



Kingman on old 66

As I mentioned at the end of last issue, Carol and I did go to Arizona and New Mexico for ten days in early October to visit my son, Joseph, who lives in a solar house outside Taos, as well as stopping along the way to spend time at the various Native American reservations and pueblos from whose crafts-

people we own textiles, pottery, stone carvings and baskets. There's no time for a full trip report now, but here are a few photos to fill in until one happens—if it does.

But I can't resist telling you one thing. Before we left we surveyed the areas we were passing through for good coffee on the road. This meant Starbucks where they existed, since at least they're consistent, but also others. One does *not* want to be drinking standard American restaurant coffee, which is weak and often vile (burnt is a common affliction). We ran into a glitch the morning we were leaving Gallup to head down to the Zuni reservation. Due to freeway construction, the



Joseph's house—side view



"Cat Rock" in Canyon de Chelly

ramps around the downtown area where all the coffee places were located were closed down and the one on the edge of town had gone out of business. There were no coffee houses in Zuni, either, and we were running on fumes after our visit there as we headed off towards Grants where several coffee places were listed (which later turned out all to be out of business).

Cruising along the highway east of Zuni past mile after mile of beautiful scenery and beginning to *really* feel the lack of caffeine, all of a sudden as we rounded a bend there were *two* business with huge signs in front proclaiming the availability of espresso. One looked more down home than the other and had easier parking, so we landed there.

Three hippie-looking guys were off to one side of the building working on some sort of framing for what looked to be a large tent. Inside the store was a combination gift and curio shop with a small lunch counter at the rear. A bouncy long-haired woman came out and took our order. We chatted with her for a while, and she revealed that she and her husband had moved to New Mexico from Tennessee. We asked if she'd heard of The Farm commune (where I lived in the '70s), and sure enough she had—and had even visited there. Carol mentioned that I'd lived there, and suddenly I was transformed from an espresso customer into a rock star. She asked a lot of questions and I answered them while she finished making our espressos. It was an interesting experience being famous for being myself, but I was happy and relieved when we were able to pay for our coffee and leave.



The Hippie Espresso Shop

As we drove off, we took our first sips of espresso. It was *terrible!*

## Time for mailing comments.....

**Chris Garcia:** Welcome, fellow remote member! You wrote, "I'm a big Rotsler fan these days. I got a full run of *Kteic* and I've been going through them over the last few months." With all due respect, I somehow doubt you could possibly have a full run of *Kteic*—there were hundreds of issues, and the earliest ones existed in only a handful of carbon copies (maybe half a dozen at the most) that were distributed according to Rotsler's wishes with the last person in each chain keeping them. That said, it's great that you appreciate Rotsler's artwork (and, presumably, his writing)—so do I, and each and every issue of my SAPS and FAPA publications since rejoining those groups in 1983 and 1984, respectively, has had a Rotsler cover. I anticipate this continuing for years to come without any duplication.



**Charles Fuller Jr.:** Sorry, but my eyes automatically glaze over at amateur fiction, even when lines on the first page like this catch my attention: "The girl wore tennis-shorts and a tucked in blouse. Sockless moccasins showed off every centimeter of leg to maximum advantage." Maybe so, but the rest was just a fishing yarn and, er, I didn't get hooked.

**Linda Bushyager:** Since you don't drive and Ron won't due to the trauma he experienced "thanks" to his father taking him to a horrific auto accident scene at an early age, how do you get around in a town as car-oriented as Las Vegas?

**Roxanne Mills:** You write, "For as long as I can remember, I've had a severely impaired sense of smell," but your subsequent writing on the subject (all very enjoyable, by the way) tends to contradict this. It would appear to me that your range of smell is in other directions than most people's. Thus, you don't smell bad chemical smells, while you can't detect a difference between Ivory soap, Chanel No. 5 and a bunch of flowers. But you *do* smell things like petrochemical emissions, only unlike most people you regard them as pleasant. One place we intersect is in used bookstores: "By far my favorite odor has always been that of old books. The mustier, the better. I'd walk into a used bookstore and stop, close my eyes, and just breath through my nose until someone or something brought me out of my reverie. If I could have bought 'old books' incense, bath soap, perfume, and air freshener, I would have!" My conscious mind *knows* that this is the smell of low-level mold—and I get a little upset when I encounter it in some of the file drawers housing my fanzine collection, but otherwise I'm completely on the same page about this smell.

It was interesting to read of your belated treatment for this "malady," and I'm looking forward to reading about your first visit to a used bookstore to see if it's still your favorite smell.

**Roxanne Gibbs:** I've never been into wall calendars, and definitely never would make my own. But since 1987 I've been hooked on another kind: the pocket notebook size of the by-the-week calendar. I use it for recording incoming mail of all kinds, and this forms the basis of the annual fanzines received chart that I publish in every issue of my fanzine, *Trap Door*. Happily, up until now I haven't had to pay for them because sample ones would come in the mail at the office where I used to work—half a dozen or so every year starting in August or September—and I would simply snag one addresses to someone no longer working there. I retired last year just after copping the 2006 book that way, but now 2007 is staring me in the face and it looks like I'm going to have to *buy one!* I could simply use one of the many calendars available on-line, but I'm used to having it in paper form and don't think I could tolerate the change.

To Teresa Cochran you wrote, "Your WorldCon trip report sounds like you had a great time. Michael would have liked to be there for the bawdy filking, he is a long time Filk fan and likes Leslie Fish immensely." No disrespect to Michael, but Leslie was the filk guest of honor at the very first Silvercon back in 1992—the same one at which I was fan guest of honor. I'd never heard of her before then, and as I recall I wasn't the only one who found her a rather cold fish. And an ego-heavy, tempermental one at that.

**R-Laurraine Tutihasi:** Welcome, fellow FAPAN! Although I've "known" you for years over in that apa and at the various conventions we've both attended, I appreciated your introduction here.

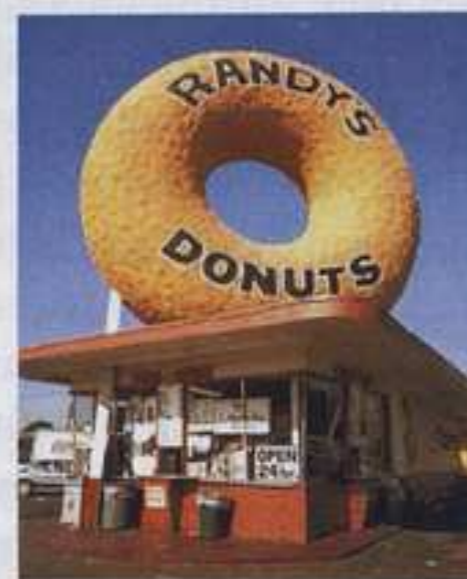
"My dietary restrictions may prevent me from joining many fannish meal outings. There doesn't seem to be much point in my going to an Italian or Chinese restaurant, for instance. There is gluten-free soy sauce available on the web; so I could go to a Japanese restaurant, though my menu choices would be rather limited. In case many of you didn't know (I didn't, either), the second ingredient in most soy sauces is wheat." Although not a big user of soy sauce, for the past three or four years I've been buying and enjoying San-J Wheat-Free Reduced Sodium Organic Tamari. Do you know of it? It's available in places like Whole Foods but also from Amazon. That aside, it's good that you figured out you were gluten-sensitive and were able to easily make the necessary dietary changes. Fortunately this isn't an unusual food sensitivity so there are plenty of gluten-free products available.



About your bad night vision you wrote: "I just assumed that everyone else saw as poorly as I, and I couldn't understand why other people seemed to drive so fast at night. I just thought they were reckless and irresponsible. It never occurred to me that they actually had better vision." I'm one of those with better night vision, and only drive slower at night because I'm aware that others don't share this *and* in situations where darkness impairs sight distance.

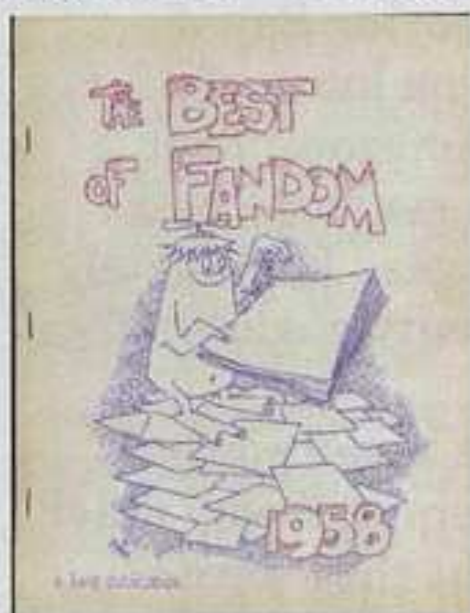
**Teresa Cochran:** "My computers are now both fully functional for the time being, though one may need a new hard drive shortly." I'm always somewhat amazed at the number of fans (and other people) whose hard drives have died on them. This has never happened to me (knock on electrons!), not even on the computer I had for over thirteen years. What am I doing right!?"

**James Taylor:** "Never had muffins for breakfast when I was growing up. Breakfasts with eggs and the rest were rare. Mostly it was just cereal." My mother established a pattern for breakfast for my brother and me that I remember her using as far back as I have memories. In the colder months she alternated between two days of oatmeal followed by a day of cream of wheat. During the warmer months we'd have several varieties of cold cereal, of which I remember raisin bran, Rice Krispies, corn flakes and (my least favorite) Wheaties. On weekends, when my father was also around for breakfast, we would often have bacon and eggs. Then there was the rare Sunday when my father would take my brother and me out to the Big Donut at Manchester and La Cienega (now known as Randy's Donuts) in Inglewood, where we would get a mixed dozen and come home to pig out. Our mother would *not* join in our sugary gluttony.



"I will admit to chickening out when you gave me a chance to try some of the Kim Chi but I did have some of Lichtman recipe for pickled cabbage which was excellent." Ah, my fame as a kim chi maker precedes me! (Glad you liked it.)

"It brings to mind the need to preserve fannish writings. Not just the occasional retrospective or hard back. But perhaps a carefully prepared digital editions like what Renaissance Ebooks does with old time radio programs. A little back ground presentation and the content as close as possible to how it originally appeared." Perhaps you're already aware of it, but there are a lot of old fanzines available at [www.fanac.org](http://www.fanac.org), some of them even in facsimile form but many retyped. Bill Burns's [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com) also has a good sampling of old fanzines, with links to many more than aren't on his server. There have been efforts to preserve classic fan writing on paper, too. One way is the fanthology series, done by year, that began in 1958 when long-gafiated fan Guy Terwilleger published the first of them, *Best of Fandom 1957*. He followed this up with a selection for 1958 the following year, and then the concept lay fallow until Terry Carr and Mike Domina produced one for 1964 (which didn't get published until 1972). A copy of *Fanthology '64* is currently listed on [www.abebooks.com](http://www.abebooks.com) for \$34 including shipping (from the Exiles bookshop in Maryland). Since then there have been fanthologies for 1975, 1976, 1981, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993 and 1994. There have also been some other fanthologizing only British fanwriting. If you're interested, I can provide PDFs of three of these—the ones for 1992, 1993 and 1994. I edited those and input



all the text, and although these PDFs are quick and dirty (lacking covers and other artwork) they do have some great reading. Just let me know and they're yours. (And it's possible that Arnie may have some of the others in his collection.)

**Arnie Katz:** How do you find time to watch so much TV *and* keep up with your fairly extensive fanac and other activities!?

Thanks for your elegiac words on Bob Tucker. Between what I wrote in the Tucker issue of *VFW* and my letter of comment on that issue, I seem to be out of additional words on his passing. For now.

**Joyce Katz:** I haven't read *Frankenstein* in more than fifty years, but remember it being quite effective when I did as a teenager. As I noted in the Tucker issue of *VFW* I'd been reading his mysteries and thrillers. Two of those—*This Witch* and *The Warlock*—had supernatural elements that I found quite engaging, and if you haven't read either I highly recommend them. If you don't have them, there are inexpensive (under \$10 including shipping) paperback (and even hardcover) editions available according to a Bookfinder search I just did.

**Michael Bernstein:** To Teresa you wrote, "I very much enjoyed hearing about your Worldcon adventures. Regarding your sociological observations, you might be interested in Camille Bacon-Smith's book *Science Fiction Culture*, which examines con fandom in some depth." I bought this book when it first came out and found myself unable to finish it. It gets into a level of detail that went far beyond my interest in the subject, and in addition I found a number of assertions and claims she made that were just plain wrong. Unfortunately, it's been too long and I didn't mark them in the book or make notes, so I can't offer you more than my vague recollections. But they soured me on the rest of what she was saying, and overall I can't recommend the book.

What's happening with Rotsler.com? It appears to be lost in the limbo of 2001, the year of its creation.

