



Won on eBay – 2004

Since I'm still pressed for time, I'm going to focus this issue on responses to comments made to me in the last two mailings.

John Purcell: "Love that picture of you at the ABA Chicago convention in 1980. You looked quite respectable then. What happened? :)" Ahahahahaha! What happened was the need to get gainful employment in the Reagan years. Even in California my 1980 appearance fast became a detriment to that, and I gave it up in 1983 after the near-depression of that period dried up my employment with Paul Williams at his small publishing company, Entwhistle Books. I kept the moustache, though, until last year when I retired. I

hadn't dropped it before then because I disliked the sort of attention changes in physical appearance got one where I worked.



Bought at garage sale – 1968

"In your comment to Chris Garcia, how exactly is Rotsler's old zine *Kteic* pronounced? Is it Ki-TAY-ick or Ki-TAYK or KIT-ee-ick? As far as I know, it could be 'Sam'." From the mouth of Rotsler himself and others, I've always heard it pronounce "tyke." (*Sam* was Steve Stiles' fanzine.)

James Taylor: "Vegas by the Bay is Emeryville?" No, the Oakland hills is where we live. Nearby Emeryville is a major shopping destination, though, and there's also a multiplex theater there with the most comfortable stadium seating around. I only wish it showed more of the type of films Carol and I like—as it is, we end up seeing those in older theaters where the leg room is equivalent to or worse than that on airplanes.

"Is the Farm still around these days? Was it able to keep finding new members over the years or did the population stabilize at some point?" Yes, it's still around but ceased being a commune in 1983. At that point it had lost over half of its peak population and it was no longer viable to maintain that structure. Everyone suddenly became responsible for earning their own way and had to pay dues to the governing board that went for general maintenance, sort of like a condo association. This led to a further exodus that took the population down ultimately to around two hundred people (from a peak of 1,600) and it's been steady at that level for many years. (As noted



Gift from Carol - ca. 2000

previously, I left in 1980.) If you want to learn more about what the community is up to these days, go to <http://www.thefarm.org/>.

Joyce Katz: “I enjoyed reading your bio, as I always do. Each time, I pick up tidbits of new information. This time I noted your claim of having published ‘two’ issues of *Trap Door* since 1983; funny, I coulda swore there were more..... (This has been a blatant opening for you to write more on this subject.)” You’re not the only one to notice that! In my defense—no, I have no defense, only an explanation. I’ve been refining the various versions of my fannish biography over many years, and no doubt at the time I first wrote it I must have only produced two issues of *Trap Door*. However, since that would place it in 1984, well before I owned a computer, more likely it’s a typo that’s gone undetected until now. The correct information is that I’ve done 23 issues and have a 24th on the verge of being complete. It should be out before the end of January.



“I’m looking forward to reading more about your trip to New Mexico, and especially your stops at various reservations. Did you know people there? How were you received? What were the conditions that you witnessed there?” The conditions varied widely from pueblo to pueblo—there was clearly a lot of poverty but also some modernity and signs of relative prosperity. And at some reservations—Acoma and Hopi most notably—there are places that are intentionally retro (Sky City and Old Oraibi, respectively) as a way of maintaining traditional values. We were told in both those settlements that people by and large elect to live under those conditions, but it also seemed clear that some of the residents had little choice.

In terms of actual personal acquaintance, we didn’t know anyone at any of the reservations we visited. However, we own crafts items by any number of people. At the Zuni reservation we tried to make contact with one of them, a potter named Agnes Peynetsa, who does (mostly) miniature pots decorated with carved lizards and frogs—and also does owls. (Examples depicted here are not photographed from ours but are pretty identical.) Between Carol and me, we have at least half a dozen pieces of her pottery (actually more). When we arrived at Zuni we stopped at the visitor’s center and asked after her. To our surprise, the woman behind the counter offered to call her up to see if she was



available. She got her on the phone and spoke with her for a while, mostly in the Zuni tongue, but unfortunately she was just about to leave to take her grandson to a doctor’s appointment and would be able to see us that day. We were disappointed but not surprised since even getting to contact her second-hand was more than we hoped for.

At the reservations we visited, we were generally received in a friendly manner. At Old Oraibi at Hopi we

visited with Sandra Hamana, who makes beautiful “dawa,” as she calls them. Dawa is the Hopi sun god, and her rendition of it is a gods eyes with a wooden plaque as per the example here. That image was taken off the Web and is of a small pin, but I have one of these that I bought from Ms. Hamana on our first trip to Hopi in 1991 that measures seventeen inches across. She told us she wasn’t making those any more except on special order, and on that basis was making only two or three a year. She had some of the small pins on display in her shop, but most of what she was offering was pottery made by others. Carol really liked one of them, but Sandra was unable to get through on her cellphone to verify Carol’s credit card so she ended up not getting it. (There is no electricity and no regular phone service at Old Oraibi, which is Hopi’s oldest settlement and is purposely off the grid.)



We arrived at the Santa Clara pueblo in the mid to late morning, and people hadn’t opened up their homes and shops for business yet. Probably the cold, rainy weather was a factor, but eventually we visited with several potters. I think it’s probably in part due to our knowledge of their work and our absence of sticker shock that they treated us as equals and talked shop at length.

Acoma Pueblo was the most organized and modern of those we visited. They have a casino out on I-40 that brings in some extra revenue, but we didn’t stop there. Instead we drove about fifteen miles off the interstate to their visitors’ center, where we ate some lovely food in their restaurant (a pinto bean and “chicos” chili—“chicos” being a parched corn—and light, airy fry bread) and took a guided bus tour up to Acoma Sky City, which is on a 365-foot high mesa rising out of the desert floor. Up there we were confronted with potters and vendors at almost every turn with a wide variety of crafts—mostly the thin-walled pottery for which they are justly famous but also jewelry, wood carvings, and other items. We bought a seed pot and a beautifully painted pottery bear.

This is starting to turn into a trip report, and I can’t go there this time around. (In fact, it may be Too Late.)



“It’s funny that you consider most standard coffee to have a burnt taste. That’s precisely my reaction to most of the gourmet coffees people bring around here, and especially Starbucks. And the heavy gourmet coffees, like the African and Hawaiian blends that people prize so much, are the most scorched tasting of all.” I think you may have misread me. I wrote that “One does *not* want to be drinking standard American restaurant coffee, which is weak and often vile (burnt is a common affliction).” By “burnt” I

mean that restaurant coffee is sometimes left in a huge urn or on a hot plate that keeps it hot but also means that it continues cooking—and if left too long begins to burn. This doesn't happen at all restaurants, to be sure, but it's *really* distasteful when encountered.

Chris Garcia: About *Kteic* you write in response to me and my questioning your assertion that you'd gotten a full run: "I got about 30 and the guy I got them from said that he thought he had one of each issue, but maybe he kept some (or it sounds like many) for himself. There weren't any carbon copy versions in the lot." That's far from a complete run. I have fifty issues filed in my cabinets. The earliest one is No. 30 from December 1955 and the most recent is from the early '80s. Along the way Bill changed numbering systems a couple of times (there are some in Volume 2 and others in Volume 3) before giving up numbering altogether. In addition to these I have an unknown number (because I'm not going to do the research that would involve sifting through five 10-ream paper boxes) that are filed with my complete set of Lilapa mailings. I have one of the carbon-copy issues, but mine is the **original** and has a note from Gregg Calkins to Burbee passing it along to him. Stapled to the back are tearsheets from a 1964 issue of *Matinee*, a skin mag for which Rotsler was art director. It has "Time Exposure of a Nude," depicting a photo session involving Bill and a model named Darleen, that's *very* tame by present contemporary standards.

Reading your Major Faunch concerning those fanthologies I mentioned, I've sent you (as you, of course, already know and have even acknowledged) PDFs of the three I edited covering 1992, 1993 and 1994. I hope you find them enjoyable. For your delectation, I've placed the cover art for each below....

