



Charles Fuller: I enjoyed your tale of goldfish vs. pond-invading mosquitos. I was at one time a fairly avid reader of *Organic Gardening*, just like your friend's mother, and even though not personally gardening at the time I was most engrossed in reading the magazine—my actual gardening activities came years later—I almost always got caught up in their “natural” solutions to problems as an alternative to Nasty Chemicals. But as you point out at the end of your account there's a mixed-bag aspect to these natural methods in your example of the mosquito fish and the decline of salamanders in the Santa Monica mountains. Sometimes you just can't win for winning.

Thanks for your explanation of “knapping.”

In your comments to me on my contribution to SNAPS No. 23 you write: “If you are going to criticize, at least try to get your facts right.” Since you provide no context for this remark, I'm at a loss. Didn't you like my asking why you double-space your contributions or perhaps you felt dissed by my noting that I didn't “share your fascination with guns and the things they can do”? Or was it something else...?

Chris Garcia: “I hope I'll make Corflu, but it's in serious doubt. The weekend it's being planned for is also the weekend of CostumeCon and I've agreed to act as Toastmaster for Kevin and Andy. Good guys who I would never want to let down. I can only hope every hotel in Vegas is packed the last weekend of April.” Well, they weren't! Big decision time ahead for you! I'd never heard of CostumeCon before, so I found and checked out their Website. One thing I noticed is that you're *not* a member of the convention. That being the case, it should be easy to reorder your priorities in the *right* direction. (See you at Corflu!?)

“I too hate cell phones. I own one, but I never really carry it. I leave it in my car so that if I get a flat or need to check on Evelyn I can do it from there.” I've only had a cell phone for a little over a year—got it for emergency use of the sort you describe and also to stay in touch with Carol while traveling between Oakland and Glen Ellen, something I did more frequently in my first year following retirement because I was still receiving mail up there and had various other business continuing to connecting me to Sonoma County. I've seldom left it on to receive calls, though, and most of the time it lives in a desk drawer. You mention Evelyn here and later when you write that you've been “flirting with a lass named Shelly. She's dreamy and she doesn't much mind the entire Evelyn thing, which is one thing other lasses have not been so cool about.” This leads me to wonder: who is Evelyn?

R-Laurraine Tutihasi: Sorry to hear of all the trouble with your husband's Prius. Perhaps his is a rare lemon, though I certainly hope not. It's good that Toyota is covering these repairs through creative warranty interpretation!

You wrote that “we drove to Beverly Hills to see a film about Harlan Ellison. It was a very good biographical piece. After the film Harlan did an interview. The film will eventually be released on DVD.” I don’t know how anxious I’d be to rush out and buy that DVD, but there are some excerpts from it at...

http://www.creatvdiff.com/harlan_ellison.php

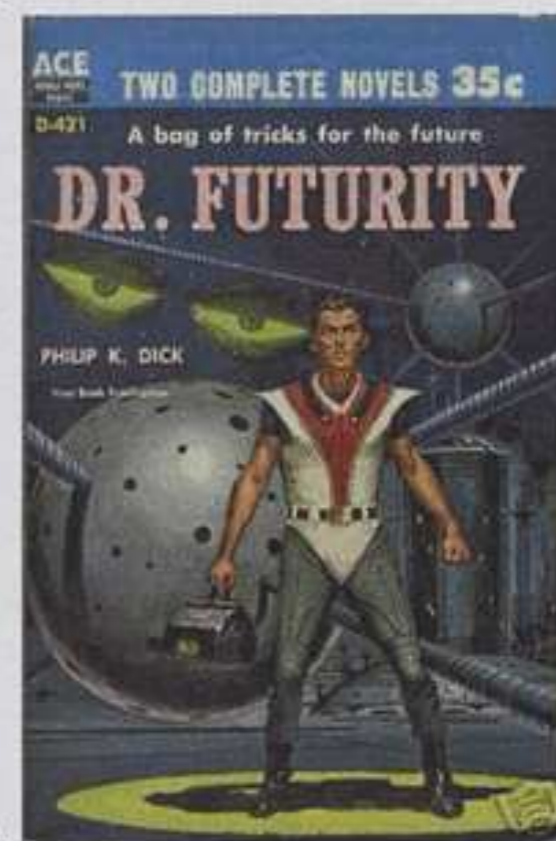
...which I commend to everyone’s viewing attention. Please note that each link under “Readings and Assorted Ephemera” is a piece of the whole.

“Here in LA, they don’t pay anything for jury duty any more if you only serve one day. It’s a crock.” I received a summons to appear for same in late June (for the first time since 1999). My friendly doctor wrote a note to get me off on medical grounds (forever, I hope), but in reading over the literature that accompanied the summons I learned that I was incorrect when I wrote a couple mailings ago that it paid only five bucks a day. It now pays \$15 but, as you report being the case in your area, the first day is “free.” They offer validated parking at five bucks a day, cautioning that you have to get to the lot-with-limited-space plenty early for that. So in essence you’re subsidizing The System for that day, plus if chosen you have to endure the inconvenience and hassle of being around to serve for (assuming an 8-hour day) one third of the federal minimum wage while all around you are attorneys who make in ninety seconds what you’re getting in a day (before paying for parking, let alone the cost of gas). How unfair is that!?

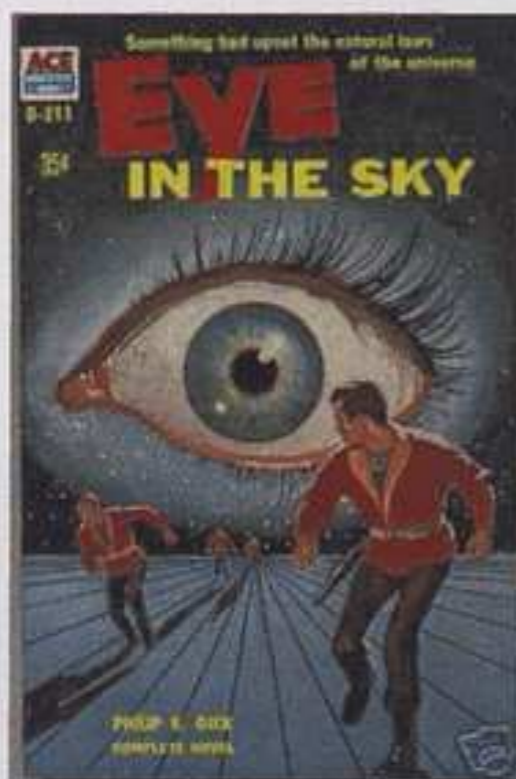
John Purcell: Thanks for your piece of Polish Texasiana—always enjoyable to read about local color—but the photo you ran of llamas and your reference to “of sauerkraut and llama roundups led by Cowboy Rolf” made me wonder if they really have llamas in their menagerie or you were just being fanciful. Whatever your reply, the very mention of them caused me to free-associate about an emu ranch that used to exist on the south end of Sonoma. It’s not there any more, but my kids used to love it when I’d park by the roadside fencing and they could watch emus sporting in the pasture. We kept a respectful distance from the fence, though, because they bite (and hard).

To me you write, “Say, what did you think of *Askance #1*? I never got a loc from you. I’m crushed, I tell you. Crushed.” So much of your first issue was comprised of material lifted from these very precincts that I felt I’d already commented on sufficiently here. (Even so, I see I’m in the WAHF section of your second issue.)

Bryan Follins: “In the last issue, I started on my crusade to be a true science fiction fan by scaring myself to the limit. I started the task, as a kid, by watching several versions of the old *Outer Limits*, as well as a creepy horror movie host named Count Macabre. There was still work to be done...” We didn’t have a TV in the house until I was twelve, but that didn’t stop me in my own early efforts to become an SF fan by scaring myself. I remember that when



the original movie version of *The Thing* was released much was made of how it was unsuitable for children because of its allegedly horrific elements. My parents forbade me to see it, so of course I did anyway and didn't find it frightening at all. Much more affecting was some SF radio drama show I heard around the same time in which an alien (here my memory is somewhat hazy) bit or otherwise infected/invaded humans and took control of them. Now *that* scared the crap out of me!



Ross Chamberlain: Thanks for publishing *Fangle* No. 3, which I downloaded and printed so I could add it to my copies of the original editions of the previous issues. I especially like the artwork you did on the covers.

Hmmm, you remember that little button of coloring we squeeze into otherwise white margarine being red while I recall it being yellow. Searching around on-line brings up references to yellow and orange buttons for coloring early margarine in states where the dairy/butter lobby had succeeded in outlawing the sale of pre-colored margarine. Since we both grew up in Ohio, it must have been one of those states. I don't recall having to do this after we moved to L.A.

Joyce Katz: How wonderful to read that the Plaza has been secured for next year's Corflu! It was also interesting to read your survey of the dining possibilities there. The change in ordering method at the coffee shop is entirely in line, as you note, with other low-end eating establishments. I would find it neither demeaning nor annoying. The all-you-can-eat buffet is interesting; I don't recall it being there for the last Corflu. And it's good to read that the Seattle's Best coffee stand is still there—an oasis for us early morning caffeine junkies!

I believe you've written before of those poetry publishers that contact you out of the blue and solicit a poem in hopes that you'll be fool enough to buy the book in which it appears. Thanks for including it here, and thanks for the permission you gave to skip it.

To me you write: "I very much enjoy your scanned fanzine covers, and never cease to marvel at what a rich and deep history our hobby has. Of course, many of the covers I have seen before (hard to believe I've been in fandom for over 40 years) But I am always delighted by new ones that I'm not familiar with, and sometimes even by new fan artists that I don't know about." Thanks, I've been having fun doing them. Most are ones I snatch off eBay listings, but some I've scanned for my own purposes and I like sharing them here in a different venue from the one for which I undertook the scanning. I'm using a different batch of "artwork" this time around, and hope you also like it.

And you ask me, "Did you know that Su Williams, local fan and my wonderful friend (especially through my time of troubles), is an accomplished comber of wool, spinner and weaver?" No, but I'd certainly like to see some of her work. Perhaps you can get her to join SNAPS and post some photos here—or, if you

can't interest her in SNAPS, maybe she'd lend you photos for you to publish. Ideally, she'd have a show at next year's Corflu.

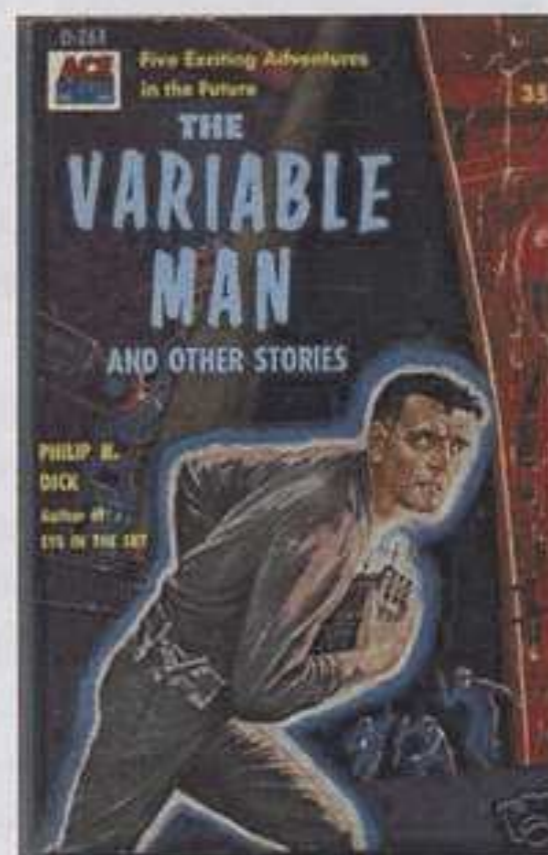
"I sorta plan to buy a disposable phone, to carry with me in case of emergencies. I guess the cell phone culture has gotten through to even me, because I am beginning to feel inferior that I don't have one. The disposable seems like a good half-way measure—I certainly don't want a high priced plan." Although I found this article while searching for a disposable cellphone...

<http://inventors.about.com/library/weekly/aa022801a.htm>

...I didn't find any offerings for the one that's described in it. All search results for "disposable cell phone" lead either to offerings of disposable cellphone *batteries* or to prepaid plans such as the T-Mobile one I have (and can recommend). Perhaps the ones described in this article aren't available yet.

Thanks for sharing that great photo of you at your high school graduation. You looked pleased to be getting outta there!

Arnie Katz: In your reverie about paper fanzines you write, "One thing I miss, though, is the fanzine cover... Ironically, if I wanted to use full-page covers, I might have a little trouble coming up with them on a regular basis." Since all my print apazines are the same half-letter sized format as *Trap Door*, I've managed to get along for years using Rotsler's more stfnal artwork as covers. These days I scan them directly into the layout but in previous times I adjusted their size using my copier, which allows me to adjust up and down in one-percent increments, and then pasted them in place. I've done 96 issues of my SAPSzine and 50 of my FAPazine since rejoining both groups in the '80s, and except for the first issue of each *all* the covers have been by Rotsler. I could do the same for *Trap Door* if push came to shove, but fortunately I've been able to get custom covers for every issue.



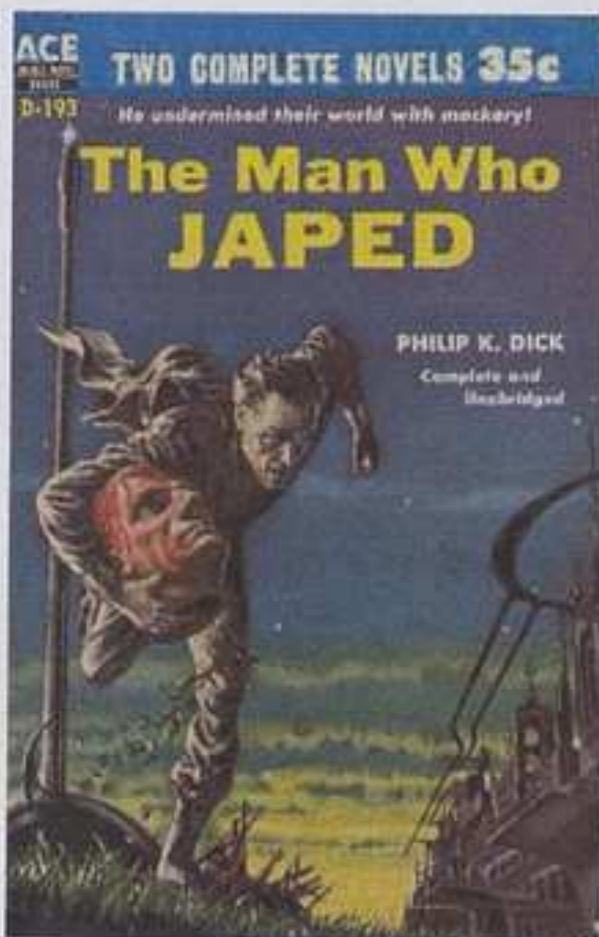
"Speaking of the Vegrants party at Corflu Silver prompts me to wonder whether the rest of you would like to have a SNAPS party at Corflu Silver." Considering the overlap between SNAPS and the Vegrants, I wonder if the parties could be combined in some fashion. It seems like a lot of work and expense to do both. We could instead have a SNAPS display and/or a program item about our little group in the interests of attracting more members. It would seem a natural to me that the many fans who can no longer afford to publish a paper fanzine, even for another apa, might be interested in SNAPS if some outreach was done.

"Although I watch a lot of the History Channel, I wasn't particularly excited about the prospect of a two-hour documentary titled 'The Hippies.' An explanation of that counter-cultural movement might be a Good Thing for Generation Whatever viewers, but it held little appeal for me." That was Carol's and my first reaction as well, but we ended up watching it anyway and found it to be a much better job than the usual "documentary" on that movement. There were some good interviews with

people who were deeply involved back then, mostly in San Francisco, and had insightful things to say. It wasn't just your usual swirl of loud music, out takes from light shows, and dancing long-haired people.

As you know, I moved to San Francisco in early 1965 after graduating from UCLA. This was coincidentally around the time this scene was undergoing the first intimations that it might be a group mind. During 1965 bands such as the Grateful Dead coalesced and began doing free concerts in the Panhandle—that blocks-long narrow extension of Golden Gate Park that ran along the northern edge of Haight-Ashbury. I loved catching those whenever I could.

Although I never lived in the neighborhood, preferring the lower rents and lower density of Bernal Heights (a hill rising above the Mission District), I knew lots of the early “movement” people—both some of the Beats and others who later were part of the younger group dubbed “hippies” by San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen (who in the '50s had invented the word “beatnik”). I was there the day the Psychedelic Shop opened on Haight Street. I got the job I had for most of the period (amusingly, working for Dun & Bradstreet as a credit reporter/analyst, about as “establishment” as you can get) at a party held in the area. My non-work wardrobe became a mix of items bought variously from the Emporium basement and the clothing shops that sprung up on Haight Street.



And if you saw my FAPAazines of the period—they were among the last manifestations of fanac I produced before encountering the “Monday Night Class” of Stephen Gaskin and subsequently becoming a founding member of The Farm commune in rural Tennessee—you can see how they were influenced by the changes happening around me.

But like you, I never completely identified with any of this. I can relate to every one of the four points you make about why you didn't, but I believe I went further than you—though not as far as Mike McInerney, who I used to see now and then in the late '60s when he lived in a large apartment building at Haight & Cole above a natural foods store. Even so, during the early period ('64-'66) counter-culture life in the Bay Area was one of the best of times. By 1967, well before the Summer of Love, it was already turning into the worst of times in the Haight-Ashbury, and many of the people I'd known there had dispersed further north in California (to Marin, Sonoma and Mendocino counties), and some to the communes (Drop City, Lama, etc.) that sprung up in New Mexico and elsewhere.

I stayed in Bernal Heights through it all, only moving in 1971 when most of my non-fan friends at that point had gone off to Tennessee and I wanted to join them. And so I did...