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FANAC #1

Published frequently by Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way,
Berkeley 4, Calif. Letters of comment and news would be appreciated.

RICHARD MATHESON TO BE SOLACON GUEST OF HONOR

Rog and Honey Graham, members of the Solacon committee, told us the other nite that the guest of honor for the con would indeed be Richard Matheson. It seems there was a considerable bit of trouble deciding among several top names, hence the lateness of the announcement. The late Henry Kuttner, incidentally, was for a time being considered.

This last weekend we took a trip to the L.A. area, and while there spent an evening talking with Rick Sneary, mostly about the Solacon. Rick says he hopes a lot of fans will send in their dues for the convention. Dues for attendees will be \$2.00, as usual. You can become a non-attending member of the con by sending \$1.00. Money should go to Sneary at 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California. Rick says the committee is planning to publish a complete list of members in the Program Booklet, including addresses. Naturally, anyone who waits till he gets to the hotel to pay will not get his name in the program booklet.

Reservations for rooms should be sent to Hotel Alexandria, Fifth and Spring Streets, Los Angeles. The hotel has agreed not to charge the committee for use of the hall &c if they can fill 150 rooms Saturday nite.

The banquet will offer half a roast chicken for \$3.25, Lobster Neuberg at \$3.80, or prime ribs at \$4.50.

WILLIS FUND DIES

Rick gave us the extremely disheartening news that Walt Willis will definitely not be able to make it to South Gate. Among other reasons, Willis told Rick, the woman who was going to take care of the Willis children while Walt and Madeleine were away will be having a baby herself around the time of the convention. (When we mentioned this to Burbee, he said, "Couldn't that be postponed?" "Well, no," said Ron, "you see, having a baby is something like the eight-pages-a-year requirement for FAPA--you have to get it out on time or else.")

The WAW And Mate To The Gate in '58 campaign has been suspended. The money collected so far is being divided between TAFF and the Solacon treasury.

NICK & NOREEN FALASCA put out a half-shot recently called WHO IS THIS MAN? Among other things, it contained a tremendously fuggheaded letter from one Arthur Kingsley. I wrote to Nick'n'Noreen asking about him ("Why, that's fantastic," I said), and they replied as follows:

"The full story behind Arthur Kingsley reads like 'The Rats in the Walls.' We can sum up the known facts briefly: 1) He is an honest-to-God-fake-fan. 2) He first appeared at the NYCon as publicist. His contribution consisted of getting a one page shot in 'Tab' for Miss Science Fiction. 3) He took the con, it is reliably reported, for \$120 smackeroos, wineing, dinsing and cabbing Miss Science Fiction 4) He is a buddy of Kyle's. 5) When he first appeared on the fannish scene, he claimed to be an out-of-work-actor; this has since changed to an out-of-work publicity man. 6) He really had the guts

- to run for director ((of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc.)) in London.
- 7) We're not too sure if he really collects Modern Screen; it might be Photoplay.
 - 8) We think he passed himself off to the King Bros. as a Big Man in the Field and then thought that everyone would be stupid enough to fall for his line.
 - 9) His little plot was nipped quicker than you can say George Nims Raybin
 - 10) He MAY appear at the Solacon--so be ready with the DDT."

Nick and Noreen add that they have "several ideas bouncing around" for another half-shot publication in the near future. "Of course," they add, "if Kingsley runs for director in IA, we will bring out a second printing of WHO IS THIS MAN?, in order to assure him of adequate publicity."

They also note that "While Kingsley was a runner-up in the Director election, there were only three people in the race and the other two were elected."

HYPHEN CAME ALONG this week, containing a very fine London conreport by James White, running close to 20 pages. Due to the length of this, the rest of the contents are skimpy, but they include the return of Vinç Clarke's column "Grunch," several pages of letters, and a chucklesome Atom cover cartoon. It's been said before, but it bears repeating: HYPHEN is an indispensable fmz for anyone with even the vaguest trufannish interests. Write to Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, No. Ireland.

A HIGHLY INTERESTING NEW FAN on the scene is Bob Leman, who produces a short zine called THE VINEGAR WORM. We were wondering where he had come from all of a sudden, due to the excellence of his writing, and he explained thusly:

"What happened was this: a little over a year ago, I saw an ad in aSF which caused me to write to FANTASY TIMES for a sample. Ron Smith had an ad in one of the early issues I received, and I subscribed to INSIDE & SFA. (I use the old titles of both.) I found INSIDE an interesting publication, and sent Ron an article, which was published in the last INSIDE. That involved me in a certain amount of correspondence, a segment of which got me into the NFFF. It also brought me a number of fanzines, which inspired me to tackle one of my own. Comment on that brought me a lot of names and information about FAPA, SAPS et al. In a little while I published a second issue, a copy of which you received. And here I am, a neo of neos."

We heartily recommend Leman's fmz, THE VINEGAR WORM, which you can get from him at 2701 So. Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado.

A LETTER HERE FROM F. M. BUSBY has an interesting part which we'll quote:

"Laney is a guy I'd like to meet, and see what he's like in person and what he has to say about stuff'n'things at this late date. The odd part is that it's quite likely I've already seen him around Lewiston or Moscow, Idaho, or Clarkston, Wash, sometime between 1938 and the fall of '43 when Laney left that area for LA and I went back into the Army for a reluctant second tour. The Clarkston address he quotes for 1941 ((in AH, SWEET IDIOCY!)) can't be more than a block or two from the home of a girl I was wolfing around at that time, on trips from Pullman, Washington (35 miles), and we must have been hitting the same booze-joints at times, as Lewiston only had a few.

"It's a peculiar feeling to know you have very likely met or at least run parallel to someone of current interest. I think my outstanding example of that was in 1945, when an article in Coronet mentioned the past history of the 15th Infantry in such a way as to inform me that the round-faced light-colonel who interrogated me and my buddy Vince in a tent one morning in 1940, when we had surrendered our way into getting something to eat on National Guard maneuvers, could have been no one else except then-General Eisenhower."

Buz mentions that he and Elinor are planning an odysey of fan-visits on the way to and from the Solacon. We'll be looking forward to meeting them.

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BEYOND MY SMALL HORIZONS...

Far off in the land of the mid-western United States, and down south of there a little ways--namely, from 1500 to 2000 miles from here, in a great, sweeping arc--lie several odd little towns which seem to think they are worthy of entertaining the scientific fiction fan world in 1959.

These towns are Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and Dallas. Thus far ^{24feb58} no one else has bid for the 1959 World STF Con. In our facet as fan news circulators, we bring you certain quotes from certain letters I have received. I must admit that I have not received mail from the sponsors of Detroit or Milwaukee. I trust no one will think me prejudiced. Everybody gets equal time.

A letter from Tom Reamy: "((...)) We have some great publicity planned for Big 'D' in '59 at the Solacon. It involves a walking, talking robot, which also involves mice and men. ##I don't know what the other bidders are doing. Haven't seen much advertising from any of them. We won't lose out on account of trying. It will more than likely boil down to: which bidder is the closest? I'll vote for them. I think we're a little closer to LA than the others. We might get it on that basis alone as most of the voters will be from California."

A letter from Bob Briney: "Chicago in '59. (Feeble cheer.) For some incomprehensible reason, Earl Kemp and the rest of the Chicago group want the '59 convention.... It appears as if it will be a death-struggle between them and Detroit; Dallas as yet hasn't made enough of a splash to draw much attention... For the sake of the people I know in Chi, I almost hope Detroit gets it. Chi would probably put on a better convention, but I hate to think of all those nervous breakdowns... Appears as if Fritz Leiber is spearheading the Chi campaign--he seems enthusiastic enough for any other two people in the area!"

With these two direct quotes, I leave the subject of conventions, and wander summat afield. Like to the Tower to the Moon made of Bheercans. I hesitate to attempt a condensation of all that has occurred into a mimeographed fan magazine; actually, the events of the past few weeks have been well nigh macrofannish, and encompass a chronological development in the history of man somewhat akin to the vanishing of the Neanderthal.

I speak of T. Carr's 21~~st~~ birthday. On 19 Feb 1958, Said Former Pillar of Youngfandom deserted the ranks of his colleagues, and went on to join the Grand Old Men of fandom, like Gregg Calkins and E Everett Evans, and all those other oldtimers. With this coming of age (although it brought forth no mighty pedagogic lectures on The Coming Of Age Of Me) came a remarkably healthy glow to the charts we keep in Rike's room regarding the growth of the Tower to the Moon. It had been lagging somewhat, because of studies, but I am pleased to be able to report that as of the aforementioned historic date, the Tower has shot upward with the speed of a -- well, with the speed of a tower built out of beercans when T Carr can buy all the beer he wants without using Rike as a middleman. Imagine it for yourselves. I told you it surpassed all limits imposed by mere mimeography.

John Burbee, son of Charles Edward Burbee, Jr., has written a science fiction story which shocked me with its vivid description of a disgustingly diseased purple-skinned man. This story is being considered for a large school writing contest, as it won an outstanding A in his English class. The tad is rightly proud of it...and we pleasurably admit that his paternal parent is equally proud.

--rde.

Lyle Amhin, former editor/pubber of PSI (a Hemet, Calif, fanzine) has been out of fandom for two years, reached his 20th birthday, changed considerably, and entered the University of California at Riverside. His address is 727 Grape, Riverside, California, and he is a wee bit more than slightly interested in finding out if fandom is worthwhile after his two year lapse of interest. He wishes, in other words, to resume the receipt of fanzines and letters.

Dick Lupoff, old time 6th fandomite and present-day US Army 1st Louie, is slightly terrified. "I asked her something around 5 am New Years Morn," he says, "and she said yes. I think I'm engaged to be married." There goes another good man.

Far off in Lahore, Pakistan, Jim Caughran is fighting to carry on a modicum of fanac. He recently published ERRATIC #3, which is to count as his credential to enter FAPA, and is frustratedly screaming bloody murder about the postal system between Pakistan and the western world. He will not have to bear this cross too long, however, for along around April he intends to return on his own to the states, either to his hometown of Lincoln Neb, or to the west coast, where he understands from unreliable sources that there is a tremendous whirlpool of stfictional fan activity going on. He will almost definitely attend the U of Cal at Berkeley come next September. Beware, fandom, beware.

FMZ LATELY: Focus and the green expression, both from Mervyn Barrett of 6 Doctors Commons, Wellington Ch, New Zealand, show the perennial down-under branch of fandom which seldom fails to astonish me with its tenacity and consistency. FOCUS (the subzine) is getting better alla time, with letters, material and artwork from two continents and two hemispheres, and an ever-increasing circulation. One shilling, or the equivalent (15¢ USA₅₈).

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| Ray Capella 480 Clinton Brooklyn 38, NY | Lyle Amhin 727 Grape Ave Riverside, Cal | William C. McCain, c/o LtCol WMMcCain, AO 401- 6101st InstIron APO 157, San Francisco, Calif. | 580 |
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A/2c Trimble, John G., AF 28230192
HSSEC, 3525th CCTWG
Williams AFB, Arizona

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Terry Carr & Ron Ellik
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