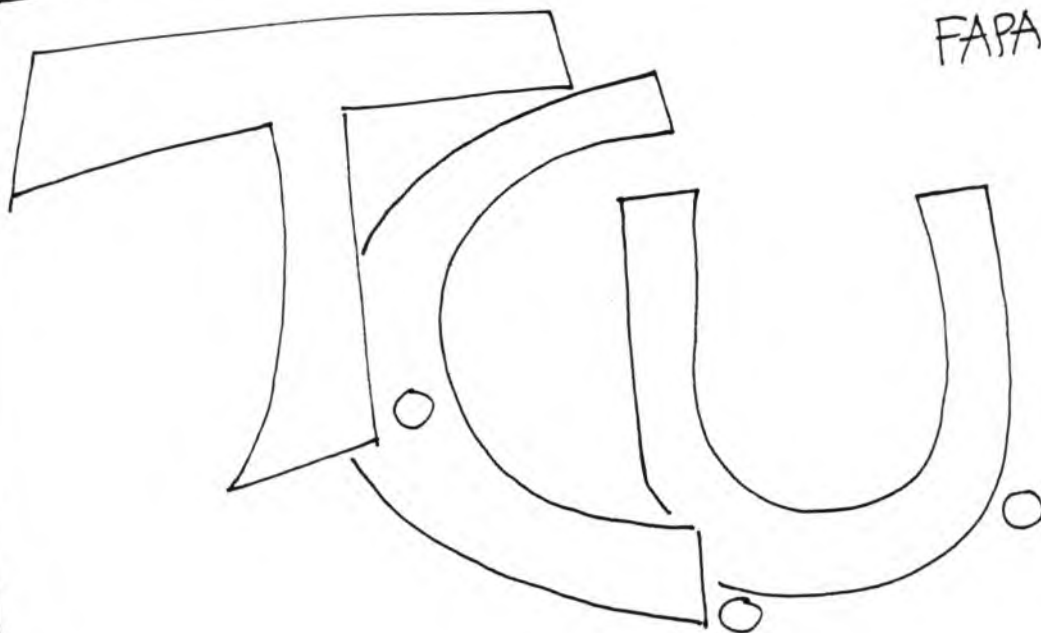


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FAPA 191 MAY '85



LIVING IN  
FUNNY LOOKING  
CITIES - A  
SPECIAL REPORT

NEW  
AGBERG  
FICTION!

HURRIEDLY  
DRAWN COVERS!



5.9.85

\*\*\*\*\*  
TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED, published by Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple Street #3J, Brooklyn NY 11201 (Mail to Box 4175, New York NY 10163) for the 171st FAPA Mailing, May, 1985. Doompublishation #whatsit, published May 9th, 1985.  
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MOSHE FEDER SHAMED ME into trying to save my FAPA membership. I've been in this organization, such as it is, for I believe 15 years. I had come to the basic conclusion that I was destined to become deadwood, never contributing, keeping brilliant new fans like Ben Indick and Gregg Trend from ever passing through the sacred doorway into the hallowed halls of this, the Elephant's Graveyard. And so I was going to become a dread statistic: another longtime member who succumbed to the DA on the Secretary/Treasurer's list. Disappeared for parts unknown. Gafiated. Moved, no forwarding address.

You get the idea.

Anyway, Moshe waved the flag (a crimson mimeograph resplendent on a background of iridescent green Gestetner ink) and spoke words at me, all the while he was walking upstairs. (Don't ask how Moshe has become entangled in modern telephonic technology.) It was for The Good of Fandom, he intoned, as angels danced on duplicator drums, and martial music blared from a thousand heavenly woofers and tweeters. I must conquer the dread Gafia Beast, Moshe insisted. I must do battle with the forces of ennui and entropy, defeat the monsters that threatened to turn me at every second from the proper path of trufannishness, slash the time involved in silly things like Making a Living, and in general Pub My Ish.

"Since you put it that way, Moshe," I said, "of course I'll do what I can."

"Don't just do 'what you can'," Moshe snarled at me, "give it all you've got!"

"Well, since you put it that way, I don't see I have any choice," I said, as the static on Moshe's phone rose and fell.

And so it came to be, that Andy Porter submitted 68 identical stone tablets to FAPA, which bankrupted itself in mailing them out. The organization was forced into insolvency, its assets bought by Agberg, Ltd., a wholly owned subsidiary of Pershing Goodridge Associates. And thus it was that Bob Silverberg became the Secret Master of East Bay Fandom and a power unto himself through the land of fandom.

BUT I SEE THAT I'm stumbling into irrational fantasy, confused by the order and freedom of the words spilling from my fingertips onto the CRT of my computer. Okay, a paragraph of aside: in February, 1984, I bought an Eagle PC-2, 128K, 2 DSDD Disk Drives, an Epson FX-100 dot matrix printer, detachable keyboard, special function keys (files, read, save, print, format, screen, top, end, search, erase, clear, cut, paste, select, exit, enhance, help, etc.) and generally 'a very nice machine.

The unfortunate fact that it's been malfunctioning of late, with the screen sometimes going blank (as happened about 15 lines above) and sometimes the entire contents coming back as programming language, while the keys freeze up, and I scream "F\*cking Sh\*t!!!" (which is my favorite expletive of late), in now way makes me sorry I bought the machine. It's wonderful, and we're to be married this June...

I use the computer almost exclusively for word processing. I also keep several short mailing lists -- Christmas cards, advertising agencies, market report addresses, etc. -- in it. Of course, I write most of SF Chronicle on the machine, some 60 pages of double spaced copy per month. I find the ability to move things around, end unpromising sentences and break off in new directions, as well as the capability of revising my words without retyping makes the writing of SFC go much faster. I think I can write more material every month. I'm not saying it's better, but it's easier and my productivity has gone up.

So, for me, the purchase was a very wise move. I'm less than thrilled that shortly after I bought the Eagle the retail price went down by a thousand dollars. I took out a loan to buy the system, and the amount I owed didn't go down with the retail price. Fortunately, the terms are very reasonable. What, after all, are mothers for?

But, you ask, what have I been wasting my time on when I could have been publishing hundred page FAPAazines all these quarters? Well, honestly, I've been publishing my monthly fanzine/semiprozine, Science Fiction Chronicle, for which I bought this computer, for which I slave day and sometime night, for which I do a lot of things that get me very little recompense.

On the other hand, I am my own boss. I set my own hours, within reason, and when something goes wrong I can tell myself that it was my fault without the fear that office politics is going to get me fired, or involve me in endless memos seeking to cover my behind while the real reason for working is forgotten. (How did that come out of working for myself?) I've worked for small publishing companies, with a single layer of management, and I've worked for incredibly large organizations (the last, CBS Publishing, had some 30,000 employees) with multiple levels of management. And as a sole proprietor, the filer of a Schedule C income tax return, I must say my life these days is much better.

True, I make much less money, and my hours are longer. There aren't any paid vacations, and medical costs are a lot higher. The terms "weekend" and "office hours" no longer have any real meaning. But I am in control of my future, which is more than a lot of people can say.

I am also, perhaps suprisingly, making a little money. As many of you know, I published ALGOL/STARSHIP for many years, first as a dittoed fanzine, then offset, finally typeset, with full color covers and a pressrun in the thousands. Yet for nearly all the 20+ years I published ALGOL/STARSHIP, it made a little money, never much more than a few hundred dollars per issue. Certainly never enough to live on. I began publishing SF Chronicle in 1979, and the first several years were quite hard. The magazine and I lived on cash flow. For something like 5 years I've supported myself by selling review books, old fiction and big name pro manuscripts and artwork I'd bought back in the 1960's, and bound galleys like the original Stephen King Pet Sematary word-processor-produced galley which was destroyed, except for a few dozen copies, when the bigwigs at Doubleday decided it didn't look "professional" enough. That one went for \$250, a month's rent at the time.

Over these several years, SFC lost quite a lot of money at first, then less until, after doing my taxes for 1984, I've discovered it actually made a couple of thousand dollars last year.

At this rate, I may have to start paying taxes. I may have some

cash to spend on something other than simple survival. I may be able to buy food without looking to buy the cheapest cans. The mind boggles...

Since the middle of 1983, advertising agencies and book publishers have been stumbling over each other in their eagerness to place advertising with SFC. Issues have gone from an average size per issue of 15.66 pages in the first 12 issues to an average size of 34 pages per issue in the most recent volume. Advertising pages, and dollars, have climbed steadily. Early today, as I type this, the largest issue ever of SFC went to the printer: 48 pages, with a very healthy 50% advertising ratio.

I'm almost afraid to say that I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. The last few times I've seen that light, it was a runaway freight train, rushing to flatten me and my hopes. This time, I can see that it's a rising sun, lighting up a very beautiful valley.

Hopefully, with this small FAPazine should be the last, glorious issue of STARSHIP, reduced in size and appearance from its glory days. I had a lot of trouble with the editorial: I will allow you to judge for yourself. Me, bitter? Naah...

BIRTHDAYS, A LIST OF WHICH is published in every issue of SFC, have come from the lists run through FAPA by Bruce Pelz. Bruce, in fact, has received free copies of SFC for several years now as my acknowledgement of the debt incurred by running this monthly list. Following are a whole bunch of birthdays which Bruce either didn't have, doesn't have, or denies the existence of. I've been telling people to send in the pertinent information to SFC, and vast numbers of them have been doing so. I've even received a few cards on my birthday, when I've run the dates. It's nice to know that someone's reading the list.

On the other hand, it's sometimes depressing to see that people I always thought of as sexpots of fandom (that's like Trekkies, only better) are getting into their 40's, 50's, 60's... Too, there's the Greying Of Fandom: we're all getting older (very few of us are getting Better) and more decrepid, less likely to throw icecubes out of hotel room windows (we need the ice to keep our geriatric medicine cold).

Anyway, here are a lot of birthdays you may not have known about, and/or possibly didn't care about. (I was going to put them in chronological order, but the heck with it.)

\*\*\*\*\*  
Philip K Sharp-Garcia, Jan 4, 1983      A.A. Milne, Jan 18, 1882  
Mary Shelley, Aug 30, 1797      Edgar Allan Poe, Jan 19, 1809  
Diana Pavlac, Jan 21, 1956      John Shirley, Feb 10, 1953  
A. Joseph Ross, Feb 27, 1945      Sue Rae Rosenfeld, Mar 31, 1952  
Hans Christian Andersen, Apr 2, 1805      Ross Pavlac, Apr 10, 1951  
Bill Wagner, May 22, 1955      Betsy Mitchell, May 28, 1954  
Ron Salomon, Jun 6, 1948      Robert Sheckley, Jul 16, 1928  
Kirby McCauley, Sep 11, 1941      Jay R. Sheckley, Nov. 6, 1954  
John R. Palmer, Aug 15, 1958      Betsy Wollheim, Dec 5, 1951  
Ralph Roberts, Dec 11, 1945      Richard H E Smith, Jul 25, 19??  
Jeff Schalles, Oct 18, 1951      Dave Garcia, Oct 28, 1952  
Jim Odbert, Sep 6, 1936      Edgar Rice Burroughs, Sep 1, 1875  
Frank Frazetta, Feb 9, 1928      J.B. Post, Nov 17, 1937  
Moshe Feder, Nov 14, 1951      Lise Eisenberg, Dec 8, 1956

Gary Farber, Nov 5, 1958  
 Robert A. Madle, Jun 2, 1920  
 Martin Morse Wooster, Nov 30, 1957  
 Carl Lundgren, Jul 12, 1947  
 Michelle Lundgren, Feb 6, 1950  
 David Mattingly, Jun 29, 1956  
 Mark Blackman, Jul 8, 1953  
 Sandra Miesel, Nov 25, 1941  
 Vincent Di Fate, Nov 22, 1945  
 Stuart C Hellinger, Nov 17, 1949  
 Cyn Mason, Oct 22, 1952  
 Bill Fesselmeyer, Dec 26, 1947  
 1949  
 Parke Godwin, Jan 28, 1929  
 Alex Eisenstein, Feb 26, 1945  
 1954  
 Victoria Poyser, Nov 26, 1949  
 Ron Robinson, Feb 28, 1957  
 Perdita Boardman, Dec 27, 1931  
 Dierdre Boardman, Sep 4, 1965  
 Steve Antell, Nov 22, 1940  
 Linda Monteleone, Aug 8, 1951  
 Jerry Berman, Jul 3, 1953  
 Felicia Herman, Dec 4, 1955

Gerry de la Ree, Sep 7, 1924  
 Manly Wade Wellman, May 21, 1903  
 Ray Beam, Dec 24, 1932  
 Cara Lundgren, Jul 14, 1970  
 Susan Palermo, Dec 5, 1951  
 Ralph Green Jr., Aug 7, 1956  
 Brad Strickland, Oct 27, 1947  
 John Miesel, Nov 26, 1941  
 Gary Plumlee, Oct 4, 1954  
 Barry Malzberg, Jul 24, 1939  
 Leah Zeldes, Jul 1, 1959  
 Lillian Stewart Carl, Jun 22,  
 Phyllis Eisenstein, Feb 26, 1946  
 Kevin Eugene Johnson, Nov 17,  
 Kennedy Poyser, Oct 12, 1945  
 Jeannette Holloman, Aug 30, 1955  
 John Boardman, Sep 8, 1932  
 Karina Girsdansky, Jul 1, 1956  
 Tom Monteleone, Apr 14, 1946  
 Chuck Rothman, Aug 22, 1952  
 Joel Rosenberg, May 1, 1954  
 Octavia E. Butler, Jun 22, 1947

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DEATHDAYS: OE Seth Goldberg has asked that members contribute obituaries for FAPA members, who seem, alas, to be departing this mortal coil with increasing frequency. The current issue of SFC features obituaries for Larry Shaw (was he ever in FAPA?) and Leo R. Summers, and next issue will have a long one for someone who's not yet dead, but will be in a week, according to the doctors.

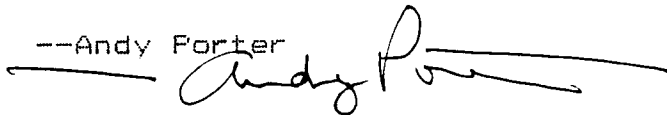
Theodore Sturgeon seems to be suffering from a variety of illnesses, including emphysema and pneumonia. He is, to use a phrase, "at death's door." He is also not interested in "heroic measures" so I think we're going to lose him. Another famous professional, Catherine L. Moore, is in the last stages of Alzheimer's Disease and apparently doesn't recognize anyone anymore. She may be gone in a few weeks or months. I suppose she's already dead, with just her body surviving. But the soul/life force/personality/thing that made Catherine L. Moore herself has evidently left for another part of the universe.

Okay, here are fan obituaries (not all of whom were in FAPA), as run in SFC, for Bob Pavlat (from 8/83), Mike Wood (12/83), George Wetzel (3/84), George Charters (4/84), Olon Wiggins, Beresford Smith, Tim Daniels (6/84), Chuck Hansen (10/84), Dan McPhail, Bill & Sherry Fesselmeyer (11/84), Sam Martinez (1/85), Jack McKnight (2/85), and Walt Liebscher (4/85). Surely enough death for anyone.

And on this somber note, I will close this FAPazine and rush it off to the quicky printers and then via Express Mail out across infinity, to mix my metaphors, to San Francisco. Where I myself will be, in a few short weeks (I'm staying at the Cartwright Hotel, 524 Sutter, 421-2865 from the 23rd through the 29th of May). Please call me, if you get a chance.

Yes, I promise to contribute more often, though probably smaller issues of TCU, to FAPA in the months, years and decades to come. I will publish something spectacular for the 200th mailing, which looms on the horizon in a mere 2 or so years. I will then burn out and gafiate, and send 413 cartons of books to Harry Warner, who will trade then in for 6 tri-V tapes of Julie Andrews. All this will come to pass: would I lie to you?

--Andy Porter



## OBITUARIES FOLLOW:

### BOB PAVLAT

Bob Pavlat, long time Washington DC area fan, died suddenly on Monday, June 13th after a brief illness. He was 58. Burial was Thursday, June 16th at Arlington National Cemetery. Pavlat is survived by his wife, Peggy Rae, also an active fan, and two teenage children.

Pavlat was a fan all his life. In 1946, at the age of 21, he was one of the founders of the Washington Science Fiction Association, a club which continues to the present day. Pavlat published a fanzine, *Contour*, in 1950, and was instrumental in the popularization of a drink, later coined "the nuclear fizz" by Redd Boggs, which was one of the mainstays of hard-drinking fans in the 1940's and '50's. Pavlat republished the *SF CheckList*, a fanzine index first compiled by Raymond D. Swisher in the 1930's and 1940's, starting in 1952, completing its reissue in 1959.

Pavlat was also active in convention and club politics, and served on the committees of both the 1963 and 1974 Washington, DC worldcons. He was a member for more than 25 years of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, serving for more years than I can remember as Secretary-Treasurer of the organization. Harry Warner, remarking on Bob and Peggy-Rae's remarkable summation of each year's fanac among members, calls the husband-wife team "the unofficial archivists of FAPA."

Peggy-Rae Pavlat has also performed many services for conventions, including the 1982 and 1983 Worldcons, for which she has acted as a very efficient press liaison. "He always seemed to me one of the finest of all fans," Harry Warner told SFC, commenting on Bob Pavlat's presence in FAPA and fandom. Bob was never loud or outspoken: he was a calm and enjoyable person to be around, or to be talking to at conventions. He will be greatly missed by the family of fandom, and those of us fortunate to have known him personally.

--Andrew Porter

### MIKE WOOD

Minneapolis fan Mike Wood was found dead at his home on Monday, October 3rd. He had failed to show up at work on Friday; on Monday, when once again he did not report to work and failed to answer his phone, friends were contacted. They found his body upon entering the apartment. Wood, had he lived, would

have turned 35 on October 2nd. According to the medical examiner, death was the result of insulin shock. Wood, a diabetic, was reported to be lackadaisical about taking care of himself properly.

Mike Wood was instrumental in founding Minneapa, the long-lived Minneapolis-based amateur press association. He was its official editor from its inception in 1972. Collated monthly, its 57 members have frequently produced mailings of more than 200 pages. In addition to his stewardship of Minneapa, Wood was a frequent convention attendee, regularly appearing at East coast, midwestern and West Coast conventions.

### GEORGE WETZEL

1940's fan George Wetzel, who was ostracised by fandom when his penchant for writing poison pen letters got out of hand, died late in 1983 of a heart attack. His age was unknown. Wetzel went on to become a major authority on H.P. Lovecraft, and when he reappeared on the scene in the mid-1970's, he was known for his Lovecraft scholarship, rather than his other activities. Wetzel attended the 1980 World Fantasy Convention in Baltimore, but otherwise kept apart from fandom during his second incarnation in the SF/fantasy genre.

### GEORGE CHARTERS

George Charters, Grand Old Man of Irish Fandom, died on Wednesday 18 January from a long-standing heart complaint. The funeral, at Roselawn, Belfast, was attended by James and Peggy White (Walt and Madeleine Willis had to turn back on account of snow). George used to say that the proudest achievement of his career in fandom was to have stencilled *The Enchanted Duplicator*, but in fact he published many fine issues of his own fanzine *The Scarr* and wrote several articles in other fanzines. All are suffused by the gentle warmth and quiet humour which made him such a nice person to know and so impossible to forget.

--Walt Willis

### OLON WIGGINS

Olon Wiggins, chairman of the 1941 World SF Convention, "Denvention I," died February 4th at the Hospice of St. John in Lakewood, CO. He was 74. Wiggins attended the 1940 Worldcon in Chicago traveling via boxcar from Denver

in only 30 hours. He bid for Denver as the site of the 3rd Worldcon against bids from fans supporting New York, Cleveland, and Chicago. After winning the bid, other fans planned to hold a convention in Newark, NJ in opposition to Denver, on the grounds that Denver was too far away from the fannish centers of the East Coast for anyone to attend. However, after much feuding in the fan press, Ray Palmer, then editor of SF for Ziff-Davis, threw the support of the big publishing company behind Denvention.

Denvention, attended by about 70 intrepid fans, featured new writer Robert A. Heinlein as the GoH, plus a costume ball with Forry Ackerman wearing a mask designed by young fan Ray Harryhausen, Damon Knight as a junior G-Man, Cyril Kornbluth as a mad scientist, and Heinlein as Adam Stink, the world's most lifelike robot. Art sales included original Hannes Bok illustrations for \$9 and Virgil Finlay covers going for \$15 and \$20.

Wiggins was a charter member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, founded by Donald A. Wollheim, and published a leading fanzine of the day, "The Alchemist." He also invented the "post-mailing," a popular FAPA tradition, in the winter of 1937. However, he was relatively inactive after the 1941 worldcon, attending his last Denver-area fanclub meeting in the late 1940's. His final appearance in fandom was on a panel at Denvention II in 1981.

### BERESFORD SMITH

Beresford Smith, known as "Smitty" to his friends, a long-time convention attending fan from East Windsor, NJ, died April 18th of a heart attack. He was 51. Services, attended by several fans in addition to the immediate family, were held on April 21st. He is survived by his wife, Tamar Lindsay Smith, and two daughters, Leslie and Jennifer. The family, with the exception of daughter Jennifer, are all well-known convention attendees.

The last convention Smith attended was ConStellation. His first convention, according to Leslie Smith, was Seacon, the 1961 Worldcon, where he reportedly beat Harlan Ellison in a fast and furious poker game.

For me, Smitty's attendance at a convention was one of those casual factors that overall created the ambiance of a good convention. We never had much to say to one another, but knowing him for

so long—more than 20 years—and seeing him again after a few months, was something that I looked forward to at each convention. I, and other fans, will miss him very much.  
—Andy Porter

## TIM DANIELS

Tim Daniels, founder of the Amber Society, died April 16, 1984. His body was discovered in the alley beside his Brooklyn apartment building around 11am. The Coroner's Office has not as yet released any information as to the cause of death. Tim is survived by his wife, Gillian Fitzgerald, and his parents, Harry and Elva Daniels.

Born February 22, 1955, Tim joined fandom in 1970. He founded the Amber Society at Balticon in 1975. In 1977, he was married to author Gillian Fitzgerald—with both a traditional church wedding, and another "Amber Wedding" at Suncon.

At various times in his career, Tim was active in a variety of organizations, including the Baltimore Science Fiction Society, and the SCA, and for a time edited the fanzine *Kolvir*. He was best known, perhaps, for his fencing. The demonstrations of fencing and choreography of stage combat with his partner, stuntman T. James Glenn, were a popular item in many convention programs.

As Tim's dedication to the cause of peace in Northern Ireland was one of the driving forces of his life, Gillian asks that in lieu of flowers, friends who wish to make some gesture consider a donation in memory of Tim to PROJECT CHILDREN, P.O. Box 933L, Greenwood Lake, NY 10925. This organization brings children, both Protestant and Catholic, from Northern Ireland to spend a summer with an American family. [Contributed]

## CHARLES FORD HANSEN

Chuck Hansen, well-known Denver SF fan, SCA member and Sherlockian, died July 21st of complications resulting from gall bladder problems. He was 69. A memorial service was held July 28th at the Mile High Church of Religious Science.

Chuck Hansen discovered *Amazing Stories* in the early 1930's and, with Roy Hunt and Lew Martin and the assistance of Olon Wiggins, started the fanzine *The Alchemist* in the late 1930's, primarily to promote Denver's successful bid for the 1940 World SF Convention. Hansen was unable to attend the convention, however, going with his father to Washington State in 1940 to raise mink. The venture failed, however, and he returned to Denver in 1942. A founding member of the Colorado Fantasy Society, Hansen was active in the club until his death.

Holding a degree in archeology, Hansen was employed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Disease Laboratory from 1942 until his retirement several years ago. In the SCA, under the name Lord Charles Bradford, Hansen was a former Herald of the Barony of Caerthe. As a Sherlockian, Hansen was president

of the local group, Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients. Hansen attended many worldcons, most MileHiCons, and was an active member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, for which he published *Damballa*.

Chuck Hansen liked good wine, had a VCR and an Apple II, numbered among his enthusiasms astronomy, games, birds, archeology, chemistry and fishing. Don C. Thompson of Denver notes, "He enjoyed life fully and went as he wanted to—without a long illness."

## DAN McPHAIL

Oldtime fan Dan McPhail of Lawton OK suffered a heart attack on Tuesday, September 25th. He never regained consciousness, and died on September 27th. He was 68. His funeral was held in Lawton on September 28th. He is survived by his wife and daughter.

Part Choctaw Indian, McPhail, who suffered in later life from Parkinson's Disease, was born January 20, 1916, in Comanche, OK. He was one of the earliest SF fans, entering fandom in 1929, publishing one of the first fanzines, in 1931, and the very first SF newszine, *Science Fiction News*, in 1935-36. In collaboration with Jack Speer, also a native of Comanche, he founded the first state SF group, The Oklahoma Scientifiction Association, in 1936. After relating to Speer an idea for making comments on other fanzines, he and Speer were the first to make mailing comments, in the very first mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, in 1937. He was also FAPA's first Vice President, appointed to the post by organizer Don Wollheim. Dropping out of FAPA later, he returned to its membership rolls in the 1960's and most recently contributed *Phantasy Press* #72 to the August, 1984 mailing. The cover artwork, as in many other issues, was done by lifetime friend James Rogers II of Tulsa. According to fan historian Harry Warner, Jr., McPhail had the longest run of fanzine publishing of anyone in fandom, spanning some 53 years.

## BILL FESSELMAYER SHERRY FESSELMAYER

Bill "The Galactic" Fesselmeyer, 36, and his wife, Sherry Fesselmeyer, 34, active in Kansas City fandom in the mid 1970's (she was Treasurer of the 1976 World SF Convention, he in charge of Personnel) were killed instantly on September 14th at 10:30pm when their car was struck head on while driving south on Highway 218 in Iowa. Their passengers, Sheri Zemke, 36, and Beth Nugtern, 33, were also killed. All four lived in Des Moines, IA. The driver of the other car was also killed, his passenger critically injured. The Fesselmeyer group were on their way to a Society For Creative Anachronism gathering. A memorial service was held in Des Moines late in September, attended by several midwestern fans.

## SAM MARTINEZ

Samuel J. Martinez, longtime member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, for which he published *Sambo*, died of a heart attack on July 4th. He was 67. Active in Oklahoma fandom since the 1950's and host of several Okalcons, he had hoped to attend LACon II, but in fact never attended any Worldcons. Born in Chicago, he was a graduate of Perdue and recipient of a master's degree in English from Tulsa University. Joining Dow Chemical Company in 1945, he became a technical editor in 1953 and joined the faculty of Tulsa University in 1961, serving on the faculty for 23 years. He is survived by his wife, Alice, 4 sons, a daughter, and 3 grandchildren.

## JACK McKNIGHT

Jack McKnight, longtime Philadelphia area fan and father of Peggy Rae Pavlat, died December 5th of an aneurism in Hatfield, PA, where he lived. He was in his early seventies. His first wife, Buddie, whom he divorced, subsequently married fan Bill Evans, cementing the confused relationships among fans. McKnight entered fandom after World War II, and was active all his fannish life in the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. A machinist by profession, he machined the first Hugo Awards for the 1953 World-Con, which took place in Philadelphia. He is survived by his second wife, Ann, and two daughters, Peggy Rae Pavlat and Toni.

## WALT LIEBSCHER

Walter C. Liebscher, 66-years young, was found dead in his Los Angeles apartment. He apparently died of a heart attack around the first of February. Ironically, his heart had stopped about a week earlier while sitting in a doctor's office. Seven doctors rushed to his aid and revived him after two minutes and he was told his heart would be stronger than ever. The traumatic experience didn't affect his brain in the least and when he had lunch with myself and Brian Forbes on one of the last days of his life, he was looking exceptionally well and was in the best of spirits. He verbally reiterated what many of his friends had repeatedly heard him say, that he wished his lifelong



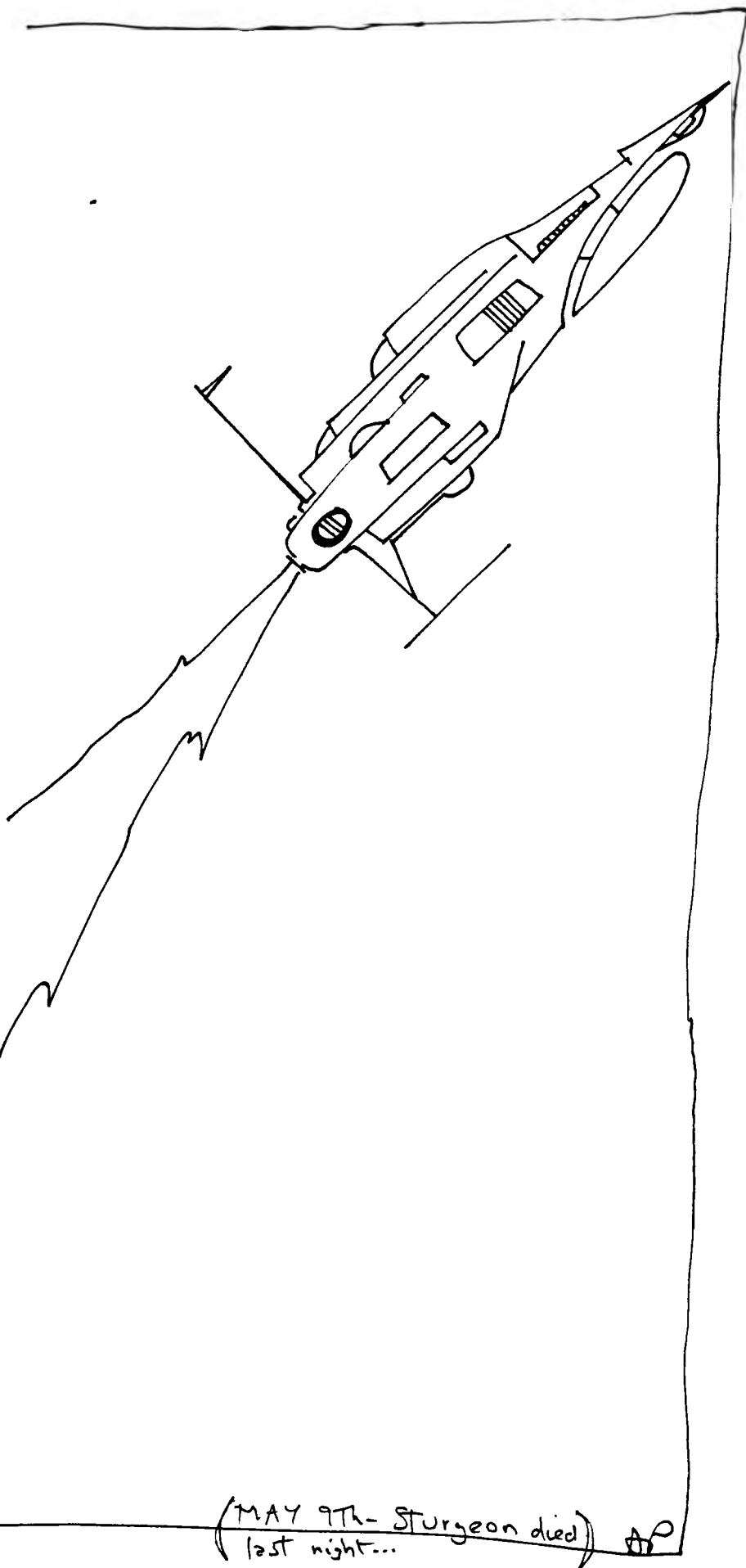
collection of books, magazines, paintings, etc. to go to Forry for his Fantasy Foundation upon his (Liebscher's) demise. No one dreamed that his end was so near.

A member of the legendary Galactic Roamers and Slan Shack of the late 30s and early 40s, Liebscher at one time produced a memorable fanzine, *Chanticleer*. His fey fantasy fiction was published in *Rogue* ("Mama Hates Green"), *Vertex*, *Fantasy Book*, *Science Fiction Stories*, *The Magazine of Horror*; his "Do Androids Dream of Electric Love?" was anthologized in *Strange Bedfellows* (was also filmed as a short subject and shortly before his death was selected for a collection of gay SF) and Ken Krueger published a collection of his works under the title *Alien Carnival*. At his last lunch with the publisher of *Weird Tales*, his agent, Forrest Ackerman, handed Brian Forbes a story by Liebscher, which Forbes accepted on the spot.

Liebscher was a Big Heart winner and popular participant in conventions all around the country, where he was frequently a fan guest of honor. Victim of a debilitating stroke some years ago, he made a remarkable recovery and was even able to drive a car again despite an impaired right side. He had an indomitable spirit, let nothing get him down, was always seen in a happy mood. On various occasions in the latter years of his life Liebscher expressed himself as having had a full and satisfying life. "If I should die tomorrow," he would say, "I wouldn't feel bad about it."

So tomorrow came—quickly, as far as has been determined at time of writing, and he did not have to suffer any lingering illness. For which his many friends are grateful, among them Bob Tucker, Rusty Hevelin, the Haldemans, the Pinckards, Walt Daugherty, Doug Wright, Jimmy Kepner, Frank Robinson, Rah Hoffman, Gordon Garb, Brian Forbes, Mari-Beth Colvin, A.E. & Lydia van Vogt, Bob Bloch, Wendy Ackerman and

—Forry Ackerman



(MAY 9TH - Sturgeon died)  
(last night...)

# TCU

TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED: FOR FAPA 196  
Published by Andy Porter  
P.O.Box 4175, New York NY 10163-4175, usa  
August, 1986

Once again, I'm publishing at the last minute, three months after I should have had something in the mailing -- blame that on my poor remembrance of when my pages were due, or our recently resigned Sec-Treas, perhaps -- in another valiant effort to save my membership. This issue of TCU should, in that effort, be slightly redundant. I've shipped off 70 copies of the June, 1986 issue of Science Fiction Chronicle to our esteemed OE for this mailing. I think it's one of the best issues of SFC ever published. Besides boosting the total pages in this mailing, I mean for it to be an example, for those of you who don't read it, and an extra copy, for those of you do, of what I'm doing lately: living the life science fictional. Pubbing my ish. Working for myself. Fandom is a way of life. Those who can, publish; those who can't, publish poorly. Working myself to death. Et cetera. Pick your own tomatoes and aphorisms.

I honestly can't remember what I wrote about, the last time I set my fingers to typewriter (or keyboard: as I recall, now, a little belatedly, my last FAPazine was word-processed) for you. Actually, I do now recall: it comes back (including the depressing price of \$65 for making photocopies of those pages, plus the \$12.75 Express Mail fee: thus do I value my membership). I included a whole bunch of obituaries, so you could all be depressed, as I sometimes am, by how mortal we fans, and our fannish gods, have become in recent years.

I do recall writing about the central object in my life, otherwise known as Science Fiction Chronicle. I told breathtaking stories about the decision to publish SFC, the long hours, the hordes of female groupies (pure fantasy, alas), and other trials of a solitary life. Well, things have changed: SFC is now making a little money, after its first four years in which it didn't (it lost money: about \$20,000 from late 1979 to late 1983), and I've been able to stop worrying about paying the next month's rent among other things.

I've even begun paying back the \$8,000 debt that Algol/Starship ran up in the early 1980's as it was dying. An aside: I didn't know it was dying, and neither did anyone else. Looking back from 1986 it's easy to see that the handwriting was on the wall. It's just that I never bothered to look at the wall, being too busy publishinbg. Time gives one a perspective that is otherwise unaffordable. Time also gives you ulcers, gout, and other diseases. We take what we can get, whether we want it or not.

I've learned, as others have, that there is a market out there for a magazine about science fiction which features articles, interviews, columns, reviews and letters. The trouble is that the market is not a viable one, commercially speaking. It's a market best served by a fanzine done by someone with a little cash to throw away. Full color covers are nice -- fans love artwork -- but they're not required. Nor is typesetting, paying contributors, money spent on advertising and promotion, and a full time editor. All of which I did, all of which gratified me and the couple of thousand who were willing to pay (but not enough) for what I was doing.

On the other hand, fans are willing to pay for current news, and short interviews, and lots of other information about the field. Typesetting is nice, especially as we get older, and people seem to appreciate my writing ability, and Don D'Amassa's reviews, and the many other things that go to make SFC.

The publishers seem to love it: they spend a substantial amount of

money to advertise their books and, like most other magazines, this is the major source of income for SFC, exceeding subscription revenue and bookstore sales. Remember the days when Analog went large size from digest, and John Campbell and the sales people at Conde Nast tried to interest advertisers in placing ads in the magazine? Remember that it was a failure? So big a failure that they decided to go back to digest size in the middle of a volume, pissing off collectors who bound their copies no end? (I bet Bruce remembers that one!)

Campbell was ahead of his time, and aiming at the wrong advertisers. The book publishers are the ones interested in a large format magazine, nowadays. Publishing, especially of genre titles, has changed incredibly in the last several years. Of course, many FAPA members are on the inside of the publishing industry now, unlike the old days when we all had our noses up against the candy store window. But still, there are fundamental changes taking place, in publishing, in fandom, in our lives.

We're coming up on the 200th FAPA mailing. I remember, in my earliest days in fandom, when FAPA passed the 100th mailing. I've already talked to Don Wollheim about #200. I hope to be able to frank through something by a Founding Father, though he hasn't absolutely committed himself yet. Only a year to go, so a copy of this TCU will help to jog him a bit...

But changes: more and more FAPazines are done on computers, in this not-very-good dot matrix printing, or on daisy wheel printers. Justified type, done with such painstaking care by such as Redd Boggs in years gone by, is now available at a press of a button. Late last year I bought a Canon PC-25 copier that enlarges and reduces, and in a few hours I'll run this off on it and rush it to the post office. Many of us have copiers now, relacing dittos (Ditto Inc. has long disappeared: the brand name still lives, somewhere) and mimeographs. I can do color changes and two sided copying, and much more using my copier. I keep my Christmas card address file, and much more information, in my Eagle Computer (which became an orphan when Eagle announced it was going into Chapter 7 [liquidation] on August 1st). I want to buy a laser printer, next. All things are changing, as we rush headlong for the 21st century, only 13 and a half years from now. The same amount of time back it was time for Discon II. We're nearer 2001 than we are to Torcon 2: a disconcerting thought.

Which is why I value my FAPA membership. I got on the waitinglist back in 1964, shortly after I joined the Fanoclasts and became active in fandom (though, as my first fanac was in late 1961, I've been in fandom 25 years. More than half my life. Argh!), and I've been a member since 1970. I still have the letter Bill Evans sent me inviting me to membership. Sixteen years in FAPA. I'm honored to be deadwood, an old fan and tired, just like my elder gods Silverberg and Boggs and Speer and Warner, who all remember when I was a snot nosed kid. And I know fans now who used to be snot-nosed kids, and are now BNF's of the highest magnitude.

The more things change, the more they... --but someone else has already used that line.

Real truth: the reason I find it so hard to do stuff for FAPA is that, like many, I work best under deadline. Unfortunately, the SFC deadlines come at the same time as the FAPA deadlines. The September SFC was written and typeset from July 21st-31st, and pasted up over the August 1st weekend. It went to the printer on August 5th, a day late. And I am, to use a familiar phrase, Wiped Out. Thus, you're unfortunately spared the witty Porter prose, amusing anecdotal writing and scintillating wit that I monthly inflict on SFC readers through my editorials and other contents. But I see I've come to the bottom of this page and the end of another last-minute FAPazine. Go, thou, and fan some more.

# TCU

TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED is published for FAPA Mailing 199 by Andrew Porter, P.O.Box 4175, New York NY 10163-4175. "Terry Carr: An Appreciation" by Ted White is pre-printed from the June 1987 issue of SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE, copyright (C) 1987 by Science Fiction Chronicle; all rights otherwise reserved. FIAWOL!!!

## TERRY CARR: *An Appreciation* by Ted White

Terry Carr has left, in his passing, a great hole—a Terry Carr sized hole—in both fandom and the professional science fiction field. One has only to look back over the past twenty to thirty years to realize what an important presence Terry was.

I can't be dispassionate about this. Terry was a good friend, and had been for a long time. Whenever I find myself telling a story about some bit of fanhistory, Terry's name almost always figures in it somewhere.

Terry Carr was in many ways an ideal fan, a Fan's Fan if you will. He became a fan when he was twelve, and began developing his talents in fanzines in a typical adolescent-fan way. What was not typical was the breadth of those talents. Terry was a passable fan-cartoonist — his "Face Critters" were a mainstay in many fanzines of the fifties — and his amateur SF stories were better than most of those which appeared in fanzines (*Brevizine* once called him "The next Bradbury," which embarrassed him). Terry's true talents were as a fanzine editor and a fan-writer. His anecdotal editorials in *Innuendo* in the late fifties still make a delightful read and remain models of fanwriting. He had taken the work of Burbee and Lancy in the late forties and refined it even as he openly expressed his admiration for it. It was in this fanwriting that Terry sharpened his skills for character-revealing dialogue, pacing, and scene-building, the skills which would eventually make his science fiction so notable. As an editor, Terry put together — as editor or coeditor — some of the very best fanzines of all times, among them *Innuendo*, *Fanac*, *Void*, and *Lighthouse*. He understood not only how to select the best material for a fanzine, but how to position it in an issue, how to present it to best effect. He was particularly adept in editing a letter column, pulling the nuggets from each letter and sequencing the letters so that they seemed to offer a natural conversational dialogue. This was obvious to any reader of any of Terry's fanzines, but it was even more obvious to me when I coedited *Void* with Terry in 1961 and 1962, and was able to observe him close at work, close at hand, in Towner Hall.

Terry also brought a zest, a sense of joy, to his fanac. Hanging out at Towner Hall wasn't all beer and wisecracks (I preferred Pepsi, anyway), but there were plenty of high points, moments when Terry would pause at his typewriter, a stencil half cut, and chortle aloud. "Listen to this!" he would announce, and he'd read us something he'd just typed, breaking up as he did so. Fanwriting and

fanediting, despite the chores entailed, were basically *fun* for Terry, as they were for many of us: recreational creativity — play.

His sense of fun led him inevitably to a major hand in the major fannish hoax of the fifties (and the last fannish hoax of its type, as well), "Carl Brandon." "Brandon" was the creation of Terry and several of his friends, a minor hoax which grew steadily into a major hoax, as "Carl" became better-known and ultimately all but eclipsed his creators, lending the term "Brandonization" to the translation of mundane literary and show works into fannish terms. As "Carl Brandon," Terry wrote or cowrote *The Cacher Of The Rye*, *Purple Pastures*, *The BNF Of Iz*, *The Daring Young Fan With The Three-Speed Mimeo*, and a good deal more. Terry took a lot of pleasure in revealing the Brandon Hoax at the 1958 Worldcon.

I met Terry face to face at that convention, the Solacon. We'd "met" in the pages of a fanzine six years earlier, and as contemporaries (I was one year younger, to the month), gradually became friends through correspondence and participated in the same apas. Meeting face to face in 1958 made us much more genuine friends, however; the nature of our correspondence shifted radically.

Within six months of that 1959 Worldcon, we'd each married our first wives, fans as well; only a few years later each marriage ended less than a year apart. When Terry's marriage ended in 1961 he left the San Francisco Bay Area—where he'd grown up and where he'd spent twelve years as a fan—and moved to New York City, where I was then living. There Terry mixed a fairly intense amount of fanac (*Void*, *Lighthouse* and various other apazines were appearing with startling rapidity) with the beginnings of a professional career.

I bought his first story. I am proud of this fact. I had urged Terry to give up his dead-end job (as a library rebinder) and come to New York and launch himself as an SF pro for several years before he made the move, and when he showed me a story about a jazz musician he'd written, "Blind Clarinet," I bought it for a jazz anthology I'd been contracted to do. I paid Terry — the munificent sum of \$50, which was worth a lot more in 1961 than it is now — but the publisher (Regency Books) folded before the book could be published, so the story never achieved professional publication. (Terry used it in a fanzine, however.)

Terry's career as a pro got a much more

solid launch from Avram Davidson. Avram walked into Towner Hall (my mimeo shop in the Village) one afternoon to announce that he'd just been hired as the new editor of *F&SF*. "Any of you guys got any stories you'd like to show me?" he asked. Terry whipped out a couple on the spot — based on amplified fan pieces he'd done — and Avram sat down immediately to read them, and bought them then and there. Terry was such a frequent contributor to *F&SF* in 1962 that he had to use "Carl Brandon" as the byline on several of his stories. ("Gee," he said. "Two stories in one issue — with one under a pseudonym — just like Kuttner!")

Terry wrote his first published novel, *Warlord of Kor*, at Towner Hall, after selling it to Don Wollheim at Ace. He'd thought up the title and plot while riding the subway up to midtown Manhattan for a meeting with Wollheim at the Ace offices.

After working as a temporary typist for a few months, Terry was offered a job at the Scott Meredith Literary Agency. Here he distinguished himself in an office already distinguished by the presence of Joe Elder and Henry Morrison, and began making himself known to both the editors in New York City and to the sizable list of SF authors whom Merdeith had as clients. It was easy for Terry to understand and empathize with the problems unique to both editors and authors, and in consequence both editors and authors came increasingly to value Terry.

While Terry was at Scott Meredith he was involved in a program at Monarch Books, a minor paperback house, which had started a new SF line and was commissioning all its books through Scott Meredith. "The idea," as Terry explained it, "is SF for people unfamiliar with SF. You know: a book with just one sfnal idea in it — like a plague, a flood, or a drought, or something like that. I've been thinking them up all day and farming them out to our authors." As we discussed it, Terry recounting the various ideas and to whom he'd given them, he figuratively smote his brow and said, "You know something, Ted? We ought to do one of these things!" Thus was born *Invasion from 2500*, by "Norman Edwards," the final book Monarch published.

Terry and I had already collaborated on several stories by then. "I, Executioner" was published in *IF*, and the others appeared eventually in such unlikely places as *Startling Mystery* (edited by Bob Lowndes) and *Gallery* (that one was a jazz-fantasy). I did the first drafts, and Terry did the second drafts. I

learned a lot from what he did (and didn't) do to what I'd written. I'd never tried writing anything as long as a book before, but with our detailed, chapter-by-chapter outline in front of me, I cranked out a chapter a day on *Invasion from 2500*, and from the experience learned that it was easier to write novels than short stories. (I also learned, from the relatively minor changes Terry made on my manuscript, that I might be ready to write solo now.)

Don Wollheim had noticed Terry's work at Meredith, and already knew him as both a talented fan and an Ace author; it was no real surprise to anyone — except perhaps Terry — when Don hired Terry to be his assistant at Ace.

Here Terry really began to reveal his true editorial abilities. Bringing Roger Zelazny's first novel to Ace (after it had been rejected by publishers who would, only a few years later, be telling Roger how much they wished they'd had a chance to see and publish it first), coediting (with Don) a Year's Best anthology which would quickly rival Judy Merrill's well-established annual volume, and, eventually, editing his own epochal Ace Specials series, Terry began making a new name for himself — as a hard-working, sensitive, thoughtful, and perceptive editor. Behind the scenes he was having to do things like rewriting a Michael Avalone "Girl From UNCLE" book, and a lot of other unacknowledged and unrewarding work.

Terry was always a slow reader. I think this was because he took the time to savor what he read. It also made him acutely sensitive to nuances of style — able to appreciate subtleties and to catch false notes. This meant that editing — like agenting — was not a nine-to-five job with him. He always brought home manuscripts to be read, and most of his office

time was spent writing letters and doing other, less glamorous tasks.

Terry was conscientious. He was, quite simply, the sort of editor we'd all grown up imagining professional editors to be. As such, he stood out, a rarity in the field, towering over most of his peers.

In 1971, Ace Books was hurting. The original owner, pulp-publisher A.A. Wynn, had died, and his death had revealed the extent of Ace's shoddy bookkeeping practices. A conglomerate took Ace over and decided to move the company out of the genre field — where it was top dog — and into best-sellers, where Ace quickly began to lose money. The Ace Specials were eliminated. Don Wollheim left as chief editor (to form DAW Books), and Terry saw no reason to stay. Instead, he seized the opportunity to return to the part of the country he liked best, the San Francisco Bay Area. With his second wife, Carol, he moved to Oakland and a house up in the hills (its backyard a steeply-sloped canyon), and began a long career as a free-lance editor and occasional author.

But Terry never ceased to be a fan. Unlike many fans-turned-pro, he did not turn his back on fandom, and he gently chided those, like Harlan Ellison, who did. Throughout the years he put out the occasional fanzine (although most were of modest size and personal in approach, none rivalling the *Lighthouse* of the sixties), and contributed stories and articles to various other fanzines. In addition, he began a series of Entropy Reprints, in which he selected good fan-writing of the past for republication in current fanzines, and placed it in context with prefatory articles (some of which were at least as good as, if not better than, the pieces they introduced). Entropy Reprints began appearing in the late sixties and continued well

into the eighties. They performed a valuable time-binding service to fandom.

Others will have to tell you about Terry's discovery and encouragement of new writers, his work at various writing workshops and seminars (it delighted him that although he had never finished college, he'd taught in several), his *Universe* anthology series, and his revived (and still epochal) Ace Specials. I have no doubt that there are many who are better qualified than I on these points, and eager to sing their own praises of Terry: he inspired that in many of us.

When I think of Terry I think of the long phone calls, the times he chewed me out when I'd screwed up, but the way his friendship never wavered, the all-night conversations in which we explored our souls, and, ultimately, his final gift to me: The introduction to Lynda, my new wife.

His last letter to me was to offer his congratulations on our impending marriage: "I am happy as hell that you and Lynda got together, because I think you both needed someone really fine and now you've both got that. ...I thank whatever gods there may be for the fact that you two met and fell in love and will soon be married. I wish both of you the best in your marriage, but I don't think my wishes will be needed: you two complement each other well, so you'll get along very well, I expect."

He ended his letter with this line: "Ain't fandom wonderful?"

It always was, for Terry Carr. And because of Terry Carr, it was wonderful for the rest of us.

He will be missed.

—Ted White



Above: Terry Carr at the 1975 WesterCon (photo by Andy Porter). Left: Terry Carr and Ron Ellik at the 1954 World SF Convention (photographer unknown).