

**John Purcell:** You write that you and James Halperin discussed a wide variety of topics including “how he acquired Harry Warner’s fanzine collection.” But you don’t divulge just how that took place, and I for one think we should be told. I know that Jerry Weist was involved, but was it a direct sale or a private auction, how much did he pay (of course you may not know that), and how many cubic feet does it occupy (you may be able to guesstimate this from your visit to that room housing it).

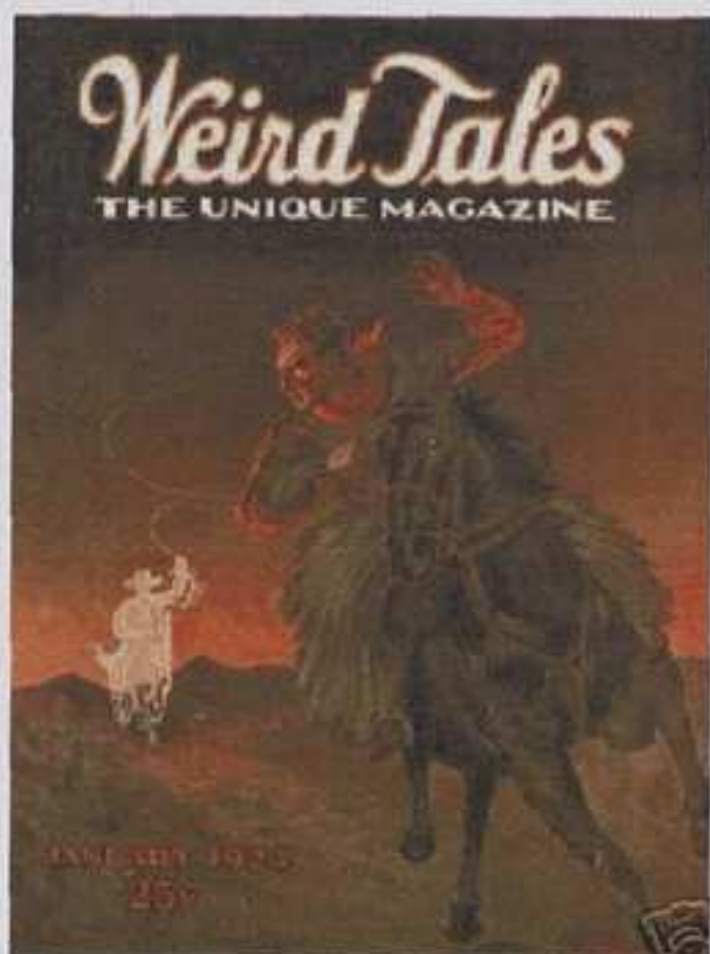
You also write, “Harry had kept the zines still in their envelopes, which meant they were flat and protected, and each envelope was dated when it had been received at the Hermitage in Hagerstown, Maryland.” This reminds me of the late Redd Boggs’s record-keeping, which astounded me and the others involved in cleaning out his apartment after he died in 1996. In addition to a log of *all* correspondence and fanzines received, Redd also maintained a daily diary in which he entered the same information. Those diaries were kept in a variety of hardcover bound ledger books, and there were over a hundred of them. So far as I know, Jeanne Bowman still has them stored in one of the outbuildings at her place in Glen Ellen, but I “borrowed” a couple of them at the time because I thought they would cover a period when I was visiting Redd occasionally and was interested to see what he might have written about those visits. I haven’t looked at them in years, but the main entry that stuck in my mind was a very sad one written on the first anniversary of his wife Gretchen’s death.



The photo you included of some of the boxes housing Harry’s fanzines reminded me of the one adjacent to these words, which is a portion of the late Bruce Pelz’s collection when it still lived in various storage sheds and rooms in and around his house.

To me you write, “Hopefully you will soon be gracing the pages of *Askance* with your locs. And that is definitely a hint if there ever was one.” Somehow this is something whose time has not yet come. There are far more fanzines that I don’t regularly (or even infrequently) respond to, and my failure to connect with yours shouldn’t be taken as anything personal.

And to Laurraine you note, “I will remember to consider font size and style in the future. Not only will that make this more readable, but also more font-compatible for Arnie’s computer. This has been a recurrent problem with headers I have used. (Time to upgrade, Arnie!)” In what form do you submit your contributions for SNAPS? I do mine initially in WordPerfect and then convert them to Acrobat PDFs. In doing so I embed the fonts, involving only making a simple checkmark in one of the on-screen menus. Everything in my format is completely retained by following these protocols. (I’m using WordPerfect 12 and Acrobat 7.0 Professional.)



**Charles Fuller:** Your friend observed, “Charles, you obviously don’t have enough guns.” Since nothing else in your narrative pulled my trigger, I only wonder how many guns *do* you have.

**Bryan Follins:** “When I was a youngster (not knowing how to read effectively at the time because I was starting the first grade), I began to read Marvel Comics. My grandparents did not call them comics, they called them ‘funny books.’ At the time, the ‘funny books’ were only 12 cents.” My first exposure to comic books was the venerable *Walt Disney’s Comics and Stories*, the first issues of which I saw at age five or six in 1948. The cover price was a dime, but my parents approved of *WDC&S* and bought me a five-year subscription. And after that expired they renewed it for

another five years, so I was getting monthly issues well into my teens. At that point I largely ignored them except for the Donald Duck strips, having as a guilty pleasure my addiction to his misadventures with the Beagle Boys. (Of course I wish I still had them all because they’ve become valuable collectibles in the intervening fifty years.)

All this is an aside, since what particularly caught my attention about your comments was that the comic books you first encountered were twelve cents. I remember the price increase happening, but didn’t recall when. Thanks for Google, though, I see that it took place in 1961. By then I was reading science fiction and publishing fanzines—and that’s where my money went instead of comic books. So I never read most of the Marvel comics as they were coming out, and when I looked at various people’s stashes of them later on I found that Doctor Strange was my favorite of the lot.

And much later on, I got hooked on *Howard the Duck* comics and have them all (except for his appearances in various other books over the years): all 33 of the original series, a couple large-format one-offs from the period of the originals, the nine issues of the magazine, and the six-issue “miniseries” that came out in 2001. My first exposure to Howard was the sixteenth issue of the original series, which I found on a newsstand in Columbia, Tennessee, while still living on The Farm commune. I soon was spending lots of change picking up the earlier issues at an SF and comics store in Nashville, where I also had them set aside a copy of each new issues as it came out. I kept these well-hid while at The Farm since I didn’t want my then-young children (or anyone else) making off with and/or messing them up.



What we have in common here is that both of us had our early reading skills reinforced by our interest in what was in the word balloons in comic books.

**Linda Bushyager:** I knew an old lady who swallowed a fly....

**Teresa Cochran:** Good to hear from you and to read of your latest adventures.

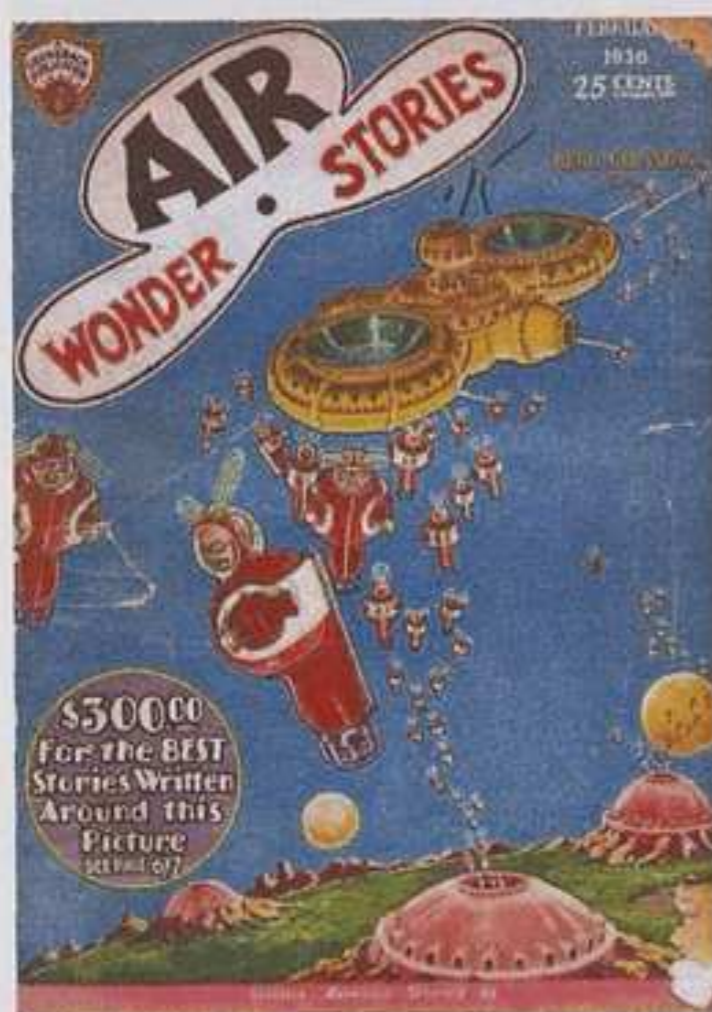
"...Is Ghu trying to tell me something? I just had to add 'fanac' and 'Corflu' to my spell-checker dictionary." Now you're truly a faaan.

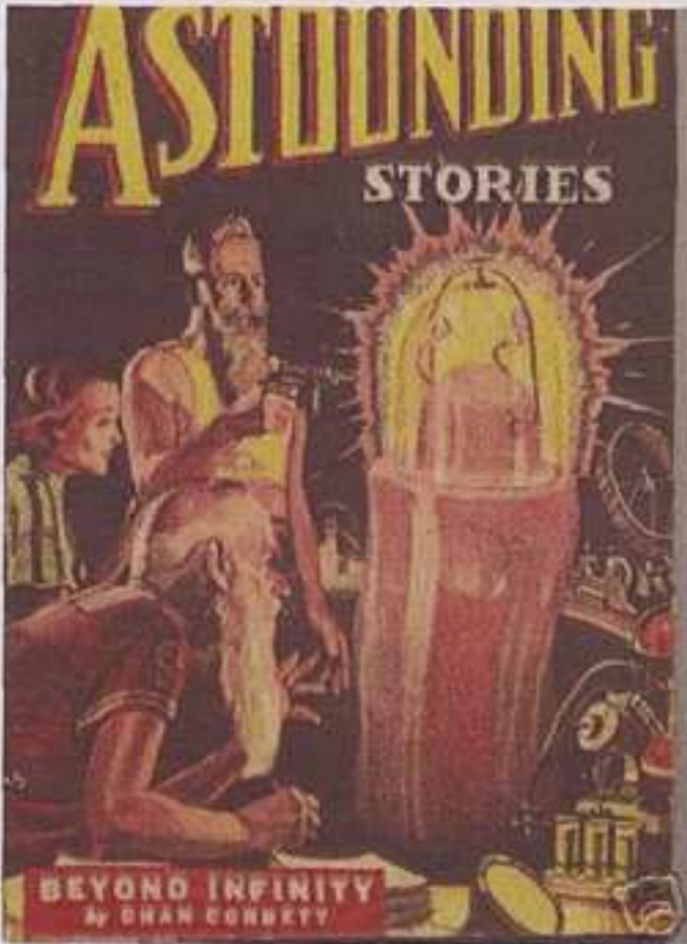
**R-Laurraine Tutihasi:** "A few weeks ago, I had a bumper thumper accident in a parking lot. I was parking my car when the car next to mine started to exit its space and slammed into mine. The damage was negligible, so I only reported to my insurance company because I was afraid the other driver might place a claim. It turns out the other driver's insurance company is taking the blame and paying for repairs to my car." You're lucky that the other driver didn't try to pin the blame on you afterwards. It's never happened to me, but I know of a number of instances where friends and family have been involved in accidents in which the other driver was clearly at fault *and* accepted blame at the scene. Despite that, they gave entirely bogus stories in the reports they filed with their insurance companies that caused lots of problems down the line. In all these instances, the damage wasn't enough to require the police to come to the scene (something they don't do anymore unless there's personal injury) and make their own assessment.

Your road trip sounds like fun. "I'm basically still trying to catch up with the

piles of mail we received while we were gone." That's the downside of going away for us fan types. When Carol and I went to Arizona and New Mexico last October, it took a long time to catch up with e-mail and other correspondence. Overall, though, I'd rather deal with that than not travel.

**Ross Chamberlain:** Since I write my comments while reading the mailing, I was fantisted to find your comment, "I liked *Howard the Duck*. Really." I assume this is probably about the movie since you were writing about DVDs. So did I, unlike most people since as you're probably aware it bombed in a major way back in 1986. I wonder if our mutual affection for Howard is because he, like both of us, hails from Cleveland.





You relate a sad story, but alas all too typical, of a contractor who left you in the lurch after you paid them in full for the work they were supposed to do. If they had a Nevada state contractor's license, you should definitely report them to the licensing agency. This is something that's available in California, and it's standard procedure here to obtain a contractor's license number and check with the agency to see if they're operating legally and honestly. "We can see our house in Google Earth, and it shows a full pool. Hah!" Well, at least you can get some idea of how old the photos on Google Earth are....

I've seen lots of those imitation tiedye shirts with the spiral pattern. I have a couple of real ones that are now a quarter century old and were done by the people who invented that pattern.

**James Taylor:** Thanks for a fascinating report on the County Next Door. I found myself wondering about your statement: "Back around 1908 or so, Clark County was carved out of Lincoln County to accommodate the construction of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railway." Why was it necessary to do that?

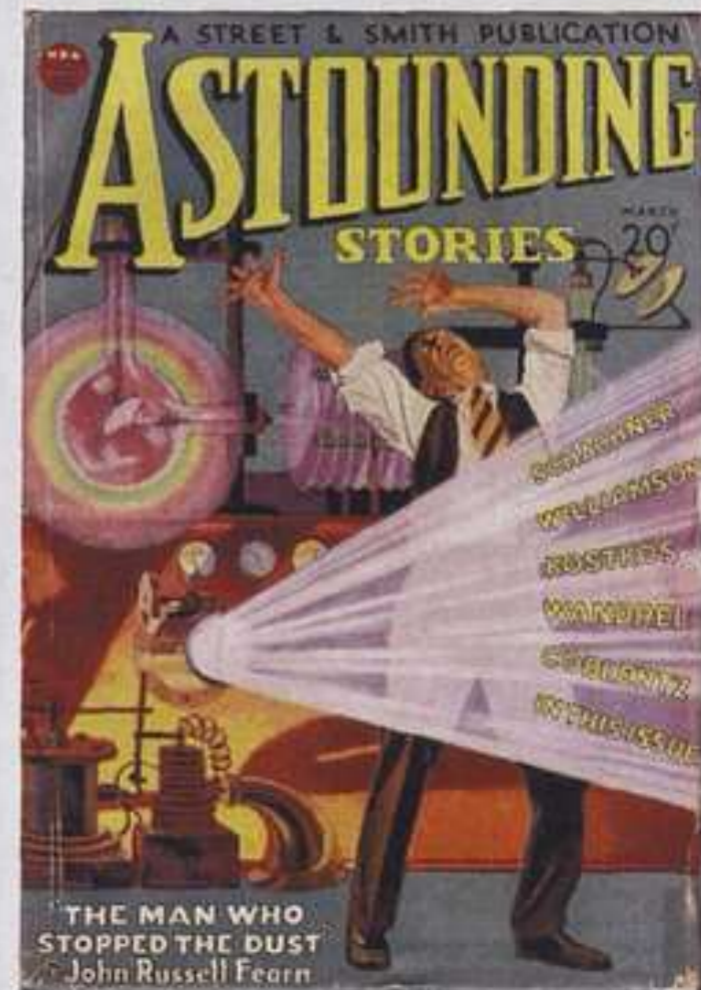
Your mention of "90 degree turns that seem to be a Hwy. 93 specialty" prompts me to note that it's not just Highway 93 that features such things. When one gets off I-5 onto California Highway 58 to get to and through Bakersfield, there are a number of them—and I recall several more on Graton Road in rural Sonoma County as you make your way from the tiny town of Graton (near Sebastopol) out to Occidental. It would be interesting to know the history of such sharp curves. I have some theories involving the Sacred Right of Property Owners trumping good road design.

Finding yourself in an area where cell phones can get no signal and government offices don't accept credit cards must have made you feel like an alien freshly landed on a new and very backward planet.

**Chris Garcia:** Sorry to read of your sleep apnea, and my sympathies over having to wear one of those masks. That might cause some problems if and when you get into Advanced Dating with that young woman in the photo.

Will you be telling us all about your adventures running the fanzine lounge at Westercon? Even though it was just one bridge away, I didn't go—not finding Westercons my cuppa for the most part.

"Robert Lichtman, come out and Play!" Me, not play enough!? I certainly can't keep up with the pace





of your *Drink Tank*, but I'm active in four apas and on seven e-lists, write my share of LoCs, and do the occasional issue of *Trap Door*. I hope you don't quit FAPA—as I pointed out in a letter to you when you tried to resign, if you can come up with the currently \$15 dues you're set for another year of membership, and perhaps by August 2008 your financial situation will have changed and you can stay on board. "I might be able to scrounge it up and do a little something every issue"—that would be nice, but minac will suffice (in the worst case scenario an 8-pager next August). You've been well-received by FAPA, ending up in the top ten in the egoboo poll on your first outing.

**Arnie Katz:** "I can hardly believe I've turned out 25 issues of this SNAPSzine-with-a-joke title. I haven't done many fanzines with such a high issue number (and I'll wager I'm not alone, with the except of Robert, who has several such titles in play in various apas)." Now there's a straight line if ever! I've done 96 issues of *Door Knob* for SAPS and 50 issues of *King Biscuit Time* for FAPA.

But those are mere warm-ups compared to the 222 issues I've done of my zine for Lilapa. When I first got in back in 1987 I used a variety of names—*Life After the Apocalypse*; *Second Childhood's End*; *Prelude to Space-Out*; *Baby Vegetables On Parade*; *The Wizard of Ozium* and many others—until after twenty contributions and being made the "Goat" (OE) in 1990, I changed the title to *Liner Notes* in recognition of the fact that I was printing my pages on the inside of the cover. After a couple mailings using that title I decided to add up all the previous "issues" and incorporate them into the numbering system, and so the third issue of *Liner Notes* was No. 21.

And that it remained until after I stopped being Goat in 2000. After a year of *Formerly Liner Notes* and *Sometimes Liner Notes*, I changed the title to *True Grits*, continuing the issue numbering, and that's the title today. Because of declining membership in both, Lilapa and Apassembly merged this January, but I didn't incorporate the 65 issues of *Blarney* I did for the later and bump up the issue numbering some more.

Of course I'm a piker compared to the likes of Fred Patten, who's been in every mailing of Apa-L since it began, or even John Hertz, who's done about 700 issues of his *Vanamonde*.

I don't agree with your segregation of "traditional" fanzine ("typed on stencil, run off on a





mimeograph, and snail mailed to fans”) and “transitional” fanzine (“prepared using desktop publishing software and then published at a copy shop and sent out snail mail”). By those lights, since I returned to publishing in 1983 I’ve been doing “transitional” fanzines. And I definitely don’t think of *Trap Door* or any of my hundreds of apazines (except, of course, this one) as anything but “traditional.” For one thing, for most issues of *Trap Door* I’ve done my own collating and stapling, and even when I’ve asked the copy shop to collate for me I’ve never gone further in paying for doing what I can easily (and preferably) manage myself. Also, I run off all my apazines on my home copier and do all collating, etc., by hand. I don’t see that as different than using a mimeograph. (I even hand-feed the second sides of those apazines, just like I did with my cranky old ditto machine back in

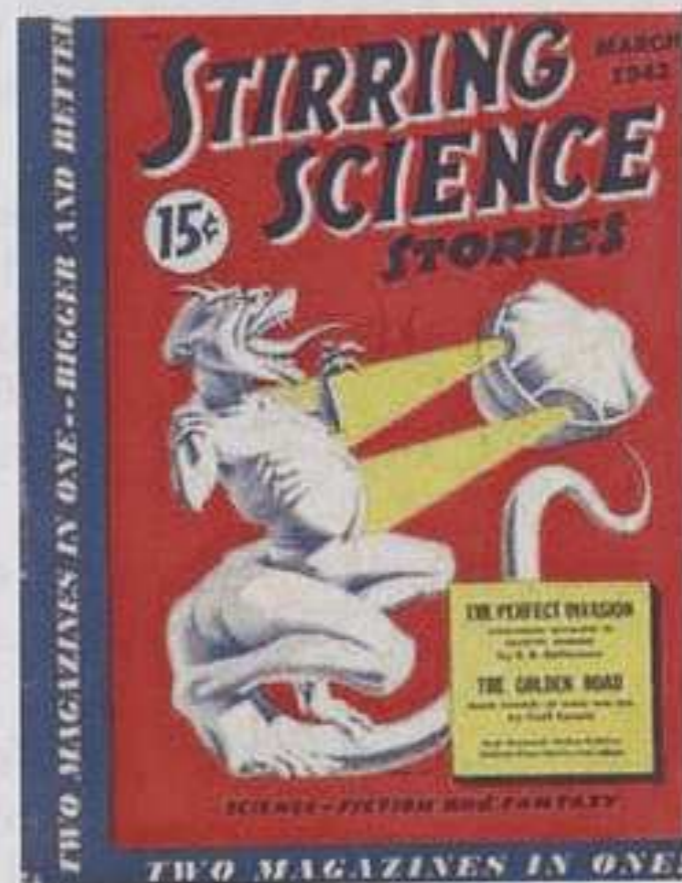
the ‘60s.)

But I do concur that computerized typesetting crams a lot more readable text onto a page than cutting a mimeo stencil (not taking into consideration Ted White’s micro-elite). And I suspect that “digest-size, like *Trap Door*,” is going to be adopted by more and more U.S. paper fanzines thanks to the new size-related postal rates. (I only used 8-point on parts of one issue, long ago, and found it too small for optimum readability.)

“In 1972, I had an IBM Selectric Typewriter with Courier, Courier Ital and maybe two other fonts. My machine allowed me to switch between 10 and 12 pt.” The earliest issues of *Trap Door* were done on Paul Williams’s correcting Selectric. He had 12-point Courier and 10-point Prestige Elite. Everything was reduced to 77% (a standard reduction point in those days before copiers could be adjusted in 1% increments) for paste-up purposes on the half-legal format I used back then. I also used some old lettering guides for headings in those early issues. They were Terry Carr’s, since my original set had departed when I moved to Tennessee in 1971, and I used a fine-point Pilot Razorpoint to do the actual lettering.

“There are some fans who are too inflexible to make the adjustment and I feel bad for them. In some cases, I will even miss them.” And in some cases I wish they hadn’t made the adjustment, such as John Thiel—who is lame in whatever format he uses.

For all my qualifying about some of your comments, I certainly agree with your conclusion: “They’re all fanzines. They all take creativity. The good ones, whether print or electronic, are still entertaining, involving and delightful.”



**Joyce Katz:** Sorry to read about your run-over cat, but I'm surprised that this is the first one you've seen in the many years you've lived in Las Vegas. Do people drive more carefully there in general, are the cats mostly more savvy, or are there just not as many of them because of the lower density of housing?

Regarding Celestial Seasonings Perfectly Pear tea, you write: "Naturally, the store that was closing it out has no more, and apparently doesn't plan to get it again. And, I've tried another store with no luck. But, there's always Celestial-Seasonings.com—if I don't find it at a convenient local place soon, I'll order a supply." I checked, and their best deal is a 6-pack with twenty bags per box for \$16.99, plus \$8.22 for FedEx ground shipping (the cheapest they offer). *Don't* buy it from them (or a local store), because at Amazon you can get a 12-pack for \$26.46 and they pay the shipping.

You ask me, "The *Fanvariety* cover was impressive; who was the artist? I couldn't quite make out the signature, even with a magnifying glass." That was Ron Clyne, who in my opinion was one of a handful of the best artists working in fandom in the '40s and early '50s. In addition to his fanzine work, he did dust jacket art for a wide variety of publishers including Arkham House (two of the HPL books plus Bloch's *The Opener of the Way*) and even some covers for *Weird Tales*.

About fanzines past you write, "I loved the era of paper. I loved the feel of the Twilltone in my hand, the clunk-clunk of the machines as the pages flowed off the press, the scent of the ink, and those satisfying stacks of finished zines, crisp and perfect, before the first flaws are found." Having in the distant past used both mimeo and ditto to produce my fanzines, I share these warm and fuzzy feelings. But I have the same ones about my latter-day photocopied fanzines. There's such a sense of accomplishment in completing a fanzine, even when those "first flaws are found," that for a fleeting moment I don't care if I send them out into the universe. I have this same sense about these SNAPS pages I've been producing, even though they only exist in one paper copy in my files.



Photo by Carol Carr, June 2007