



# 20th Century Unlimited no. 14

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This is TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED #14, published May 9, 1978, for FAPA Mailing 163 by Andy Porter, P.O.Box 4175, New York NY 10017. Entire contents copyright © 1978 by Andrew Porter; all rights reserved. Single copy \$1.00. Typeset on an IBM Model 71 Selectric using Adjutant typeface. Printed by Kan-Do Printing & Copy Centers, Remsen Street, Brooklyn, who will give me a great job because their name is right here on the title page. Won't you, gang? TCU supports Boston in 1980. Fnork.

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CONTINUING THE ODYSSEY: When last we took a look at our intrepid adventurer, he was traveling the long and momentous road toward financial and artistic freedom. Or, at any rate, toward freedom of a sort... At the approximate deadline for contributions to FAPA last year, I bid adieu to CBS/Fawcett and got on the chow-line. Excuse me, on unemployment, making a good, steady \$95.00 a week. In September I got a raise to \$105.00 a week, still tax-free. My thanks to the good old boys up in Albany, who noticed that the few million people in New York State collecting unemployment were all registered voters.

Unfortunately, the bastards down in Washington DC, who wouldn't give a damn about New York for another four years, cut federal benefits, so instead of 65 weeks of unemployment, it's only for 39 weeks. So I got off the dole in mid-February, and became an official nonperson, aka govt. statistic. I'm living on savings, the rare freelance job, and income tax refunds. The last two will take me through June, and the savings will last another six months or so. After that, I'm kinda hopeful that ALGOL will support me in the style I've become accustomed to.

Continuing the continuing story: I wrote about "Experiment Perilous," which wasn't setting any sales records. It still isn't. At least it's broken even, so it certainly hasn't cost me money, in a monetary sense. (In an egoboo sense it's a disaster, though.) On the other hand, "The Fiction Of James Tiptree," is still several hundred in the hole, so I can see at this point in time that the decision to publish was a Dumb Thing. Tiptree's revelation as Alice Sheldon sure didn't help, because a lot of people think the book was written beforehand -- which it was -- and doesn't take the revelation into account -- but it does. Orwell. "Science Fiction And Film" still sits unpublished, with everything pasted up except the cover, including the piece by Sam Moskowitz which is new for the book. Or chapbook, if I want to be honest with myself. I think right now that publication would be another bomb. Maybe in a couple of years when everyone who has a copy of ALGOL #22 has gaffiated I'll attempt publication. But right now the title has been, to quote my communications with hopeful buyers, Indefinitely Postponed.

Not postponed and due to come out just in time for Iggycon -- just by accident, of course -- is "The Book Of Ellison," which a whole bunch of Fapans will have something in. Including yhos, Silverbob, Lee Hoffman, Bill Rotsler. Yes, a whole bunch of Fapans, most of whom aren't in Fapa anymore. Orwell. Also, it'll be the first Book I'm publishing. I'm planning a 2,000 copy edition, 1900 quality paperback, perfect bound, the remaining 100 a hardcover edition, selling for lots more than the paperback. I modestly hope to make a lot of money off this and finance future editions and lots of other good stuff. Besides the aforementioned people, the book will run the entire "Ellish" featuring appreciations of Harlan by Rotsler, Lee Hoffman and Ted White; Harlan's "A Time For Daring" speech from the '66 Westercon; essays by Harlan from "Those Who Can" and a lot of other strange places, including Worldcon Program Books, Writer's Digest, fanzines published by Pete Vorzimer and all sorts of other stuff. Oh, and an article by David Gerrold that talks about Harlan as a munchkin in a land of Dorothies, and some more stuff. You'll pardon me if I'm not very specific, but it's very late right now and I've just got over watching M\*A\*S\*H on the Late Show and I continue to be surprised by the amount of stuff the usual censoring-types left in. Nudity and other words.

And ALGOL continues. The addressograph I mentioned last issue (last year) has been in operation 4 issues now and is holding up pretty well. Especially because going to a computer generated mailing list would cost an extra \$1500.00 an issue and I'm damned if I'm going to spend that kind of money when my sweat and labor are available for free to myself. Maybe in a couple of years. What's getting kind of interesting is the computer technology that's very close to the point where I can buy some sort of input, memory and printout to do the labels on myself. I was just in a real true Computer Store in midtown Manhattan and they said I could buy the

most of the time, so it's unsuited to my needs. But for someone running a bookstore that deals in mail-order, it'd be ideal: you could keep complete control of your inventory, print out invoices, keep your accounts receivable and payable in the thing, print out mailing labels for your mailings, even print out your catalogs. Really neat stuff, and the price keeps coming down every month. I strongly suspect that I'll be using some sort of computerized equipment -- not including typesetting, which has been done using the computer IBM composing systems and the VIP paper tape and magnetic tape systems, though the contents page and index of the Summer-Fall 1977 issue were done using a computer-read manuscript -- realsoonnow.

Speaking of the addressograph, the issue just past is the first I had mailed from the printer (a new printer, Science Press in Ephrata PA, midway between Philadelphia and Harrisburg. The old printer, Lithocrafters in Ann Arbor, began to screw up more and more. The issue I talked about in TCU #13 was to have a 10pt Kromecote cover; instead the printer used 10pt coated stock, which is like asking for a \$10 steak and getting a \$10 hamburger. Also various things-- sloppy stripping, many hickies in the solid blacks, and steadily rising prices -- meant a move was in order.) and the difference between mailing in Brooklyn and mailing in Pennsylvania was sort of incredible. It took only 6 days to get a copy of the magazine in Brooklyn, 7 days in Manhattan; Canadian copies were delivered in something like three weeks; even one Swedish subscriber got the magazine in a month. In comparison, mailing in Brooklyn took 8 days to get the magazine the 5 blocks to Pineapple Street, 3 weeks to Manhattan, 8 weeks to Canada and 10 weeks to Europe. I am impressed, and have sworn never to mail another issue from Brooklyn's main Post Office. The fact that mailing from the printer frees me from the drudgery of stuffing and sealing envelopes and somehow getting 15 mailsacks to the Post Office does have something to do with it.

I also wrote about making ALGOL a full-fledged prozine, in spirit as well as name. A year ago I said, in the magazine, that ALGOL was a prozine, and wouldn't be eligible for the fanzine Hugo. Rather than doing the obvious thing and making SFR and LOCUS ineligible also, Don Lundry in his usual chickenshit manner decided that because SFR didn't publish advertising, and LOCUS didn't pay people -- though actually I gave him proof that it does -- they were still fanzines. And so, obviously, they were up for the fanzine Hugo, and the real fanzines didn't have a chance. As happened again this year, and will presumably happen again next year, and every year in the future. (Though there's hope for next year, if the number of American registrations is down enough for the homegrown British nominators to overwhelm them. Also, I notice that Galaxy isn't running Geis' column every issue, and that'll cut nominations for him down, too.)

Isn't fan politics wonderful?

I'm happy to say that I came in 8th in the nominations for best professional editor -- higher than Bob Silverberg, according to people on the Iggycon committee (sorry, Bob) -- and that next year I think it would be a most wondrous thing if I got on the ballot. Not that I'd expect to come out of it with one of the non-pitted Hugos, but...

Finally, I've stopped publishing fiction. Obviously, I can compete for a couple of stories with the heavier guns in the field, but a small cruiser carrying one six inch gun isn't very noticeable beside a heavy dreadnought mounting a dozen 6-inchers plus three turrets of 15-inchers, to use a naval simile. What I can do is run tie-ins, like the article about the Berserker stories accompanied by a story set in the series, both by Fred Saberhagen; or "The Song Of The Dragon's Daughter" by Ursula K. Le Guin, illustrated/calligraphed by Judith Weiss, which a lot of people seem to have torn out of the magazine and put up on their walls. That wouldn't have been possible in a digest format magazine, but in my large format it assumes additional impact. Also, it looks prettier...

And the final finally, there are a number of changes in store for ALGOL in the coming year, changes that'll hopefully make this issue of TCU as out of date as the last issue is now. First, ALGOL will go quarterly in name with the August issue, and in fact with the November one. I've already raised my payment for cover artwork to \$75.00, which sure ain't much by a lot of standards, but if Analog were paying rates in the same proportion to their circulation, they'd be paying \$1500.00 a cover. And they don't pay \$1500.00 for covers; they don't even pay \$500.00 for covers. Usually they don't even pay \$400.00 for covers. By comparison, Sol Cohen pays \$50.00.

I will probably change the name of ALGOL slowly, over the next year or so. I still regret being talked out of a name change several years ago, back when it would have been easier -- the circulation being less than a tenth what it is now -- to NOVA. I've always liked the name Nova, and obviously Bob Guccione agrees with me: the name of his new magazine is also Nova; it'll be out sometime in September. If you haven't heard of it before, Guccione also published PENTHOUSE. He's guaranteeing a circulation of 500,000 for the first issue, based on a pressrun of one million. The magazine will be printed on 70# coated paper, with a cover on 100# coated, with lots of four color inside, and payments for fiction somewhere around 16¢ the word. Oh, and the cost of a full page black and white ad for a one-time insertion is \$6,200.00. So you won't be seeing too many ads for SF books in it...

I'm happy, so far this year the cash flow on ALGOL has been somewhere around 40% higher than last year. The first year I filed a Schedule C on ALGOL I grossed about \$7500, and I took in that much this year by the middle of April; I hope to gross about \$30,000.00 for all of 1978, and have Andy Porter as a full-time employee of Porter Communications by the end of the year. As I've told other people, if I can sell another 2,000 copies of each issue I can live off the magazine.

To this end I'll be spending 10 days in Atlanta at the end of this month, exhibiting at the American Booksellers Association convention. There should be somewhere around 15,000 people there, most of them booksellers and all of them publishing types. As Dick Lupoff described it a couple of issues ago in ALGOL, the ABA is like the biggest huckster room in the world, and almost everything is free! I'll be doing my share of the giving away, but every copy of ALGOL that goes off with some buyer is going to have a hard-sell attached to it.

I don't mean to run off at the mouth about the magazine so much, but I do eat, sleep, and work on nothing but ALGOL, and I have a vested interest in seeing that it not only survives, but prospers. I'm damned if I'll go back to work in an ant hill like Fawcett/CBS again, and like a hell of a lot of people, I'm quite happy to work my ass off for myself, but begrudge every second I work for someone else. Which I'm sure the professionals in this outfit will understand.

Besides, what else can I do to fill up 8 pages and keep my membership in FAPA? I sure as hell can't talk about the cactus garden on my roof when I don't have a cactus garden, and the roof belongs to the landlord. Or about the great time I had skiing in my lodge near Lake Tahoe -- which will probably be under six feet of water when this year's snowcrop (that's ice, not orange juice) melts and the Sacramento delta turns to thin mud and floats out past the hills of Berkeley. Gee, sure do wish this page would end...

Very odd thing: at last night's Fanoclast meeting I uncovered a hoard of old apa F zines and stuff done for other apas I was in, and found myself amazed at the ~~little~~ amount of fanac I was engaged in during the 1964-1968 period. Also the incredible amount of physical work it took to produce all those hundreds of fanzines and thousands of sheets of dittoed and mimeoed paper. In contrast, this issue of TCU is going to be run off by the local quickie offset house, stapled by yhos, and 4 shipped off either priority mail, if I get it done soon, or Express Mail if not.

# EMCEES

THE FA: Sorry to see Stevens and Vardeman go. THE PASSING PARADE was one of the better fapazines of recent years. Vardeman, of course, is publishing the ultimate fanzine -- the SFWA Forum, so I guess he's happy.

POETRY: Bring back the best of Martin!

SONS OF THE SAND: Three days after the end of the ABA convention this year's Deep SouthCon starts, also in Atlanta, and seeing as how I'll have the con rate for ABA as well, I'll be there -- together with a lot of good people, it seems -- and you can ply me with Pepsi and woo my vote in person.

COGNATE: Owell, divorces seem to be one of the things that fandom shares in much the same numbers as mundania. I understand it's impossible to live in Houston without air conditioning -- for your home or trailer, car, shopping malls and office buildings. I also understand the murder rate is higher per capita than in New York or Detroit. Growing pains and indications that sooner or later, all good things get spoiled by people -- including rapidly growing cities.

THROUGH THE PAST, LIGHTLY: 60 Minutes did a number on New Orleans, showing the side the tourists don't see: black slums, incredibly high unemployment, hopeless people, etc. From what I understand N.O.'s biggest problem is the lack of manufacturing jobs. Hotels in the tourist section, like the new Hilton, can create jobs for a couple of hundred people, but the basically completely unskilled, who can start in a factory environment, don't have a chance. So what else is new?...I nominate/vote in the Faan awards -- TCU is handy as "credentials" -- and agree they're more representative of fandom. The peer awards, like the Nebula, as opposed to a popular award. "Semi-gafiated BNF's" describes a lot of people here in Fapa...

HELEN'S FANTASIA: May I take it that the job with National Enquirer didn't work out? Or was it NE that your husband was returning to? NE's New York ad office was in the building I worked in while at Conover-Mast (205 East 42nd, NYC), and after they closed their New York offices a number of space salesmen from Conover went to work there, presumably so they wouldn't have to change their commuting patterns.

NOT MUCH 'A NOTHING: If you really want answers to some of the questions you've always wanted answers, here goes: Jack Gaughan's covers sell books, so what may be repulsive to you may be wonderful to someone else. Besides, Jack has several Hugos to prove his popularity, so I'd be a little slower in proclaiming his "repulsiveness." DAW Books would be successful if Don's first name was Jack. Keith Laumer hates hotel managers, etc., through no fault of his own. If you'd met the man before he had his stroke, you would understand that strokes can do incredible damage to the carefully developed personality of a person. Somewhere inside Laumer is a kind and soft-spoken Laumer I met once, trapped by the random havoc strokes create.

GRANDFATHER STORIES: Howard, this continues to be one of my favorite Fapazines. I was sorry to see you weren't at Marcon this year -- my first (and probably last) con in Columbus. It's always fascinating to read your stories about the post office. Of course, since the last TCU they caught Dabid Berkowitz, the nut who ran around New York City killing people, and of course he turned out to be a postal employee in Westchester County! Speaking of postal (in)efficiency, 5

the Philadelphia post office has installed a mechanical flat sorter that sorts at the rate of 36,000 flats per hour -- this information from the April Memo To Mailers -- with a grabber device that snatches the flat and moves it to wherever the person at the control desk decides. The dumb thing is that it snatches the closed end, and in most cases whatever's in those envelopes is going to come flying out the open end, which is on the bottom, and people are going to get speedy delivery of empty envelopes.

I'm instructing my printer to make damned sure ALGOL envelopes are sealed shut before they go to the Uspod.

Your stories about the good buys to be had remind me of the old days -- the old days for Andy Porter being the early 1960's -- when Midtown Magazine at 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue (pardon me, Avenue of the Americas; the name was changed in 1940 in honor of ~~Carmen Miranda~~ our friendly [and poor] Neighbors To The South) was a weekly source for Astoundings, Unknowns, etc., most going for \$1 each. As Terry Carr will attest. Another store, diagonally across from the Strand Bookstore at 12th Street and Broadway, gave me my collections of Galaxy, F&SF, and 1950's Astoundings at 10¢ the copy. The store's still there, but the pickings is slim these days. For that matter, nearly all of the stores that constituted "Book Row" are gone now, victims of old age, rising rents and a changing neighborhood (changing for the better -- old loft and factory buildings being converted to apartments). Only Biblo & Tannen, from whom arose Canaveral Press; The Strand; and precious few others survive.

BIG MAC: Enjoyed your piece on tinsel town. Of course, when the big quake we're all waiting for wipes out LA, it'll be interesting to see what happens to the entertainment industry. Maybe it'll move to the Osmond's complex in Utah... Re: high standards of living, I think Vernon Brown, visiting en route to Suncon, was most amazed by the Thomas' English Muffin package, where the box is perforated so you can tear off that part of the packaging as you use up the English Muffins. English Muffins, of course, which aren't eaten in England. But who would buy Teaneck Muffins?

HORIZONS: Alas for your mailing list, Ethel Lindsay is retiring next month and we'll all have to memorize a new address for her. ... I notice you, like many Fapans, don't bother to put a copyright notice on your magazine. FYI, with the new copyright laws common law copyright is dead, and if the Hagerstown newspapers wanted to rip you off and publish your golden writings without paying you anything, they'd be completely within rights to do so. ... I have several copies of EN GARDE in my collection, which diminishes whenever I need money. Then again, I just bought Don Ford's copy of Ron Bennett's Colonial Excursion at Marcon. Perhaps the steady-state theory might apply to my collection. I know the cover of the EN GARDE you talk about -- it's a good example of an air-brushed late Art Deco cover, reminiscent of the Deco Amazing logos. You'll notice I mix my style for magazine titles, from caps to underline and back. This is just to make sure that Jack Speer reads this TCU.

THE RAMBLING FAP: This corner of the world I'm a member of "Operation Identification," which means you engrave your name and address and social security number on things you don't want ripped off. The local police precinct have your name and ss# on file, and the engraving tool is supplied free. Finally, you get handy stickers for door and window that have a police badge and the words, "We have joined Operation Identification. All items of value have been marked for ready identification by the New York City Police Department." As Terry Carr can attest, this area is a good -- or bad, depending on your viewpoint -- one for burglaries. Last year, of over 1,000 burglaries in Brooklyn Heights, exactly six were of people in Operation Identification, and four got everything back. 'Nuff said. I think the program is nationwide, funded by Federal \$\$\$. Check with your local fuzz. Even if the robbers 6 can't read, they can see the police badge on the sticker.

LE MOINDRE: Your NZ travelogues fascinating, as always. Ever stop in to see Brian Thurogood on Waiheke Island? Nehi is okay soda, but I prefer Orange Crush, which has (I guess) little bits of orange floating at the bottom. Or maybe it's just pollution... I also like Vernor's Ginger Ale, which I see now is marketed as Vernor's -- presumably having a taste for the stuff puts you and it in a class by yourselves -- a supply of which is trucked in to New York City by fans from Philadelphia when they come up for Fanoclast meetings. I also like Birch beer, a soda seldom seen in these parts, which tastes like wintergreen. I have to import that from northern New Jersey or Philadelphia, too.

THE GUBBUAN SAOR: Yes, Valerie Bertinelli certainly is turning into a dish. Maybe not Trish The Dish, but...she may be replacing Stella Stevens in my Favorite Pretty Actress file. ... Anent your comment about Leigh Brackett, I suppose all this sort of conjecture is rather academic at this point. Leigh was a really fine person, and her passing still affects me when I think of her. According to an obituary reprinted in Xenophile #38 from the Youngstown Vindicator, she "had been ill for five years and was hospitalized here and in California several times." So I guess she saw the end in sight but didn't want to tell anyone. The obituary reports that there's a niece in New York, Mary Alderdice; a nephew, Richard Alderdice in LA, and other relatives -- two sisters of Edmond Hamilton living in Kinsman and Florida, etc. Curiously, there's much more information in that local newspaper than fans have been able to ferret out in a dozen years of interviews. ... Re: Rich Mann, he's alive and living in Salt Lake City, married, and very mundane. He just resubscribed to ALGOL, and wrote me a letter, part of which reads, "In the years since I joined the USAF and was fafiated, I grew up some and mellowed more than somewhat. After 4 years in the USAF, I went back to school for a couple of years and got a degree in accounting. I then signed on with one of the big eight national CPA firms, Arthur Young & Co., in Denver. After 4 years there, I finally met the perfect woman and married her. Shortly thereafter, we transferred back to Salt Lake, our ancestral home. We've been here a year. I am a CPA, I audit big companies and small ones, I prepare financial statements for them, and I do my own income tax return usually on April 15th. We own a nice house in the suburbs with a lawn and lots of houses up and down the street that look just like ours. And, you know, after all those years of fandom, associating with some pretty wild-eyed types, I find that I couldn't be happier with my life. Although I never once took exception to those many, many statements I used to read decrying the 'plastic life of the suburbs' I find that it suites me just fine. I never was much of a rebel, I guess.

"You want to know the worst of it? My guilty secret? Well, okay, since you insist. I like country music now. I'm a big fan of Dolly Parton, the Statler Brothers, and Willie Nelson."

INTERJECTION: My offer still stands, Jack. I'd like to print some of this in ALGOL. And I think it's some fine writing. Very oddly, the Govt. Printing office offered this book on Stehekin about 3 months ago, and I sent away for it -- another map for the collection -- so in a limited way I can see you in these surroundings. Another place I'd like to visit someday, when I have the time.

FOOLSCAP: I take it back, John, you really have settled down. Your cover is another example of the "old covers never die, they just get used up" school of fanpubbling. I'm not going to correct that typo... And another good Fapan bites the dust. I think I feel old sometimes. And I'm getting little white hairs in my beard.

HUMBLE OPINIONS: I had to sign a very lengthy, very involved statement, detailing hiring policies, employment of minorities and women, access rights for disabled people, etc., in order to do business as a subcontractor to W.R. Grace & Co. The business I do is sell books from Algol Press to their subsidiary, Baker & Taylor, with gross sales last year of about \$75.00. I was going to write in "We discriminate against Martians," but got ~~sensibile~~ chicken at the last minute.

CELEPHAIS: I looked at your fancy slick paper reprint, but couldn't find any Tuck-erisms. I did like the perverted parts, especially the quotes from Anal Chemistry. ... Dare I mention the specially minted coins sold by Hustler, with Jackie Kennedy, JFK and the Capitol Dome on one side, and Onassis on the other... Oh, the picture of the former First Lady is modeled on that shot taken in the nude.

OF MEMBERS AND ZINES: This continues to be one of the most useless and fascinating things published in Fapa. Perhaps not too useless: I use it to dole out egoboo, which can be pretty heavy stuff. How much does a quart of ego-boo weigh? It depends on whether it's American, Canadian, or BritishEgoboo...

BOBOLINGS: Your comment about Discon people passing on made-up information reminds me, and may remind you, of my situation. The information offhandedly tossed at me proved to be incorrect, and I have the spaceship to prove it. The person who said what he said is a member of Fapa. ... I can't find a reference to Ultimate South in anything I have here, but I suspect if anyone knows, it's John Bangsund who probably wrote a book about it. John once proposed a Worldcon in Fan Diemon's Land, and we know where that went. ... The chart is lovely and holds a perhaps fatal fascination. Now I know why ad sales managers and executives of every class finds charts and statistics so fascinating. I have a few of my own, the two most important to measure retail sales and advertising statistics for the last few years on ALGOL. What I'd be interested in seeing is how long each member spent on the waitlist before they got in. That's an important factor in the memberships of most people who got in around 1968 - 1974. I strongly suspect most people who got in during the period when the waitlist was longest and turnover slowest were the most burned out before getting into Fapa. There've even been a whole bunch of people who were so burned out that they lasted in Fapa less than 4 mailings. Imagine getting on the Fapa waitlist as a neo, going through the whole cycle of fandom from neo to fanzine publisher to old-and-tired fan, all the while slowly moving up the waitlist. When you finally do get in the thought of having to publish a fanzine has become so distasteful that you drop out.

I think one of the main reasons I'm staying in Fapa is lethargy; I'd miss the quarterly mailings more than the effort to publish 8 pages a year costs in time and money. Also, I use publication of TCU as credentials for voting in the Faan Awards. Finally, I like the contact with people like Terry Carr and Bob Silverberg, who are so old-and-tired that this is one of their few contacts, outside personal appearances at conventions, with the world of fanpublishing.

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Gee, only 857 lines to the bottom of the page. This is being typed on a rainy Monday night in New York, less than a week before the deadline. I'll bring it to the quicky offset place tomorrow, pick it up Wednesday, and ship it off Express Mail to Phoenix. Where it'll arrive 3 days late...

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Bob, PW listed your new "Lost World, Unknown Horizons" from Thomas Nelson for a July release. I checked with them -- Gloria Mossesson owes me an ad, but she went \$20,000 over budget last year -- about an ad for the August issue, and they said not only is your book coming out in October or November, but "A Basic Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms," edited by Lawrence Urdang and also scheduled for July is coming out in July 1979. In the meanwhile I'll say Hi to Gloria as she sits in her little Bower, surrounded by bibles and your and Terry's SF books at ABA.

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For all you old and tired types, your next chance for fame is Fred Pohl's "The Way The Future Was," which is his version of what really happened to fandom, SF and the Futurians, not necessarily in that order, coming from Del Rey Books. Official pubdate is August first, but the promo people tell me it looks now like a November release. Incidentally, Del Rey Books paid Harper & Row \$3000 for paperback rights to Wollheim's "The Universe Makers," asked Don to do an update -- he refused -- and the book sits, In Inventory (a phrase Dick Lupoff could write reams about).