



GRANT

HOLLER THAN THOU NO. 26

EDITORIAL

BY MARTY CANTOR

April 9 of 1987 fell on a Thursday. Earlier in that week I had cashed my pay-check and used the money to buy the postage to affix to the envelopes containing HTT #25 - the envelopes had been sitting around the apartment for some weeks awaiting the time our finances could afford money for postage. I mailed the envelopes on Thursday morning on my way to work.

When I arrived home that evening Robbie met me at the door; taking my coat and briefcase from me she insisted that I sit down on the couch. I knew immediately that something was wrong as Robbie, rather than being so solicitous towards me at the door, is always sitting on the couch, reading, when I get home. She said that she had just received a telephone call from Rick Albertson in Atlanta telling her of Terry Carr's death. Robbie knew of my respect and affection for Terry and she knew that the news would be a blow - and it was. I did not really feel the enormity of the loss immediately, mostly I just turned mentally numb. That evening, at LASFS, I talked some with others who knew Terry, but I was still in shock. I had been faanishly hyperactive during the early part of the year, producing several zines and going to NORWESCON/ALTERNACON; suddenly, things came to a fannish stop. It was not until some time later, during a telephone call to Teresa Nielsen Hayden, a person closer to Terry than I was, that the numbness wore through and I found myself crying.

I am not a person easily given to tears - I did not cry when my father died. The only other time that I can remember coming even close to crying was when President Kennedy was assassinated, and on that occassion I was surprised as much by my depth of feeling as of the act itself as I considered Kennedy a poor President.

Terry was not a person to whom I was close in a social sense although we did manage to spend some time talking to each other at any con which we were both attending. Terry, although two years younger than me in the strict chronological sense followed in mundania, was of a much earlier fannish generation than I was due to his discovering fandom several decades before I did. What brought us together was that I eventually gravitated towards the fannish ecological niche which he inhabited - true-fannish fanzine fandom. There he was a truly elder faanish ghod and I was the relative newcomer producing a faanish genzine.

It was Terry who first contacted me - a short letter saying that he had heard that I was producing a faanish genzine and would I like to trade and etc. During all of the all-too-few years we occasionally wrote to each other or talked on the telephone or spoke at cons, Terry was unfailingly polite. I have heard that he always managed to maintain polite lines of communications to all sides of all feuds - and I can well believe it. In his niceness and politeness he was a better person than most of us in this microcosm called fandom - and I do not except myself from this judgment. I never heard from him a sour note.

Several years ago he told me that he was thinking of reviving his ENTROPY REPRINT column and was wondering if I would be interested in placing it in HTT. At the time my interest in fanhistory was growing, so I gladly accepted his offer. Indeed, Terry's column, along with Harry Warner's ALL MY YESTERDAYS column, formed a fanhistorical core of the zine which became of abiding interest both to me and to the readers of HTT. Terry's last ER had gotten to me too late for inclusion in HTT #24 (the issue was almost completely stencilled at the time of the arrival of that installment of ER) and Terry was a bit saddened as he would have liked to see it out prior to the Atlanta Worldcon. Even though he did not mention this I believe he thought that Lee Hoffman might be at the Atlanta Worldcon as it was being held comparatively close to where she lived and that it would be nice to have the LeeH piece he had picked for that ER column to again be in print at that time. I put that ER into the following HTT (#25) - and was saddened that he did not get to see it due to the issue being mailed just after his death.

The idea of making this issue of HTT into a memorial to Terry occurred to me within a few minutes of hearing of his death. There were two reasons why I felt that I had to do this: firstly there was Terry's importance to fanzine fandom, secondly there was his importance to HTT and to me. I immediately knew that there was no way that I could just mention his passing in a paragraph or two in my next editorial. Terry was a major columnist in the zine and he was an influence in my desire for quality in HTT. I do not say that I always achieved the quality that I desired (and I know that Terry did not consider HTT the equal of the best fanzines of the past) but I have always strived to produce a good zine and I believe that Terry recognized that. Certainly his contributions to HTT helped it become better.

This issue of HTT will not be the only special fanzine in Terry's memory - Robert Lichtman is doing a special issue of TRAP DOOR (it will probably be out before this issue of HTT). About this multiplicity of fanzines honouring Terry, Debbie Notkin wrote to me, "My own personal feeling (I miss Terry a lot) is that we can't have too many memorials for him, and that you and Robert will probably both illuminate different sides of his fanac." I feel, as obviously do the other contributors to this issue, that Terry has been at least as important an influence in fanzine fandom as he has been in sf prodrom with his work there. Despite his work as a writer and an editor he remained a fan. He was as proud of his Fan Hugos as he was of that awarded for his professional work. One of the consummate editors of Science Fiction (and he was one of the best in the book field) he was obviously not dismayed to be chosen as Fan Guest of Honour for the Atlanta Worldcon in 1986.

I miss him as much as do those who knew him better than I did.

All of the material which would have otherwise appeared in this issue of HTT is being put off until the next issue. HTT #27, therefore, will have two letter-columns (one each on nos 25 & 26, respectively). All of the material in this issue (including the cover and the interior illos) has been specifically sent for inclusion in this special Terry Carr Memorial Issue with the exception of some of the written filler material, some of which is from fanzines edited by Terry, the rest from other sources.

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This biography of Terry Carr, written by David Bratman, appeared in David's FAPazine (GIRABBIT #3) and was distributed with FAPA #199. The publication date was May, 1987. A somewhat shorter version of this was part of the WESTERCON #40 programme book. Reprinted by permission.

TERRY CARR, 1937-1987

BY DAVID BRATMAN

Terry Carr was one of the finest examples of that rare and elegant breed, the Compleat Science Fiction Personality. As a professional editor he was at the very top of the field, being perhaps the finest book editor in the genre's history (he was certainly the first book editor, as opposed to magazine editor, to win the Hugo Award for Best Editor, which he picked up in 1985). The novels he shepherded through the press, and the many anthologies that bear his name, are unexcelled in quality by anyone else's work. And in addition to editing other people's fiction he wrote the stuff himself, with a rare if under-appreciated talent.

The third side of Terry's Compleat SF Personality was his fannishness. Before he turned his attention to professional sf he was for many years a hyperactive fannish writer and fanzine publisher, and even after his name became a commonplace on bookstore shelves he never ceased writing for other people's fanzines and publishing his own. (He's won Huggs for that as well, as co-editor of FANAC, the Best Fanzine in 1959, and as Best Fanwriter in 1973; he travelled to England as the delegate of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund in 1965; and he was Fan Guest of Honor at last year's Worldcon in Atlanta.) Robert Silverberg, in the introduction to FANDOM HARVEST, a book collection of Terry's fanzine writing published last year, wrote, "In its fifty-odd years of existence fandom has produced a good many masters of fannish prose, but only a handful of titans, and Terry Carr is one of them." Not bad for a mere professional.

Terry was born in Oregon, and lived for ten years in New York City, but for most of his life he was a Californian: a San Francisco Bay Area man, to be precise. For the last sixteen years of his life, after his return from New York in 1971, he made his home here in Oakland. He was in a way our area's gift to the field (or its to us; I'm not sure).

Terry was only twelve when he became a fan in 1949, and throughout the fifties he produced reams and reams of fanwriting, ranging from serious attempts at amateur sf to humorous articles to fannish journalism. At first not much of it was any good, but young Carr learned fast, and by the time he turned twenty he was not one but (counting the work he did as "Carl Brandon") the better part of two of the best fanwriters of the day. Terry had early hooked up with several other young fans in a San Francisco club called the Golden Gate Futurian Society; when several of them moved across the Bay (Terry attended college at the University of California for about two years) they became known more informally as the "Bherkeley Bhoys". The Bhoys were one of those rare fannish groups whose social activity becomes the seed for a rich crop of fannish legend, but their most lasting memorial never existed at all: Carl Brandon, the most successful hoax fan to be created in fannish history, and still the best-remembered. As an amazed Walt Willis commented after Brandon's non-existence was revealed, "He was a member of their group in his own right, and walked and talked with them as a separate individual, so that we don't only have his fanzine articles

to re-allocate but spoken comments and opinions and facets of personality." Terry was the ringleader in creating Brandon, and wrote most of the material under the Brandon name. To the end of his life Terry was always willing to sign autographs as "Carl Brandon", and he would proudly point out how Carl's handwriting differed from his own.

Terry edited a lot of fanzines. Somehow he and his college roommate, Ron Ellick, managed to balance their schoolwork with editing a fast & frequent fannish newszine, FANAC, which won them a Hugo in 1959. At the same time, Terry was also editing a large general-interest fanzine called INNUENDO. When he moved to New York in 1961, he replaced it with another large genzine called LIGHTHOUSE, co-edited with Peter Graham; and he also joined the editorial staff of VOID, yet another genzine, which had been founded by Greg and Jim Benford some seven years earlier. All three of these genzines are considered among the finest that fandom has produced. And there are any number of smaller Carr-zines, many of them for APAs; a couple of years ago, Terry rejoined FAPA, and published his last zine there, DIASPAR #24, last summer.

Terry's fannish writing is hard to quote from. He was never one to produce lots of snappy one-line jokes, though he loved to quote other people's. He was a great teller of incidental anecdotes involving his friends, and "faan fiction" (fiction about fans and fannishness) was perhaps his specialty. John-Henri Holmberg, the publisher of FANDOM HARVEST, wrote, "Even at his funniest, Terry's writings are low-key, personal, and compassionate ... Terry Carr's humor is wry and ironical more often than slapstick, understated more often than not."

After Terry moved to New York, he plunged seriously into science fiction writing. He broke into print in 1962 with a few stories in Fantasy and Science Fiction, and he continued to publish short stories (as well as one novel, CIRQUE) sporadically throughout his career. If you ever see for sale a copy of his only (and long out of print) short story collection, The Light at the End of the Universe, published by Pyramid in 1976 (there's an upside-down tyrannosaur on the cover), grab it immediately. It has 15 truly fine stories, including the author's most famous, "The Dance of the Changer and the Three", positively the last word on incomprehensible aliens; the even more chilling post-holocaust story "Ozymandias"; and a delightfully silly fantasy (based on a fanzine article), "Stanley Toothbrush".

Between stories, Terry supported himself working for the Scott Meredith Literary Agency until he got what proved to be his big break: an offer from Donald Wollheim, then principal editor at Ace Books, to join him as an editor there. During his years at Ace, Terry worked as line editor on a lot of books, not all of them sf. He made a significant contribution collaborating with Wollheim on editing an annual "best of the year" sf reprint anthology, World's Best Science Fiction, but the project he undertook that really revolutionized science fiction was the Ace Specials. These three dozen books, appearing monthly between 1967 and 1971, were the most consistently high-quality sf line any publisher had produced. They even looked high-quality: instead of crude, garish covers, most of the Specials had abstract paintings by Leo and Diane Dillon, illustrating the mood of the book rather than some particular action-packed scene therein. Readers responded to the care and effort taken by the authors, editor, and publisher: while the Specials lasted it was normal to see two or even three or four of them on the Hugo and Nebula ballots for Best Novel of the year. And often enough they won, as well. The litany of the greatest Ace Specials is a requirement in any biography of Terry Carr: The Left Hand of Darkness by Ursula K. Le Guin; Pavane by Keith Roberts; Rite of Passage by Alexei Panshin; And Chaos Died by Joanna Russ; The Year of the Quiet Sun by Wilson Tucker; Philip K. Dick's first short story

collection, The Preserving Machine; and many others.

After Terry left Ace and New York in 1971, he began other book editing projects. He started a new best of the year anthology, straightforwardly called The Best Science Fiction of the Year, with Ballantine Books (later it was taken over by, successively, Pocket, Baen, and Tor), which produced a couple of short-lived spinoffs, The Best SF Novellas of the Year and Fantasy Annual. Throughout their run, the Carr Best anthologies have been the sf field's arbiters of taste: connoisseurs have made a habit of holding the award nominees for short fiction up to Terry's selections for comparison, rather than the other way around. Terry was always conscientious about his selections: he would read every sf short story published during the year in looking for likely candidates; and those stories he could not include due to copyright problems or lack of space would be named in an "Honorable Mentions" section.

Terry's other new project in 1971 was an original anthology series, also an annual, called Universe. (The first two numbers were Ace paperbacks, the next three were Random House hardcovers, and the rest have been published by Doubleday). Universe, Damon Knight's Orbit, and Robert Silverberg and Marta Randall's New Dimensions form a trinity of the great original anthology series of the past twenty years. The table of contents for the Universe anthologies includes stories which match the Ace Specials for quality in their field: "The Death of Doctor Island" by Gene Wolfe; "If the Stars are Gods" by Gregory Benford and Gordon Eklund; "Options" by William Gibson; "Her Habile Husband" by Michael Bishop; and "The Lucky Strike" by Kim Stanley Robinson, among plenty of others. Unlike many anthology series, Universe even seemed to get better as it went along.

At the beginning of 1984, Terry Carr revolutionized the sf field yet again by returning to Ace Books and editing a series of New Ace Specials. The revived Specials carried an additional element of discovery, as all the books included were to be their authors' first novels. Sf readers expected them to rank up there with the earlier series, and they were not disappointed: the six books published over the following year included Neuromancer by William Gibson, the manifesto novel of the "cyberpunk" writers movement, which promptly won the Hugo and Nebula; and The Wild Shore by Kim Stanley Robinson. Terry then occupied himself in editing a second series of the New Specials, and the first book in that set, The Hercules Text by Jack McDevitt, was published just before Terry died.

Robert Silverberg best summed up Terry's achievement as an editor: "I think a case could be made for Terry Carr as the most significant science fiction editor of the past fifteen years ... As an anthologist and as a book editor he has struck a wondrous balance between literary values and storytelling values, between intellectual content and emotional content, between depth and breadth. And because he has worked with just about every worthwhile young writer of the past two decades, he has been able (quietly, persuasively) to exert a powerful influence -- a beneficial one, I think -- on their development. He is a major figure indeed."

For all his awesome achievement, Terry Carr was never an off-putting human being. I did not know him well, but I always found him and his wife, Carol (herself the author of some fine sf, including that great story, "Look, You Think You've Got Troubles"), friendly and approachable. I corresponded with him about appearing on a panel at this Westercon on the subject of "Fanzines as an Art Form", and he accepted with a long, thoughtful letter with his musings on the subject. Terry would look down at the world from his six feet, four inches above it, as often as not with a bemused expression, and as often as not make a bemused comment. After he appeared as Editor

Guest of Honor at WISCON in 1982, he described what he did there in these words: "I did my usual thing of talking shop about the business and social aspects of the field, talking about fandom with those who were interested, and generally being silly and assing off whenever I could get away with it."

He got away with a lot of silliness, because it was such good silly and so well-intended; he also gave us some of the finest seriousness the field of science fiction has ever had. We'll miss you, Terry.

Terry Carr's ENTROPY REPRINT in HTT #25 was an article by Lee Hoffman. Terry wrote that he was responsible for LeeH's first published book. Knowing of LeeH's longtime connexion with a fanzine fandom which included a person who was responsible for starting her pro career I thought it only natural to send Lee a letter asking for a special contribution to this issue. In a moving letter which included some commentary on HTT #25 and also the mentioning of why she had moved (to take care of her ailing father after the death of her mother), LeeH included the following paragraphs about Terry.

LETTER FRAGMENT

BY LEE HOFFMAN

I'd have written after HTT arrived but I am presently reduced to literal manuscript, which is no more fun for me to produce than for you to read.

It was with bittersweet appreciation that I read the Entropy Reprint. A fan friend had called me just the day before to tell me of Terry's death.

It's an understatement to say I was shocked and appalled. I had respected Terry's work for many years. He did some of the finest fanzine writing I've read, as well as his pro work. In fact I was so awed by him that while I knew him casually for years, I didn't get to know him well until shortly before the Great Dispersal from New York.

I owe my career as a writer to Terry and Ted White. Ted encouraged me to try writing professionally and Terry gave me the nerve to actually submit a manuscript.

As he mentioned in the ER, he was responsible for my first published book. I'd written one Western which I'd submitted to ACE through Terry, and was working on a second while awaiting word on the first when Terry phoned. He asked if I "had the time" to do a humorous Western. After the success of the movie CAT BALLOU, ACE thought there might be a market for comic Westerns and wanted to try me. Terry said if I could give him a presentation, I might get the commission. I put aside the one I'd been working on and got a presentation together - ACE bought it and had Gray Morrow do the cover. I suspect Terry was behind that, too.

Don't you memorize every word in every FAPA mailing?

Come to think of it, I sometimes have the impression that Eney memorizes every mailing backwards.

Terry Carr, LIGHTHOUSE No.4



GRANT
CANFIELD

"You will meet a small, green, wart-covered frog."

Most readers of HTT need no introduction to Mike Glicksohn (good friend, BNF, long-time loccer of this zine), but some of you may not have read anything that was written by Susan Wood. When I asked Mike for a contribution to this issue he asked if he might send along the Susan Wood reprint which appears here - he said that he would write an introduction for it. I replied in the affirmative - and wound up with an intro from Mike which stands as an arkle in its own right.

WHEN JIANTS WALKED

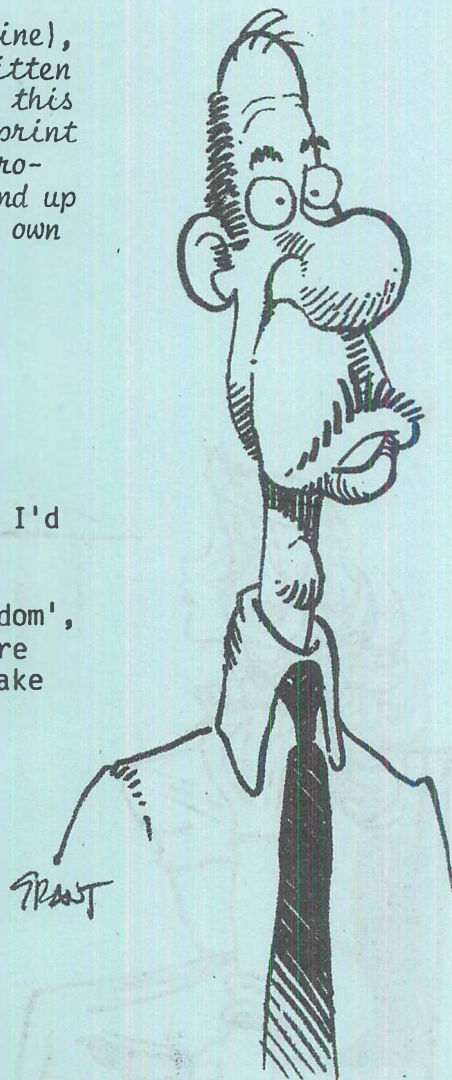
BY MIKE GLICKSOHN

Back in 1973 fandom seemed a simpler place to be. I'd been a fan for almost seven years by then so I was well aware that fandom wasn't One Big Happy Family but I was jokingly referred to as 'The Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom', the TAFF wars were still more than a decade in the future and a lot of unpleasantness had yet to take place and take the bright sharp edges off this Fandom I'd discovered.

In the late 60s and early 70s Fandom was a smaller, more compact place to play. Conventions were such that it was almost impossible *not* to meet and become personally acquainted with the well-known fans of the day and with the Big Name Fans of previous eras. So it was inevitable that somewhere in the three or four years after that magical First Contact with fandom I would meet Terry Carr.

This was before the mass exodus of fannish legends from New York to California, of course, so the likes of Terry Carr, Charlie Brown and Robert Silverberg were common fixtures at the east coast cons I was then attending regularly. Naturally, I can't recall precisely when I met any of them. If you showed up at two or three conventions and if you knew enough not to rudely impose yourself on others and if you were predisposed to do so it was inevitable that sooner or later you'd be discussing Pepsi with Ted White or IPA with Robert Silverberg or fanzines with Terry Carr. And the next con you went to you'd greet your new-found old friends, pick up the threads of that last exchange and gradually extend it until you were covering the entire spectrum of fannish conversation. Fandom's legends seemed somewhat more relaxed and more approachable in those quieter times and Terry Carr was always one of the easiest to get to know.

In many ways, Terry Carr epitomized much of what is best about fandom. He was talented, witty, clever and urbane; in short, he was a gentleman. Yet despite his phenomenal success both in and out of fandom he had an essential modesty and a sincere interest in other fans that made him easy to talk to and extremely easy to like. Terry could put the shyest neo at ease (and frequently did) and always seemed to actually *care* about what you had to say, whether you were an old friend or a new acquaint-



tance. It was Terry who suggested me for the first convention panel I ever appeared on and then helped me survive (and enjoy) it through his deft yet sure moderation. And it was on that panel that Terry complained that faneds all wanted fannish items for his "Entropy Reprints" series and nobody would take his piece by the only sf personality to have actually met Robert E. Howard. I jumped at the chance and so it was that Terry Carr and "Entropy Reprints" appeared for the first time in one of my fanzines in the December 1971 issue of ENERGUMEN. Terry's influence on fandom has been enormous but to my mind one of his most significant contributions was the way he refocussed interest on great fanwriters of the past. It thus seems fitting that this tribute to Terry should centre around a reprint of a little-known fannish article, written by one Fannish Jiant about another.

In 1970 I'd married Ottawa fan Susan Wood. At the time we were both moderately well-known in our local fandoms and I'd started to develop a modest reputation in fanzine fandom and on the east coast convention circuit. Three years later we were both well-established in the WKF circle of fandom's hierarchy: ENERGUMEN had made the Hugo ballot for three straight years, Susan had two nominations for Best Fanwriter, my locs and her articles were appearing throughout fandom and our activities on behalf of the Toronto in 73 Worldcon bid had made us known at cons throughout the midwest and on the east coast. (In fact, we had already been asked to be Fan Guests of Honour if Australia won the 1975 Worldcon but this wouldn't become public knowledge until TORCON 2 at the end of the summer.) Susan had just started to become involved with feminism and was still a year or two shy of achieving the Superfan status she would enjoy for the latter half of the 70s but it was already clearly evident that here was a fan who could work with consummate skill in all areas of fannish creativity.

Unfortunately, by this time it was also obvious that our relationship wasn't working out. We continued to work together on various aspects of TORCON 2 and as far as fandom was concerned we were a couple but we both knew the end was in sight. Partially in an attempt to see if the marriage was salvageable, we decided on a trip to the 1973 WESTERCON, held at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. San Francisco has always been one of my two or three favorite cities, Susan had never been out west, several of our eastern fan friends had relocated to the Bay area in the last couple of years giving us extra reasons for visiting there, and we both needed a break from Toronto and the upcoming worldcon. Besides, Susan was hard at work on what would turn out to be North America's first successful fan-history room and a trip to San Francisco would provide her with some excellent research opportunities.

So we attended WESTERCON and then spent a few days visiting with stfnal people in the Bay area and afterwards we returned to Toronto, helped run a highly successful worldcon, became the first fannish couple ever chosen to be Guests of Honour at a worldcon and promptly went our separate ways. (Literally: Susan flew to Regina on the last day of Torcon 2 to teach at the University of Saskatchewan.) And despite the fact that I was one of the central core of seven or eight people putting TORCON 2 together, in the month before the con I was able to produce a fanzine which dealt largely with our trip to San Francisco. As I have said, fandom was somehow a simpler place back then...

XENIUM had started in January of 1973 as a small-circulation apazine. I'd been on the FAPA waitlist for quite some time and was getting close to being invited in. So with the fourth issue, dated August 1973 and called XENIUM 2.1, the printrun was raised to 175, over half of which went directly to APA-45 and got franked through FAPA. And that's where fans first read Susan Wood's article about meeting Terry Carr. As a matter of fact, it wasn't until I began researching the background for this in-

duction that I rediscovered that my own editorial comments in the issue included the statement, "With this issue our circulation expands to include a future FAPA mailing (Terry Carr predicts we'll be in by the November mailing and who are we to doubt the publisher of that classic fanzine, VULCAN?)...." That was one of the few times I knew Terry to be wrong but it provides another small link in the typically complex chain of interactions that have led to this article.

Susan Wood went on to become a mega-fan of the 1970s, winning two Best Fanwriter Hugos and excelling at all aspects of fannish and sercon writing in both the fan and pro fields. She died in 1980 at the age of 32. I accepted her posthumous Hugo and Terry Carr was the first person to thank me for the remarks I made on her behalf. Terry was one of that tiny handful of people who actually merits the label BNF. He won both fan and pro Hugos and must surely be on any knowledgeable fan's list of the ten most influential fans ever to grace the field. He died in 1987 at the age of 50. All fandom is diminished by these two untimely losses.

Here then, resurrected from a gentler fannish age, is an entropic reprint in honour of Terry Carr, of an article honouring Terry Carr. It tells of the first real meeting of two Fannish Giants and the linkages involved are subtle and complex enough that I think Terry would have applauded its use here.

I regret that Terry was not a close personal friend of mine but he enriched fandom for me directly, when our paths crossed, and, as he did for thousands of others, indirectly through the positive influence he had on fandom as I know it. I'm sure his legacy will be a far-reaching and long-lasting one and his memory will be kept alive as long as there are fanzines and fans to read them. I hope this volume and this contribution will play a small part in preserving the fannish heritage of Terry Carr because this is now the only way I can say, Thank you, Terry, it was a pleasure and an honour to have known you.

CONFESSIONS OF A FAKEFAN

BY SUSAN WOOD

The spirit is fannish but the flesh is fake.

Thus I mused, lying on a couch in the LOCUS livingroom, languidly leafing through a FAPA mailing between intervals of sneezing, snuffling, and coughing out my lungs.

I had flown halfway across North America to consult Famous Fan Historians, and unearth Priceless Fan Artifacts for TORCON 2's All Our Yesterdays room -- only to get sick at the sight of Walt Willis' fanzines.

Disgusting, isn't it?

Mike and I flew out to Westercon to escape, respectively, a year teaching unmathematical students to add, and The Neverending Damn Thesis. For six days -- how any fan could endure a sixday con, much less organize one, is beyond me -- I played Susie the Goshwow Tourist by day. I touched a palm tree, rode a cable car, bought some flowers and a Berkeley Barb (this was San Francisco, after all, and I wanted to do all the Right Things), took lots of photos, and was taken, oohing and aahing, for a helicop-

ter ride above the Bay by Walt Liebscher. I like Walt. He didn't laugh at me for being A Tourist, unlike a certain Boy Wonder of my acquaintance. Blase I am not. I acted like I was eight years old, and enjoyed every minute.

By night, however, I metamorphosed into Supersusan the Fan Historian, diligent in quest of ideas for my fanhistory display, cunningly triggering the memory banks of the Fabulous Fannish Fans into whose company I insinuated self and notebook. I chortled again at Walt's unexpurgated "Rosebud" story. I heard about XERO and comics fandom, not to mention infighting over Who Gets To Meet Walt Willis, from the Lupoffs. I sat entranced (and coughing) in smokefilled rooms listening to Pat Ellington and Gary Deindorfer swap Boyd Raeburn Stories. I squealed delightedly when Terry Carr gave Mike and I "a few of my duplicate fanzines" -- goshwow, QUANDRY, OOPSLA!, HYPHEN, LIGHTHOUSE, and...and...CANADIAN FANDOM!

And I came close to crying when Forry Ackerman casually said, "I think I have something that belongs to you" -- and presented us with an autographed copy of FANCY-CLOPEDIA. Blase I am not. I was touched, thrilled, and very grateful.

But I still had a problem. The fact that Bill Rotsler's incriminating tattoo would not wash off my leg, or that my breathing apparatus gave six nights of its usual violent allergic reaction to smoke-filled rooms, paled beside the awareness that I still didn't know much about Fandom in the Fifties. For the earlier years I had diligently studied the second edition of FANCYCLOPEDIA, not to mention ALL OUR YESTERDAYS -- me, the neo who wandered bemusedly around St. Louiscon thinking the author panels were interesting but why would anyone want to buy a book on early fanhistory? For midsixties material onward, I had ransacked Mike's innumerable boxes of treasures. I had negotiated with Bruce Robbins, a Canadian collector, for the loan of his complete run of SLANT, as well as the Laney collection which he had purchased intact. I had bounced up and down in the Midwestcon pool, fanrapping with Ted White:

"Ted, I'm doing this display at TORCON to show all the goshwow neos, and the local readers who'll come to the con to get Asimov's autograph or Spock's ears, what FIAWOL is all about. Any ideas?"

"Sounds ok to me."

"Yeah, but I don't know how to start it. 'Frinstance, what happened in the 50's?"

"The 50's? Nothing much. It was a quiet, friendly time." He submerged. "We discovered Lee Hoffman was a girl." He floated away.

On the second day of Westercon, I was recovering, more or less, from a bad case of jetlag and lack of sleep when Terry Carr ambled by. "Terry!" I squealed. "Hi, Terry, it's Susan Glicksohn, I wrote to you about the fanhistory display, sometime can I see you to talk about fanzines?"

"That's a great line she's got, isn't it?" commented Robert Silverberg.

"My interests are Purely Scholarly, I assure you, Mr. Carr."

"Uh, sure. You folks staying in the BArea long? Come over and see my fanzine collection."

Somewhat later, a wearied group of convention survivors celebrated Independance

Day around the Silverberg swimming pool. I dove in with some trepidation. After all, shortly after Robert Silverberg autographed Rosemary Ulyot's mammary gland, she was hospitalized for the removal of a large lump thereon. Sure enough, the next day I had a sore throat and swollen glands. The day after, I awoke with aching head and stomach as well.

"You can't be sick, Terry's going to show us his fanzines today, remember?" said Mike -- who also had a sore throat. I wonder what, exactly, contact with Mr. Silverberg does to Canfen?

I may have seemed blasé; actually I was blah. Or maybe blech. Too Out of It, at any rate, to enthuse over Kiowa, the Carr's bouncy neofannish dog, who had enough goshwow enthusiasm in her Sensitive Fannish Face for all of us; or over one of my favorite Dillon paintings, the cover from LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS; or even over the pretty rocket with FANAC engraved on its base. (Anyway, just about every house we'd been in in the area had a collection of those things.) And then there was the basement workroom. Books. BOOKS. *Books*. And one complete wall of specially-built cupboards, their doors sliding open to reveal....FANZINES!!

I knew I should feel enthusiasm, if not awe and reverence. I clutched the glass of cranberry juice provided by my thoughtful host -- it had hurt too much to try to swallow breakfast -- tried to concentrate, and realized I'd left the All Our Yesterdays file back in my suitcase. My mind, somehow, wasn't on the job. I stared at the orderly rows of Fabulous Fanzines, trying to focus. Far away, Mike was goshwow-ing. I subsided into Terry's typing chair.

"Here, look at this." The Willis file appeared in my nerveless hands. But somehow I didn't care why the Chicon had crossed the road. The room started to spin slowly. Wow, I thought, I knew Willis was the alltime great fanwriter, but this is *ridiculous*. Carefully, very carefully, I set the folder down.

The spinning became more localized.

"Fakefan!" I admonished myself. "Stop behaving like a bored mundane. You've flown all this way to Experience Fannish Things, you'll never have an opportunity like this again, you'll... you'll be excommunicated from fandom if you don't get out of here!"

Never be sick on cranberry juice. The results can be ghastly. Not to mention scary.

When I reappeared, the room had steadied. Terry must have put the Willis file away. I gulped, and said firmly: "So tell me about fandom in the fifties."

"Not until you've eaten something and feel better."

So I munched a piece of dry toast while Michael and Terry fanchatted. The Carr memory tapes were starting to unreel nicely when the room started that funny spin again.

Even when Terry drove us back to the Browns' along Hugo St., I acted like a bored mundane. Even when he praised my article in the Katz' TANDEM, I merely muttered a blasé-sounding "Uh, thanks," too zonked out to feel egoboo, much less surprise since I'd forgotten about the two-year old piece and hadn't received a TANDEM. Even when

he forgivingly invited me back to explore the basement, I merely nodded, distantly.

Four days have passed. The flu, or whatever, travelled up to become a head-stuffed-with-used-Kleenex type cold. Since I couldn't smell or taste anything, I was set to licking stamps for LOCUS, thereby spreading Susan's Silverberg Plague through fandom. Unless it only affects Canadians, of course.

I still feel blah, which makes me sound blase. I'm all alone in LOCUS Headquarters, snuffling and answering the phone. A few minutes ago, I got to chat with Harlan Ellison!! Goshwow; except the way I felt, it was more like talking to harlan ellison.

"You and Mike *are* coming to see me, aren't you?"

"Uh, yeah, maybe. I don't know."

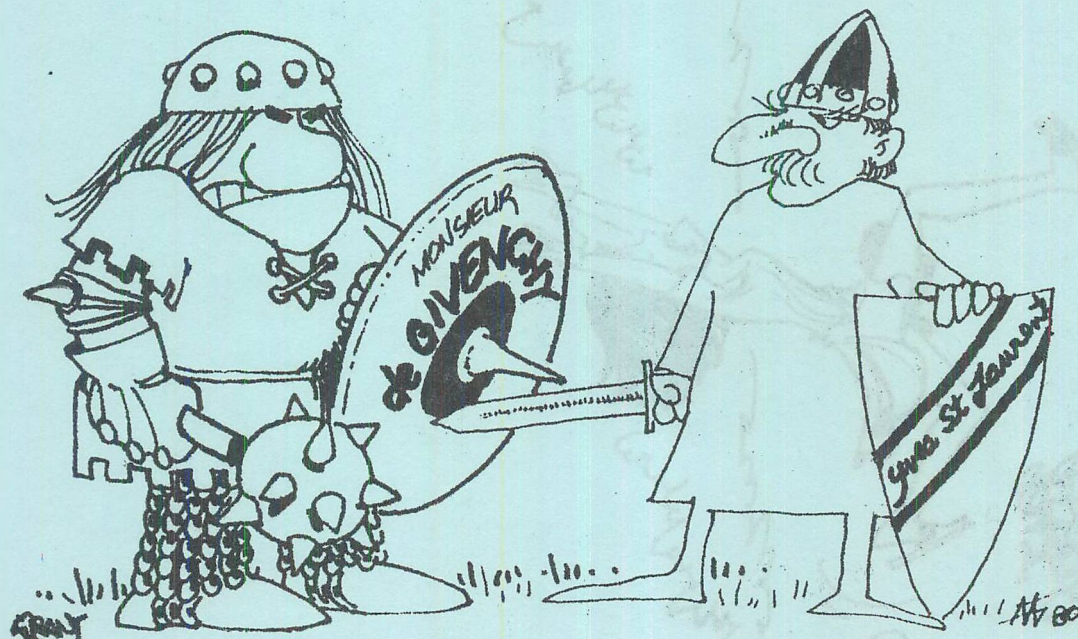
"That sounds sort of lukewarm."

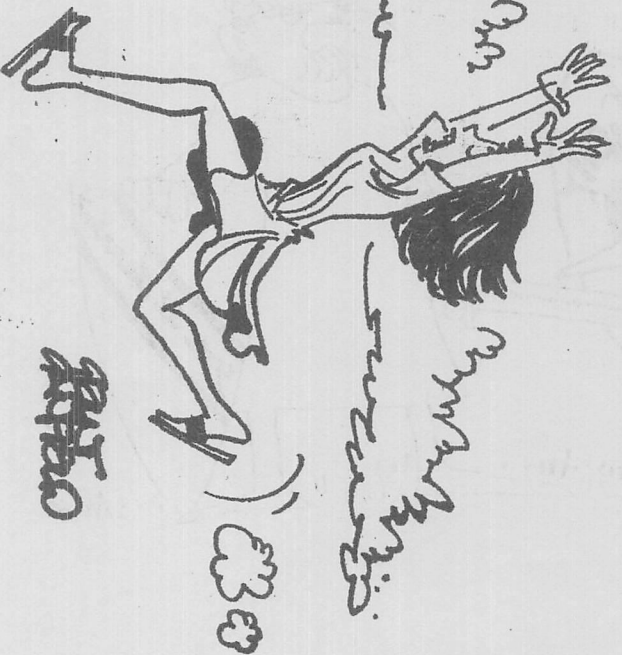
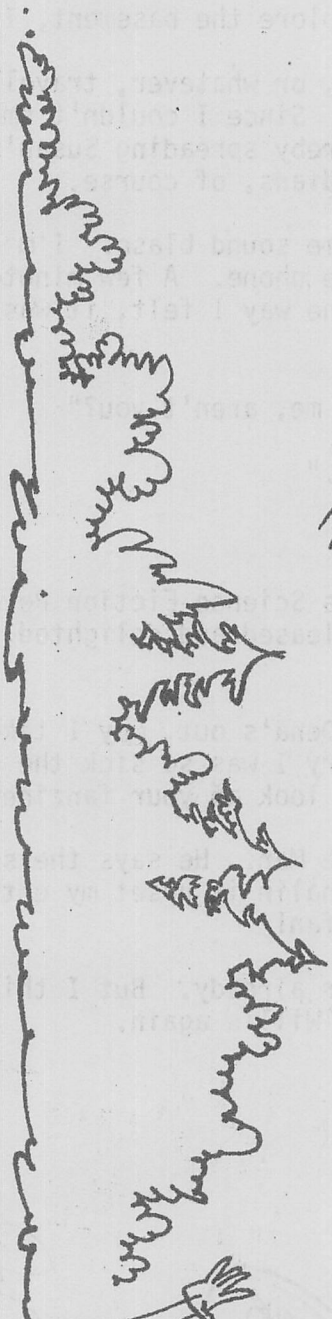
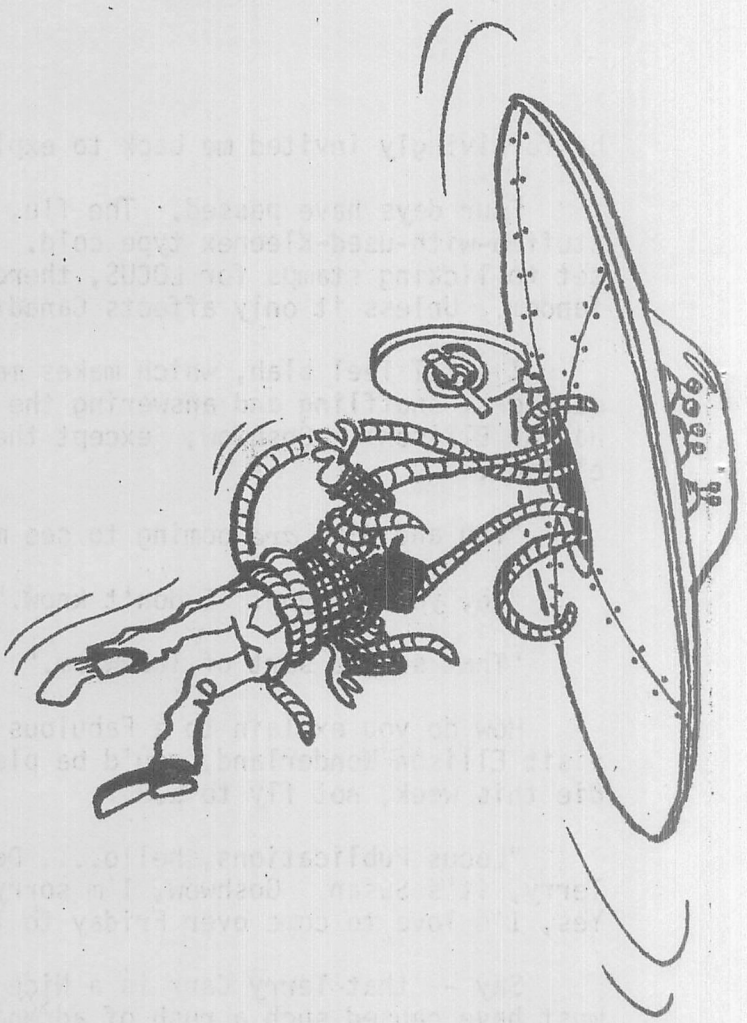
How do you explain to a Fabulous Science Fiction Personality that you'd *love* to visit Ellison Wonderland, you'd be pleased and delighted, except you think you might die this week, not fly to L.A.?

"Locus Publications, hello.... Dena's out, may I take a message?.... Oh, hi Terry, it's Susan. Goshwow, I'm sorry I was so sick the other day.... Oh, thanks. Yes, I'd love to come over Friday to look at your fanzines. OK. Goodbye."

Say -- that Terry Carr is a Nice Man. He says the sight of a genuine Williszine must have caused such a rush of adrenalin it upset my entire metabolism. He says that proves I'm a Trufan, not a fakefan!

Thank you, Terry. I feel better already. But I think I'll train on QUANDRY and LIGHTHOUSE and A BAS before I tackle Willis again.





RAI
RAI

"The keys, Ed! Drop the car keys!"

TERRY CARR

BY BILL ROTSLER

It is extremely difficult for me to write about Terry Carr. I simply get too emotional. The first couple of times I tried, shortly after his death, I cried. You can't type when you can't see if you're a hunt'n'pecker like me. I consider Terry one of my best friends and he went too soon, too quick, and before we'd used him up.

There are no Wondrous Stories about Terry full of mad adventure, derring-do and that sort of stuff. His was a deeper, quieter appeal. There were long conversations and short, the famous "razorblades in the tapioca" lines that you only realized later were deadly. (And funny.)

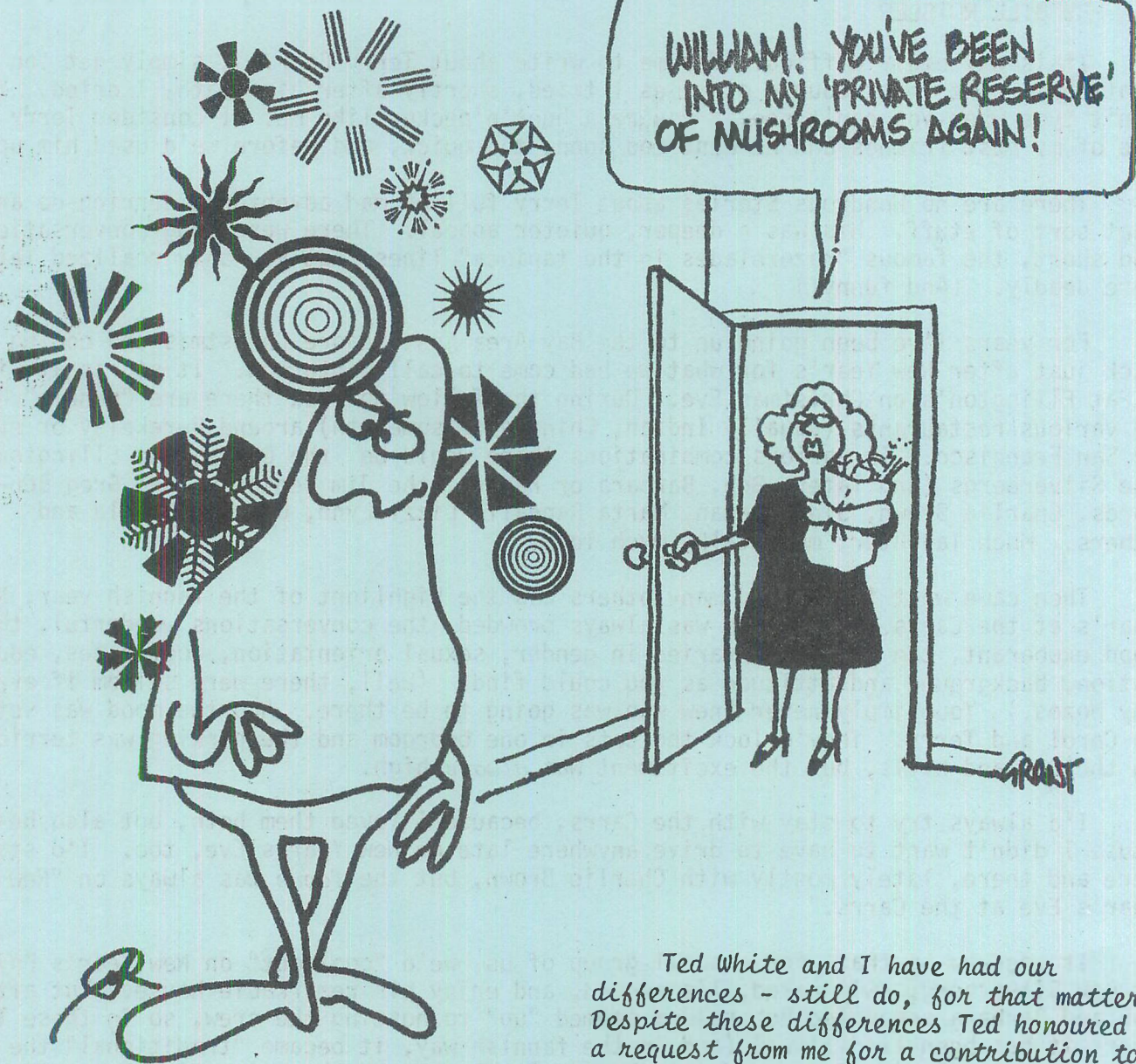
For years I've been going up to the Bay Area just before Christmas and coming back just after New Year's for what we had come to call Wintercon. It starts at Dick & Pat Ellington's on Christmas Eve. During the following week there are "panels" held in various restaurants (usually Indian, Chinese or some eth) around Berekeley or even in San Francisco. In various combinations there would be the Carrs, the Ellingtons, the Silverbergs (and later, Bob, Barbara or Karen), the Jim Benfords, the Greg Benfords, Charlie Brown, Sid Coleman, Marta Randall, Lizzy Lynn, Grant Canfield and others. Much laughter, much talk, much love.

Then came what for me and many others was the highlight of the fannish year, New Year's at the Carrs. The place was always crowded, the conversations wonderful, the mood exuberant, the guests as varied in gender, sexual orientation, doctorates, education, background and attitude as you could find. (Well, there were seldom if ever any bozos.) You simply never knew who was going to be there. And the mood was set by Carol and Terry. They'd lock the cats in one bedroom and the parking was terrible in the Oakland hills, but the excitement was *always* high.

I'd always try to stay with the Carrs, because I loved them both, but also because I didn't want to have to drive anywhere late on New Year's Eve, too. I'd stay here and there, lately mostly with Charlie Brown, but the *focus* was always on "New Year's Eve at the Carrs."

It used to be that, for a small group of us, we'd "cool out" on New Year's Day at Bob Silverberg, swim naked, lie around, and enjoy his remarkable house. But after Bob and Barbara separated Bob seldom seemed "up" to hosting the crew, so in these later years it has been traditional (and in the fannish way, it became "traditional" the first time Charles N. Brown did it) that we "cool out" at the vast editorial offices of LOCUS.

To me, the focus of my trip north was always the Carrs and seeing them again was always a deep pleasure. At the recent Westercon something happened that I think Terry would have appreciated. Someone was wondering if there would be the traditional New Year's Eve at the Carrs, whether Carol would take on that big task. Paul Turner said, "Death will not release you." And, in truth, people are helping out; so, Terry, up there in the great fanroom in the sky, death *won't* release you. At least not from my heart. Not ever.



Ted White and I have had our differences - still do, for that matter. Despite these differences Ted honoured a request from me for a contribution to this issue. Ted and Terry were close friends for many decades, collaborating on projects both professional and fannish - and no Memorial to Terry Carr would be complete without something from Ted White. Thank you, Ted.

TERRY CARR

BY TED WHITE

The last time I saw Terry Carr was in Atlanta, at last year's Worldcon. We were sitting in his room one night, talking, and he pulled out a cigarette and began looking around for a light.

Without thinking, I pulled out my lighter and started to light his cigarette. Then I realized what I was doing, and halted. "Should I be doing this?" I asked him.

"It's my life, Ted," Terry said.

"You're right," I said, and lit his cigarette.

I think about that often now.

AN UNTITLED CONTRIBUTION FROM ROBERT BLOCH

Terry Carr was a literary agent, a short-story writer, a novelist, anthologist and a longtime prestigious editor -- but I think of him first and foremost as a fan.

It was his fannish accomplishments which inaugurated his career in the 1950s; his brilliant contributions to the leading fanzines of the decade. The creation of an alter-ego, the pseudonymous Carl Brandon, was one of fandom's most successful hoaxes. And what he wrote under that byline still endures as highly-literate and skilfully-executed entertainment.

By the time we met, late in '59, it was obvious he'd soon be making the transition to professional activity; two years later he left for New York. By doing so, he followed in the footsteps of many predecessors who started out as fans and ended up as established pros.

For many of them the move marked their farewell to fandom. Striving for upward mobility, fanac was discarded as excess baggage. But Terry Carr was different, and for that we must all be grateful.

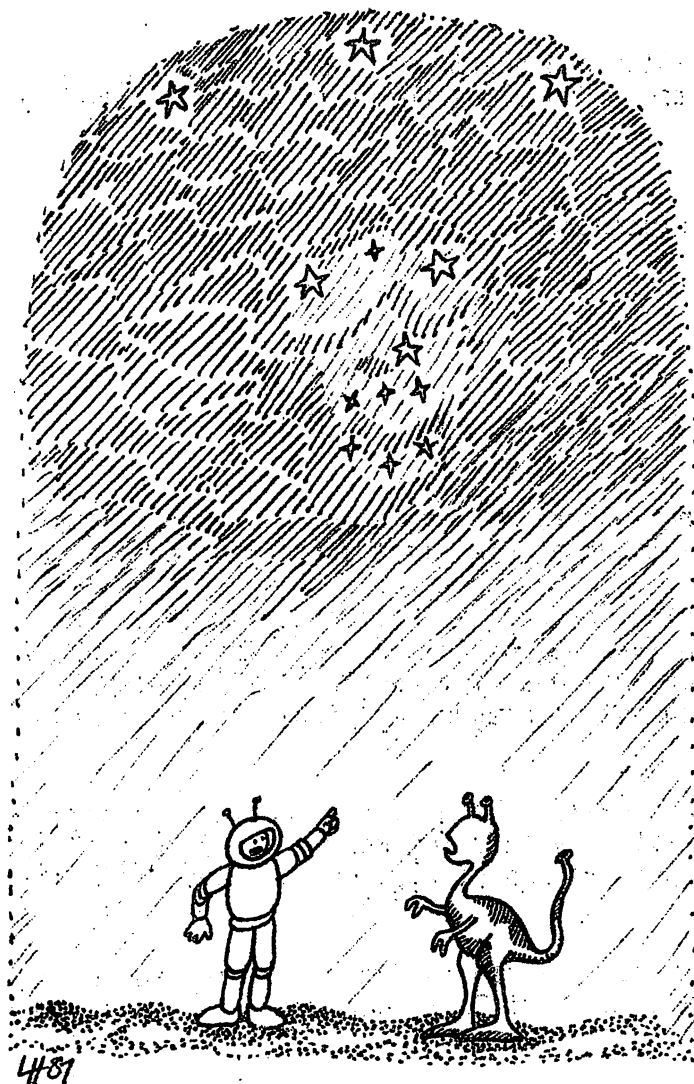
During a quarter-century of playing hardball with the big boys, he never forgot his days in the Little League. Somehow there was always enough time to maintain his ties, retain his interest and -- above all -- demonstrate his abiding affection for fans and fandom, past and present.

Through reprint and reminiscence he preserved and perpetuated the memory of another era which might otherwise be neglected and ignored by new fans indoctrinated with the principles of the Now Generation.

His efforts exhibit no Proustian preoccupation with the minute and meaningless. He searched-out and celebrated the best work of bygone years, sharing his appreciation of those who produced it with neo-fans and nostalgia-buffs alike. The results endure as truly a labor of love.

Others have ample reasons to revere his professional achievements, and it's right that they do so. But to me Terry Carr was -- and always will be -- a fan for all seasons.

Jazz and comic strips? This country's greatest contributions to world culture are hot dogs and whipped cream in pressurized cans. ---Terry Carr, *LIGHTHOUSE* #4



ALL MY YESTERDAYS

BY HARRY WARNER, JR.

A lot of tributes have been written to Terry Carr since his death. Some came from fans who had seen Terry on a regular basis over the course of years. Others were written by fans who are thoroughly acquainted with his accomplishments as a professional author, editor and anthologist. I've been asked to write about Terry despite the fact that I'm not nearly as well qualified in those two ways. I knew Terry mostly as a fanzine publisher and contributor. We'd exchanged a few letters down through the years, and we'd met only briefly at two or three Worldcons we both happen to attend.

Nevertheless, I feel Terry's passing intensely because he was so long a part of the fandom I like best, fanzine fandom. It's as hard to imagine fanzine fandom without Terry Carr during the past four decades as it would be hard to conceive a prozine industry without John W. Campbell, Jr., or science fictions without Worldcons.

I don't know what Terry's total output as a fanzine publisher may have been. Twenty-five years ago, he himself calculated that he had published 1,288 pages for apas and 1,430 pages of fanzines intended for general distribution. I'm sure he became less prolific in the period after 1962 than he had been in the preceding ten years. But after his earliest fanzines, the modest little issues he produced in his neofan stage, Terry's fanzines were of the highest quality. While he was using contributions from other fans, he chose only class material and, I suspect, he touched up some of those submissions to make them better than their authors had created them. In recent years, when Terry was publishing mostly apazines, he did all the writing himself, and the result was fanzine material that gave every evidence of having been created as painstakingly as the fiction he wrote for professional publications. Terry wasn't among the professional writers who were careless in syntax and in construction when writing for non-professional publications.

Terry himself once reminisced about his discovery of the prozines, putting it in 1948, and citing PLANET STORIES as his first purchase. (Dave Rike once claimed, however, that Terry had found some copies of AMAZING STORIES in 1947 in a garbage dump.)

But Terry had read some science fiction earlier. He remembered liking *When Worlds Collide* while he was a younger elementary school student. That's one thing he and I had in common, although I doubt if Terry ever had the nerveshattering nightmare I suffered as a result of that novel.

Terry had also discovered the existence of science fiction in comic books. He liked Captain Marvel, and his first fan letter went not to a prozine but to PLANET COMICS.

One good example of Terry's longevity as a fan and a pro is the way he remained active long after all his first contacts in the field had disappeared. Another Bay Area fan, George Ebey, was Terry's first contact in fandom. Terry's first contribution to a fanzine went to Lee Riddle, who was publishing PEON (Terry was such a neofan that he forgot to put his address on his manuscript, covering letter, or envelope). The first fan he met was Rose Davenport, who was a member of the Golden Gate Futurian Society, early in 1949. Lee is long dead and I haven't heard anything of George or Rose for many years.

Normally, one of the most dangerous forms of fanac is collaboration with someone else in production of a fanzine. It usually gets off to a beautiful start and soon ends in anything from an amicable separation by mutual agreement to a frightful fuss. But Terry had the ability to get along. I believe FANAC attained 71 issues during the late 1950s and early 1960s, most of them jointly edited by Terry and Ron Ellik. By general agreement, it seems to be considered as the finest newszine of all time. Others have lasted longer, have had larger issues, or have attained greater circulation. But FANAC not only conveyed the news of fandom but it also seemed to embody the very spirit of fandom in its era as no other newszine had done, earlier or later. There has been quite a spate of reprinting in fandom in recent years, producing such important achievements as the Willis issue of WARHOON and Joe Siclari's replicas of a number of issues of Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY. I think a one-volume reprint of the complete run of FANAC would be a worthy new project. It would make it unnecessary to read fan history books to learn what happened between 1958 and 1961 and it might inspire someone to launch a modern newszine imitating its literacy, succinctness and good humor.

Later, Terry's fanzines became fewer but larger. His titles like INNUENDO haven't had many analogs in the middle and late 1980s. Occasionally someone has published two or three issues of a large fanzine that deserve comparison with the large Terryzines but nobody has displayed the staying power to keep it up year after year. I never shared Terry's passion for professional-looking format and layout in fanzines, in the sense that I don't miss expertise in these respects when I read a helter-skelter fanzine that looks awful but has fine material. But I do appreciate the icing on the cake that Terry's fanzines always included: easily legible typography, fine illustrations, and above all the total absence of illiteracies of spelling or usage in the prose.

We might have had many more fanzines and fanzine contributions from Terry during the past two decades, if he had been less gifted as a writer and as a judge of writing. I believe his first professional sale was a fanzine reprint. *Blind Clarinet*, which had been in a FAPAZINE at the end of 1961, sold to a jazz anthology edited by Ted White for REGENCY early in 1962, *THE SOUL OF JAZZ*. At least one other fanzine item, *Some Words with the Devil*, which had been published in *KLEIN BOTTLE*, became a sale to *THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION* after a rewrite.

I mentioned Terry's collaborative knack. It helped to make possible the famous

Carl Brandon hoax. Three or four other fans helped to write or to spread the fame of this non-existent fan, although Terry has been credited with doing the bulk of the work. Less cooperation and the hoax would have been blown before it was officially revealed at the Solacon after a couple of years of successful maintenance: only one incautious item contradicting something previously published, or a failure to think quickly enough when a visiting fan asked to meet Carl, and the hoax would have become known before its time. In a different way, Terry helped to make his first wife, Miriam Dyches, one of the most entertaining fanzine writers of her time. Miriam didn't have much practice putting down on paper her ideas, and what appeared in print owed something to Terry's polishing.

Others have written a great deal in their tributes to Terry about his professional career. I don't think I could do more than be repetitive with the praise of his Ace Specials editorship, his knack of putting excellent story collections together, and his insistence on as much quality in his professional output as in his fanzine writing and publishing. But I don't believe anyone has speculated in print about what might have happened if Terry had become editor of a prozine. I wouldn't know if he ever had any offers of such a job or if he would have been interested in a post that would have usurped his writing and book creation time. But I wonder if the slow decline of the prozines as an influence on the field of science fiction might have been checked or reversed by a properly financed, well distributed prozine edited by Terry. He would have brought to it the same canny judgments and perceptiveness that accompanied his actual ventures. He could conceivably have been the Campbell of the second half of the 20th century.

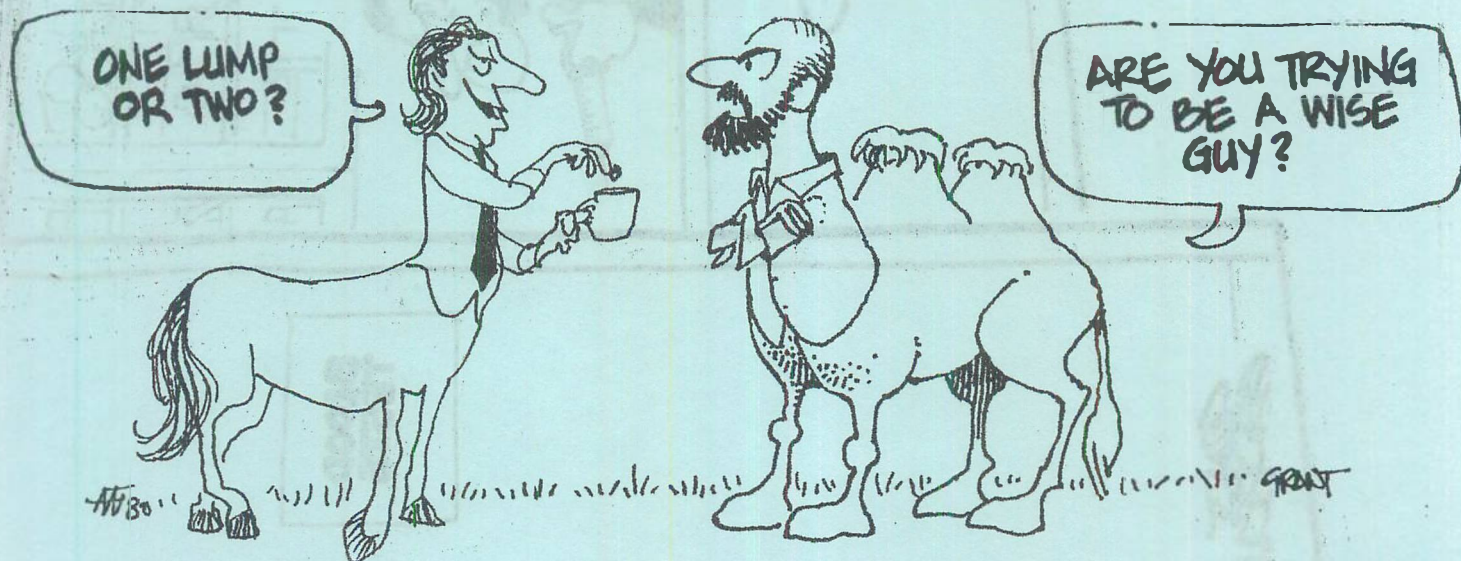
I believe the last fan writing Terry published was an apazine which featured a wonderful piece of faan fiction, a parody of sorts on Night of the Living Dead /Night of the Living Oldpharts - ed./. In it the spirits of famous fans from the past shook up a young couple by continuing their fanac in their disembodied state. It drew heavily on fannish legendry, and this was another of Terry's special contributions to fandom: his stress on fandom's traditions, its catch phrases, its fabled historic moments, its colorful gafiates, its myths and slang. Fannish legendry has been receiving less and less attention in the 1980s, as the fanzines in which it flourished become less influential, and cons where legends often come into being but rarely are sustained, grow into the be-all of fandom. Terry himself helped to create some of fandom's best legends, not only Carl Brandon but also others like the Berkeley Tower to the Moon, constructed of empty beercans. To the very end, Terry sprinkled almost everything he wrote for fandom with allusions to fandom's legends and its traditions. He also loved to choose for reprinting good stuff from old fanzines, adding learned introductory notes to help modern fans understand it.

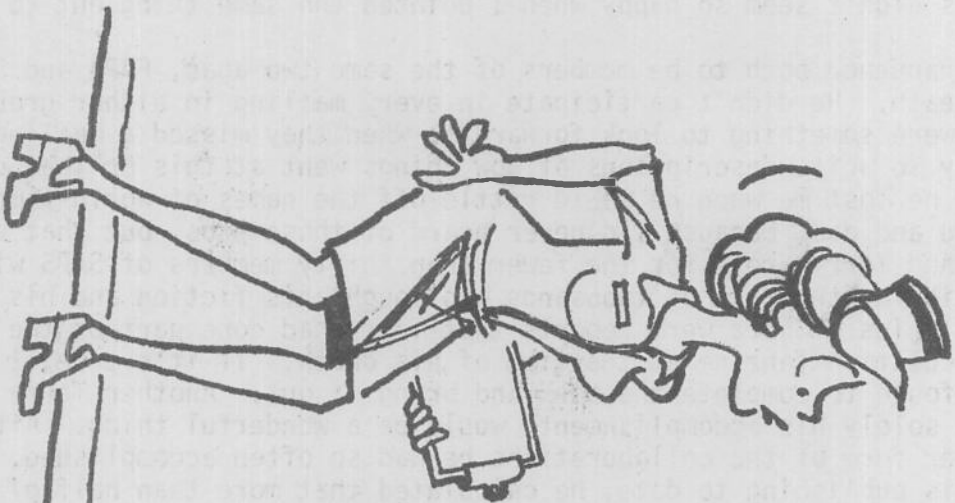
Rike once claimed that every member of the Order of deMolay in Walnut Creek, Calif., looked like Terry. I didn't see him often enough during these past forty years to know if Terry ever went through a period of looking like one of those old-fashioned beatniks, but he fit Rike's description in all of my personal closeups and in all the photographs I've seen, sometimes looking terribly out of place among the hairy and sloppy males congregated in a con hotel lobby. I believe the last time I saw him was at the first Boston Worldcon, where I was Fan Guest of Honor. At the Hugo banquet, he sauntered up to the head table where they'd put me. I remember wishing fervently that he were seated at the head table and I were sauntering up to chat with him, because I felt so terribly out of place with Isaac Asimov on one side of me and Clifford Simak on the other. Terry helped to distract me a little from the Fan Guest of Honor speech nerves I was suffering, and he even laughed when I pointed out that there were 13 of us at this table and I feared it was going to be the fannish Last

Supper. (The pros didn't seem so happy when I pointed the same thing out to them.)

Terry and I happened both to be members of the same two apas, FAPA and SAPS, at the time of his death. He didn't participate in every mailing in either group, but his publications were something to look forward to when they missed a mailing. He liked particularly to write descriptions of how things went at this or that con or party. Sometimes he lost me when he would rattle off the names of world-famous pros and what they said and did, because I'd never heard of those pros, but that was my fault, not his. And Terry wrote for the fewer than thirty members of SAPS with as much care as he did for the tens of thousands who bought his fiction and his introductions in anthologies. There were reports that Terry had done part of the work on a big general circulation fanzine at the time of his death. If it's true, I hope that some way will be found to complete the work and bring it out. Another Terry Carr fanzine, even if not solely his accomplishment, would be a wonderful thing. After all, it would be another form of the collaborations he had so often accomplished. (In that 1962 summary of his publishing to date, he calculated that more than half of all his apa publishing had been collaborations with other members.)

I jump involuntarily every time I see in print or hear in a broadcast the name of Terri Garr. Then I realize it isn't Terry Carr and I feel again as bad as the night Teresa Nielsen Hayden telephoned me to tell me that Terry was gone. Every fan is an individual, but Terry was more special an individual than almost anyone, and we aren't apt to be lucky enough to have again anyone approximating his unique combination of talents and good qualities.





**BLOOD
TESTS**

**ART
STUDIO**

LIGHTHOUSE NO.4, Tailgate Ramble: Terry Carr,
an excerpt therefrom

As I was saying to somebody just the other day, you have to watch out for me because sometimes I go on a kick of thinking about writing and at such times I'm quite capable of chattering on for an hour about the various influences, sources, and inspirations on, of, and for a single line that I have written. As it happened, I issued this warning the night before the latest WARHOON arrived from Dick Bergeron. I always like reading WARHOON, and not the least of my reasons for this is that Dick has a pleasant habit of quoting what he's writing about. And since he sometimes writes about things I've written, he sometimes quotes me. There's nothing I like better (at least in the context of this sentence) than being quoted.

In this WARHOON Dick quotes me quite a bit, but I'll spare you the bulk of the burden and confine my remarks to only two of the lines he quotes. One of them he calls a "lovely line," the other a "deadly barb". The lines in question are, respectively, "Fapa is a fanclub dreaming softly in the passage of the years," and (concerning an overly self-conscious and self-important faned) "hung up in marvelling over the superb fidelity and rifling of his navel".

Goddam; you know, I like those lines too. That's why I stole them in the first place.

Well, they're not complete steals; let me explain a little. (If Willis can get away with two pages in WARHOON on how he writes fanfiction for VOID, then I suppose I can sneak in half a page or so on how I write lovely lines and deadly barbs. After all, ghod knows I'm constantly being stopped by neofans in the street who ask me, "Mr. Carr, how do you go about writing lovely lines and deadly barbs?")

The line about FAPA is from Robert Nathan -- from "Portrait of Jenny," as I recall, though it may have been one of his other short novels. The Nathan line went something like, "The city comes up dreaming in the passage of the years." (Go ahead and check it for me, Norm Metcalf, and tell me I'm wrong. I'll bet I am.) The line, and indeed the whole paragraph of which it was a part, has haunted me for years. The fact that I'm not at all sure I can quote it even approximately any more merely proves that what hit me about the passage was not so much its wording as the mood it evoked. It was that slow, dreamlike quality that I wanted to bring out when I wrote the line Bergeron quotes, so I fell back on the Robert Nathan mood or mode.

The other line, the one where I was castigating Ted Pauls for being, it seemed to me, too self-conscious, was partly stolen from Dave Rike. A few years ago, in INNU-ENDO #6, Dave wrote a humorous profile of me; in the section subtitled Terry Carr, Patron of the Arts, he had me visiting an art gallery and enthusing over an old piece of burlap which was hanging behind a door: "He marvelled over the color-tone, layout, theme, volumetric efficiency, fidelity and rifling of it." The line just killed me -- it had a wonderful touch of the ridiculous. And so I borrowed some of it to convey how silly I considered Pauls' occasional lapses.

Incidentally, Bergeron apparantly wasn't the only person who was struck by the superb volumetric efficiency of that line. A couple of months ago, shortly after that review of KIPPLE had appeared in my column in HABAKKUK, several of us visited Ted Pauls in Baltimore, and he asked me to become a coeditor of KIPPLE. We were all sitting there on his bed talking about VOID, and suddenly Ted said, "Terry, does the fact that you're a coeditor of VOID now mean that you won't be reviewing the zine in

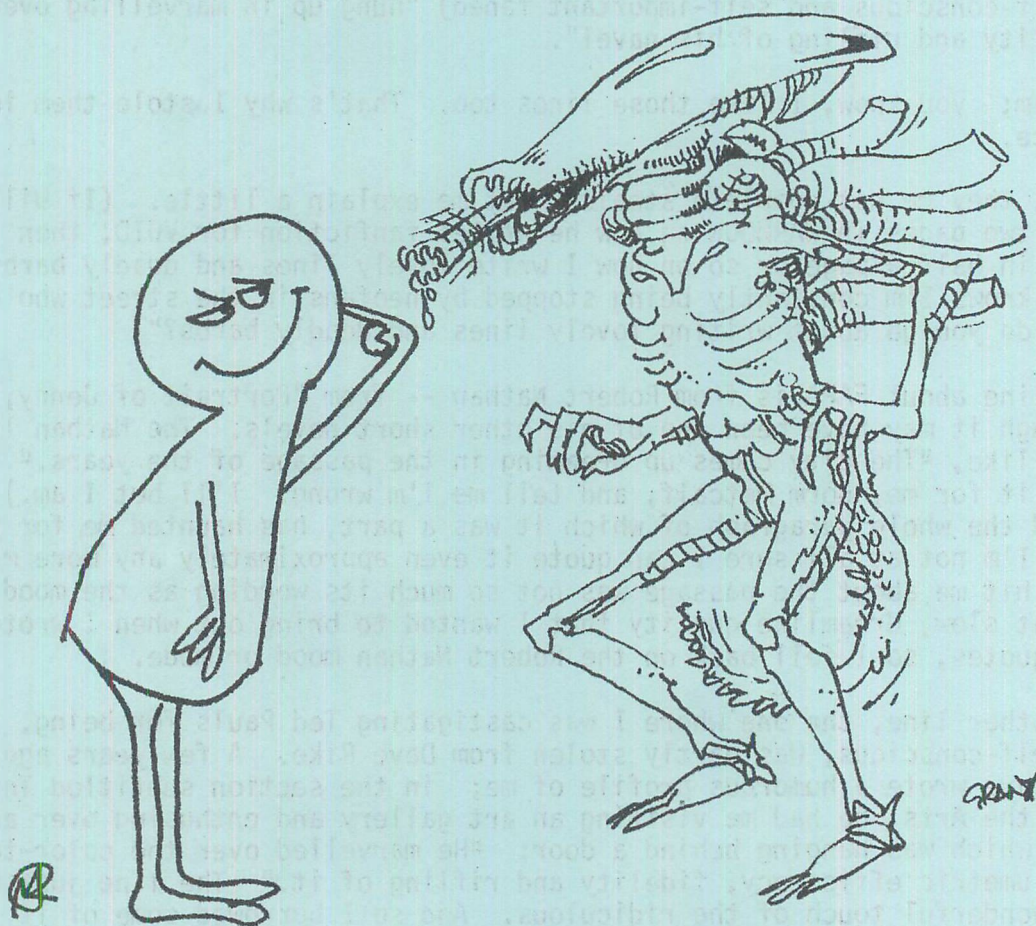
HABAKKUK anymore?"

"That's right," I said.

"How would you like to become a coeditor of KIPPLE?" he said.

Then the bed collapsed and we changed the subject.

But anyway, that's how I write lovely lines and deadly barbs. I steal from the masters, mainly. (I wonder if this is the first time Dave Rike has ever been categorized with Robert Nathan?)





"On the brighter side, it would appear that the alligators in the city's sewers are just a myth!"

ENTROPY REPRINTS

BY MARTY CANTOR

Bruce Pelz is one of fandom's busy people; always, he is doing more things than he has the time for. Unfortunately, these days, this means that he has no time for the publication of his delightful fanzine, PROFANITY. He still does collect fanzines, though, and his knowledge of the fanzine field is as extensive as is his collection. In putting together this issue of HTT it was only natural that I approach Bruce for his assistance.

For starters Bruce loaned me a veritable mountain of LIGHTHOUSE issue, excerpts from which will be found in this HTT. I also asked Bruce if he would do an ENTROPY REPRINT from Terry's writing. Bruce agreed and eventually turned over to me FOREVER AND FANDOM. It was originally a part of Terry's SAPSazine, S---, but has been reprinted a few times. The copy I used was in Pelz' PROFANITY No. 7, published in Feb., 1960. Bruce, however, has not had the time to write the usual type of introduction to this ER as Terry used to do for his ERs, but he did point out that I should be certain to include the lino at the end of the article as it is most definitely part of it - he mentioned that one of the comparatively recent reprints omitted the lino.

This article also appears in FANDOM HARVEST (an advert for which appears on another page in this issue). When Bruce discovered this duplication (FANDOM HARVEST is still in print and you should all buy a copy) he talked things over with me. He said that even though this article, FANDOM AND FOREVER, seems particularly appropriate for this issue, there is other non-recently-reprinted Carr material available even though FH has reprinted a lot of Terry's articles. Bruce said, though, that he would not have the time to do the research until later in 1988, much too late for an issue which was already overdue (in my opinion). I expressed acceptance of this article on the grounds of its appropriateness, not all of HTTs readers would see FH; and, of those who did get both, there were almost 200 pages of other Carr material in FH so this little overlap would not be serious.

FOREVER AND FANDOM can stand on its own without any sort of introduction and it is timeless - the sort of article which will never be dated, it will always be as fresh (as long as there is a fandom) as it was when first published in the 1950s. But I cannot dismiss the feeling that Terry's last sentence in the article (before the lino) presages much of the fannish career of Bruce Pelz. As such it is fitting that Bruce picked this article for this issue of HTT.

But FOREVER AND FANDOM is fitting for preprinting here for two even more important reasons: it shows both Terry's writing ability and his abiding love for fandom. And that is another key to FOREVER AND FANDOM's timelessness - Terry's love for the field lasted from his early days in fandom to the very end of his life and in a very real sense it could have been written by him in his last years as it was 30 years earlier. Very definitely, Terry was a man for all fannish seasons.

FOREVER AND FANDOM

BY TERRY CARR

On rainy days I sit in the hard-backed plastex chair on floor 714, staring out the port and thinking long fan-thoughts. Once or twice I have been interrupted in my reveries by Hastings, my closest friend these past few years. He says that on such afternoons my face holds an expression half peaceful, half regretful. It is neither, really; my feelings when I reminisce are far too diverse to be characterized so simply. For I remember many things -- long-dead friends and correspondents, forgotten fan-causes, discarded dreams. Conversations in which I took part centuries ago come back to me at such times -- lines from fanzines so old that I keep them sealed in cleerfilm pop into my mind, and sometimes I can even remember the fresh, minty smell of stencils. But sometimes the past -- the long past -- is dim.

I have lived five thousand, two hundred and sixteen years and fifty-seven days. I can pinpoint it so exactly only because I am a fan, and therefore can refer to my files -- the official records have long since been destroyed, of course.

I am an old fan -- yes, and tired. The years, the centuries blend together in my memory; whole eras of fandom are lost to me save when a chance remark in one of todays duralloy fanzines calls to mind a pun made in 3170, a fan seen at a con in 2102 (was that one on Io, or Callisto?), or an illustration published in 4246. The fandom of today -- and of many centuries past -- seems pale and lacklustre to me. Fans live all over the civilized universe, porting between galaxies instantaneously (and yet -- and this amuses me in a sad, strange way -- fanzines are almost as slow in the mail as ever). There are so many fans, so many fanzines, that I use a computer to keep track of them. At present it has a directive to call to my attention only those fanzines which mention my name. I am simply not interested in the farflung fandom of today; I maintain subscriptions with all the fanzines, but participate seldom. Perhaps only a decade ago I wrote a serious article on focal point fanzines, and the fans voted it the most humorous and whimsical article of the year. I have not contributed to a fanzine since.

And yet, now and then, there *are* things in the fanzines which interest me -- pieces which, for a moment, bring back to me the sense of wonder that I had in fandoms past. Science fiction, of course, is long dead and forgotten by all but me. Interstellar travel is a matter of instantaneous ease, commonplace; the other planes of existence (what used to be called, quite nonsensically, "other dimensions") have been discovered and found to be devoid of life and topologically quite like our own; and time-travel has been proven impossible. But once in a very great while, when reading a modern convention report, of gatherings travelling from galaxy to galaxy between sessions, dead-stars blown up as part of the programs, I can revive my almost-forgotten sense of wonder, remember the glory that was science fiction, and think of E.E. Smith and World-Wrecker Hamilton.

But for the most part, I have only a few friends -- for I shy away from friendship, knowing everyone but me must die -- and would find life quite unbearable if I weren't so rich.

Yes, I am rich. I deposited twenty dollars way back in 1968, my records testify, and in two centuries withdrew it with accumulated interest, redeposited some of that -- and in such manner have built up a fortune. I laid my plans well in those first years.

There were seven of us chosen. It was called an experiment, and so it was -- not in the *possibility* of immortality, so much as the *feasibility*. Could a man stand to live forever? The experiment was kept secret, we seven were given the injections, and records were kept for over five hundred years, during which time not a hint was released to mankind -- because year by year, decade by decade, it was becoming increasingly obvious that immortality was unbearable. And we seven could not even kill ourselves.

Simmons was the first to go. He was an architect who devoted his first centuries to constructing greater and greater structures -- but as the years wore on him, as life palled, his creations became more and more outre. At the end (I have heard this story only in a roundabout manner, and do not even know what name he was using by that time) he built a gigantic cathedral, shaped like a surrealistic cross, the acoustics of which caused the bells to sound perpetually off-key. He consecrated the structure to the Prince of Darkness, and by the use of drugs idiocy in himself, and sealed himself in concrete in the top of the cathedral. No doubt he lives to this day, but in his idiocy he is as close to non-awareness as he could make himself.

Over the centuries, the thousands of years, all but me found some such method of near-suicide. The man originally known as Ehrmann, a person of average intelligence and no particular skills, cast himself into the flaming heat of a star -- an unfortunate choice, I am sure, for though his body no longer exists, still he must be *aware*. And yet he has only that -- awareness. No sensory perception, no hands or legs with which to *do* things. I suppose he too is mad, there in his awareness-world; I hope it is a happy madness.

The rest all chose methods of more or less practicality. It is unnecessary to enumerate them, and I prefer not to think of them. For I am the last, and I avoid such thoughts.

Yes, I shun thoughts of near-suicide, even though life holds so little for me. For I do not *want* to cease existing, to cease awareness. I am a fan, and though others have forgotten science fiction, I remain, and I have its memory within me. And I remember fandom -- the very *first* fandoms -- and that memory should not be lost either.

So I remain. I live, I remember, staring out the 'port into the rain which has been scheduled. It is like a sensory program; I check the schedule, and spend the rainy days with a parade of memories. I let my eyes wander over the portion of my collection which is on floor 714; and sometimes I smile to myself.

I have never asked Hastings, but I am sure it must be a strange smile that comes to me at such times. For I smile like that when I think that I cannot afford to die -- I must live till the end of fandom, and complete my fanzine collection.

I wonder if I should have typed that with nonstop paragraphing?

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover - Grant Canfield
Editorial - Marty Cantor - pg. 3
Terry Carr, 1937-1987 - a biography by David Bratman - pg. 5
Letter Fragment - Lee Hoffman - pg. 8
When Giants Walked - Mike Glicksohn - pg. 10
Confessions of a Fakefan - Susan Wood - pg. 12
Terry Carr - Bill Rotsler - pg. 17
Terry Carr - Ted White - pg. 18
An Untitled Contribution from Robert Bloch - pg. 19
All My Yesterdays - Harry Warner, Jr. - pg. 20
LIGHTHOUSE No. 4 excerpt - Terry Carr - pg. 25
Entropy Reprints - Marty Cantor - pg. 28
Forever and Fandom - Terry Carr - pg. 29
Toc and credits - pg. 31

ART CREDITS

Grant Canfield: cover
Grant Canfield: 9, 10, 16, 24, 27, 32
Grant Canfield & Alexis Gilliland: 15, 23
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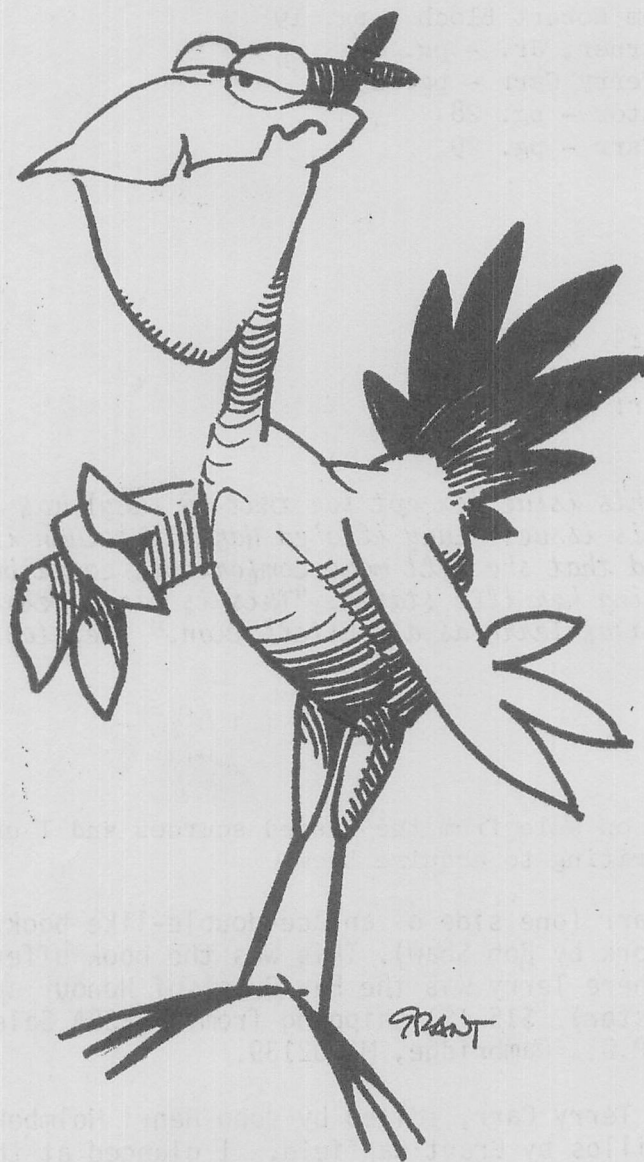
All of the artwork in this issue (except for that by Lucy) was supplied to me by Grant specifically for this issue. Lucy illo'ed Harry's column in lieu of a written contribution because she said that she felt more comfortable contributing in this fashion. Her note accompanying her illo stated, "This is kinda weird or abstract as a memory but I liked the idea of Terry as a constellation." Me, too.

YOU SHOULD ALSO BUY:

The following items are on sale from the listed sources and I urge anyone interested in Terry Carr's writing to acquire them.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS - Terry Carr (one side of an Ace-double-like book, the other side being work by Bob Shaw). This was the book offered at CONFEDERATION (where Terry was the Fan Guest of Honour and Bob Shaw was the toastmaster). \$15 +\$1 shipping from: NESFA Sales, Box G, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, MA 02139.

FANDOM HARVEST - the work of Terry Carr, edited by John-Henri Holmberg. 192 pgs., hardcover, illos by Grant Canfield. I glanced at this at CONSPIRACY but did not have the funds to buy it. (Also, John-Henri jotted down the info. for me but I lost the card - this info. comes from Robert Lichtman.) \$16 + \$1.50 postage from: Laissez Faire Produktion AB, Rasundavagen 129, S-171 30 Solna, Sweden.



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