

Twentieth Century Unlimited (3)



FAPA 136

TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED

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3: Go North Young Fan (Revisited) 6: Steam & Transit News 7: Through Time & Space W/Edward MacNamara 8: Auntie EmCees All 9: The Profane Art/Les Nirenberg 12: Susan Column/Susan Glicksohn 15: More Stuff...

GO NORTH YOUNG FAN (REVISITED): After Midwestcon I spent six days in Toronto, visiting with people like Derek Carter, Mike & Susan Glicksohn (who I've convinced to join the Fapa waitlist), Rosemary Ulllyot, Fran & Ken Smookler, and, of course, John Millard.

Rosemary took me to Ontario Place, a sort of Upper Canadian version of Expo which extolls the vittues of Ontario through multi-screen movies, exhibits, restaurants and fun things to do. These include renting little foot operated paddle boats, which Rosemary and I did, in which you can paddle around the considerable area of Ontario Place, underneath the rectangular pods of the exhibit and movie areas (which are built, using braces and supports, directly over the lake surface) and beside the Canadian destroyer Haida, which has been moved from the Toronto Harbor to O.P., repainted, and manned by a crew of guides and RCN sailors.

Derek Carter has convinced me that he is a sort of Canadian Harlan Ellison and Bill Rotsler rolled into one; I visited his studio and after lunch with he and his rather pregnant wife, Anna, we traipsed over Toronto seeking out train stores and hobby shops (at one point I almost literally lost my head, a result of leaning out one trolley window to take a picture of another trolley before the second passed us in the opposite direction) and generally having a Real Good time.

After I flew in I checked in at the Royal York, the Toronto con bid's hotel, planning to stay several days and check out the service as a paying guest. After 5 days including a very modestly priced breakfast in bed Saturday morning and a sort of mini-convention Friday evening (Jay Kay Klein was also in town, staying at the King Edward Sheraton) I think I can safely say that the Royal York is one of the best large city hotels I've stayed at; this includes both those hotels I've stayed at during conventions and while on business trips. According to hotel people the Royal York is currently under refurbishing; my room had a very modern bathroom and a color-coordinated decor. The air-conditioning, incidentally, worked all too well. While it was at times over 85° outside I managed to get my room down to 55° at one point; generally I kept the room at about 65° (I like cool temperatures).

I did try to contact Fapa members while in Toronto, but Boyd has an unlisted

number, apparently, and Paul Wyszowski wasn't in the times I called his house. As for Howard Lyons, well, I couldn't find his name in the phone book, and that solved that.

There is one pertinent point about this whole rambling travavlogue: I became even more convinced that Toronto is a good place to live and work. I'd developed this feeling after my first visit in August 1970; I was reassured of it after my second visit in October; this time I went to Toronto with an eye toward investigating housing and jobs, and what I saw confirmed my original feelings.

What I said in the first issue of TCU has been borne out: Toronto, and perhaps Canada in general, in maintaining its separate if sometimes precarious status as a country apart from the USA, has avoided many of the problems and excesses that the large cities and the Usa as a whole have faced. True, there are problems: the pollution of the environment is just as bad in Canada (in some cases, faced with a nearly endless backyard, the Canadian problem is worse); the French-Canadian separatist problem remains; the strong separation of provincial and federal governmental authority has created holes in the fabric of social progress which are only now coming to light; and, currently, attention is focused on the intolerable ownership of too much of Canadian industry, capital and real estate by foreign, especially American interests (the dependence of Canadian industry on American ownership is currently very obvious: while the US goes through a recession the Canadian recession is, if anything, worse because of an over-dependence on American economy and management).

But on the whole, Canada -- and Toronto in particular -- is a better place than the US to live and work.

I had made up my mind. In fact, as my plane taxied out on the runway at Malton and prepared to take off for New York, I kept thinking to myself, "I don't want to go back to New York..."

Unfortunately, I did come back. And I caught a cab from LaGuardia airport to Brooklyn Heights, and after giving the cabbie only a \$1.50 tip he cursed me (he had a rather large vocabulary) and I knew I was back in New York.

I did promise myself one thing: the next time I go to Toronto it won't be to visit; it will be for a job interview. Accordingly, on July 14th I sent in my application for permanent residence in Canada. Late last week I received a reply, and today I went to the Canadian office of manpower and immigration for an interview. I've purposefully been postponing doing this issue of TCU until after the interview, and so can safely report that everything went fine, especially after I gave the interviewer copies of ALGOL, TCU and CONVENTION... Which I suppose really impressed her. Y'see, she reads science fiction...

Before I showed her my extra-curricular activities she was pretty sure that I'd have no problems; after she saw the fanzines she said I'd definitely be able to get in, and needn't even bother with a letter of intent from an employer. Like I said, "You're not just gaining an editor; you're gaining an artist and publisher, too." The interviewer was duly impressed, especially after she spotted Isaac Asimov's name in ALGOL.

The major reason for my move is, rather than the fact that Toronto is so much better than my situation now, that New York has started to become much worse than

anywhere else. And, if you want to remain in the publishing scene to any extent while leaving New York, there are very few other places to go. Boston has a few publishers, but an infinitely more limited area of maneuverability than New York.

The other American cities aren't much better. Chicago and Los Angeles have concentrations of advertising agencies; Los Angeles has a small home-grown publishing effort in the book field, but has little going for it in the magazine field other than consumer magazines.

Toronto, on the other hand, is the center of the Canadian publishing scene, both for trade and professional magazines and book publishing. Companies like McLean-Hunter, with 60 magazines, and Southam Publications, with about 20 newspapers and magazines, lead the way. Most American subsidiaries in Canada are located in Toronto; and the advertising field is strong in the city, stronger than in any other Canadian city.

So if you are looking for a change and prefer to remain in publishing the choice is extremely limited where you can move to.

There are, of course, other things. In the past year New York has visibly declined. With the recession salaries have been frozen (after, of course, they cut back to the bone by eliminating as many employees as possible) and taxes have gone up. The city income tax has been doubled retroactive to the beginning of the year; the state income tax has gone up, and the sales tax in New York is up to 7%. There is a tax on all food sold, now, which meant that all the sandwich shops raised their prices; a cup of coffee and a donut costs 43¢ instead of 40¢, now.

In the last year my bank balance has been going, ever so slightly, down, in spite of everything I do to keep it up. My rent has gone up \$35.00 a month, and on July 1st rent control in New York was eliminated, which means instead of raising rents a legal 15% when apartments change hands there is no limit to the amount rents can be raised. Tenant harassment by landlords to pressure them to move out so rents can be raised has increased over 500%, according to the NYTimes. The streets are dirtier than ever (the other side of Pineapple has never been cleaned since I've been living here -- nearly 3 years) and more and more businesses are installing metal gates on their windows. Perhaps in high-crime areas, yes -- but the Chrysler Building now sports several gates which come clanking down at 5pm.

Montague Street, main shopping street for Brooklyn Heights, has panhandlers and drunks now. In spite of reassurances that welfare families are being moved from hotels to apartments, local hotels have many such families, with the resultant hordes of children with nothing to do wandering the neighborhood. The corner grocery is installing mirrors to watch for shoplifters. Another grocery on Orange Street, after the 3rd robbery in as many months, was sold and is now vacant. The potholes in the streets, formerly just a problem in the spring, are now around year round, including such streets as Third Avenue and Fifth Avenue in Manhattan.

Some solutions are simple; others are very complex indeed. The old saw has been "America; love it or leave it." I've made my decision, whatever the consequences for myself or New York City. All I am sure of is that I've reached my saturation point and Want Out, now.

!!Le releve indique clairement le decomppte!!

STEAM NEWS

MADRID: Spanish National Railways plans to have last remaining 300 steam locomotives eliminated by 1974, replaced by diesel and electric traction. Over the last three years Spain has junked over 675 steam locomotives and replaced them with 563 diesel-electric and diesel-hydraulic units and 67 electric units.

LISBON: Current estimates indicate that 25% of Portuguese Railways (CP) locomotive fleet is in steam. By 1975, according to reports, all steam will have been replaced by diesel and electric traction.

NAIROBI: By the end of 1972, the last steam units in service on East Africa Railways will be 34 Garratts operating between Mombasa and Nairobi. These will be replaced by diesel-electric units by the end of the 1970's.

PARIS: Within two or three years all steam locomotives will have been replaced by diesels on the SNCF, according to officials. Percentage of traffic conveyed by steam has decreased from 66% in 1953 to 2.4% in 1970.

HELSINKI: Finnish State Railways (VR) continues to reduce its steam fleet. Less than two years ago there were more than 250 steam locomotives in use. Now there are only 130, and these are being operated only until sufficient diesel locomotives to replace them have been ordered. Steam locomotives are presently used only during peak periods, and then only for passenger trains.

CHRISTCHURCH: Diesel-powered redesigned passenger trains have replaced steam service on New Zealand's South Island. Innovations include a dining car, the first such operation in New Zealand since dining-car service was discontinued in 1917 in favor of refreshment and dining rooms in stations.

TRANSIT NEWS

BERLIN: Both East and West transit systems are expanding. West Berlin's plans call for doubling the 104 km. network; East Berlin will expand its 14 km. lines to 56 km. BUDAPEST: A 15 km North-south extension of the Budapest system has begun construction. 300,000 persons/daily was forecast for the original 10 km line by 1973, but already over 240,000 persons are using the line and further expansions are planned. JOHANNESBURG: Construction will start within two years on a system which will be mostly above ground. LONDON: Work has begun on the £85,000,000 Fleet Line extension of London Transport. MELBOURNE: Completion of the Melbourne subway is called for by 1977; the line consists of 4 bi-directional tracks in tunnels joining existing trackage at Flinders Street and Princes Bridge Stations. SEVILLE: Construction of 8 km of line will begin in 1972. TEL AVIV: The city is studying plans for an underground line as solution to traffic problems. CAIRO: A French company is studying problems for underground lines. HAMBURG: 849 modern trainsets are in use on the Hamburg Hochbahn, replacing all pre-1958 trainsets. HELSINKI: Construction has begun on a 3 km test track. The complete system will be finished in 1976. MONTREAL: \$430,000,000 has been designated for a 37km extension of Metro to be completed by 1981. This will bring the current 22 km network to 68 km. 51 stations will be added to the current 28. SAN FRANCISCO: According to Parsons Brinckerhoff-Tudor-Bechtel, all tunneling for BART has been completed. TORONTO: Hawker Siddeley Canada is completing delivery on 76 units for the 6.47 Yonge Street extension (km) in Metro. In addition, 46 cars for New York's P.A.T.H. lines will be delivered at the end of this year. TTC cars are a repeat order of cars already in use in Metro. MANCHESTER: A 3.5 km line between BR's Piccadilly and Victoria mainline stations has been proposed. More fabulous news of the dying gasps of steam and extensions of subways will be carried in TCU two issues from now. [Information from INTL. RAILWAY JOURNAL.]

THROUGH TIME AND SPACE WITH EDWARD MACNAMARA: Edward MacNamara had been trapped -- trapped by giant hairy spiders under the sub-basement of the Washington Monument.

How the spiders had gotten there was a problem he hadn't figured out yet. But he had gotten there he was well aware of: he'd fallen through a secret panel while etching an obscene poem into the inner wall of the Monument, next to the inscription of the Maumee, Ohio, Veterans of Foreign Wars honoring their dead in the withdrawal from Fort Bridger, Wyoming.

At that moment, one of the evil-looking shapes spoke. Its accent was clipped, Oxfordian.

"We are glad to see that you have recovered from your injuries, Mr. MacNamara. We are most sorry that we had to injure you while securing your person in our headquarters here under the Washington Monument, but we trust you will understand that the presence of giant spiders under one of your most famous monuments is a secret that must be kept to the least possible number of persons," the big bug explained.

"Uh, of course," agreed MacNamara.

"Thus, Mr. MacNamara, we had to drag you as quickly as possible behind the secret panel. To show you we mean no harm, we will even permit you to return to the interior of the Monument this evening after the other tourists have left and complete your obscene inscription." The spider leaned back, idly twitching its rear 2 legs.

"That's descent of you," admitted MacNamara.

"However, Mr. MacNamara," the spider leaned forward, its multi-faceted face leaning down at the cowering man, "we must have certain information from you if we are to permit you to leave the Monument alive." It stepped back, letting the light from the single shaded lightbulb wash over MacNamara.

MacNamara considered the information carefully. He still lay where he had recovered from the kidnapping, tied and trussed on the dusty floor. Behind the spider, strange lights blinked, out of focus on a silvery-glinting panel. After a moment he spoke.

"Exactly what," he said carefully, "is the information you want? Of course I'll tell you whatever you need to know, providing it doesn't violate current security agreements or jeopardize the safety of the people of these United States."

The spider seemed to grin. Twisting the front of its body away, it chittered rapidly at shadowy shapes in the background. Suddenly the strange lights glowed brighter as chittering, clattering, claws-on-concrete sounds penetrated MacNamara's ears. Twisting its body back toward him, the spider grinned more widely, exposing grotesque fangs in the velvet blackness of its mouth. Once again it spoke.

"Thank you very much for your cooperation, Mr. MacNamara. We assure you that the information we desire affects neither current security agreements (as we are unknown to your government we have none); nor will it jeopardize the peoples of the United States. Now, Mr. Robert J. MacNamara, tell us: what is the composition of the secret anti-spider spray hidden away at your secret base in Dubuque?"

"But I'm not Robert MacNamara, I'm Edward MacNamara," MacNamara said.

[Editor's NOTE: This fascinating story will be continued next issue, response permitting]

AUNTIE EM CEPS ALL

THE RAMBLING FWP 54 I've decided its easier to get rid of parts of my collection by either giving them away or selling at whatever price the buyer and I can agree on. I recently went through my fanzines, and weeded out about a fifth of them; I plan to give most of them away at the Lunarians picknik (sp?) and the ones left will be used to keep the marshmallows hot. Am also mostly giving away other things, and perhaps will sell/partially give away my comix collection. ... The varied typefaces on the Selectric are nice, but the real reason I bought this was because of the fine regular typeface available, the one I'm using here. Besides, extra pitches cost, or did 2 years ago, \$18.00 apiece -- hardly in-expensive. And this Selectric will be paid for in December this year, *sigh*.

ANKUS 24 Your description of how the relationship works between LASFS and the World-
belz Con ConComa is the way the Lunacon is being run this year, for the first time. A committee of Don Lundry, Brian Burley and others is running an in-dependent Lunacon for the first time in about 14 years, responsible to the Lunarians on certain points only, rather than a convention by club rule.

LIKE HOGAN'S GOAT 5 The news that Mickie has gotten married depressed me; another
Busby visible sign that I'm no longer the youngster I still think of myself as. And as I write this, BayCon, which happened yesterday, is really some three years ago. Why, I'm older now than Ted White was when I first met him -- and he seemed to me to be one of the elder statesmen of fandom...

SNICKERSNEE Grumph Best thing in the mailing; we'll have to nominate you yet for
Silverberg the Hugo for Best Fan Writer...

A PROPOS DE RIEN 135 I recently came across a Cult publication from the latter days
Caughran of the sixties, with photographs of all the Cult members. Including a sixteen-year-old Jim Caughran, and Terry Carr and Boyd Raeburn (looking like an ad for Charles Atlas). Terry Carr circa 1958; Jim Caughran same year; Walter Breen and Andy Main at PittCon; and Rich Brown at SoLa-Con. And all those photos, why, they're...um, Certainly Wonderful. Yes.

VANDY 36 No, Buck, sorry to say I don't have that celebrated messed up issue of New
Coulsons Worlds... Heard word that you were dropping out of Fapa, joining a long
list of people expressing that sentiment. Sorry to see you go.
Incidentally, after failing to ride with you to Hartford City, took Hub Airways from Cincinnati to Ft. Wayne, flying in a two-engine plane (pilot + 5 passengers, and it was crowded) at about 4,000 feet. The flight -- through two different thunderstorms -- taught me that stf fan that I am I'm not ready for zero-ges (the plane went Down, then Up, and Up, and Down, and Up, and Down, and Down -- real fast at times). Hub Airways, Ft. Wayne's own Airline...you can keep it.

ZEEN #11 Nice cartoons this issue; my compliments to the artists. You wouldn't get
Evers those two smudges at the top of every 2nd page if you wait until the first side is thoroughly dry before running the second... All this talk about the waves of fanzines that are insurgent, resurgent and post-operative by you, Arnie Katz, John D. Berry and Linda Eyster (Linda Eyster) fails to take in zines like ALGOL, WARHOON, AND SF Five Yearly. Where do they fall in calculations of fannish waves?

Reg & Eth Gibble recommend S.F. FIVE YEARLY

THE PROFANE ART

BY LES NIRENBERG

"Goddamn it, Bill," says Jack vehemently. "We can't just send U-2's over there like that. We're endangering our entire Way of Life. With the slightest provocation we'll be in the middle of a hot war!"

"Fercrisakes, Jack," answers Bill, in a disgusted tone. "When are you going to smarten up and realize that we have to do these things. Why, they've been saying on us for years now. You can't expect our guys to sit around on their asses doing nothing... What do you think, Charlie?"

That's YOU he's talking to, Charlie. Answer him.

"Well Jack if we could only -- "

"Goddamit," says Bill, "don't tell me you think we should negotiate with the bastards!"

"Well, I..."

"Goddamit! That's the trouble with you and the rest of the country!" interrupts Jack. "We Americans are just too damned trusting. Just because a fat little guy comes over here and charms everybody we think he's a nice guy and..."

I've been watching you, Charlie. There's something wrong, isn't there? You can sense it, can't you? They're always asking your opinion, but they never let you get it out. Right? Yes, I thought so. Why don't you do something about it, Charlie? Try to do something. Try to stay in those conversations instead of just being a fifth wheel on the wagon. I know it's hard, but you're just as intelligent as they are. Why can't you leap in there and hold their attention? You've often wondered why people don't listen to you; I can tell. People in stores shortchange you and when you protest they don't seem to hear you. I can't understand it. You speak quite clearly and certainly loud enough. Could it be something else? Yes, it must be. What about that incident at the bar yesterday, when the waiter had his thumb in your beer. You protested then, didn't you? You did, but he didn't pay any attention. My, but you have quite a problem, Charlie. You are completely inaudible to the people around you. Now don't get me wrong; I don't mean you can't speak or anything like that. It's just that you can't seem to get through to them. Look at Jack and Bill there. Their inane argument is still rattling on. Hal Your opinion wasn't really needed; you know that. Yes, you were only being used as a springboard for their arguments. They didn't intend to give you a chance. All they wanted was a moment's rest to recapitulate their arguments in their minds. You were a tool, Charlie, a tool.

You'll wonder, no doubt, why I am taking this interest in you. Yes, I realize no one has ever bothered to notice you, much less take an interest in you. I want to help you, Charlie. I want to give you a little insight into the machinations of the minds of your vocal opponents, Jack and Bill. With my help you'll soon dominate the scene. I'll help you become the centre of attraction. They couldn't help but notice you.

Let us get to the crux of the matter. The answer lies in your attitudes and speech. Look at your two friends there. Do you notice something about them, something they possess which you lack? Let us take Jack for instance. Below that intellectual

facade there is something, that something we are looking for. It was that certain quality which led to his becoming the first Socialist in your group, the first to study Technocracy and the first to embrace Zen. Needless to say, you and all Jack's friends quickly followed suit and joined these movements, but not before he, the leader, became disillusioned and discarded them. Jack of course was delighted with the fact that he had influenced you. It reassured him of the power of his intellect.

Your friend Bill is the opposite. He never joined these groups; not because he happened to disagree with them; it was just that he refused to join any organization to which Jack belonged. In his capacity as the "loyal opposition" in your group he found it better not to associate with such organizations. Of course he used "individualism" as his reason for not joining, but this wasn't the truth. His real motive was that he had to maintain the position of second man in your group of friends. His entry into a group in which Jack, the leader, belonged would only result in his having second status again. It would be fruitless. Bill has always been a pawn to Jack, a bowling pin to be set up and knocked down at will by Jack, the leader. On the surface, Bill is unhappy with his role of second best, but deep down he knows he could never attain leadership because he is incapable of holding the leading position since it requires the continual introduction of new ideas into discussion. Nevertheless, he must be quite capable of holding the second position since a certain amount of ability is required here.

What we are now concerned with is how can you, presently holding the position of a mere audience to which these people direct their dramatics, take charge of this situation and topple these overlords. I firmly believe I have the answer to your problem. Under my direction you will soon become the Master of this group.

As I said earlier the answer lies in your willingness to change your attitude and speech, the latter being more important than the former. Notice how your friends speak. Notice the use of words and manner of speaking. Can you point out a characteristic prevalent in both that you lack? Your friends are so different and yet they both possess one trait which the other has and which you lack completely. You can't see it, can you? Well, let me tell you: that trait which both of them have and which you don't is profanity. Yes, it may sound strange but this is the key to your problem. By good use of profanity your friend Bill has attained the second position in your clique. And by even more skillful use of profanity your friend Jack has attained leadership.

Although the art of profanity is frowned upon, I believe it is the most important facet of a man's personality. With the development of this art you, or anyone, can become a Charles Burbee or an F.T. Laney. You will easily overcome your two companions here and you may even challenge the Masters themselves some day. In the meantime it will help you attain the position you are searching for.

As our first lesson we will take note of the Master of All Profanes, Alexander King. Notice how well thought out his blasphemies are; how perfectly moulded his profanities are and how nonchalantly they are delivered. All this requires a skill of the highest order. Furthermore, King has so developed this art that he is now able to utter profanities in a handful of languages. Although this cannot be expected of many people, like yourself, who are only possessed of one tongue, it can certainly be a great aid in acquiring fame and fortune. The use of all profanities on all levels is especially important. Notice how King appeals to the lower working classes when he uses the common four-letter profanities of the masses. And notice also the effect which the polysyllabic masterpieces have on the intellectuals. In the case of the art it is important that you appeal to all social levels. Failure to do so may result

in alienation by the group to which you do not direct your words. Your acceptance by all groups will only come about if you appeal to every intellectual level in our society. It is also most important that profanities be used sparingly and only when the opportunities present themselves. Over-use of the privilege will result in the user being labelled by all around him as having a "dirty mouth." You must not allow such things to happen.

You must also take great pains to either use this medium exclusively or not at all. There exists in our society today a confused group of pseudo-profanes, who, for some unexplainable reason, prefer not to use the profane. Instead they use a large vocabulary of quasi-profanities such as "shucks", "damn", "hang-it-all," "fer cryin' out loud", and other inanities. Members of this strange group achieve nothing. If anything they are exposed as blubbering idiots afraid to use the True Medium. They are usually despised in all circles.

Now that we have fully discussed the use of profanity and the vistas open to skillful users of the medium, there is nothing left but to venture out and put it to work. Go, my sone, enter the conversation and show your friends that you are now capable of competing with them.

"And then the sonuvabitch walks out on the damned conference," says Jack.

"He was completely within his rights," says Bill. "We shouldn't have sent that plane over. What do you think, Charlie?"

That's your chance, Charlie. Get in there and Fight!

"WELLGODDAMNITTHEBUGGERSSCREWEDUPTHEWHOLEBLOODYISSUEWESHOULDHAVEKICKEDTHEFUCKING SHITCUTOFF..."

"Well, I'll be!"

"Charlie! Such language!"

"C'mon, Bill, let's leave. I can see we can't have an intelligent discussion with this guy."

They weren't kidding, were they, Charlie? They've really left. Golly, but I'm sorry; I sure got you into a heck of a soup, didn't I? Oh, darn, you should have been satisfied being just a good listener.

--Les Nirenberg, July 1960

HOWARD DEVORE FOR TAFF!!!

Reprinted from the KIPLINGER WASHINGTON LETTER, May 6, 1939:

"Aviation is getting deeper into the habit of support by gov't. Some elements in the aviation industry are fearful of public kick-back when the ballyhoo about aviation blows over, as eventually it will." "To make Roosevelt the ONLY logical and feasible candidate is aim of the promoters of the new phase. And it is probably the aim of Roosevelt himself. This is why we think Roosevelt will not be nominated. [Italics their own]" "Meanwhile, this summer should bring some lifting of war fears. That's the expectation here...accompanied by the usual qualifications. ... Business upturn by summer is the hope...with no cocksureness. Predicated on NO WAR, which is what most people think."

SUSAN COLUMN BY SUSAN GLICKSOHN

"Dear," I said, hanging up the phone, "that was Andy Porter."

"Uh?" mumbled Mike Glicksohn, Boy Wonder of Fandom, in his usual witty, urbane fannish manner. "Yeah?" In Michael's defence, let it be noted that one-third of Canadian fandom had trundled home to Toronto in the wee hours after a hard weekend's PghLANGEing. While John Douglas went to work and Richard Labonte trundled back to Ottawa to run his university, the Glicksohn menage remained sunk in torpor, trying to adjust to an environment that wasn't rocking down a thruway somewhere but was 92 sticky, humid degrees hot. When Andy called, Mike was collapsed in a chair on the porch, alternately gloating over his untouched 40 oz. bottle of Johnny Walker from the duty-free store and brooding over the memory of our detour to Barberton -- he, in a spirit of friendly, big-hearted fannishness had tried to teach aging editor Bill Bowers the secret of running the mimeo to get really black blacks on his artwork, distracting him so I could steal the OUTWORLDS art file, but both attempts had failed miserably.

"He wants one of us to write something for his FAPazine. Just think, it'll be your only chance to get our material in FAPA for 20 years or so -- and now that Bowers is running OUTWORLDS through (stop wincing, dear), they need your sparkling prose."

"But I have to type up ENERGUMEN! I have to go out to work at -- heh heh -- the College of Education mimeo shop! I have to write a column for FOCAL POINT! Besides, the Boy Wonder doesn't write the Canadian Fannish Legends. He is the Canadian Fannish Legend! Send for our Official Historian!" And, exhausted by his verbosity, he fell back to gaze at his Scotch.

I dialed and let the phone ring several times before a sleepy voice mumbled hello. "Rosemary -- this is Susan. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get you out of bed."

"Tell Ralph we're sorry if we disturbed him," intoned the Boy Wonder mendaciously from the background.

"I heard that! I heard that, you bastard!!" shrieked Rosemary in her usual lady-like fashion. "As it happens, I'm all alone and miserable, I've been all alone and miserable all weekend while you caroused in Pittsburgh. I was reading that dumb book you lent me about the girl going mad and imagining her carrots and eggs coming alive that you said was Great Canadian Literature!"

"The Edible Woman, yes. How did you like it?" I asked, hoping to turn the subject, and Rosemary's torrent of complaints.

"Horrible! I'll never eat a carrot again! And now I'm still all alone, and I'm sick! The doctor says I have a kidney stone, and no, I haven't written a column about it, or anything else, for ENERGUMEN!"

"Um, well, uh, that wasn't why I called. You see, Andy just rang, and he -- oh, you promised him a column, but -- yes, well, why don't you calm down, come over here and have some Johnny Walker, and maybe we'll get together on something?"

"Oh, leave me alone!" moaned the sufferer, and hung up.

"She must be sick if she doesn't want any Scotch," observed Michael, worriedly.

"Well, dear, I guess Andy will just have to make do with something from you."

"Listen, Boy Wonder, don't insult my writing, or you'll end up washing your own underwear, writing your own co-editorials, and opening your own beer! While you're flopping there letting entropy catch up with you, I'm trying to get dinner -- and write something for ENERGUMEN -- and then there's that essay on Canadian poetry I have to do -- and I haven't made your shirt and my dress to lose the Hugo in at the Noreascon banquet -- and I promised Rosemary I'd contrive her a reticule for the Meyer tea... Poor Andy, though; it's a shame to let a potential Canfan down. Let's think of something to write about."

"Something Canadian. Something fannish. Something to add to the Canadian Fannish mythos, the Legend of the Boy Wonder..." Mike's lethargy was gone, his eyes flashed, his ~~head~~ chest inflated as he saw some future "Entropy Reprints" column spreading his fame to fannish generations yet unborn, muttering "Mike who?" as they reread the article we would write...

"But what have we done recently that's noteworthy? I was too busy eating Joan's sandwiches and gossiping about the Care and Feeding of Fanads to take down all the witty barbs you and Bill (stop wincing, dear) were hurling at each other. And I can't write about how Richard Labonte overcame nephritis and student politics to travel all the way to Pittsburgh to satisfy his unnatural cravings for apple butter and newsprint. After all, no-one would believe the truth about him and the New York Times!"

"What else happened at Pghlange? I know -- people kept coming up to us and saying, 'I'm his friend/ You can tell me. Why is Andy Porter really moving to Toronto?'"

"Yes, and when I answered 'Probably because he likes the city' they gave me funny looks, or laughed and started telling Canadian jokes!"

"Hey, when all the American radio stations were playing 'Wake Up, Little Susie', what were the Canadian radio stations playing?"

"I don't know."

"I don't know either, but six months later they were all playing 'Wake Up, Little Susie'!"

"It's all very well for you to laugh, Boy Wonder -- I've seen your passport, and you're really a crewcut Englishman in a clever plastic disguise. Someday I'll expose you, you Limey, you! But you know, Andy is going to have problems adjusting to little differences when he moves up here, like telling 'Newfie Jokes' instead of Canadian Jokes."

"Like 'How many Newfoundlanders does it take to change a light-bulb? Twenty; one to hold the bulb and 19 to unscrew the house'."

"Right. And throwing an extra 'u' into words like colour and honour. And using proper money, with the Queen on it instead of those American Imperialists!"

"And using proper paper money, too -- like orange two-dollar bills. I always get that funny green stuff mixed up; colored money is the only way to buy."

"That's coloured money; watch it, Boy Wonder."

"Right. Sorry.*But just think of how tired Andy's feet will get, walking on concrete sidewalks (with dates in them!) instead of floating along on 3 inches of soft, squishy guck! How confused he'll be, phoning someone -- and getting through to them on the very first try! He'll be sure he's lost his hearing when he doesn't hear the merry honking and squealing of a hundred-thousand traffic-jammed cars; he'll be certain his eyes and nose are playing tricks on him as he sees blue sky and smells fresh air..."

"What fresh air? Tell that to Pollution Probe! But after New York, well, yes, I guess Toronto is a clean city. And as for Pittsburgh...well, nothing like travel to make you appreciate home. Speaking of homes, don't forget Andy won't have to pay out half his paycheque in rent. What will he do with the extra money?"

"Indulge his mad passion for trains, maybe? Put out a glossy offset FAPA-zine with a 4/Color Austin cover?..."

"If he does, he'll become the New Boy Wonder of Canadian fandom!"

"Oh, the horror! No, we mustn't have that -- let's give him his own place in the Canadian Fannish Mythos. Andrew Porter, realizing his sinews were growing slack, his moral fibre fraying in the soft airs and slothful luxury of the Evil City to the south, sets out on a daring Trek to the True North where men are men..."

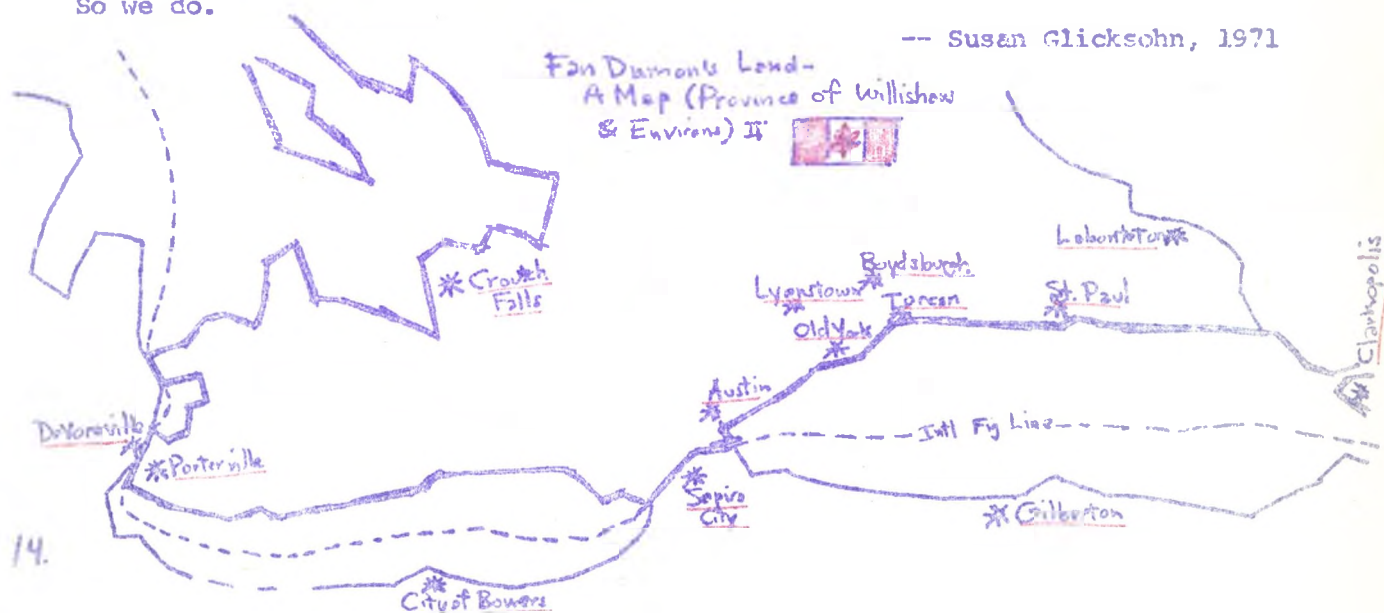
"And women? Huh, and women?"

"Know their places! Get in there and run that mimeo, m'girl! Where was I? Oh, yes; Shrugging into his light summer jacket, a cunningly-wrought garment made of grizzly pelts and twenty-pound Hudson's Bay blankets lashed together with strips of deerhide, he calls his trusty sled-dogs. 'Come Dasher, come Dancer, come Donder and Blitzen...!'"

"Now, Michael, that's enough. We don't want to scare Andy away -- why, Canadian fandom needs him, and I'm sure he'll survive. Why, when the snow melts, July is quite a pleasant month! We obviously can't find anything to write an article about for him, but that doesn't matter; why, no-one contributes original work to FAPA anyway. People would think I was trying to be the F. Towner Laney of my generation! Let's just send Andy a maple leaf, and welcome him most cordially into the fun-filled world of Canadian fandom."

So we do.

-- Susan Glicksohn, 1971



THE BEST LAID FANS, BOTH MICE AND MEN: Rosemary Ulliot won't be in this issue, in spite of what I've written to Norma Clarke ("auusi la belle femme-fanne [en fanglaise] Rosemarie Ulliot et les Chemins de Fer du Canadien Pacifique") and mentioned in other places. Rosemary tells me she's in a period of Blue Funk and won't be contributing much of anything to anyone, including Terry Carr, for at least a fair while. So much, alas and alas.

Rosemary Hickey told me she'd have something in the mailing, by postcard, after I talked to her by phone (Intl phone fandom still exists, I guess) and also told me she was no longer on the Dallas committee.

Larry Herndon didn't say whether or not he'd have anything in the mailing although he said that Rosemary Hickey was still on the committee.

And Fred Patten, who I hope will have something in the mailing, told me that Tom Peary hasn't had anything in the mails to Larry Herndon in quite some time.

All this by way of simply asking those members of FAPA who feel so inclined and are attending NOREASCON to vote for Toronto for the 1973 WorldCon. I'm convinced that we can put on a good, science fiction, convention -- better than Dallas can, certainly, especially after hearing reports of the latest Southwestercon, and after hearing of their complete inactivity in the conbid arena. If you're sure you're going to Noreascon but still not sure who to vote for look me up, I'll buy you a Pepsi, and we'll talk about it.

STILL MORE STEAM & TRANSIT NEWS: A \$3 Million contract for automatic couplers has been awarded by the Sao Paulo transit system, now under construction.///Percentage of steam in total traction will be reduced to 15% in East Germany by 1975.///July 23rd marked the last rail-laying in the BARTD project; target date for service is "early in 1972."///Metro Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority (MARTA) currently proposes a 70 mile system; 17.6 miles in busline, 52.09 miles in rail, of which 24 would be at grade level, 21 miles aerial, and 7 miles below ground.///1,400 firms and people are planning to attend the Pittsburgh 5th International Conference on Urban Transportation, Sept. 8-10.///Twin Cities Area Metropolitan Transit Commission plans to start digging in 1975, may have the system in operation by the 1980's, if plans on routes and vehicles can be agreed on in time for presentation to the 1973 legislature.///RAILWAY AGE lists prospective devices and techniques for the 1970's, including modular carbodies and components; tracked air cushion vehicles, and -- shades of SF -- laser-beam boring of tunnels.///First air-conditioned subway station and rail terminal has opened underneath New York's World Trade Center. Capacity is expected to be 100,000 riders daily by 1975, 25,000 at peaks.///Extensive trackage, roundhouses and other sights of joy for railfans will be eliminated when projected \$1.5 billion project to redevelop downtown Toronto gets under way. Plans for new hotels, apartments, office buildings, to supplement Toronto's already burgeoning skyline are most comprehensive and costly ever undertaken by a North American city.///India is still building steam locomotives because they are easier for an undeveloped country to build and maintain; we'd like to see postwar SF stories using the thousands of preserved steam locomotives for their story backgrounds, requiring water, coal and wood, rather than modern locomotives in a milieu which would require diesel fuels, sophisticated maintenance facilities and, in many cases, generation of thousands of volts of electricity for electrified lines. Makes a lot of sense when you think of it, doesn't it, Gordon Eklund? (Your train was "a late model electric," which, contrary to what some people may think, means it runs using a third, electrified rail or catenary system -- not 37,000 sets of "D" cells.) Forgive us our typos, they knew not what they did.

NOTE: This fanzine is made available by weight, not by volume. Some settling of contents may have occurred in shipment; the publishers assume no responsibility for settling of the contents or poor treatment in shipping.

TCU is available free, in trade with fanzines growing impatient to receive the next AIGOL (about 3/4 typed up at this moment in time) and that fact should be noted if you review it. It's available for a #10 envelope with 24¢ postage on it, if you're really desperate to receive it. Otherwise it's not for sale.

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