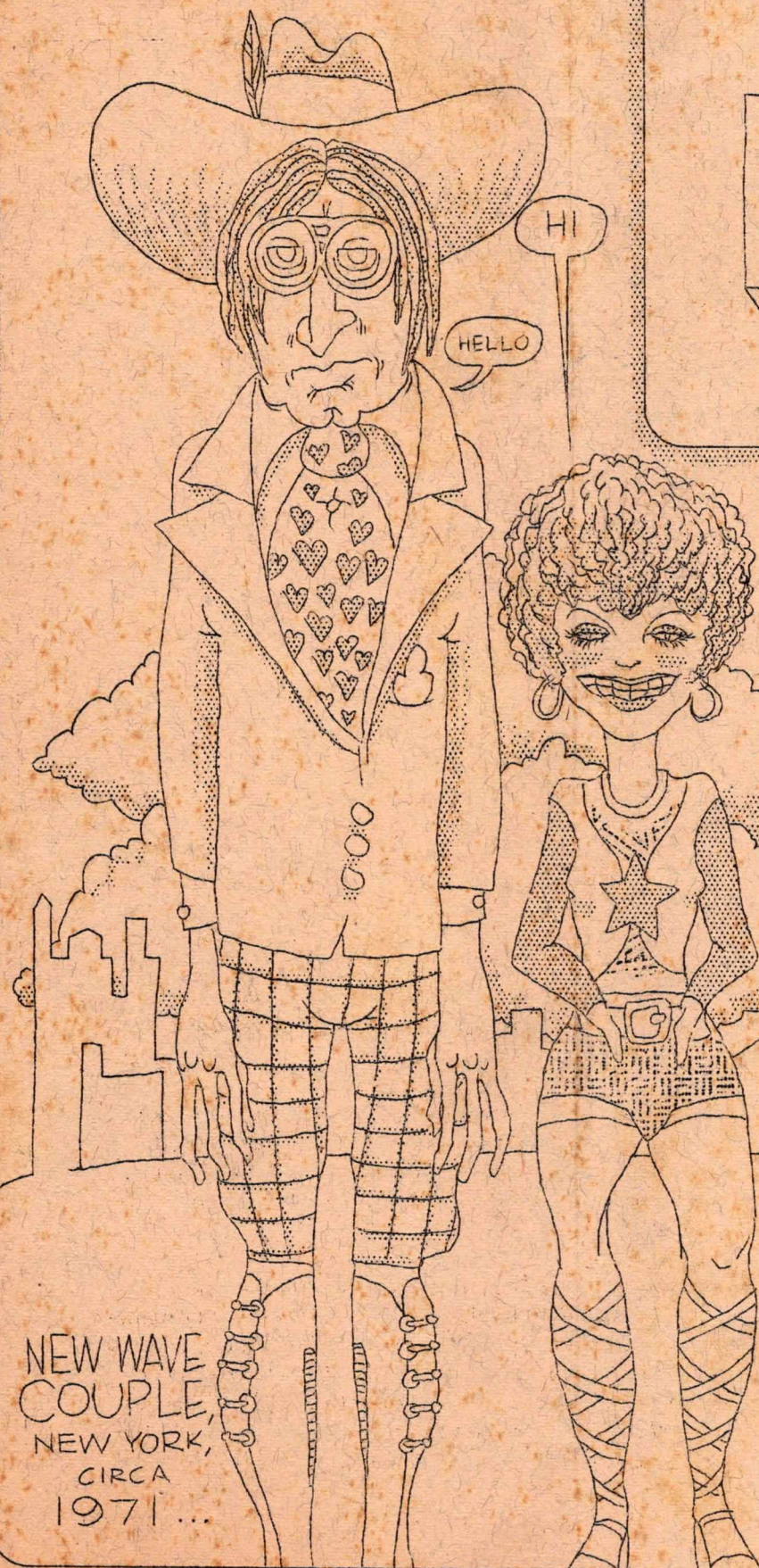


# pot latch



NEW WAVE  
COUPLE,  
NEW YORK,  
CIRCA  
1971...

LAST  
IN A  
SERIES  
OF  
NONE

JAY  
KIN  
NEY

1971



# POTLATCH

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## ART:

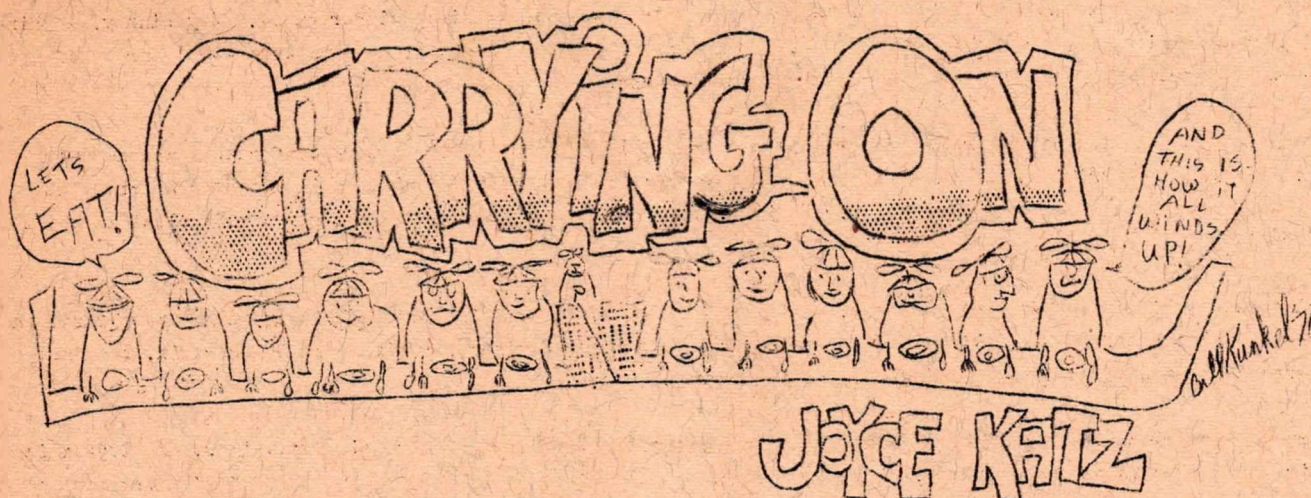
Grant Canfield - 14  
Ken Fletcher & Tom Foster - 17  
Jay Kinney - Cover  
Bill Kunkel - 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11  
Dan Steffan - 12

POTLATCH #7 is edited by Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston Street,  
Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, New York 11201, and this is the October  
1971 issue of this 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¢. Please, no  
checks or money orders...please.

Much glory and praise belong to Arnie, who as usual is doing  
the mimeography. He also is to be thanked for all the lettering-  
guide work in the zine. But, most specifically he's deserving of  
thanks for typing everything in the issue that's in micro-elite.  
Thanks also go to collators and general assistants: Bill Kunkel,  
Charlene Komar, Chris Couch, John Berry and Ross Chamberlain,  
without whose help this fanzine would never stay on schedule.





When I was a little girl, my family used to gather at an old and massive oaken table. Round and black, and solid as the family ties, it filled the room, leaving only enough space for six straight chairs. My family didn't go for the tomfoolery of separate meals for the young-uns; my earliest memory is of sitting on a Montgomery-Ward catalogue, eyes level with the table, being sternly advised to finish my biscuits and gravy because "people're starving to death in Germany." A kerosene lamp lit the scene, a wood stove warmed the room, and a birthday cake with four candles waited to one side, not to be served until I had cleared my plate. It had green icing in case you're interested... and my mother had saved ration stamps for a month to get the sugar to bake it.

It wasn't long before the kerosene lamp and wood stove were left behind for the pleasures of city life. Shortly after the migration to the metropolis of Poplar Bluff, the family fortunes improved to the extent of a brand new dining-room suit; a rectangular table with gracefully tapering legs, six padded chairs, a buffet and a china cabinet on the sides. Perhaps more than any furniture she ever owned, my mother loved that suite. It was always kept polished to high gloss, and even to this day the table top has remained completely unmarred by scratch or burn. It was at that table that I was taught to play Monopoly and pinocle and canasta, and it was there that I did my homework and learned to cut a dress pattern and served the first meal I ever cooked and pasted items in my scrapbook and worked jigsaw puzzles. I sat there while my embarrassed mother told me the facts of life, and I was seated there when the phone rang to tell me my father had died. It was at the table was made the stuff of life and no other symbol so positively spells Home.

Except that the green birthday cake must have left a powerful impression on my four-year-old mind, because I've always felt a really proper family should have a table that is round.

When Arnie and I set up housekeeping, we acquired certain pieces of our furnishings through the generosity of family and friends, like many a couple before us. Among the booty were such treasures as lamps and shower curtains and a broom and a square of red carpeting still bristling with tacks.

But biggest and best of all the items passed on to us from the basements and attics was a dining room table with four matching chairs. In a style loosely defined as 'Chinese Modern', the table was black with brass ornaments on the legs, and the chairs were red lacquer.

And it was round.

Arnie's cousin, the original owner of this treasure, sent along two leaves which would expand the table from its graceful circle into a six-foot oval. But I stored these away, knowing I'd have little need for a six-foot oval table.



We moved into the apartment, and it wasn't too many days after that we had our first dinner guest. Jay Kinney, I think it was, or perhaps Chris Couch or maybe Bruce Telzer. Whomever. I felt no trepidation whatsoever -- no threat of things to come -- as the three of us sat down to sup at the circular table.

I didn't even feel uneasy the first time Arnie suggested we put a leaf in the table to more comfortably accommodate our diners. It was Thanksgiving, and Rich and Colleen Brown were coming to dinner with their daughter Alicia. It only seemed reasonable to allow a bit more space. Besides, Aunt Mina had just given me a large oval tablecloth and I wanted to try it out.

The tablecloth was a bit too short, or, possibly, the table was too long. Arnie's eyes positively shone as he gazed on the expanse of tabletop before him. Visions of gastronomical grandeur raced through his head, I'm certain, but that imaginary spectacle was not the one that made his pulse quicken.

"What fanzines we shall create here!" he exclaimed, and rushed off to the desk to fetch his typewriter. He lugged it in, two quires of stencils balanced on top, with the art file tucked under his right arm and a sheaf of articles between his teeth.

"No, no, Arnie," I cried, only then beginning to suspect what lay ahead. "We must have dinner at this table; we can't have fanac here.

Grumbling slightly under his breath, he moved the fanning materials back to where they belonged, and helped me set the table for dinner.

After dinner, and after the Browns had gone, I called to Arnie to help me straighten up the room. "Come help me take the leaves from the table," I asked him.

"Uh," said Arnie. I know now that his brain was racing to find an excuse for refusal. "Let it go for now."

"But why, honey," I whined, trying to sound convincing. "What do you want to do that's better than making the table round again?"

"Uh," he said, frantically flipping through the TV Guide., hunting for a reply to that question. "What time is it?" Then, before I had a chance to speak, he had come up with his answer. "Ah, yes...here it is, they're showing "Abbot and Costello Meet The Wolfman" -- we just have time to catch it if we turn it on right now."

The next morning I woke up to the sounds of hyper fanac coming from the kitchen. I walked in, rubbing sleep from my eyes. Two typewriters, the lightscope, half dozen lettering guides, and a couple of shading plates were all but buried under a mass of illos, manuscripts, letters, and run-off sheets.

When lunchtime came, Arnie developed a sudden urge for Chinese food at the restaurant down the block.

When suppertime came, I suggestively banged on a pan to signal that it was time to end the fanning marathon. Arnie raised his head from his typer, and the glazed look in his eyes gave way to one of wariness and cunning.

"You know what I'd really like?" he asked, frantically rummaging through the pile of papers on the table. He triumphantly uncovered the TV Guide and flipped it open to a page he had apparently marked earlier that day. "Uh, what time is it?" he muttered. "Oh, 5:30." Then louder: "You know what I'd really like to do? I'd like to eat our dinner in front of the tv. I'd really like to see..." he paused and glanced





down at the Guide again to assure himself that he had seen it right the first time. "I'd really like to see 'I Dream of Jeanne'. I've heard it's funny, and it's science fiction, kinda."

We ate in the living room and watched "I Dream of Jeanne". And the table remained mammothly oval.

But even Arnie's passion for fanac could not be sustained at that peak for more than a few days, and it was not long before there was no reason not to return the table to its rightful size and shape. As the leaves were removed and the two halves of the table pushed together to form its cozy circle, my joy in domesticity returned. But looking at the sphere, which was only a shadow of the size that went before, sadness and dissatisfaction settled like a cloud over Arnie's sensitive fannish face.

I have spoken of the pleasures of having guests for meals and of how comfortably three fans could sit around the circular table. This simple scene was repeated very often, with perhaps Jay on Monday, Bruce on Wednesday, Ross on Friday, and Chris on Saturday night. Indeed, these cozy threesomes were so frequent, each with its far from spartan meal, that our evenings alone became very few, and the inches around our middles were growing many.

"Let's double up!" we exclaimed in unison, at the end of one particularly full week, after a particularly filling meal. The following Wednesday evening, there were four heads around the table instead of three, as Jay, Bruce, Arnie, and I devoured our suppers.

"That worked out really well," I said to Arnie after the evening was over. "It's less work, and it's more fun, too. Let's do it again." So Friday night, Chris and Ross joined forces to make up a full table of diners.

This idyllic state of affairs continued for a few weeks and perhaps would have gone on indefinitely -- I had purchased a round blue tablecloth in expectation of the biweekly eating circle continuing its meetings -- but for one thing.

It was at about this point that Bill Kunkel and Charlene Komar decided to get back into fandom.

We invited them over one Thursday evening and carefully watched to see how well they ate. Would they fit into Brooklyn fandom? Could they hold their own with such dedicated food fans, such giants of the knife and fork, as we had grown to be? They were both slight in frame, but wiry; we hoped this meant they'd approach their suppers with vigor and energy. Arnie and I watched breathlessly to see how they'd dispose of the plates of spaghetti placed before them.

Charlene ate sparingly, but Bill, though obviously not up to Brooklyn fandom's standards, gave a much better performance. At the really critical moment, after the empty plates were removed from the table, I took a chocolate layer cake from its hiding place and displayed it to them. "It's time for dessert," I announced, squinting my eyes as I stared at them, anxious to catch every nuance of the expressions on their faces.

Charlene sagged backward in her chair as if I had struck her, then gamely rose to the occasion. "Just a small piece, please," she asked weakly.







Bill blanched and swallowed hard, but then his natural truffannish instincts took over. "Good, then you can make mine a big piece, please!"

Arnie and I smiled delightedly at one another. And the Spirit of Trufandom clicked its heels, did a little dance, and added another notch to its belt.

It was Tuesday of the week following that the crisis revealed itself. Jay was getting ready to leave the city and so could not be there. Bruce had already gone. Chris would be leaving the following weekend, so we asked him to join us. We were eager to introduce Charlene and Bill to the rest of the locals, so we invited them so they could meet Chris before he left for St. Louis.

When I came into the apartment that day after work, arms filled with a bag of groceries, Arnie met me at the door to relieve me of my burdens. I followed him into the kitchen.

"Honey," he said tentatively, like a swimmer testing the water with his toe. I knew from his tone that I wasn't going to like what he had to say. "Honey, we have three people coming for dinner tonight."

"So?" I asked sharply. I'm never at my most charming immediately after marketing.

"There's Bill and Charlene and Chris," he enumerated.

"I know that. What're you driving at?"

"And you and me," he finished. "There was a gleam in his eye as he stared at me. "That makes five."

"Five. Yes, that's true," I said, without even having to count on my fingers. What he said was so; there were indeed five people scheduled to dine at our table.

"Honey," he said, trying to soften me up so I'd accept his next pronouncement. "Honey, we have to make the table bigger." Then and only then did I detect the note of triumph in his voice.

"You mean..."

"Yes," Arnie answered as he gently led me to stand by the table. "We have to put leaves in the table to make it larger."

"No!" I put my hands on my hips and planted my feet.

"But Honey," he coaxed, "we have to do it."

"No, I won't."

"But where will everyone sit?"

"We'll scoot closer together."

"Now, Joyce." He spoke patiently but firmly. "We can't do that. It'd be too crowded."

"I'll sit on the floor." But I knew I had lost the battle.



"Don't be silly." Arnie's patience was wearing thin. "You pull on your end of the table, and I'll pull here, and we'll get it done before they get here."

I sighed. I tugged on my end and watched sadly as the leaves slid into place.

Once again the table stretched majestically from one end of the room to the other. Once again, Arnie's face seemed to be lit by inner fires as he stared at the expanse.

"Fanac," he croaked. "Fanac...I must do some fanac." He ran from the room toward the mimeo. "'Fanac..gotta fan!"

Ghu knows what would have happened if the door bell hadn't rung at that precise moment and jarred him back to his senses.

During supper, Arnie kept raising his head from his plate and gazing down the length of the table. His eyes glowed and joy suffused his face. "When do you intend to publish RATS! again?" he asked Bill.

"Oh, right away," Bill said. His tone was full of enthusiasm. I glanced up at him.

"We'd planned to publish frequently from the start," Bill said, "but I think we'll publish even more often. At least monthly." He was resting the palms of his hands against the table, and his face was flushed and feverish.

"Yes," trilled Charlene. "I think we should start work on the next issue right away. I'm getting really anxious to publish again."

Arnie's enthusiasm was boundless. I could see that it was a struggle for him to remain in his chair. "Yes, yes," he said, "publish often. Better still, type the zine on Rex stencils and I'll run it off for you." His voice developed a note of reverence. "Then we can collate it right here on the table."

"I'll help, too," Chris cried. "I'd be glad to help. I'll only be gone a week, and when I get back, why, I'll come right on over and collate for you."

"And you'll do another CIPHER, too," said Charlene.

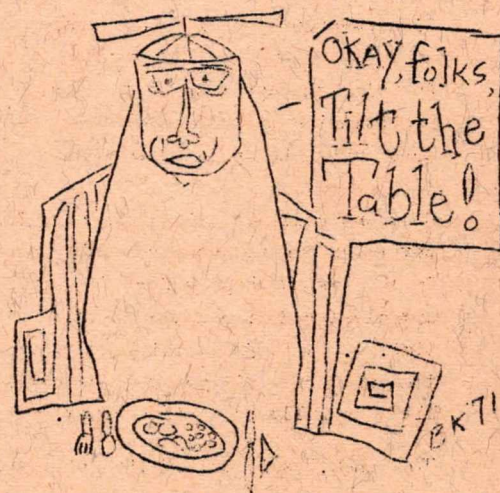
"And POTLATCH! And FOCAL POINT! We'll run them all off...and we'll collate them all right here on the table." The image filled Arnie's mind.

"Yes," I promised, "and then we'll all have dinner."

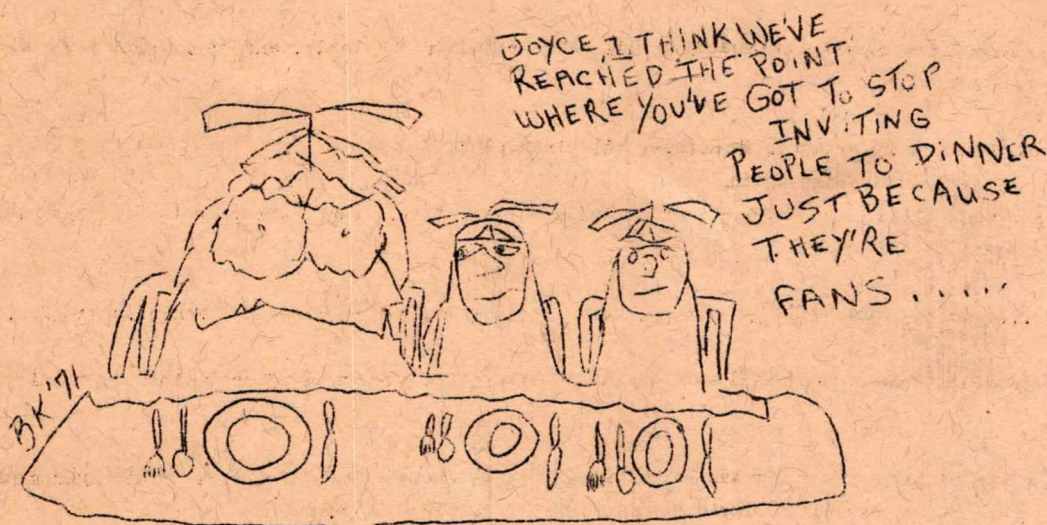
And so began the Great Dinner Table Conspiracy of Fandom. Chris returned from St. Louis, and every Friday evening found Bill, Charlene, Chris, Ross, Arnie, and I gathered around the table. The Friday Evening Supper Club, we began to call it, and the sux if us developed appetites to make us worthy of the name.

Soon even Charlene was eager to accept her slab of cake for dessert, while Bill's capacity for food had continued to grow since that first that first meal at which he had deported himself so promisingly. Both he and Chris set standards that were more than worthy of Brooklyn Fandom. But Ross, we knew, was our potential champion -- the man to challenge any fannish trencherman who chanced to visit. We all turned our eyes toward him each Friday and encouraged him.

"Have another roll." "More potatoes, Ross?" "Just one more spoon of carrots?"







He never disappointed us. He was training, pushing himself hard, to be ready for any eating contest that might come up.

After dinner each Friday night, we'd sit around the mammoth table, elbows or palms resting on its surface. After a few moments:

"Let's publish something," someone would suggest.

"Yeah, let's publish a fanzine. "I'd like to do a RATS!," Charlene might say.

"Hey, that's no fair. We just did a RATS! last week. I want to do CIPHER."

Arnie would speak up: "But it was CIPHER a week before last, CIPHER and POTLATCH. Don't I get a turn?"

"Oh, I'm so anxious to publish again, I don't really care which zine we do, but let's do one tomorrow."

If someone didn't think to move us away from the table, we'd doubtless have made plans to do all four zines on Saturday, with perhaps a one shot on Sunday.

Wisely we'd move into the living room, and once away from the polished table top, our fannish fervor would diminish to more manageable proportions, and we'd make more reasonable plans for two fanzines to be published the next day.

Summer drifted on toward fall, and Chris left to spend a month in St. Louis. Jay returned to New York, and the Friday Dinner-Saturday Publishing sessions continued without a hitch.

But with the approach of the worldcon, we all began to feel an impending crisis. We couldn't determine just what was building up tension that even double helpings of mashed potatoes couldn't submerge. Our publishing became frenetic. Arnie up'd the speed on the mimeo to maximum. Jay turned out stenciled drawings at a never-before-equalled pace.

Charlene collated like a demon, raising great storms of papers with the speed of her motions. And Ross' FOCAL POINT covers grew more and more elaborate as he painstakingly shaded and etched the stencils.

On the last weekend before Bob Shaw was to arrive, and before we'd be leaving for the con, Charlene, Bill, Arnie, and I sat clustered around the table. We'd just completed the largest-ever issue of FOCAL POINT, and we'd done it in record time. . We'd just finished off two giant pizzas, and they'd been done in record time, too. Glassy-eyed, leaning on the table, the silence was scarcely broken except for the sound of our panting and an occasional munch as someone nibbled hopefully on a pizza crust.

"You know," said Bill, "I've been thinking."



We all turned to look at him. He stared off into space, and his hands gripped the table with vise-like strength. "It must really be great to do cartoons."

"Oh, yes," said Arnie. "It must really be great to be Rotsler." Charlene, Arnie, and I bumbled about the joys of being Rotsler. When we finally paused, Bill spoke again.

"I think I'll become a cartoonist."

"Yeah, sure," we said. "You just go do that."

"Yes, I think I'll start doing fannish cartoons," Bill said as if he hadn't heard us. It was only then that he relaxed his grip on the table.

When Bill showed up for the next Friday's dinner, he was carrying a new sketchbook. He sat down at the table, uncapped his pen, and started drawing fannish cartoons like they'd been bottled up within him for years. It wasn't until we pulled him from the table that he slowed his pace, and we had to lead him clear out of the room before he'd lay his sketch pad down.

That was the same week Arnie wrote about nine articles in a marathon attack of creativity. He just sat at his typer, staring straight ahead. His fingers flew over the keys like a fan possessed.

On the day Bob Shaw was scheduled to arrive, Arnie and I rose early to scrub and polish, and it was then that I set my foot down. The table must be closed, reduced in size to its proper circular form. Arnie grumbled but agreed, and with a mighty tug he pulled open the table to remove the leaves. It took all his strength to pry out the leaves, they were so tightly stuck. When we pushed the two halves of the table back together into the tight little circle I loved so well, it was only with great strain.

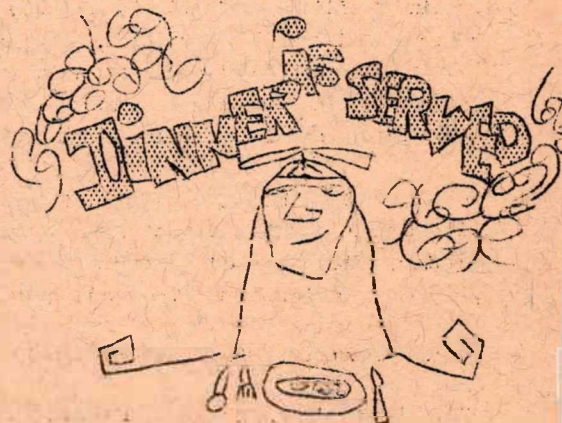
I cooed with pleasure to once again have a proper table, while Arnie fussed at the deminuation of his fanning space. I hesitate to think what might have happened during Bosh's visit, if the table had been left open. One thing seems likely; we'd never have made it to the con. Perhaps a great profusion of Irish fanzines would have poured forth as Shaw slipped into the ways of those who stay near the oval too long. Or then again, perhaps the only effect would have been that enormous meals would have been devoured by that famous trencherman. But as it was, we went to the con, and if fandom suffered from the lack of those zines which might have been, then it certainly benefitted from Bosh's fabulous fannish presense at the Noreascon.

When we returned from the con, we counted up the people scheduled for Friday night dinner. Chris was back from St. Louis and with him was Alice Sanvito, whose eating powers were as yet untested. There were Bill, Charlene, Ross, Jay, Arnie, and me. Bringing the tally to nine, and bringing with him many years of practiced food fansmanship, there was John Berry. He was newly returned to the U.S., with many tales to tell and a six-month appetite for American food.

That Friday, there were too many people to sit at the table, but because of the quantity of food required, it had to be restored to its mammoth oval supremacy. When Alice came into the kitchen, her eyes grew large and round as she looked at the table. "I've never seen such an enormous table," she said. She stood by the table, quietly stroking it as I prepared supper.

That night, we filled our plates at the table, buffet-style, and ate in the living room. Throughout the meal, John and Ross eyed each other appreciatively, each noting with admiration the capacity of the other.

After supper, Alice and Charlene helped me clean up in the







kitchen. When we were finished, Alice once again commented: "This certainly is a nice table." She stood staring at it. "I think I'll have a cup of tea if you don't mind."

When we made plans for the next day's fanac, Alice spoke up. "If it's all right, I'll come over and help."

The next afternoon, she sat happily at the table, slapping pages together like she'd been doing it for years. "You know," she remarked, "I really like fandom. Do you think it would be ok for me to come over next week and collate, too?"

Apologetically, we explained to her that there'd be nothing ready to collate by the next weekend. Her face fell and a tear trickled down her nose. "Oh, gee. I do so like to collate. I'll be ~~gone~~ the week after, when FOCAL POINT comes out." She

sniffled piteously.

"Don't cry Alice, even if you can't collate next week, you can still come for dinner."

"That would be very nice," she said and contentedly continued collating.

"Yes, come for the big eating contest. We're going to see who's the best trencherman, Ross or John."

But the next Friday evening, Ross was unable to be with us. Eight of us crowded around the table and looked at the massive amount of food waiting there. As Alice stared down, she said, "I think I'll stay over one more week, so I can work on FOCAL POINT next Saturday."

"And Ross will be here next Friday," promised Arnie. "We'll have the Great Eating contest then."

"I'd better get ready," said John, "please pass the franks and beans."

On the appointed evening, guests began arriving early. One of the first was John, and we asked him if he'd made any special preparations for the match to come. "Well, I did skip lunch," he said modestly.

Chris, Alice, Bill, and Charlene were not far behind. Everyone watched me cook while they sat at the table, which had been opened to its gargantuan fullest. Aunt Mina's oval cloth adorned it, and clustered around were every manner of seating facility available in the house: the four red lacquer chairs, an armchair from the living room, a straight chair from in front of our desk, and a giant wooden packing crate which would serve as a bench for two. I paid little heed to the animated conversation, and continued cooking as if the future of fandom depended on it; chicken and fish and ravioli and biscuits and potatoes and all types of vegetables and salads and cheese, I was determined food fandom would have something to relish that evening.

Seated at the table as they were, it wasn't surprising that someone would propose a little fanac to pass away the time till dinner. Arnie brought in the lightscope, and John happily stenciled a cartoon for FOCAL POINT, while Bill sat drawing. Chris and Alice poured over a copy of VOID 23; and Arnie and Charlene compared notes on what zines they each planned to review next. The table seemed to give off an aura of fannish cheer.

"Boy, I'm hungry," Bill interrupted his cartooning to exclaim.

"Yaeh," said John, "it seems like the more fanac I do the hungrier I get."



Arnie agreed, "I'll be glad when Ross gets here so we can begin."

The words were no more than said when Ross entered, and Arnie and I began putting food on the table. Last of all Alice handed out the knives and forks, and we all began together.

"Please pass the corn," said John; and "I'd like some more green beans," said Ross. "May I have a slice of cheese," said John; and "Another spoon of salad, please," said Ross. Oh, it was close; there was no doubt about it, these were champions and this was their finest hour.

As the dinner lay in ruins before us, the contest still was undecided. Dibs and dabs of food remained in various dishes and I was determined the question must be settled before the table was cleared. "Have some more chicken, Ross," I ordered.

"I don't know if I can," said Ross. Then, as all eyes fastened on him to see if he'd cry uncle, he slowly picked up a chicken thigh.

"Here, John, you finish the ravioli," and I passed him the casserole.

"Why sure," he said, and started eating from the bowl.

When everyone was stuffed until it seemed useless to ask them to eat some more, I called for a vote. "Now I want you to notice," I pointed out, "that we've a dark horse entry. Bill certainly deserves commendation for the way he's developed as an eater." Since that meal months before when he'd hooked up with fannish fandom, Bill's deportment-at-table had improved steadily.

He blushed in pleasure, and ducked his head to hide his pleased grin, then said, "I appreciate that..but fair is fair, and I can't touch either John or Ross."

"Then let's vote," and the counting of hands began.

After John was unanimously declared the winner, Charlene observed, "I knew it would have to be him when he started eating ravioli right from the bowl. That showed real class as a big-time eater."

And Ross was heard to say, "I think I over-trained."

Alice said, "I've gained fifteen pounds since I've been in New York."

Charlene said, "I gained four pounds just tonight."

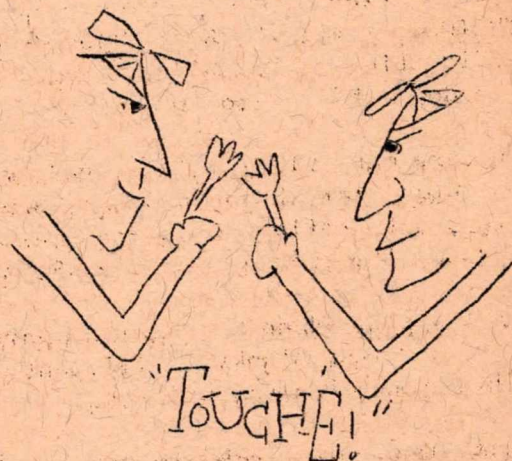
Bill did another illustration for this article.

Chris said, "We'll be here to collate tomorrow."

Arnie said, "What's for dessert?"

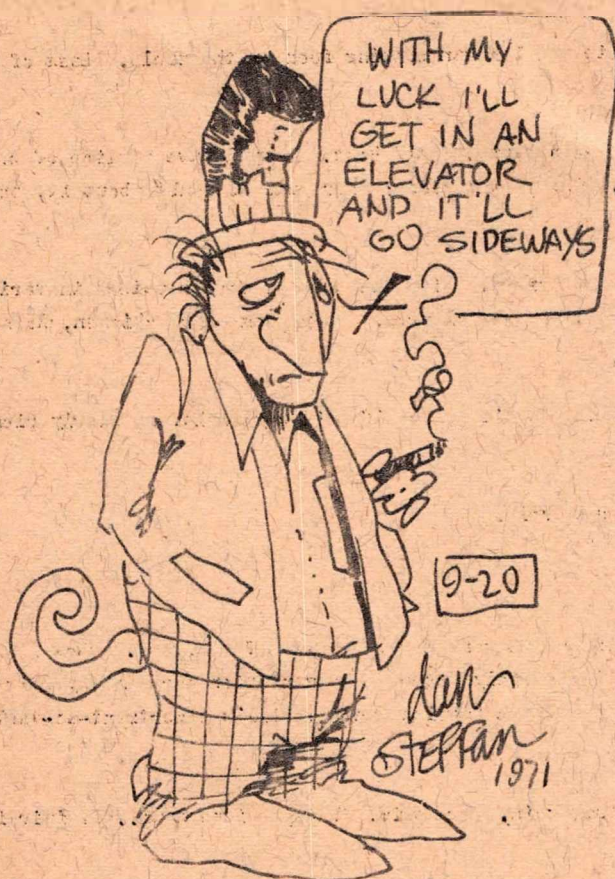
I said, "Help me take the leaves out so the table will be round again."

And they all said, "No."



-- Joyce Katz





## BRIAN BURLEY VIEW FROM

For years the mystery of the nature and principles of operation of hotel elevators has puzzled and confused convention goers. It has long been widely accepted that hotels operated two elevator manufacturing plants, one located on the top floor of the hotel, and the other in the basement. Each of these facilities also includes a tear-down operation for used elevators; elevator recycling, so to speak. Usually, the basement production plant operated in conjunction with the penthouse tear-down plant, or vice versa, but the two production facilities never work simultaneously. The net result of this is that **ELEVATORS TRAVEL IN ONE DIRECTION ONLY!** It has never been satisfactorily explained why the direction of travel is always the wrong way: if you want to go up, all elevators are going down, but if you want to go down, all elevators are going up.

There are many widely circulated stories of valiant groups of fans hijacking elevators at conventions for the purpose of locating the elevator dying ground, and making other discoveries of similar scientific interest. None of these exploits, including the infamous Crosstown Elevator at Lunacon 68, have yielded any insight.

At a recent mundane convention, part of the answer was inadvertently revealed by an error made by a hotel flunky. Dilligent investigation finally uncovered the complete solution to the whole elevator mystery.

As many fans have probably noted, all hotels are equipped with revolving doors, set next to a pair of regular, people-type doors. The people doors are usually equipped with discrete signs reading 'please use revolving door'. No fan worth his blog would be intimidated by such an immoral suggestion; therefore they all use the regular doors.

SHARE XXXVII, a data processing convention, was held in a New York City hotel with doors



# THE BHEER BARREL

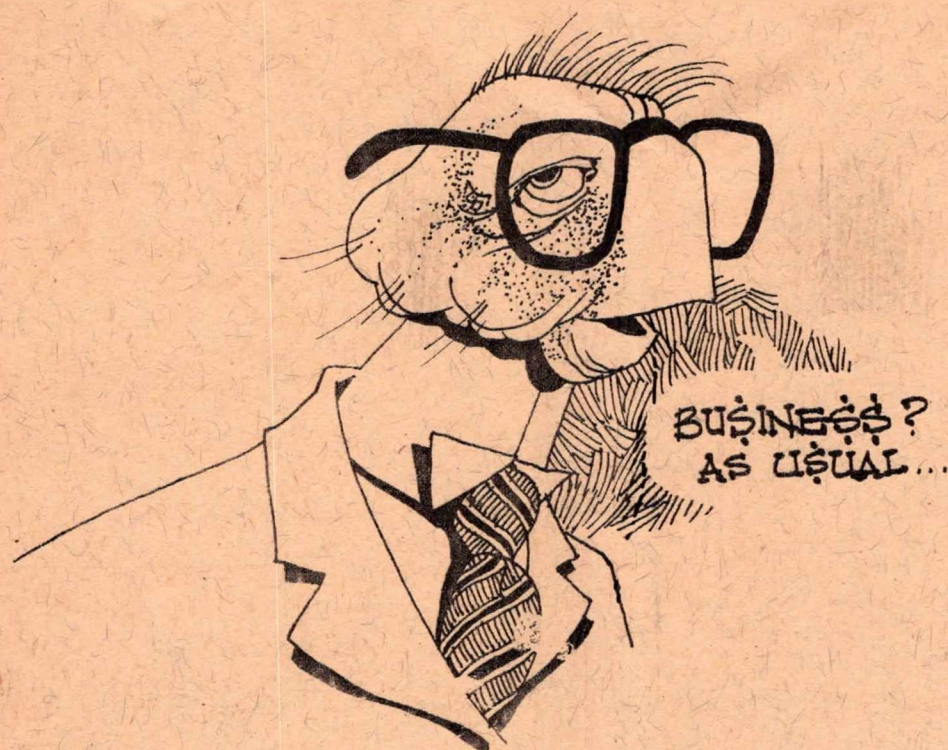
and elevators like those discussed above. Computer people are almost ~~WAAAA~~ fannish, and treat revolving doors in a proper, intelligent fashion. Because computer conventions are 'respectable', the hotel management is fooled as to the essential nature of the attendees. Halfway through the convention, someone realized that the revolving doors were not being used, and sent an underling into the program room to request that the attendees use the revolving doors. Some mundane types complied.

The results were surprising: elevator service improved. It was the deduction of a moment to discover the connection: the elevators are powered by the revolving doors. From that point, the rest of the solution unfolded gradually as the emerging clues became visible. Revolving door power, even at its best, is an inefficient method of powering anything. Therefore, some mechanism must be included to limit the consumption of this power (that is, limit use of elevators); hence, the elevator production/destruction facility discussed in the first paragraph. Only one question remains to be resolved: How are elevators scheduled so as to carry the least number of passengers. Obviously the hotel night manager isn't intelligent enough to make such a complex decision. On the 28th floor of the hotel, I found the final answer. A simple device, obviously designed by a three-year old idiot, monitors which buttons are pushed on the various floors of the hotel. If more buttons are pushed requesting up elevators than down, the penthouse production facilities are automatically started. If more down buttons are pushed, the reverse is true.

Armed with this new knowledge, it is hoped that convention fandom can rise to new heights and sink to new depths.

-- Brian Burley





# THE

Back last March, I went out on my first assignment in my brief career as an editor. Working for QUICK FROZEN FOODS is generally an indoor job, and though I'd done many interviews over the phone, up to that time I had never actually gone out into the field to gather a story like the ace reporters of innumerable movies.

I was trying to put together a story about frozen organic foods. As I'm sure you know, the organic food movement, which historically was the province of nuts and kooks, has been greatly expanding its scope. With the terrifying revelations about the shit that's dumped into our food, nearly everyone is getting more sensitive about what he eats, and a number of people have gone for foods grown without the use of chemical fertilizers and not processed, enriched, or adulterated with any additive.

While most organic food is sold fresh, there is some frozen organic, and my article was supposed to be a survey of what is being done in the field now, what room for expansion might exist, and what advantages frozen foods could bring to the organic food movement if they were used more widely.

It seemed like a good idea at the time, and our Managing Editor steered me to Lisa Cosman, who manages a store in New York called "The Good Earth", which is, I think, the largest organic store in the area.

I called Lisa Cosman and asked if I could come speak to her about organic foods in general, and frozen organic foods in particular. Good publicity for organic foods, and it wouldn't hurt "The Good Earth", either. She advised me to come ahead.

"What's the best time for you?" I asked.

"Any time is fine," she said. "Afternoons between 3:30 and 4:00."



# ARNIE KATZ

## GOLDEN BAGEL

"Fine, then I'll come between 3:30 and 4:00. Is there any day that's particularly good for you? I don't want to get in your way or anything." I wanted to make this as good a story as possible, both because it struck me as an unusually interesting subject, and also because it was going into the issue after a very well-received story, I didn't want the incipient Katz following out there in frozen food land to think I was already dogging it.

"Tomorrow would be good," she said.

"Ok, then you can expect me Tuesday, a little after 3:30."

My longish hair neatly arranged, my mustache coaxed into place, and my suit neat and clean, I approached "The Good Earth". It was a large place, as it turned out, in a pleasantly affluent section of Manhattan. It was the size of a moderate suburban supermarket, bigger than many inner-city markets I've shopped.

"Well," I thought, "these guys shouldn't give me too much trouble. They're obviously doing well." And they were. The store was fairly busy -- not a throng, but more than many markets would have at that time of day.

I looked around for a few minutes, getting the feel of the place, and then made myself known to Miss Cosman, who was waiting on a customer at the vitamins counter. I moved to a corner to wait until the customer was through and observe the workings of an organic food store.

The customer was a young girl, married, about 23, I'd guess. She had the wide-eyed look of a lamb ready for the slaughter, and that's exactly where she was led as Lisa Cosman, acting by turns as doctor, pharmacist, lawyer, surgeon, psychiatrist, internist, gynecologist, dentist, heart specialist, neuro-surgeon, and mother superior sold the girl \$52 worth of vitamins.



"This is a basic start," Lisa Cosman said as she added a bottle of JQ-HA8 (a nutrient only available in cow dung and a guaranteed must for a healthy diet.) "You may want to come back in a month and add some more things."

That sounded pretty impossible. I couldn't see how the poor girl was going to have any slack time in her pill-taking schedule to fit in any more vitamins. One vitamin alone had to be taken three times a day, three pills each time, and there were many other vitamins, not to mention the yeast and kelp.

I waited and I waited until a half hour had dragged by. Finally, the customer separated from her money, Lisa motioned to me.

"You have three minutes," she informed me, as she looked at her watch carefully. "I'm a very busy person." So am I, you bitch, I thought.

You know what happens when someone gives you X minutes? You forget every damn thing you came in with, that's what.

I figured I'd start off with some questions which would make her feel good. So I made a comment about the fantastic growth the organic foods industry is enjoying. "How would you compare the field now with, say, ten years ago?" This would, I figured, give her something to brag about.

"There's no comparison," she said, stealing a glance at her watch.

"It's that much better, eh? Very good. Would you say the industry has expanded 25% 100% or what?" I knew from a little research that the answer was in the multiple hundreds, but it seemed politic to let her score a few points.

"I don't talk about numbers," she said with exactly the same tone one would expect a WCTU member to say, "I never take a drink." That shot down a lot of questions which would be important to QFF's readers, before they even got asked.

"What do you think is the place for frozen in organic foods?" I said, throwing in a nice general question in an effort to get her to say two consecutive sentences.

"It has no place."

"But you sell frozen organic," I said, pointing to an entire wall lined with upright freezer cabinets. As it happened, The Good Earth stocks quite a bit in the way of frozen meats and baked goods, and some fruits and vegetables.

"I believe in fresh foods." I'm glad she had found something to take the place of God in her life. I explained to her that frozen foods were foods taken at the peak of freshness and quick frozen in a way which did no damage to the food, and that when they are unfrozen they are as fresh as the day they were picked. What I didn't tell her was that I had already talked with one of the largest distributors of organic and been told that they could use as many frozen vegetables as they could get their hands on.

"The baked goods aren't frozen," she told me. "We just buy them frozen and keep them in frozen food cabinets to keep them fresh." I dropped that line of questioning.

"As I understand it," I tried again, "you get a lot of your supplies by air freight. Do you think organic food stores which aren't located near a main air freight terminal as



yours is might find frozen foods more attractive because of low shipping costs? I mean, it's a lot harder for a store in Keokuk, Iowa, to get good air freight service."

"They have airplanes in Keokuk," she said. I had found another area of her expertise, evidently. "You have one minute."

I tried to explain in greater detail about the frozen food distribution network.

"We don't believe in commercial business," she told me, standing right there in the middle of a store which is outgrossing every food store in the area, no doubt. "We have different ways of doing things, and we just don't trust people who don't believe in organic foods to transport our products." What did she expect them to do while they were transporting her precious foods, I wondered, douse them with a mixture of DDT and sacchrine?

She had really caught me off-base. "You mean you have a special way of transporting food?"

"Yes, and we wouldn't trust a regular company to do it."

"You've got your own method of driving a refrigerated truck?" I gasped.

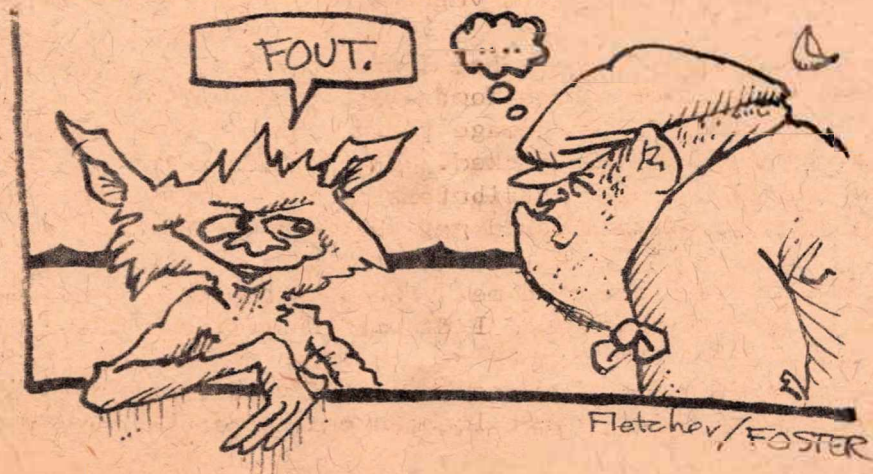
"Yes, we do," she said. I could see organic food truck drivers causing havoc as they drove with their own special method, possibly on the wrong side of the street, or going on red and stopping on green or some such.

"Let's say Birds Eye came to you and said, 'you know, you people are right. We're going to switch our acreage over to organic growing,' what would you do?"

"We wouldn't believe them," Lisa Cosman said. "Your time is up. You can look around the store if you want and buy some things."

As I strode down Lexington Avenue, I reflected upon how kind, how generous it was of Lisa Cosman, who is a very busy woman, to allow me to look around her supermarket and even buy things.

It just goes to show you how a member of the press has powers undreamt of by the ordinary citizen.





# TERRY CARR'S ENTROPY REPRINTS

I've written fairly often in The Infinite Beanie about Sid Coleman, and people have asked me Who is Sid Coleman? The question may not be on as many lips as Who is John Galt? or Who is Tom Digby? but that anyone should not know Sid Coleman strikes me as a tragedy of our finite lives. Sid Coleman is, among other things, one of the two funniest men I've ever met. (The other was Charles Burbee.)

Sid is a science fiction fan whom I first met at the world convention in San Francisco in 1954--or so he tells me, because I don't remember meeting him. He must've been even more a neofan then than I. Fortunately I got lots more chances to meet him while he was studying at CalTech and frequently visiting Joe and Roberta Gibson in the Bay Area, who were old friends of his from Sid's days as a Chicago fan. We talked, we discussed life, we laughed at each other's jokes and also at our own; we became friends. When I moved to New York, Sid was already on the east coast, having landed a job teaching Physics at Harvard, and our friendship has continued: when Sid visited New York City he would stay with Carol and me; at conventions Carol and I and Sid tend to form a constant trio; last year the three of us spent a two-week vacation trip together through Germany, Switzerland, Lichtenstein, Austria, Italy and France, etc. I suppose we won't see as much of each other now that Carol and I are in California, but Sid does a lot of traveling, so we have hopes of seeing him more than once a year, anyway.

Well, that's who Sid Coleman is to me; who is he to the world? He's a physicist specializing in high-energy physics; he still teaches at Harvard, having achieved tenure there before he was 30, which is impossible for ordinary mortals; and he's good in his field, I'm told, one of the best in this country if not in the world. He's 34 years old.

He's also a long-time science fiction fan who's published sf reviews in a variety of places ranging from SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES to Fantasy & Science Fiction. He was on the program of the NYCon III arguing that science per se isn't necessary in good science fiction --an unexpected position for a physicist to take. He's one of two or three people whose opinions about science fiction ever influence me in any way. He's an owner of Advent: Publishers, the Chicago fan publishing house.

He's an endless source of anecdotes for people like me who love to write about funny things, which is why his name pops up so frequently in The Infinite Beanie. One of Sid's greatest fans is Harlan Ellison, who once paused at Sid's table at some banquet to tell him he'd spilled sugar in his lap. Sid replied, "I know; it's a trick I picked up from Playboy magazine." I've also seen a newspaper story about a physics conference at which Dr. Coleman was lecturing; according to the account Sid wrote an equation on the blackboard that sent the audience into gales of laughter. ("I was making fun of another physicist," Sid told me later, but he couldn't explain the joke to me.)

Sid's contributions to fanzines have been much too infrequent: some book reviews, some letters of comment, and the following witty complaint about the nefarious punctuational practices of Earl Kemp, originally published in Earl's SAPSzine SaFari Offshoot in April, 1960. I wish he'd write more for fanzines, but Sid claims he gets his kicks these days making obscure jokes in physics journals.

-- Terry Carr



# SID COLEMAN'S CLASSIC COMPLAINT

; This is a semicolon.

It is used to separate the halves of a compound sentence. Here is a compound sentence:

"This desire has no rationale behind it; it is as unthinking as the mythical one of lemmings to plunge themselves into the sea."

See how the semi-colon separates the halves of the compound sentence!

\*\*\*



This is Leggett, Mead and Charvat.

They have written a Handbook for Writers. It is authoritative.

They say people who separate the halves of a compound sentence with a comma have committed the Comma Fault.

The Comma Fault is so horrible that they do not even mention it by name!

They call it 37x.

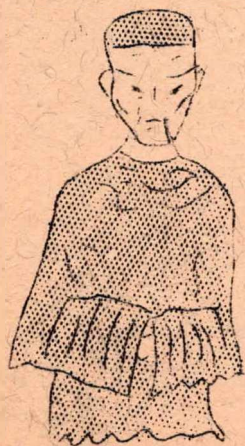
If you commit 37x too often they will send harpies after you.

THIS IS A  
WATCHBIRD  
HARPIE  
WATCHING  
YOU



This is a harpy.

\*\*\*



This is Earl Kemp.

He is evil.

(You can tell he is evil; he has downward-slanting eyes.)

He hates everything that is good and true and beautiful.

Earl Kemp DESPISES semi-colons.

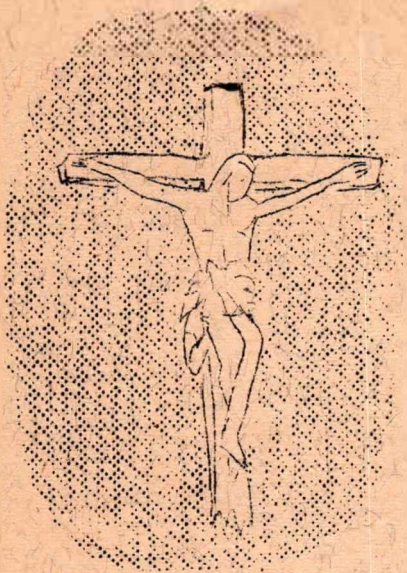
He has committed 37x so many times that he has harpies like some people have fleas.

This is another view of Earl Kemp.

\*\*\*







This is Sidney Coleman.

He is good and true and beautiful.

As a matter of fact, he looks just like a semi-colon.

He would sooner join the N3F than commit 37x.

He also does at least two drafts of everything he writes.

He says he does this "to correct minor infelicities of style."



Whenever he says this his eyes go misty and he thinks of James Branch Cabell and Oscar Wilde.

Maybe he is queer.

\*\*\*

Earl Kemp HATES Sidney Coleman.

Once he got Sidney Coleman to write a letter for him.

Normally, Sidney Coleman does not do anything for Earl Kemp, because

Sidney Coleman is pure



and Earl Kemp is evil.

But this time was special.

This time was for a good cause.

This time was to help squash a man who was not only evil but stupid.

Also ugly.

He is so horrible that we do not mention him by name! We call him 99z.

99z has fleas like Earl Kemp has harpies.

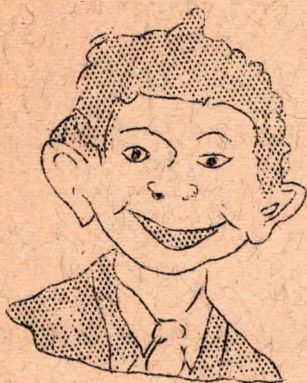
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The letter was Sidney Coleman's masterwork.

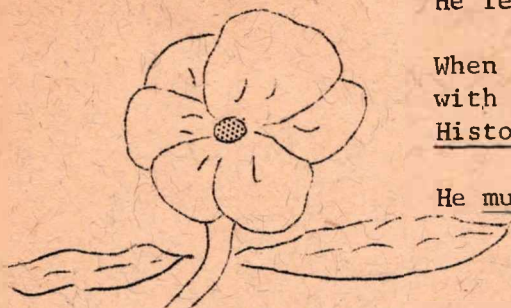
He took three drafts to write it.

When it was done, it had semi-colons like some people have harpies.

When it was done, he felt so good he called Earl Kemp hypocrite lecteur.







He felt like Voltaire, only wittier.

When he came home, he locked himself in his cork lined room with a bottle of green chartreuse and read Attitudes Towards History through three times!

He must be queer.

\*\*\*

When Earl Kemp got his hands on Sidney Coleman's letter, he laughed for twenty-four hours.

He laughed like an irresponsible foetus.

When he was done he put Sidney Coleman's letter on stencil.

He put the first draft on stencil.

He left out all the semi-colons but one.



He left that one in to increase the torment.

He is subtle and cruel.

This is the Marquis de Sade.

Earl Kemp is so nasty he makes him look like Mary Worth.

When he was done, he felt so good that he spent the rest of the day pulling wings off harpies.

\*\*\*

When Sidney Coleman saw what Earl Kemp had done to his letter, he said things we can not write here.

To write them would be 63r.

He told Earl Kemp, "You have set a vulture at my liver."

Maybe he is only stupid.

\*\*\*

Whenever Earl Kemp does something like this, Sidney Coleman chews his right forefinger. He now has the largest callous in the Western hemisphere.

If you buy him a drink he will show it to you.

It is a good thing he does not know what Earl Kemp is going to do next. He is going to introduce subtle misspellings in Sidney Coleman's next story. He thinks Midwest fandom needs its own Rick Sneary.

\*\*\*

L'ENVOI:

See, Prince. You can learn something useful from reading SAPSazines. You can learn how to write like Murray Leinster.



LETTERS OF COMMENT

# COUNTING COUP

DICK LUPOFF, 3208 Claremont Avenue, Berkeley, Calif. 94705

I found the idea of Creative Fanachronism delightful--sat in a little park beside Lake Merritt in Oakland the day that issue came just chuckling and grinning and drawing strange looks from assorted passing-by Oaklanders....

There is a certain timebinding quality here, not with regard to SF at all, but a little to do with fandom and even more to do with music. Before you arrived on the New York fan scene there used to be a bunch of us who made more-or-less regular pilgrimages to the lamented Fillmore East, and there are many shared memories that bubble to the surface occasionally, like preserved dinosaurs in the La Brea tar pits. Like the times that Pat and I, Terry & Carol, and Arnie and Steve Stiles and Mike McInerney and... saw Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys and thought they were incredibly.

The band moved from the Village to Mendocino a few months after that, and last winter I interviewed them for an article and we all hit it off so well that we became friends. Now we crash at their place when we're in Mendocino and they stay over here when they play in Berkeley.

... But all of this got started because of your mention of Happy & Artie Traum. We drove up to a lovely little club in Sonoma County called the Inn of the Beginning to hear Happy & Artie a while ago. They were on a double bill with (ready for a warm wind from long ago?) Sopwith Camel.

Happy & Artie did a fine set, then during intermission Happy came over and sat at our table. (..music clubs around here are very informal--nothing like the East Coast music scene.)

...knowing the Traums' music and the fact that Happy has edited a folk music magazine (SING OUT) I thought I'd try a wild shot in the dark.

"Happy," I said, "do you happen to know Lee Hoffman?"



"Happy," I said, "do you happen to know Lee Hoffman?"

"Lee Hoffman!" A huge grin spread beneath Happy's big black moustache. "I used to sit around her apartment near Washington Square by the hour. But that was when she was Lee Shaw...."

Ain't it a small world?

ALPAJPURI, 1690 E 26th Ave., Eugene Oregon 97403

Although I'm not involved with the Anachronists, I feel I should comment on Arnie's Golden Bagel column. Sure, the SCA is one big King of the Hill political game complex, but no less than science fiction fandom (in which we bang at each other with words, not harmless wooden swords), or even fannish fandom for that matter. Any time you have more than one individual trying to influence a group you're going to have \*Political Intrigue\*. That Intrigue may not seem awfully intriguing if you're not concerned with the basic interests and issues of a particular group, and it tends to lose the negative taint of "politics" if you're emotionally enmeshed, but it's politics and intrigue all the same. I don't lose sleep at night fretting over the future of the throne of the Barony of the Tinted Lillies any more than I do about the contest for the Best Novella Hugo.

While we're on the subject of disputes, I seem to be in disagreement with several of your loccers... Re: Will Straw, although the field of interest of a group and its age seem to affect the degree of fannishness of its members, I think the deciding factor is simply the personalities of those individual members. On one hand you have the Mythopoeic Society, which despite its heavily sercon image has a large vein of fannishness running through it; on the other hand you have some group like the Kitty Kat Fanciers of America with probably an equal distribution of sercon and fannish members; and then on the other hand you have fanzines like Potlatch and Focal Point that contain a surprising amount of very serious discussion of the very nature of fannishness within their pages.

And what does this mean for you and I, personally? Well, for one thing, it means we have three arms; other than that I honestly couldn't say.

My Button is Pushed when Seth McEvoy says that "layout is important in a professional magazine" but not in fanzines. Look, graphics isn't something you can take or leave alone, it's an element inherent in any entity produced for visual reception. From the moment you set typer or stylus to stencil you're producing some kind of graphic effect whether you like it or not. I assume Seth means that fanzine graphics only have to be minimal, meaning that the words should be legibly produced; but every step you take beyond minimal graphics enables you to communicate more thoroughly and effectively the total message that the words-symbols convey from only one angle.

I mean, a word is not a concept, a fanzine is not a telepathy helmet. A word is a graphic symbol that stands for a concept or concepts, and every aspect of that word--its typeface, its position in relating to other words and to the page it's printed on--all influence the nuances of thought it triggers in our head. Division of text into separate sentences and paragraphs is a graphic exercise with analogous implications on the conceptual level; why not go further? The shape of the space that the text takes up on the page is going to influence the reader, as is the amount of text on the page.

I see little difference between a writer and a painter--they're both working with graphic symbols to communicate specific concepts and emotions. The writer is concerned primarily with what is traditionally thought of as a more precise set of symbols, the painter with the more abstract but even that division crumbles on examination. There are photographic painters and there are writers who write abstract expressionism. They're working in different media, and I think it's to their mutual disadvantage that they avoid trespassing on what they consider to be the other's territory. They're really working in the same field.



::I agree with you, that layout is equally important in all visually-received media; however, I suspect that what Seth was referring to was a certain type of layout that has become definitive of the phrase in fandom. If a faneditor states his intent to publish a zine with "good layout and design", then most usually fandom expects his zine to be of a certain style and type, forgetting that (as you've explained) all visually received material possesses layout. Being more specific and a bit less abstract, I doubt that there are many fan editors around who are more concerned with the layout of their zine than I am for the effect of Potlatch's visuals....however, those faneditors who are publishing zines famed for layout are striving for a different effect, and therefore using a different style. If I once again decided it would be fun to publish a zine with a more formal presentation than Potlatch's, I would change to a different style of layout---until that time, though, I'm more interested in producing a different type of zine, which calls for a totally different visual presentation.

B. ALICE SANVITO, 4917 McPherson, Apt. 304, St. Louis, Mo. 63108

This is just sort of an aside, but I just remembered something that happened last summer which had nothing to do with fandom but contained an almost faanish type of humor. I was working at the St. Louis Central Institute for the Deaf as a guinea pig for hearing experiments. There were quite a few foreign students working there, too. One of them was a girl from India named Pervine and another was a guy named David Kawanishi. David was from Korea and his appearance was most obviously Oriental. One afternoon we were talking about ethnic jokes and someone made the statement that David was not the least embarassed about being Polish. Pervine took the comment seriously and asked a number of people if it was true. Finally, she went up to David and asked him if he was really Polish. --- A few months later David got his paycheck with his name misspelled, "David Kawaniski."

Back to Potlatch: I really don't know what sort of comments to make. Ray Nelson's letter about expanding fandom almost carried me away, though, and half way through reading it I found myself mumbling, "There shall be One True Fold" but I'm wondering who the True Shepherd of Conglomorate Fandom will be. (Gads, what an awful thought, a True Shepherd of Fandom. Ech.)

::Friday evenings just don't seem the same since you left; be sure to keep in touch.

ROBERT BLOCH, 2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

Are you aware that there's an error on the cover of POTLATCH #6? One of the articles listed does not appear in the issue. Outside of that, it's just great. Perhaps Terry Carr's piece will flush Degler out of the woodwork..or wherever one flushes things. It would be great to actually see the books he advertised. Say what you will, I miss old Claude: there's no head in fandom today who can even come close to matching his freak-outs.

BUCK COULSON, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348

I hate to mention this, Joyce, but in all your comments about good old Leonard Slye, you have consistently misspelled his pseudonym. It's Roy Rogers, not Rodgers. (Maybe you were thinking of Jimmie Rodgers?) I was a Sons of the Pioneers fan (still am, to some degree), so I listened to anything they were on. Even watched one Roy Rogers movie, though one was all I could stand. (Roy was a poor enough actor, but never in my life have I seen as appallingly bad an actor as Bob Nolan. Not even Nelson Eddy was that bad.)

I see why I still prefer the country and you don't. In between watching the grass grow, you were bored; in between eyeing it carefully to see if I could put off mowing it another day, I read. The



hours of my days were filled in mushing across Alaska with Baldy of Nome, or conquering hilarious nautical problems with Colin Glenannon. Not an ounce of boredom, and I still wish I had as much time to read today as I used to. (To think that until late in my teens I would not start a novel unless I had time to finish it at one sitting!)

::Before my highschool years, I would have been like you and happily filled my hours with books. But, even though my hours on the farm were filled with reading, I wasn't happy; at that time I would have preferred my hours to be filled with the company of other teenagers. My brief sojourn into country living came at the precise wrong time for me to appreciate it---a few years earlier or a few later, and my reaction would have been much different.

RAILEE BOTHMAN, 1300 West Adams Avenue, Kirkwood, Mo. 63122

The communication gap is my fault--thanks for sending me Potlatch anyway. Just before Memorial Day one eye stopped working, and I had to keep it covered for several months. About the time that started to clear up, in July, I had a heart attack. By this time we had already set up a tour of Europe for Joe, Stef, Pat and I, and prepared almost everything. I finally persuaded the doctor to let me go, as Joe said it was everyone or no one. So I had a week after getting out of the hospital to get us ready, and I was so groggy from medicine I could hardly talk. We left a lot of unsewn material and many important necessities at home, but we did get to go. Not being able to climb steps, and taking naps, limited us; but it was worth going.

We may end up printing OSFAN at our house. There is a general house-cleaning at OSFA. Doc Clarke is moving out of town, and the Couches seem happy to get a rest from print parties. Joe has offered to print if the masters are ready to go, so will work it out after next month's election.

Got some news in Heidelberg. I looked up Thea Auler's number and the nice hotel clerk phoned for me. He talked to some people who bought the house. It seems, they said, she was living with someone who moved, and she got married. Then her husband was killed in an auto accident. Then later she was killed in about the same place.

Arnie's article on letter columns and fandom missed a stage. That's when fans (any kind, including model railroaders) develop a language with only a slight relation to English, and new fans can't even understand. Then you have real fandom.

::Such a lot of news in one short letter--I feel I'm publishing a newszine. But, so sorry that the news from Heidelberg was bad...

OSFA seemed long overdue for a house-cleaning; be sure to keep me posted as to how it all comes out. Ghu knows Leigh and Norbert deserve a rest from their years of hosting OSFA's publication---and, I pity you the job.

Fanspeak a necessary phase of fandom? I hadn't thought of it...but I suspect you're right. All groups, mundane, fannish, business or hobby, to seem to have their special words; sf fandom's vocabulary may be a bit larger than some hobbies, but we're not unique in having developed a set of phrases, I guess.

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

When does a fringe-fan quit being fringe? I wondered off and on about that but only reached what might be considered the "launching pad"--that there is a variety of reasons involved in the progression of fringe-fan into purer (although not necessarily wholly) fans. Perhaps the reason is at least a little bit different with each fan.

I got to thinking that perhaps a



type most apt to espouse fandom would be comprised of those whose tastes in science fiction (and kindred fields, from mythology on) are of a broad nature, including an appetite for just about anything. This would include fans who possessed the as yet unrealised potential for such catholicity, of course. But after due consideration, the idea couldn't really be proven reasonably valid without lengthy research; perhaps even then it'd only be one of the 1001 reasons to be fitted, like shoes, to whomever they might fit...

::I fear you've bogged down in asking yourself WHY IS A FAN, instead of WHEN. It might be interesting to do some research to see if the answers to WHY have significantly changed since Earl Kemp published his compilation---

There's undoubtedly been  
Some change in the WHY, that would prompt more girls to enter the hobby....and I'm curious what it is. Any theories?

FELICE ROLFE, 762 San Ramon, Sunnyvale, California 94086

I'm with M. Tucker in deploring sf cons' tendency to gigantism. The rise in prices, however, is particularly galling to me because I recently recommended to the Society for Technical Communication, who charged \$50 for their convention, that sf cons proved definitely that it could be done for 1/10 the price. (One of the members even joined SFCon to see. He thought there were too many weird types there, which goes to show you the gray flannel suit mentality; though I'll give him some points because this is the homeland for the Society for Creative Anachronism. Come to think of it, there were too many weird types there. Spinrad was there, and so was I.)

Yes, Arnie, it is possible to call oneself a fan and yet have no knowledge of the history, etc., of fandom. (Of course one catches on to the mores pretty damn quick, or else.) It's hard enough to keep up with current events in fandom, the way feuds come and go and allegiances change, without feeling obligated to read fanhistory...but I think that the main problem is, if you feel "obligated" to read fanhistory, then it becomes no fun. Not the sort of thing one does for a hobby. FIJAGH, remember? Besides, who wants to remember other people's fanhistory when one's own is forgotten? Who remembers the Great West Coast Gilbert and Sullivan parties, for instance, or the Rolfe Bottomless Chicken Pilaf Pot? How many people recall being stepped on by Benjamin Boy as they slept on the Mayhem House floor after the G&S festivities? Who still thinks of John Michael, the Largest Cat in Fandom (Who's Still Growing)? Where is there mention of the Great NIEKAS Collating Parties.

No, those days are long gone. And good riddance. --It isn't that I disliked having all the people around, or being known far and wide as having a good place to crash; it's just that the last time I had to cook extempore, it was for 53 people.

::But, Felice--of course people remember Mayhem House...or, rather, everyone who follows fanhistory with even a little interest knows of those days----and knowing about those days and others like them is the reward of reading fanhistory.

Keeping up with current events in mundania is also pretty hard, the way feuds come and go and allegiances change---but that doesn't stop us in being interested in reading history to see the way things got to the current state. And, that's how it is with fanhistory, too...it's not so much that there's an obligation to read fanhistory; it's just that for many fans there's a great deal of interest in what went before, how we got this way, etc. It's just another face of the hobby.

I suppose the kicker is your use of the word "obligation". No..none of that, of course. But, knowledge of fanhistory increases potential for pleasure...if only by making your references in the paragraph above more understandable.



RICK SNEARY, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California 90280

Arnie's column is a good example of the faanish school of writing. I agree with him about an interest in fan history, but I have found most fans only want an operatable knowledge of Fandom, not a detailed.. Like knowing enough to be able to drive a car, but not to know why it runs. As many fans have gotten along without studying Fandom Past, I don't think it is a requirement.

I would take it as a personal kindness, if in the unlikely-seeming chance that I am ever in the East and come visiting, that you do not bring out the McInerney Memorial Pipe while I'm around. What I read and know about is one thing..what I see before me is another, and apt to produce a conflict of emotions I should find quite unenjoyable.

Stooker is fairly amusing. I credit him with making me think it was merely an exaggeration as it started. The picture he paints of himself makes him sound like a fan of a by-gone day... We really did used to be that keen about forming clubs...they aren't like that anymore...are they?

::Oh, I think fans are still very keen to start clubs. You see it less in the large fan centers like NY and LA; but in other parts of the country there seems to be a great drive to band together. I suppose fans are just naturally very tribal people. ---For that matter, even in the fancenters, I guess there's still a tendency, anytime three or more fans get together, to call it a "club".

You are right in your answer to Lambert...but the South has always had less than its share of fans. On Quandry, though, it came out of Georgia, but Hoffman herself was from the North... I wonder if that would make a difference in the way her brain developed.

::Gee, I didn't know Hoffman was from the north; is that true Lee? -- I had always thought LeeH to be a native of Georgia... it's interesting to speculate, as you have just suggested, on the difference that being a northerner might have made in her.

"Xeno" was a rotten drink developed from the mind and pen of Sergeant Saturn, and taken up by his regular Hacks as the true drink of fans. Unlike blog, I don't think there was ever any real world equivalent. But his many juvenile, non-drinking writers could talk about drinking it, or S.S.'s drinking it, with great fun.

HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

Your reactions to the Noreascon are similar to mine, with due consideration to the fact that I have only two other worldcons to balance in memory against this one. There are two main handicaps for me at any worldcon. One is the simple fact that I'm free to say what I please there and can't get accustomed to doing so, after watching my tongue in Hagerstown to avoid the endless and pointless arguments that would result everytime I expressed my mildly libera opinions about things in a deeply reactionary community. The other problem is the sense that no matter how I communicate with other fans at a worldcon, I'll disappoint them because it's usually limited to a few minutes amid a lot of other fans, such a difference from the way I give a fan my undivided attention for the better part of a halfhour when I write him a loc. I did have one conversation in Boston that lasted perhaps a quarter-hour and the other fans standing around didn't interrupt often but that was as close as I came to communicating leisurely. (This excepts the meals, of course, where some coherent talk with one or a few fans was possible.)

There's one special thing about fans' interest in fannish history that Arnie fails to mention. This is particularly impressive because this is the era when most young people care nothing about what happened a few years ago, except perhaps for old recordings of some musical groups. I'm particularly encouraged by the fact that fans are still



writing me about All Our Yesterdays, 18 months after its original release. Some of these are new fans who weren't around to buy it soon after publication, but I'm also hearing from some older fans who have just acquired a copy. You'd think that interest would have dwindled by now in a dissertation on such a long-ago time whose fanzines are mostly unobtainable and whose fans have in the main gafiated. Maybe there really was something to the time-binding concept. It would be interesting to try to survey the people who just read science fiction without being fans, and see if there's more than the usual amount of interest in the past and in history among them than in the general population.

I think I invented the kind of fan fiction which starts as a straight non-fiction item and gradually turns into a story. As a result, I'm particularly proud of Rick Stoker's Altonate Reality, the best example of the type I've seen in a long while. With that title pun and the imagination put into the story itself, Rick gives promise of becoming the long-awaited successor to the kind of fannish genius that was the original Irish John Berry.

::I take a great deal of pride in your compliments on "Altonate Reality"---there's the pride of the editor/publisher...and also a certain amount of pride that the compliments are being directed toward a St.Louis Area fan. But, I also am very pleased that you liked the title-pun, since Arnie made it up.

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

We had an Outhouse during the years that our family lived in northern Manitoba. If Outhouse Fandom ever emerges as a full-fledged subfandom, I claim status as a While of O.F. by virtue of the fact that ours was a Two Seater. ... (Strangely enough, almost exactly one week after receiving Potlatch #5, I was in northern Ontario for a week, without an inside facility for the first time in five years or so.)

I suppose I should come right out and deny the rumors that I'm Ungenuine, but I really wonder what good that would do; if I was a hoax or pen-name, I doubt very much that whoever it was who would be pulling my strings would come out and admit it the first time my Authenticity was questioned. (If I put my mind to it, I could probably make use of such talk--starting, for instance, by blaming all my bad writing on a desire to get revenge for all the bad writing I've put up with through 40 years of actifanning under my Real Name.)

((From a later letter)) I find that silver dollars more often burn holes in my pockets than wear them--when I was younger, and because Canada still mints them, I'd have them given to me at every so-called Turning Point in my life, and I'd always end up spending them like any other money when I ran low, rather than saving them. I did the same with a set of coins put out in 1967 to commemorate Canada's centennial, and haven't really regretted it. It was one of those collector's-items-for-everybody things which could never have any real value because everybody and his brother bought one thinking it would.

I think 8th fandom was so distinct and apart from previous eras that there was no sense of flow or continuity to make people interested in what went before. The faanish fen coming into prominence today are probably interested in fanhistory because they knew that the type of new material they're liking had a basis in previous fandoms. But it's difficult to get interested in book reviews older than a year or two because book reviews--indeed, most all science-fictional material--is easily dated. I was lucky enough to pick up a fairly good collection of old fmz from a fan who was getting away from it all (and who had, himself, bought most of those same fanzines off other gafiating fen) before actually getting into the current scene, so I had an interest in things fanhistorical almost from the start.

I'm kind of disappointed in what seems to be a general decline in worldcon reporting these days; I've looked forward to



the post-Noreascon fanzine output to find out just what I missed and what went on, but nobody so far seems to have devoted any real space to it. I guess fandom is con-oriented enough these days that the minority which didn't make the worldcon is too small to warrant reporting in the traditional sense, but I still wish the reports that have come out would have been a little more detailed.

The fact that Fort Erie is adjacent to Buffalo is one I would have made use of if I ever decided to create a hoax, but I don't like the idea of it being turned against me. (Or being called an American, either.) The Hamilton Ontario fandom I was involved in existed four or five years ago, and never reached a level of sophistication where any of its members read or published fanzines. I see by the September "The Terraen" that my address has been listed incorrectly as "103 Niagara Blvd." which is, I think our Anglo-American hotel; I just hope someone from TAPS driving through here doesn't try to check up and decide that I must be a hoax, using the hotel as a mail pick-up point.

I've reached the stage now where any town of less than 15,000 would be absolutely deadening to me; I found myself unable to stand one week on a vacation-type island this summer, and Fort Erie is beginning to make a place like Toronto look better all the time. I've managed to survive it, though; whenever the desire for a more urban environment hits me, I look out the window at Buffalo and manage to find Fort Erie a bit more bearable for an hour or two. Surprisingly, I put up with almost-rural environments when I was younger. Jarvis, Ontario, had only 780 people, but I had what amounted to a nervous breakdown when we were preparing to move, and I enjoyed living in Norway House, in Northern Manitoba, which hadn't yet reached the level of being developed where it could be called a community.

::Well, I'll say this one thing: if you were a hoax, I notice that you're playing by the rule..ie, never telling a direct lie about your existence.

You'll have a pleasant surprise, if long con reports are what you like, coming from Arnie; he detailed Noreascon in moment-to-moment completeness, and will be bringing out his con-report in a separate volume..RealSoonNow. Knowing that he was doing this, I didn't feel any necessity of writing a real conreport; I agree with you that lengthy con reports are valuable, and would probably have felt some pressure to attempt one if I hadn't known the Katz' experiences were being chronicalled.

I've always been told that Buffalo was bad enough to cure a person of any desire to live in any community at all, regardless of size.

GORDON LINZNER, 83-10 118 Street, Apt. 4-M, Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415

Rick Stoker's piece was the best thing in the issue. Slightly forced at the end, but this is what I consider a true fannish item. Who hasn't had a similar experience trying to get a club of some kind going. I remember...but that's a long story, and not very interesting, and now that I think of it, I don't remember it all that well after all. In fact, it probably happened to somebody else.

JERRY KAUFMAN, 417 W. 118th St., Apt. 63, New York, NY 10027

I didn't try to write down every number. I was a smart little boy and knew that if I wrote 12 and then 73 I could assume everything in between. So I saw around in classes (this was tenth grade) and doubled numbers. I mainly wanted to see how many grains of wheat the Indian king had to pay the man who invented chess.

::I never really did trust multiplication, and always suspected that if I kept counting it out, I'd find where multiplication didn't work. That's how I spent a lot of my time



THIRD CLASS  
PRINTED MATTER

JOYCE KATZ  
59 LIVINGSTON ST  
BR  
BROOKLYN NY 11201

POTLATCH

Howard DeVore  
4705 Weddel Street  
Dearborn Michigan



HANK DAVIS, Box 154, Loyall, Ky. 40854

The main trouble with Terry Carr's Entropy Reprints is that I have found few of them as good as he thinks they are. This time, though, he has found diamonds, not cinders, and almost succeeds in making me think that I have missed something by coming into fandom as late as I did. Pete Graham is a genuinely funny fellow and I'm grateful to Terry for introducing me to his writings.

NEAL GOLDFARB, 30 Brodwood Dr., Stamford, Conn. 06902

I bet Bill Kunkel doesn't know that it's illegal in Conn. to shoot Indians from the back of a streetcar after sundown.

The Degler reprints were truly mind boggling. I'm not sure if my favorite line is "...the Naked ones on the cold stone floors..." or "Mr. Degler was warned not to write this book..." Besides being amazing for the reasons Terry Carr cites, it's a perfect piece of "schlocky" advertising "complete" with "quotation marks" all over the place.

::Alas...a lack of space...even after being brutal in my editing, I still have a list of WAHFs that's longer than I like. Next issue it'll be better..I promise. I suspect that next issue will see the beginning of Potlatch's micro-elite lettercol--perhaps that will help me get more letters in each issue. Meanwhile, I also heard from Dan Goodman, Rick Stoker, Dave Piper, Chris Couch, Larry Propp, David Emerson, Dave Hulvey, Jonh Ingham, Earl Thompson, and Wayne Finch...good letters all, and I hope you all write again.

Happy Halloween!

--Joyce Katz