

# potlatch

no.  
5

WHAT'S WITH HIM?

HE DECIDED TO DO A LITTLE  
ASTRAL PROJECTION BACK  
IN 1969... AND HIS ASTRAL  
BODY GOT BUSTED FOR  
DEALING DOPE IN KANSAS  
CITY...





# POTLATCH

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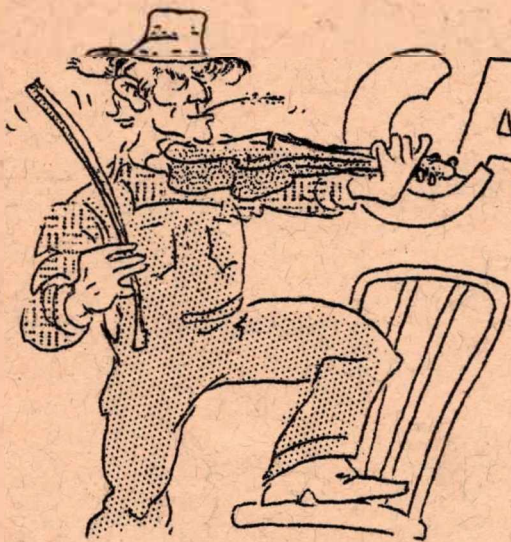
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POTLATCH #5 is edited by Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston Street,  
Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, New York 11201, and this is the July  
1971 issue of a monthly fanzine.

POTLATCH is available for letters-of-comment and contributions;  
I'll also trade for your zine if you're not trading with FOCAL  
POINT. I will not accept subscriptions for more than one issue,  
but it is possible to obtain one issue for 35¢...BUT, please  
don't send checks or (yeah, somebody actually did) money orders.

This seems like a real appropriate time for me to mention that,  
if you want to continue receiving this zine, you'd better write  
or contribute or something, because my mlg. list is about to get  
radically trimmed, real soon now. Respond...Please?





# CARRYING ON

On the last evening in June, Steve Stiles, Gale Burnick, Arnie and I went to a concert in Central Park - the Shaffer Music Festival - and heard The Band, and Happy & Artie Traum. I like both groups. I think though that if I had to choose between them, I'd choose Happy & Artie Traum. There's something about them that is reminiscent of things I hadn't remembered for years. I sat and listened to them, and thought fleetingly of the less complicated environment of my childhood. Although I was never a

farmer's daughter, there is something in the sound that Happy & Artie Traum produce, that makes one think of the scent of freshly plowed fields. There, in the middle of Central Park, eyeing the Fifth Avenue apartment towers, I found myself wondering if anyone within earshot of the concert had ever seen the backside of a plow (...you know, a plow. One of those things all our swords are to be beaten into...) I wondered if anyone had seen the earth turning away from the blade, covering the hoofprints of the mule that pulled it. (Or--more agonizing still--the sight of the plow cutting through the loam, without a mule to pull it.) I wondered if anyone besides me, as they listened to the warm country sounds, was reminded of the smell of freshly mown hay; if they were calling to mind the peculiar jouncing motions made as the baler digests alfalfa, and excretes it in elongated cubes.

Being more inclined to remember my childhood in terms of the things I read, I smiled to think of one particular magazine that used to be a staple around the house. Have you ever heard of "The Country Gentleman"? That most prestigious publication contained all the fascinating news about new strains of hybrid corn, and Duroc hogs...is it still being published I wonder? Through a period of my very young childhood such publications as this, together with "Grit" (a weekly newspaper), made up the bulk of the periodicals ever brought into the house. The Poplar Bluff Daily American Republic told me as much of the news as I needed to know. And the Saturday Evening Post arrived weekly with articles and stories of Great Sophistication, and cartoons that taught me to appreciate Scintillating Wit. How I loved Hazel...each week, that would be the first page I turned to. Occasionally, as very rare treat, a copy of Readers Digest would find its way into the house -- though that magazine was almost unbelievably risque in my eyes, with its emphasis on worldliness.

This was that area of the country where the debate still rages whether it's harmful to burn off the fields in the fall; where only the most progressive farmers have heard of (muchless practiced) crop rotation; where irrigation is regarded as a mythical device invented by northern city slickers, too expensive and impractical for the needs of the hill-folk.

This is also that area of the world where farmers gather in the rear of a filling station on Saturday night, with their fiddles and washboards. As their ladies sit knitting or doing piecework or stitching together patchwork quilt tops, the fiddlers twang out their tune, older than the Ozarks, and nameless. The fiddlers around my home knew only one tune, a monotoned and plaintive wail of tortured strings that they called by many names -



"Turkey in the Straw", "Red Wing", "Devils Fiddler", "Mountain Waltz". It was not a pretty song, but they were not pretty farmers. The land was hard and it had worn them into a homogenous state. Although there were five musicians, ages varying from 16 to 65, they all looked as alike as their song sounded.

As I have said, I was not a farmer's daughter. When I was six years old after having completed my first year at Twin Springs, a one-room school housing first through eighth grades, my family sold their forty acres and moved to town where we could enjoy the miracles of civilization such as running water, gas furnaces and electricity. Once wired for Mr. Edison's second-best invention, my family was quick to acquire the habit of sitting clustered around the radio. I feel I owe a large debt for my present level of sophistication and outstanding sense of humor, to "Amos 'N Andy" and "Fibber McGee and Molly" and "Corliss Archer".

Each member of the family had his favorite show. My mother's loyalty waivered between The Aldridge Family and Our Miss Brooks, while my two brothers were steadfastly devoted to Sam Spade. The entire family would gather around to listen to the Mysterious Traveler, but my mother soon adjudged this to be too frightening for me and would shoo me off to bed when the theme music began to play, hoping to avert the nightmares to which I was prone.

After being denied the creepy pleasures of the mystery theatres, my favorite radio show evolved to be "Nick Carter, Private Eye". Six-thirty each Sunday evening would find me seated on the floor, ear pressed to the speaker, breathlessly following the exciting life of my hero. I had an entire mythos build around my not-too-secret idol. I was certain he must be very tall, oh five foot six, at least, with brown hair and brown eyes...and very kind to little girls. I was certain that, if he could just survive till then, when I grew big enough to walk to the radio station alone, I would go there to meet him and we would fall in love and I would protect him from the evil robbers and murderers who constantly threatened to him. Weekly I would whimper through the broadcasts, which were always fraught with danger for him; weekly I would sigh relievedly when the 30-minute program drew to its close with his foes safely locked behind bars.

One Sunday night my world was shattered when the appointed hour came and passed, and Nick Carter didn't appear. I paced and fretted and sobbed my worries aloud, till finally my mother lost her patience.

"Telephone the radio station," she suggested. "If you ask, I'm sure they'll tell you what has happened to him."

A bemused announcer, after hearing my polite but quaveringly voiced queries after the well-fare of Mr. Carter, told me that he was safe, he had not been killed by some evil villanry. "He's just a little sick," the announcer explained. "Probably he'll be well enough to come back next week."

But, alas, Nick Carter never again returned to Radio Station KWOC.

Sunday evenings were, as you can imagine, the prime listening hours of the week, anticipated and carefully prepared for. At 5:30 the evening officially began, when the radio was snapped on and the theme "Smiles are made out of sunshine" blared forth, heralding the King of the Cowboys, Roy Rodgers, and his mighty stallion, Trigger.

Roy Rodgers never had the charm and lovability of his rival, Gene Autry, and he never inspired me to great gushes of girlish devotion as did Mr. Autry. But this was long before Roy Rodgers had attached himself to Billy Graham's crusade, and his program was gutsy and



colorful, so I followed it faithfully.

Like all good listeners, I also followed the commercials. Roy Rodgers' program was sponsored by Quaker Oats.

I must have been seven years old when Roy Rodgers announced a Giant Contest for all his listeners. The grand prize was an enormous choice: the winner could take a trip to Hollywood and appear in a movie with Roy Rodgers and get \$1000 to boot; or he could accept a wolloping \$2000 in lieu of the trip. No matter which he chose these were prizes that were Worth An Effort. The Quaker Oats Company was picking up the tab, and the winner would be the person who made the best rhyme to their slogan, "Quaker Oats are good to eat".

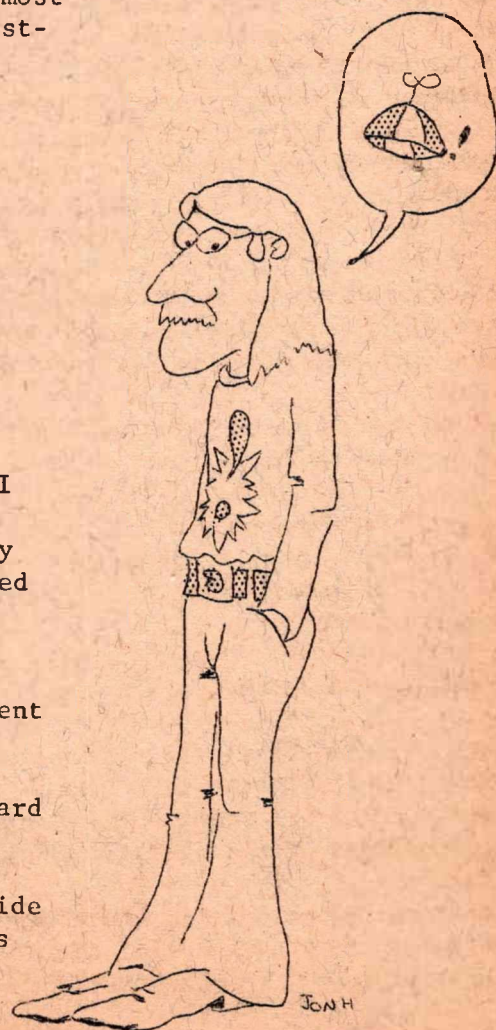
This was right up my alley. I had already learned to enjoy stringing words together, and rhyming jingles seemed like they would be a snap to do. (A year later I wrote my first fantasy story, about a princess named Alice who lived in a palace....and that's as much of it as I care to tell.)

I made up a dozen or so rhymes, and sent in the best six or seven. Then I settled back to devote my time to deciding what to do about the prize. The prospect of a trip to Hollywood and a part in the movies..well, this was certainly very grand. But, on the other hand, it wasn't as if Roy Rodgers was my favorite star. I'd be interested to meet him, of course, but I lacked the enthusiasm for him that I felt for Nick Carter and Gene Autry. And, I could buy such a lot of things for Two Thousand Dollars. Almost daily I sat with the Montgomery Ward catalogue, carefully listing the item and price of the things I wanted, cautiously tallying them to keep below the amount I would have.

Even from the first there was scant doubt in my mind that I would be a winner. I felt confident that any fair judge would recognize the beauty of my phrasing, the merit of my word choice. The only problem I could see was that the judges would have difficulty choosing between my entries, since I knew that each was superlatively written. But, I divined that they would find some way to make a choice; it seemed unlikely they would award duplicate prizes for me for each of my rhymes.

Any doubts I might have had were immediately dispelled when I received a card from Roy Rodgers saying "Your entry has been received and is being considered." I knew this was their way of telling me mine was The One. I realized propriety demanded they not come right out and say so. After all, the winner could only be announced on a given date. But, I could see that they would want to insure that their grand prize winner would be listening to her radio on the evening the announcement was made.

If the card had not been enough to convince me, the second card certainly was. About two weeks after I received the first notification, a second appeared. Identical to the first, it advised again that my entry was being considered. I was beside myself with excitement, and even my mother, ever the cautious one, admitted that it seemed likely I had won something.





At last the long awaited day arrived. I had listed and re-listed the purchases I planned to make, including gifts for all the family, and even providing for a sum to be set aside as savings. I had long since decided to take the cash and let the movie credits go--I didn't think I'd enjoy meeting the King of the Cowboys nearly as much as I'd like a shopping spree in the toy section of the Montgomery Wards catalogue.

It was a long day, and the afternoon sun was shining hotly through the window, as I sat before the radio. My mother called me to supper, but I wouldn't budge, for fear of missing the moment of the announcement. I felt it was passing strange that I had received no further word from Quaker Oats, but I supposed they felt they had done enough by sending me the two notifications; they would probably be telephoning within an hour or two of the announcement to learn my decision about which prize I preferred. I sat in frozen expectation, awaiting the momentous announcement.

But my anticipation gave way to stunned disbelief. Even after I had heard it, I could hardly accept it, and tried to convince myself I had only misunderstood the announcer. But, when the name was repeated again, my disbelief dissolved into disappointed tears.

I threw away my lists of wanted toys, and to this day I have never liked Roy Rodgers again.

Some six weeks to two months later, I came home from school for my lunch, and found I had received a mysterious package from Quaker Oats. By that time, I had all but forgotten the contest (though of course the Psychic Scars exist to this day) and could not begin to guess the content of the long slim mailing tube.

I ripped it open, and pulled out a poster-sized, full-color, autographed picture of Roy Rodgers and Trigger.

That afternoon I took the giant photo to school for show-and-tell, and after school I dutifully made the rounds to show my neighbors the reward of my poetic endeavors. But I couldn't really build the proper enthusiasm for my prize; I felt dissatisfied when I thought of the might-have-beens. So when my mother offered to hang the poster in my room, I declined, and asked that she just put it away for safekeeping. Rolled and in its mailing tube, it was consigned to rest in the cedar chest, along with birth certificates, marriage records, and my father's army discharge papers.

I have said it, and it is true, that I was not a farmer's daughter. But many times in my life events have conspired to cause me to return to the land.

In my junior year of highschool, due to a series of incidents that needn't be listed here, my parents were in possession of an untenanted farm, complete with livestock that wanted watering, fences that required mending, ponds that cried out for fish, and fields that were awaiting their spring plowing.

If you've been even an armchair conservationist, you must surely realize a farm requires attention, and even more than that, demands that attention be benevolent. And, if you know ought of rural psychology, you must realize a farm will have attention whether you will it or not. Feeling if not love at least a high regard for their property, and dismayed at the damage due to befall it if it remained vacant, the family reached the sorry decision there was no right could be done except we hie ourselves to the countryside for a season until a buyer could be found for the farm. With no small amount of trepidation the town house was carefully shuttered and locked one spring morning and my father, mother and I followed in the car behind the moving van that carried our destinies and our possessions into the Missouri hill country west of Poplar Bluff.



It was during that Spring and the two seasons following that I gained my most extensive experience with the Wonders of Nature... and it is largely because of those three seasons that I so strongly prefer urban life. In retrospect I enjoyed it at least a little and appreciate the fine opportunity it provided to familiarize myself with a way of life few city dwellers have ever known. At the time, though, the pleasures to be found seemed spaced far apart with large periods of boredom in between. Watching the grass grow is only really exciting when you read about it and can span a season in a paragraph. This simple pleasure, however, takes rather long in real life and even active devotion to the sport does not suffice to fill the hours of the day.



Which is, of course, the reason that the fiddlers gather and why their women-folk make quilts. I made my quilt-top that summer, and listened to the fiddles play, and watched the long summer days turn into longer summer evenings.

I was not a farmer's daughter nor was my mother a farmer's wife, and all of us longed for the farm to be sold to someone who would love it as the land should be loved -- and free us to return to what cosmopolitan pleasures could be found in Poplar Bluff.

Because we longed for this end to our idyll, we were willing to work doubly hard to make it saleable. That summer the fields were rotated for the first year since god-knows-when; some were left fallow but the ones that needed to be worked were leased to a neighbor to plant. Most of the cattle were sold, but we kept a few head; one cow freshened and it was my chore to follow after her and her calf, to herd the stupid creatures to shelter at night and during storms. Even to this day, a sign advertising Raw Milk (touted in a natural food store in the Village) can bring on a fit of nausea. I also gathered the eggs, and learned quickly to look in the nest before putting in my hand. Before I learned, the unpleasant shock of picking up a large blacksnake was hardly worse than the shock of being attacked by an angry hen who didn't want her eggs to be stolen. I didn't have to learn to avoid the pigs--they were large and evil creatures, foul tempered and fast moving, eager to attack any unwary person who might enter their pen. I never sat foot inside the acreage where they lived, and each time I had to pass, walked as far from their fence as I could. My father checked the fence frequently and assured me they'd never escape the layers of wire that held them prisoner, but I feared them greatly with their carnivore appetites and pointed tusks. Although I had high regard for the bull, I didn't hesitate to venture where he grazed. Though I kept a cautious eye open for any change of temper he might experience, we each held a live-and-let-live attitude for the other and our coexistence was unstrained.

In addition to the farm lands with their fences and ponds, and the farm animals, ever demanding and consuming vast amounts of food and attention, the property also encompassed numerous buildings. These buildings were largely the reason for the family's exile to the country, because of the potential for vandalism they represented, but if that had not been the case they would have had little of interest to recommend them, and didn't vary from the Midwestern rural norm. The house and barn were fairly new - certainly the most recently built structures on the farm. The original house and barn had been destroyed (together with all inhabitants, I'm sorry to report) in a tornado 10-15 years before. Even though it had been years since that happened, it was easy to chart the path of the funnel by the scattered nails and splinters of wood in the soil. By way of curiosity, left as sorry reminder of the violence that had visited itself on the property, a large oak tree was studded with quills: stems of hay had been driven by the wind into the tree trunk, like nails into soft wood.

Weather experts say that tornados do not follow paths, but it would be difficult to convince



anyone of that in Southeastern Missouri. Have you ever been in tornado country when the sky has turned to olive green and all sound has stopped? Even the birds are silent, and the light itself begins to turn inside out. When the color of the world has reached avocado, you become aware of a dull roaring in your ears and you're not certain if you're imagining it or if it's the sound of your own blood pounding. Then there's a sharp "Spat!" -- a giant drop of water hits the ground, and then another.. If you've had experience with the phenomena you'll probably toss in the towel right then and dive for shelter. Huddled in the most protected spot you can reach, you'll hear the giant hailstones, then a gush of icy water, and the temperature will fall 20 degrees. If you're lucky, what you'll hear next will be a sound that is like a freight train in the sky -- a roar of noise that defies any other description. If you're not lucky, you won't hear it.



They can say, as often as they like, that tornados don't go in paths, but in eloquent testimony to midwestern disbelief of that principle, every farm has its tornado shelter. Dark, damp, our storm shelter was roughly 7 feet wide and 8 or 9 feet long, and completely underground. I hated to go in it, and feared the dark more than the wind.

Even less impressive than the storm shelter were the other buildings. There were several sheds designed to garage tractors and combines and farm equipment. There was a long unused smoke house, filled with cobwebs and dust. Mother stored cartons of mason jars there, against the day the garden yielded up its bounty. A giant pressure cooker sat with them, reminding us of the work to be done that fall if a buyer did not come. There were also large kettles, designed to render fat

at butchering time, but those were never used while we were there and I dislike to think too much about the duties they performed. Separate from the smokehouse but sharing the same roof was the pump house. That mysterious and tireless worker hummed happily day and night. There were tools in that room: workbenches and vices and saws and all manner of objects my father had forbidden me to touch.

There's little to be said for the chicken house; snug and warm, it housed perhaps a hundred hens, and I don't doubt they loved it as their home. There was also a long low shed in the pig pen; but of course I was never there and know only that those awful creatures lived in it. And, in addition to the barn, there was a milk shed. Spotlessly clean, the milk was separated there and loaded into milk cans for the local dairy to pick up to take to their plant. We were not running a dairy farm so didn't use the milk shed, but because we thought the next owner would be likely to put it to the use intended, we weekly unlocked it and cleaned what little dust might have accumulated.

Last, and certainly least attractive, there was an outdoor john.

It was unfortunate that the tornado had spared the outhouse, for even fifteen years earlier it must have been ancient. Ramshackle, filled with dirt and spiders, it threatened to fall over with each breeze. It had long since lost any vestiges of paint it had ever had -- indeed, perhaps it had never been painted -- and the wood had years past lost any similarity in appearance to that material. Blackened with age and rot, a blow of your fist could easily pierce the most solid wall; the least solid parts simply flaked away into decayed splinters. Take my word for it, this outhouse was Old.

Upon arriving at her new residence, my mother took one look at the outhouse and, with a dozen years of city life behind her, shuddered. Before even one day had passed, she vehemently gave the world to understand this would not do, would not do at all--and if nothing else on the farm were improved, that outhouse must be gone.



Now, my father was a genius with tools. If he had ever given up his job on the railroad, he could have been a fine carpenter. And, he had a lovely set of tools to work with, too. Furthermore, before a week had passed with its daily unpleasantries, my father had also developed a desire to be rid of that abomination out in back.

Ability, wherewithal, and desire joined together, and it was on that Missouri hill farm my father composed his magnum opus. Carefully and lovingly put together, with every detail finished to perfection, my father built an outhouse that was a masterpiece - a veritable cathedral. No shanty..this was a house..a mansion with gabled roof and storm guttering that gleamed in the sun. It boasted two windows: not just measly slits cut in a board, but two full-sized glass windows that opened and shut and had been cleaned with vinegar and soft cloths till they shown like diamonds. The floor was ship-deck planking and so level a marble wouldn't roll across it.

When my father had done all he could with hammer and saw, plane and sander, he painted. No slap-dash of whitewash..white glossy enamel was only barely good enough to satisfy him after he had painstakingly applied three coats. The eaves and the shutters were then painted with bright red trim, and the inside walls were cheery in pastel pink.

When he had done everything he could do, my mother took over. Lace curtains at the windows, a magazine rack, a couple of potted plants, and shiny new linoleum on the floor. Then, casting about in her mind, she thought of the final needed touch.

Directly behind and above the seat, in the position of honor, she hung the autographed poster of Roy Rodgers and Trigger.

It was late in September when The Buyer came. An elderly man, he and his wife were searching for a country home and advised us they had no intent to farm the land. We showed them the offerings of the place and they smiled here, and frowned there; but when we showed them the outhouse, they positively beamed with approval. This was Real Class, as anyone could see, and you could tell they were impressed by the looks on their faces. When we moved on and closed the outhouse door behind us, The Buyer gave a lingering look backward at Roy Rodgers, admiration playing across his face.

Perhaps the outhouse was the deciding factor for them, because they did buy the farm from us. Late in October, our country sojourn being ended, my parents and I returned to the bright lights of Poplar Bluff.

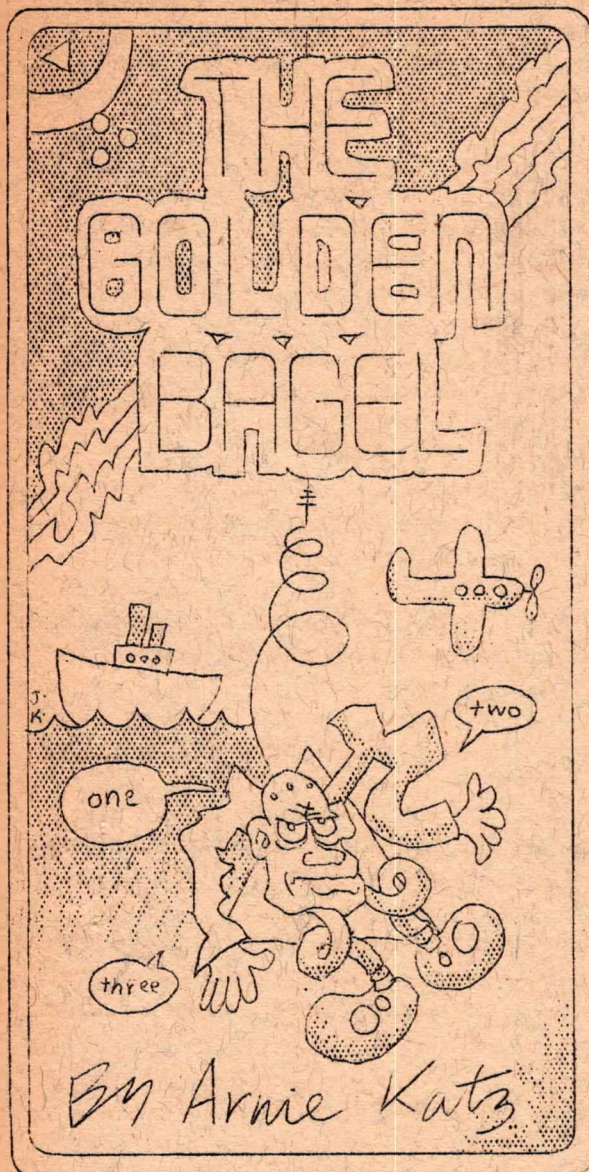
Roy Rodgers stayed behind, since my mother had fastened him to the wall with glue instead of tacks. Sic Transit Quaker Oats.

Occasionally Carlos, the fiddle-playing farmer I had dated through the summer, would come to call on me in town. It was from him I learned the ending to this story.

The new owner of the farm decided to effect improvements on the house, namely, to install an inside bathroom. Rather than building a new room, however, he moved the palatial outhouse from its position out in back, up beside the house, cut a door, and joined the two structures. Having installed an indoor bathroom, he proceeded to re-insure the house, for double the price he had paid (justified by the improvements he had made in the structure.)

Having turned the farmhouse into such a comfortable and valuable home, it was nothing but tragic that it should meet an end. One night, no more than two months after we had left the farm, lightning struck (from out a cloudless sky) and the house was burned to the ground... and with it, my autographed picture of Roy Rodgers and Trigger.





Sometimes it's the very people who pride themselves on their ability to come up with fresh ideas who are the least receptive to innovations proposed by others.

I recently decided that I've been guilty of precisely this fault regarding the Society for Creative Anachronism. I dismissed the SCA as a more aggressive (and less inventive) form of the Coventry craze of the early 1960's when I became aware of it in 1968. When I later heard that childish power politics and Halloween swordplay were the major activities of the group, I curled my lip in distaste. I'm a peaceful soul, and clouting my fellows with an implement of destruction isn't my idea of a good time. And I usually have better things to do than play King of the Hill political games.

In giving the SCA a wide berth, I missed the fact that they had the kernel of a good idea, even if they had fouled up in applying it.

I like the idea so much, in fact, that I've gone out and founded a group based on similar principles, the Society for Creative Fanachronism.

Why just read about the Good Days when fanzines were fanmags and a duper was most likely to be a hekto-graph, I asked myself, when you can actually live them. No reason at all, I responded, adjusting my beanie and loading my GDA-issue plonker. Thus was the Society for Creative Fanachronism born.

If cold, calculating contemporary fandom gives you an uneasy feeling in the pit of your stomach, then the SCF may be just the fresh breeze you've been needing.

As a member of the SCF, you'll be able to join your fellow fanachronists at the club's regularly scheduled bheer busts and one-shot sessions. You'll wallow in fandom's days gone by as you forget such modern fannish ills as overcrowded conventions and Charlie Brown, to emmerse yourself in fandom of the 30's, 40's, 50's, or 60's.

Everyone knows what the SCA is like, but the Society for Creative Fanachronism is so new that non-members have little idea of the range of activities available in the SCF.

Currently, most of the members are pan-fanachronists, meaning that they embrace all of fandom's past, rather than just one era. One day may find them hard at work on a fan mag in support of the "WAW With the Crew in '52" fund, and the next laboring over an earnest letter to Hugo Gernsback telling him to keep up those scientifiction stories he's been printing lately in "Science & Invention".

Each official meeting of the Society for Creative Fanachronism has a theme, selected in advance by a majority vote of the members. Recent meetings have been a re-staging of the 1960 ESFA Open Meeting, a Ghoodminton Tourneyment, and a dramatization of the juicier parts of "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!"



Between meetings, members follow their fanachronistic fancy wherever it leads. Sometimes this free-ranging approach yields unsettling, even psychologically damaging, results. For example, one member recently sent a letter about the Secret Knowledge of the deroguarded Secret Caverns to another who was immersed in being T. O'Connor Sloane, editor of AMAZING STORIES.

"T. O'Connor" tried to roll with the punch and make the best of it. He published the letter in his printed fanmag, AMZ, under the heading "Musings Upon Our Readers from the Antipodes". The experience took the heart out of him, though, and he gafiated within a week.

All past SCF activities will pale into insignificance beside our plans for the Noreascon. A full day's program, with highlights from past conventions, will be presented featuring the cream of current fandom in the starring roles.

I will help launch the day with a recreation of Earle "Weak Eyes" Korshak's marvelous introduction of notables from the Chicon II, co-featuring Bob Shaw as the never-to-be-introduced Walt Willis and Lee Hoffman as herself.

Speaking of Korshak reminds me to mention that Bob Tucker has agreed to give all young fans personal lessons in the ancient fannish art of poker. See the margins of your program book for the room number of this activity.

The SCF will be proud to introduce Miss Science Fiction to the Noreascon membership. You loved her at the Cinvention in 1949, and she's still a hell of a girl.

Ted White and Juanita Coulson are sure to please the faans with their panel on stenciling art which had them in the aisles at the Discon, leaving every minute of it.

Favorite waitresses and housedicks from past conventions will be on hand to bring you the wrong food or break up your party. Pete Vorzimmer promises to find someone who'll drink a bottle of Wildroot Cream Oil just like 1954, and Dave Kyle is expected to say you can't sit here.

I won't tell you about the Grand Finale we've got planned, but I hope you'll all be generous when Harlan asks for donations.

-- Arnie Katz

CARRYING ON, continued...

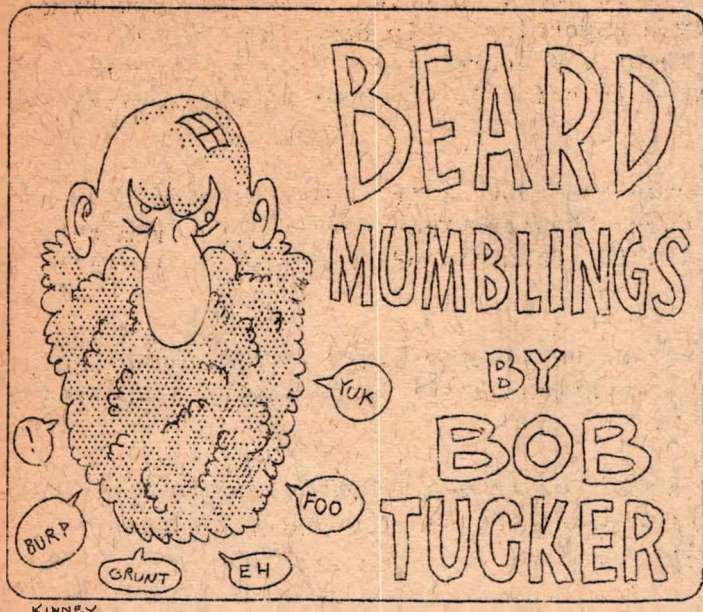
The insurance company thought it passing strange that Mr. & Mrs. Buyer had all their furniture stored in the barn when the house burned, and had been sleeping in the barn on that night. The last I knew, Mr. & Mrs. Buyer were still fighting it out with the company. Poor souls -- it seems misfortune followed them; their previous farm home had also burned.

Carlos went on to play in a band a lot like Happy & Artie Traum's; I went on to become a fan in the middle of Central Park. And Roy Rodgers joined the Crusade for Christ.

And we all lived happily ever after.

-- Joyce Katz





Subjects to be immediately banned from fanzines and not again discussed for at least another ten years:

1: NUMBERED FANDOMS. A resurrection of that mildewed old chestnut, Numbered Fandoms, we can do without. I suspect Arnie Katz (a man who lives with Joyce) is responsible for this latest surge of interest and if he doesn't dampen that interest immediately he will be dispatched to Cairo to serve as liaison officer between the Peace Corps and the CIA. The idiocy of Numbered Fandoms has twice raged throughout fandom, leaving a number of mangled fans in their wakes. Jack Speer and Bob Silverberg were two people responsible for earlier waves of this madness, and look where they are today. Banished.

Several months ago an N3F runner arrived from the uncivilized wilds of New Mexico, carrying word on Speer. A speer carrier, so to speak. Jack had won a local election to the bench, and was then sitting as a judge in the small claims court in Albuquerque's county. The N3F runner barely had time to gasp out a few words before expiring from lack of egoboo, but he imparted the information that Judge Jack was almost persona non grata at the Albuquerque clubhouse; the Judge was allowed to attend one or two meetings per year (those meetings where dues were collected) in honor of his very long standing in fandom, but otherwise his presence was discouraged. He was not shut out entirely for fear of censure from fandom at large: one does not easily shut out or shut up a member of Eofandom, but his present state of disgrace clearly descends from his toying with the dangerous concept known as Numbered Fandoms. (Conversely, none of the Albuquerque fans dare appear in Judge Jack's court; debtor's prison is bulging under his rule.)

Robert Silverberg is another sad case and the roots of his downfall may be traced back to his tinkering with Numbers. Time was when Silverberg lightly tapped out a short story a day, a novelette a week, and a book a month to earn a comfortable living and the due respect of the fans. No more. No more do joyous fans cluster around him at conventions, asking his autograph and begging for the secrets of his success; no more do spendthrift fans invite him into the bar to have one or two or three on them; no more does the West Cupcake Ladies Literary Society invite him to speak at their afternoon Teas. He has become a dirty pro. In fact, he has already passed through that stage and is in the process of retiring from the hurly burly grind of prodrom. Early this year he announced his intention of retiring to his pleasant farm on Goodridge to raise pumpkins and rutabagas. By the time you read this, Silverberg will have cleared away all his contractual commitments and will have retired to his garden and his pool, there to contemplate the one novel or short story he may write next winter if he feels up to it. A sad end.

Take heed, Arnie Katz. Remember that Harlan Ellison was a product of Seventh Fandom, and that the magical number Seven gave Harlan his springboard to notoriety: if there had been no Number nonsense there would have been no Harlan in fandom---he would have gone direct to Hollywood without entering our microcosm. Pray, sir, do not resurrect the goblin. Remember that post in far off exotic Cairo.



2: TERSE BOOK REVIEWERS, CRITICISM OF. Let Ted Pauls alone. In his very short one and two paragraph reviews (mostly in Locus) he is less than satisfactory to those of us who haven't yet read the books in question, but may someday. In his longer reviews (and especially those thoughtful pieces which border on criticism) he is very good indeed whether or not his opinions agree with mine, or ours. I belong to the school of belief which holds it is better to entirely ignore a bad book, rather than waste even one paragraph of tight space on it, but he thinks otherwise and the First Amendment applies. He is no fugghead, and all but fuggheads deserve the space and ink. (The fuggheads can be disposed of in a very special way.)

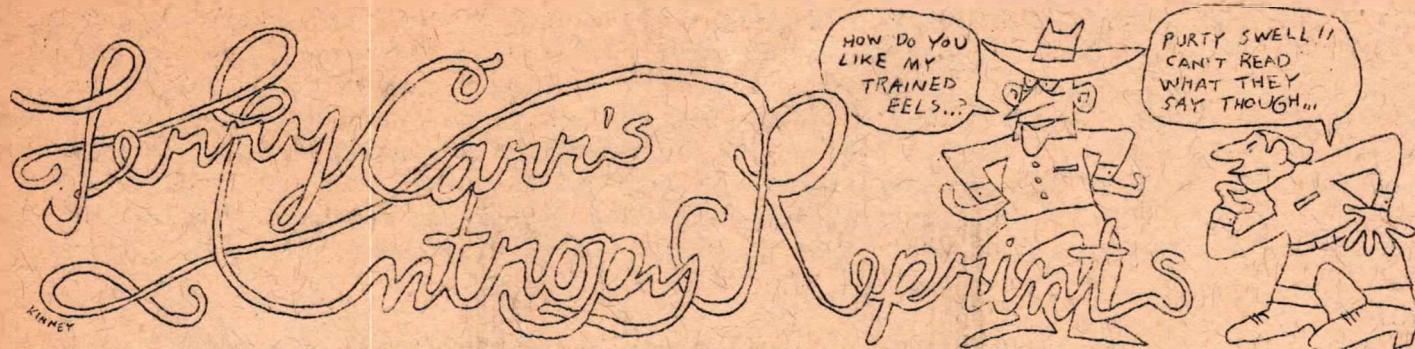
The Coulson's Yandro has much more space to spare than does Locus, and there Buck Coulson does some admirable hatchet jobs on bad books, and on other books which only he considers bad. I know Buck Coulson's particular taste so well that I can determine if I will or will not like a book after reading his terse reviews. The same may eventually apply after I have a better grasp of Ted Paul's likes and dislikes. But leave Ted alone. No man can be all bad who emphatically liked "Year Of The Quiet Sun".

3: SHORT-SIGHTED FANS. There have always been a number of short-sighted fans who are as ill-informed, as naive, and sometimes as dumb as the Great Unwashed out there in the big blue world. This type of fan almost always reveals himself in his comments on some story or book, some concept or theory. Although this fan likes to think of himself as (forgive me) star-begotten, with downward slanting eyes and a double brain capable of the null-pause or whatever, his behavior is precisely the opposite: he is really one of the Great Unwashed who has stumbled into fandom by mistake. During the past year or two I've read (and so have you) a number of comments about the Now Generation, the new young breed of superboy and supergirl who are living as all past generations have never lived. Hogwash. I've read proclamations to the effect that this new goshwow generation is the first to enjoy free sex, free love, free soul and free living without shame or hang-up. Hogwash. The Greeks and Romans are laughing in their graves; the underground of Victorian England are twirling in theirs; and the members of almost every American generation after Plymouth Rock are beating on their coffin lids in protest. Neither pot nor sex is a discovery of this generation, no more than it was a discovery of mine.

Pot smoking used to be a misdemeanor, and the user was tossed in jail to sleep it off overnight like any common drunk. During World War 2, the government actively encouraged the growing of hemp weed and paid large sums to farmers to deliver large amounts of it to the mills, for conversion into rope. The weed still grows along the hedgerows and roadsides of Illinois farms, where it has not been eradicated from wartimes; it spreads like any other pesky weed and is troublesome to eradicate. About the only people who pay attention to it (other than superboys and supergirls looking for the Real Stuff) are the farmers who work to keep it out of their corn and soybean fields, and the harried county and state agents who charge madly up and down the country lanes destroying that which the farmers were paid to plant twenty-five years ago. People like me just laugh.

And I laugh again at those naive fans who like to out down a science fiction story or book because it contains some one thing or two which they personally do not believe will exist in the future the author is describing. These critics are one with the superior being out there who disdains that Buck Rogers Stuff. I've read a number of objections to slang and colloquialisms in future stories, slang which may be in current usage today but which the reader refuses to believe will last until tomorrow. The reader is short-sighted. I wish now I had kept a careful record of the usages and the following objections so that I could write a learned essay on the subject, but alas, it slipped by me with no more than a scatching snort at the fan's ignorance. As an example, and admittedly an extreme one, consider the slang phrase "In the clink." I will fight to defend any writer who puts that phrase in-





Pete Graham has never had a big reputation as a fan despite having been a co-editor of both VOID and LIGHTHOUSE, a member of Fabulous Berkeley Fandom and one of the people behind the Carl Brandon hoax. (He was sole editor of LIGHTHOUSE's second issue, as a matter of fact. The first issue was published as a Berkeley oneshot in 1958 and he revived the title for his FAPazine in early '61, when he was in New York. When I came to New York a few months later we began our coeditorship.)

There are several reasons why Pete didn't quite get his due, among them his frequent gaffiations, but perhaps the most important problem he had was the way in which he entered fandom: first impressions are important, and the first time most fans heard of Pete was when he pulled the Willis Death Hoax. That was in early 1952, when Willis was at his first peak of popularity and Shelby Vick's campaign to collect funds to bring Walt over here for the Chicon II was in full swing. Pete had just received a postcard mimeograph for his birthday -- his thirteenth birthday -- and, itching for something to run off on it, he unfortunately hit on the idea of announcing Walt's death. It was thoughtless and irresponsible, particularly since it might have damaged the Willis Fund, but how many of us can say we never did anything as foolish at that age? Pete's misfortune was that he did it spectacularly, and in print -- as the BNFs of the day rushed anxiously to deny the announcement, they also roasted Pete for being the instigator. He must've had the least auspicious debut in fandom anyone ever had.

(Curiously, or maybe not so curiously at that, Walt Willis himself was the first to forgive Pete's youthful error, and Walt remained one of Pete's best friends in fandom while smaller fans were still snidely raking over the dead coals of the past. A nice secondary touch to the whole thing was that for years after the hoax, Pete sent a get-well card to Walt on each anniversary of the hoax.)

As he grew up, Pete's writing talent grew too; by the time he was fifteen his long worldcon report was serialized in PSYCHOTIC, then at its height in its first incarnation as fandom's focal point. In the later 1950s he was active in both FAPA and the Cult, and published one of the best Cultzines of all. (People who only know the Cult as it is today might be surprised at how much excellent publishing was done in that group's first few years, when fans like Jean Young, John Magnus, Ted White, Dave Rike, Pete Graham and Carl Brandon, among others, were members.) In 1958 he traveled east and visited Ted White and the teenaged fan crowd of which he was a part, and he came away unimpressed, to put it mildly; in an article titled Clayfeet Country in INNUENDO he wrote about the visit with acid wit and once more became the focus of angry reactions, though this time mixed with about an equal portion of praise. This article and the events surrounding it were the reason for Pete's bemusement -- becrogglements! -- when in 1960 he moved to New York and became a co-editor with Ted White on VOID.

West Coast Jass was the title of Pete's editorial column in VOID; the selections reprinted here are from VOIDS #22, 24, 25 and 28. The last piece is from LIGHTHOUSE #13.





### EARL KEMP WANTS TO KNOW

"I entered a dream world when I was five," I said. The fire cracked once and subsided. Lupoff noted all this down on a scrap of paper which was used later to kindle the fire again. "When," he asked Noreen Shaw, "did you discover the world of fantasy? Earl Kemp wants to know."

With lighthearted wit and good humor the questioning traveled around the room. Earl Kemp seems to have sent out a questionnaire, a poll of some kind, in an attempt to find out what is a fan...and why. A meeting of the Fanoclasts seemed destined to provide the answer. We answered all the questions -- "Were your parents fans? Why? When did you discover fandom? Why? Were you an only child? Why?" -- but, as I say, the answers are lost forever. Poor old Earl Kemp.

"Fanoclasts," said Bob Silverberg when he came in. "Fanoclasts. That's an inferior name." Bill Meyers, who had created it, looked up. "But we decided that the common denominator of all of us at the first meeting was our, ah, iconoclasticism." "It's an etymologically inferior name," said Bob Silverberg. "You're not fan-breakers." Bill cocked his head to one side, nodded and went back to reading the first Fanoclast report.

Ted White had put out the first Fanoclast report. He had also put out the previous mimeo'd invitations to this new New York club. After the second meeting I said to him, "Ted White," (for that was his name) "it is time to put out the second Fanoclast report." "We do not exist for the purpose of putting out Fanoclast reports!" he yelled at me. I pondered that for a moment and, though he was already holding his head in realization of what he'd done, I asked him, "What...um, what is the purpose of the club then?"

"You're not very au courant," he said, and went back to stenciling the 8th Cult fractional he'd put out since FR #89.

Now, only a week before in the Lupoffs' living room it was Ted White who was tied to a marshmallow fork in the center of the living room while the two Lupoffs, Sylvia and I had danced a strange tribal dance around him chanting "Honi soit qui mal y pense! Honi soit qui mal y pense!" He had never heard of the French phrase before. So I thought his telling me that I wasn't au courant was a bit up-stageish. "Droit de seigneur," I said to him. "Noblesse oblige." He tore a gash in his stencil.

Besides, I was feeling a bit defensive. He actually had a point on me, since a



few minutes before I had been reading the Detention program booklet and on seeing a Bjo for Taff ad had accidentally said, "When will Bjo make the trip, anyhow? When is the Loncon?" Ted and Sylvia danced another dance around their cat and doubled over in laughter. Ignoring this display of risible rymnastics, I corrected myself and made it clear I was well aware the Taff campaign was long over and even though I had been out of general fandom for two years I was well aware that she was back by now.

But I was speaking of the second Fanoclast meeting. The Fanoclasts, as organized, is a New York club for fanzine fans. "A fanzine fan," said my co-editor Ted White in VOID 14, "is someone who has enough interest in -- " Stop.

Let's say that again. Roll it around on the tongue. "'A fanzine fan,' said my co-editor Ted White..." Why, that's fantastic. "My co-editor Ted White." Why, Terry, think what a hilarious joke that would have been in 1958! To think that today Ted and I are, in all seriousness, cooperating to put out this fanzine VOID after all the past years of Berkeley-White unhappiness. Why, if you'd humorously alluded to such a possibility two years ago, who knows what my humorous reaction might have been? I would have hit you on the head.

"A fanzine fan," said my co-editor Ted White in VOID 14, "is someone who has enough interest in science fiction or allied subjects to verbalize about it. He doesn't necessarily publish a fanzine, but he reads them, writes letters to them, and almost inevitably contributes to them." (Think how much work Earl Kemp and breathless fandom would have been saved if he had read VOID 14.)

And the Fanoclasts is a club for fanzine fans. These hyper fanzine fans talk about jazz and they talk about science fiction. We talk about the Green Lantern comic book and the Jade Lantern Chinese restaurant. We talk about Adkins-art in Amazing and we talk about the Bardolino we drink at the meetings, but the one thing we don't talk about is fanzines. At the last meeting, as a matter of fact, Barbara Silverberg made it clear she had never read a fanzine through.

These are the fans, as a matter of fact, who sat around one night making up a new comic book character. He's called Captain Capitalism. In real life he's merely a lowly bank messenger, but when he wants to turn into his other self he says the magic word "Mazuma!" He has a dollar sign on his chest and he wears a green cloak, and...

You wanted to know, Earl Kemp. You wanted to know.

IT'S BEEN TWO MONTHS AND MORE, I said to myself, since the last issue of VOID. I picked up the phone and dialed Ted's number. Sylvia's pearl-toned voice that I knew so well answered. "Hello," I said. "It's time to put it out again." "Well, I don't know," she said. I asked what's the matter. "I'm a little tired tonight." "That's all right," I replied; "you can go on to sleep and your husband and I will make out okay. Not that we won't miss your artistic talents, but you can work on that part of it with us tomorrow night. What do you think of that?" "I think you've got the wrong number," she said, and the voice hung up.

When I got Ted on the line I asked him how VOID was coming along, figuring that as long as he didn't reply something to the effect that "he only needs four feedings a day now" that I'd have the right party. We established communication -- I only had to explain that I used to be a fan in San Francisco and was thinking of coming round to fandom again -- and he told me that, essentially, nothing had been done on the next



issue. This somewhat croggled me; as I may have mentioned before, I have a Mental Image of Ted White as a publishing giant, which means that FAPazines, Cultzines, CRAPzines and VOIDS should be flowing daily from his household. Naturally, therefore, I had expected that most of the work on the next issue would be done and I would only have the relatively easy task of coming over some evening to pen my editorial, stencil some letters of comment and add a few witty comments in my apothotic style, and drink Pepsi while Ted ran the issue off.

Nothing could have been further from the truth, as I say. Flashed into my mind at that moment was the cartoon on a recent FANAC: "Pete Graham is the only salvation VOID has left...." Gad, what power, I said to myself. I said as much to Ted, as a matter of fact, which caused a friendly flare-up, and then he hung up, or maybe I hung up, and we didn't talk to each other for a month.

Which brings us to VOID 24. Actually, since I spoke to Ted a month ago, I've been thinking about all the possibilities. As he said to me, my most recent re-entrance into fandom has been, by all accounts, my most successful fannish venture yet. The stuff I've had in VOID has been well received and my LIGHTHOUSE has gotten accolades from the best of sources. It occurred to me that, particularly given the long period of what was essentially gafiation on my part since VOID 23, that I should enter fandom yet again. Three months, after all, isn't...too many. So when Ted White called me again tonight, I readily acceded to his popular demand to get the hell off my dead ass and do some work. On my way over, I developed the new vistas further. Even if VOID came out on schedule, I could perhaps skip every other issue for my succeeding returns to fandom. Every FAPA mailing would be the occasion for a new grand re-entry, each more gala than the last.

Or let's look at it another way, I mused. Here I had just re-entered fandom. "Apothotic," Boggs had said. "Perceptive," claimed Willis. "Inspiring," said Jeff Wanshel. What if I were now to flame out, as it were. Think of the wondering queries that would echo in fanzines for the next decade..."What ever happened to that bright new star on the fannish horizon? What became of that strong potential? That budding essayist, that flowering humorist, ~~that/blooming/idiot?~~" I basked in self-appreciation of the puzzling act I would commit on fandom, and turned into Christopher Street. But no, I decided as I walked up Ted's stairs, I liked the former plan better after all. Multiple re-entry was really the thing.

"I'M AN OLD STODGE," I said. I put my feet on the desk that Ted was typing on. "Well then," said Terry Carr, "you're an old stodge in a great big hurry." I nodded as my swivel-chair shot backward -- Ted had pushed my feet off the material he was typing.

Terry had his feet firmly on the ground beneath the mimeoscope. He was stenciling some cartoons for LIGHTHOUSE, a Berkeley publication. At any rate, we had just been discussing the subject of Images as first brought up by TW in FANFARONADE, Jeff Wanshel's zine. Ted had decided that something had to be done about his Image in fandom as Bitching Ol' Ted White; he had decided that he was going to become Ted White, Libertine and Lecher.

And last issue of VOID Ted had called me the "bon vivant of fandom"; this was apropos of my saying to him once that my problem in writing for fandom arose from the contradiction that while I come from Fabulous Berkeley Fandom, I am really a very serious person. In other words, a stodge. Ted and Terry don't accept this.



Just the other night, though, I proved it to them. There was a big Fanoclast meeting -- you remember the Fanoclasts; that's the club that talks about Earl Kemp all the time -- which was mostly a party. In the middle of the party, which was held in Ted's basement office in the Village, a fan who had gone out for Pepsis and mainly beer came back in followed closely by six other people whom nobody knew. They were, in a word, Mundane, and more than that -- another word -- they were Square. All six of them, just Square as hell.

Bhob Stewart at this point was holding up the ceiling for Larry Ivie. (He did not have his foot behind his head. Terry Carr has wanted to see Bhob Stewart put his foot behind his head, but Bhob has steadfastly refused. "I have stopped," was about the way he put it, "for the duration. The duration being mainly that until I hear Burbee tell the watermelon story, which I have never heard, I am never again going to put my foot behind my head." Ted thinks we should leave it at that, considering that in this case Terry's loss may well be fandom's gain, but Terry is adamant about seeing the trick. I think he wants to teach it to Burbee, though I can't quite understand why he wants to see Burbee telling the watermelon story with his foot behind his ear. But I digress.) Actually Bhob was just touching the ceiling at this point for some mundane reason -- he is a Plaster Fan, and was describing this particular make and texture for the benefit of Bob Silverberg -- but this struck my fancy. So after making the acquaintance of one of the Squares, George by name, I led him over to Bhob. Stewart had just got to Crackle-Finish at that point, and Silverberg seemed relieved when I told George to take over for Bhob and hold up the ceiling. George stood on the chair and did so. I mixed with my fine fannish friends then for a few moments, and then went over to the Squares again, who were being talked to by Lupoff and a couple of others. I went over to George's girlfriend, who hadn't noticed his absence yet, being both Square and like mainly Drunk, and I said, "Suzie, you'd better take care of George. He thinks he's holding up the ceiling." "Oh my god!" she said, and rushed over and got him and they all began to rush out with much argument and gesticulation. I went out with them, told them I had just wandered in there too and didn't know who all those crazy Buck Rogers types were either and weren't they a bunch of nuts, and we all agreed and walked around the block and they bought me a few drinks but that's all another story.

As I say, I was repeating all this to Ted and Terry and Sylvia, who was there too, and Sylvia saw the point immediately. "There, you see," she said triumphantly. "Doesn't that prove that Pete Graham is nothing but a stodge? Why, he went out and left a swinging fannish party with lots of Pepsi and mainly beer to go off with a bunch of Squares."

Ted began to explode, but I nodded, as that was what I had in mind. "You're wrong -- " Ted began, but he was silenced by Sylvia.

"No, Ted, now listen to me," said Sylvia. "No true fan could ever possibly" -- she pushed Ted back down into the chair he had begun to rise out of -- "could ever possibly leave a swinging fannish party for a bunch of Squares. To be a Good Man and a Fabulous Type means" -- she wagged her finger at him -- "means not associating with Squares at Fan parties!" Ted began to murmur but she shushed him again with a word and walked off. Grumbling to himself, Ted turned back to his typer.

This has been about Ted White, Libertine and Lecher.

"THIS IS MY JUNIOR EDITOR, TERRY CARR," I said, as I introduced TCarr to Bob Shea when he arrived at the party. Ted preened his beard,



for he had just asked Terry a couple of days before to become co-editor of VOID, and it was something of a Coup and a Good Deal, after all. I brought this up as we were sitting around Ted's office discussing Images. "Tew," I said -- he hates to be called Tew -- "doesn't it bother you sometimes when you think of all the co-editors you have and all the dilution of egoboo that results?"

Ted peered up from his typer. He was stenciling Warner's column. "What?" he said. I repeated my question and took a sip of his Pepsi. "Oh, no," he said. "Not actually. In a sense, I sort of look on it as my fanzine, and I suppose most people do. I'm listed as the publisher, and I get the subs, loc's and so forth. In a way, you people are sort of columnists for VOID. Since it's a QWERTYUIOPress publication, it's rather identified with me, I suppose."

"I see," said Terry. "What's left to be done on this issue, Ted?"

"Well, I'm just finishing Warner's article, and then we just have to run it off, assemble it, fond-and-staple it, address it, and mail it. It has to be done by tomorrow, of course."

"Of course," I said. "Terry, let's go get a beer." "By damn, let's do that," he said, and we left Ted White to put out his fanzine.

EARTH ABIDES: "Ted," I said, taking off my shirt, "do you know how you and I can gain egoboo forever?"

"No," he said in a reasonable fashion, "how?"

"It has occurred to me," I went on, "that greatness is ours, for only a little dirt, less money, and a few hours of our time."

"Yes?" he said, leaning back in his armchair contentedly.

"We shall publish the perpetual fanzine, Ted. We really shall." ("And will you take a woman with you?" mused Ted, but I went on.) "We need, first of all, superlative material for one hefty 40-page issue." Ted nodded. "More than that, we shall need good quality stencils." As good as done, Ted indicated. "Very well. We simply stencil and put out the superlative issue of, let us say, FAN WOW."

"Yes," said Ted. "What's new?" One thing about Ted is, he's taciturn.

"Nothing -- yet," I said. "We sit back and wait for the reviews, which will establish us as bright lights in the vast sea of fannish endeavor. We shall be forever famous -- that is, for two or three years. That is when Phase Two comes into effect."

"And that is?" said Ted, comfortably sipping his Pepsi.

"We publish it again."

"Same issue -- same stencils?"

"Yes. Exactly. All will have forgotten -- obviously, since we are no longer famed in song and story for having published it the first time. And once again, we shall be forever famous. That is, to be sure, for two or three years."



"And then," said Ted, crushing out his cigarette, "we do the same thing again -- and again, and again? Always the same stencils, the same superlative material?"

"Precisely."

"You're out of your skull, Pete Graham," said Ted White. "You're crazy."

HOW MUCH A POUND, GUV? In preparation for the trip to England that I'm taking I naturally had to learn all about English money. This was no small task. Fortunately, my parents gave me as a gift one of every denomination of coin and bill presently in circulation except the shilling (and the crown, which Terry maintains, as a result of his extensive financial inquiries, still exists; only in Bermuda, perhaps, but it still circulates somewhere in the Empire). I had a good deal of this mastered until I went over to the Carrs' one night and they totally confused me.

"Now," I said, "as I've explained to you, there are twelve pence to the shilling and twenty shillings to the pound. And you remember that twenty-one shillings make a guinea -- "

"But there aren't any of those anymore," said Terry.

"Yes I know," I said, "but the better stores still quote in guineas. What they really mean is pounds and pence. Now, if I offer you something for sale for six and a half guineas, what would you figure it to be?"

"A bad deal," said Carol. "I'd refuse it outright."

"Come come, be serious," I said. "That would only be six-sixteen-and-six, and that might not be too much, say, for your train fare to Paris."

"But it's too much for me," said Carol. "What's a bob? I don't believe in bobs. I don't believe that people really say 'three bob' when they buy things. That's silly."

"No worse than 'three bucks,'" I said. "And if you think that's bad, wait till you get to florins."

"And have to deal with lire?" said Terry. "We're not going to Italy, thank you."

I continued my explanations and we went through a simple exercise: if one book costs seventeen-and-six, which of my British money coins and bills would one use to buy two books? (The pound note, the ten-shilling note, the half-crown, the two-shilling coin and the sixpence.) Carol did very well on that, so I asked her how much forty-three pencils would cost at sixpence the baker's dozen and she walked out of the room.

Terry began looking carefully at the money. "It's Monopoly money," he said. And it really looks like it: we Americans aren't used to different colored money, and certainly not the asymmetrical patterns and so forth that the British use. I like the fact that there's no hanky-panky about "gold" or "silver" on them. It just says that the "chief cashier" (so explicit, that) will "pay to the bearer on demand one pound." Period. If you go to the Chief Cashier's wicket and present him with your pound note, by God he'll give you another one back, no questions asked. That



must be one of the reasons the pound has been so stable for so long: confidence.

"There's pictures on all of these," said Terry. "Here's the Queen on the bills, and here on this one is George VI, and here on one is an armored gate -- "

" -- and a horsy, and a ducky," said Carol from the other room.

"Quiet, Carol," said Terry. He turned back to me. "How much is there here altogether?" he asked.

I laid it all out on the table and we laboriously added it all up.

"It's six-fifteen-six-and-a-half," I announced.

"You'd better get your watch fixed," said Carol from the other room.

-- Pete Graham

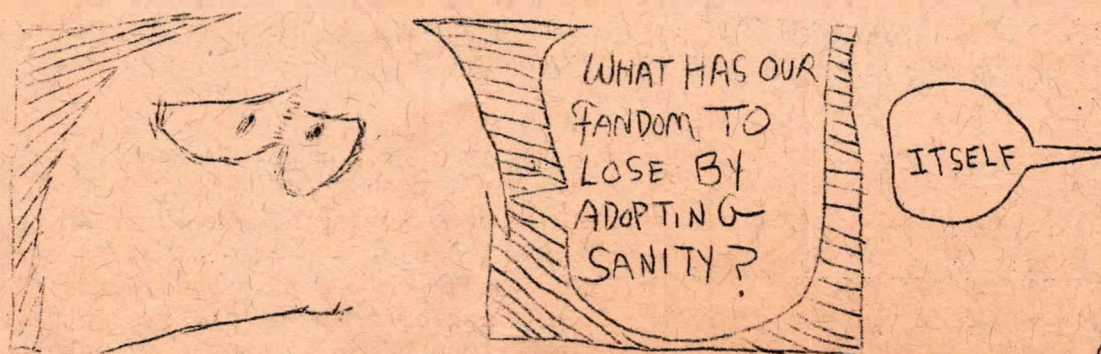
BEARD MUMBLINGS, continued...

to the mouth of any character set into the next five hundred years to come. If humanity and jails survive, that phrase will likely survive into the 21st Century, and maybe beyond. It originated more than four hundred years ago and referred expressly to a British prison called "The Clink". If it can live these four hundred years, it can survive yet another.

I object to short-sighted readers who object to libraries existing only thirty years away: dirty, dingy, often dreary libraries precisely as we know them now. Those buildings have been dirty and dreary since they were built a century ago; they are likely to be the same for the next thirty years. I object to readers who object to characters employing the same English in the 21st Century that we employ today. The next century is only twenty-nine years away, and the language isn't likely to change that much that fast. Or to put it another way: the next century is only as far away from us as is the last world war, and I would ask those carpers to point out precisely how much our language has changed from the last world war.

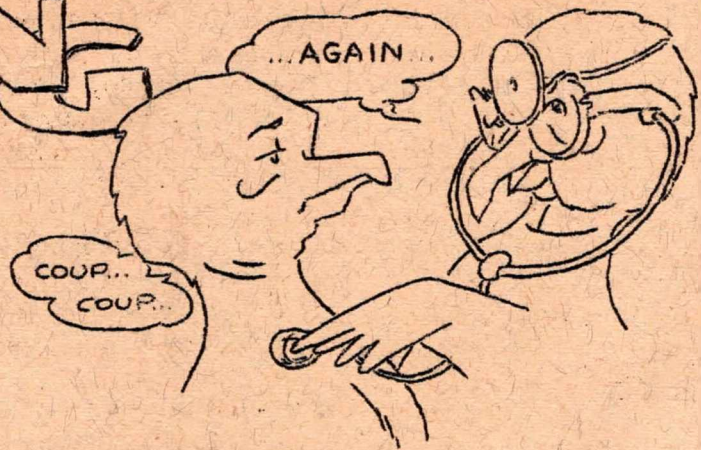
4: CARPERS AND CRITICS LIKE ME. Fandom can do without me and my olde pharte ideas.

-- Bob Tucker





# COUNTING COUP



PETE WESTON, 31 Pinewall Ave., Birmingham 30, United Kingdom

"What have you been saying to Arnie Katz?" my wife demanded tonight after we had arrived home from work. I was sitting on the edge of an armchair, rather wistfully watching her read my post and trying to see my name on the back covers of various fanzines she was looking through. The occasional postal orders, dollar bills, letters from people wanting hotel rooms at the Easter convention and things like that were piling up on the floor.

What had I said to Arnie Katz? I looked over Eileen's shoulder and saw Harry Warner had mentioned Speculation. Was it Focal Point? Good God no, something called Potlatch, referring to an earlier Arnie Katz article. "I might have the last issue upstairs in that box of fanzines I haven't read yet," I said, heading for the door.

"Is Arnie Katz really irresistible to women?" she said.

Upstairs in the fanzine box I found your first issue mixed up with a pile of Locus and Focal Points which I had scanned hastily for my name and dumped in with six Beabohemas and a lot more. It serves me right for not inspecting these fanzines more carefully, although I always read everything I get - eventually. "I remember it now" I thought. "One of those zines which arrived at the end of the Great Post Strike."

And sure enough, there is Arnie telling lies again! I know I've wanted that Quip 6 for a long time, but he does exaggerate. Four requests in five years isn't too bad - ask Ted White how many times I've asked for Void 29!

...I have mixed feelings about winning a Hugo by the Joyce Fisher Plan myself; on the one hand, I would like one of the things (even though Brian Aldiss keeps his out of sight because he claims it's an ugly looking thing), while on the other I have a sort of naive desire to Believe in fannish awards, and would hate to see them debased. ...As you say, it is the circulation that matters. A British fnz, for example, doesn't have much chance since out of some 100-150 people on my address list over here, I think two are members of Noreascon.

::Do you suppose you'll ever receive Quip #6? -- You may tell Eileen I said the answer is "yes".

BOB BLOCH, 2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles, California 90046

Potlatch received and much appreciated, particularly since it gives such a nice coverage of the nuptials and all. I hope you two publishing giants will be very happy from now until



at least the advent of Twentieth Fandom. I am finally recovered from what seems an endless succession of illnesses; presently writing a novel, then a screenplay..in between, hope to get to Dallas.

HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

I don't think I've ever prophesied fandom's doom as a result of the wasting away of prozine letter columns. In fact, I think I was the first person to predict in locs the way colleges and universities could take on the role that the prozine letter columns had held so long. And I still say that those very same institutions could be the salvation of prozines themselves, if publishers ever have enough patience and energy to arrange direct distribution to agents at the big institutions.

Hoping all the while that I'm wrong, I have a suspicion that Terry Carr picked the wrong item for reprint this time. I doubt that one fan out of fifty under the age of 25 or thereabouts has read the Saroyan story on which this Carl Brandon piece is based, and I fear that it doesn't have the kind of punchlines that make a big effect without knowledge of the model. Saroyan is almost as archaic as George Eliot in the minds of the youngsters. Matter of fact, I almost put into FAPA a parody on The Collector, then decided to do Rosemary's Baby instead on the assumption that the former novel was practically unknown now, only five years or so since it was turned into a movie. I had such a fine basic idea, too, the fan who kidnaps a pro, and the pro's horror as he discovers that the fan isn't interested in talking about science fiction during his imprisonment, and a climax in which the pro makes the supreme sacrifice and offers to write a story without being paid for it and the fan isn't even interested.

I'm going to follow my usual run-scared habits and stay out of the Pauls vs. faandom struggle. Maybe it would be safe to venture one opinion: that Ted's real problem is that he's getting tired of fandom again because of the strain of writing five times as many book reviews as any fan ought to try to write in the past three or four years. I suspect that he'll retire into some kind of subfandom for a while, just as he did with Kipple a decade ago, after the Noreascon, whether he wins or loses the Hugo there.

I tried reading Will Straw's name backward and it sounded like a Martian trying to promote a Hugo for Bill Rotsler. Tentatively, I assume that it's a United States fan with considerable experience in the field who feels it safer to use a penname while living in Canada. But I can't help wishing it would turn out to be Carl Brandon, complete with documentary proof that Terry Carr, Ron Ellick, and the other Bay Area fans were creating a delayed action hoax when they claimed to have created the parodist out of thin air.

EDWARD C. CONNOR, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Illinois 61604

Arnie's Golden Bagel article ought to be commented on more than anything else in the issue outside of perhaps your editorial. He opens the way for a serious discussion of the ancient & honorable subject of What Is A Fan? One phrase of his is good for openers: everyone isn't the peculiar kind of bent nail it takes to make a fan. But his centering this article on the letter-writing facet makes me cast around for something which might be even more significant as a sign of a fan in the making. I think it has been in most of the past, and may very well still be collecting. I've been around collecting groups other than fans for many years and generally they all have something in common. ... I find myself wondering about one individual or another, realizing that so-and-so cannot possibly be a trufan (because he stabs-in-the-back fans with whom he rubs elbows every day), that another fellow I've suspected for years is finally showing genuine signs of having been nothing more than a hanger-on (probably just associating with fans to occasionally relieve boredom)



since, for example, I've found that he's never saved any of the fanzines he's receiving from me or anyone else.

::I'm always surprised when I hear of a fan who doesn't Collect something...but yet there are definitely fans who don't; even fanzine fans who don't save zines. (And that's something I really can't understand at all.) I'm not sure that there is any one constant that all fans have in common -- perhaps the most constant similarity is actually the most obvious thing: a liking for science fiction, at least at some time in their life. The liking for sf may not have continued; they may have completely lost interest in it, but still be interested in some aspect of fandom. But I would think that for most fans there would have at least at one time been an interest in the literature. ...Which brings me around to another question that's been under discussion around here lately: when does a fringe-fan quit being fringe? --We've come up with no conclusive answer; perhaps you have a thought on this.

WILL STRAW, 303 Niagara Blvd., Fort Erie, Ont., Canada

I've always considered the topic around which a fandom revolves more of an influence upon the degree of faanishness that exists among its members than the length of time that particular fandom has existed, though I would put age among a number of other factors subordinate to the scope of the fandom. Most of the literary fandoms - ie., those which revolve around authors and fictional characters - tend to be a lot more social than those concerned with a manufactured product (stamps, railroad models, etc.) Sherlock Holmes fandom degenerated into a drunken assembly at its first gathering in North America, whereas my brief acquaintance with stamp collecting fandom five or six years ago - a group which has existed for at least fifty years - left me with no impression whatsoever of any interest between enthusiasts beyond adding to their own collections or adding to others and making money from it. I don't think there is any straight progression from the serious constructive attitude to one based on the faanish idea; as I see it, any fandom in its infancy is fairly friendly and faanish simply because its members are so few that there can't fail to be friendship between them. The domination of serious constructive writing and discussing follows as a result of the enlargening of the group into something too large for personal relations, and, as the larger group breaks itself down into smaller sub-fandoms, each resulting body is small enough again that the process repeats itself.

For a good year or two after moving here from Hamilton, I used to dread the thought of throwing out any records I had of the local fandom I was involved in there, because none of the people I interacted with seemed to have any desire to get the thing down on paper, and I took it upon myself to keep the knowledge of their existence going long after the group died. I still have virtually everything I wrote during that period, and the desire hits me every so often to actually sit down and write an account of those people and what they did, to stop the memory from dying with me. Hamilton Fandom now seems very insignificant and minute in the scheme of things but, before I had any contact with paper fandom, I regarded it as something of a Phenomena.

LYNN HICKMAN, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio 43567

Here in Wauseon we heard rumours of Terry Carr and Arnie Katz trying to overthrow Sercon Fandom and of Ted Pauls trying to rid all fans of fannish fandom -- so --

We held two meetings - one at 9 am, the other at 10:45 am - (trying to get them finished in time to do some serious drinking.) Present were all fans from the area. B.N.F.'s like Norman Glantz, Roy Daukenhous, Arlene Zeigler, Janet Moyer, Jack Boyers, Rita Reidsecker, John Fuchers, Mervin Muttley, and various other fans plus 450 neofans. (This was the



faanish meeting.)

At the sercon meeting we had such luminarys as the entire board of trustees of Hiram College (15), Rita Reidsecker, John Fuchers, Mervin Muttley, Jack Boyers, Janet Moyer, Arlene Zeigler, Roy Daukenhous, Norman Glantz, 435 neo fans, plus various other fans.

I chaired both meetings since for over 20 years I have published both Sercon and Fannish zines, have attended conventions since 1948 and have read all this crap for 36 years.

Oh, we argued, ranted and railed, accusing Terry Carr and Arnie Katz of terrible things and then accusing Ted Pauls of the same terrible things, etc., et all, and then decided it didn't really make a damn bit of difference since the only really important facet of fandom was right here in Wauseon anyway. You can argue all you want and disrupt all of fandom that surrounds you. Us secret masters don't give a damn as long as fans like Rita Reidsecker kneel before us. We then are the center of fandom!!

Signed: Lynn Hickman, Gary Zachrich, Plato Jones and all of Wauseon fandom.

RICHARD HARTER, 5 Chauncy St., #2, Cambridge, Ma. 02138

I must say I was startled at Ted Pauls' temerity. It is one thing to wage battle in fanzines across the country. It is quite another thing to carry the battle to the enemies home ground and continue the attack in a LoC in one of your opponent's zine. Highly unsafe, too. After all, the faned has all of the advantage in this sort of thing. Even if we rule out such below the belt techniques as judicious (read malicious) editing (and it has been done) there is still the simple fact that the faned has the last word. She can take her time about carefully inspecting the offending missive for loopholes or unfortunate turns of phrasing. Her reply sits right there in print immediately after the writers letter. If she wishes every point he makes can be topped on the spot. 'Tis a highly unsafe proceeding. I commend you on your restraint. Evidently you felt that Ted's letter was its own refutation. Although I disagree I still have to admire your restraint.

::As you know, the type of editing you mention is something I'd just never do...and Ted Pauls knew that too. As for replying with a point-by-point defense -- well, I'd hate to think that was necessary. I believe most fans, at least those who've been around a few years, know that I've participated in more than one form of fanac--and, for that matter, that I've even attempted to perform Services for fandom and for sf.

However to what I was really writing about, namely Arnie's Golden Bagel. Back in the old days I used to do a little bit of letter hacking myself. Not much you understand - a couple of short letters published and a couple of WAHFs. But I was there and I am still fond of the old lettercols. And I have to disagree with Arnie's description. There is a lot of difference between the type of writing and the content that appeared in the lettercols and the type of writing that appears, say, in SFR.

There were, of course, the story ratings and comments. They did not, however, constitute the bulk of the lettercols. The real meat were the controversies. They ranged in tone from friendly disagreement to mudslinging. They ranged all over the landscape in topic. The equality of women and a thousand other topics were raised, buried, and brought to life again.





The lettercols of the prozines were like giant fanzine lettercols with a verve, an elan, and a variety that no fanzine today can possibly match because no fanzine has the enormous (comparatively) circulation of a prozine. The prozines have the intrinsic advantage that a lot of interesting people with interesting things to say who aren't fans read them. In a day when most of the zines actively encouraged letterhacks and carried large fannish lettercols it was both easy and tempting to get into the act and a lot of people did. The real complaint that I have is not that we don't have the lettercols to bring people into fandom. (Although they certainly did do that.) No, my complaint is simply that the old time lettercols were a lot of fun, and they're gone now - apparently forever. Sigh!!!

And say, talk about the people who used to be letter hackers. Isaac Asimov! Rick Sneary! Ron Ellik! Bob Tucker! 4eJ! Marion Zimmer Bradley! And, Oh Hell, I could go on for pages listing names. Tisn't hard. Almost anybody who got started in fandom pre-55 was a letter hacker at one point or another. It was fun. Equating letter hacking and SFR book reviews. Forsooth! A pox I say. Why the whole idea is an abomination.

::SFR had a very wide range of subject matter until it ran down, in the latter issues of the zine. But, most important, Arnie wasn't putting down the letter-cols...just suggesting that zines like SFR largely take the place (as much as anything can) of the old letter-cols. Not the book reviews---the letter hacks who wrote to Box 3116; they were the audience to the book reviews, and in an earlier year, would have been doing their letter-hacking to some prozine's lettercol.

SETH MC EVOY, Box 268, East Lansing, Michigan 48823

The Daring Young Fan With The Three Speed Mimeo was one of the funniest and best things I've read in fandom. It was so well written that I was able to actually remember the original Saroyen story.

I wonder how the church-key got its name? I've heard it used a long time ago, but now that pop-tops and pot are in vogue, its probably gone the way of the buggy whip. The best euphemism I ever heard for the church-key is gut-wrench, what my dad says the Marines used to call it.

Ted Pauls' letter certainly was pretentious. I'm sure that Ted and his circle of book reviewers are just as closed, and what's worse, more unfriendly to each other than to the outside world. To me, the thing that characterizes the "Focal Point Fannish Circle" is its friendliness and openness.

Ted's whole problem is that he chooses quantity and class over quality and human-ness. Most of your sercon zines are trying to make it as big time critics, and think that layout, and art, are what is important. Granted, layout is important in a professional magazine, but fandom is supposed to be fun, and shouldn't try to be professional. ... Faanish fans are trying to be people thru their fanzines, not critics.

Maybe Ted is right, and Focal Point is not the Mainstream. Perhaps the term doesn't apply. Fandom is not a river, it is a big party, with people and groups clustering around little focal points. At a party, the fun is in little groups, not in big clusters, which usually become debates and dull.

::"Fandom is not a river" is one of the nicer phrases I've read this week, and a valid one. I like your concept of fandom as a party....which is, of course, very close to my own idea.



JERRY KAUFMAN, 417 West 118th, Apt. 63, New York, New York 10027

Eli ((Cohen)) began screaming the moment he began reading "Clip Job". He was letting his hair grow from September to May, and his mother was saying the exact same thing. David and I agreed that our mothers had also used the same line. We would like to present the theory that there is an International Mother's Conspiracy (financed by the International Barber's Conspiracy) which holds as its philosophy and slogan, "It's not that it's long...it just needs trimming!" The rules allow other words, like "shaping" or "thinning" to replace the last word. The goal of the conspiracy is to exert pressure on us, to prove we're still in need of a mother's care. The goal of the conspiracy behind the conspiracy is Revenge.

..I am reminded of frequent remarks about the huge number of Jews in fandom, especially in New York. I always thought it was because We have more intellectually oriented backgrounds. The average Gentile in his adolescent pariahhood turns to a life of crime, while we who are in the same predicament turn to books, which gives us a higher chance of becoming embroiled in fandom. I'm sure that a psychiatrist--especially a bad one like Wertham--could easily conclude that stealing hubcaps and publishing a fanzine are both manifestations of the same problem. A sensible doctor would conclude that fanzine pubbing is a better solution of the problem. A Wertham will conclude that the problem shouldn't exist, so any solution is bad.

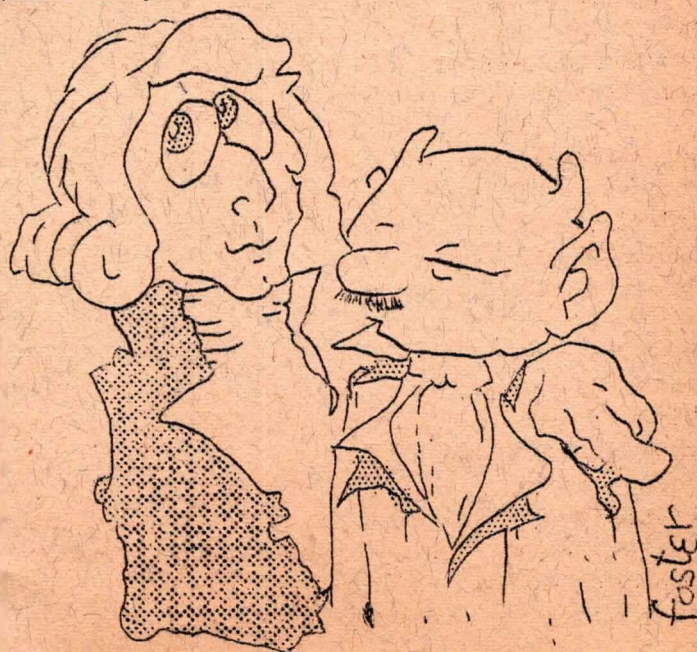
(Kids used to be horribly violent, as old books for kids reflect. -- I think that screen violence is a solution to impulses to violence. But Wertham thinks that children just should not be violent, so tv shouldn't be violent.)

The Carl Brandon piece was perfectly reminiscent of the sort of story it was meant to parody. In fact, it was good enough to be of that sort of parody that defines what it imitates. I have read a few of this sort...one reads it and knows what the original must have been, even if he never read the original. F.M. Busby did a few detective parodies of this sort.

The only paragraph in T. Pauls' letter that really bothers me is the one in which he talks about the Locus Poll. I'm not sure what listing the winners and votes in that poll affects any contentions about the quality of fannish fanzines. And the last line of the letter is rather nasty. Arnie's Confession reads as though written at white heat...and too many of these letters and articles have been written at white heat.

::You mean my publishing of Potlatch is actually an indication I'd like to stick pins & needles in someone?---Oh, come on now..I can't accept that. (Though I'll grudgingly admit the logic of your argument if you'll remove the connotation of violence.) Actually, the reason I pub a zine is that I have no space to store old hubcaps.

It's quite possible that "too many of these articles & letters have been written at white heat", but I couldn't say for sure, and for conclusive answer you'd have to ask someone other than Arnie or me. Our "white heat" was pretty slow-burning, since it took numerous articles and letters from the other side to cause





either Arnie or I to even make reply. My four sentence reply to Ted's letter, and Arnie's humorous article, were the only items by us that we had written or published concerning this "feud". For this reason, I hardly consider the entire affair a "feud". From the start, I've looked at it as one individual attacking.

Nevertheless, no matter what it's properly called, I agree with those who've indicated their hope that the subject be dropped -- and propose that, starting right now, the subject be considered as closed in these pages; Mike has already promised the same.

ALJO SVOBODA, 1203 Buoy Avenue, Orange, California 92665

You seemed much more tolerant towards the Lunacon than Arnie, perhaps because you took the bad aspects of the con in stride and concentrated mainly on the good parts. And after all, we who don't attend conventions would rather hear the good points of a con than the bad; the bad we can find out for ourselves.

::Which opens the entire subject of, Is it better to be Objectively Honest, or to be Idealistic, in reporting. I'm not sure there is a clear-cut answer to that question in fandom, no matter what it is in newspapers. But look at it this way, if you never read anything bad about conventions, then attended your first and had some really bad hours, you might come away thinking the fault was in you, and gaffiate as result. Better you should realize that cons frequently have bad moments. -- Actually, I thought I wrote some incredibly damning things about Lunacon: I said it was so bad that I gave very serious thought to never attending another convention. For me, particular, as much as I have enjoyed and been involved with conventions in the past, that's a very terse indictment. How much worse could a con be than that, to convince a fan to give up attending conventions forever?

RICHARD E. GEIS, P.O.Box 3116, Santa Monica, California 90403

A status report on SFR: all back issues are sold out, 100+ copies of #43 are left. I am still receiving subs on the last GALAXY ad (which could not be killed in time.) I'm dutifully returning them. I have been refunding subs right along and hope to have it all cleaned up by Christmas. I estimate it will come to over \$1000 by that time...

Fans often become unreal--so that some think I (or others) regulate every major life decision according to its effect on fandom or the Hugo situation. If I had NOT folded when I did, but waited until after the Hugo voting, I would have gotten flack. Folding before the Hugo voting got me flack. I did not at all consider the Hugo question in that decision.

By and large a tru-faanish zine is a limited circulation, intensely personal, in-groupish item; it HAS to be; it is the nature of the beast. And, too, a sercon zine like SFR has a wider appeal and a greater circulation potential..almost a mandatory greater circulation is needed in order to reach the "sercon" audience of pros and fans that exists, worldwide. 200 copies is about tops for a good faanish zine, whereas 500 is about the minimum needed for a sercon zine. I am not value-judging here; I think tis all true. There are different fandoms, and about 20% to 50% overlap. There are a number of us who are in both camps.

Whither fandom now? I would like to see created a LARGE, fandom-wide apa, a super-FAPA of about 150-200 members. I would be fandom, more or less. There would have to be regional editors to whom members would send their zines and from whom mailings would be made up and distributed. That way no one editor would have to cope with the huge volume inherent in a 200 membership mailing. Mailings would be quarterly, and national officers would be elected. Regional editors would be elected by members in the given region..East, West, Midwest.



::Great Ghu, Geis, I think you've just proposed the N3F! -- Seriously, I can't really see any reason for an apa-organization like you propose: you can accomplish the same thing (low circulation, personal-zines, in-groupish) by having a personalzine with a closed mailing list (not available by subscription.) Why don't you? -- It would be very interesting to have you publish a personal zine.

MIKE GLICKSOHN, 32 Maynard Avenue, #205, Toronto 150, Ontario, Canada

Your description of the trouble with the mail is so exactly like what happens here that it's frightening. I'm not quite as bad as Arnie, but I do tend to go slowly and completely through things, much to Susan's frustration. Of course, her suspense is heightened due to my habit of getting all the mail addressed to me (I do give her her mail directly, while we fight over things addressed to us both) and arranging it in order of increasing interest. Thus the money senders are opened first, followed by locs in order of increasing writing ability on the part of the sender then fanzines in order of merit and lastly art in order of the artists skill. Thus Susan often has to sit for twenty minutes before I get around to opening the package containing the cover that Steve Fabian has sent, or the new envelope of Grant Canfield art. And Susan has your problem with mailing labels; until she started pubbing ASP, nearly all the mail came addressed to me. Now it depends on who pubbed last, and lately she's been getting more mail than I have. But I don't mind...if only she wouldn't insist on opening her mother's letters first and taking so damn long to read them!

I certainly can sympathize with Arnie's feelings on having his hair trimmed but he has one consolation. At least his shearing (and resultant traumatic shock) occurred in the peace and quiet and sanctity of his own home. My own experience was at the '69 Phillycon, in a room filled with some fifty intemperate fans who cheered loudly every time another luxurious lock was separated from its home and tumbled to the ground. And then the next day I had to suffer the grinning faces and leering remarks of the "I see you're wearing Mike Glicksohn's hat; have you seen him this morning?" ilk. But since it reconciled my future mother-in-law to my existence, I guess it was worth it. And it did provide me with a great opening line for impressionable young neo-femmesfans: Alicia did most of the hacking and hewing, but one or two others took a turn and Susan captured the whole thing on film. And I have copies of the pictures of the event. So I'm just waiting for the right girl and the right moment: when some nubile young fanne grasps my arm and points with a trembling hand and gasps "Is that...isn't it...BOB SILVERBERG?!!!" I'll whip out my trusty photograph and say, "Why, yes, it is. He's my barber, you know." I should be all set after that.

Bob Vardeman surely is a bit weird if he doesn't care about egoboo. I'm certainly willing to admit that egoboo is of considerable importance to me and I doubt very much that I would continue to publish the sort of magazine I now put out if it were totally ignored. I'd still publish, mind you, but certainly not a 250 copy run of a 52 page genzine. The amount of work involved is large enough that some sort of reward is essential. I definitely am not looking for financial gain, but I like to read nice things about Energumen and I like to get letters, either praising or condemning it, to show that others feel the work I'm doing merits a response on their part. I think that's a standard part of the fannish make-up.

Labels are pretty much looked down on nowadays but there's nothing inherently wrong with a label per se. They are merely labour and time saving devices used to replace long lists of other names. However, labels are so often abused that they have a bad press right now. I used the term "Focal Point Fannish Circle" as a convenient way of identifying a long list of fans connected with Focal Point. The term has neither a complimentary nor a derogatory connotation;





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POTLATCH

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ANDREW JACKSON

it's simply easier to use than to type "Arnie Katz and Joyce Katz and Terry Carr and Jay Kinney and...etc, etc" all the time. If anyone uses the term as a sort of put-down, that's up to him, but it certainly wasn't intended to convey any emotional overtones. Just wanted to clear that up.

::Actually we dislike that particular label because it seems unfair to give all the credit to anyone zine. It would be just as appropriate to say the "Potlatch Fannish Circle" or the "Metanoia Fannish Circle" or the "Rats Fannish Circle". -- Like you, we also find it easier to use labels when referring to the specific type of fanzine-fan that you're describing; however, the label that we use is "Insurgent". That way, the glory gets spread about more equally, ---or the blame, if you prefer.

Which brings another Stirring Issue of Potlatch to an end.....and, \*sigh\* I still have a few more letters I had hoped to include this issue. Oh, dear! Marty Baker, Jonh Ingham, Dave Hulvey--- hope to hear from you again the next time 'round.

Hope to see everyone at Boston!

-- Joyce Katz

