

NUMBER

# POTLATCH

EIGHT

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SLEEPY...

YOU ARE  
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GETTING...  
SLEEPY...

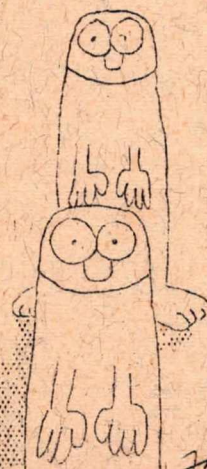
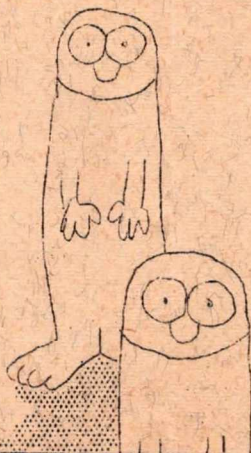
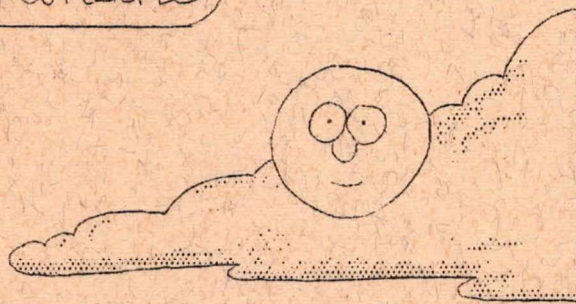
YOU WILL READ  
THIS ISSUE...

YOU WILL LOC  
THIS ISSUE...

YOU WILL BE  
WITTY & ENGAGING

*The Hypnotic Fanzine*

SPECIAL  
ZOMBIE  
ISSUE!



*Jay Kinney*



# POTLATCH

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ALL ART this issue by JAY KINNEY

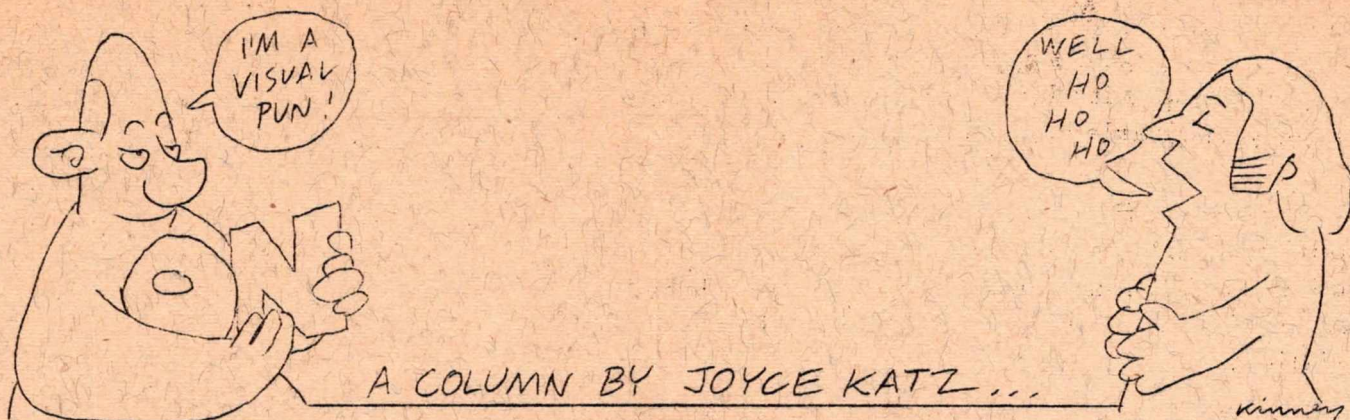
POTLATCH #8 is edited by Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston Street, Apt. 6-B. Brooklyn NY 11201. This is the February 1972 issue of this monthly fanzine. Some months are just longer than others, is all.

POTLATCH is available for letters-of-comment, and contributions. I'll also trade for your zine (by arrangement) if you're not trading for FOCAL POINT. It's also possible to obtain one issue for 35¢---but I absolutely will not accept subscriptions and I absolutely refuse to feel Responsible or Guilty if anyone's foolish enough to entrust me with more than 35¢. Please take very careful note of that fact before sending subscriptions---please.

The above does not apply to Leigh Couch's lollipops which are a bonafide and legitimate method of endearing anyone to me. Thanks, Leigh.

Glory and praise to Arnie not only for the mimeography but also for typing his article, and for all lettering-guide work. Thanks be to Terry Carr, for typing the Entropy Reprints for this issue. Bountious praise and egoboo go to the collators and general assistants this issue: Bill Kunkel, Charlene Komar, Chris Couch, and Ross Chamberlain, on this 5th day of February, 1972.





In the last few issues of Potlatch, my editorials have primarily been concentrated either on things fannish or nostalgic. It occurs to me that some of you may have become idly curious about the Katz life-style, and may be unwilling to believe that all our time is devoted to fanac of one sort or another.

You'd actually be mostly wrong in your assumption, because the fact is that fanac occupies an enormous amount of our time. Normally, in each two week period, one week is devoted to preparation of the stencils for one of the two Katz' zines. Since we each do work on the other's fanzine, you can see that we're never separated from fanac for over a few days at a time. This, together with the at-least-once-weekly gathering at the Katz dinner table of Brooklyn's fannish luminaries, contrives to cause fanac, of one kind or another, to be our biggest occupation.

I've written before of my Wall Street insurance agency office, and there's little I can add in addition to those paragraphs I printed before. East River still passes in silvery splendor outside the stainless steel tower I'm closeted in, and outside the peddlers still line the street with their array of treasures, trading ribbons and beads in the best tradition of Manhattan Island. I must be getting used to New York. I'm no longer startled by the peddlers dangling their strings of beads and colored cloths in front of me. I'm not surprised anymore to see Messrs. Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith buying hotdogs from a pushcart. It is singularly ununique that the sophisticated brittle blond receptionist in the next office has her pockets stuffed with roasted chestnuts. I seldom get lost on the subways anymore...and I've noticed the subways seem a bit less crowded these days than they did two years ago. On the other hand, the fairy-like splendor of the Manhattan Towers seems a bit more tawdry, and I've become aware of the accumulated grime of the city's millions. Fortunately, however, the noise-level of the city seems to have abated somewhat since I first arrived: whether it's actually quieter, or only that I've learned to shut it out, I don't know.

I still miss the hills of Missouri..(it's very distressing to me that this part of the state is so flat)..and I guess I always will. You can take the girl out of the country, but... One of the side benefits (perhaps the most enjoyable part, but I wouldn't say it) of Noreascon, was the trip up there. We went by bus, and I was thrilled to see that New York is actually a very beautiful state, filled with hills and streams and wild flowers. The pity seems to be that the lord ran out of building material when he got to the tip end where we live, and had to make it so flat and plain.

(Continued on  
page 7)



As recently as last May, things were pretty bleak in Fannish New York Fandom. The level of cri-fanac had reached its lowest ebb in the memory of all but that gnarled veteran Steve Stiles.

Moves to other cities by several stalwarts and personality clashes among the survivors had corroded the fabulous trufannish group which had ridden so high in the fandom of the middle and late sixties.

Though the fannish fans of New York had long been famed as publishing giants, there were only two fannish genzines coming out of the group, FOCAL POINT, which was still a news-genzine, and POTLATCH. Neither even approached its purported schedule.

The club scene was even more dismal. Among the other New York fan circles, the rumor was abroad that everyone in our group had gafiated. It wasn't so far off the truth at that.

The Insurgents, after switching from Rich and Colleen Brown's apartment to ours, limped along for a few sparsely attended meetings, before acknowledging defeat and suspending operation. This left the Fanoclasts as the only fannish meeting ground for NYfen.

Did I say meeting ground? Battleground would have been closer to the truth, if you're willing to call a cold war a battle. The vaunted unity of the fanoclasts was definately a thing of the past.

Beginning in January 1971, a clique of about four members stopped speaking to a group of about equal size. The thrilling meetings generated by this state of affairs kept attendance down to about ten people on a good night. Newcomers unlucky enough to drift into the Fanoclast orbit died of frostbite in the interstices between the two cliques.

Now, as New York fandom basks in the glorious Age of Kunkel, the picture is totally different, as if the other had never been.

The Insurgents meet again, alternate Fridays to the Fanoclasts, usually boasting an attendance of about a dozen. Things are also going moderately well with the Fanoclasts, too. The two cliques have established a semblance of cordiality, and the neutrals are starting to peek out of their foxholes.

And the fanzines! FOCAL POINT, POTLATCH and RATS! come out like clockwork,





Chris Couch is getting CIPHER out bimonthly, and now Ross Chamberlain has published the first issue of the hugely promising FANGLE.

And we owe it all to Bill Kunkel.

How did this marvelous transformation take place? How did a moribound, sinking fandom pick itself up by its bootstraps and stand tall once again?

Some say it was Bill Kunkel's warm-hearted enthusiasm that turned the tide. Some maintain that it was the force of his dynamic personality. Some even claimed it was simply the light which radiates from his sensitive fannish face.

On the other hand, some say it was coincidence.

I would tend to agree with this last, and by far the largest group. Except.

Except that I keep harking back to the first time that Bill Kunkel and Charlene Komar visited Joyce and me.

It's hard to believe that the weak and unsteady creature who paid us that visit is the popular actifan of today. Indeed, at the start of that first encounter, his trufannish zeal was no more in evidence than his now famous voracious appetite.

After dinner, the four of us sat around, idly discussing the Meaning of Fandom. Bill and Charlene had just published the first issue of the revived RATS! and were eager to get into the fannish swim.

"I think we'll revive GENOOK," Bill said. Charlene nodded.

"Have you thought of just continuing along with RATS!? This revival issue seems better than what GENOOK published. Besides, this is the day of the smaller, more frequent fanzine. Like RATS!, for example," I said. Joyce nodded.

"That's so," Bill said. "Yes, I can see that. Smaller and frequent. Yeah, that's the ticket. GENOOK isn't such a great name, anyway." He looked to Charlene for agreement. She nodded, and he continued. "The only thing is, I wonder if I can do enough book reviews to fill up a frequent fanzine.

"Uh, Bill," I said, choosing my words carefully, "why make such a thing out of book reviews? I can see an insightful, article-length treatment of a novel, but if all you're going to do is capsule reviews.... What's going to make your set of capsule reviews unique among all the other sets of capsule reviews?"

"Gee, I never thought of it that way," he said.

"Anyway, there are already a half-dozen fanzines coming out that review everything in sight. I'll bet you don't even read all those capsule reviews yourself."

"That's so, that's so. One batch of short reviews is pretty much like another. "I'm glad you said something." A look of worry crossed his face. "But then what could I



print?"

Before I could answer, a golden glow suffused the room, growing brighter and brighter. I saw Bill's face, wreathed in a corona of this radiance.

"Yes, yes," Bill said, his voice suddenly firm and resonant. "I'll print personal essay type material, with long editorials by Charlene and me. Some humor and satire. I Shall Be --- Fannish!"

"Yes, Bill," Charlene seconded, "We'll be fannish fans. I never liked book reviews much, anyway."

"And I shall write fannish articles!" he thundered.

"Yes," we all said in unison.

"And they will be full of the Spirit of Trufandom!"

"Yes!"

"And they will be fannish!" He began waving his arms in the air.

"Oh, yes!"

"And Charl and I will do a Fabulous Fannish Fanzine!"

"Fabulous! Oh, lordy Ghu, yes!"

"And it will be fannish!" He started dancing around the room.

"Fannish!"

"And it will have fannish contributors!"

"We hear you, brother!"

"And it will have fannish cartoons!"

"Oh sweet spirit of trufandom, we hear you!" We started dancing around the room.

"And I will do this fannish fanzine monthly!"

"Monthly! Praise be to Tucker, monthly!" Bill gathered up all the chair and sofa cushions into one big pile. He stood on top of it, waving his arms wildly to remain balanced.

"And you, Arnie," he said as he looked at me, "you with your strong right arm, you shall be our Publisher, for you are an upright trufan, close by the Holy Spirit of Fandom, the Great Ghod Ghu!"



"And you, Joyce, will be called Collator, for you are an upright trufan, close by the Holy Spirit of Fandom, the Great Ghod Ghu!"

"And you, Charlene, shall be called coeditor, and faneds shall send you tradezines for the rest of your days, for blessed is the faned who sendeth two copies, and you are an upright trufan, close by the Holy Spirit of Trufandom, the Great Ghod Ghu." He raised himself to his full height, balanced there on the pile of cushions. "And I, and I -- I will maketh an upright trufan happy and bringeth to Arnie and to Joyce, yea verily to them both, cans of TAB."

And he wenteth and broughteth them TAB of which to drink. And yea verily, it was good.

-- Arnie Katz

CARRYING ON, Continued...

The next greatest amount of our time, after fandom and our respective mundane jobs, is spent in our newest hobby. Arnie and I have become voracious movie-goers; in the past four or five months we've seen more movies than I could begin to list here. Arnie at first resisted my coaxings to see a film; he used to attend movies with his parents when a pre-teen, and had shrugged them off as an entertainment best reserved for the very young or very old. When he somewhat surprisedly discovered that he wouldn't have to watch Doris Day, he became an addict; and I too fell prey to the disease.

Nor would it be possible, in a listing of our activities, to skip over and not mention the just-past Holiday Season. Starting with Thanksgiving (which as you recall is a Very Indian Day) we moved directly into Chanukah. A glance at the calendar might cause you to question that statement but it's true; and the talent that permits holidays to begin early around this house is the same talent that allowed Chanukah to extend itself to the brink of Christmas. More mundane souls may have to make do with a sparse Eight Days of Chanukah, or even a liberal Twelve Days of Christmas; but Judicious Management (coupled with Pure Greed) extended our holiday throughout the month of December, through the New Year, and right up to my birthday on the ninth of January, which officially signalled the ending of the Season, and the time to return to our normal schedules. Time to buckle down to regular life..and, alas, to begin the diets that might permit us to buckle up our buckles that no longer seem to buckle after the ritual feasting.

And of course, (she blushingly admits) there's television -- I've fallen prey to the joys of Mass Media, and don't really mind too much that it could be called Mass Mindlessness.

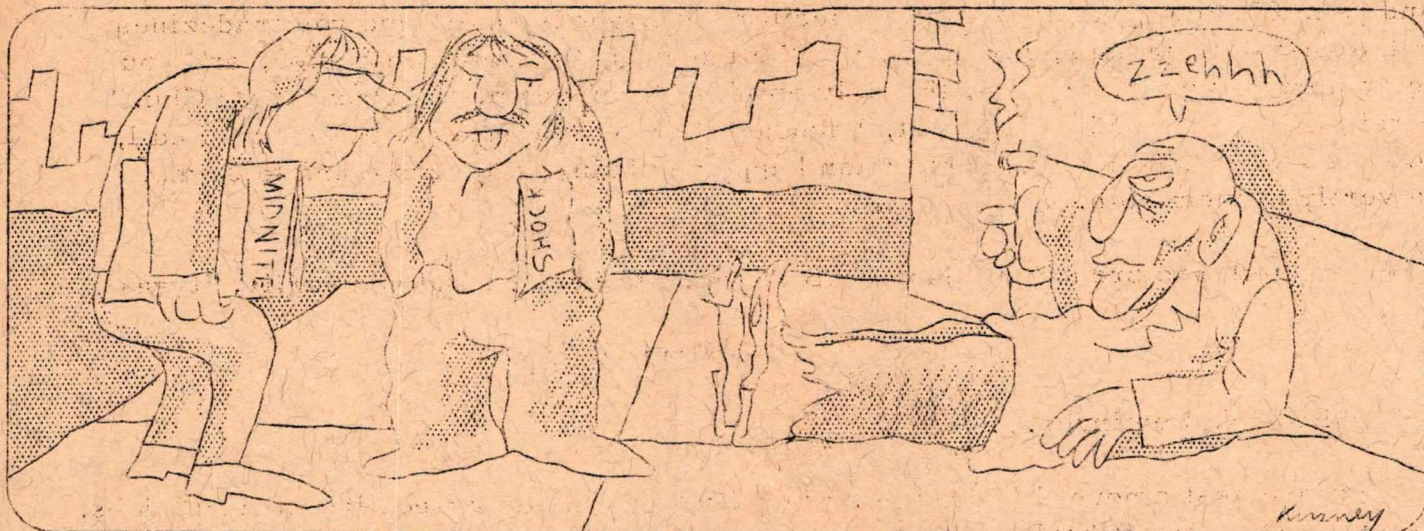
And (dare I admit it here?) I've been reading quite a lot of SF---but we'll not go into that subject right now, except to exult on the number of really fine anthologies of short stories now available.

So there you have it...a glimpse at the Lives & Times of Linda Lovely, Girl Fan. Here's hoping your Lives & Times pass as pleasantly.

-- Joyce Katz



# Snake Dance by BILL KUNKEL



SAY THE WORD! New York City has so many sides. It can break you up and wash you down the drain a million different ways. Living in NY can be the pains of life -- cubed. Life in the city can take you and leave you on a street corner talking only to Black dwarfs and hissing obscenities at those who pass you by.

I first saw Larry Shit about a year ago. I was down in my cellar apartment, smoking with some friends and listening to Between the Buttons on my stereo when a musician friend dropped by to pass the time and invite me to the movies. This all transpired during a period of my life when my only bread was earned playing rock at dances and ski resorts and every day was a "day off", and every night was another practice. During this time I developed a number of rather arcane interests that I suppose were a direct result of my rather decadent, drug-laden life-style. For instance, I scoured the newstands each week for new issues of raunchy tabloids with titles like "TRUTH!" and "MIDNIGHT" and pored over them with uncommon dilligence. I can remember scenes down my cellar, with amplifiers and guitars and drum kits all set up and plugged in, yet the only sound being produced was the constant amplified hum of machines turned on but not in use. And all the while the band was spread out on couches and on the floor, each devouring a few pages of the latest "NATIONAL MIRROR" or "INSIDE NEWS".

My secondary interest at this point was rapidly becoming the movie theaters on Times Square. For under a dollar; along 42nd St between Broadway and Eighth Avenue you can get into any one of a dozen or so broken-down grindhouses. And you're not restricted to porno flicks, either, cause most of the features, while luridly advertised, are "straight" neighborhood films, mixtures of new and old releases. In fact, the film we were going to see was a Japanese horror flick entitled "Monster Zero", starring Nick Adams and someone named "Fuji".

The flick itself was pretty good, even though the Monster Zero turned out to be Ghidra. Otherwise, it was an all-star beastie show, with Toho's best including Rodan, Godzilla and Gamara the Flying Turtle.

Of course, the real attraction at these places is the audience. We sat next to a guy who sucked his thumb for the duration of the film, taking it out only at crucial moments to implore Nick Adams to show the aliens no mercy ("Kill them, Nick! They're thtinkers!")



while at other times covering his eyes and whimpering like a small child. Near the film's finale, Nick decided that the way to kill the aliens was with an audio weapon. "I have it!" he exulted. "They can be destroyed by one thing -- a very special...sound!" -- at which point somebody produced a clearly audible fart and the house was summarily brought down.

After the film was over, we stepped out onto the colorful Times Square street and headed for Nathans for lunch. While chomping on an undercooked hamburger, my friend proposed we go visit Shit.

"Who?!"

He smiled. "Shit. Haven't you ever seen him? He always sits in front of the Zum Zum Room on Broadway and 53rd."

"But why'd you call him--?"

He stopped me. "Don't worry. Just come along and you shall see."

And so off we went, past the radio shops and the coin game playlands to see this very strange fellow with the even stranger name.

We came upon him, finally, in his traditional winter attire: Cossack hat and eskimo parka, his hair long and kinky, his beard all gnarled and matted, and his face thick with a greyish crust that gave the impression of never having seen either soap or water. And he was in fine form, leering at the pretty girls as they passed, and cupping his hands to his estimated size of their asses. And he would hiss at them: "Shiiiiit! Shhhiiiiit!"

We began to laugh helplessly, nearly falling to the sidewalk, and no sooner had we regained our composure than we noticed a woman heading toward us, all dressed in Spanish riding garb, wearing a bolero hat and carrying a riding crop.

No sooner did she reach us than she turned to Shit and thrust her arms forward as if to greet a long lost friend.

"My dear Larry," she cried, and they embraced, "it has been so long!"

\* \* \*

A week later we returned walked up to him and hissed: "Shhiit!" (in harmony).

"In your mouths," he snapped back.

\* \* \*

Shit has always hated longhairs, because they not only fail to be shocked by him, they even attempt to run his own scene back on him. He usually holds his nose when he sees us or else he hisses: "Freaks! Get a haircut! Freaks!"

\* \* \*

Once we walked up to him and threw out our arms. "Dad!" we cried joyously, "It's Dad!" His eyes narrowed, causing a shard of crust to drop to the sidewalk. "You're not my sons!" he hissed contemptuously. "You're not my sons!" It was the best we ever did against him.

\* \* \*

In the Summer, Shit cuts his pants off above the knee and takes to carrying the central rod of an umbrella as if it were a cane. This in hand he promenades down Broadway, calling out breathy obscenities to the passing women.

\* \* \*



And then there was the day we went to see him and he wasn't there. We looked and we looked but there was nary a sign of old Shit! We began to walk away, but upon spying another strange looking customer, we stopped. This fellow was poking about a garbage can. His manner of dress was much like Shit's had been, but this fellow's head was shaved and so was his face. We tapped him on the shoulder, asking, "er, excuse us, but have you seen Shit lately?"

He turned to face us, and we got a good look at him. Despite his shaved head, he seemed strangely familiar.

"Shhhhiit!" he croaked at us.

"Shit!" we yelped. "What have you done to yourself?!"

He had been arrested, it turned out, after the Zum Zum Room complained that he was turning their customer's stomachs. He moved then, to Chock-Full-O-Nuts.

\* \* \*

A middle-aged horn player who we met through another trumpet player told us, months later, that he knew Shit way-back-when his name was just Larry and he used to collect the sheet music for the musicians in a band this cat played with.

One day, he just stepped too far in one direction.

On those call-in radio shows people often complain about him in the vein of, "Get that filthy-mouthed pig off the streets--" but we just shake our heads.

\* \* \*

Shit rarely if ever converses and he seems to have but one steady friend, a black dwarf who huddles with him in Chock-Full-O-Nuts' doorway. I once picked up a snatch of wisdom as I heard him tell the dwarf: "He was a very brilliant man, but he could only say one word!"

\* \* \*

He later took to carrying an "Eat Natural Foods" shopping bag and hollering out obscure diseases to the passers-by. His favorites included a symptom of dysentery and a form of leprosy (the contagious type) in its medical terminology. But he never bothers with us at all any more. The last time we went to visit him he ignored us completely, not even bothering to hold his nose when we approached to signal his disdain. He now pretends that we simply do not exist, and none of our schemes, even the one where we planned to take his picture -- which we did -- and have it reproduced into Xmas cards, would have any affect against this attitude.

To which I can only say sh..., er, on second thought, I'll skip it.

-- Bill Kunkel





On cold winter evenings while toasting my toes before the fire (did you know that old fanzines, wadded, make a cheery fire?) and swigging my mulled ale (did you know that old copies of Amazing Stories dipped in ale provide one with a cheap high?) I like to contemplate the rationale behind the following advertisement which recently appeared in a Texas fanzine:

Short stories, poems and novels criticized cheap. 10¢ per page for short stories, 5¢ per page for novels, 25¢ per poem. Also send stamped, self addressed envelope. Revisions and editing done by arrangement for short stories only. SF stories welcome here. (Name and address deleted by me.)

I admire any man in his determined climb to fame and fortune, only providing he doesn't step on me while on the way up, but yet I must wonder at this fellow's naivete. The fanzines are filled with self-appointed critics and reviewers who will gladly criticize any short story, novel, or poem for nothing more than egoboo and a free copy of the fanzine in question. They wouldn't dream of prostituting themselves by taking money. Of course, their criticism is often worthless but what the hell, it is much easier on the pocketbook than paying so much per page for hired criticism which may be equally shallow. If given a choice, I will choose a fanzine reviewer every time to tell me that my great story "The World Knockers" really isn't worth a damn. The published review will provide the fan an opportunity to display his superiority over the author by pointing up the bad science, questionable grammar, flawed plotting, and generally shoddy workmanship of the story. This gives the fan a cheap high.

And in the following issue, I am provided the opportunity to display my superiority over the fan by pointing out his gross stupidity, inability to read basic English, lack of critical understanding, and total failure to comprehend the plotting of the story. If I am in an especially foul mood I may even bring into question the marriage vows of the reviewer's parents. This gives me a cheap high.

The editor who publishes these issues is gratified because he/she has thus brightened the otherwise drab pages and generated the inflow of a few sticky quarters; the readers are delighted because they believe a bloody new feud is in the hatching stage and they thrive



on the blood of others. Both author and fan reviewer are delighted because they have each earned another free copy of the fanzine. The basic fact that "The World Knockers" really isn't worth a damn gets lost in the melee, and a few months later the author will write a sequel by popular demand, "The Moon Knockers".

I'm afraid the low-cost critic who advertised in the Texas fanzine won't garner many fees from science fiction people---not with all the free criticism around. For a brief time after first reading the advertisement (say, five seconds) I was tempted to submit a novel and the proper payment to the critic. It would have cost me about ten dollars to make the experiment, but I wanted to see how he would manage to cram two hundred pages into a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

\* \* \*

Speaking of manuscripts, a funny thing happened to me on my way to the Science Fiction Book Club: in October the club distributed thousands or maybe millions of copies of "THE TIME MASTERS" to their eager readers, but the final page was missing. The story stopped in the center of the page, literally stopped in the middle of the air when the rocket was fifty miles up. No one knows what happened to the last page of the manuscript, but we may presume it was lost somewhere in the printshop.

At first blush this may seem a catastrophe of gigantic proportions, but more sober reflection indicates that it need not be. On the one hand, thousands or maybe millions of eager readers will realize that a story couldn't naturally stop there and so the author has something up his sleeve: he is preparing a sequel to explain what happened to that poor rocket. And they will make a mental note to order the book when it becomes available, which of course will make me rich. On the other hand, thousands or maybe millions of admiring readers will think that I have written a \*New Wave Novel\* which isn't supposed to have a coherent ending, and the thunderous applause will be deafening. (This is Buck Coulson's favorite theory. He said in effect, "What the hell, Tucker, they'll acclaim you as a New Wave writer." Well, that isn't exactly the way he put it, but you grasp the idea.)

Do you recall what Ted White did several months ago, when a publisher deleted the first chapter of his new book, saying that his second chapter should be the proper opener? Good old Ted didn't take that lying (or even sitting) down, and published the missing chapter in Granfalloon for thousands or maybe millions of fans to read. One or two of them may be sufficiently hooked to buy his book, if they give up their lunch and booze money. (Fans aren't noted for buying hardcover books.)

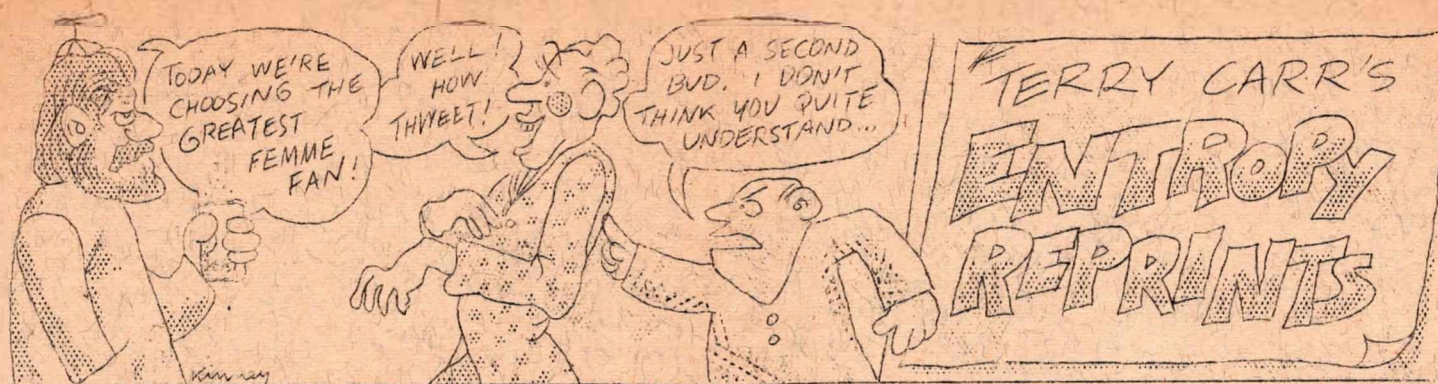
My course of action is clear. Here, then, are the four missing paragraphs which form the fitting finale to that great American masterpiece, THE TIME MASTERS: (page 186)

The great ship hurled itself through space, driven by controlled atomic power that was supposed to be at rest. A minute opening appeared in the hull and a long tubular rod was thrust out into the sunlight: the antenna began broadcasting a distress signal.

Sensitive instruments in the Houston operations room picked up the signal but read it as gibberish---read it as just one more malfunction of their first starship. Tracking personnel watched the vehicle build up acceleration. A preliminary computer reading gave information that the probe was on an apparent course for a point in the constellation Ophiuchus. A sudden loss of fluid in the heavy-water jackets encasing the drive motor suggested that a small but worrisome leak had developed. The ship was going wrong.

(Continued on page 17 )





Forry Ackerman not long ago brought up the question of who the greatest female fan of all time was. Forry's interests in fandom have always, even in his fan-publishing days, been heavily weighted towards his local fanclub, the LASFS, and his nominations for the two best female fans were Morojo and Bjo -- "Morojo" being the Esperanto name that Myrtle R. Douglas took while she was a close friend of Forry's and co-worker on his many projects. "Bjo" isn't Esperanto; it's simply the nickname that evolved for Betty Jo McCarthy, now Bjo Trimble. Like Morojo, Bjo was hyperactive in LASFS affairs and drew Forry's admiration for her contributions there.

My own fan interests usually run more to the publishing side of fandom, and the two female fans I'd say were best would be Lee Hoffman and Bjo. LeeH published a number of the best fanzines we've had, not just QUANDRY but also SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY and FANHISTORY and others. And Bjo...well, she may not have been quite the dynamo in fanzines that she was in organizing things like Project Art Show, and the LASFS fan-movie company Unicorn Productions and so on, but she was one of the moving forces behind the resurrection of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES in the late 50s, published several fanzines of her own in which she showed that she was a good writer too, and, of course, was one of the best fan cartoonists ever.

If Forry and I both list Bjo as among the best, judging from different criteria, then I suppose Bjo was, and still is, the #1 femmefanne face.

But that kind of categorizing is actually demeaning to Bjo, because she's been one of the most outstanding, talented and productive fans of either or any sex. She's done so many things in so many areas of fandom that I literally can't tell you all of them -- for one thing, I don't even know all of them, because she's been active in areas where I wasn't, like the Society for Creative Anachronism for one instance. But let me say a little about Bjo the fanpublisher.

When Bjo was most active in the LASFS, which was in the late fifties and maybe a little into the early sixties, fanzines flowed from Los Angeles. When you see a fan group as turned on as the LASFS was then, you can bet there's probably one dynamic person acting as a catalyst -- and all those fanzines coming out of Los Angeles seemed to have covers by Bjo. It was Bjo, too, who published OLE CHAVELA!, a fanzine to pay tribute to Isabel Burbee; and it was Bjo who originated the tradition of the SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES staff issuing with each December number a Christmas Art Supplement. The first of these Christmas Supplements was MERETRITIOUS (And Happy New Year), published in December 1959. Most of fandom's best artists and cartoonists contributed drawings containing their good wishes for fandom: Eddie Jones, Ray Nelson, Steve Stiles, Don Simpson, Jim Cawthorn, George Barr, Bill Rotsler...the list is long and impressive. Several fans, such as Harry Warner and Bob Bloch, contributed prose for the occasion.

Bjo contributed both artwork and prose, the latter a fan story called The Littlest Fan, reprinted here. Two bits of information before you read it: Bob Bloch was known for constantly smoking cigarettes through a cigarette holder, and Elmer Perdue bears the affectionate nickname "God" in fandom. Now go read The Littlest Fan, and enjoy.





The Littlest Fan was very unhappy. A new Fanzine, the Greatest of Them All, was to be born this Christmas and he had nothing to contribute to its publication. Here all of Fandom was busy planning and doing wonderful things, and he had no part of any of the activity. He sat on the bottom step of the stairway leading to the main hall in the Tucker Con Hotel, watching the hustle and bustle as Fans prepared for the big holiday celebration.

"I know!" shouted the Littlest Fan, jumping to his feet so fast that he tripped an Elder Fan, and they both went tumbling in a flurry of paper.

The Elder Fan recovered his BNF button; "Twenty-seven pages of uncollated FAPazine all over the floor," he exclaimed, gathering the scattered pages together. The Littlest Fan moved out of reach.

He wandered into a room marked "LASFS -- Insurgents use next door" with the idea of helping, somehow. "Hey, Mr. Tyrannical Al Lewis, Sir," said the Littlest Fan, "can I type a stencil for you?"

"Soon's I finish this blast at Campbell, kid," said Lewis, swearing at his typer. Then he looked up. "Here's an article by Rick Sneary; type it up." He figured this would be a safe job; who could tell if the kid made a typo?

Soon the Littlest Fan was back. And he had bungled the job badly; after all, Sneary did know how to spell his own name! So the Littlest Fan was sent to an ink-stained room to help with another job.

"Hi, can I help turn the crank?" asked the Littlest Fan of the tall, hungry-looking individual who was swearing at the Gestetner.

"Well, I dunno, kid," said Ernie. "This job requires training and sensitivity. It needs a delicate feeling for the intricate machinery and the deep understanding of the fuller meaning of reproduction...on paper, of course."

"Gee," said the Littlest Fan, "do you think I could learn it?"

"Sure; if the machine doesn't work the first time you try it," said Ernie, lighting a cigarette, "you simply drop it on the floor -- works every time." He smiled with the superior knowledge of science.



So the Littlest Fan worked industriously for a little while, then looked into the depths of the machine with some surprise. "The paper isn't coming out," he announced.

"That's probably because you are cranking the wrong way," said Ernie, calmly lighting another cigarette.

"Gee, I've got ink on the rollers, too," said the Littlest Fan. "I thought that was impossible to do with a Gestetner."

"It is," said Ernie, lighting another cigarette.

So the Littlest Fan found himself out in the hall again, where he watched a poker game going on near the elevators. After suggesting to one of the players that he shouldn't raise with anything less than a pair, the Littlest Fan found himself shoved unceremoniously into the nearest room and the door shut firmly behind him.

Looking around, he saw a freckled Fanne working over a light table. "Hello," he said, politely removing his beanie. "Can I help?" The Littlest Fan came closer to see the signature on each cartoon. "Gee, you're Bjo Fortaff?" he asked in awe. "Why aren't you in Europe?"

"Well, it's strange how that was," said the Fanne, looking in a shoe-box for her favorite shading plate. "You see, due to some pretty shady goings-on, the Fan who got the most honest votes won."

"Sounds fair to me," ventured the Littlest Fan, peering into a folder full of cartoons. The Fanne snorted and went back to work. "Can I trace one of these cartoons on stencil?" he asked.

"Sure; here's a stylus, get to work," said the Fanne.

Later, the Littlest Fan presented her with a stencil covered with shading-plate designs and lines. "That's a neat Barr illo you copied there, kid," said the Fanne.

He looked crestfallen. "It's a Rotsler cartoon," he said.

With nothing else to do, the Littlest Fan went into the bar and sat down. "I have an idea!" he shouted, and turned to an Elder Fan sitting nearby who showed mild interest. "This is really big!"

The Elder Fan showed more interest. "You mean like Djinn?"

"Oh no," blushed the Littlest Fan. "I meant like a hoax or something. I could start another death-hoax like they pulled on What's-his-name so long ago! Only I'd pick someone like Bloch, say."

"Really?" said the Elder Fan, carefully fitting a filtered cigarette into his cigarette holder and studying the Littlest Fan through his glasses. "Tell me, just what would it gain you?"

"Nothing, I guess," said the Littlest Fan sadly. "I guess Bloch wouldn't like it, either. Everyone would stop writing letters and asking for Fan articles and stop sending Fanzines and maybe he would drop out of Fandom completely...."



The Elder Fan brightened. "Say, that idea has merit!" But the Littlest Fan had already wandered away.

"Is there nothing I can do?" wailed the Littlest Fan, for he knew that unless he acted quickly the new Fanzine would not contain anything from him when it went out over all the world to bring happiness and cheer and egoboo and grotches.

"Here is something for you to do," said an Elder Fan who wore a yachting cap bearing the legend "USS JGT," handing him some pages to collate. But when the job was done, every other page had been stapled in upside-down. So the Littlest Fan was again firmly told to go elsewhere.

Soon the great day came when every Fan put down his own Fanac, and came to the place where the new Fanzine was to be born. They each brought the thing they most excelled in to be a part of the publication: the artists, the writers, the editors, the BNFs, the sercon Fans, and even a few interested pros. They formed a great assembly to give their best to the new Fanzine.

And the Littlest Fan still did not have anything to give. He sighed awhile, and warm tears came; then suddenly he knew what he could offer! Straight away to a secret corner of Forry's Fabulous Garage he ran, to an old manila envelope he had hidden there for years without causing notice. Clutching it tightly to his heart, the Littlest Fan ran back to the Tucker Con Hotel, into the hall.

Then, walking hesitantly past the Elder Fans and BNFs, he went up to the Great Golden Gestetner with his gift. There, among the Rotsler, Atom, Nelson and Bjo cartoons, the Willis, Grennell, Warner and Hickman articles, the Ellik, Leman and Berry satires, the Weber con-reports, the Burbee editorials, the Barr, Coulson, Cawthorn and Prosser illos...the Littlest Fan unveiled his gift.

All eyes turned his way; all the eager assemble waited to see what the Littlest Fan had thought worthy of the new Fanzine.

And what was in that old, dog-eared manila envelope? Well, there was a smudged LASFS membership card -- reminder of the first Fannish contacts -- a bronzed copy of a 1959 Life magazine, still aglow with golden memories of a first convention, there was a small, floppy felt beanie that had long ago lost its pr pellow, and the carefully folded receipt for a genuine Freas cover -- bought directly from Harlan Ellison. And at the very bottom of the old envelope, carefully wrapped in the torn cover of a 1940 Unknown, was a small, shining object.





Everyone had been on the verge of laughing at this pitiful display of childish things, until the last one had been disclosed.

Some of the older and more cynical Fans had to crowd closer to see, for they did not recognize what it was, at first; it had been a long time since they had seen its like. But most of the Fans assembled there felt a strange, sudden surge of nostalgia, and some of them smiled a wet-eyed smile at the Littlest Fan.

And he stood there, with his offering to the new Fanzine glowing in his hand, looking wistful and eager and alone. The Littlest Fan looked at the silent Elder Fans, at the quiet BNFs, at the stillness of the gathered Fan, and he felt with a pang of remorse that he had done a terrible thing in bringing his small offerings to the assembly. Frightened by the impunity with which he'd acted, the Littlest Fan started to recover his gift.

Then God looked down on the Littlest Fan and smiled, saying, "This is the greatest thing since jazz!" And all Fandom knew it was good; and the Elder Fans, the BNFs, and Other Fan smiled too.

So the Littlest Fan carefully placed the gift on the pile of wonderful things already there, and walked away.

The yellowed pulp paper of the old Unknown cover curled protectingly around the shining object: the greatest gift of all, the Littlest Fan's Sense of Wonder.

-- Bjo Trimble

#### BEARD MUTTERINGS, Continued....

The range safety officer looked across the desk to Flight Command for confirmation. At a sharp nod he lifted a trigger guard and reluctantly touched the destruct also touching off a cry of bitter disappointment from the technicians. Two ships some ten thousand years apart perished in a like manner.

Gilbert Nash counted himself the remaining survivor of the first catastrophe.

\* \* \*

All this will play into your hands in a neat upmanship manner the next time you attend a club meeting. Let someone ask you if you've read the book. Quick as a flash you reply "No, but I've read the lost ending."

This ploy will put you on a par with that long ago actor who was asked if he had read John Campbell's "Who Goes There?" The actor (who was appearing in the movie "The Thing" adapted from the story) quickly replied: "Oh, yes I read it in the original German."

-- Bob Tucker

#### note: COAs

Terry & Carol Carr, 1525 Oregon Street Berkeley California 94703

Jay Kinney 420 Clinton Avenue Apt. 1-B Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238





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

Jerry Kaufman's comments on Wertham and violence are interesting, but I'll go along with him only so far. I'll defend pornography on the grounds that it's generally healthily educative, and may provide release from sexual frustration for would-be fiends and rapists who can't acquire a mate in a socially accepted manner. But I'm not so sure this line of thought can be applied to violence in the media. First of all, we're supposed to fuck, you know; we're physiologically and psychologically designed to require sexual satisfaction, but a species that was driven to bash at itself tooth and claw wouldn't last long in a Darwinian universe. An adult who has emotional frustrations might gain release by identifying with actors in a violent drama, thereafter returning to his normal behaviour patterns, but a child tends to imitate those he observes. He's trying out all different ways of acting and reacting to his environment, searching for those patterns which produce gratifying results. Violent activity in children results in positive reinforcement in a surprising number of situations: they can use it to manipulate their friends, to gain respect and egoboo, and to acquire whatever material pleasures can be gained through the use of force. They might be punished for it eventually, but since that's not a direct Newtonian reaction to the actual violence, it isn't so effective.

I'm not a psychologist and I'm not familiar with Dr. Wertham's complete work, so I don't feel I have the right to support or attack him, but in general I dislike violence in children's media (especially television). Get up early some Saturday morning and watch the programming they design for growing little minds. Besides the supergross commercialism, the approach to violence in these shows is truly horrifying. Characters in cartoons and live action are constantly getting hit, getting shot, falling off of cliffs and getting into wrecks, and the reaction the kids are encouraged to give is one of merriment. It's perfectly okay to blow up your neighbor or run him down with your car cause right after the commercial he'll be good as new. It's perfectly okay to shoot the bad guys with your gun because he'll just fall down and the world will be a happier place--instead of shooting him and blowing a hole the size of a basketball in his torso and in deathpain for half an hour before finally coughing up his guts and (mercifully) dying. I would sooner have realistic violence on tv than the kind of garbage they serve up--it would fuck up a lot of kids and give them nightmares for the rest of their lives, but at least you would have communicated the information that hurting people is not a nice thing to do, little boy!



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

Just what is considered a Fringe Fan, anyway? I know of at least two schools of thought on the matter, one referring to someone on the outskirts of general fandom who has either passed or has not yet to reach a period of activity, while the other indicates one who associates himself with a fringe or sub-fandom, regardless of how active he might be. I tend to go along with the first, and I'd say that the turning point would be at the time when said fan becomes less of an Observer and more of a Participator. (The whole theory takes for granted the existence of a Mainstream, anyway, which brings up the same old argument as to which area of fandom is that Mainstream.)

I found myself almost angry, the first time I learned of a fan throwing away fanzines, almost as if I was disputing his right to do so. I've tried to tie it in with the horror I feel when I see people burn or throw away books, but I think my opposition to getting rid of fanzines stemmed from the fact that fanzines are, comparatively, rare and unique, whereas I wouldn't discard a book simply because it can probably be put to some use eventually.

::I've always felt that if a fan decides to get rid of his collection, the only Honorable way he can do so is to pass the zines on to another fan. Fanzines are, as you've said, unique and rare, and when a copy is destroyed, it will never be replaced in the total number of existant copies.

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

Like many of you people, I have become disenchanted with giantism. I am rather withdrawn and don't generally mix well with people, so my disenchantment does not stem from an inability to meet and talk to everyone at a con that I would like to. In fact, I'm much more comfortable speaking to a single person than with several. It's simply a matter of the bigger they are, the more that can go wrong. Not just with cons, but with anything. A nice little restaurant with good food suddenly does a great deal of business and expands. The waiters aren't as friendly anymore, the food not quite as good. The new 747 jets are large enough to accomodate two regular planeloads, but can barely fill the first class section--the disenchantment is spreading! Still, nobody ever tries to simplify matters. They only make things larger, more complex.

I was unaware when I purchased our kitten for my wife that cats were particularly fannish animals. I had noticed his propensity for sleeping on fanzines and licking mimeograph paper, but put it down to normal Persian stupidity. The animal still hasn't figured out why scratching on the side of the litter box doesn't cover things up the way it should, and he gets mad if you try to show him how to paw at the litter itself. I'm afraid to force him, as he might give up on it completely. There's a 50/50 chance he'll forget, anyway.

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

Gym teachers beat people. They were the only ones at our highschool I can remember having the right to paddle. They used these huge horrible old fraternity paddles with some Greek letters or other painted on and varnished over. Some of the paddles had holes in them. I guess they were left over from the days when fraternities hazed people, and when there were highschool fraternities. There was one left-over fraternity that more resembled a gang. It called itself Boys About Town, and was thanked for its help in our program leaflet for graduation exercises, which strikes me as similar to thanking Hell's Angels for not wrecking a dance at the Family Dog.



HANK DAVIS, Box 154, Loyall, Kentucky 40854

Your saga of Roy Rogers and the custom-made privy was particularly enjoyable. Mention of the magazine, "The Country Gentleman", roused no echoes, though my relatives in the more rural parts of Kentucky, whenever I visited them twenty years or so ago, always had a copy of a similar periodical entitled "Farm and Ranch". I'm familiar with "Grit" too, since I used to pester my parents to buy it because it was the only locally available newspaper carrying Mandrake the Magician. Looking back, I can think of no other virtues the paper possessed.

Bob Tucker doubtless means well, benevolent patriarch that he is, but it is far too early to ban the subject of numbered fandoms, because the matter has not been settled yet well enough for me to know which fandom I am in. After the matter has been settled and I can state with assurance the fandom number which is mine own and feel a sense of security and like that, then we can let the matter rest for at least another ten years.

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

The cover (Of #6) reminds me...I was recently visiting Brown University, and one kid showed me a form letter he'd gotten from Charlotte Glop. Really. The letter claimed that the atom tests in Alaska were just an attempt to wipe out the flying saucer people living underground there.

I'm not quite sure what Dick Geis said about an apa he was proposing, not having seen the issue in question, but I can figure it out. There was a John Konig story from SF Five Yearly #3 that John Berry reprinted in Foolscap. "Withdrawal" is the name of the story, and it's about a fan who founds a focal point apa, pulling in all the faanish fans, and when he gafiated, faanish fandom collapsed (which is what happened in the early 60's).

The whole "Who Sawed Courtney's Boat?" thing is still esoteric to me. What the hell is it about? and who is Meyer?

::Arnie Katz, fandom's secondary historian here. "Who Sawed Courtney's Boat?" was a catch phrase which originated in Sixth Fandom in, I believe, the pages of QUANDRY. LeeH and her cohorts were always keen for bits of esoterica, of which this is the most prominent example. The line, which I believe refers to an unfortunate occurrence at a turn-of-the-century crew race, was taken out of context by the Sixth Fandomites and used as an interlineation.

Charles Burbee and Francis Towner Laney were wont to call each other meyer, which I understand is part of the punchline for a dirty joke of ancient vintage. It's kind of infectious, as people such as Terry Carr, Ted White, and Greg Benford, all of whom sometimes call people meyer, have found out. You got that, meyer?

REDD BOGGS, P.O.Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

My particular interest this issue centered on Terry Carr's "Entropy Reprints" and his presentation of Degler material. To begin with, there's a small historical discrepancy in Terry's data concerning Degler's reincarnation as John Chrisman. Terry says Deglar "came back in 1949 under the name of John Chrisman," and he quotes Dave Rike as exclaiming "Hey, that was the name Degler used when he attended the Philcon in 1949!" Well, the Philcon was in 1947, and that's when Weird Unsolved Mysteries first appeared. Actually Degler circulated the same issue of WUM as an exchange for fanzines for the next few years, perhaps as late as 1949, but if Terry has a copy of WUM actually dated August 1949, that's one I never saw. At times, "Chrisman" was crossed out as editor in the publishing data and the name "John York" was written in.



Terry talks about what a terrible looking kid Degler was, "absolutely filthy, a kid who never washed," but oddly enough Degler as John Chrisman was around the Philcon in 1947 for a day or two, hawking copies of Weird Unsolved Mysteries, and nobody -- even those who had met him a few years before -- even recognized him as Degler. Maybe that proves that fannish memories are short, but more likely it indicates either that Degler's unkempt appearance has been exaggerated or else that "absolutely filthy" kids were so common that nobody noticed that this particular kid looked in any way different.

Actually Degler was around on the fringes of fandom for some years after Weird Unsolved Mysteries appeared. He was alleged to have put himself on the FAPA waiting list under a pseud for a while, and later, when Charles Burbee was secretary-treasurer in the mid-1950's he made some effort (or said he did) to find Degler again and recruit him for FAPA on the grounds that he was an important fannish personage who should belong to FAPA. He appeared to a few fans such as (I believe) John Van Couvering during the 1950's; evidently he was wandering around the country just as he did in 1943-4.

Degler had the misfortune to live in a more self-righteous age than we do, and his peculiarities were not all that strange as viewed from our vantage point. He was in many ways a forerunner of today's hippies, and Speer's Investigation in Newcastle is a sanctimonious report which is paralleled these days by numerous exposes of the terrible radicals of Berkeley or the awful hippies of the East Village. I need not labor the obvious in Degler's resemblances to the hippies of today. I need only point out that a very young man of unkempt or at least unconventional appearance, having been busted in his home town for some trivial offenses, decided to "drop out" of straight society, and took to the road. It's just too bad that his method of saving the world was hardly better than a lot of modern hippy notions.

I'm glad Terry expresses some compassion for Degler. He needed and still needs more sympathy than he has gotten. .... I don't think Degler did much harm except by acting as a mirror in which other fans were shocked to behold themselves in all their wild-eyed foolishness.

GREG SHAW, 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, California 94930

I applaud Arnie for his temerity in taking on the health food fuggheads in print. Lately I've been becoming very much fed up with the rigid conformism of the "new culture" and in particular the self-righteous health food nuts most of them seem to be. If it weren't for the occasional fine person I've known who eats the stuff (like Calvin Demmon) I'd probably be making sweeping bigoted statements about that whole pack of nebbishes that might even have got me thrown out of fandom on my ear, as it almost has in some enclaves where my personal feelings have been more deeply explored. But then Calvin's a "vegetarian" so maybe I don't have to back down at all.

What I'm leading up to is a story involving Suzy and one of our neighbors. This girl is as strange as anyone else on the block in far too many ways to go into here, but for one thing she lives on less than \$100 per month and most of it goes for cigarettes, whiskey and overpriced "organic" food supplements. Yesterday Suzy walked to the health food store with her, a place we usually avoid like the plague because of the legions of identical-looking hippies, wearing faded jeans and lumberjack shirts with their hair invariably tied in a ponytail, with their frail, anemic-looking 'old ladies' who look as though they'd crumble into a pile of dessicated prune powder if you so much as gave them a healthy squeeze, and their inevitable big black stupid dogs. But go along she did, for Virginia is our nextdoor neighbor and her friend. Well, in this store was a spigot where you could fill your bottle with some sort of natural juice, and they had to wait in line for a long time



while two mellow yoga students tried in vain to push the button that releases the juice. Finally with the aid of a third person they succeeded, and it was Virginia's turn. She made an ineffectual attempt, but of course on the 500 calories she eats daily there wasn't much hope, so Suzy impatiently said "here, let me do it" and prepared for the feat of strength she expected it to take. What a surprise when the button went down with the ease of a lightweight stapler or any of a number of common household implements. When the patrons of the store saw what she had done, they all crowded around, whispering to each other in amazement "she pushed the button--all by herself! What's your secret, vitamin E sauce on your wheat germ?" they demanded to know.

"Actually," said Suzy, "all I've had today is a cheeseburger and a Hostess Twinkie."

What can one say about Sid Coleman's reprint? It's one of those pieces that makes me want to give up writing, and of course that would be disastrous. So I try not to dwell on such works of genius. But it occurs to me that a lot of the long-winded big names in the mainstream of fandom could learn quite a bit from Mr. Coleman's classic style. It's probably more effective too, come to think of it: who's heard much from Earl Kemp since this piece was originally printed?

Will Will Straw or someone else kindly inform this innocent city boy as to what in blazes the purpose of an outhouse with two seats could be?

::Which brings this issue to it's close, and still a lot of unpublished loc's, from: Ray Nelson, Seth McEvoy, Will Straw, Steve Shucart, Loren MacGregor, Aljo Svoboda, Howard DeVore, Terry Hughes, Roger Waddington, Leigh Couch, Rick Stooker, John Leavitt, David Emerson, Lane Lambert, Jerry Kaufman, Barry Smotroff, Mike Glicksohn, Mike Horvat, Susan Glicksohn, Jim Meadows, Dave Hulvey, Moshe Feder, Bruce Robbins, Larry Herndon, Jay Haldeman, Gregg Calkins, Vincent DiFate, Harry Warner, Dan Goodman, Lesleigh Luttrell, and perhaps a few others I missed. Thanks!

POTLATCH

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