

potlatch

VOL. ONE

...

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

...

NO. FOUR



"HONEY! WAIT UNTIL YOU DIG THE NEW 'SUB-FANDOM' I JUST DISCOVERED!"

POTLATCH #4 comes to you hot from the hands of Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, NY 11201. This issue is dated Mid-June, 1971, and this is a monthly fanzine, no matter what you might think.

POTLATCH is available for letters-of-comment and contributions. I'm also interested in Arranged Trades..but not for any zine that's trading for FOCAL POINT. People who feel like gambling away their spare change can send me 35¢; if I'm in the mood I will in turn send one copy. However this is indeed a very risky course of action and not recommended except to fuggheads and fakefans who don't really need to receive the zine anyhow. Under no circumstances, not even on a bright sunny day when I'm in a cheerful mood, will I ever accept a sub for more than one issue at a time.

POTLATCH 4 does indeed contain material. You will note that the COVER is by JAY KINNEY. Within, on this very page you are reading, is a tasteful decoration by TOM FOSTER.

Beginning on page 3 you'll find CARRYING ON, an editorial of sorts by me. Ornamenting page 6 is an illo by BILL ROTSLER.

GOLDEN BAGEL by ARNIE KATZ, beginning on page 9, discusses the declining letter cols in the prozines and the effect he thinks this has had on fandom.

ARNIE and JOYCE KATZ (that's me) have collaborated in a piece of fannish froth called CLIP JOB, starting on page 11.

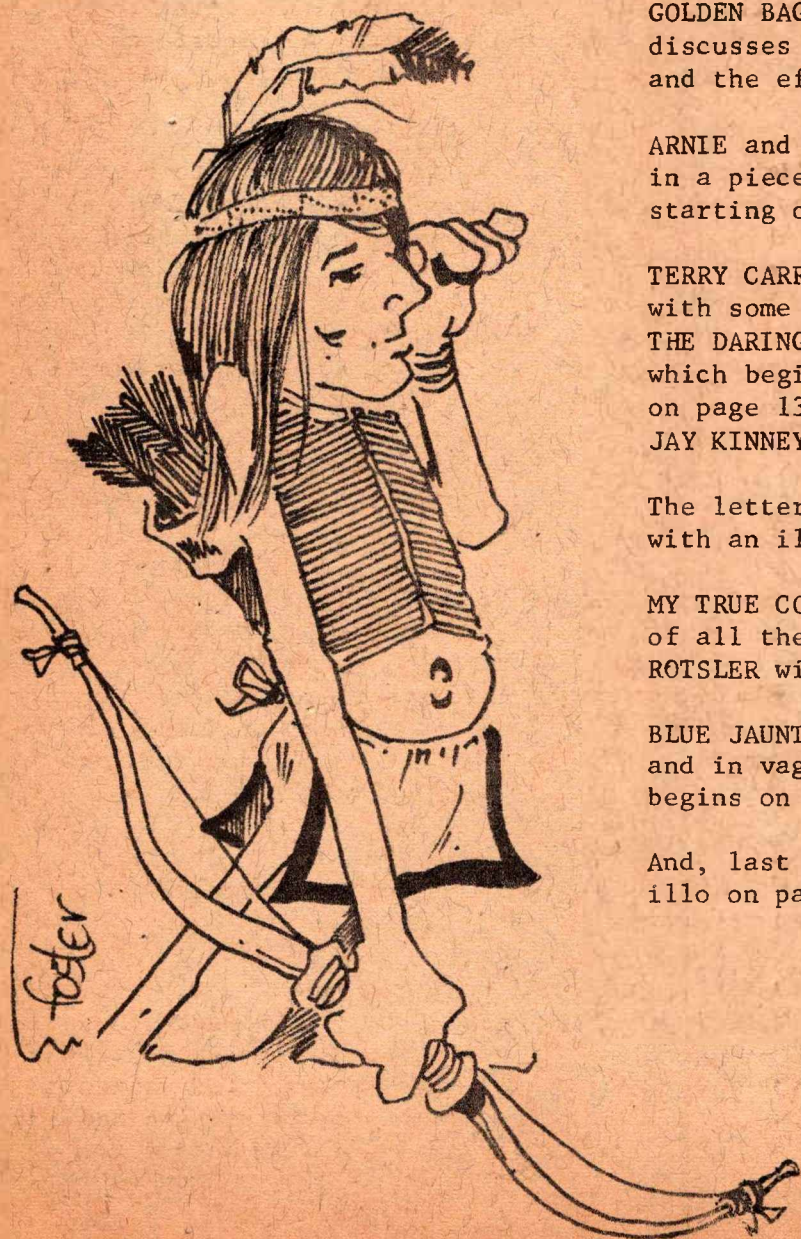
TERRY CARR's ENTROPY REPRINTS begins on page 13, with some background information on CARL BRANDON's THE DARING YOUNG FAN WITH THE THREE SPEED MIMEO, which begins on page 14. Note the lettering job on page 13, and the illo on page 14, both by JAY KINNEY.

The letter-col, COUNTING COUP, starts on page 17 with an illo by JAY KINNEY.

MY TRUE CONFESSION, on page 27, is an admission of all the sins of ARNIE KATZ. An illo by BILL ROTSLER winds up the article, on page 28.

BLUE JAUNT, my own thoughts on the world in general and in vague reference to the subject at hand, begins on page 29 with an illo by NED SONTAG.

And, last but not least, the issue ends with an illo on page 30, by ATOM.



POTLATCH

CARRYING ON

The thought has only recently struck my mind that, when all schedules are adhered to, Arnie and I are producing a fanzine per week. With FOCAL POINT's bi-weekly appearance, and LOG and POTLATCH each appearing monthly, our weekends almost have to be devoted to fanac. But, of course, we don't always manage to strictly adhere to our schedules--or we haven't been able to for the past month. To understand why Arnie's and my fanac have been slightly curtailed recently, it's necessary only to remind myself of what we've done each weekend for the past month or so. Beginning with the last of March, every weekend has been occupied with some Big Occasion, and thus our time for fanac has been severely limited.

On the last weekend of March, I was examined and found acceptable, and ceremoniously admitted into the ranks of Judaism. While the actual ceremony was not so lengthy that it disabled me for the entire weekend, it was nonetheless so traumatic an experience for me to embrace religion of any kind, even if only verbally, that I was fannishly incapacitated for the few days following.

Persons who have heard my opinions of Religion probably Wonder at my decision to convert to Judaism. My decision, however, is very firmly rooted in my opinion of Religion: leaving completely to one side the personal matters of Belief and Disbelief, or Faith and Doubt, I remain steadfastly attached to the notion that no one should suffer because of his religion or lack of religion. In this case, specifically, it brought a great deal of pleasure to Arnie's family, and made it possible for them to accept me; it dismissed forever any thoughts they might have had of sitting in shivah for their first-born--which I was determined would not happen because of me. I've had considerable unhappiness in the past because of my own family's periods of aloofness; it is all well and good to talk of ones independence from their family, but it is something else again to have it actually take place--and I felt conversion was a small price to pay to guarantee that I would not be the cause of a family rift.

But, the conversion to Judaism was a very easy one to make because of the nature of the religion. It's significant that the Conversion Service, as prescribed in the Rabbi's Manual, among the five questions to which the convert must respond, has not even one question concerning Belief, but contains only requests for promises to conform to tradition and ritual. At no time during the preparations for conversion, or during the "examinations", was I questioned regarding my belief in Judaism. Even the instructions dealt only in ritual, advising we petitioners that we could believe what we will, but we must do thus and so.

There is much good to be said of this. If I had been asked soul-searching questions about belief, I would have never been admitted to the faith.

On that same weekend we made arrangements to be married in the Rabbi's study, with only the immediate Katz family present, plus Jay Kinney, Bruce Telzer, and Chris Couch.

The first weekend of April was spent much more entertainingly. Arnie and I had wanted to trip together before we actually married, and for a considerable length of time had been trying to get our hands on a couple of tabs of acid. As the time came nearer for

the wedding, we became more and more intent on locating the means for a trip, but finally gave up our hopes as we had been totally unsuccessful in our attempts. Then, like the fine fan he is, learning of our dilemma, a friend surprised us with an advance wedding present in the form of two tabs. We each took one at 1:30 am Saturday morning, and suffered a very fine trip indeed. By dawn the clear light of sanity had begun to occasionally flicker in our eyes; by noon we were able to go out to lunch, even though I was still tripping heavily and had to be totally dependent on Arnie to navigate me through the intricacies of public life. I continued tripping until late that afternoon ...a total of 16-20 hours of extreme disorientation, in all...and even the next day was not Myself. Monday Arnie and I were still not ready to go to business, and we spent one more day adjusting our psyche's to the real world.

It was very good for us, and especially for me. It seemed to "flush out" my entire system, and to expunge many of the mental devils that had been bothering me; it helped get the world back into perspective. Most particularly, though, it was good for our relationship, because we each came out of the trip much more confident of each other, and doubly certain that marriage was what we really wanted.

That's not all it produced, of course...but I don't really enjoy this particular kind of "trip report" when someone else writes it, and don't really think I'd enjoy writing much more about it than I have already.

One mentionable point: both Arnie and I had been somewhat surprised at the intensity and duration of the experience. I had marked it up to a combination of two things--very fine acid, and my being especially susceptible to drugs (--which I am. Even a seasick pill will knock me into a deep sleep for 14-16 hours--) We later learned, however, that these were two-way tabs, and that we would have had a "normal" trip if we had each taken only half. No wonder I was so strongly affected.

The next weekend was Passover Weekend. We spent Friday evening with the family on Long Island, and enjoyed a very fine dinner.

I've taken a great deal of pleasure from my contacts with Arnie's family; it's emotionally very satisfying to see a family whose members are so obviously fond of one another, and enjoying of each other's company...and I'm looking forward to becoming even more deeply involved with and a part of the family. In particular, Arnie's mother and I have been building a good relationship. I've conquered most of my fear of her, and no longer think of her as an ogre I must please; I'm increasingly fond of her. And, happily, Mrs. K seems to have forgotten her original fears where I'm concerned. At first, of course, her attitude toward the prospect of a gentile divorcee as a daughter-in-law was hysteric. But, now there is no one more quick than she to speak in my defense, and she has more than just accepted the prospect of my union with the family --she seems to eagerly anticipate it.

I felt very happy to be able to give her my Certificate of Conversion as a Passover Gift, and her pleasure at receiving it made the effort seem very worthwhile.

The next day, Saturday, was devoted to wedding preparations. Arnie and I again journeyed out to his parents' and began the day with a visit to the family doctor for blood tests. That legal requirement having been met, we were joined by Arnie's mother, his brother, and his brother's girlfriend, to shop for our wedding clothes. First Arnie chose his suit--and he was able to do so with enviable efficiency and speed, brooking very little debate from his four accomplices. He looked at one suit, didn't like it; looked at a second selection, liked it, tried it on, and bingo, his choice was

made. Enviably.

From there we went to Fortunoff's, to pick up our rings from will-call. (We had ordered them a few weekends previous..before this account begins, and had received a card advising that the rings were ready.) Naturally, we had to try the rings on at the store to be certain they were sized correctly. Mine fit beautifully. But Arnie slipped his onto his ring finger of the right hand, making the classic error of most prospective grooms. Of course it was too tight for that finger and he couldn't get it off--the clerk had to put some slippery liquid (apparently kept for just that purpose) on his hand so he could work the ring off. Happily, it did fit the proper finger, and both rings were immediately returned to their boxes to await The Great Day.

Our shopping expedition reached its most feverish pitch, though, when it came time to choose a dress for me. The saleslady's face clouded when we walked in, and when she realized that it would be necessary to please not just one, but five people, before her sale could be final. However, even this seeming impossibility was surmounted (in time ..and after an uncountable number of dresses had been duitifully tried and found wanting.)

By this time, the guest list had been expanded to include the immediate Katz family plus the Uncles and Aunts, and of course Jay, Bruce, and Chris.

Next came Lunacon. For me, Lunacon was a strange mixture of pain & pleasure. For large portions of the convention, I was bored, ill-at-ease, and filled with the feeling that this was not my fandom at all. Arnie and I were both afflicted with this sensation of discomfort; at one point we sat and discussed it and jointly reached the conclusion that perhaps this should be our last convention. Reflection, however, reminded us that we have obligations which require our presence at Noreascon. I think we were both secretly glad of a reason not to give up on convention attending just yet -- the dissatisfactions can be quite painful, but the pleasures can be extreme.

It was better than good to see old friends again - in at least two cases for the first time since St. Louiscon - and those moments spent with them were among the best of the convention. (Is there any among us who does not love familiar faces?) If Lunacon had produced nothing good other than the opportunity to talk with Jack Gaughan and Howard DeVore, it would have still been successful for me.

And, it was also pleasant to meet a couple of new people--I enjoyed a very interesting hour's chat with David Hulvey and Justin St. John, two fans I had never known before, and whom I am happy to count among my acquaintances.

But of course there was much more happening at Lunacon than that; and it would be foolish for me to even attempt to list the names of those persons I enjoyed seeing again. The best moments of the convention just had to be the parties in our room on Friday and Saturday nights, with Ted & Robin White, Alex & Cory Panshin, Terry & Carol Carr, Bob & Barbara Silverberg, Jay Kinney, Steve Stiles & Gale Burnick, Bob Toomey, Bruce Telzer, Chris Couch, Brian Burley, Mike & Susan Glicksohn, Dennis McCunney, Rosemary Ullyot, Alan Shaw, Bob Whalen..and numerous others who were attracted by the emanations drifting down the hallway. They all sought out the source, then blissfully ignored the rest of the convention for a while.

However, the other half of the story is that Lunacon was such a large convention that there were also very many people I didn't enjoy seeing...the convention in fact seemed to be overrun by the thundering hordes of non-fan sf readers. The Thundering Hordes have been on the increase for years now, and I think perhaps the Lunacon has actually

reached the saturation point in absorbing them. Even though there were numerous good people present at Lunacon, my overall impression was that of a con where I knew only a fraction of the members, and where the faceless nobodies and loud-mouthed jackasses couldn't be evaded because of their numbers.

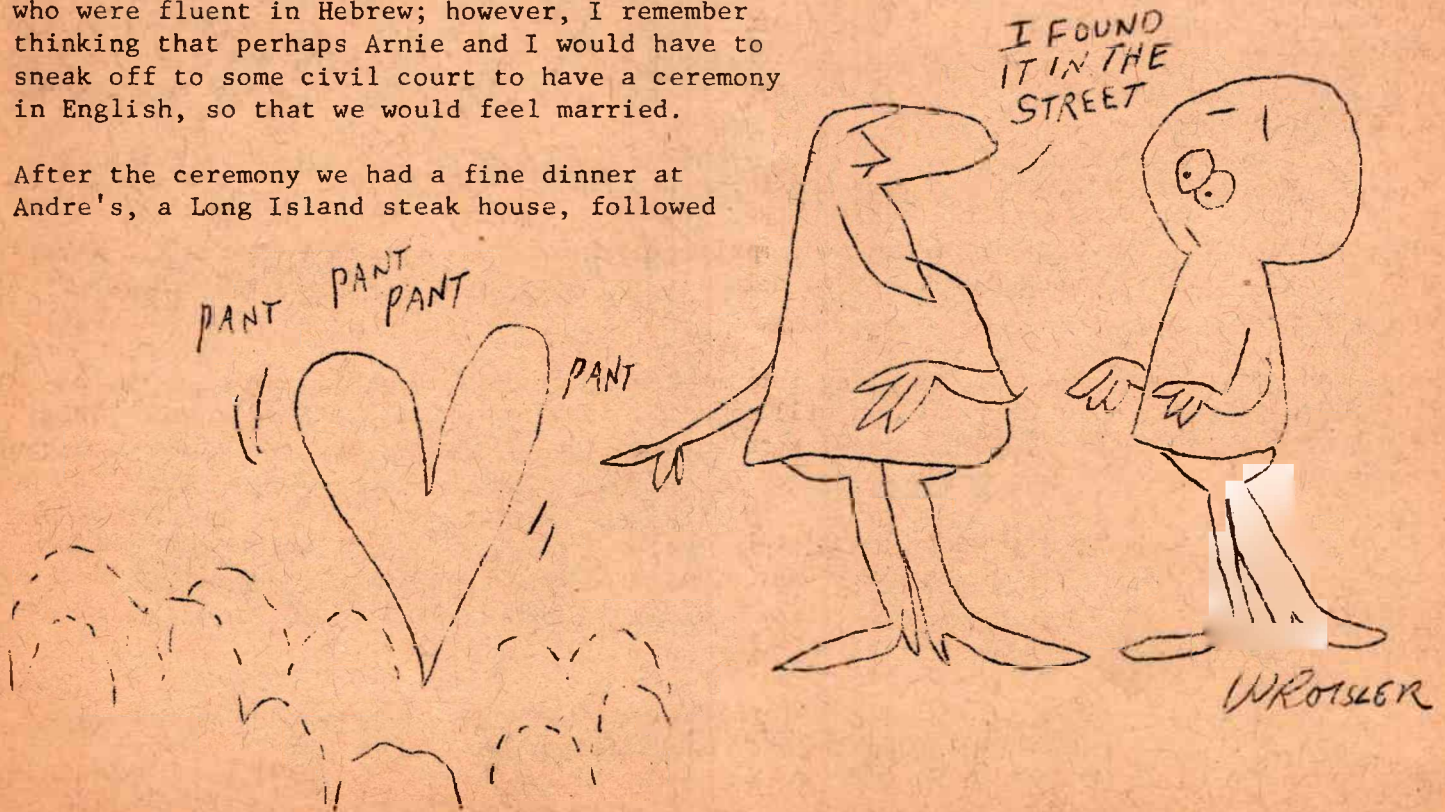
The week following Lunacon defies my description. It was a flurry of activity, of last minute preparations, of arrangements and changes...and of a daily increasing guest list: each time we spoke to Arnie's mother, we learned of another cousin, aunt or whatever who had been omitted from the original list. It was also, of course, a week of daily increasing nervousness - though it may seem strange, under the circumstances, that I should be afflicted with bridal nerves, it was nonetheless the case.

But the week finally passed, as all weeks do, and the day finally came. Ira, with his girlfriend Carol, came to pick us up; Bruce, Chris and Jay arrived one by one, and we were on our way to the synagogue. (Jay had forgotten about the change to daylight saving time, so we were a little late. But, it's only Expected that weddings should begin late; we were more amused than upset by the delay.)

The rabbi surprised us by asking for a bridesmaid; a brief moment of thought and Carol was summoned to stand with me, while Ira served as Arnie's best man. It was no surprise when the rabbi asked, just before we mounted the dias, if there was someone "from my side" to represent my family; we had forseen this possibility, so Chris immediately stepped to my side, and gently led me up the steps to stand before the ark, delivering me up to the Katz family at the appropriate moment.

It was a beautiful, if somewhat ponderous, ceremony. Despite our earlier requests, the rabbi chose to conduct a great deal of the ritual in Hebrew. I'm certain it must have been impressive for any of those witnessing guests who were fluent in Hebrew; however, I remember thinking that perhaps Arnie and I would have to sneak off to some civil court to have a ceremony in English, so that we would feel married.

After the ceremony we had a fine dinner at Andre's, a Long Island steak house, followed



by an ice-cream cake topped with a plastic bride and groom.

Having delighted the family by such solid-citizen nuptials, and having conformed to every mundane tradition, we returned to our apartment. We opened the bottle we had purchased for celebration, filled our water pipe with champagne, and proceeded to toast the occasion in our own fashion.

And the next day we bought a brand new Rex Rotary Model 1000 mimeograph.

* * *

Coming from this household at present are three fanzines - two monthlies and one bi-weekly.

You might imagine, and correctly so, that the output of such a sizable amount of fannishness could lead to domestic complications. Perhaps you have conjured up visions of ourselves at variance, competing for the use of the favorite typewriter (mine) or for the operation of the mimeo (his). Possibly you foresee the day when a mighty battle will transpire as we each stand clutching our cut stencils, gazine covetously at the last ream of twilltone.

Or then again, perhaps you foresee the arrival of Warhoon #28 as representing the most in-harmonious moment we have ahead, as we struggle to decide who will get to read it first. I don't wish to trade Potlatch for any zine that Arnie receives in trade for Focal Point; but, as result, few zines bear my name on their mailing label. Having no right of ownership, I must resort to stealth and trickery, cajolery and lies, or even outright thievery, to gain first possession of the latest issue of Metanoia.

Perhaps you have imagined us vying for material. When Jay Kinney comes to dinner, we must determine who will get possession of his newest cartoons. You visualize us wrestling over an envelope from Bill Rotsler, an article from Terry Carr. You dream of the race toward the typer, each of us intent on being the first to write about some humorous incident that transpires. You engross yourself in the notion that this contest for subject matter would occupy our entire fannish energies...

You are, of course, incorrect in your imaginings, for the competitions outlined above represent only the most trifling battles when placed against the moment of each day when our True Feelings for each other are most aptly expressed. The moment to which I refer is that precise instant when our mailbox is unlocked and the day's quota of egoboo comes tumbling out.

Should the mail chance to come tumbling into my hands, there's no problem (for I am, of course, a paragon of graciousness and will speedily deliver up his letters to him. This is not so much a matter of virtue on my part as fear that I may be crushed in his exuberant eagerness to secure his letters from me.)

But on those days when he reaches the postal box ahead of me -- alas. As I stand beside him in the lobby of our apartment building, dancing from one foot to another in my impatience, he proceeds to examine his mail.

"Hmm...here's a letter from Jerry Kaufman..."

"Is there anything for me?" I ask after a few minutes

"Just a second..wait a minute. I'm still reading Jerry's letter."

Then: "Hmm. Locus scooped us on a story..."

"Oh...come on.."

"But it's ok. We had this story two weeks ago..."

"Don't read it now," I say, patience thinning. "What is there for me?"

Total silence. He didn't hear me. Then: "Hey! Here's a letter from Mike Glicksohn..."

"Oh, boy!" I reach out my hand eagerly. "A letter for me!"

"No..it's to me. He got LOG."

"Oh."

A moment more of silence, then I decide this has gone far enough. "Arnie, come on. Don't read your mail now...just separate it and give me mine..."

"Oh!" Total surprise evidences itself in his voice. "You mean you want your mail? Why didn't you say something?" He magnaminously hands me a postcard with a CoA on it.

I read my postcard eagerly...several times over. "Well...it was awfully nice of Seth McEvoy to let me know he'd moved...."

"Oh..here's something else..." and out of his stack of envelopes, egoboo poll ballots and fanzines (the current mail ratio is running about five-to-one in his favor), he pulls a thin envelope addressed to me. Almost before it leaves his hand and enters mine, he begins: "Who's it from? What does he say? Did he like my column?"

"I dunno, Arnie. I haven't opened it yet."

"Well, hurry up and open it. I want to know what they think of my stuff..."

"It's a letter from the super, telling me that the exterminator will be here next week."

"Oh."

After the mail has been sorted, read, and stored away to await the stenciling of our respective letter cols; and after dinner as I stand washing the dishes, Arnie raises his head from his book and says, "Bob Tucker mentioned you."

"Tucker Mentioned Me?" I drop a plate back into the soapy dish-water and ignore the Crunch of glass I hear. "You got a letter from Tucker? What's he say?"

"I got a letter from him...oh, must have been one day last week. I just thought of it. Anyhow, he mentioned you. ...Sorry I can't think of what he said."

"Well, silly--get the letter and let me read it."

A long moments silence, then, "I would...but I don't know where it is..."

"You mean to say you got a letter with egoboo in it for me, and you didn't tell me about it and now you've forgotten what it said and you've even lost the letter?"

THE GOLDEN BAGEL

Every now and again I see an article or letter in a fanzine by Harry Warner or some similar fannish elder statesman, to the effect that the loss of the letter columns in the prozines is a threat to the existence of fandom as we know and love it. Without letter columns to serve as recruitment posts, the thinking goes, fandom will wither and die from lack of new blood.

So for about a dozen years, there have been few prozines and almost nothing in the way of extended letters sections, apart from the last year or so in AMAZING and FANTASTIC. The result: fandom has increased by at least 50%; more than 100% if you want to include world-con attendees in that total.

The articles decrying the lack of a letter column and its dangers to fandom have not stopped even in the face of this unparalleled expansion of fandom's population, though they are written somewhat less frequently than before.

Strangely enough, I think the lack of letter columns is one of the factors which is threatening the existence of fandom as we know and love it.

Looking at the history of fandom and other similar hobby groups, one similarity which can be observed is that all such hobby groups begin with an essentially sercon attitude. Stamp collectors are crazy about stamps, comic fans want old issues of GREEN LANTERN, early science fiction fans liked nothing better than a rousing discussion of The Meaning of Fantasy.

Eventually, if the hobby endures long enough and if the participants meet each other enough, some equivalent to fannishness develops. An outstanding example of this is ham radio, Pappa Hugo's other brainchild. Early hams were interested in building radios, turning them on, and seeing how many signals from how far away they could tune in. After awhile, the communication between hams grew to have precedence over the equipment which made such communication possible.

Just as Margaret Meade can study cultures which are more primitive than our own and perhaps gain some insight into the developments of our society, so too can we look at foreign fandoms and see the progression from sercon to fannish repeated. German Fandom through the 1950 and 1960's was as serious and concerned with science fiction as any fandom you could hope to see. Similarly, Japanese fandom seems to have a larger emphasis on science fiction than our fandom has had since WW II.

Over the last few years, American fandom has shown a greater interest in discussing science fiction than it has in many, many years. Never has appreciation for two paragraph book reviews been more fervent. Why should this be?

ARNIE KATZ

My theory is that the lack of sprawling letter columns in the prozines and the shift to paperbacks as the major arena of science fiction has led a lot of people into fandom who ordinarily would not have entered the microcosm, thus creating an audience for a greater volume of sf discussion than post-war fandom.

Think about letter hacks to the prozines. They wrote letters every month, sometimes to half-a-dozen mags. Certainly, some of these letter-writers went on to become fans, but many, many were content to write the letters to the prozines as their form of "fanac". The letter columns gave those vitally interested in science fiction both a chance to discuss sf with like-minded readers and an opportunity to be *Published*.

When the magazines became fewer in number and cut out their letters section, the people who were satisfied with letter hacking were given the choice of either forgetting the whole thing or crossing that invisible line which separates interested reader from fan.

To put it another way, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW can perhaps be better understood if one considers it as the letter column of the paperback sf books. The people who write letters discussing science fiction (or transform these letters into brief book reviews) are no more fans than the guys who used to write all the letters to the prozines.

Let's face it, everyone isn't the peculiar kind of bent nail it takes to make a fan. In the days of the big letter cols, the people who crossed over and became fans were obviously in some way different than those who were content to merely write letters. Those who entered fandom and stayed, inevitably travelled the road from sercon to fannishness. The number of fans who have been active for more than 10 years and made a significant mark on fandom, who are serious science fiction fans are damn few.

The flood of would-have-been letterhacks currently streaming into fandom have no desire to make that progression. They want to discuss science fiction and be published. If it can't be in WOWIE ZOWIE SCIENCE STORIES, then they'll settle for SFR and fanzines of that ilk. Like the letter hacks of old who stayed letter hacks and nothing more throughout their "active" association with fandom and science fiction, these ersatz-fans will stay at that same stage of science fictional interest until they grow weary and fall away to be replaced by others who want to say a word to The Public about the latest bit of s&s fluff from Ace or Lancer.

-- Arnie Katz

CARRYING ON, continued from page 8

Arnie nodded his head, with a look of misery on his face.

Stunned, I returned to my dish-washing. I could think of nothing to say in reply.

But, I've got my revenge.

For the past three months I've had a letter for Arnie from Charles Burbee.

And I'm not going to give it to him.

-- Joyce Katz

JOYCE
&
ARNIE
KATZ

Last week, I cut Arnie's hair.

For the past three months, each time we've visited his parents, there's been quite a hue and cry concerning the shape of his hair. "Not the length," Arnie's mother would hasten to assure us, "but the style. It's ok to wear it long, but it needs to be Shaped."

Several times, Mrs. K has pressed money into his hand, begging that he see a barber "just to get it Styled"...and each time Arnie would patiently refuse the money, gently trying to explain to his mother the probable results of his next encounter with a barber. The barber, taking one look at Arnie's long mane, would instantly realize he had under his power the head of one who had helped to cause the recession among barbers...and instinct would take over as he clipped merrily away at Arnie's long hair. Arnie explained to his mother, each time the subject was raised, that barbers regard long hair as their biggest enemy and would be most unlikely to "just trim off the uneven spots".

Nevertheless, each visit found Mrs. Katz more and more insistant until finally, as the date for the wedding came closer, her pleas could no longer be ignored. Arnie and I fretted and fumed wondering to what barber he dared entrust himself.

Finally as we sat watching Jay draw the cover for Potlatch 4, the answer came to me.

"Get a towel and a chair," I announced grandly, "and I shall cut your hair."

"You're going to let Her cut your hair?" Jay asked incredulously, blanching at the sight of the scissors in my hand.

"Certainly" Arnie shrugged magnaminously. "I don't have a Samson Complex; I'm not afraid..."

Such faith made me doubly determined to do an especially good job...

"Snip-Snip" I clipped a wisp from the left side of his head. Then "Snip-Snip" as I trimmed the right side.

"It's not even" said Jay. "The left is longer than the right."

"Snip-Snip"

"Take a little from the back. The back's too long for the sides."

"Snip-Snip" It was beginning to be fun...and I was learning to ignore Arnie's whimpers each time a lock of hair fell onto the floor.

CLIP
JOB

"Take some off the sides," Jay said. "The sides are longer than the back."

Arnie moaned piteously as I threatened his earlobes with my scissors.

"Take off your glasses," I instructed. "The earpieces are in my way."

Arnie obediently removed his glasses, and his whimpering quieted as he was no longer able to see long locks of hair lying on the floor.

"Snip-Snip-Snip" A veritable storm of hair flew from his head as I tried to get it even all around.

"My head feels funny," said Arnie.

"How does it feel?"

"Light."

"It should," said Jay. "There are more locks on that paper than in POTLATCH's letter col."

Later, in the middle of the night, I awoke just in time to see Arnie's shadowy shape tiptoe out of the room. I rose, and followed him into the second bedroom, supposing that he was preparing to do a little midnight fanac. The light from the streetlamp outside filtered through the curtains, making eerie patterns on the walls, reflecting off Arnie's pale and untanned neck as he bent his head much as a lamb bends his head before the knife. He dropped to his knees, there in the middle of the room, and knelt low as if he would prostrate himself before some fannish god. I crept closer so as to hear the words he was saying.

"Goodby, hair," he said, sifting a few locks through his fingers. I fancied I saw a tear trickle down his sensitive fannish face. "You were such nice hair, all of you," he added. He rose and, before I could duck back, he saw me.

"What are you doing, dear?" I asked, trying to pretend I hadn't seen the touching moment, the communion of man with his hair.

"Well," he said, "that is, I was, er, looking for something I dropped. Yes, I was looking for something I dropped."

"Can I help you look?" I asked, trying to get him to admit the truth.

"No, no, I found it."

"What was it you were looking for?"

"My hair." He looked at me accusingly. "Doesn't do me much good lying there, does it? Do you think if I got some scotch tape..."

"No, I think people would know." I threw my arms around him comfortingly. "Don't worry; it'll grow back."

"But it's such a change," he said. "I woke up this morning, looking like a flower child, and now I look like one of the rocks who hung out on the corners during the mid-fifties. I don't want to look like some punky hood."

TERRY CARR'S ENTROPY REPRINTS

If you look up Carl Brandon in FANCYCLOPEDIA II, you'll see him referred to as "the most successful hoax of all fan history" and as "one of the most popular writers in fandom" during the two years people thought he existed. This is, of course, Carl Joshua Brandon, the Carl Brandon who wrote fannish parodies ("brandonizations") during the late '50s. Arnie Katz tells me some present-day fans think "Carl Brandon II," the penname of Swedish fan John-Henri Holmberg, is the author of such once-heralded fannish pieces as My Fair Femmefanne, The BNF of Iz, The Cacher of the Rye and so on, so for the record I'll mention that the real, the authentic Carl Brandon was a hoax-penname created in the '50s by Dave Rike, Pete Graham, the San Francisco Bob Stewart, and me.

Brandon's origins were obscure: in February 1953, when Bob Stewart -- or Boob Stewart, as he nicknamed himself during his fannish days -- was putting together the second issue of his fanzine BOO!, he felt he needed a letter column, but since he'd only hektographed half a dozen copies of the first issue and handed them to friends, he had no letters to print. I volunteered to write a letter column for him, and did so under several names I made up on the spot; one of them was Carl Brandon. We had no plans to create a hoax, but in the next few years the thing just sort of grew. Boob once wrote a fan article for Lars Bourne's fanzine and didn't think much of it, so he asked Bourne to publish it under the pseudonym Carl Brandon. Bourne gaffiated without printing anything, but the idea of a hoax had been born. The four of us discussed possibilities at fan parties and in correspondence (Rike and Graham were living outside San Francisco), and by 1956 we were ready to launch the Brandon hoax on an unsuspecting fandom.

One of the first Brandon pieces was The Daring Young Fan with the Three-Speed Mimeo, which Bob Stewart wrote for publication in a Cultzine of mine, ATON, published in mid-1956. There was a second Brandon story in that fanzine too, Sixteen, also by Bob. These two stories were what really set the tone and philosophy of Brandon's writings later on; they were also much better brandonizations than, say, Brain Ripple, which I wrote under the Brandon name for one of Rike's fanzines about the same time. Ted White picked up The Daring Young Fan for general-fandom reprint in STELLAR a few months later, and the Brandon mythos began.

The story is a parody of William Saroyan's short story The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, one of those wistful, arty little stories about death that were once in fashion. Transposed into fannish terms, the story is seen as a double-edged satire: not only on Saroyan's artiness, but also on fandom's way-of-life earnestness.

Some of the references in the story, inevitably, are dated now, but you can figure them out easily enough. One thing worth mentioning, though, are the frequent appearances of beer, churchkeys and so on as objects of fannish worship. Beer joined Ghu, Foofoo, Roscoe and a few others as "gods" in fannish mythologies of the time; the basic article of the beer-worshippers' faith was that "With enough Beer, you want nothing else." (There was another sect which worshipped Money, and they liked to point out that with Money, you could buy Beer.) J. G. Ballard with his automobile-myths-for-contemporary-times came several years after the fannish fans had discovered the fun of myth-making for themselves.

Bob Stewart, who wrote this story and was instrumental in forming Carl Brandon (another example of fannish myth-making, incidentally), is little known these days. I once published a collection of his best writings plus much anecdota about Bob himself which I wrote, and I have a few copies of this volume, THE EXPURGATED BOOB STEWART, still available, at 50¢ per; my address is 35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn NY 11201 if you're interested.

-- Terry Carr

The Daring Young Fan

WITH THE THREE-SPEED MIMEO

BY CARL BRANDON



I. Sleep

A thousand million fanzines, copies of ASF with the spines repaired, a shady book shop on Grant Avenue, hectograph with the jelly freshly melted, typewriter with 14 karat gold space bar, a letter from Ireland, a check from John, cold glass of beer.

Slipsheet, more ink, find the issue that has it, an old Amazing with a Rog Phillips novel, pictures of fans, pros, editors, keep the handle cranking, July 1934, three dollars and fifty cents, order from MASTER PRODUCTS, ten quires.

O sleep, thy bubble is sadly popped. How we are living.

II. Wakefulness

He swung his legs out of the bed, touching the icy floor. A spot of ink left there from the day before's mimeo run blackened the bottom of his big toe, and he thought, I should scrape that off and save it. Perhaps if I mixed it with water it would be enough to run the contents page.

But he knew it was not possible. There simply was not enough ink anywhere to finish the issue, and he found it hard accepting that fact. Maybe if that story he had sent Astounding did not come back with a cold, formal rejection slip he would be able to finish running off the fanzine. But that was impossible. It would be just like all the others, a fat envelope bulky with typewritten pages and carrying a four cents postage due stamp.

He dressed, wetting his finger and trying to wipe out an ugly ink smudge on his Philcon II tee shirt. The prop on his beanie was a little beat, but he did not attempt to fix it. The pride was there, but energy was lacking. Normally, he would do anything to keep his beanie in tip-top shape, lest other fans accuse him of common-men tendencies. But today, with his ink can dry, he could think of nothing else but getting his fanzine printed.

I shall get a job today, he thought. If I can get a job I can buy the ink and all number of things. Perhaps I shall subscribe to ASF, or take the next SF Book Club selection (a nice anthology was offered, he remembered), or even have my typewriter repaired.

He left his little apartment, which was now pitifully empty and bare -- he had sold the last few remaining magazines for 35¢ to buy a package of typing paper. Out into the street, into the cold, windy reality of human riff-raff.

Remembering a book shop on Mission Street run by a kindly old fan, he decided to try there for a job. He knew the fan could not pay well, but any sort of money would do.

On the way to Mission Street, he passed a number of stationery stores, and paused a moment in front of the windows to look longingly at the rows on rows of brightly labeled hard set and oil base. When I am rich, he said, I shall buy every can in the city; I shall pour them all into a five-hundred-gallon vat and dive in; I shall drink ink for breakfast, lunch and supper. And I shall finish my fanzine.

Once he passed a store that sold a new model mimeograph. It was a beautiful thing, all in polished steel and chrome, and it featured a three-speed motor. He looked at it for a long moment, seeing himself sitting at the controls running it in high gear, and the paper flipping swiftly into the paper catch.

The daring young fan with the three-speed mimeo, he said. I shall be him. What other fan in the world owns a three-speed mimeo? I'll be the only one; and he turned away from the window and walked the half block down to the book store.

The kindly old fan was sitting behind the counter, reading a thick volume of James Thurber stories.

I'd like a job, he said.

The kindly old fan scrutinized him with black beady eyes that resembled pools of type-33 hard set. What can you do? he asked.

I can fan, he replied.

And how well?

I can fan a blue streak, he said vehemently, but already knew that the old fan would never hire him. He should have seen that when the fan put down the copy of James Thurber stories; he was old and tired, long past the fan stage and entering into senility -- he would have no use for someone to fan for him.

He read it in the old fan's eyes, and without waiting for an answer, left the book shop. He walked blindly for an hour, not knowing whence he came or where he was headed. He saw a million faces, all of them stamped unmistakably with cold hostility for him and his breed.

The daring young fan with the three-speed mimeo. He knew now that there was no hope; the fanzine would never be published, and he would die of starvation to boot. It made him angry that he would have to martyr his life for fandom when he was still young. Perhaps if it came later he would be willing to face Ghu with solid accomplishment under his belt; but he had not even published an annish. He was wholly unprepared to die.

He decided to read one more Bradbury story, and stumbled into the nearest library. Taking a large anthology out, he turned quickly to The Million Year Picnic, and read it through twice, since the library did not have any other Bradburys. When he felt himself getting weak he left hurriedly, and took a long draught at the drinking fountain. It somehow refreshed him, and he returned to the library again and read a William Tenn short. He put the book back, and leaning back in his chair he said, I should at least write a letter to Dean Grennell before I die, and he tore the flyleaf off a book and began composing a letter.

Suddenly he felt ill again, and decided to let the letter go. The very thought of making a pun repelled him, and he decided that Ghu would accept him as he was.

He walked the ten blocks to his room and on the way saw an old man sitting on a doorstep opening a fresh can of beer. Somehow he felt he should ask the man if he could lick the end of the churchkey, but fought down the temptation.

Instead, he waited in the next doorway till the man left, and found the churchkey still there. The beer had dried up, he found with dismay, but he pocketed the key anyway. He did not know what use he could put it to, but it seemed too valuable to leave.

When he reached his room he fell down on the edge of the bed tiredly. He took out his prize, and studied the words on it. Hamm's Beer From The Land Of Sky Blue Waters, he read, and turning it over, Quick And Easy Bottle Opener Company, St. Joseph. He began to polish it, and in fifteen minutes it gleamed like a mirror.

There is nothing that can be made to shine so brightly as a churchkey, he said. He studied it for a moment, admiring the smooth symmetry of the hook and the beautifully engraved lettering. He dropped it on the floor and fell back into his pillow. I am going, he thought, and that churchkey has never been used by a fan. I should at least give it to a fan before I die; it is too beautiful to stay here while I die.

Black haze settled over him. He tried hard to see the cracks in the ceiling, but he was failing. And he had not even finished his fanzine.

Then swiftly, gracefully, with the ease of the Daring Young Fan with the Three-Speed Mimeo, he was gone from his body. For an eternal moment he was all things at once: the churchkey, the mimeo, the ink can, and fan. An ocean of hard set swept up before him. A multitude of fans clamored. The beer can spouted. The earth circled away, and knowing that he did so, he turned his sensitive face to the fannish sky and became dreamless, unalive, slanlike.

-- Carl Brandon

Joyce and I might be the most famous collaborators since the Rosenbergs. -- AK

CLIP JOB, continued from page 12

"But, Arnie, that's the way of the world. That is the Natural Order of Things," I said.

"What do you mean," he said, ceasing his soft mewling long enough to speak.

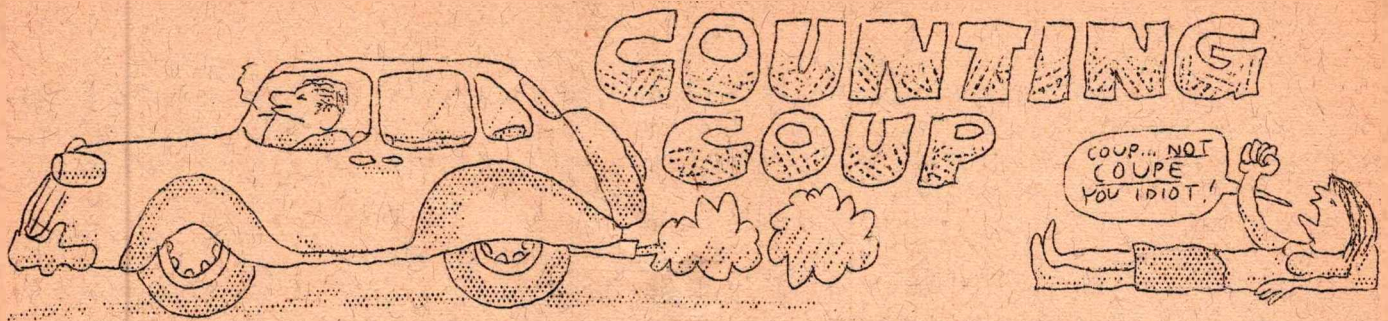
"Haven't you ever heard the old proverb?" I asked.

"What proverb?"

"You know what they always say: 'Hair today, goon tomorrow'."

I wish he wouldn't hit me.

-- Joyce and Arnie Katz



RICK STOOKER, 1205 Logan St., Alton, Illinois 62002

Nobody lives in Real Time. Whether we're watching tv or not, we're always living at least 3/16s of a second in the past. That's how long it takes images to bounce off something, reach your eyes, and be transmitted by the optic nerve to the brain. That's almost scary. 3/16s is longer than it sounds, too; I've seen swimming races won by a hundredth of a second. It also makes you wonder at all the heroic characters with 'pantherish' reflexes. Even they can't dodge a blow coming faster than they can see it!

Like it or not, it is obvious that aggression is a quality of every human being, and somewhere, somehow, it has to be expressed. Some people are soldiers, some watch football games on tv, and some people write letters to SFR or the older BEABOHEMA. Most fans aren't sports enthusiasts so it is obvious that reading an issue of SFR or BAB was their equivalent of watching a good prize fight. And let's face it, both - for those not involved - are fun. Fortunately, just as after the catharsis of a major war, people are getting tired of it, at least the more mature fans are. It'll happen again, as fans who've never experienced the current trend come into fandom, as fannish frustrations build up, and as some fans can't find anything better to do. Eventually, there'll be other feuds, other pros anxious to knife each other in front of a fannish audience, but meanwhile we've got the Insurgents.

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

Arnie's theory of numbered fandoms certainly is more accurate than that which I held, but I still feel that the mid-sixties Apa Resurgence was more of a Fandom in itself than a Transition; He Was There, whereas I'm acting more with old fms as references, but I don't think "Several generations of new fans floundered around, looking for a direction, not finding it." I think the apas in themselves provided a Direction; the fact that several fans belonging to these "generations" gaffed as soon as the apa declined around Tricon time would seem to indicate that they had found their Direction, and had no real place once that Direction had disappeared.

I don't at all see how one would go about becoming a Big Name Convention Fan; BNFs in Fanzine Fandom are usually given that status because of particularly good achievements in writing or publishing, but I fail to think of any way in which one can rate convention goers, unless it is in terms of numbers of cons attended. Of course, con fandom doesn't feedback any of the egoboo that being a BNF in fanzine fandom does; people can tell you that you Write Good or Publish A Good Zine, but they're hardly likely to inform you that they admired the way in which you sat through a panel.

::My con-fan friends tell me that there are BNF's of con-fandom; there seem to actually be two sets - the BNF's who attend most cons, and the BNF's who put on the cons.

DAVID HULVEY, Route 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, Va. 22801

Yesterday, I received LOCUS which reported the demise of SFR. ... Maybe, just maybe, all this is part of an elaborate plot on his part. That is, to assure himself the Third Fan-Record-Breaking Fabulous Fanzine Hugo. Sympathy votes? It would be so, so crude and almost sacriligious to continue to scoff, to dissent from the graveside; in an outrageous analogy. Anyone brave enough to point out the flaws could be sure of a reduction in his fannish life-span, at least.

No, I believe Richard E. Geis is sincere when he says that the writer within yearns for creative self-expression. I'm prepared to accept his explanations for the death of SFR. Still, I can't, in any semblance of good conscience, vote his effort a Hugo.

On to more congenial topics, such as the utterly voracious cover Jay Kinney did. Somehow, the tenacled menace hoarding the center of the cover reminds me of the initial illustration of "After All These Years" by Bill Amidon in the Oct. 70 ish of EVERGREEN REVIEW. ... The House of Ill Repute seems a little obvious, but this only helps to elicit good-humor. I bet the police commissioner has controlling interest...

At the risk of sounding "commie subversive" and all that, I say to Rick Stoker, right on! With unfortunate lapses and regrettable backsliding, I've also gone through the transition you describe. Actually, I'm rather glad to meet - if only via loc - a fan as new to the microcosm as I.

::You have a Nasty Suspicious Mind, in re Dick Geis' timely decision to fold SFR. Actually, I do not believe that his decision to fold was for any reason more sinister than the reason he published..ie, too much work, declining interest (or, rather, an increase of interest in other activities.) However, I can't believe that Dick Geis is so innocent (...an Innocent Dick Geis...how about that for a weird concept...) as to not have thought of the advantages he could accrue by folding at this particular time.

BOB VARDEMAN, Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M.87112

Foul, I cry, foul! Comparing Sandworm to SFR is like comparing the GNP of Tasmania to that of the US. Simply from the talent angle, Geis has perhaps the best writers in prodom working for him. I'm lucky if I don't have to do the entire zine myself. His artists are first rate - many of mine are, too, but his repro is impeccable. There is no doubt about it, SFR is the Cadillac of the fanzine world while Sandworm is lucky to be in the Volkswagen class. But...I will say this, I probably get one hell of a lot more enjoyment out of Sandworm than Geis does out of SFR. The time he must spend has to be horrendous. Just typing that many pages is a fantastic outlay of time. Printing 1500+ copies on a mimeo is something that never ceases to amaze me (I am loathe to run more than 200 copies since more than this starts killing my enjoyment of the beast.) And his schedule is a backbreaker - he comes out oftener than Mad Magazine. -- So I am left with the thought kicking around in my brain that I do Sandworm because I find it fun, while Geis is being driven by something to do SFR. I probably spend less than 15 hrs a month on the SWorm. Geis would have to spend that much time a week to turn out SFR...that's a minimum of two full working days. Such, for me, would indeed be WORK.

I'm also getting a little bit at odds over this "fanzine poll" crap. What good is it to anyone anyway? The winners win and get their egos built a bit, but so what? Isn't doing the material itself reward enough, the pleasure of a job well done? I know I could turn out something that I was really proud of and still be very happy over it if not one

person mentioned it (which can seldom happen in fandom.) Maybe my outlook is weird or something, but I actually enjoy writing locs, etc. and view it as a hobby rather than a rat race.

I guess I would have to side with Buck. Maybe doing away with the fan Hugos would be a good thing. It distresses me to see the fan Hugos (which should be a good natured, fun thing) turned into the ad campaigning seen on Oscar and Emmy hassles.

::Along with you, I feel sorry that fans should begin to view their fanac as a means by which they might win an award. This is really horse-before-carriage thinking. I equally dislike the we're-only-in-it-for-the-money attitude that has begun to rear its extremely ugly head. Fandom may well be a Way Of Life, or then again it may be Just A Goddam Hobby. But, whichever of those things it is, one thing that it was not meant to be is a Means Of Support. Nor should it be a device by which one gains a chrome-plated door-stop, and nothing more. -- I wonder how many fan editors would Drop Out, if there were no more awards (or no more sticky quarters)?

BUCK COULSON, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348

I can see Ted White's point about SF Review; it isn't valid for me personally because I can't ever recall believing that authors were Godlike creatures. (If I ever did, I was disillusioned early.) And I have the suspicion that any fan who does can be disillusioned just as easily by other means; SF Review is not indispensable enough to warrant a third Hugo.

Yeah, I sometimes wonder how material is going to strike certain people. YANDRO is actually published for - oh, say somewhere between 12 and 20 people. I'm happy that quite a few others seem to enjoy it, but I don't worry about their opinions. (The exact number of people on my "important" list varies from month to month as oldtimers drop out of fandom and newcomers arrive, but it's never too large.)

::Yeah, I know what you mean about the limited number of people you Actually publish for. Potlatch is published for a handful of people...but, happily, my list of important people seems to be growing, as my interests in fandom again spread beyond my immediate circle. (My fannish interests were rather limited for a while.) -- Of course, my circulation of Potlatch is also extremely limited...I have a fair amount of interest in the opinion of anyone who is receiving it...or they wouldn't get it.

ROY TACKETT, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107

Being a semi-hermit, insofar as fandom is concerned, I don't have the problem of guarding my words lest they be written up in someone's fanzine. I see the members of the Albuquerque SF Group only once every couple of months and although Vardeman or Montgomery might, if they were pressed for material, write up the meeting, they would be more inclined to quote the other members of the group. Roytac is too old and too far on the other side of the generation gap to be of interest. (Speaking of the Albuquerque SF Group, let me get in a plug here for New Mexican III, aka Bubonicon, which one or two members of your vast readership might be interested in. August 27-29 in Albuquerque...the weekend before Northeastcon. Info and details from Bob Vardeman.)

How personal should a personalzine be, you ask. I dunno..it's a matter of preference. For my part, I am not one who cares to read every detail of someone else's personal life. I don't even like to think of the details of my own personal life. Dynatron was supposed to be a personalzine. A couple of reviewers commented even that it was one of the most personal

zines being published. But it wasn't. Dynatron was, if anything, exceedingly impersonal for I seldom said anything about myself. Because my editorial presence was so heavy in the zine the reader got the impression that it was a "personalzine" but it wasn't.

HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

In the latest issue you spoke about reluctance to put into a fanzine something spoken by a friend, in the thought that he might not want it there. My own reluctance isn't concerned so much with the people around me but with those of the future. I have a theory that fanzines are like radioactive elements, in that their editions have a half-life whose exact pace is yet to be determined but is rather slow: for instance, half the copies of an issue may get destroyed within ten years of publication, but only half of the remainder will disappear in the ten years that follow, and in this way one or two copies will survive for the lifespan of even the youngest fans. So I try to remember that a future wife or a child as yet unborn may read years in the future what I write about a fan, and I sometimes withhold something I'd like to get off my chest for that reason. It works both ways, of course. In early February, just before I was due to enter the hospital, I suddenly decided to use those last days at home stenciling another Horizons, on the theory that I might not be able to meet the May deadline after the operation. I devoted most of the stencils to reminiscences of when I was very young, not so much because I'm worth writing the first chapter of an autobiography about, but because I was brooding over the fact that my parents whom I loved very much have now been dead a decade or more, I was an only child, within a few more years all the people near their own age who knew them well will be dead, and if I should turn out to be in a hopeless condition when I got in the hospital, my parents would within a few more years cease to exist except as names in a few old documents and city directories. So I got some things about them onto those Horizons stencils and unless some terrible accident befalls that May edition, I'm relieved to know that even if I drop dead tomorrow and take my memories along with me, a few fragments of those memories about my folks will continue to exist for at least a couple of generations.

As you know, I don't believe a number of all this about different fandoms. Maybe Arnie accidentally supported my contentions when he quotes Speer's definition of a fandom as a period when "the mainstream of fandom has more or less similar ideals". How long has it been since there was a mainstream of fandom? At least a dozen years. Now there is fanzine fandom and convention fandom and semi-pro fandom and head fandom and comics fandom and many another. Maybe a case could be made for new "fandoms" considered solely as fanzine expression.

If Ted White recalls the sequence of events accurately, I do have a minor distinction in Hugo-hope renunciation. He describes Alex Panshin and himself as disqualifying themselves after nomination in the year following victory. I didn't wait to see if I'd be nominated. I announced in several fanzines that I wasn't in contention early in 1970, long before the deadline for nominations to be made, and wrote the Heicon committee with instructions not to count any votes that might arrive on nomination forms from people who hadn't heard of my wishes.

Will Straw isn't a name that I remember from long ago and yet he seems to know a great deal about fandom down through the years. Has my memory skipped a groove or is there a pseudonym at work or is the secret master of fandom finally coming out into the open.

::I think the desire to preserve memories, by publishing them in fanzines, has prompted us all on various occasions; I confess my editorial this issue was written with that goal, if not uppermost, at least on the fringes of my mind. -- Now that you mention it, there's been considerable debate concerning Will Straw here in B'klyn; Straw-man or Man-Of-Straw, he's a very promising new fan I'm glad to see active.

BOB SILVERBERG, 5020 Goodridge Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10471

After much inner debate I've decided I don't want to get very involved in commenting on your numbered fandoms item in POTLATCH, both because of the difficulties that ensued after my original piece and because I haven't been following fandom all that closely over the past 10 yrs or so & don't have historical perspective. But I think you've given insufficient notice to the intensely s-f-oriented fandom of the past three or four years, symbolized by SFR, Speculation, ASFR, and other reviewzines. I don't think fandom has been this deeply concerned with s-f in decades -- certainly not since I entered fandom -- and I think it qualifies as a full-fledged new era. (Eighth? Ninth?)

GREG SHAW, 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, California 94930

It looks as though Arnie is next in line for fan-historian after Harry Warner and Terry Carr, though with a lot of study and experience Will Straw could give him a run for his money. My usual feeling, whenever I read one of Harry Warner's speculations about "Future generations of fan historians" is that there will never be any. I would like to see Terry write the history of the 50s and Arnie that of the 60s, right away, for fear that ten years from now Advent will see no market for such books and they will never be published. But, anyway, since Arnie will most likely have final say, there's not much I can do but protest once again about one detail of his numbered fandom scheme.

I cannot agree that the revival of PSYCHOTIC constituted a bona fide fannish era. My feelings are much closer to Norm Clarke's beautifully expressed differentiation between "science fiction amateur magazines" and "fanzines". Fanzines, to me, are published by faans and, in the correct combination, create a fandom worth numbering. There was a bit of fannishness in PSY at first, but where else? I don't care if there were a million serconzines in the 60s, it is my opinion that we have been in Seventh Transition for almost a decade, with precious little sign of change on the horizon.

You have one of the best lettercols going, in my opinion. Letters from Shelby Vick, yet! Ted makes some good points about SFR, though it occurs to me that the reduction of pros to common slobbs like the rest of us (or worse) is only another nail in the coffin of the fannish mythos. Without the desperate desire to get into closed pro parties, won't new generations of fans lose an important part of the convention experience? The same realism will keep BNFs from being hero-worshipped (already has for some time) which is fine psychically, but it removes the need in neos to emulate the examples of these BNFs in hopes of gaining their attention, and effectively destroys the ongoing traditions of fandom.

Norm Clarke's letter is tremendous. Funniest thing I've read in a fanzine in weeks. I hope he continues to write to the fanzines he likes; it's examples like his that will inspire newfans to do right more than anything else I can think of.

As far as the discussion in "Blue Jaunt", my approach to the matter would be to simply ask the advocate for each side to name as many BNFs as he could who'd done it his way. After all, how many fans have become BNFs thru convention going? Dave Kyle? Don Ford? J.Ben Stark? Whatever you come up with, it would look mighty pitiful next to a list of the great fanzine fans.

JERRY KAUFMAN, 1485½ Pennsylvania, Columbus, Ohio 43201

Eighth Transition could be the beginning of the Long Dissension. Maybe fandom is so big that no one group will dominate it again. As Academe continues to investigate sf (Tolkien cons, Secondary Universes, Bibliographic groups, Extrapolation) serconishness will

grow, and, in response/reaction, fannishness will also continue to grow. But pure fannishness may never gain a majority, so that the Hugo nominees will never be fannish, while the Egoboo Poll will become very prestigious. (It is very indicative now, but after a few years it will be a tradition.)

LARRY W. PROPP, 3127 N. Sheridan Rd., Peoria, Illinois 61604

Say, is it possible that the real reason Geis is folding SFR is all the flack he's received lately over the outright bid for a third Hugo? And I notice with interest that his SFR ad is still running in the GALAXY publications. I fully expect history to repeat itself and Geis to drop out without refunding sub money, but what about all those babes in the wood who might subscribe now; will he go underground with their bread too?

With regards to that panel show, I suggest you forget the whole thing. After all, if it was filmed three days prior to airing, we may never determine which is reel.

Sorry about that.

You, Joyce, are very wise. For once, lo, many moons ago, I accidently wandered through Etna Green, Indiana, and I didn't see one interesting person. But Buck raises an interesting point. Do you like most fans because fandom is a more-interesting-than-most organization, or is fandom a more-interesting-than-most organization because you like most fans,

::I think fandom is an extremely interesting organization, just in itself without considering the persons in fandom as individuals. However, for myself, the people in fandom are definitely the attraction.

You've convinced me....I have this moment decided to take Full Credit/Blame for the folding of SFR. I did it, with my trusty boy-scout ball-point pen....and you may now refer to POTLATCH as the fanzine that "floats like a butterfly, stings like a bee". -- No, man...I think you have it all wrong. I really believe that Geis is folding because of the work; all it takes to convince me of that is reminiscing about collating 1200 copies of a fanzine. I'm surprised he kept it up this long. -- I think he'll refund the subs; in present-day fandom, that seems to be the rule more than it was in the more casually financed fanzine eras of the past.

GORDON LINZNER, 83-10 118th St., Apt. 4-M, Kew Gardens, NY 11415

I was fascinated by your delayed-tape time paradox and I'm surprised nobody's ever thought of it before. The obvious answer, of course, is that the panelists will always be in the past, while you, the listener, will always be in the future. The only reality is the tape recorder, and then it only exists between the time words are spoken and the time you hear them.

Arnie's "Golden Bagel" bored me this time, because I've never been very interested in fan history. And, frankly, even tho the subject causes no great enthusiasm in my warm little heart, I have read better fan history articles. I think Arnie tried to cover too much in too short a space. The column reads like an outline.

And I must say I enjoy Terry Carr's Entrophy Reprints immensely. I also think you're lucky to be getting the best of this series. The three you've pubbed I've managed to laugh at (even the one on English fandom, which made almost no sense to me), but the one I saw in the latest Beabohema--well,...

Buck Coulson, over here in the letter column, seems to see fandom more the way I do. It's a part of my life, and an interesting one, but not all-consuming.

TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland 21239

Mike Glicksohn writes one of the fairest and most sensible paragraphs of this mild near-feud which (to use his term) the Focal Point Fannish Circle has precipitated. The issue is precisely fannishness vs. serconness, and it is an issue that has been put into those terms and forced to the forefront by you folks. To my knowledge, none of the "sercon" editors has attacked your thing. Surely a Dick Geis or a Bruce Gillespie or a Peter Weston or a Bill Bowers would have as much justification for criticizing pages of empty and dubiously humorous transcripts of conversations between Terry Carr, Jay Kinney and Johnny Berry as fannish fans do for making snide remarks about pages of book reviews and "boring" articles on SF. They don't, though. If their fannish counterparts would follow that example, everybody could happily engage in doing his or her own thing and we'd all be friends.

But of course, the big thing about being a self-proclaimed "insurgent" is that it requires attacking and ridiculing all who do not accept your narrow standards. To refine something I said in Energumen last issue, I see the Fannish Circle as an incredibly insular group of twenty or so who sit around loudly telling each other that they are where it's at in fandom, and that everybody else is no where. (Let me qualify this by saying that there are exceptions within the Faaan Clique--e.g., Greg Shaw, who conspicuously refrains from backbiting and tearing down others.)

As I was saying a couple of months ago in Dynatron, I've been through all of this before, a decade ago. Then it was Terry Carr (then, as now, apparently longing for the Fabulous Days in Innuendo and Fanac) and a bunch of other New Yorkers railing against the then-current trend of political commentary in fanzines. Now it's a new crop of NY fans, still influenced by Terry, bitching about the serious fanzines of today.

I must say, the Fannish Fans were more nearly justified in that earlier crusade than they are now--first, because there's a lot more reason for complaint about SF fanzines discussing political and social issues than about SF fanzines discussing (of all things!) SF; but more to the point, because then the faaans were publishing several of the major zines in fandom and included several of the most active fans and best writers, whereas today, apart from Terry (a special case, in certain respects), they are relatively minor names publishing minor fanzines.

Which brings me to Arnie's column. I take no particular exception to his historical thesis (I gave up arguing about which numbered fandom we were in before Arnie came into fandom), but I will address myself to his closing remarks, re the Mainstream of fandom. Arnie does not have the chutzpah to claim that the Fannish fanzines are the mainstream, but he does indulge in the less ambitious conceit of saying that the SF-oriented zines aren't either, and so both groups are on an equal footing.

Sure they are. About as equal as Finland and the Soviet Union.

It's one thing to make comments about the quality of fanzines. That is a purely subjective thing. If Fan A says that SFR is the finest fanzine of the decade and Fan B says that Quip is the finest fanzine of the decade, it's a matter of personal opinion. As such, it can be argued till the end of time without being resolved. However, when you begin talking about which zines are "in the mainstream of fandom" you are introducing a measurably objective criterion. The mainstream (of anything) is defined as that which is

avored, pursued, accepted by the majority of whatever constituency you're talking about. It's like a political controversy: which side is "right" can be argued until doomsday, but which side is more popular is determined rather effectively by the next election.

The mainstream of fandom at the moment is in no doubt whatsoever. The Hugo nominations were just released, and the five fanzines nominated consist of one serious newszine (Locus), one straight genzine whose editor considers it to have the same basic goals as SFR (Energumen), and three sercon SF zines (SFR, Outworlds & Speculation). Exactly the same five fanzines placed in the top five positions of the Locus Poll, with a circulation second only to the Hugo ballots. One must go down to 10th place on that poll to find the fannish newszine, Focal Point, which received 15 votes, and to 16th place for one of the really Fannish Faaanzines, Egoboo, which was voted for by six (count 'em: 6) people. Egoboo is every bit as much "in the mainstream" of fandom as the Tolkien Journal, which also got six votes, and Amra, which got three more. As for the others--not even as many as six people bothered to mention Microcosm or Metanoia or Nope, because they didn't even show up on the poll.

Nor am I able to find a mention in any category on the poll of such luminaries of the FPFC (Focal Point Fannish Circle) as Arnie Katz, John D. Berry or Rich Brown. Jay Kinney did get 14 votes for Best Cartoonist, placing just below Grant Canfield and Alexis Gilliland. Big deal.

You can still claim that the Fannish Fanzines are the centre of scintillating creative brilliance and distilled humor and all that there crap, and that we sercon book reviewing types are inept; but however that may be, where the "mainstream" resides is decided by the mass of fans, and they seem to be saying that you folks are so far out of it that it's pathetic.

I wonder if Focal Point will even succeed in winning its own poll...?

::With the thought that If You Get Enough Rope...the above letter has been reproduced uncut, and exhaustively "sic". Considering that I have been so Out Spoken as to have observed in my fanzine that I do not like serconishness nor book reviews, I suppose it is Only Appropriate that you should Have Your Say here...as well as in two columns of ENERGUMEN devoted largely to this same type of raving against fannishness, Focal Point, and me and mine. I missed the item in Dynatron...was it still more of the same? But, I do not feel the space devoted to your letter to be Waste, for Arnie was so moved by your comments that he was inspired to write a whole article...which you'll find at the end of the letter column of this issue.

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

I've had a foolish fascination with Numbered Fandoms for years, and thus picked up on Arnie's article with interest.. I'm pleased to find that we are in general basic agreement ...certainly as to the time of "changes". The only difference I had in my own listing was to count as Seventh Fandom, what Arnie list as Sixth Transition...and I am willing to concede it probably was more a transition than a period..at least from a North American Fandom view.. We were deep into the APA's..and the only active gen-zines were British.. I have felt that from 1954 to 1957, the center of world Fandom was in London.. But, it is true that the fine work being done by the Clarke/Sanderson, Evers, Ashworth, Willis, (and names I forget) were not a focal point of American Fandom...

I certainly agree that a Fandom started with Fanac..in more ways than one. --I don't understand why Arnie refers to it as "Southgate in '58!" though. South Gate was always

two words, and Willis, who did as much to insure its life as any of us, always had a space between the "h" and "G".. There was a "village" of Southgate in part of greater London, but it is no more.. If Arnie was implying that it was pronounced as all one word...this might be as it was, but certainly not the way it was officially spelled.. (I'm not trying to pick nits...I'm just puzzled by the strange spelling...which you will agree is a switch.)

::Checking back, I'm afraid that was my fault--he did it right, but I typo'ed it. jk

I am very interested in seeing Arnie say that we are in a Transition, since 1969.. It seemed to me that a period had ended, and that everything was adrift (there are no Giants in the Land), but wasn't sure it wasn't just my limited view that made things seem so slow... The trouble with being in a slack time is without any preceptors of any size, the neo-fans have no one to follow, and we go on repeating last years original lines... Stuck, untill another truly original person, like Tucker, Willis, Ellick, Dammon, comes along to show a new way.. When they do, it will be the start of Ninth Fandom.

If someone ask you what is important about Numbered Fandom...the answer is that it is a handy guide as to what Fannish generation one belongs to.. For though some of us live through several Ages of Fandom, the mark of the first one we were active in seems to stay.. Hoffman and Silverberg are still clearly Sixth Fandomites...and though we have melowed and grayed, Ed Cox and I are still Fifth Fandom.

Regarding your cover.. It would have made a great deal more sense if Kinney had contrived to make the doorway part of the monsters mouth.. Admittedly a rather tired fantasy gimmick, but the fact just coming out of the wall makes no sense that I can see... -- Or, if the whole building is the monster, why does the tenticals appear to come out of windows... Rather like arms coming out of holes in sholders..

Re:Blue Juant.. Your arguement wouldn't really be a clincher for BNF-dom.. True, fanzine fans would be written down, but most neo-fans are not impressed by history.. They might show respect to Tucker..because everyone else does, and neo-fans like to do what everyone else does-- but how wide spread, outside of SAPS, would be the acclaime of current Fandom for Art Rapp? Even though he edited a Facal Point zine only 20 years ago...

FRED PATTEN, 11863 West Jefferson Blvd., #1, Culver City, Calif. 90230

Ted White gives the impression in his letter that he's claiming that in 1968, in the voting for the Best Fan Writer "Hugo", Harlan Ellison decided that he didn't want the award so he arranged (or advised the Con Committee) for all votes for him to be counted as votes for Ted. Am I misreading this? If I'm not, I've got even less respect for the Hugo as being an award for genuine merit than I had. I'm currently unhappy to learn that Fritz Leiber has withdrawn "The Snow Women" from competition in both the Hugo and Nebula race so as to concentrate all votes for him toward "Ill Met in Lankhmar". "Ill Met" may be the more spectacular of the two because it's got the scene of the first meeting of the Gray Mouser and Fafhrd (surely a climactic event in s-f, worthy of a Hugo), but I thought "Snow Women" was much the better of the two as writing, as a story, and I'm unhappy that "the rules" now force me to vote for what I consider to be a second-rate (by comparison) story.

That's why I disagree with your attitude that no fanzine published is worth three Hugoes in a row. Why not? If it's the best for three years in a row? But I agree with you on the distastefulness of "retiring undefeated" after three or any number of years. If a fanzine is the best, then it deserves the award. It's an unpleasant situation when any award is given in a "Best" category when everyone is aware that there's another candidate only

slightly offstage that might well be the real winner except for some technicality such as the writer disqualifying himself for being on the Con Committee, or feeling that he'd won enough awards and it was time to let one of the little guys have a chance...

Also, I don't think that Dick Geis' public statement that he wants a third "Hugo" has anything to do with the merit or lack of it of the seven issues he published last year. They should be judged on their qualifications, not to set a new record of three awards won in a row, or to deliberately keep such a record from being set.

On the other hand, if SFR isn't to your tastes, then that's a perfectly valid reason for not voting for it. I vote for what I like, not what I feel I ought to like, or because one candidate's already won an award and it's time to let somebody else have a turn.

Redd Boggs' and your comments on the nativeness of Californians reminds me of my early school days, just after World War II had flooded Southern California with workers for the aircraft & other military industries. The first item of the opening of each semester was an Introduction Session, to acquaint all of us kids with where we'd come from and who we were. I was a virtual freak for being a native-born Los Angelino, and more than once a teacher would try to correct me, "No, no, not where are you living now; where were you born?" Redd is right--his nine years here would qualify him as a native Californian by the working definitions of most people I know..... The recent earthquake has been applauded for scaring some of the "immigrants" back home, an "immigrant" being by definition anybody who can't take the earthquakes. We are still here; we're just swamped by the foreigners.

::You give an extremely well-reasoned argument for the other side of this Hugo Argument -- which only goes to prove that there are two sides to every story. I'm not certain you've Convinced me, but I certainly respect your Reasoning.

Ideally, I think you're right, of course: the Work should be judged completely separately from the Writer/Editor/Artist. Realistically, however, it's not really possible to keep them separated -- this is more true in the Fan Award fields than in the pro sections, since fanzines are much more personal things than professional works, and more dependent on and reflective of their creator's personality. For that reason, at the moment of presentation of the award, it always seems to go more to the Man than to the Work, and the presentation of the award to the Man seems to express a Benediction of Approval on whatever personality traits he has manifested.

--Or at least it seems that way to me.

I know that it's true that Harlan asked that his votes be counted toward Ted's total. But, I don't know that...have never heard that...and just can't bring myself to believe that the Baycon Committee actually did that. I'm convinced that they did not, in fact, and that Ted won the award on votes cast for him...not on someone else's cast-offs.

Which brings this letter-col to its end. Received but not published were also letters from Loren MacGregor, Cory Panshin, Mike Glicksohn, Mike Wood, and Seth McEvoy...and perhaps one or two others misplaced somewhere around the house. I hope to hear from everyone again in time for the next issue....which should be along much more promptly than you think.

--Joyce Katz

MY TRUE CONFESSION

Ted Pauls, in two columns in ENERGUMEN and a letter to POTLATCH, has been trying to tell fandom about the hellish conspiracy he has uncovered. He has pointed the finger of guilt at faanish fandom, the FOCAL POINT Fannish Circle, as he calls it, and has charged them with heinous crimes against Science Fiction and those who serve that noble genre so faithfully, sercon fandom.

Pauls, his faculties honed to sharpness through writing reviews of the "B" sides of Ace Doubles, has found traitors among us, among the honest book review reading burgers of fandom. Pauls has found them, these traitors, and they cannot stand against the relentless force of serious and concerned science fiction fandom. Ted Pauls has found them wherever they venture forth, at conventions, in fanzines, or under beds.

Ted Pauls has stood up and been counted. He has rushed in where angels fear to tread. He has made things perfectly clear.

Now some alleged fans, dupes and pawns if not outright faan-sympy, have debunked and derided the great TP. They do not understand the force of his logic, the scope of his analytic powers, and they have failed to heed his warnings about the peril represented by faanish fandom. When he tells them about Terry Carr manipulating New York fandom for his own devilish designs they say, "You're crazy", or "Drop dead", or other obvious anti-sercon things. And when he tells them about Joyce Katz being the High Priestess of New York Fandom, directing her fanatical hordes against the citadels of the true enlightened devotees of STF, they sneer, those freako degenerate faan-sympy.

Unheeded of the boos and catcalls, Ted Pauls has pushed forward, pressed his fight to save science fiction fandom.

Knowing that I cannot stand long against the massed might of the two-paragraph book reviewers, I surrender.

I give up.

I recant.

Everything Ted Pauls has said is true. Fannish Fandom has been plotting to overthrow science fiction and those who serve it. Terry Carr is manipulating New York Fandom for his own devious purposes. Joyce Katz is the High Priestess of New York Fandom, directing her fanatical hordes against the citadels. All of it, all that Ted Pauls has said, is true.

ARNIE KATZ

His brave stand has brought me to my senses, and I want to confess to you, the readers of POTLATCH.

It all started about a year ago. Fannish Fandom was gathered at Terry Carr's apartment in Brooklyn. I was diligently shining his boots, when he looked down at me from his throne and said, "What can we do to ruin fandom and science fiction?"

"Ruin fandom and science fiction?" I gasped. "Oh, never, never, never!"

But I was weak and the strange rays which emanated from his piercing eyes soon bent me to his will.

"Yes, we fannish fans must ruin fandom and science fiction," Terry reiterated, ripping up an unpublished Heinlein novel as he spoke, to emphasize his point.

"Oh, master," New York cried as one voice, "what can we do to ruin fandom and science fiction!"

"I have a plan," Terry said to us. He gave us our instructions that fateful day, and Joyce, as High Priestess, offered a prayer on behalf of our enterprise.

Since then all New York fandom has persued this plan unswervingly, in an attempt to bring science fiction and with it serconfandom to its knees.

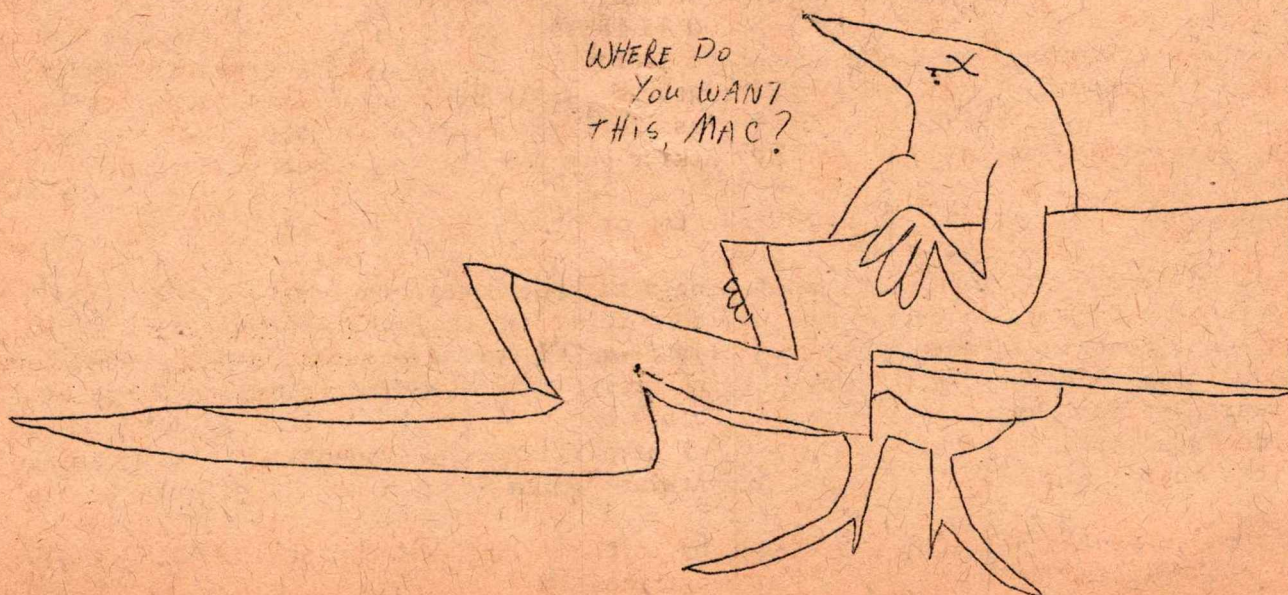
Our plan is simple.

When we go to newsstands and see science fiction magazines or books on display, we take them and stick them in the back so no one can buy them.

Were this plan to be successful, it was calculated that within four years there would be no more science fiction available in the U.S.

And then there would be no more capsule book reviews and no more capsule book reviewers, and fans like Ted Pauls would either have to write something interesting or shut up.

-- Arnie Katz



Blue Jauunt

by Joyce



NED SONNAG

On Montague Street (the main drag of Brooklyn Heights) the storekeepers are accustomed to doing business at a more personalized pace than in other parts of the city. Just as the plastic and stainless steel and chrome of modern construction have been barred from this portion of Brooklyn, so has much of the hustle and bustle of 20th century commerce been left to the more ambitious brothers in Manhattan.

The proprietors of these small comfortable shops, after earning their leisurely small comfortable profits, are left with a bit of time in which to be creative in their merchandizing. Some use this extra time to keep a sparkingly clean interior; others industriously sweep in front of their shop, pausing to chat with every passing person. Still others daily arrange gigantic displays in front of their store, until it would appear that they could have no merchandize left inside, from the amount piled on the street to tempt the passing citizens. The greengrocer arranges bins of apples, oranges, potatoes and avacadoes in front of his shop; while his neighbor, the butcher, arranges chicken parts in a more artistic display inside of his refrigerated picture window. A novelty store has begun to stock a line of bamboo chairs and stools...these are lined in front of the shop, in an open invitation for the passing shopper to take the load off. The neighborhood liquor store does a vintage business from the baskets of winebottles he has sitting out on the street; and the Good Humor man happily hawks his wares to the crowd that has, by this time, gathered to watch the merchants vie with one another to be outgoing and friendly.

By far the largest crowd is the gathering in front of Mr. Atkins', the combination florist-and-realtor. Mr. Atkins is blessed with an especially large picture window in his shop; it runs the width of his store and is some 15-18 feet tall, and it's crammed to the gunnels with all the traipsing you would expect of a florist, flowers, potted plants, fruit baskets and the like. However, even after the fixtures of his profession have been displayed, there is still an expansive section of glass left unfilled, high above the heads of the passing people, and it is here that Mr. Atkins has let his fancy run so free.

Mr. Atkins publishes a fanzine across the top of his display window.

On great white sheets of paper, painstakingly hand-printed with black felt tip pen, spread across the top of the window for the world to read, are Mr. Atkins' thoughts. A typical "issue" will contain a short essay, usually of quite readable quality; perhaps a poem or two (usually just as bad as typical fanzine poetic fare), and sometimes will end with a half-hearted admonishment to the reader to buy more flowers. As usual as not, though, the tag-line of advertising does not appear; I have frequently thought that its presence, when it's there, probably represents Mr. Atkins' justification of his efforts to Mrs. Atkins.

And if you're really particularly struck by anything you read in the window, you may go inside and ask, and he'll give you a mimeographed copy.

THIRD CLASS

John Ingham
2115 Kingscrest Drive
Saugus, Calif. 91350

J KATZ
59 LIVINGSTON
APT 5B
BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11201

POTENTIAL

.N.Y. (174)



74)

BROOKLYN

All in all, it's a fairly nebbish fanzine. He doesn't seem to have any real talent for layout and he hasn't learned about filler illustrations. (Arnie and I have been considering taking him a few Rotsler's.) But, it shows real promise; the subject matter is interesting, and the essays are rather well-written. And too, it is very frequent; a new issue appears in the window every other week or so.

And the crowds gather in front of his shop to read what he has to say.

Last week Mr. Atkins wrote about funerals; about their pagan origins; about his dislike and disapproval; about the distaste he feels toward the "bleeding heart" flower arrangements he's so frequently asked to do; about his feeling that funerals are actually for the living; about his belief in reincarnation.

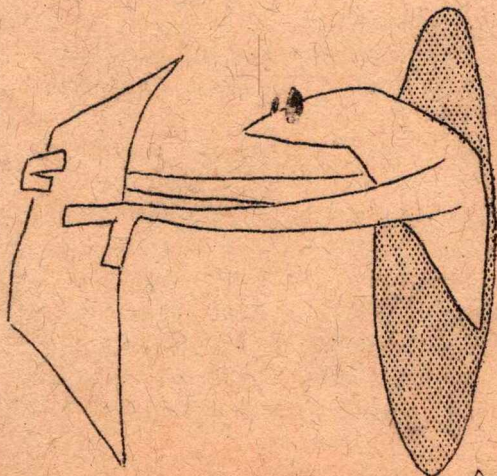
And last week Mr. Atkins got his very first letter of comment, from someone who disagreed with him.

It was in the form of a brick thrown through his picture window.

The window has now been replaced, but a new issue of the fanzine has not yet appeared. I believe it will, though, for I don't think Mr. Atkins will let his critic frighten him away from his hobby.

What trufan would?

-- Joyce Katz



Atom