty articles. #25 here is one of these, containing letters, the usual chatter, the beginning of a humorous article by Ron Parker (rather good), and a couple items on jazz. An interesting zine, despite my grotching above. #26 reports that printed matter rates for overseas mail have gone up: they're now 4¢ for the first two ounces and 2¢ for each additional two ounces. (2712 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md.)

OOPSLA! #25 came the same day as HYPHEN, and I can't think of two finer fanzines to arrive on the same day. OOPS this time presents more of editor Gregg Calkins than usual, and that's fine. On top of this, Bob Bloch writes about why old fans grow sour, Walt Willis has his slightly-fabulous column "The Harp That Once Or Twice," John Berry writes his usual stuff, Bill Morse rambles, and there's an extremely good lettercolumn. The whole thing is impeccably laid out and reproduced. This, too, is indispensable. (15¢, or two for 25¢, from Calkins at 1714 South 15th East, Salt Lake City 5, Utah.)

TED WHITE, Official Editor of FAPA, sends an advance scoop on the next FAPA mailing: "Walt Willis' FAMPFREY came last week, and announces that Walt is retiring from FAPA. Walt reveals that he had planned on being at South Gate this year, but that it was really GMCarr's little hate-campaign that stopped him. Perhaps a Send GMC To The Middle of the Atlantic Fund could be arranged or something.

"Anyway, Walt also says he's going to pour his fanac into general fandom--HYPHEN, and all that. So he won't be lost to the fannish scene..."

TWIG #12 is the second annish. Guy Terwilleger is the editor, at 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho. This is supposed to be some sort of "All-Editor Issue," a term which loses its charm when one sees that the fmz editors represented are mostly people like Johnny Holleman of QUIRK, John Russells of SIGMA OCTANTIS, and so forth. It's a thick issue, but there isn't much of interest. Buck Coulson writes a decent Midwescon-and-Illwiscon report, Dean Grennell presents some interesting thoughts on the BNF vs. Neofan question, and Juanita Coulson writes an article on how to get decent layout and artwork into your fanzine. (Three cheers for Juanita, by damn.) In a "Special Section" of the issue which presents material not by fanzine editors (and how ridiculous can you get?), there is a SciCon report by Honey Wood which must have been written in a hurry immediately after the con, because it abounds in loose grammar and run-on sentences. Besides, I don't like it because it doesn't mention my name.

Terwilleger says his next issue will be better than average. I certainly hope so.



# THE SCI-FI SCENE: LA

by Forrest J FANACKerman, 915 S Sherbourne Dr, Los Angeles 35, California

The Team of Larry Maddock & Corrie Howard (Mr&Mrs Jack Jardine, she a former directrix of LASFS) completed a collaboration on 20 Oct 58, producing a new fanne, Sabra Yola Jardine. Mother, father and ghod-father-agent Ackerman all reported doing well--in fact, very well: day after the birth the parents were pleased to receive from their agent a check for the sale to Caper of a 5,000 word story, "The Party".

She did it again. Djinn Faine, the girl with the homing instincts of a crosseyed pigeon, piloted navigator Fja and carload of fans all the way to San Juan Capistrano, where the swallows aren't due until next year, on a simple little jaunt to join Bjo and others at a beach party. Starving he, Dick Daniels, Seek Leppin, Audrey Clinton and Djinn finally located the right beach and the rest of the bunch--Bjo, Geo Fields, Ted Johnstone, Ernie Wheatley--just as the phosphorescent lights were being turned off in the ocean for the nite, and the silicon (Silly Con?) fans gritted their teeth in the dark on sandy hotdogs.

I had a reservation to fly to New York the nite of 30 Oct, but during an LA-to-NY phone conversation with Katherine Maclean I fortunately learned (quite accidentally) that the immediate attraction, the Metrocon, had been called off. As there was no point to flying as scheduled, I rescheduled my flight for Mon nite 3 Nov, so that I wd not have to sacrifice LASFS' 24th anniversary and next nite Hallowe'en party. In additon I was able to participate in:

The 100th birthday of Dr. Adolphe de Castro, celebrated with ceremony at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. De Castro, author of "The Last Test" and "The Electric Executioner" in Weird Tales, and, in collaboration with Ambrose Bierce, "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter", has figured in LASFS meetings, Westercons, and other sci-fi activities as far back as 1939. He knew Lovecraft and Mark Twain, among others. At the banquet, held in his honor by the United Inventors and Scientists of America, he sat next to an old friend who was celebrating his 85th birthday: Dr. Lee de Forest, Father of Radio.

The SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD was previewed Hallowe'en afternoon with Mr&Mrs Ray Bradbury and 2 of 4 daughters in attendance, together with others including Kathryn Grayson, Larry Maddock, Forry Ackerman, Sylvia Hirahara and the "star" of the show, Ray Harryhausen. Harryhausen created the Cyclopians, Rocs, Flame-breathing Dragon and Animated Skeleton that are the visual hi-lites of this first-class fantasy adventury. It's a fairy tale for kidults, and it's great.

← The following written in New York's Hotel Chesterfield. → Here I am in NY wondering how the rest of you out there on the Pacificoast ever got so far away from me. I suppose Miriam is still folding paper birds, Bjo is directing LasFass, Djinn is misdirecting unwary drivers, George Fields is building Metropolis, and Ronel has not lost his squirrelish laughter, but here in Times Square it all seems very far away and other-tinish.

Last nite I was invited to the Bronx by Belle&Frank Dietz, and in their cat dominated and fannishly -appointed apartment enjoyed a delicious home-cooked meal in company of Sam Moskowitz et ux, Bob & Barbara Silverberg, Mary Dziechowski, George Nims Raybin, Hans Stefan Santesson, Walt Cole, et alia. Saw the Dietz's color Solacon movies, Cole color snaps from same, and a fistful of fotos from London. At the 2nd Anniversiary of the Lunarian Club, I was called on to tell them about LASFS' 24th anni & Hallowe'en party, and Dr De Castro's birthday party. Was kidded a bit about Famous Monsters, learned: a 50¢ digest size filmonster mag is contemplated...Amazine will serialize a new novel by E E Smith...and with the Field reduced to 11 titles, several of them known to be shaky, wonderment as to whether the End of Science Fiction may be in sight?

← Next issue--back in Los Angeles, with much to report. →

---FJA.



**LIGHTHEARTED AND UNSUSPECTING DEPT:** We keep opening these envelopes from Tucker, expecting something worthwhile to be inside of them, but this latest contains only more newspaper clippings and French cartoons, I guess..... No, here's a letter, buried amidst the movie ads: "Your attention is called to the new movie success, 'Monster on the Campus'. I feel that you two should be particularly interested, for at long last Hollywood is getting close to Where You Live. ##If you remember, or have ever heard of, Ron Clyne, a fan artist of a decade ago, you may be interested to hear that he's doing well in the NYC book-jacket-designing field. His latest is a montage job for a collection of Herblock editorial cartoons, entitled HERBLOCK'S SPECIAL FOR TODAY." Well, maybe it's worthwhile opening these envelopes after all. But in the future we won't expect anything but whatever Tucker has cleaned out of his desk lately. ##Ron Clyne is also doing big business with LP record-companies, Tucker, designing those very good-looking jackets which have nothing to do with the record inside. Capitol, if I remember, but I don't, not really.

**FILTHY POLITICS** is the keynote for most of our mail these days, and it leads to us getting stuff from people we've only vaguely heard of before, like George Heap. Seems to me I've met George at a convention, but here's a letter from him advertising Philadelphia for the 1960 World SF Convention. I'm afraid my vote stays with Washington DC, for the same reason that I finally picked Detroit: Philadelphia's propaganda is full of the self-conscious air of a city which has held two conventions. "NOT because they're nice guys...NOT because they're active...NOT because they've never had one...BUT because they'll give us the best convention - LET THE BEST BID WIN IN '59!" This is very similar to the stuff Chicago was turning out just prior to the South Gate affair, and I don't think it's exactly the sort of thing to appeal to a fanzine-fan. (George R. Heap, 513 Glen Echo, Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania.)

**NEVADA FANDOM STRIKES AGAIN:** It's been over two years since Paul Cook and Jerry Merrill were published "For Bems Only," which was Las Vegas' first entry into modern day fanac. Now, out of apparently the blue, we get AMBROSIA, from David McCarroll (644 Avenue C, Boulder City, Nevada; 10¢ or comment). The name of Paul Cook is on the masthead as assistant editor, but Jerry Merrill seems to have vanished, probably into the desert, like all those adventuresome types do who live in tropic paradises. AMBROSIA #1 is poorly but legibly mimeographed, and contains nothing of any great interest except the fact that Nevada fandom is trying to publish. They should be encouraged--maybe someday we'll be able to get them to throw a Westercon, or something.

**A FLASH A WEEK FROM ALL OVER DEPT:** Jean Linard says that Jacques Bergier, 8 rue de Berri, Paris 8, France, wants to receive every fanzine being published and will write letters of comment. ##Leslie Gerber (our pro-news agent who doesn't realize that he should be working for Science-Fiction Times) says that "the s-f mag field is on the rocks." He lists Galaxy, If and Infinity as examples of this, and then says that New York fandom has suffered a blow with the postponing of the nationally advertised Metrocon II until after Christmas. Maybe all the s-f mags will fold and New York fandom will just go away, huh? ##William Rickhardt (21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Michigan) says that he is acting as a center for contributions to the BRING BERRY TO DETROIT fund, which is acting completely outside of TAFF. TAFF this year is going to send ~~7444/9444~~ some American fan to England, but there are American fans who want to bring John Berry to the Detroit convention. Write Rickhardt for info. ##Eva Krueger (Apt 3, 1114 E Rio Grande, El Paso, Texas) laments that nobody believes in her and won't somebody please send her some fanzines?

**CANADIAN FANDOM** is back. Bill Grant (47 Saguenay Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada) is vacationing in Floriday now, but here is issue number 37, containing "Hollywood: Save the Flowers" by Arthur Mayer, and a composite article on Sherlock Holmes movies which has no author, but was done by several people. Seems Bill has had people ask him to print anti-Kyle material and told them to go to helllll. Bravo.



DALE R. SMITH (3001 Kyle Avenue, Minneapolis 22, Minnesota) is the North American Representative for the British Science Fiction Association. Memberships are \$1.50 in this country, says one source; they are \$1.40 a year, says another. Information isn't definite, but send for a year's membership now and maybe you can sneak in for a dime less. This is your chance, Boyd.

FANZINES FROM EVERYBODY: Ted Pauls (1148 Meridene Dr, Baltimore 12, Md) sends us Chula and Hi, first issues of both. Quasi-White fanzines which are readable. ## Bill Pearson is back (POBox 171, Murray Hill Stn, NY 16, NY) with Ivie Walker, who is one of Ron Parker's Oklahoma buddies. Together they have, for some unknown reason, published three pages of chatter called AGAMENON WEEKLY, which is mostly a letter-substitute. I wonder if they're going to publish weekly--that's too often for anything they print to be reliable, you know. ##VAMPIRE TRADER keeps coming from the north (Stony Brook Barnes, Rt 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon). Magazines for sale and wanted, nude transparencies for sale, etc., etc. ##I read an ad for THE SICK ELEPHANT in Science-Fiction Times (they tolerate us) and felt I had to see such a fanzine. Sent George H. Wells (Box 486, Riverhead, NY) a couple of issues of FANAC, and bigolly if I didn't get a Sick Elephant in return. Wells ruins artwork with his dittoing, but he's published four issues now and will probably stick with it. He seems to have fun. ##DISTAFF (the new femizine) from Ethel Lindsay (6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England) wants material from femme-fen the world over, and requests letters of comment from those so unfortunate as to be male. Can't blame the girls for trying; the first issue is chock full of feminine material, by such as Madeline Willis, Roberta Wild, Joy Clarke and Belle Dietz. I bet USA females could take this mag over if they put their minds to it.

We're still trying to send Carr to England, but now we have a reason. We're going to expose the true story behind Alan Dodd. All during the Solacon, Ron Bennett kept baiting people with true stories about Alan Dodd, none of them the same as the one he'd told ten minutes before. Ted White said that on the trip back to the East Coast, he got four true stories about Alan Dodd out of Bennett. We figure that Carr, in his guise as a fearless reporter, can go to Hoddesdon and find Stanstead Road, and so forth--you all know how fearless reporters conduct investigations--and bring back a true story about Alan Dodd.

We are exposing people right and left these days. Eva Krueger claims I exposed her as a hoax, but she really exists.. Last month fandom was all agog that we had exposed Carl Brandon as a hoax; especially when they found that he is writing fanzine reviews for the CRY. I understand we're not the only ones who are doing this sort of thing, though--several Los Angeles fans have been going to Health Camps with Forry Ackerman and exposing themselves to everybody. We're going to work on H.S. Johnson next, the fellow who writes like a psychology major from Long Beach State College. Stay tuned.

FAPA MEMBERS: Yank the 1958 Laureate Poll out of the recent Fantasy Amateur, fill out and ship it, with the Special Election ballott, to 2315 Dwight Way.

MOORPARK #1 (Goojie Pub #2, from Miriam Dyches, 882 Florida St, San Francisco 10, California) rolled out of the Berkeley mimeograph yesterday. Contains material by Ted Johnstone, Bob Bloch and Terry Carr, with letters from Burbee & Rotsler and artwork by Rotsler. Available for commentary. Moorpark is lavatory backwards.

--rde.



\_\_\_\_\_ Write

\_\_\_\_\_ Subscription expires within two issues

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

William Rotsler  
2301 Beverly Glen PLACE  
Los Angeles 24, California

A/3c Norman C. Metcalf  
AF 19 606 033  
Box 033, 3420th Sturon  
Lowry AFB, Colorado

Dale Hart  
c/o Zeke Leppin  
2548 West 12th Street  
Los Angeles 6, Calif.

Jim Caughran, room 305  
2315 Dwight Way  
Berkeley 4, California

Miriam Dyches  
882 Florida Street  
San Francisco 10, Calif.

D. P. Ogden (E.R.B.fan)  
48 Chester Avenue  
Poulton-Le-Fylde  
Lancs, England

William N. Beard  
1817 Hoy Avenue  
Muncie, Indiana

Pvt John Quagliano, US 514 30 661  
Troop B, 1st Recon Squadron  
15 Cavalry, 3rd Platoon  
Fort Hood, Texas

(this'n good until  
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