



Charles Fuller: Although it's interesting to read about and to see in movies and on television, I've never had the slightest personal urge to go river rafting. Chalk it up to being Personal Danger averse. That aside, your story of locking horns with Mr. Callidney was certainly fraught. It's telling that they didn't invite him back the following year.

John Purcell: You talk a good "joining FAPA," but I haven't yet received your membership application and dues check. I look forward to the promised

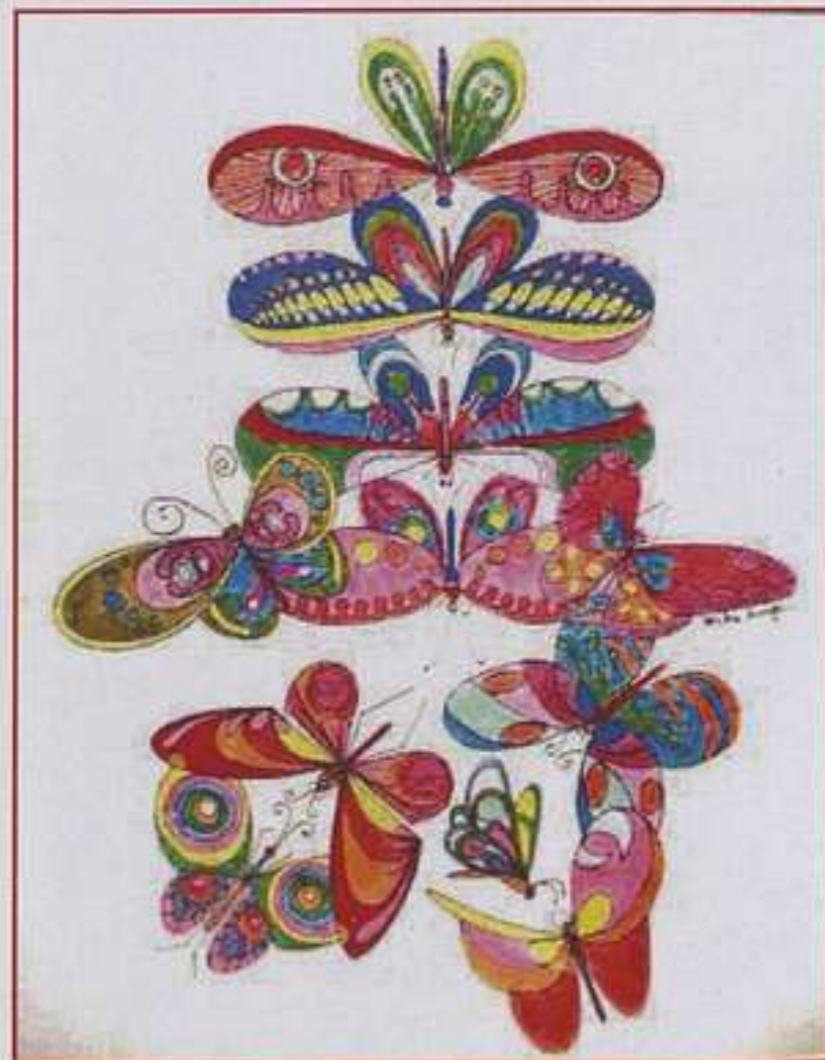
continuation of your saga in the December mailing, but even more to installing you on the membership list.

You can fit your fanzine collection in only *one* file cabinet!?! How can you resist getting one, then, so you have instant access to it instead of having to wade through a bunch of copy paper boxes. I've been there—that's how my collection was stored pre-1996—and it's not pretty.

"I enjoy gardening. It's very relaxing. My back doesn't like it, though." I have that problem a little bit, too, exacerbated by the fact that most of the area I deal with is on an extreme hillside. In order not to slip down the hill as I work, I wear athletic shoes with very knobby soles. But after a session of weeding (my most common gardening activity) both my back and my legs appreciate the comfort of the warm shower I take to rinse off all the dust and sweat.

Chris Garcia: Your worries about losing TAFF to Christian McGuire were completely unfounded. Congratulations!

John Hardin: Good to see you back here! Congratulations on your new jobs, especially the one with *The Standard* that sounds like it might actually provide a paycheck. (Does the internet one, too?) I haven't seen you in a long time, since you were *much* younger, and I'm stretching to imagine you as a business reporter.



Mike Hinge

As for "Short Changed," I found none of your three examples to be actual stories—more like place settings from which a story could emerge with more words at your disposal. I won't be trying this exercise myself, and I view Fredric Brown as the master of this genre.

Of those three '80s bands you mention, the only one I ever heard of was Guns N Roses—and "heard of" is as far as it goes.

R-Laurraine Tutihasi: It's probably a good thing that you went ahead and moved out of Southern California, since given the current soft real estate market it could be a long time before your house sells. I'm hoping for your sake that I'm wrong.

To Arnie you write, "I agree with you that the computer industry is not a mature one and no computer will stay usable for more than a few years, or several at most." I tend to look askance (no offense, John!) at statements like this. My computer will celebrate its seventh birthday around the time this mailing comes out, and it's still completely functional. The most major change to it in all those years was an upgrade from Windows 98SE to Windows XP Professional in late 2005 in order to more easily accommodate having wireless DSL. I've also had the video card changed out because the original one bit the dust, and fortunately one that works in this computer was still available.



Hannes Bok

Arnie Katz: I enjoyed the story of your late-night search for the first issue of *Electronic Games* at that Brooklyn Heights newsstand, and that your fellow searcher was the late Norman Mailer added a delicious touch of spice to the ending. You mention Andy Porter in this write-up, and I recall that he recently wrote that he, too, ran into Mailer in the neighborhood from time to time.

About Calvin Demmon you write, "He even wrote for my fanzine, including one article that he started and had me finish." Which article was that? I'd like to see if I can spot where he leaves off and you begin. You also write, him, "Sadly, Calvin was not one of those fans who came back from gafia when the trend picked up steam in the



Morris Scott Dollens

1990's." That's not entirely the case, since Calvin had a number of short articles in *Trap Door* over the years.

You also mention "other fine fans who've unfairly slipped into semi-anonymity over the years," listing Mal Ashworth, Les Gerber, Dean Grennell and Bob Leman. They're all pretty real to me, because in my mind fandom is a continuum of the living and the departed. Mal had an article in one of the earlier issues of *Trap Door*, and I had an enjoyable stay with him and Hazel during my TAFF trip in 1989. Gerber is

still around, and references to contact with him appear every now and then on some of the lists. I have mixed feelings about him because I believe it was he who played an annoying game of signing me (and other fans) up for memberships in book and record clubs. Grennell was a member of Lilapa until just a few years before his death, although he appeared there infrequently. And Bob Leman wrote the occasional letter of comment to *Trap Door*—and in his final year sent me a pile of fanzines he felt would be in better hands than his own. Other than his own *Vinegar Worm* and his SAPSzine, *Nematode*, Bob didn't really appear that much in other fanzines. His most lasting work is in *Feesters in the Lake*, a 2002 Midnight House hardcover collection of his work that was published in *F&SF* along with one original story. Although only 450 copies were made, the book is very much available (check Bookfinder.com) at the cover price of \$40. I highly recommend it.

Returning to Calvin you further write: "The only real way to do Calvin Demmon (and others in the same boat) their fannish justice is to reprint their works, probably electronically, and make them available to today's fans. I'm thinking I might try to do that for Calvin Demmon, if none of his closer friends decides to take up that task." I have every intention of doing a memorial volume of Calvin's writing, both fannish and professional, but permission to reprint must be obtained from his widow, India, and so far it hasn't seemed right to make the connection. All in good time, Meyer. (And it will be a print collection, not electronic.)

In the midst of congratulating Our Chris for his TAFF victory, you write: "In the



Jack Mirschman



long run, TAFF may have had its day. The cost of the trip has trended downward and the 'vouch-for-a-friend' voting mechanics make it increasingly likely that at some point TAFF may degenerate into a lottery for eager-beaver paper shufflers." As you know from when this topic has surfaced before in other venues, I have mixed feelings on the subject of TAFF. There are still fans who, despite the lower cost of air travel, can't afford to make the trip on their own—Chris being a good example—and the fact that a Core Fandomite won this time around bodes well for TAFF in at least the near term. TAFF is only as good as the candidates who sign on, and this time we lucked out.

To that nice Mr. Fuller you suggest, "Charles, have you considered setting up your fanzine in a more compact, easier-to-read format? Single-spacing would greatly improve read-

ability." I believe I've suggested this in the past, and so of course agree. If this was a paper apa with minac requirements, we'd be comparing Charles to Elmer Perdue.

To me you exclaim: "Did you say 'often excellent faan fiction'? Thank you for the kind words. No, that's not sarcasm; fans seldom comment either way on faan fiction, though I would like to feel that the stories I write are enjoyed." Yes, I *did* lay on the egoboo for your faan fiction, but note that I specified "often excellent" in recognition of your occasional dud. You're right that comments are few and far between on faan fiction, which is why I've largely shied away from publishing it in *Trap Door*. The special issue a few years ago with Gordon Eklund's long, faanish time-travel yarn was a definite exception, and was well-received for the most part.

In your discussion of informal and formal local clubs, I particularly resonated with this comment: "Of course, a local Fandom always brings with it the annoyance and frustration of dealing with self-defined fans who don't get it at all." I think that's why I haven't sought out any of the local clubs here in the Bay Area, and for all intents and purposes might as well be living in Hagerstown. I simply don't need that additional layer of hassle in my life.

Can you identify any of the people at that 1952 Buffalocon? Before I noticed the date, the



guy in the white shirt and glasses in the top left photo looked a lot like your own younger self (as filtered through decades of faulty memory).

Joyce Katz: You certainly did some interesting reading to take up the time while you were sick last month. Somewhere around here I have some of the *Classics Illustrated* of my childhood (recovered from stuff I left behind in my parents' house when I moved out in 1965), but don't remember which they are. They're in one of the many "miscellaneous" printed matter boxes, all of which could stand to be sorted one of these days.

I'm certain that you know more of the history of the Natchez Trace than I do, having read Jonathan Daniels's book, but have you ever been on it? When I lived on The Farm, it was only about 5-6 miles to the west of us and was a useful and very scenic way to get from rural Lewis County to Nashville or to points south. I've even walked across the "Metal Ford" where the old Trace crosses the Buffalo River, and spent time at the Meriwether Lewis Park, where Lewis is buried, and through the edge of which the Trace runs. Your mention of the Trace evokes for me pleasant memories to balance out the gory ones you gleaned from the book.

Of the artwork by Leo and Diane Dillon that graces Daniels's book, you write, "This must have been before they started illustrating science fiction—at least they were the earliest work I'd seen by them." According to several biographies, they began selling commercial work in 1958 and met Harlan in 1959. Their earliest SF book covers appear to be in the mid-'60s, but I suspect they had artwork in various SF magazines before then.



Robert, brother John & Santa - 1948