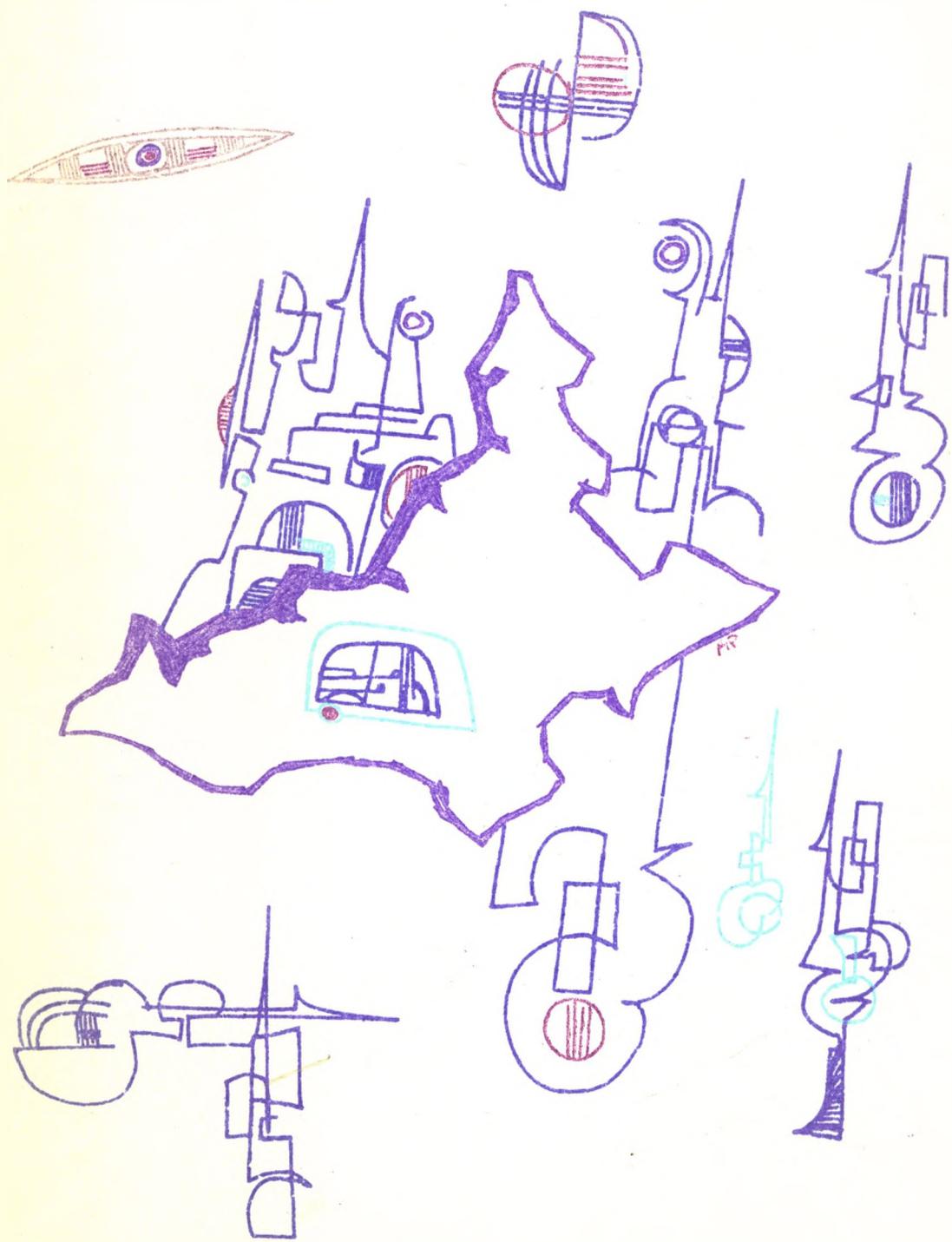


TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED #11: FAPA 151



THE FANTASY AMATEUR: Gee, looking through this I notice the deadline for the Eryoboo Poil is April first. I don't recall when I got the mailing, but it wasn't too many days before the deadline. (Grumble, bitch) And I never did send in my poll... First one I've missed since I became a member, too. Another obvious sign of ~~Attention~~ creeping gafia. These comments being typed Very Close to the final deadline, obviously.

The list of What's In This Mailing is pretty impressive, this time around. A large number of items from the Antipodes, for one thing. Dunno about you, but I'm voting for John Bangsund for Best Fan Writer. Yes.

One complaint about Whoever's collating the mailing: I've been getting the contents stuffed resolutely into the Jiffybag everywhich way, with nothing in order and frequently a whole bunch of stuff with staples everywhich way, to left or right or upside down. Being the person I am, I like to get FAPA in the order it's listing in the FA as being, presuming some Secret Message in the contents (like the way it came in the mail, or the order in which Calkins picked it up off the floor, or some such nonsense) and I like to know I have a \*Complete Mailing\*. This is made very hard by the lackadaisical manner The Powers That Be use in stuffing the envelope use (remind me to get my sentences a little more constructed, someday). And as a consequence I spend an exasperating 15 minutes sorting the magazines every mailing, and I am definitely not going to vote for Calkins in the next election.

THE RAMBLING FAP: Seeing as how most of this is Very Personal, I'm damned if I'm going to comment in print on your personal life. It's also very hard to say anything on an impersonal, objective, or otherwise outsider-looking-in level. But being happy counts for a lot in this world, I've discovered in my own stumbling way, and I'd say you've found something. [Kinda hard to communicate today: coming home from a long day at the office is more conducive to communication than sitting down right after breakfast. Especially when breakfast is at 1:30 PM. Owell.] I ain't gonna make a value judgement for or against; that's up to you. Many happy returns of the day, tho.

Gee, I wish I knew what made Sam tick, too.

I have this vision of the final 8-pager for fandom. You start off energetic and enthusiastic, and by the second page you're already narrowing your margins (or is it widening your margins? No matter). The third page sees you switching exclusively to mailing comments. Then on the 4th page you start running poetry and funny stories by someone named Martin. The 5th page talks about how you stopped reading SF, and you start double spacing. The 6th page ends on the 17th line, and the 7th and 8th page are blank. This vision was brought on by the final page of this FF which is, of course, Blank. At least on my copy. No slight intended, but that's just what boiled up out of my subconscious. Which reminds me, in turn, of a dream/nightmare I had last night. I was at a convention in Ted White's old neighborhood in Brooklyn. All the buildings were even more rundown than they actually are, and most places are old wooden-sided houses. The fans all ran little store-front hospitality suites. I'd been party hopping, from one store front to the next; just left the corner, where Chuck Hansen and Harry Warner had been having a quiet party, sitting around on old tired sofas and talking about the good old days. I walked along 4th avenue and then down toward Ted's house. Before I got there, Sam ran around the corner, shouting about the comic hucksters having stolen a set of Arkham House books from him, and what was fandom going to do about it?

Thinking that that was the final straw, I ran down the block with ~~now~~ Sam into a very large storefront, where Tucker and Bloch were holding forth with the rest of fandom.

(I told you it was a large storefront) Coming in, Sam and I told them what had happened. Suddenly, a vast horde of bikers, with chains and knives appeared. The comics fans had sold ten copies of Superman #1 and hired them to kill us all. "No guns!" the bikers shouted. "Let's keep this a clean fight!" I remember distinctly thinking, "Great; 40 of us, and 2300 of them."

Suddenly we're on a vast plain, backing into a corner (Sounds great, doesn't it?). The Fanoclasts mount their bayonets, the bikers charge across the scarred turf, their penants waving (they're on foot: bikers without bikes). I decide to cheat. I call down artillery on them, but we don't have any artillery; I think of mortars, but there aren't any mortars. I decide to shhot them with my machine gun, which has just materialized in my hands. Meanwhile, as we're all busy knifing them and they us, I start to shoot the machine gun.

"This is all very weird," I remember thinking to myself. "I've got to get out of here." And so saying, I woke up. Sunlight. Clean sheets. And no bikers...

A copy of this goes to Doc Wertham, soon as I get up the courage to do it...

Meanwhile, back at the mailing:

HELP I'M LOST: Getting mixed up into the notice of large bureaucracies is always a problem. For people on unemployment one of the best ways to make additional money is to work on a so-called freelance basis. Frequently I see people at the unemployment office who report, stating they've had no work in the previous week, with work clothes freshly stained by paint or plaster or the like. Free-lance editorial types, like several people in New York active in SF, have the choice of reporting miscellaneous income, which means they 1] Get benefits extended, however slightly; 2] must tell Uncle Sammy about that income; and 3] whoever gave them the \$\$ has to tell Uncle about it as well, which when you're dealing with the IRS can be a very large pain.

SHADOW OF A FAN: Ah, yes, Milan Tennessee. Home of many blackbirds, as reported on network TV, and of Joe Staton, fanartist, fannish artist, and now retired designer of rubber duckies. Of course, Joe had moved to New York City several years before you got there. Tennessee, on the ALGOL mailing list, doesn't have a particularly large population. According to the laboriously gathered list, 11 copies of the last issue of ALGOL made it to TN. Unfortunately, I don't have their names in any other sort of breakdown, otherwise I'd be glad to give you a list.

OF MEMBERS AND 'ZINES: Useful, if I'd ever gotten around to using the Egoboo Poll. It's also an interesting index of how fannish and enthusiastic Andy Porter became another piece of deadwood.

SYNAPSE: I thought we could we could start another fandom, by breeding you and Hensley, except Maybe Not. Remind me to finish a sentence using one fully formed idea at a time. I always thought a hort was someone who worked with plants. I dunno about wrinkles in mountains, because the ones I saw in Quebec were smooth and rounded. Norm Clarke is confused about his terms because where he comes from, Upper Canada is south of Lower Canada. Or, to quote Norm on another matter, Qui le merde est les chemins de fer Canadian Pacifique?

I frequently listen to far-oof radio stations. The all-news stations, CBS in New York and WBBM in Chicago, both CBS network stations, are very close together on the dial.

On those nights when they both come in, you can listen to both at once while the network-wide news is broadcast. You get a meaningless babble when the commercials come on, though, because they're completely different. I also listen to CBN, when it's not being drowned out by the local hillbilly music stations, or CBL, Toronto, when the night is cold and WOR at 710 and NABC at 770 aren't drowning out its signal at 740.

Listening to CBL at night is one of the more pleasant aspects of being a Canadian freak: they're always running dramatizations of stories by Algernon Blackwood, or "Echoes Of An Era," a swing and big-band enthusiasts program. Unfortunately, as of April 1st Canadian stations broadcast the temperatures in Celsius, and until I get used to hearing "Ottawa: low tonite of 5, high tomorrow 12 to 14," it's going to be Strange.

I can easily pick up Atlanta, Windsor, Minneapolis and Dallas on my Zenith table radio. Dunno what wavelength Dallas is at but around 800 sounds right.

The last Planet Of The Apes convention I knew about was in Pasadena, at some fire hall.

LE MOINDRE: I'll give this to Mike Hinge, to make him homesick and hate me. I have to subscribers in NZ now, one of whom sounds familiar (T.G. Cockcroft, Lower Hutt) and one who doesn't (Brian Thurogood, Waihere Island, Hauraki Gulf). For a while a bookstore in Christchurch was advertising in Publishers Weekly for SF and occult books, so there must be a market for SF, somewhere out there. Hinge tells me he was a member of the Auckland SF Society in the mid-50's; when exactly did you come to Fabulous North America?

NOTES FROM ARINAM: I note with interest that Jack Williamson's burg, Porales, is now wet, after having been dry for a long time. That actually made the NYTimes, believe it or not. Got a new Albuquerque subscriber to ALGOL name of Linda Lewis, 419 Vassar SE. She one of your ~~FIBER~~ local fans? Currently have 7 subscribers in NM; that's certainly not too many...I'm voting for you for TAFF because I figure Bowers may strike it rich and be able to go someday, but the only thing you're ever going to strike is Bob Vardeman. Besides, it was a true pleasure meeting you in that dingy little motel in 1966, and I think British fans should have a chance to meet you in their own dingy little hotels...

WORLD FAAAAAAAAN CONVENTION: Sounds interesting. But not this July for me, at least.

I suspect I won't even get to NASFiC. (I suspect almost on one is getting to NASFiC, at the rate things have been happening with it. Bruce or Dian, could someone tell us what's going on?)

SOME STUFF FOR FAPA: I took a full page ad in the Aussiecon Programme Book, denouncing you, Bangsund, and telling the truth about you. Your only choice is to gafiate -- or else stand for DUFF again...Speaking of thinking metric, how about all those great titles from the days of yesteryear: The 1.78 Kilometer Long Spaceship, by Kate Wilhelm; Centigrade 182 [or whatever] by Ray Bradbury; One-And-A-Half-Kilometers Beyond The Moon by Cyril Kornbluth; the list could go on, but the mind boggles, and perhaps buckles. Having been driven by Leigh Edmonds is obviously the criteria for Crazy Drivership down under; however, there's a select band of fans in the US who qualify for the "I Drove With Ed Neskys -- And Lived!" club. I remember one cold and blustery March, going across the upper level of the George Washington Bridge in a driving snowstorm, in Ed's VW Beetle...Back on the mainland, as Tasmanians call it, reminds me of the fact that I live on a small island off the east coast of North America. To get to my post office I have to take a train into another, smaller island. I usually visit

the mainland once every few months or so, for a convention or a Lunarians meeting, which takes place in northern New Jersey...Speaking of the high cost of mailing TIME magazine (poor bastards!), you'll be interested in knowing that I've switched Anti-podal agents again. The overseas copies of ALGOL have traditionally only broken even on cost vs. income, and with Merv Binns taking his commission for sale of subscriptions, I've been losing \$\$ on each and every one he got me. So now Eric Lindsay's the new agent. Merv will presumably continue to sell ALGOL through his store, but as that's now being handled by Dick Witter he'll continue to receive the same discount as before.

Postal rates, you want to know: when I look at the chart of Canadian rates I start to get sick. It costs 32¢ postage to mail out every copy of ALGOL to Canada, Europe, Asia, etc. That's printed matter rate, and with luck the European ones take only 5-6 weeks while the Australian and Japanese copies take 7-8 weeks (the European ones go on the ships here in New York while the Asian ones have to wind their way across the US first). The Canadian rates for Printed Papers by airmail are:

Weight Steps	UK & Northern Ireland, Repub of Ireland, Europe Bermuda, Mexico, Central & So. America, W. Indies	Africa, Asia, Australia, NZ	NON PRIORITY AIRMAIL (All countries except USA)
to 1 oz.	12¢	12¢	8¢
1-2 oz.	24¢	24¢	11¢
2-4 oz.	30¢	30¢	14¢
4-8 oz.	70¢	70¢	22¢
8-12 oz.	\$1.00	\$1.75	40¢

Non Priority means that the mail may go part of the way by surface, but wherever possible it will go by air. (Note: these rates were in effect in 1971.)

This means that ENERGUMEN went to Australia non priority air, for 22¢, and got there in a week or two. ALGOL, which weights 6 oz., costs \$2.10 to go to Australia via printed matter/airmail... The official rate for printed matter/airmail to Australia is 70¢ for the first two ounces, 35¢ each additional two ounces or fraction. No exceptions.

A WorldCon in South Africa? Nothing against the fans (some of my best subscribers are in South Africa), but. Might not be such a good idea until the apartheid question is settled and everyone has killed off everyone else. Or something like that.

Norm Metcalf is like Graham Stone. Except, perhaps, a bit more willing to communicate back at the unwashing and unbaptized. Oh, uh, gee, Metcalf's a member of FAPA. I'd trade 87 Metcalfs for one Burbce. That's over the counter, too.

There's a lot more to this MC, but I'll communicate it privately. Sorry, FAPA.

RATAPLAN 14: Joan Dick reminds me that during the annual Spring Rains (which are warmer than Late Winter Snows) the streets around where I lived for a while in the Bronx used to turn into small lakes, complete with flooded cellars, people perched on the roofs of small cars, great excitement for us small children, and promises by city

officials that they were finally going to clear up the problem, Real Soon Now. Of course, that area of the Bronx is now a dismal slum, and the city officials couldn't care a damn about flooding out a couple of streets twice a year or so.

While I was living in Redford Township, Michigan, as a very small child, the annual spring flood on the Rouge River would raise the level of the water about 3.5 meters, and inevitably the same people would be flooded out every year. The good part of our annual flood was watching the water slowly recede from the concrete bridge that spanned the river, leaving all sorts of fascinating flotsam behind, and the incredible variety of wildflowers that the resulting layer of ~~stuff~~ nutrients lay down each year caused. (Ghod, another terribly constructed sentence.) Howard DeVore, this is the very same River Rouge that flows by the Ford plant, where I remember they made tanks during the Korean War.

RATAPLAN 15: If there is much money attached to the Hugos, I haven't seen too much of it. The rate of subscriptions to ALFOL hasn't risen dramatically since I got the Hugo at DisCon. Then again, they may have risen dramatically without my being aware of it while at the same time regular incoming subscriptions dropped dramatically due to the recession. But I don't think so. Usually, also, ads in program books don't draw any responses, and this has been continuing. I received 6 subscriptions from my ad in the MidAmerican Progress Report, a dozen from the Final DisCon Report, and none from the ad in the Boskone Program Book. On the other hand, the flyer I had at Lunacon drew about 25 subscriptions, mostly because it used scare tactics: "Special Offer For Lunacon Only!" it screamed. "20% off on single copies and subscriptions at Lunacon only!!!" "Subscribe before prices go up May 1st!!!!!!" Et cetera. Despite people drawing into the woodwork, subscriptions have been going up by about 350 each year since 1972, and this in spite of no advertising on the scale that Alien Critic/SFP has been engaged in. And, sometimes, old time subscribers come back. Emrys Evans, who attended the '46 Worldcon and whom Tucker tells me subscribed to Le Zombie way back when, let his sub lapse in 1970, but just resubscribed last week.

If you're going to limit the Ditmars to purely Australian awards (which seems a good idea), I'd suggest a slight broadening of the base. How about "Best New Fan," or "Best New Writer/Most Promising New Writer," or "Best Fan Writer" or even "Best Fan Artist?" If the awards are going to be given by the fans and have the widest popularity among the fans, how about giving out more fan awards? Obviously the producers of even that great Australian film, "The Nargun And The Stars," aren't going to give a darn for an award that doesn't have the word "Cannes" in the title, so why not become fan-oriented.

RATAPLAN 16: Fascinating comments on the lack of communication between Sydney and Melbourne fandoms. When I was in apa L I knew most things that were happening in Los Angeles fandom, but now, even with NASFiC to be held there, there is very little news from LA, with the exception of tidbits printed in LOCUS. No one here knows what's happening with the NASFiC and most people I talk to have little or no intention of going.

SPIROCHETE: Gee, I too remember the careless, happy days in apa L. Thanks to Ghu that I too was able to sever the ties that bind, the staples that clutch, after a year and a half in its weekly embrace. Postage was cheaper then, too.

AMOR: You'll be happy to know that John Bangsund has seen fit to bequeath the royalties from the publication of EXPLORING CORDWAINER SMITH to the benefit of DUFF. I suspect he did this without fully considering exactly how much \$\$ would end up coming in in the way of royalties. John Foyster, in like regard for the great traditions of fandom, has bequeathed his share of the loot to TAFF, presumably because he doesn't want

to meet the result of his largesse (just kidding, John). Anyway, the first checks for \$14.55 went off the other day to Lesleigh Luttrell and the Moffatts, respectively. Remember that when Bangsund comes around, and give him a flagon for me... Bright art on walls reminds me that I bought another Powers this week, despite not really being able to afford it. Richard Powers, when he's doing his fine art, uses his full name of Richard Gorman Powers, with the emphasis on the middle and last names. The latest acquisition is another print, signed and numbered, and very reasonable, too. His fine art prices range from \$300 to \$2000 for paintings, from \$75 to \$400 for prints. One little old (rich) lady I met at the opening of his latest show (Rehn Gallery, 655 Madison Ave, 28 April - 17 May '75) has been collecting Powers since 1946, and has several rooms full. I also learned from one son, grown and now working with Dave Hartwell on reprinting oldies but goodies in a Hyperion-like series, that RMP did mystery and western pulp covers during 1946-1952, then switching over to paperback covers, at which time Ballantine Books/SF fans discovered his work.

I am preparing a special surprise for you, Susan, in the next ALGOL, so look out (!).

PATELLA: My own camera is a Konica C35, like yours not an SLR, but a lightweight 35mm electric eye camera. My brother, who you probably met at the last Midwestcon, works for Nikon and he recommended it as the best of our particular branch of cameras. I got it for \$74.00 in New York just before they devalued the dollar; it's selling now for over \$110.00. Some of the shots I've gotten with it have been spectacularly good, and I've even had some published in magazines, for \$\$\$. I've found it takes excellent color slides, and I used it extensively on my several trips in Quebec and Ontario, and during the week I spent in San Francisco after LACon. One of the reasons I bought it, in February '72, was because I wanted a good camera to take to Australia, \*sigh\*.

Lesleigh knows my low opinion of Jan Howard Finder, and knows too of my nasty letter to him regarding the ad he put in the Midamericon PR asking for votes. In reply to my letter, Finder wrote, "My administration will cost much more than the actual trip will," which I don't understand at all. Lesleigh, perhaps you can explain that in the 8/75 FAPA.

GRANDFATHER STORIES: My brother has moved from Fort Wayne to Ann Arbor (you might say he's lost one set of fannish neighbors for another) and there's a good bet I'll be at the next Ann Arbor convention.

PHILISTINE QUARTERLY: Matter of fact, I was almost sorry Dallas dropped out of the bidding for '73 when they did; I was looking forward to a good fight at Noreascon. That bid didn't die because of "internal friction;" it died because Tom Reamy left Dallas for LA and Fafiation two months before Noreascon.

520 07 0328: It's a great shame that your job, which gives you happiness and pleasure, should be based on the demise of one of the finest systems of electric street traction in the USA. Just think -- if the Pacific Electric system were still in operation what a difference it would make in the breathability of the Los Angeles air.

Funny, I too saw that Groucho program with Joquel on it. Looked to be from around 1953, from the clothing... Joquel's impact on New York fandom of the '60's was slight; I do remember he was ejected from a Lunacon by Elliot Shorter ('66 Lunacon as I recall), for heckling Arthur C. Clarke from the audience...

OH YEAH: Gee, I'm still convinced fan politics is twice as dirty as Watergate ever got. I think this bolsters my conviction. The trouble is that most of these people are not only alive, but still actifans. Or will be until they read this...

ANKUS: Re: Heinlein as Goll for MidAmericon, I met him, for the first time, at the Nebula Banquet two weeks ago. The man is starting to go senile, I strongly suspect, and the award by the SFWA of a "Grand Master" Nebula [Bigger and Heavier] seemed to confirm the feeling that he should have one before he dies. He is coherent on any one subject but begins to wander, badly, when more than one focus is attempted at any time. I just hope he lasts the 16 months until the worldcon.

Gee, I remember the Mojave: we traveled from Phoenix to San Diego during the daytime in Ted White's dark blue Greenbriar...goddamn, I sure do remember the Mojave. Also, with particular distaste, the Yuma Desert.

HELEN'S FANTASIA: I had a large Catalog for the NY Book Fair (which incidentally drew 15,000 people) and planned to put it through FAPA, but the expense in shipping would have been too much for my pocket. If you'd like one, let me know.

NUL-F: Carrying on that great tradition, I managed to off-put Harry Harrison ("why do you have anything to do with Ted White?" "I pay him money.") and Norman Spinrad at the SFWA Banquet. And when are you going to Kiss-And-Make-Up with Dick Eney? Your experiences with the BayCon bring to mind the SFWA Banquet a few weeks ago: the house dick interrupted Gordie Dickson's party at 3am to ask for Fred Pohl's autograph, later invited the party down to the mezzanine, where it continued until 7am. He started out very friendly, ~~xkxzxxxa~~ became drunk and rather obnoxious and finally passed out, very much to the annoyance of regular hotel staff, by 6:30am. I am talking about the housedick (it is 4:29ayem as I type this, and coherence is being overcome by a craving for sleep). I strongly suspect he lost his job, as hotel people were very unhappy to find him drunk and passed out that next morning.:: You'll be interested to know that I'm starting an exclusive-type fanclub here in NYC now that Steve has left and Fanoclasts has ~~disintegrated~~ changed into what it is now. Ah, for the good old days...

HORIZONS: If college students look younger now, howcum/can you explain all those 12-year-old well developed girls that seem so abundant nowadays? :: If you need cold weather in August and warm in February, move to Australia. :: Writer's Market currently lists ALGOL, among other 'fanzines.' :: If you use a sheet of already filled paper to type your carbon-letter, you get a feeling of accomplishment providing you don't look at the top sheet until you're finished... :: The microfilms I got from the Baltimore Sun on Paul Lincbarger were mostly negatives.:: The last time I ran into Darrell Richardson was in Biblo & Tannen in NYC, while he was in New York for an Army Reserve meeting. :: The trouble with you is, you're not taking your daily dollop of molasses.

It is, incredibly, 7 after 5ayem, May 4th, and this is the bottom of the 8th page of this FAPAZine. I'd planned a light airy issue, full of fillos and wide of margin, but somehow things haven't worked out that way. Instead, this issue has seen the first extensive set of mailing comments I've done in quite some time. It's a satisfactory feeling. :: I've been out of work since the end of January due to the recession, and now spend much of my time working on ALGOL and thinking of working on my writing. The short story I began in 1968 is still largely unwritten, but lines of dialogue surface periodically and it will be finished some day soon. The money from unemployment has been supplemented by sales from my fanzine, prozine and book collection. For too long I've felt burdened down by my material possessions. :: I plan a possible trip to Vancouver this summer via the Canadian Pacific train, and hope to stop off frequently en route. Perhaps I'll see some of you at Westercon, or at least in the next mailing of FAPA.

TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED #11 is published by Andy Porter, P.O.Box 4175, New York, NY 10017, for FAPA 151, on the Doom Duplicator, 4 May 1975. Orlando in '77!!! Woof!!